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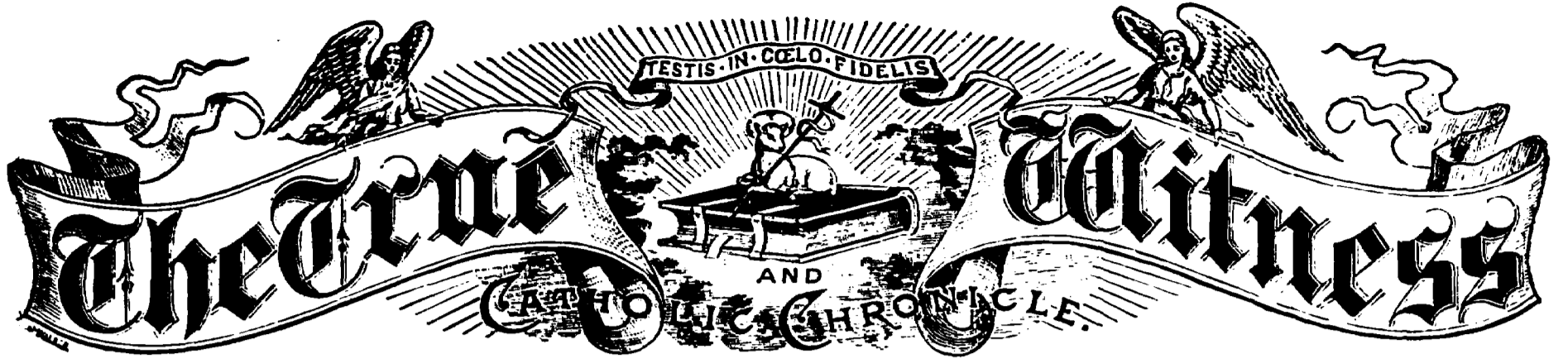
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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1893.

THE BATTLE OF CLONTARF.

Death of Brian Boroinche.

The *meele* was too general for an individual incident, however, important in itself, to have much effect. The Northmen and their allies were flying hard and fast; the one towards their ships, and the others towards the city. But as they fled across the Tolka, they forgot it was now swollen with the incoming tide, and thousand perished by water who had escaped the sword. The body of Brian's grandson, the boy Turlough, was found in the river after the battle, with his hands entangled in the hair of two Danish warriors, whom he had held down until they were drowned. Sitric and his wife had watched the combat from the battlements of Dublin. It will be remembered that this lady was a daughter of King Brian, and her interests were naturally with the Irish troops. Some rough words passed between her and her lord, which ended in his giving her so rude a blow that he knocked out one of her teeth. But we have yet to record the crowning tragedy of the day. Brian had retired to his tent to pray at the commencement of the conflict. When the forces met he began his devotions, and said to his attendant: "Watch thou the battle and the combats, whilst I say the psalms." After he had recited fifty psalms, fifty collects, and fifty pater noster, he desired the man to look out and inform him how the battle went, and the position of his son Murrrough's standard. He replied the strife was close and vigorous, and the noise was as if seven legions were cutting down Tomar's wood; but the standard was safe. Brian then said fifty more psalms, and made the same inquiry. The attendant replied that all was in confusion, but that Murrrough's standard still stood erect, and moved westward towards Dublin. "As long as that standard remains erect," replied Brian, "it shall go well with the men of Erin." The aged king betook himself to his prayers once more, saying again fifty psalms and collects; then, for the last time, he asked intelligence of the field. Latean replied: "They appear as if Tomar's wood was on fire, and its brushwood all burned down" (meaning that the private soldiers of both armies were nearly all slain, and only a few of the chiefs had escaped), adding the most grievous intelligence of all, that Murrrough's standard had fallen. "Alas!" replied Brian, "Erinn has fallen with it: why should I survive such losses, even should I attain the sovereignty of the world?" His attendant then urged him to fly, but Brian replied that flight was useless, for he had been warned to his fate by Aibinn (the banshee of his family), and that he knew that his death was at hand. He then gave directions about his will and his funeral, leaving 240 cows to the "successor of Patrick." Even at this moment his death was impending. A party of Danes approached, headed by Brodir. The king sprang up from the cushion where he had been kneeling, and unsheathed his sword. At first Brodir did not know him, and he thought he was a priest, from finding him at prayer; but one of his followers informed him that it was the monarch of Ireland. In a moment the fierce Dane had opened his head with his battleaxe. It is said that Brian had time to inflict a wound on the viking, but the details of this event are so varied that it is impossible to decide which account is the most reliable. The Saga states that Brodir knew Brian, and, proud of his exploit, held up the monarch's reeking head, exclaiming: "Let it be told from

man to man that Brodir felled Brian." All accounts agree in stating that the viking was slain immediately, if not cruelly, by Brian's guards, who thus revenged their own neglect of their master. Had Brian survived this conflict, and had he been but a few years younger, how different might have been the political and social state of Ireland even at the present day!

It is dotted over with islands and rocks, and is surrounded by hills of mica slate from seven to twelve hundred feet high. It was anciently called *Derg abban* (the river of the woody morass), from a river which flows from it into the Erne. It was also called *Fion loch* (the fair or white lake), and it is said to have received its present name of Lough Derg, from a legend which

about the end of the fifth century (490), of the order of St. Augustine, by St. Dubeog. It was called Termon Dubeog, and was dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul. We oftentimes find it mentioned in "The Annals of the Four Masters."

It continued to be of great note till the seventeenth century (1632); when, by an order of the Lords Justices, the abbey and other buildings on the island were demolished. The friars were also banished from off the island by Sir James Balfour and Sir William Stuart, who were deputed for this purpose. In a report made by Sir William, it is mentioned that he found on the island an abbot and forty friars, and that there was a daily resort of about 450 pilgrims. Sir William also informed the council, that in order to prevent the people any longer going on the island, he directed the buildings to be pulled down and destroyed; and also that the place called St. Patrick's Bed, and the stone on which the saint knelt, should be thrown into the lake.

He afterwards put a man named Magrath into possession, with an injunction to him not to permit, in future, either jesuits, friars, or nuns to enter on it. Some of the ruins of the ancient abbey still remain; and a plate is given in "Ware's Antiquities" of the building. St. Dubeog himself is buried on the island. The place of pilgrimage and penance has, however, long since been transferred from the Saint's Island to the Station Island. And the hard beds of penance are dedicated to St. Patrick, Bridget, and Columbkille, to Dubeog and Adamnan.

In early times, Lough Derg was one of the most celebrated shrines of penance in Europe; and it was by no means uncommon for princes from foreign lands to leave their palace homes, in order to find rest for a troubled conscience by performing a pilgrimage to the Sainted Isle.

It is recorded in "Rymer's Fiedera," that, so early as the year 1358, King Edward III. granted to Malatesta Ungarus, an Hungarian Knight, and to Nicholas de Becario, a nobleman of Ferrara, in Italy, a safe conduct through England, to visit this pilgrimage. And in 1397, King Richard II. granted a like conduct to Raymond Viscount de Perilleaux, Knight of Rhodes, with a train of twenty men and thirty horses.

Besides Lough Derg, we find many other places resorted to for the purpose of pilgrimage and penance. The most celebrated were—Armagh; Downpatrick and Derry; Columkille; Creagh-Patrick, County Mayo; the Isles of Arran, off the coast of Galway; the Seven Churches of Glen-da-loch and Cluen nae noice, Kildare of St. Brigid, and Holy-cross in Tipperary. We are also informed that some of the kings of Ireland made pilgrimage in former days to the celebrated Monastery of Iona, founded by St. Columba. We understand that it is contemplated to renew the ancient and holy custom of pilgrimage to the sainted shrines of Lough Derg.

Awkwardly Pat.—Nervous Lady: Doctor, is it really true that many people are buried alive? Doctor M'Sikker; Mebbe; but nane o' my patients are, I tak' ower guid care o' that, lassie.—Judy.

Logic.—Lady: I suppose you're convalescent now, then, Ethel? Ethel: No, thank you. I have been, but I'm better now.—Judy.

The Quip Teutonic.—Fair Hostess: That is a difficult song Miss Flatleigh is singing, Herr Albrecht Von Trombohn: Divigult! Would it were impossible.

ERIN'S FLAG.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Unroll Erin's flag! fling its folds to the breeze!
Let it float o'er the land, let it flash o'er the seas;
Lift it out of the dust—let it wave as of yore,
When the chiefs with their clans stood around it and swore
That never—no!—never, while God gave them life,
And they had an arm and a sword for the strife,
That never—no!—never, that Banner would yield
As long as the heart of a Celt was its shield—
While the hand of a Celt had a weapon to wield,
And his last drop of blood was unshed on the field.

Lift it up! wave it high!—'tis as bright as of old!
Not a stain on its Green, not a blot on its Gold,
Though the woes and the wrongs of three hundred long years
Have drenched Erin's sunburst with blood and with tears;
Though the clouds of oppression enshroud it in gloom,
And around it the thunders of tyranny boom,
Look aloft! look aloft! to the clouds drifting by!
There's a gleam through the gloom, there's a light in the sky.
'Tis the sunburst resplendent—far, flashing on high!
Erin's dark night is waning, her day-dawn is nigh!

Lift it up! lift it up! the old banner green!
The blood of its sons has but brightened its sheen!
What though the tyrant has trampled it down,
Are its folds not emblazoned with deeds of renown?
What though for ages it droops in the dust?
Shall it droop thus for ever? No! no! God is just!
Take it up! take it up from the tyrant's foul tread,
Let him tear the green flag—we will snatch its last shred,
And beneath it we'll bleed as our forefathers bled,
And we'll vow by the dust in the graves of our dead,
And we'll swear by the blood which the Briton has shed,
And we'll vow by the wrecks which through Erin he spread,
And we'll swear by the thousands who, famished, unfed,
Died down in the ditches—wild howling for bread,
And we'll vow by our heroes, whose spirits have fled,
And we'll swear by the bones of each coffinless bed,
That we'll battle the Briton through danger and dread—
That we'll cling to the cause which we glory to wed,
Till the gleam of our steel and the shock of our lead
Shall prove to our foe that we meant what we said—
That we'll lift up the Green and we'll tear down the Red.

Lift up the green flag! oh! it wants to go home:
Full long has its lot been to wander and roam;
It has followed the fate of its sons o'er the world,
But its folds, like their hopes, are not faded or furled;
Like a weary-winged bird, to the East and the West
It has flitted and fled—but it never shall rest,
Till, pluming its pinions, it sweeps o'er the main,
And speeds to the shores of its old home again,
Where its fetterless folds, o'er each mountain and plain,
Shall wave with a glory that never shall wane.

Take it up! take it up! bear it back from afar—
That banner must blaze 'mid the lightnings of war;
Lay your hands on its folds, lift your gaze to the sky,
And swear that you'll bear it triumphant or die;
And shout to the clans, scattered far o'er the earth,
To join in the march to the land of their birth;
And wherever the exiles, 'neath heaven's broad dome,
Have been fated to suffer, to sorrow, and roam,
They'll bound on the sea, and away o'er the foam
They'll march to the music of "Home, sweet home!"

LOUGH DERG.

This famous place of pilgrimage and penance is situate in the Co. Donegal, on the confines of Tyrone and Fermanagh. It is only a few miles from Pettigo, a station on the Enniskillen and Bundoran Railway, being separated from it by a large tract of uncultivated and desolate moorland. This lake is about three miles long, by two and a half miles

ascribes to St. Patrick the killing of a monster, the blood of which tinged the lake a red color. It was also called St. Fintan's Island, from a celebrated saint of the Connellians of Tirconnell in the seventh century. The history of the island and its antiquities is recorded by many writers, amongst whom are Giraldus Cambrensis, Matthew Paris, Camden, Ware, Colgan, Archdall, and Lanigan. A monastery was founded here

BELLS AND BLARNEY.

"SWEET CORK." THE CITY OF "FATHER PROUT."

The Perils of Kissing the Famous Block of Stone That Hangs Outside the Old Blarney Castle.

She has been called the Capital of the South, this proud and poverty stricken Cork. Says the historian: "Corroch, or Corcagh, the Irish name of Cork, is, like all Irish names of places, strikingly descriptive. It signifies a swamp, to which the situation of the city, on two marshy islands, fully entitles it." Nay, but has not Spenser, prince of poets, sung of

"The spreading Lee, that like an island fair
Encloseth Cork with his dividing flood!"

And has she not bred great men?—James Barry—one of his first great paintings was the conversion of a king of Cashel, by St. Patrick, and it won him the patronage of Edmund Burke, Daniel Maclise, the witty Maginn, racy and rare "Father Prout," Crofton Croker, and, not least of these, Sheridan Knowles.

Cork was long the home of a pagan temple. St. Fionn Bar, the anchorite from Gougane Barra, founded a monastery on the site of it, in the beginning of the 7th century; his seminary was attended by 700 scholars, "who flocked in from all parts." Two centuries later the Danes overran the kingdom. The Corkites frequently went forth and battled bravely. In 1493 the city sheltered the impostor King, Perkin Warbeck, for which act she was deprived of her charter and had her mayor duly drawn and quartered.

In 1609 King James I. restored the charter. Cork turned to the Stuarts—but in walked Cromwell with his crazy crew, and sowed desolation in his path. This Cromwell caused the church bells to be melted down and cast into ordnance. There is a theme for poets; it is one of the most poetical passages in the life of this ruffian, and, not inappropriately, with characteristic obstinacy it begins at the wrong end. Turn church bells into ordnance! It is written that "on being remonstrated with against committing such a profanity, Cromwell replied that as a priest had been the inventor of gunpowder, he thought the best use for bells would be to cast them into cannon." A grim joke, worthy of the grimmest of jokers.

To my eye, the "spreading Lee" is not lovely when it comes within the shadow of Cork; nor is the city over fair. There are a few handsome buildings in the suburbs, and pretty enough villas scattered all over the slopes of the neighboring hills—the hills that enclose the valley of the Lee. The quays are famous; the arrival and departure of 5,000 ships annually serve to make them so; vessels of 600 tons burthen can float there at low water, albeit Cork is twelve miles from the Atlantic.

It is not a comely church, this St. Ann's of Shandon. It was begun in 1722. Its homely bell tower was constructed of hewn stone pilfered from the Franciscan abbey, where King James II. was wont to hear mass. But there were not stones enough available, and so the ruins of Lord Barry's castle supplied the remainder; thus three sides of the steeple are built of limestone, and the fourth of red stone. Truly an unlovely chapel, and as plain within as it is uninviting without.

I wandered through the churchyard which surrounds St. Ann's; looked in at the prim pulpit, and the little organ set half way down the side wall. A few memorial slabs scarcely serve to break the severe plainness of the interior. An old fashioned clock stands in the rear of the gallery—but it was stock still when I laid eyes on it; perhaps it ticks on the seventh day only, "which is the Sabbath," and rests from its labors on the other six.

With a heavy heart I climbed into the heart of the steeple and looked in upon the bells, the echoes of whose chimes have resounded to the very ends of the earth. They were very still, those fine old bells—their shoulders covered thick with dust and cobwebs. From the top of the tower I looked down on the fairest view in Cork—the winding Lee, the green and wooded hills that gather lovingly about it, and many a league of fertile land stretching away toward the cloudy orizon.

A dash of rain drove me round the gallery on to the sheltered side of the tower; and then I heard the bells swinging just

below me, and the famous chimes rolled out their plaintive and monotonous refrain. Surely I should have been happy at this moment, inasmuch as the longing of a lifetime was at last gratified. And so I was, no doubt; but I'd have been happier could I have forgotten how all these years I've been dreaming of the Lee as of a broad and placid river fringed with rushes. Shandon was, in my dreams, a village of Acadian loveliness; and in its midst towered the grey old walls of the village church, its ivy-curtained windows reflected in the silver bosom of the stream that flowed noiselessly below it. And in day dreams the chorus of those bells swam down the tranquil air in faint and fading harmonies divinely sweet.

O, Father Prout, Father Prout! To you I am indebted for a dream and awakening, the one joyous and the other sad. It was you who furnished the theme on which the lively imagination of youth hung fondly, while fancy painted its enticing picture. It was you who sang:

"On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
Why thy bells of Shandon, that sound so grand
On
The pleasant waters of the River Lee."

As I stood in the belfry, below me I saw a miserable congregation of dwellings, good and bad. Across the way there was a butter market of extraordinary dimensions. Surely thy music, O'Shandon bells, pictures fairer scenes than these; and the memory of thy melody has rung in the ears of many a wanderer beyond seas, when, fortunately, the unsavory odors—the only incense that rises before thee in this latter day—have perished on the gale.

The River Lee winds between verdant banks, among diminutive islands and beside lordly castles, for ten delightful miles below the queen city of the South, and then it flows into the broad and handsome Cove of Cork, with Queens-town seated at the junction. Every traveler is loud in his praises of the river and the Cove, and surely there is nothing in the Green Isle much finer.

Blackrock Castle with its turrets and towers, whence William Penn, converted to Quakerism, set sail for America, villas bearing romantic names—Tivoli, Sanssouci, and the like—delight the eye as the little steamer paddles down the quiet stream. On every hand the scenery is enchanting; groves overshadow the shore; fleets of tiny craft sail to and fro, or drift idly in the gentle zephyr that blows too softly to be of much practical service to navigation; the scattering villages, the rich meadow lands, the grey, rain filled sky—all impart a pastoral charm that fully compensates for the disappointments one is pretty sure to encounter on a close inspection of Cork.

At Passage a watering-place on the Cove, many a poet has turned his couplets.

All this the tourist who, at New York, books for Liverpool direct is sure to miss. The ocean steamers lie off the Irish shore, and are visited by small tenders, the sight of which is enough to make a man lose confidence in the greatest navigation company in the world. The cabinless cockleshells that run out from Queens-town laden with qualmish passengers are the first and last drop of bitterness in the cup of joy which so many thousands go abroad in search of.

It is a pleasant and a profitable excursion, by train, to Youghal, on the Blackwater, where a steamer is in readiness to take you up to the largest river in Ireland.

Sir Walter Raleigh was chief magistrate of Youghal in 1588-89. Under the yew trees at "Myrtle Grove"—his former residence—it was his wont to sit with pipe in mouth, for he loved the "nicotian weed"; and there he conned the pages of the new poem, "The Faerie Quean." The fine old Elizabethan house, with its many gables, was a worthy shelter for the "noble and valorous knight," who here introduced the cultivation of the homely and wholesome American plant, with the esculent tubers, popularly known as the Irish potato. It was his custom, between the crops, to pay frequent visits to the poet Spenser, up at Kilcolman, where they had royal times—if I interpret rightly that dainty pastoral, "Colin Clout's Come Home Again." Ah, those were rare days when the boys sat down together to pipe their tobacco-nals!

The wind was blowing furiously; there was a roar as of stormy seas in the groves of Blarney, and a frown on the face of the usually placid little lake. All that is left of the castle, a mere shell, stands

somewhat apart from the village and the lake, though it is near the mansion now occupied by the possessor of the estate.

I was admitted to the castle by a woman, who bade me climb the winding stair till I came to the top; nor did she omit to caution me against falling off on the way up. I climbed and climbed and climbed; three or four times on my way to the turrets I might have plunged headlong from the brink of the doorless passages that open into the interior. Why? Because from turret to foundation stone there is not a solitary floor left in the building. The castle is like an enormous square chimney, pierced with a multitude of small windows. By the side of the spiral stairs that screw their way up one corner of the castle, there are chambers hardly large enough to serve as sleeping rooms, though perhaps once used for that purpose; their walls are of amazing thickness.

The top of the castle wall is quite broad enough for a footpath. The outer ruin, or parapet, is larger than the castle itself, and is held in its place by brackets or protruding stones. Anywhere upon the dizzy path one can look down the outer side of the wall, between it and the outer parapet—could indeed easily drop through the open spaces between the brackets—and the thought of this, quite possible, abrupt exit from the stage of life, on a windy day, when the ruin seems to fairly reel under one, is by no means exhilarating.

The Blarney Stone is clasped to the wall by strong iron bands. It is below the top of the wall, a very long distance from the ground; and in order to kiss it one must let himself down head first, and hang by his toes, as it were. It is advisable to have the aid of a muscular assistant in performing this perilous feat; he can draw you up from below when you have accomplished your purpose.

I was alone on the walls of Blarney castle. The wind whistled about my ears; all the grass and fern tufts that have sprouted among the decaying mortar hissed spitefully. I cautiously crept to the edge of the wall; and, while the earth seemed to swim under me, and the walls of the old castle to sway to and fro, I reached down, down, and yet farther down, clinging like a cat to the crumbling edge of the wall, and—well, never mind! I have lived to tell the tale thus far. There is a twin stone on the ground floor, which I more conveniently saluted; and this one is a frequent substitute for the original.

For more than four centuries this castle has been the sole feature of importance in a pretty though rather lonely landscape. The square tower, with its machicolated battlement—all that is left of the castle—has been visited by pilgrims from every clime; but I fear many of them have asked themselves at a later day, "Was it worth while?" The woman who holds the keys of the castle, and who talks as glibly as if she had been raised on blarney stones, thinks it is worth while. The man on the lawn who sells souvenirs in bog oak agrees with her.

But let us fly to Father Prout, and cleave to him if we would see Ireland as she was, and is, and ever shall be—a joy forever! He sings of Blarney Castle:

"There is a stone there
That whoever kisses,
Ah! he never misses
To grow eloquent;
Tis he may clamour
To a lady's chamber,
Or become a member
Of Parliament."

"A clever spouter
He'll sure turn out, or
An out-and-outer
To be let alone;
Don't hope to blinder him,
Or to bewilder him:
Sure he's a pilgrim
From Blarney Stone."

In the Alps.—Guide: Now you will have to be careful; many a tourist has broken his neck at this spot. Gent, to his wife: Augusta, you go first.

Young composer: What did you think of my compositions, sir? Critic benignly: Well, I don't know exactly what to say; but I think they will be played when Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, and Mendelssohn have been long forgotten. Young composer: Really? Critic: Yes, really. But—not before.

Where is it that, in spite of the proverb, you always find the cart before the horse? In the word "cart horse."—Folks.

IRISH SONGS AND BALLADS.

Ireland, known throughout the past as the land of song as well as of sages, has a lyric literature as old as that of other countries, but it is one characterized by some marked peculiarities. In the first place, it has descended in its native tongue, the Gaelic, to the beginning of the present century; and secondly, it may claim the praise of being pre-eminently lyrical, since it is so largely composed of songs, or emotional verses set to music, and so little, if at all, of ballads, or metrical narratives and descriptions, which, originally chanted to a recitative, came in time to be recited. Mr. Hardiman, who is entitled to be called the Irish "Percy," has put this point beyond dispute. In his admirable collection of Gaelic poetry, the most extensive that has yet been made, and which has the further merit of being excellently translated by his colleagues, there is not a ballad to be found. Ballads, in the musical sense of the term—simple songs of a single movement—and odes, or elaborate songs, in various metres to various movements, together with elegies and laments, or brief passionate maledictions, are numerous in this collection; but not one instance, that I can see, of that veritable metrical narrative, heroic or historical, which so much distinguishes the early literature of Spain, England, France, and Germany.

It was reserved for the present century and its group of gifted children, its band of bards and novelists, to bestow on Ireland a title to the merit of ballad poetry—to show how triumphantly native themes could be illustrated with all the fervor and the fancy of a Celtic temperament, all the vividness of local coloring, and all the reality and verisimilitude of idiomatic phraseology. We only need to refer to such striking specimens as Griffin's *Bridal of Malahide*, McGee's *Death of Art M'Murrough*, Davis's *Sark of Baltimore*, T. D. Sullivan's *Death of King Connor McVessa*, and Williams's *Pass of Plumes* as instances of ballad poetry, not only distinguished by some of the most striking and enkindling traits of the national mind, but by an affluence of power and beauty which may challenge comparison with anything of their class in modern writing. To these ought doubtless be added the charming *Forester's Complaint* and *Una Phelimy* of Ferguson, a perfect master of this class of verse, but who is best known to the English public by his *Forging of the Anchor*—a ballad of such an extraordinary mingling of force and picturesqueness, that, though it cannot be said in strictness to have any national distinction, it may claim the scarcely inferior honor of being worthy of the hand of Schiller.

The songs of Ireland have invariably been national—amatory or bacchanalian, social, Jacobite, or patriotic, the true beating of a Celtic pulse is to be felt in every one of them. They abounded in the Gaelic. The well-known Carolan is said to have written as many as two hundred, and Connellan, a minstrel of the seventeenth century, almost four times that amount. Unfortunately, as the harpers labored to sustain the national spirit, they were hated and hunted by their rulers—"a priest, a bard, a wolf" being among the fieldsports of many English governments. Thus but few of their songs survived them.

Carolan, who must be regarded as the last true bard of Ireland, in his union of the fourfold avocation of his race—poet, composer, harper and singer—has but little of their ruling spirit: he is more festive than patriotic, and might be called the Irish Anacreon, but that he addresses woman with a purity and his bottle with an enthusiasm that are but little shared by the Teian poet. Welcome alike to hall and cottage he spent his days in cheering their inmates with his love-songs and his planxties, and doubtless did so all the more in being himself the happiest harper who was ever repaid the loss of sight by the felicities of sound.

It may be interesting to observe what are the classes of Irish songs, and, down to the middle of the past century, what was the proportion they owed to the Gaelic. The native tongue seems to have anticipated nearly every modern lyric variety. It has given us, in the first place, almost the model of the peasant's love-song. Not only the well-known favorites, *Eileen Aroon* and *Molly Astore*, that still linger like good spirits in many a lonely mountain cabin, but the *Coolin*, the *Pastheen Fion*, *Catherine Tyrrel*, the

Brown Thorn, Honour of the Amber Locks, and many others, are all charming little utterances, full of tenderness and purity, steeped in all the true simplicity that springs from deep emotion, an emotion that is none the shallower if it sparkles at times with sprightliness. The Gaelic also, in those of Carolan, gives us the love-songs of good society. His Gracey Nugents, Mabel Kelleys, Peggy Corcorans, and other idols, were all cultivated beauties, whom he addressed with a certain gracefulness that would have been lost on vulgar ears.

The Gaelic contribution closes with the "Jacobite songs" of Ireland, which are either deeply mournful and despairing, as in the *Lament for the Queen and The Fair Hills of Ireland*, or fiercely vindictive and defiant, as in the *Shane Bui* and "Canticle of Deliverance."

The 18th century closed with the Insurrection, which of course, among its many stimuli, was not wanting in a stream of song. Its principal contributors were James Orr, the brothers Shears, G. N. Reynolds, and Dr. Drennan—names that are now almost forgotten, and of which the latter were the more eminent—Reynolds as the writer of *Kathleen O'More*, one of the most exquisitely simple and pathetic of all the peasant songs of Ireland, and Dr. Drennan as the author of the most poetic product of his cause, *When Erin first rose*, a song which as clearly indicates the fiery spirit of the time as it does the power of the writer. The more popular effusions of the day, the *Shan van Vocht* and *Up with the Green*, have little literary superiority to the mass of their companions that were published in a small volume in Belfast under the title of "Paddy's Resource."

With the opening of the present century we arrive at what composes an epoch in the national minstrelsy, the *Irish Melodies* of Moore. It is the grace and delicacy of his love-songs which, moulding their fancy and tenderness to such perfection of expression, have made them what they must ever be, the great favorites of cultured circles; and if he rose to the truer ardor and simplicity of passion in those patriotic verses which contrast so much with their companions, it is the prior qualities again which give to his bacchanalian lyrics such a marked originality. The very reverse of those of the Gaelic, and, indeed, of all others of their class, they derive no inspiration from the wine-cup which they glorify; pure products of the imagination, they discard the aid of stimulants, whilst they celebrate its influence, as a means of delving the flight of time and the evanescence of human pleasures.

A few years later in the century and we come to that group of writers, which can claim to have bestowed on Ireland her national songs as well as ballads. We meet with Griffin, Calanan, Ferguson, Mangan, Davis, Waller, Walsh, Lover, McGee, Macarthy, Williams, T. D. Sullivan, and Simmons, who with such variety of power have laid bare the Irish heart in all its sunshine and its shadow, its passion and its humor. It is to them we are indebted for those admirable translations which have unlocked for us the stores of grandeur and beauty in the Gaelic; it is they who have given us the truest models of that sweet composite—the Irish love-song, in all its tender minglings of apparent contrasts but deep affinities, the smiles and tears, the lights and cloudings of affections pure and steadfast as they are generous and vehement—such as enchant us in Griffin's *Aileen Aroon*, and still lovelier *Gille Macree*. It is they who furnish us, in addition to the peasant songs of Lover, with such rustic truth and graphic vivacity as Waller's *Dance light for my heart it lies under your feet, love*. And it is they whose patriotic ardor revives the old soul of the Gael in Clarence Mangan's *National Hymn*, Gavan Duffy's *Irish Chiefs*, and Davis's *Song of the Volunteers*.

There are few sporting songs in Ireland, though its middle and southern quarters have been such a famous sporting country. The *Kilruddery Hunt* and *The Jolly Foxhunters*, written at the close of the past century, are the only specimens I know of; specimens, however, be it said, whose headlong animation and uproarious enjoyment do every justice to the soil.

Military songs are also wanting till we come to those of Lever, which with all their stirring pleasantry are rather convivial than martial; and naval songs are just as absent, though Ireland has an ocean foaming round her rocky shores,

whose very dangers, one would think, must have developed a nautical passion. The only instances that can be called "national" are the *Boatman of Kinsale*, by Davis, and that wonderfully expectant cry of the seaman to his craft as she runs to harbor in a heavy sea, called—I know not why—*The Boatman's Hymn*, which Mr. Ferguson, with his usual excellence, has so vividly rendered from the Gaelic.

WOMEN OF ERIN.

IN LITERATURE AND ART.

Irishwomen of a Century Ago, as Well as of To-Day Considered.

Since '48, says Katherine Tynan, we have heard but little of women in poetry till within the last few years, and if the renaissance in little has come now it is not because the times have any special inspiration, but because the women are learning their own powers and to cultivate them. We move very slowly in Ireland, and it is noticeable that while anterior to '48 we had Irishwomen who were acknowledged poets in England, as Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Norton, Lady Dufferin, and we may claim that great and lonely genius Emily Bronte, women at home in Ireland had not attempted to sing. Now that we have begun they come quickly, and perhaps it may be that the first comers will soon begin to lose their first prominence, which is as that of the early drops in a shower.

A little volume published a few years ago called "Poems and Ballads of Young Ireland" contained, with some remarkable poetry, contributions from two or three women who belong to the latter-day Irish poetry. Of these two are since dead, Ellen O'Leary and Rose Kavanagh. Both were my dear friends, but it is not friendship makes me think of them that they are among the most beautiful personalities of any time of literature. Ellen O'Leary was a truly noble woman, masculine in heroism and truth, feminine in purity and tenderness. She was the only woman I have ever met of the distinctly heroic type, incapable of fear of anything which meant merely injury to the body or the life of the body. She was strongly unselfish, living a life quite outside herself in the human beings she loved and the country she would have died for. She was a royal woman by nature, one who wore a crown of dignity and nobility patent to the dullest sight. It was a noble face. Watts would have painted her beautifully. She had regular features with warm-colored skin, which kept its satin smoothness to the last. Her grey eyes looked at you straight, you could well believe they were never strained in all her life by fear or dishonor. Scarcely any other woman could be what she was in the Fenian days—tried, trusted, strong of heart and cool of head, though the conspiracy had for a mainstring the brother who was her life's love.

I have placed Miss O'Leary's poetry in our own time, though she was writing on the Irish People under her brother's editorship in '67; but she reached the highest political development, I think, in the latter days of her life, and in those latter days her poems were first snatched from a dead newspaper to be preserved in a book, which, unhappily, only saw the light when she was gone. Rose Kavanagh, whose name I have linked along with hers, belonged more correctly to our day. She was still a girl when death took her in the February of this year. Her poetry I have praised so often that I need not dwell upon it here; but, beautiful and artless as it is, it does no injustice to Rose. She was but finding the way to her literary expression, and in her poems and stories she has left I find little enough trace of her. Her letters are best of all, perhaps; out of a phrase, a word, a bit of experience, her dear face sometimes looks as it did in life. Mrs. Gilbert, whom we all know as Miss Mullholland, is one who kept the lamp of Irish literature alight in somewhat dark days. Her work has been mainly in prose, but it is prose of the most poetical. No wonder it has delighted fastidious critics—Dickens and Ruskin, and Mr. Gladstone, whose judgment, however, is somewhat discounted by his over-praise of such poor work as "Mademoiselle Ixe." Since it happens his dictum can confer a vogue on books, one wishes (for the sake of literature) that he used it as legitimately always as

he did in the case of "Marcella Grace." I think in this book Mrs. Gilbert reached her highwater mark. There is strong and passionate life in it, and it shows us another side of the nature which we knew to be so gifted in depicting the dreams and fantasies and characters and stories so delicate and ethereal that they are like the visions of an exquisitely attuned imagination rather than anything we recognize in every-day life. Her poems have often the same pictorial qualities as the descriptive passages in her stories. One understands, remembering that she is one of the dually-gifted artists and had fine prophecies of her at South Kensington in days when she was an art student before she knew that her pictures were to be made in pen and ink. Her poem "Irene," which so captivated Sir John Millais that he sat down and made a picture of it for Cornhill, has this pictorial quality. Her poems have been contributed in many places since that day of immense triumph when a very young girl found herself an accepted contributor to the great Cornhill. Miss Francis Wynne is a young Irish poet who gained a hearing in Longman's a couple of years ago through the ready appreciation of Mr. Andrew Lang. She was not at all of those who lisp in numbers, but she attained mastery of her instrument with sudden and remarkable speed. Her first poem, "The First Cuckoo," was published in the *Irish Monthly* early in 1887, and I believe in its first shape it was badly in need of polishing and correction. Her little book, "Whisper!" which appeared last year, was, as Mr. Lang wrote of it, entirely successful, up to its aims and ambition. "Whisper!" was the poetry of a quiet young girl, naive, saucy, charming. The poems are all love poems, and the singer, so to speak, laughs at you from behind a fan and flies away. The fancy is so delicate and the workmanship so admirable, that we may well look to Miss Wynne for finer things. To reach them she may have to pass through glorious failures, but she will remember that

He who aims a star
Shoots higher far than he who aims a tree.

Miss Wynne is a girl in her early twenties. The landscapes of her little book are the quiet landscapes of Louth, where she was born and lived. With wider experience and other scenes her poetry will no doubt enlarge and expand. Miss Charlotte O'Brien is another of our poets who has tried her fortune with a book, nay, with two books. Her deafness has perhaps been to her what the blindness has been to one or two others, a seclusion in which her imagination and love of beauty have grown strong. There are few things in her poetry more sweet than the lines in which she laments her deafness. Yet the best poetry I have seen from her pen was poetry inspired by her country and her deep patriotism. A number of such poems appeared in the *Nation* perhaps ten years ago, and were full of strength and inspiration. Her poetry is noble poetry. She could scarcely fail to be a noble woman, being Smith O'Brien's daughter, that beloved Smith O'Brien for whose sake we have long ago forgiven "Murrough of the Burnings." Miss O'Brien brings one naturally to Miss Una Taylor, Sir Henry Taylor's daughter, whose impassioned poetry will be familiar to all the readers of *United Ireland*, wherein she has written for many years. Miss Taylor is Irish through her mother, who was the last Lord Montegle's sister, and in this way she is also a young kingwoman of Aubrey de Vere. She is as much steeped in Biblical literature as Swinburne, and, like him, she owes much of her vehemence and fire to the great poetry of the Old Testament. Miss Taylor lives at the Roost, Bournemouth, where her famous father lived for many years. She has literary sisters—one Ida Ashworth Taylor, is author of "Venus Doves" and "Snow in Harvest"—but if they have Irish convictions they do not express them.

Miss Emily Hickey is another Irish poet living in England, and the one who proudly labels herself Irish. She is a county Kilkenny woman, but has long lived in England, where she is one of the teaching staff at Miss Buse's great North London College for Women. You will see her sweet and womanly face in the page of "Poetesses" in the Christmas number of the *Queen*. With all her practical turn she looks artistic to the last degree. She might be the Lady of Shallot in the sweeping gown of pale green silk, in which I first beheld her at

a London garden party. She was really the founder, and to its last day the co-secretary with Mr. Farnwall, of the recently defunct Browning Society. She was very fortunate in having Mr. Browning for a friend, and, as might be expected, her first book "A Sculptor," published in 1881, had many traces of the great thinker's influence, but she has her own thoughts. She has published two volumes since, one in 1889, the other just issued from the press. She contributes to many London magazines—*Longman's*, the *Leisure Hour*, *Atlanta*, and others. She is a great philanthropist, as one has not far to go in her poetry to find out, and she is interested in many movements among the poor and the working classes. Perhaps it is due to Irish birth that she has caught nothing of the blackness of unbelief which is the rule in London literary folk, and especially among women. Her note of faith is very strong and assured, and her optimism great in consequence. There are many young Irish women who could be discoursed upon in an article of larger scope than the present, and some of whom will have articles to themselves one of these days, but I have kept from being invidious by dealing with performance rather than with promise.

INTERESTING TO WICKLOW MEN.

In the "Saunders' News Letter" for July 15, 1890, we find a column of a Government Proclamation, offering rewards for the capture of thirty-six persons, described as "murderers, robbers, and deserters," the large majority of whom had been implicated, or suspected of so being, in the late rebellion. Amongst those named and described we find first on the list—"Michl. Dwyer, about thirty-one years, five feet nine or ten inches high, very straight back, short neck, square shoulders, a little hunched, rather long-legged, with a small rise on the shin bones, very long feet, black hair and complexion, broad across the eyes, which are black, short cocked nose, wide mouth, thin lips, even teeth, but separate, very long from nose to chin, full breasted, rather full-faced, born in Imale. Five hundred guineas for taking him."

The next on the list—"John Mernagh (one of Dwyer's men), thirty years of age, born in or near Glen Mahur. Two hundred guineas for taking him."

The next—"John Harman (one of Dwyer's men), twenty-two years of age. Two hundred guineas for taking him."

The next—"John Porter, twenty-two years of age (one of Dwyer's men), born near the Seven Churches. Two hundred guineas for taking him."

The next—"Andrew Thomas, twenty-five years of age (one of Dwyer's men), born near Anamoe. Two hundred guineas for taking him."

The next—"Thomas Halpen, thirty-five years of age (one of Dwyer's men). Two hundred guineas for taking him."

"Martin Burke, born at or near Imale (one of Dwyer's men)." No reward or age mentioned.

"Lawrence Harman, brother of John Harman, thirty-four years of age (one of Dwyer's men)." No reward mentioned.

"Nicholas Harman, twenty-nine years of age, brother of John and Lawrence Harman (one of Dwyer's men)." No reward mentioned.

"James Kelly, son of Ned, twenty-one years of age, and James Kelly, son of Tom, twenty-five years of age (both Dwyer's men)." No reward mentioned.

Anecdote of Dean Swift.

Dean Swift did not relish a joke at his expense. At one time he met a Catholic priest in a friend's house, and who smartly replied to his sarcastic interrogation, Why do the Catholic Church use pictures and images, when the Church of England does not? "Because we are old housekeepers, and you are new beginners." The dean quitted the room and refused to remain to dinner.

Open to Conviction.—Don't you think you could love me a little, if you knew that I would die for you. Possibly, if you will give proof satisfactory to a coroner's jury.

Among the "Bohemians."—"Just my luck. I have gone and taken a room, and now I find there isn't a fire place in it." "That's easily remedied. Come and warm yourself in mine. All you've got to do is to get a man to bring your coke here. In that way you will save the expense of a stove."

HOME RULE.

What a Veteran Thinks on the Subject— O'Neill-Daunt's Ideas.

Probably the last of the men now living who stood by O'Connell, in his early struggles, is Mr. William J. O'Neill-Daunt, of Kilsacan, County Cork—who still, as of old, keeps up his interest in the current politics of his country—rightly judging that one can never grow too old to have a personal interest in the events that sway the world in which all—whether young or old—have to live. On February 24th, a reporter from the office of the *Cork Examiner* called on Mr. O'Neill-Daunt, to ascertain his views as to Mr. Gladstone's proposed "Home Rule" Bill for Ireland. The opinions of the veteran patriot (now in his 87th year,) are valuable, as there are few men better qualified by experience to deal with such an important proposal.

With reference to Mr. Gladstone's financial proposal, Mr. O'Neill-Daunt, who in the old Repeal movement was recognized as one of the safest authorities on Irish financial policy, said:—

Mr. Gladstone has treated Ireland very badly, financially, in the past, and I cannot at all approve of his present financial proposals. For instance, in 1853 he added 52 per cent to our Irish taxes. Some time ago I had some correspondence with him, and in one of the letters I received from him, through his secretary, he said that having minutely considered the financial claims of Ireland he had arrived at the conclusion that Ireland had been very badly treated, adding that the financial arrangements between the two countries were very inequitable. These were his words through his secretary (Mr. J. K. Murray, I think is that gentleman's name). I was writing a sort of sketch relative to the subject for one of the London magazines at time. Some of the members of the Irish Party are eminently qualified to grapple with this matter.—Mr. Sexton, for instance, and that very clever Ulster member Mr. Vesey Knox. It would be absolute folly for the Irish people to purchase Home Rule at a price that would render it impossible for them to derive any possible advantage from it. As Mr. Knox has pointed out, we might, by the best possible management, escape bankruptcy for about five years; but that is as long a period as we could escape the gravest financial embarrassment. I do not see why we should contribute a single penny to the English Exchequer. I fail to see any grounds, historical or otherwise, why we should do so. Mr. Gladstone has admitted that the financial arrangement of the Union was very inequitable: but now mind it was on these very lines that he made the increase in our taxation in '53. The Union was a criminal usurpation and, financially, a gigantic swindle, and is it not ridiculous that we should be robbed over again? What I would like to see in any measure of Home Rule would be the restoration to Ireland, as far as possible, of the rights of which she was defrauded by that infamous Act of 1800, and a really fair and just settlement of the financial question. I may mention that the population of Ireland was larger in 1800 than it is now, so that if the financial arrangement was inequitable then, it is still more so at the present day.

Mr. O'Neill-Daunt continued—with reference to Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, generally—the Bill is better than that of '86. I daresay that, on the whole aspect it is the best bill Mr. Gladstone could get an English Parliament to consider. But, as regards the financial question, I must again say that the proposals (to Ireland) would be ruinous if accepted. The Irish members should fight this matter by every means in their power, and bring down the Irish quota of taxation to the lowest possible level. This is a matter of duty on their part, and it is only justice to Ireland that the taxes should be reduced. The more I consider this aspect of the bill, the more I am disposed to think that Mr. Knox's idea is the correct one. Finance is a grand question. It would be almost impossible for the Irish Parliament to carry on the Government of the country without increasing the taxation generally, and we are already ground down with taxation. The reservation of England of the Customs means the reservation of the very best revenue-producing source. Of course our representatives will fight against that. As Mr. Lane pointed out, Mr. Gladstone leaves us the local Excise, and the amount derived from that source

will depend on the quantity of drink we consume. Now, is not that putting a bonus on drunkenness? If the Irish members do not insist on having the financial proposals amended Mr. Gladstone will let them pass. That is my opinion. We have experience of him. Look at what he did in '53. One of the arguments against increasing Irish taxation was the poverty of the country. That seemed a very strong ground to go on. What was his argument? An extremely ingenious one. It was to this effect, that £150, for instance, in that country, represented a greater purchasing power than the same sum in a rich country: so that, according to that idea, the poorer a country the stronger the season for taxing her.

With regard to the vetoing powers reserved to the Lord Lieutenant they look very formidable, but I really think they would be more nominal than real. They probably would never be availed of. In the pre-union period there was a Royal veto existing in full force, and, of course, the power was in the hands of the English Cabinet; but it was what I way call a sleeping power then; and I have no doubt it will be left to rest in peace when we get Home Rule.

As to the threats of the Ulster Tories, Mr. O'Neill-Daunt said—All that is mere bluster. The threat shows the unnatural hatred these men have for their fellow-subjects here in Ireland. At present they are threatening all sorts of things if Home Rule is passed. The pretence of these people, that they are the only Loyalists, is simply ridiculous. Their loyalty does not seem to be reciprocal, for, when their interests clash with Unionist party interests in England, they are just thrown aside. When Home Rule is passed the landlord party, and the party generally calling themselves "loyalists," will, by the pressure of circumstances, and by the very fact of domestic legislation, become Nationalists themselves; even the very Orangemen will become human beings. We can discount all their bluster; but I certainly consider it scandalous that a man in the position of Lord Salisbury should encourage that bluster.

With regard to Irish trade (said Mr. O'Neill-Daunt,) it seems rather impudent that the Irish should be prohibited from trading with every country. The principle of that seems to be essentially the principle which induced the English Government in the last century to impose embargoes on Irish commerce.

In conclusion, Mr. O'Neill-Daunt said—I am sure that this is Ireland's great opportunity. We shall never, again, have such another opportunity: and if our representatives do not avail of it to the fullest extent, they will deserve to be execrated. The interests of the country are in their keeping, and it is a most sacred trust. They certainly should not allow themselves to be influenced by that species of delicacy which prevents a person from looking a gift-horse in the teeth. There is a good deal of the partisan in every Irishman, and when he has chosen a leader he does look too closely into his motives and actions, and often allows himself to be imposed upon. This is what Strafford said in a letter to Charles I.: "It is wonderful with how few soft words we can fool the Irish." The characteristic is still in existence, and that is what makes me afraid that our members may leave this grave national matter too much in Mr. Gladstone's hands.

With regard to the Land Question, Mr. O'Neill-Daunt (himself a landlord,) said:—The landlords of Ireland have cut the Irish nation in this fight. They would now be masters of the situation had they thrown in their lot with the Irish people. It is that sort of alienation which the Salisburian policy would seek to perpetuate. Lecky—a splendid historian he is to be sure—compares the effects of that alien power to those of a "spear-head thrust through a living body, inflaming all around and deranging every vital function." My experience is that it is bigotry has made them turn against the country. With regard to the reductions of rents, I don't understand how the landlords could be expected to escape when the prices for agricultural produce came down. However, I think they look upon the reductions as a punishment of their political principles. This, of course, is absurd. In England there has been a great downfall of landed property, and the average reduction given in that country is from 20 to 25 per cent. But it must not be forgotten that the landlords in England have to do a great

deal more for their tenants than Irish landlords do for theirs.

In answer to some final queries, Mr. O'Neill-Daunt said he did not see why Irish trade should be restricted merely to place English feeling, and Ireland wronged to disarm the criticism of those people who are following Mr. Gladstone under protest.—*Irish American.*

THE RETURN FROM CLONTARF.

On the evening of Holy Saturday, which was the day after the battle of Clontarf, Donchad, the son of the late monarch, who had been sent with his Dalcassians on a predatory expedition into Leinster, returned with immense booty to the camp of Kilmainham; and, as a tribute of pious affection, sent several rich offerings to the Archbishop of Armagh and his community. Immediately after the battle of Clontarf, the chief of the Eugenic tribe, Cian, who was then with the army at Kilmainham, and whose ambition to assert his right to the now vacant throne of Munster, too impatient to brook even delay, lost no time in acquainting the sons of Brian with his determination to enforce that claim, alleging, as the grounds on which he rested it, not only the right of alternate succession secured to the Eugenicians by the will of Ollill-Ollum, but also the seniority of their royal house over that of the Dalcassians. He therefore demanded that the son of Brian should deliver hostages to him, in acknowledgment of his claim. This Donchad, one of Brian's sons, determinedly refused; saying that, diminished in strength and numbers as was the brave force by his side, he would neither acknowledge Cian's claim nor yet consent to give him hostages.

This angry contention between two such rival tribes, both encamped on the same ground, and both flushed with their common victory, seemed to threaten for a time consequences by which the mourning as well as the triumph of that memorable hour would have been sullied, when, fortunately, another Eugenic prince, named Domnal, who commanded, jointly with Cian, the troops of their tribe, interfered to check the unseemly strife; and, calmly expostulating with his brother chieftain, succeeded in withdrawing both him and the whole of their force quietly from the camp.

Thus relieved from the chances of a conflict to which his reduced and weakened followers were now unequal, Donchad broke up from the camp at Kilmainham, and with his small army, including the sick and wounded, proceeded slowly on his march into Munster. Further trials, however, awaited them ere they reached their own home; and the sudden change which a short day had made in the fortunes of the son of Brian, showed how triumph may lead adversity in its train. On arriving in Ossory, they found the prince of that country, Mac-Gilla-Patrick, preparing to oppose by force their passage through his territories, unless they consented to acknowledge submission to his authority. "Hostages," said that chief, "or battle!"—"Let it then," replied Donchad, "be battle; for never," he added, "was it yet heard of, within the memory of man, that a prince of the race of Brian had given hostages to a Mac-Gilla-Patrick."

Having thus declared his purpose, the heroic chief prepared for action; first taking care, as a human precaution, to appoint some of the bravest men in his troop to guard the sick and wounded. But, instead of allowing themselves to be so protected, these weak and suffering men all eagerly insisted upon taking their share in the combat; preferring death by the side of their comrades to the ignoble safety proposed to them. "Let there be stakes," cried they, "fixed in the ground; and to each of these let one of us be firmly tied, holding our swords in our hands." This extraordinary suggestion was acted upon; and the troops of Ossory, on advancing to the attack, beheld intermixed in the foremost ranks with the sound men, these pale and emaciated warriors, as if all were alike determined on death. At the sight of so strange and mournful a spectacle, the advancing army paused; and their chief, whether touched with admiration of such noble self-devotion, or fearing to contend with men thus pledged against surrender, drew off his force without striking a blow, and left the brave Dalgais to pursue their march through Ossory uninterrupted.

ST. PATRICK'S BELIEF.

The Claim That He Was a Protestant Again Refuted.

The average Irish Catholic can never be induced to seriously consider the opponent's claim that St. Patrick was a Protestant. He regards the claim as a native and racy joke, something with an honest, homely facetiousness about it. Father Burke on one occasion met the contention with a well-known flash of his characteristic humor, pointing out that of course it was not true, for, though we had full particulars as to those who arrived with St. Patrick in Ireland, there was no mention of a Mrs. St. Patrick amongst them! This was on a par with the argument of the countryman who stumped an opponent by showing that frequent though the reference was to "St. Paul to the Romans," there was never the slightest mention of St. Paul to the Protestants.

It is unnecessary here to make more than an incidental reference to the controversy on the religion of Ireland's national apostle, or to writings in point in the works of Cardinal Moran, Dr. Healy, Professor Stokes, Miss Stokes, and those of Ushers Warren, Todd, Petrie, and many others. In a thoughtful and learned little pamphlet—"St. Patrick's Liturgy"—which comes from the pen of the Protestant rector of Mitchelstown, England, Canon Courtenay Moore, M. A., M. R. S. A., the old ground is again gone over, and conclusions are drawn, which must prove not a little startling to those who delude themselves with the belief that the Irish saints was in the Canon's words, a sort of miscellaneous or molluscosc popular Protestant.

The hollowness of the belief is easily made apparent. The pamphlet is in effect an appeal to the more thoughtful Irish Protestants to study early Irish Church history, not with the lawyer's idea of making out a case, but with the fearless desire of finding the truth and the whole truth. In the present study, brief as it is, the reader is given an inkling of the fascinating nature of the points, facts, and problems that confront the student of early Celtic Christian life. These are a few of Canon Moore's conclusions: The idea that St. Patrick was a Protestant is but the idea of those who have little or no acquaintance with the belief and ritual of the Church of the fifth century. A few simple but telling quotations are given from the writings of the saint. He speaks of the priests whom God has chosen "and granted to them that most high and divine power that those whom they bind on earth are bound in Heaven." He hears in one of his dreams the words, "Thou doest well to fast," and we have references of his to the conventual life, bearing out the expression of Professor Stokes that "the early Celtic Church was intensely monastic."

The liturgy which St. Patrick used is said to have been received from St. Germanus and Lupus, and was known as the "Cursus Scotorum," or the Irish Liturgy; the origin of which is traced back to the Liturgy of St. Mark. We have St. Jerome's authority for connecting the two. Taking this to be correct, it is a death-blow, says the author, to the vague popular (Protestant) theory that St. Patrick was a sort of nondescript Protestant. Mention is made of his masses for the dead, and of one as follows: "O God, Who on this day didst give to St. Peter after Thyself the headship of the whole Church, we humbly pray Thee that as Thou didst constitute him pastor for the safety of the flock, and that Thy sheep might be preserved from error, so now Thou mayest save us through his intercession."

After this, it will easily be believed that Canon Moore has little difficulty in admitting the apostle's communion with Rome.

Overlander.—A: Have you heard that the house lately erected by Wackler, the contractor, has fallen to pieces. B: Just what I expected; it was so heavily mortgaged.

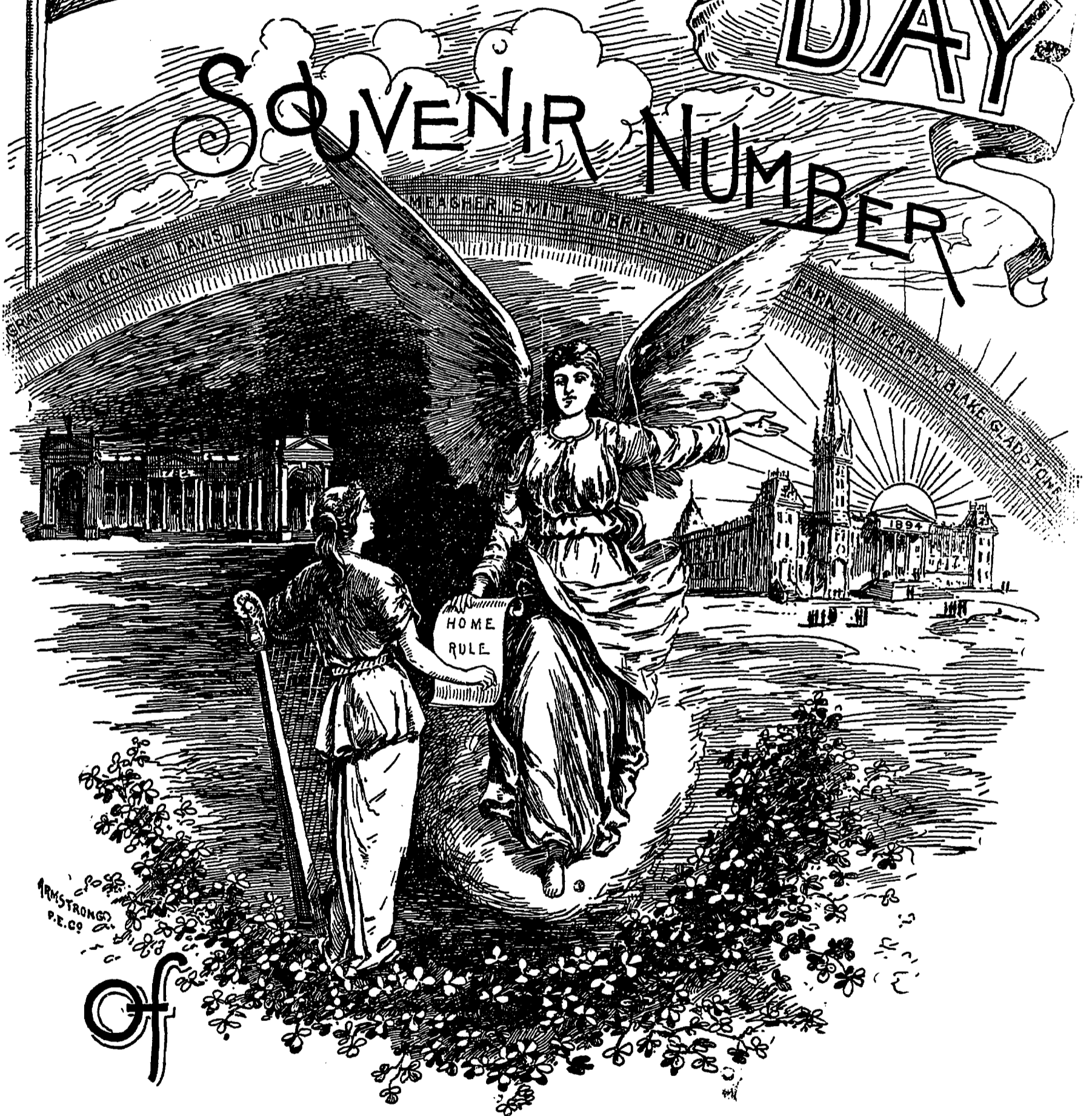
The Second Picture.—Wife: Well, hubby dear, how did you like me in the tableaux vivants? Hubby: I was positively astounded! Wife: Really? How, dear? Hubby: That you were able to keep your mouth shut so long!

A Military ball—A cannon-ball

ST PATRICK'S

DAY

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THE CELEBRATION OF THE NATIONAL FESTIVAL IN MONTREAL.

Scenes at St. Patrick's—The Pontifical High Mass—The Sermon, by Rev. Father Doyle—The Procession—The Different Concerts in the Evening, and the Lecture.

Each year the Irish people, all the world over, rejoice upon the occasion of the great national festival, the seventeenth of March. In bygone years varied have been the feelings which animated the children of the "Ancient Race" upon the occasion of St. Patrick's Day. Sometimes gloomy clouds of deep sorrow hovered over their banners and shadowed the light that should have played upon their features; at other times there were gleams of hope shooting through the darkness around and flinging rays of anticipated happiness upon the countenances of the "scattered Gael." This year of Our Lord, 1893, is one in which the light prevails over the dark, and the shadows, although they have not wholly vanished, are golden, like the flush of the dawn upon the eastern hills. There was hope and consequent jubilation upon the St. Patrick's Day of this year. And good cause has there been for such an aspect in the affairs of the Old Land and in the celebrations that have taken place in the New. A year ago, it is true, there was every sign of promise upon the sky of Ireland's future; but this year these signs have brightened into herald beams of almost certain legislative autonomy for Green Erin. Before we enter into the details of the day's proceedings, let us cast a hurried glance over the twelve months just gone past.

The seventeenth of March this year, as far as Montreal is concerned, was a glorious day. The strong, bracing air of our pure Canadian climate was filled with the glories of a glowing sun, shedding its refulgence through a sky of the deepest blue. It was a day of good omen; it gave a fresh courage to all who participated in the celebration, and it harmonized with the brightness that filled each breast and pulsed in each heart. Since St. Patrick's Day, 1892, very potent events have taken place, potent for great good and pregnant with untold blessings for the future of the Irish race. During the last twelve months the great general election for the Imperial House occurred; the seemingly invincible strength of Salisbury vanished before the universal endorsement of the Grand Old Man's policy. It is true the majority

with which Mr. Gladstone was returned was not very large, considering the immense representation in that assembly, but it was sufficient to show that the tide had set in in favor of the Home Rule cause. A vast majority, antagonistic to the Irish interests, was turned into a considerable minority by the voice of the people. The event of that election brings us to another one that most particularly concerns the descendants of Irishmen in Canada.

Ever since the battle for Home Rule commenced, ten years ago, the people of Canada have been foremost in sending material and expressed encouragement to the men doing battle for the cause in the Old Land. In parliament our repre-

had found echo even in the remotest regions of the land whose cause he so strongly advocated. The consequence was that a few months ago Mr. Blake was invited to accept a seat in the Imperial House, for an Irish consistency, and to there lend his magnetic eloquence and untiring energy to the men who needed every support that could be secured. The story of Blake's departure, his election, his universal popularity throughout Ireland and England, and above all his mighty effort when he delivered his maiden speech in the British House of Commons, is too fresh in the memory of every reader of the TRUE WITNESS to require any recapitulation. Suffice to say that Blake's advent

this potent step, even should Ireland not succeed in gaining Legislative autonomy, still this year will be marked as one of the most important in the history of our race, since the dawn of the nineteenth century, while Gladstone's figure, venerable and sublime, will forever be associated with the celebration of St. Patrick's Day 1893.

Coming back from the general events of the year that has just passed, we might remark that a new spirit has been infused into the Irishmen of all Canada, and of Montreal in particular, a spirit of buoyancy and hope that had too long remained a stranger to our race. It was only necessary to glance at the demonstration of Friday to perceive how strongly the people felt the influence of more inspiring news from those who are struggling in the arena of Home Rule. During the year that has elapsed Montreal has sent considerable amounts to swell the funds that are destined to support the cause now in its severest crisis. It was only the other day that the Treasurer of the Blake Home Rule Fund sent five hundred dollars to that honorable advocate of the Irish suit for liberty. The men of this city have ever been in the van and during the last year they have given evidence that their patriotism has not chilled and their generosity has not diminished.

We have seen what a giant stride has been made during the year that is gone: can any one foretell what advance will be made during the year to come? Is the cup for which Erin has so long thirsted about to be dashed again from her lips, just as she is to quaff the draught? Or will the National festival in 1894 dawn upon a new Parliament House in Dublin? We cannot pretend to the spirit of prophecy, nor are we able to cast the horoscope of the future with the certainty of any inspiration, yet it seems to us, that, before the next twelve months shall have rolled away, there will be a wonderful change in the prospects of Ireland, that the shadows of centuries will give place to the glow of future prosperity, that the tears of affliction will be replaced by the smiles of peace and contentment, that the last link in the chain of the Union will be broken, and the first ring in the bond of another Union will be welded.

No matter how grand the celebration that took place on last Friday, it would only be a prelude to that of next year, should the hopes of the people be realized; yes, this one would be simply a foretaste of that which will take place when the sunburst is run up to the mast head over a new Irish Legislative Hall. And still the celebration in Montreal this year was one of the grandest and most enthusiastic that our city, perhaps, ever beheld. It was a united, harmonious, spirited, truly national celebration. The grandeur of the mass, the eloquence of the sermon, the magnificence of the procession, the enthusiasm of all the citizens, the successful entertainments in the different halls, the able lecture of the learned Paulist Father, and every

representatives spoke by means of the different resolutions proposed and adopted endorsing the Home Rule cause. In the country, outside of Parliament, the faithful children of Celtic blood, contributed freely and almost constantly to the support of the soldiers that were fighting the national battle upon the field of British Politics. Amongst others whose names became household words on account of their eloquent tributes to the Irish patriots, and their manly defense of the principles for which they struggled, was that of Hon. Edward Blake of Toronto. His powerful voice

into Imperial politics has been the welding of a mighty link between the Irishmen of Canada and the Irishmen of Ireland.

The next event of importance that has transpired since last year was the presenting of Gladstone's Home Rule Bill in the House of Commons. The speech delivered by the great veteran Premier was a master-piece such as history scarcely can surprise: it was as marvellous a piece of statesmanship as it was an exhibition of wonderful vitality physical as well as mental. But no matter what may be the outcome of



REV. A. P. DOYLE, C.S.P.

REV. FATHER DOYLE, of the world-famed Order of the Paulists, is the subject of the foregoing sketch. He was the orator of the occasion. Father Doyle's life, as he says himself, is somewhat uneventful, as far as the world is concerned; but we must say it has been quite the reverse if taken from the missionary and apostolic standpoint. Father Doyle was born thirty-six years ago in California, and was the first child of the generation of gold-seekers that was ever ordained a Catholic Priest. He was educated with the Paulists, and having imbibed the spirit of Father Hecker, he has ever since walked in the footsteps of the glorious founder of the Order. He is to-day one of the most renowned pulpit orators in the United States, and to hear him is a real education.

feature of the day's programme should suffice to stir up a hope in the breast of every Irishman and to furnish an idea of what a celebration might be expected should the coming year be crowned with the laurel of Home Rule. We will now furnish as concise, yet as complete, a report as our space will permit of the events of last Friday. In so doing we may remark that we have refrained from giving portraits of the principal participants in the day's programme, as in years gone past. Amongst other reasons all who would have a claim to be so represented have already appeared at different times in these columns, their cuts have been given, time and again, in the daily press; and we are more certain of not being suspected of any partiality when we confine our illustrations to the allegorical cover and the Rev. Father Doyle, the orator—both in the pulpit and on the platform—of the occasion. Moreover it is our aim to give as much solid reading matter as possible.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH

began to fill before nine o'clock in the morning, and up to the arrival of the leaders of the procession, the crowd kept steadily increasing, and seats became speedily at a premium. The church was appropriately decorated for the occasion, as usual. It was just five minutes to ten when the doors were thrown open, and the strains of "The Wearing of the Green" filled the air outside as the members of the Catholic Young Men's Society entered, their officers proceeding to the seats reserved for them and the others moving off to the side. One after another, in quick succession, the various societies trooped in and the church was at length filled to its utmost capacity. Among those present in the church were the Hon. Senator Murphy, the Hon. James McShane and Mrs. McShane, Hon. John J. Curran, Q. C., Solicitor General; Mr. P. Wright and others.

The music rendered at High Mass was superior in every respect to anything heard in St. Patrick's for many years past.

Professor Fowler's new Grand Mass was given with increased chorus; additional soloists; and augmented by a large string orchestra, composed of the best musicians in Montreal. From the first number to the last of Professor Fowler's *chef d'œuvre* perfect harmony, and sweet religious sentiment pervaded throughout. Mr. Egan sang the *Redemptor Mundi*, infusing the sonorous solemn tones demanded in this plaintive solo. The tenor solos were given with sympathetic fervor; and devotional feeling by Messrs. J. J. Rowan and J. Henault respectively. The latter gentleman's rich cultivated *tenor rubusto* voice is a decided acquisition to the choir. Mr. J. P. Hamill sang the alto and Messrs. H. B. Bolger and R. Bissonette the *basso* solos admirably. Mr. P. F. McCaffery, as leader, conducted with his usual ability.

The entire church was tastefully decorated in green and white from ceiling to floor; while the Altar was chastely illuminated with varied colored lamps. At the elevation hundreds of electric lights suddenly lit up the entire Altar, the organ simultaneously, playing an effective and appropriate voluntary.

The Rev. Father Doyle preached the following eloquent sermon:—

"Go forth from thy country and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house and come into the land I will show thee, and I will make thee a great King. I shall bless and magnify thy name, and thou shalt be blessed."

These words that were spoken to Abraham, and which have been transmitted to posterity, have a special meaning when they are applied to the Irish people. It is a blessed thing to gather together to-day, St. Patrick's Day, the feast day of our patron Saint, and recall the great things that he has done for our race. It is an honorable thing to keep his memory blessed from year to year, and it is a grand thing to assemble on this day in honor of St. Patrick, the patron Saint of Ireland, and recall the memory of the great men who have made Ireland's history illustrious. In every nation there has been some man, or men, whom God has raised up at certain times, whose life-work is marked out on certain lines in following which

these men have been the architects of a nation's destiny. In one case he was a great warrior, who, when the people were in slavery, crushed down to the earth by the iron heel of tyranny, aroused the spark of desire in the hearts of the people, organized them into an army, and led them through war and hardship to victory and liberty. Such in the States, with our Washington, than whose, a nobler or a greater name is not painted in history. A man blessed with a competency, blessed with all the world's goods he might desire, who had everything to make him happy, yet followed warfare and hardship in the name of liberty and risked everything for his country's sake. In other nations it may be it is a poet who speaks with poetic fire the thoughts that burn in the hearts of the people. In another nation it is an artist, and so forth; but it makes no difference. Be he poet, artist or warrior—no matter what he is, any man who has conferred a great benefit on a nation, deserves to have his name and memory kept blessed. To deliver a nation from slavery is a great work—to elevate the intellectual ideas of the people is also a great work: it is to confer an inestimable boon upon a race, but there are greater things than these, and what greater thing is there than to be the direct instrument of God to a nation? What was Moses to the Jewish people? He was the liberator of the people—he was the messenger of God to the Egyptian kings—he was the instrument in God's hands who gathered together the people of Egypt and marched them across the red sea, and he was the one who caused the rushing stream of water to flow from the solid rock. He was one who led his people safely, after their wanderings in the desert, to the promised land. Moses was to the Jewish people what St. Patrick is to our race, for as Moses was the Divine spokesman for the Jews, so is St. Patrick for the Irish people. It is well on a day like this to recall the great things St. Patrick has done for us and to go over the history of his life. It is an old, old story, but we have to thank God for making him the instrument by which he worked out His Divine will. You remember something of his life. He was born at the close of the fourth century; it makes no difference where, for he belonged to no city, he belonged to the world as the Irish race does, but the one thing that does make a difference is that he was born at that special time. It was the time when the Church was emerging from her concealment, when she had come forth from the catacombs; it was the time when she was extending her army over the known world. The Church may be likened to a plant which has been let stand in a dark place; the color will fade, but afterwards when you bring it from the dark place to the sunlight it will grow and thrive again on account of the stored up energy it has received in the dark place; and so it was with the Holy Church; she had been driven down by force, but when Constantine called the Church from the catacombs she manifested a marvellous growth. It was just about this time that the Council of Nice was held that the sublime doctrine of the Divinity of Christ was proclaimed; that was also the time when St. Patrick was born. It was an era of great Saints. Of St. Patrick's early life we know not much, except that he was born of Christian parents and brought up with exceeding care. We know that he was a young man; our warlike Chieftains raided the country in which he lived and brought him into captivity. Like Joseph of old he was sold into slavery, but that misfortune, as it afterwards appeared, was a special design of Providence. He was liberated and undertook a severe course of study under St. Martin of Tours and the best masters of the age, and he went to Rome and became a Canon of the Lateran Church. After St. Patrick's escape from captivity he spent thirty-five years in preparation for the Irish mission; he met the greatest men of the day and outshone them; he studied in all the great schools of the time, so that he became thoroughly conversant with the doctrine, and then at the age of sixty, with the missionary staff in one hand and the cross of Christ in the other, he returned to the land of his captivity; he traversed the length and breadth of the land, converted the people to Christianity, and having completed his mission retired and gave his soul to God. A more striking spectacle could not be presented to the world, for there was a man

at the age of sixty, an age when most men are looking for retirement and consider their labor and work done, starting out on his missionary career amongst the people of that beautiful island—the recollections of his past life came back to him and he thought of the people here groveling in the dark of paganism. He thought of that people, naturally poor, a patriarchal people—simple, honest people who worshipped an unknown God, and the desire to convert that people and speak the word of Christ to them went into his very heart. The ancient Irish were not a barbarous people, they were, on the contrary, highly educated and civilized to a considerable extent. They had their colleges for their young men, and their great National Congress. The standard of learning among the Druids was high. No ordinary man, then, was required for the work of converting such a people from their own beliefs, and when the Pope wanted a missionary for Ireland, St. Patrick was chosen on account of his superior attainments, at a period when more than ever before, or perhaps, since, had the Church of Rome turned out such brilliant men.

The three periods of St. Patrick's life were, first, one of preparation, second, of captivity, and the third, the Apostolic period. These corresponded to the three periods of Irish history. For a period of three hundred years after its conversion by St. Patrick, Ireland was sought by men from all parts of the world who wished to be taught in the doctrine of the sanctity and science, for when all Europe was plunged in barbarism, Ireland preserved the lamp of learning burning brightly. Then followed a period of suffering and hardship extending from the invasion of the Danes up to the present day. In the first period St. Patrick was the father of a nation of scholars; in the second period he was the father of a nation of martyrs; and in the third period he was the father of a nation of apostles. When Patrick came to Ireland he found the people a simple, honest patriarchal people, but what characterized them more than anything else was their keen and religious instinct that seemed to be part of their nature. With unquestioning faith they had been accustomed to obey the summons of their Druids to worship the fires that had been kindled from the hilltops, but when the warm sun of revelation has shed its genial rays on this simple patriarchal people, a marvellous spectacle had manifested itself. The second period was that of captivity and suffering from the first invasion of the Danes to the inroads of the Anglo-Saxons and of the Northerners. This period extended down to this century. The horrors and sufferings of that period, and the cruelty of the penal laws, religious persecution, famines and pestilences are well known to all readers of history. The third period began about fifty years ago and continues to the present time. When those barbaric hordes had come down from the north and had swept all traces of knowledge from the rest of Europe it was in Ireland that learning had found a home. As Noah's Ark had survived the flood which had devastated all else so learning in Ireland had survived the shock which had proved too severe in other countries. It is a remarkable fact that the early Irish clergy carried on Missionary work in Germany, France, Spain and even Italy itself, as is attested by the calendars of the National Saints of these countries, all of which have more or less names of Irish Saints. In Germany there are one hundred and forty Irish names. In France there are thirty. In Belgium forty-five and even in the calendar of Italy you will find Irish names to the number of nearly twenty. In all nations Irishmen are to be found ruling and guiding their destinies, if not on the throne immediately behind it, and in America and other new countries the Irish race is doing Apostolic work. From the Cross on St. Patrick's at New York that glistened in the rising sun to the Cross on St. Patrick's at San Francisco that returned its parting beams, from the Cross of St. Patrick's here in Montreal to the Gulf of Mexico the Irish are proving their Apostolic mission. For two hundred years the stream of Irish blood has been flowing into America, modifying all other races making them poetic and intellectual and giving them, better than all, that deep religious feeling which is characteristic of the race. Let the Irish people never give up the legacy left them by St. Patrick, and in that way they will continue his work to the end of time.

THE PROCESSION.

The procession in honor of St. Patrick's day was fully equal in its numbers to those of any of its predecessors. It was led by Mr. James Milloy, the marshal-in-chief, followed by the Montreal Hackmen's union. The banner of the union was carried in a coach drawn by four horses, next came the congregation of St. Anthony, the congregation of St. Gabriel and the St. Gabriel Total Abstinence and Benefit society, the latter preceded by band and banner. The congregation of St. Mary's following carried a handsome banner, as did also the Holy Name society, which was followed by the St. Mary's Young Men's society. The banner of this society was carried in a sleigh drawn by four horses.

At the head of the contingent from St. Ann's parish came a real Irish jaunting car, on which were seated six members of the St. Ann's Young Men's society, in Irish corlroy suits and green stockings, followed by the

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S BAND,

dressed in neat black uniforms, with green facings.

The leader, Mr. O'Donnell, is to be congratulated on the creditable appearance of the band, and the gratifying success that has resulted from his instructions.

The St. Ann's Young Men's Society, one of the strongest organizations in the city, made a large muster, the members looking remarkably well in their black suits and tall silk hats. They were the only society in the procession possessing a band of their own, and they were the subject of favorable comment on all sides. The Rev. Father Strubbe followed in a sleigh. In succession passed the St. Ann's school, the St. Ann's Christian Brothers school and the St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit society, the latter bearing a handsome banner. Ald. P. Kennedy, M.L.A., walked with the congregation of St. Patrick, which came next, and following marched a large muster of the boys of the St. Lawrence Christian Brothers schools, with a banner. The Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit association made a good turnout. A large number of the members marched, wearing white badges on which was the motto "Religion and Literature." The Harmony band preceded them, and the association was the recipient of many compliments along the line of march. The members walked four abreast and kept in good marching order. The Irish Catholic Benefit society, preceded by a band and carrying a banner, which succeeded, was followed by the members of the Leo club on horseback. The Irish Catholic Benefit society and the Catholic Young Men's society both showed up well with their bands and banners.

The St. Patrick's T. A. and B. Society made a most creditable display. Mr. Thos. Martin was Grand marshal and following the band was the massive St. Bridget's banner carried by four members, the Father Matthew banner was carried in front of the office bearers of the society and with the latter walked the deputation from branch 26 of the C. M. B. A. of Canada, composed of Messrs. Owen Tansey, Joseph Archambault, P. Reynolds, Edward Jackson, Jas. Cullahan and J. P. Connaughton. Following these was a carriage drawn by a pair of handsome greys in which were seated the Rev. J. A. McCullen, S.S., rev. president; Hon. Senator Murphy, lay president; Mr. Owen McGarvey and Mr. James Connaughton, the three latter being the oldest living active members of the society. Among the officers of the society present were Mr. Thomas Lattimore, Mr. J. Tierney, Mr. John Walsh, Mr. A. Brogan, N. P., Mr. M. Sharkey, Mr. Jas. Kelley, Mr. A. Martin, Mr. Frank Collins, Mr. W. Brown, Mr. John Howard, Mr. S. McArthur, Mr. John H. Feeley, Mr. J. J. Costigan and others.

The route of the procession by way of Ottawa street was understood as a compliment to the St. Ann's Young Men's society, whose hall is on this street, and was gaily decorated for the occasion. In fact, the whole street, from McCord to Culborne, was profusely decorated. Green painted poles, about twenty feet apart, were erected, each of which was surmounted by the Irish, Dominion and Papal flags. Green and white streamers were displayed in abundance and several mottoes, bearing patriotic inscriptions, were strung across the street at inter-

vals. The whole of the decorations were done by the Redemptorist Fathers, of St. Ann's church, assisted by the St. Ann's Young Men's society.

When the procession reached McGill street it was announced that the usual addresses were to be delivered. Every eye was directed to the balcony of the hall, and when the well known figure of Mr. Curran, Q. C., M. P., appeared the uproar and applause was deafening. Mr. Curran began by saying that he had just left the Capital of Canada, for the commercial metropolis to be present at the gathering of Ireland's sons on Ireland's day. Much as he could wish to say to them he knew that the eloquent and Rev. Father Doyle would say it much better at Windsor Hall, and he hoped that every Irishman would attend on that occasion.

"What about Home Rule," yelled a voice in the crowd.

"What about Home Rule," echoed Mr. Curran, "I can tell you that the hearts of the Irish people are now beating high with hope. They are welcoming the dawn of Ireland's day of freedom, and they have good reason to do so. They are coming out of the wilderness into the promised land. The great crisis is passing away, and, thanks to the exertions of the greatest statesman of the age, before long we will have constitutional government and constitutional liberty for the Irish people."

Mr. Curran's speech was followed by loud cries for Mr. McShane, and when that gentleman appeared he was greeted by an enthusiastic reception that could not but have been gratifying to "The People's Jimmy." He returned thanks for the honor done, and said he was particularly pleased to see so many young men in the ranks of the procession. On the young men of to-day rested the hopes of Ireland. The day was not far distant when Home Rule would be an accomplished fact, and the genius of the Irish people would have room for expansion.

Ex-Ald. W. H. Cunningham, on being introduced said:

Our National festival never fails to remind us of the ancient glories of Ireland, recalls the story of the wrongs inflicted upon her for centuries and inkindles in the hearts of Irishmen and Irishwomen the hope that the day will yet dawn which will bring back to our beloved Erin the glories of the past with its peace, prosperity and happiness. No matter in what clime an Irishman may be; no matter in what condition his lot may be cast, whether he be rich or poor, high or low, he has an abiding faith in the future that Ireland will throw away her mantle of sorrow and clothe herself again in garments of joy and gladness. Now is the time to stand true to our colors. We are working (slowly if you will), but surely, to the goal of Home Rule and under the leadership of that grand old man, William Gladstone who will certainly lead us into the Promised Land. I know I voice the sentiments of this gathering also their prayers, when I say, we hope the Lord will spare him to us, until he sees the great effort of his life accomplished and to which he promised the balance of his life, if necessary, would be devoted in trying to get Home Rule for Ireland. While I look at this vast gathering my mind reverts back some thirty years and I think to myself that there is no change in the way we celebrate the day now, and then. True, at that time the gentlemen who had the honor of addressing you as we do now were principally sons of the soil while none of the speakers here to-day, were born in Old Ireland yet we claim to be as Irish as Irish can be. Which goes to prove that our Fathers did not neglect our education in that respect, and we shall educate our children in the same way. We shall teach them although not born in that Sainted Isle to be loyal to the cause and to be as Irish in works and sentiment as their great grand Fathers. I will not detain you much longer as there are other gentlemen to speak. I wish to congratulate every one of you that attended divine service to-day and had the pleasure of listening to the eloquent oration delivered by the Paulist Father the Rev. Fr. Doyle, of New York, a true Irishman, for I have heard it said, and I have reason to know, that one of the truest most liberal and charitable of Irishmen is a Yankee Irishman. I cannot conclude without thanking the fair daughters of Erin for turning out in such large numbers to-day (as they have always done in the past) to view our celebrated procession. In fact, I believe

the success of the procession is to be attributed largely to their attendance as spectators. I know every member of the Young Irishmen's Society with his shiny hat and kid gloves tried to look his best, especially about the time his best girl was gazing at him. I invite you all to attend the St. Patrick's Society concert this evening. The proceeds, as you are aware, are devoted to charity, and nothing else. In conclusion, I will say, keep engraven on your hearts and mind the words embroidered on the beautiful banner carried at the head of St. Patrick's Society, which are—Erin-Go-Bragh.

Mr. W. E. Doran, being called for, said: My friend, Mr. Cunningham, has just remarked there is no Irishman like the Yankee Irishman. This may be so, but I think we can claim that the Canadian Irishman runs him pretty close, a claim which will be admitted by any one who saw the splendid demonstration to-day. Some may say these annual demonstrations are mere sentiment and should be done away with, but in my opinion they are eminently practical, and have year by year given voice to the greater Ireland beyond the seas, demanding from the Ireland which we or our fathers were forced to leave that measure of justice which an enlightened English statesman to-day is endeavoring to grant to the dear old land; and, when history comes to be written, it will have to be admitted that the moral force of precisely such demonstrations was a great lever in forcing upon the attention of the civilized world Ireland's grievances. It was not always so popular a task as to-day, but it has been done and well done, and the Irish race now awaits with every confidence the speedy crowning of that work by success.

THE GRAND UNITED CONCERT.

Undoubtedly the most attractive entertainment amongst the many events given in connection with the celebration of the anniversary of Ireland's Patron Saint, was the grand concert, and lecture given in the Windsor Hall last evening, under the united auspices of St. Patrick's and the Catholic Young Men's Societies. It is almost unnecessary to mention that the hall was completely filled, and by a highly respectable and most appreciative audience, who remained until the last item on the programme. The following representative gentlemen occupied seats on the platform:—Hon. J. J. Curran, Q. C., M. P., Solicitor General for Canada; Mayor Desjardins, L. O. David, City Clerk; P. Kennedy, J. P. P., P. Kelly, President C.M.B.A., Branch 26; Jas. A. Ogilvie, St. Andrew's Society; Jos. Richards, Vice-President of St. George's Society; J. M. Campbell, President Caledonian Society; Jas. Wilson, jr., President Irish Protestant Society; John Power, Irish Catholic Benefit Society; Dr. Leprehon, Deputy Spanish Consul; J. J. Ryan, President Catholic Young Men's Society; John Curran, jr.; Rev. Fathers A. P. Doyle, C.S.P., Jas. Callaghan, Martin Callaghan, McCallen, Quinnivan and others.

Solicitor-General Curran, as President of St. Patrick's Society, and Chairman, in his opening address said it was his pleasing duty to welcome such a magnificent audience, and to thank them for responding so readily and gratefully to the call of their friends of both the young and old societies who were united to-night. He was sorry that more of the societies were not united together, as there was room enough for all the different organizations to join together. To-day one of the best demonstrations had taken place for years, and there was no fear of such a patriotic spirit dying out. The programme was worthy of the Societies. The hon. gentleman then referred in terms of eulogy to the most distinguished orator, Rev. Father Doyle, who would so eloquently address them to-night upon the subject of Home Rule. (Loud Applause.) Irishmen had cause to-day to rejoice that Home Rule was not far distant, and the Grand Old Man (cheers and applause) was looking not only for the liberty of Ireland, but for uniting Ireland, England and Scotland as the United Empire of Europe. The hon. gentleman concluded with an eloquent and stirring peroration, hoping that God may grant that the day for Home Rule for Ireland be near at hand. (Prolonged enthusiastic applause.) The hon. gentleman then said that amongst the letters of regret for not being present sent by prominent gentlemen, he had received one from Montreal's most

philanthropic and universally esteemed citizen Sir Donald Smith, (loud applause) who had with his proverbial and characteristic generosity, enclosed a cheque for \$50 on behalf of the charitable institutions of St. Patrick's. This announcement was most enthusiastically applauded by all present. Hon. J. J. Curran then proceeded to announce the different items upon the programme, which was opened by a piano solo, "Fantaisie on Irish airs," by Miss Bertha O'Reilly, (Ottawa), who quickly established herself as a brilliant young pianiste. Miss Hollenshead sang Molloy's popular song, "The Kerry Dance," with sympathy and most expressive feeling, and gracefully responded to an imperative encore, with the "Dear Little Shamrock." Mr. W. B. Simpson, M.A.A.A., who sang "Come back to Erin," possesses a clear and sweet lyric tenor voice, but his apparent nervousness prevented him taking his upper notes with sufficient nerve, though it was evident by his second verse that he had a good range. Professor W. Sullivan gave Vieuxtemps's popular violin solo with variations, "St. Patrick's Day," in a highly finished style. Mr. J. C. Dixon, D.S., deserves special mention for his original and intelligent elocution of "Robert Emmet's speech from the Dock." His suppressed emotion and dignified declamation was rewarded by a double encore; but his "make-up" was audibly commented upon as resembling "Napoleon I." more than the great Irish Patriot and Martyr. These remarks were evidently intended as complimentary, most indubitably Mr. Dixon looked a striking figure in his clever "make-up." Mr. H. C. St. Pierre was warmly applauded for his excellent singing of "The Sailor's heart is brave," Mrs. St. Pierre accompanying. This popular gentleman and accomplished lady always give their services voluntarily on St. Patrick's Day. Master Charles O'Brien (a youth about eleven years old) danced an "Irish Jig"—in costume—so nimbly to merit enthusiastic applause. He was ably accompanied on the piano by his pretty little sister, Miss Martha O'Brien. Miss Ella Walker, the prize winner of the Sir Donald Smith Scholarship, concluded the first part of the programme by singing most artistically an entrancing air, "Sweet Kildare" (Adams). This young lady has a powerful, fresh, mezzo-soprano of extensive compass, and sings with cultivation. She thoroughly deserved the double encore, to which she gracefully responded by singing with arched expression "Molly Bawn."

The Rev. James Callaghan, who was warmly received, said he was deeply impressed by the remarkable significance that he had come to hear the illustrious orator from the States, Father Doyle, who had so cordially "come over the seas" to talk to them. Early that morning his voice was heard in St. Patrick's church, when he spoke in a spiritual sense of Ireland; but to-night he would speak to them of Ireland as a Nation. Though Father Doyle was not a prophet, he would take a glimpse into the future. He came to Canada to tell them how that everyone enjoys the amplitude of human liberty. Father Doyle inherited not only the gift of eloquence, but even poetry. He had a claim upon the Bards, Mary Queen of Scots, and Scotland's greatest patriotic poet, Robert Burns (applause). Every Irishman was bound to hear him speak of the great future of Ireland. He would now leave Father Doyle to their kind mercy. (Loud applause.)

The Rev. Father Doyle, who then came forward, received a prolonged ovation. He facetiously remarked that when left to their mercy he was all right, but he wanted "Father James" to have mercy on him. They all knew Father James; he knew him, and those who did not know Father James knew that "all his ducks were swans" (laughter and applause). But without any rhetoric, or unnecessary talk he (Father Doyle) would come straight to the point—Home Rule! (Loud applause.) No subject called for such attention throughout the whole world as the subject of Home Rule. (Applause.) They had all witnessed the struggles of the Irish people, who had been trampled down in the dust and whose vitals were almost crushed by calumny, they had been deprived of the rights of liberty and happiness. The sympathy of twenty millions of Irishmen and all liberty-loving people were with the men who were fighting for them across the water in Westminster; fighting for the rights

of the Irish people, whose condition and position was a pitiful thing in Ireland to-day. See the poor country bled to death. Old abbeys that had been consecrated to God now lay in ruins. What melancholy pleasure it was to go to the priest's grave, and kneel down over the heart of the spirit of the departed and pray to be infused with the patience and suffering which they had endured by persecution in the past for loving their country. To see the old cathedrals with their spires dismantled, that had stood erect to glorify their God. Look at the cottages of the peasantry and all they had held dear to them, with their associations of a home now open to the sky, whilst their former occupants were cast outside to die, or go to a foreign land. These people were now desolate with misery every where. Tears were on Erin's cheeks, for Ireland had suffered. Like the sickly child under the cruel nurse, who would starve it, and who would hear it cry out for the necessities of life in vain? We were like such a child to-night, for we were offered by a great country only Tea to soothe us! To-day was one of the most momentous in the history of the Irish race; for by the administration on the part of England the second reading of the Home Rule Bill was passing. We were passing a second Rubicon. We had great cause to-night for confident hope that before another winter this great fight would be at an end; and that for which they had fought and lost their hearts' blood yet to be regained by obtaining the victory of Home Rule for ever. (Continued applause.) Home Rule was within our grasp, but possibly there was more fighting for us. It was the joy of Irishmen to go back to the past, to speak of what Irishmen had done for mankind, but it was more glorious for them to be able to look forward to the future when Home Rule is granted. It did not need much of a prophetic eye to forecast this result. If one living in 1793 could look down upon the events of the past century it would make such a heart shudder. To behold the act of the Union, Irishmen's liberty is sold, and to behold vast concourses of people listening on the Dublin streets to the patriotic words of exasperated and humiliated patriots. To see on Ste. Catherine street in Dublin the gibbet of Robert Emmet a noble and young man of 26 years of age whose head was severed from his body, who was accused of being a traitor; but the people cried out "No traitor, but a patriot," whose name has lived down to the present century. Such a one looking down would have seen the dark spectre of famine spread itself over the soil, until hundreds died. It was like the tragedy of Calvary. For it had left dark scars on the Irish. But before this era passed away they would live to see another dawn, when an Irish Parliament would be seen again on College Green, with the reins in the hands of Irishmen who would bring honor and prosperity to the race. One objection was often made about "cleric-interference." But after the battle of Limerick who advised and stood by the people like the Irish priests (applause) who had to live by stealth? They were the only ones left to stand by the people then. Why not now should the Irish people always be united with their priests? Another objection made about Uster was that they should bear the burden of taxation. Every one who knows anything about the country knows different. Thirteen millions pounds would be paid by Ireland; the Province of Ulster paying four millions, a fair proportion. Then again that the minority would suffer; but the minority would have its rights for the Government had made provision for their rights in the Home Rule Bill. Therefore there was nothing in such objections. Looking into the future, Home Rule on College Green would develop the great agricultural interests; all that the Irish have now principally to depend upon, besides the herds of cattle, flocks of sheep, and quantities of pigs which were sold and consumed in the different Irish cities. Remember the land of Ireland would become rich in the great future; so rich that if a wall were built around the country it could support twelve and a half millions of people instead of four. Besides the Irish Fisheries teemed with fish, which were almost untouched. Manufacturing industries in Ireland would be revived. It was said for such purposes Ireland had no coal mines. But had she not her great turf bogs (loud applause) which were as good for manufacturing purposes as coal? They chained the lightning; they needed no coal. Electricity was the

great coming motor power. Electricity was worked by steam by water; and no country had so much water as Ireland. She had enough to build up manufactories. The position of Ireland placed her at the west gate of Europe. One hundred years ago all commerce was imported into Ireland. Her position gave her a better place for commerce. As long as the land in Ireland is better, most people will travel there. A great intercourse would arise between other countries and Ireland. Now-a-days at Liverpool steamship companies spend millions to be able to make a gain of a days sail to Ireland. Draw a circumference circle around the world which will embrace Ireland, and she will be found to be the very centre of the civilized world. Her position will enable her to gather vast wealth. If she had only a Government on College Green untold wealth would be the result. Ireland may become this. As we look forward trying to picture Ireland with her beautiful fields, her deep harbours filled with vessels, we will see her resources developed by her intelligent people. Historically speaking it was a fact that the smallest countries had developed the greatest industries in fine arts, materially, intelligently, and spiritually. Therefore when Home Rule comes, whether in this century or the next, when it will come she will take her place amongst the proudest nations of the earth. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

Mayor Desjardins, in moving a vote of thanks to the brilliant orator, said it took an Irishman to beat an Irishman. Irishmen would always have the palm for eloquence, of which fact they had just had a noble illustration that evening. As Mayor of Montreal (as he was now called—laughter) he felt it his duty to deliver words of gratitude to Father Doyle for coming amongst us on such an important occasion as this (applause). Montreal liked all her children. If any man took an interest in the welfare of our fair city we were grateful; in fact all Montreal was grateful to such an one. Why should each nation not celebrate their different anniversaries? Each were proud of their industrious and patriotic ancestors; the Irish, English, Scotch and the French alike. Like good children every year we held our different celebrations in memory of the good old times; remembering the past days of sorrow as well as the days of glory. All were proud of their different nations. No country could gather such traditions as Canada if united (applause). He heartily congratulated the St. Patrick's, and the other Societies this year, for it seemed that almost the whole population of Montreal shared in the aspirations of Ireland, to become a "Nation once again." (Loud applause.)

Mr. Joseph Richards, President of St. George's society said he felt it a distinguished honor to second Mayor Desjardins vote of thanks to Father Doyle; and he assured all those present that the majority of Englishmen were in sympathy with the Irish cause. (Loud applause.)

Mr. J. J. Ryan, the genial President of the Young Men's society, said that it was against his personal wish that he was down on the programme for an address. But the young gentlemen of the society of which he had the honor to be President were obdurate, and if he did not agree to say a few words they would feel slighted. He felt proud of these young men, whose neat and manly appearance added to the grand display in the procession that morning. For the past three years the Young Men's society had held their annual entertainment in this (the Windsor) Hall. This time they were honored indeed by being united with the grand old society. (Loud applause.) It was easy to be united when they had all the same aims and sentiments. (Applause.) He thought, however, that the best thing he could now do (owing to the advanced hour) was to retire immediately in favor of the next artist.

Miss B. O'Reilly then played skilfully the piano solo (Regandon) for which she received hearty applause. Mr. H. O'Brien a good looking young gentleman, who appeared in picturesque costume followed with a character song and dance. For his graceful and agile movements and sweet warbling he was frequently interrupted by the plaudits of all present. Miss Martha O'Brien accompanied him. Mr. Bolger, who has a good deep basso profundo voice sung with taste "The harp and the Shamrock." Professor Sullivan's banjo solo, with his own variations, was evidently enjoyed

judging from the very audible accompaniment produced by feet of the audience. He was encored. Mr. Percy Evans, in his monologue sketch, was decidedly comic and original; his facial expressions were really wonderfully funny; and his encore was even better, when he gave some clever imitations.

Miss Ella Walker made more than a favorable impression, by her rare interpretation of Crough's famous ballad "Kathleen Mavourneen," which she sung with remarkably pathetic expression. She infused several grace notes *con amore* which proved her exceptional musical talent. Miss Hollinshead who charmed the audience with the magnetism of her sympathetic expressive voice received tumultuous applause for her final song, "A little maid milking her cow."

This most successful entertainment was concluded by a new sketch, "stage recollections," by Mr. Burgess.

PROGRAMME

PART I.

Address, Hon. J. J. Curran, Q.C., M.P., Solicitor-General for Canada, President of St. Patrick's Society. Piano Solo—"Fantaisie on Irish Air." Miss Bertha O'Reilly, Ottawa. Song—"The Kerry Dance." Miss Hollinshead, Miss Maggie MacAnally, Accompanist. Violin Solo—"St. Patrick's Day," with variations, W. Sullivan. Recitation, Selected, J. C. Dixon, Esq., D. S. Song, H. C. St. Pierre, Q.C., Madame H. C. St. Pierre, Accompanist. Irish Jig, in costume, Master Charles O'Brien, Miss Martha O'Brien, Accompanist. Song—"Sweet Kildare." Miss Ella Walker, Miss MacAnally, Accompanist. Lecture, Rev. A. P. Doyle, C. S. P., of New York.

PART II.

Address, J. J. Ryan, Esq., President of Catholic Young Men's Society. Piano Solo—"Regandon." Miss Bertha O'Reilly. Characteristic Dance and Song, Mr. H. O'Brien, Miss Martha O'Brien, Accompanist. Vocal Solo, Basso Profundo, Mr. Bolger, of St. Patrick's Choir. Banjo Solo—"The harp that once," W. Sullivan. Song—"Kathleen Mavourneen," Miss Ella Walker. Monologue sketch, Comic, Mr. Percy Evans. Song—"Come back to Erin," Mr. W. B. Simpson, M.A.A. New Sketch, "Stage Recollections," Will. E. Burgess, Humorist and Ventriloquist. Song—"A little maid milking her cow," Miss Hollinshead.

"LAMH DEARG ABOO!"

THE RED HAND FOR EVER.)

Tyr-Owen's banished chief unfurls the "Red Hand" o'er the sea,
And many an exile's sword that flag shall lead to victory;
Once more upon Lough Swilly's shore, O'Neill again shall stand—
Hugh's victor fire burns in his eye, and guides his vengeful brand!
Full soon the "Bloody Hand" shall grasp Tyrconnell's "Holy Cross";
And, side by side, through battle's tide, their mingling folds shall toss;
And "In this sign we'll conquer," now despite your robber powers—
Proclaim! The glorious goal is won! Again the land is ours!

The St. Ann's Young Men's society in the afternoon and evening essayed their first production of the five-act drama "Lamh Dearg Aboo" (the Red Hand for ever) to good audiences, especially in the evening, in the Queen's theatre. The piece is of an historical character, and deals with events connected with the Irish insurrection of 1641. The author of the drama is Mr. James Martin, a member of the St. Ann's Young Men's society, and his effort as a playwright is a very creditable piece of work. Though the piece deals with war and rumors of war, the comic and witty element of the Irish character have not been forgotten amid the sadder and more stirring events connected with the insurrection, for a vein of true Irish humor runs all through the piece and supplies enough light material to relieve the heavier portions of the drama and to make the whole an enjoyable production. There is, of course, as in most new dramas, room for slight improvements, and these will, no doubt, be attended to in due course. Taken as a whole, however, Mr. Martin may be congratulated upon his work. The St. Ann's Young Men's society has acquired the reputation of always doing well whatever it attempts, and on St. Patrick's night the dramatic section fully sustained its record, all the characters being acceptably taken, with the result that the patrons of each performance fully enjoyed what had been provided for their delectation.

The cast of characters was as follows: Owen Roe O'Neill, Commander of the Irish Forces, Mr. Thos. F. Sullivan. Sir Phelim O'Neill, Irish Chieftain and cousin of Owen Roe, Mr. M. J. O'Brien. Tirogh O'Neill, Brother of Sir Phelim, Mr. Edward Quinn. Lord Maguire, Costello McMahon, Owen O'Rourke, Irish Chieftains, Mr. P. H. Mitchell, Mr. J. J. Harrahan, Mr. John Quinn. Roger O'Moore, Irish Gentleman and Patriot, Mr. John J. Gethings. Teddy O'Boalahan, O'Moore's Servant, and a boy who likes a little "divarstion," Mr. J. Morgan. Shamus O'Hagan, an humble and simple follower of Sir Phelim O'Neill, Mr. M. J. Flynn. Pailla, an Irish Minstrel, Mr. A. McKeown. Sir Richard Norcott, English Baronet, and an ambitious unscrupulous apostate, Mr. W. E. Finn. Connolly, the tool of Norcott, and one who loves gold, Mr. Thos.

Jones. Lord Castlehaven, Catholic Anglo-Norman Peer, Mr. Jam. Martin. Sir John Netterville, Catholic Anglo-Norman Knight, Mr. A. Thompson. Sir John Borlase, Sir Wm. Parsons, Lords Chief Justices, Mr. J. J. McElroy, Mr. J. J. Gumm-rnell, Sir Francis Willoughby, English General and Governor of Galway Fort, Mr. W. Murphy. Sergeant, Mr. P. Burns. Scotch Sentinel, Mr. Thos. Conway. Officers, Irish Soldiers, English Soldiers, Peasants, etc., etc., etc.

Mr. Thos. F. Sullivan, as Owen Roe O'Neill, maintained his reputation as a first class actor, and Mr. Thos. Jones' interpretation of the extremely difficult character of the villain, Connolly, was as perfect as a professional could do it, while the comedy parts sustained by Mr. J. Morgan and Mr. M. J. Flynn, as Teddy and Shamus respectively, caused repeated roars of laughter. Mr. W. E. Finn had a difficult part to fill as Sir Richard Norcott, which he did full justice to, and Messrs M. J. O'Brien and J. J. Gethings were also equally successful in the parts assigned to them. The author of the play, Mr. James Martin, made an acceptable Lord Castlehaven, and the various other characters were all well represented. The Society has every reason to be proud of its dramatic section and it is to be hoped that "Lamh Dearg Aboo" will be repeated at an early date, so that those who had not the opportunity of being present on Friday last may have the pleasure of enjoying an acceptable Irish drama in every sense of the word.

The Society deserves to be complimented on the artistic programme gotten up by them for the occasion, the front page of which is embellished with a finely executed engraving, especially appropriate at this time, entitled "The Dawn of Freedom," representing Erin seated with a harp by her side, an Ancient Celtic Cross at her back, an Irish wolf-dog at her feet, the ruins of an ancient castle and round tower in the distance, with a grand sunburst piercing a rainbow, the following lines of Moore being printed in connection therewith.

Erin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes!
Blood like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies,
Shining through sorrow's stream,
Saddening through pleasure's beam,
Thy suns, with doubtful gleam, weep while they rise!

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease;
Ere! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Thy like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form in heaven's sight one arch of peace.

The picture was specially engraved for the Society by the Armstrong Photo Engraving Co., of this city and reflects much credit on the artist.

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"A phenomenal success" tersely expresses the career of the St. Ann's Young Men's Society. Organized in January, 1885, having for its object the promotion of a Catholic spirit among young men, and the moral, mental and physical improvement of the members, the society was fortunate in having for its founders an active and energetic body of young men of St. Ann's parish, headed by their popular director, Rev. Father Strubbe, C.S.S.R. The success of the society became so marked immediately after its formation that the Redemptorist Fathers (who have charge of St. Ann's church) resolved to build a hall for it, and in the first year of its existence, viz., in November, 1885, the society's present commodious quarters on Ottawa street were thrown open. The inaugural ceremonies in connection therewith were conducted on a grand scale, and representatives from all the Irish Catholic societies of the city were present. Every provision for the comfort and amusement of the members was made, and their gymnasium was equipped in first-class style. The large concert hall, over the Brothers' school, with which the society's hall communicates, was also entirely renovated, and a new stage erected, with several sets of new scenery and all the paraphernalia necessary for the production of dramatic pieces. By this time the society had earned for itself a splendid reputation, and the original and unique character of the several entertainments which were at once inaugurated, was received with great favor by the public, their performances always attracting crowded and delighted audiences. The position which the society gained for itself at the beginning of its career has been continuously maintained ever since, and it is generally conceded among their fellow-countrymen that the St. Ann's Young Men's Society is in the front rank of Irish associations in this city today.

The various sections of the society, comprising dramatic, literary, choral and gymnasium, are all in a flourishing condition, the choral and dramatic sections

especially being recognized as among the leading amateurs in their line in this city. This society is the only one among the Irish societies of Montreal possessing a band of its own. It was organized a little over a year ago, and makes quite a favorable impression on the various occasions when it appears in public.

Some idea of the activity of the members may be gleaned from the fact that during the eight years of the society's existence the receipts have amounted to the respectable sum of \$16 142.56, those of last year being \$2,935.85, the whole of which has been employed in the promotion of the interests of the members.

The past presidents of the society have been Mr. M. Loughman, Mr. Morgan J. Quinn, and Mr. J. J. Gethings, the present incumbent of the office being Mr. P. T. O'Brien. The membership of the society at present is nearly 500 and accessions to the ranks take place at nearly every meeting. If the membership continues increasing at the rate it has for some months past, the present hall accommodation will be altogether inadequate, and the good Redemptorist Fathers will, no doubt, assist the Society in devising some plan to meet such an emergency. The officers of the society for the current year are as follows: Spiritual Director, Rev. Fr. Strubbe, C.S.S.R.; President, P. T. O'Brien; 1st Vice-President, Thos. F. Sullivan; 2nd Vice-President, D. J. O'Neill; Treasurer, Joseph Johnson; Financial Secretary, M. J. O'Brien; Assistant Financial Secretary, A. Thompson; Recording Secretary, W. Cullinan; Asst. Rec. Secretary, J. McGinn; Librarian, T. T. Slattery; Asst. Librarian, John O'Neill; Marshal, P. J. O'Brien; Asst. Marshal, J. Kenehan; Council—M. J. O'Donnell, P. Shea, J. J. Gethings, J. P. McDonough, T. Dillon, T. O'Connell and F. Connelly. The society is to be congratulated on the energy, enterprise and ability which have been its strong characteristics in the past; we trust its brilliant record will be maintained, and that a long and prosperous career awaits the progressive and patriotic St. Ann's Young Men's Society.

ST. MARY'S Y. M. S.

Apart from the large attendance at both the afternoon and evening performances of the concert given by the St. Mary's Young Men's society in their hall, a pleasing feature of the evening was the presentation of a gold-headed cane to Mr. Bissett, the instructor of the society. Mr. H. Ferran, the president, made a few remarks on the pleasure accorded the society in having such an instructor, and Mr. Bissett expressed his thanks for the donation. The programme gone through in the afternoon was excellent, but that of the evening far exceeded it, and the songs, dances, banjo, guitar and mandolin parts gave great satisfaction.

ST. GABRIEL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

A most enjoyable entertainment was given St. Patrick's night by St. Gabriel's T. A. & B. society in St. Charles hall in honor of Ireland's patron saint. Piano solos, songs and jig-dancing were excellently rendered and the feature of the evening was a lecture on "Ireland" given by Mr. T. Morrin, who has returned from an extended trip through the Emerald Isle.

PROGRAMME.

Part First.—Overture, Miss M. O'Byrne; Introductory Remarks by the President, Mr. T. W. Kane; Song (Comic), Mr. W. Traynor; Vocal Duet, Messrs R. and J. Lilley; Recitation—"St. Patrick's Cross," Mr. T. J. Foye; Musical Selections—Messrs. Donaldson and Firth; Vocal Duet, Messrs. Ellis and Shea; Irish Jig, Miss Irene Mangan.

Lecture.—Subject—"Ireland," by N. I. Morrin, Esq.

Part Second.—Piano Trio, Misses O'Byrne and Mrs. J. P. Ellis; Song and Dance, Messrs. Mullins and Watt; Song—"Dear Little Shamrock," Miss M. A. Ball; Song (Comic), Mr. G. Gearey; Irish Jig, Mr. T. Sullivan; Song—"Killarney," Mrs. C. Hamburg; Song (Comic), Master John McElligott; Musical Selections, Messrs. Donaldson and Firth; Accompanist, Miss M. O'Byrne.

Scotland should feel proud. The Holy Father has informed the Scotch pilgrims that in the words of Pope Honorius, their native land was the favourite daughter of the Church.

THE Y. I. L. & B. CONCERT.

A MAGNIFICENT DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

The Empire Theatre Thronged on St. Patrick's Night—The Inshavogue, Splendid Irish Drama, Preceded by a Musical and Literary Concert.

Before mentioning the particular programme so ably gotten up and so cleverly carried out by the members of the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benevolent Association, we could not do better than give a brief synopsis of the history of that association. In so doing we will borrow from the columns of the TRUE WITNESS, St. Patrick's Day number, for 1891.

The above is one of the oldest, if not the eldest, of our Irish Catholic young men's societies now extant. Its organization dates back as far as 1874, when it was formed for the purpose of advancing the study of literature among the young men. From the moment of its establishment the association became very popular, and this popularity continued increasing annually, until now it is recognized as one of the largest and most influential of our Irish Catholic societies. Its first meeting place was on the top flat of Mr. Theodore White's building on St. Joseph (now Notre Dame) street, but these quarters were quickly found to be too inadequate and more commodious ones were found a short distance westward on the same street, over the tailoring establishment of Mr. J. J. Milloy. In its beginning the Shamrock Lacrosse club found within the walls of the institution a home for the winter months, with all kinds of innocent recreation, such as games, library, reading room, etc. In 1875 the Shamrocks withdrew, and the same year witnessed the incorporation of the Y. I. L. & B. association. Ever since then the annual expenses amount to between \$1,200 and \$1,500. In 1888 the funds of the association had increased to such large proportions as to enable it to purchase the old Ebenezer Methodist church on Dupre lane, which cost, after being altered and repaired, about \$5,000, which amount the society managed to clear off in about five years. On the first floor is found a large amusement room, with billiard tables, checkers and other games, and adjoining this is a small reading room, where the principal literary and scientific magazines and Irish national journals are kept on file and carefully read by the members. Over these rooms is found a thoroughly equipped gymnasium and stage, the hall at times being used also for small complimentary entertainments given by the members. Adjoining this building is another of smaller dimensions, containing a well stocked library, which is liberally patronized. However, the annual influx of new members to the ranks of the society has become so great of late years that it is felt the association will shortly have to look for larger quarters. In fact an agitation has already been started in favor of a more commodious building, and it is to be hoped that the new idea will not fail in its accomplishment and execution. The members enjoy great advantages in point of social happiness. Their benefit branch is calculated to confer great help upon the needy. Their debating club has sent out a brilliant galaxy of intellectual champions. Their complete gymnasium tends to develop the physical man. Their dramatic section brings out the elocutionary abilities of the individual members. Their library and reading room are open to the knowledge seekers. In a word, they possess what any reasonable young man can desire in this regard. It may also safely be argued that the Young Irishmen have contributed in no small degree to chasten the literary taste and elevate the standard of public opinion of the Irish classes of Montreal by expunging from their soirées all forms of vulgarity and caricatures of Irish character, and securing superior talent in song and in music. Their dramatic section particularly has made great strides in the character of their performances. It also possesses among its members some actors of great promise, and their dramatic entertainments on St. Patrick's Day are always looked forward to with much satisfaction by their numerous admirers. Notwithstanding their heavy expenditure, the

Young Irishmen have never forgotten the claims of suffering Ireland upon their charities, and have ever been foremost in vindicating the rights of the Irish widow and orphan. On the occasion of the visits of O'Brien, Davitt and other patriots, they were among the first to accord them a cordial "Cued Mille Failte" and among the last to bid them farewell and a safe return to their suffering country. In public processions they are always looked for with much pride by all our Irish citizens. Their respectable bearing, steady marching and uniformity in attire, reflect credit on themselves as well as upon the race which they represent. The Y. I. L. & B. presents a record of presidents second to none in the city. We might mention among them Messrs. Morgan O'Connell, T. Mulcair, James McGarry, Wm. Doherty, P. H. Shea, P. J. Brennan, W. P. McNally, J. Davey, J. B. Lane, Edward Tobin, C. McDonnell, Edward Halley, T. J. O'Neil, J. Gully, M. J. Shea, Michael Foran and W. J. Hinphy.

To this report, which still stands good, we might add that for five years this Association has not joined in the procession of the day. This year, however, all little differences being settled, and the Rev. Father Quinlan, the good Pastor of St. Patrick's having assumed the spiritual direction of the Society, they turned out in full force to do honor to the joyous occasion. The Association has purchased 5,000 feet of ground near their hall on Dupre Lane, which property fronts on Notre Dame street. The site is worth about \$20,000; and it is intended to build a hall at the cost of some \$30,000. This will be the only incorporated Irish Society in Canada owning a property to that extent and being full proprietors thereof. Since the above list of presidents was published there have been four besides the present one in the chair: Messrs. O'Brien, Lennan, Hinphy, Murphy, and, once more, Mr. Edward Halley. The following is the account of the concert.

The Empire Theatre was filled to overflowing on St. Patrick's night to witness the rendition of the Irish play the "Inshavogue" and to hear the sweet songs and music of the dear old land discoursed. Never did this popular society appear in better form or to greater advantage. Distance from the scenes of the society's former stage victories had no appreciable numerical difference on their friends and patron's attendance; in fact, it seemed to lend enchantment. North, South, East or West, the Young Irishmen's society is ever popular—no matter where they hold their entertainments—even were it in Lachine exclaimed an ardent admirer, they would be followed by an enthusiastic crowd of the best and purest Irish blood this side the Atlantic. No happier or more delighted people could be found than filled the Empire Theatre on St. Patrick's night. The ushers did their duty splendidly, and not a single contretemps occurred to mar the harmony of the largest and most enthusiastic crowd, ever gathered together within the walls of that place of amusement. It is the honor of the Young Irishmen that, they never cater to the baser passions—their plays while genuinely characteristic of the soil, always eschew that foulest curse of the nation—the "Stage Irishman." The sweet Irish girl was charmingly portrayed by the young ladies in their respective roles. Virtue, modesty, and that arch shyness, so peculiarly Irish, were delineated to the life. The hero of the play, the "Inshavogue," was the jolly, rollicking, quick-witted and intensely patriotic boy still to be met among the peasantry. Daring, incorruptable, and patriotic, he discomfited the designing villain of the play, and restored peace and happiness to more than one household. The national songs, dances, music, wit and humor delighted the immense audience. The national songs and choruses rendered by the society's Glee Club, and the solos by Messrs. McLean, Grant and Morgan, were charmingly rendered and vastly appreciated. Previous to the interpretation of "Inshavogue" Mr. E. Halley, the president, delivered a neat and appropriate speech. He referred to the progress the society had made since its inception some twenty years ago. While always self-sustaining and ready to lend a helping hand to the cause of Ireland, or any legitimate purpose, the Young Irishmen were worth in real estate and other assets a sum representing \$90,000. He also referred to the good the society had done morally and socially. Many young men of talent and

promise had found in the society an educator, an instructor and a beneficent mother; had such a society no existence, many who are now in positions of trust and honor, might have drifted, as waifs, on the world and perished on the innumerable rocks and shoals which beset unguided youth at every turn.

A fitting finale to a most enjoyable night was the singing of the National Anthem, "The Wearing of the Green," to which the vast audience rose, and mingled their voices in one harmonious whole with the Glee Club of the society.

PART I.

NATIONAL AIRS BY GLEE CLUB.

Chorus, "The Harp," Solo by J. J. McLean. President's Address, Mr. E. Halley. Duett, "Has Sorrow thy Young Days Shaded," P. J. Grant and J. J. Morgan. Solo, "Sunburst of Ireland," J. J. Morgan. Solo, "The Minstrel Boy," T. J. Grant. Chorus, "Erin, The Tear," Solo by J. J. Morgan.

PART II.

THE INSHAVOGUE.

Cast of Characters.

Fergus McCarthy, the Inshavogue, Mr. J. McMahon. Herrick Wolfe, Mr. M. A. Phelan. Robert O'Hara, Mr. J. P. O'Connor. Lord Desmond, Mr. J. Lyons. Dennis, Mr. J. J. McLean. Lanty, Mr. P. J. Lyons. Captain Jones, Mr. H. O'Connor. Sergeant Fitz, Mr. J. Foley. Jailer, Mr. M. J. Kimelha. Blanche O'Connell, with song, Miss M. McLean. Lady Desmond, Miss Hattie Macy. Mrs. McCarthy, Nelly, with songs, Miss May Kitts. Soldiers, Peasants, etc.

MOUNT ST. LOUIS COLLEGE.

St. Patrick's Day Celebration.

As usual the pupils of Mount St. Louis College celebrated in a worthy manner, the national festival of Ireland and the day consecrated to her patron saint. Owing to the number of concerts and entertainments to be given on the seventeenth, and also on the sixteenth, they took time by the forelock, and held their gala day upon Wednesday last. In the afternoon, at three o'clock, the spacious hall was thronged from the stage to the doors with members of the clergy and parents of the pupils, as well as with a host of citizens who have ever shown an interest in this admirable institution. The Rev. Brother Flavien, the Provincial presided, flanked on either side by Rev. Brother Stephen, the worthy Superior of Mount St. Louis and Rev. Brother Arnold the venerable director of St. Ann's school. The performance consisted of a select musical programme, most splendidly performed, and the presentation of one of Richard Brinsley Sheridan's drama's, "Pizarro." Needless to say that the whole was a complete success, and one scarcely knows which to admire the most, the exquisite musical treat served up by the members of the Mount St. Louis Orchestra, or the most praiseworthy manner in which the drama was presented. The histrionic ability displayed was far above the ordinary for students, and the stage out fit was really fine.

The following is the programme and cast of character in the Drama scenes afterwards.

PROGRAMME.

- Overture—Marche des Esprits.....Batos M. S. L. Band. PIZARRO. ACT I. Selections—Salute to Erin.....Lamotte M. S. L. Orchestra. ACT II. Chorus—Now the Roll of the Lively Drum.....Donizetti M. S. L. Choir. Violin Solo—Sixieme air Varié...Ch. Do Beriot Chambord E. Giguere. ACT III. Waltz—On the Waves.....Rosas M. S. L. Orchestra. ACT IV. Finale—Our Glorious Hopes.....Arnold M. S. L. Band. PIZARRO.

A Drama in Four Acts, by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, from the German of Kotzebue.

Cast of Characters:

Ataliba, King of Quillo, Edgerton A. McMillan. Rolla, Commanders of Patrick S. Battle. Aronzo, Ataliba's Army, James J. Sweeney. Pizarro, Spanish Leader, Frederick J. Patton. Valverde, Pizarro's Secretary, Chas. M. Hart. Las Casas, Spanish Priest, Clarence F. Smith. Eiviro, Pizarro's Page, Chas. E. McFee. Almageo, Reginald D. O'Neill. Davilla, Friends and Maurice R. Sullivan. Gonzalez, Counselors, Wm. C. Rodgers. Gomez, of Pizarro, Charles E. Wilson. Hernandez, John A. McCarthy. Orozumbo, An aged Peruvian Cacique, Luther D. McIntyre. More, An old Blind Man, Robert D. McDonald. Topac, Grandson of More, H. S. Harrington. Orano, A Peruvian Officer, John F. Fahy. Mercata, A Spanish Guard, John O. Kearney. Alfonso, Aronzo's child, Damian J. Duffy. Officers, Soldiers, Warriors, Attendants, etc.

A dairy-maid and two pupils have been selected from the Munster Dairy School, Cork, to illustrate Irish dairy work at the Chicago Exhibition.

BROTHER ARNOLD'S SCHOOL

A Usually Enthusiastic Celebration of the National Festival.

On Thursday afternoon the St. Ann's Young Men's Hall was filled with a large and enthusiastic audience assembled for the two fold purpose of attending the competitions by the pupils for the first months of 1893, and of joining Brother Arnold and his boys in a celebration of St. Patrick's Day. The Rev. Provincial of the Christian Brothers was present and quite a number of his assistants. Rev. Father Catulle, C.S.S.R., occupied the seat of honor and was surrounded by many of the leading citizens. As usual the programme was most interesting and instructive. The faces of the five hundred and seventy lads were bright with joyous anticipations and beamed with a native intelligence. The programme, which, as will be seen, was lengthy and varied, was performed in a most exceptional manner, each one doing full credit to his part. The choruses, under the direction of Brother Austin, were very well rendered, and the recitations both patriotic and admirably delivered. The examinations of the little fellows in mental arithmetic were conducted by Brother Arnold and created both amusement and wonder at the promptness with which the urchins replied. The same can be said of the catechism class for the boys preparing for their first communion. At the close a beautiful address was read, on behalf of St. Ann's School, by one of the pupils to the Rev. Father Catulle, C.S.S.R., who is about to leave for Rome. After a most feeling reply the good father gave the Apostolic Benediction which Leo XIII had sent to all the Christian Brothers of the world, to all their pupils and to the parents of the pupils. The most enjoyable entertainment was brought to a close by the singing, in splendid style, of the national anthem, "God save Ireland." The following is the programme in full, and we can but say that the boys are a credit to their parents and an honor to Brother Arnold and his assistants, and we only can hope that the good Director will be spared many years to carry on his glorious work amidst the children of St. Ann's.

Trio and Chorus, "Faith of Our Fathers," Pupils. Song, "Snowy Days," Junior Pupils. Recitation, "The Croppy Boy," Junior Pupils. Chorus, "Tho' the last Glimpse of Erin," Pupils. Recitation, "The Wexford Massacre," T. Donnelly. Dialogue, "Ignorance is Bliss," M. Kavanaugh, P. Hall, A. O'Leary. Notes obtained during January and February, Pupils of 3rd Class. Recitation, "One of the Little Ones," A. O'Leary. Competition, Catechism of First Communion, Pupils. Recitation, "The Polish Boy," T. Gleeson. Solo, "Erin! I sigh for Thee," P. Flood. Notes obtained during January and February, Pupils of 2nd and 1st Classes. Recitation, "Battle of Benbulbin," J. O'Hara. Chorus, "Give me my own Native Isle," Pupils. Recitation, "Curse of Regulus," J. Smythe. Quartette, "Jesum Omnes Agnoscite," M. Kavanaugh, O. Leblanc, P. Flood, R. Rodrigue. Recitation, "The Irish Disturbance Bill," J. McKown. Chorus, "Come to the Shamrock's Home," Pupils. Address to the Rev. Father Catulle. THE NATIONAL ANTHEM, GOD SAVE IRELAND.

ST. ANTHONY'S CHOIR CONCERT.

A really good concert was given by the choir of St. Anthony's Church. Mr. A.P. McGuirk, the musical director, may be congratulated on his choir; all their selections were very well sung. The Harmony Quartette are so well known that it is needless to add more to their praise. Mrs. James Johnson and Mrs. Schmidt both sang their solos well. Other solos were sung by Messrs. A. P. McGuirk, W. P. Kearney, R. Byrden and A. G. Cunningham. Mr. R. J. McGuirk played a violin solo in his best style, and showed a great improvement in his technique. Mr. Dunn gave a fine recitation. Mr. James McShane, jr., caused great amusement by his recitation in French-Canadian dialect, and Mr. Percy Evans gave some of his clever monologue sketches. The Rev. J. E. Donnelly thanked the audience for their attendance, and trusted that the funds for the new organ would be thereby benefited.

The death is announced of Mr. Charles Boyle, C.S.S.R., a novice of the Redemptorist Order, at Teignmouth, Devonshire, Eng., at the early age of nineteen years. He was the son of M. Boyle, of Wellington Place, Dundalk, and a Brother of the Rev. T. Boyle, of Drogheda. He graduated at St. Mary's, Dundalk, and about three years ago joined the Redemptorist Order. Mr. Boyle had received minor orders.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Here's to the day we celebrate—
Old Ireland's gala day!
Whose spirit liveth, spite of fate,
Forever and for aye!

Here's to the land of sword and pen—
The land of saint and sage!
Whose women chaste and valiant men
Illumine history's page.

Here's to the land that nursed our sires—
Where Faith unfaltering sways!
Where Freedom, still unvanquish'd, fires
To deeds of other days!

To deeds that Marathon recall—
Of famed Cloutarf that fell,
Where patriots, at their country's call,
Heroically fell!

But, peace be to the mighty shades,
Of Ireland's mighty dead!
No Strongbow spirit more invades
The homes for which they bled.

The spirit that from Albion's shore
Invades our Isle to-day,
Is come to lay the feuds of yore—
The olive to display!

And where's the gen'rous Celt who can
That olive spurn aside,
When borne by England's Grand Old Man—
Old Ireland's champion tried!

Bridge but the chasm that yawns between
The Celt and Saxon race,
And, fearlessly, the Red and Green
The world in arms may face!

W. O. FARMER.

March, 1893.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

The St. Patrick's Society of St. Mary's College celebrated the day by a literary entertainment. Following is the programme:

Overture—Chorus, *Benedict*. Address—Panegyric on St. Patrick. Joseph McEneaney. Solo—“I'm a Jolly chump,” John Ga Vin. French Address, Alphonse Gaulin. Duet—“Last rose of summer,” Joseph McEneaney and Harry Smith. Address—Music of Ireland, Frank Laverty. Declamation—Hurdy Andy, D'Arcy McGee. Scene I—Solo, Joseph McEneaney. Scene II—Chorus, Moore. “The Minstrel Boy.”

THE TURNED HEAD.

A FARCE IN ONE ACT.

Dramatis Personae:—M. Fitzgins, Walter Kierman; Ferdinand Fitzgins, Dunstan Gray; Doctor Mulgent, Emil Bonnetterre; Dick, Frank Perry; Dimpley, Joseph Mercier; Spouting, Temple Macdonald. God save Ireland.

The overture and chorus were faultlessly rendered. The address was a panegyric on St. Patrick. The speaker gave a historical synopsis of Ireland from the days of St. Patrick down to the present day. He dwelt on Ireland's ancient civilization, on her reception of Christianity without the baptism of blood, her evangelization, her learning and missionary spirit, her religious foundations, etc.; how she struggled against the Danish invasion for three centuries; her persecution and martyrdom from Henry Second down to the last of the Georges; the Liberator, his superhuman efforts for Emancipation; Ireland's fidelity to the religion of St. Patrick; her attachment to religion the cause of her poverty and degradation among the nations of the earth, but the brightest jewel in her crown. He next passed in rapid review to Home Rule, and paid a glowing tribute to Gladstone, the greatest statesman the world has seen for centuries. Mr. Joseph McEneaney has a bright future before him. He is a fine elocutionist and a graceful orator. His magnificent address was only equalled by his powers as a vocalist, which received deserved encores. The French address was by Alphonse Gaulin. This young gentleman distinguished himself in oratory and elocution. His gestures were perfect. His apostrophe to Ireland was a masterpiece of composition. To a fine presence, Mr. Gaulin has a remarkable command of language. This young man is destined to make his mark, and leave his impress behind him. The duet, “Last Rose of Summer,” was faultlessly rendered by Messrs. Jos. McEneaney and Harry Smith. Both possess voices of great sweetness and remarkable compass. They received and responded to a hearty encore.

The address on Irish music was by Frank Laverty. This was indeed, a veritable treat. Mr. Laverty, is quite a young man, but in oratory and style and composition he may take his place among the best students of the day. After defining what music is and what it is not, he went on to show the antiquity of Irish music. He showed that while all the civilized nations of to-day, were heathen and barbarian, Ireland was a polished nation, and the seat of the Bards. She chose the Harp of David as her emblem of music. She had the first written music of which we have any account. If she cannot vie with other nations in grand Masses, great Oratorios,

etc., she exceeds all in her beautiful songs—her National melodies. Moore, her National Bard found these ready to hand and he had only to set his words to a music that existed thousands of years before his birth. The songs of a Nation makes a Nation. “Let me but make a Nation's songs,” exclaimed a Scottish orator, “and I cared not who makes her laws.”

“The Turned Head,” a most laughable farce kept the large and appreciative audience in roars from beginning to end. All did their parts well—so well that it would be ridiculous to particularize. Altogether the St. Patrick's Society of St. Mary's College must feel proud of the success relieved. A Society that can bring together such an audience—the very elite of the city to greet their performance is assured of success. St. Patrick's Day 1893, is but the harbinger of future triumphs—esto perpetua.

“MY COLLEEN”

At the “Pop,” Fraser Hall.

A well known fact is that when the Adelphi Comedy Co. do anything they do it well, but they surpassed all previous efforts St. Patrick's night, when they played Tony Farrell's ever popular Irish drama “My Colleen.” The play was all that could be desired; there were no red coats or old squires or police, but natural Irish wit, music and pathos. The characters were well cast, and did not overdo their parts. The new scenery and effects and costumes were very pretty; the singing and dancing was well received and went with a vim and rush that touched the hearts of the audience. Mr. G. P. Harley essayed the role of *Phil Carroll* and did it justice. *Squire Arden* was done by R. B. Cunningham. *Maurice Arden* by Connor Emmet, and W. A. Trenaine as *Cregan Sr.* Richard Stacey essayed the part of *Larry Lawn* very well. P. K. Hunt made a good *Maguire*. Miss Kathleen Morrow was a star in her part. Little Mabel Fyfe acted her part in such a manner that would make any professional blush. Miss May Milloy fairly carried the house by storm. Miss M. E. Stacey's natural wit was clever. Mr. R. Milloy acted with ease and grace; he did not overdo his part, but fairly danced and sang himself into the heart of the audience. His rich brogue was clever and he looked charming. The performance will be repeated, by universal request, in two weeks, when those who did not see it will have the chance to do so. It is too valuable a piece to lay off. Great credit is due Mr. Robert Henderson for the manner in which he conducted the piece. The Irish music, by Miss Maud Neville, was charming.

THE DAY ELSEWHERE.

ORATORY AT OTTAWA.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated in a very enthusiastic manner here. High Mass at St. Patrick's Church was largely attended. Archbishop Duhamel officiated. Dr. Conaty, of Worcester, Mass., preached. Flags were flying all day from the Parliament buildings in honor of the event. In the evening there was a banquet at the Russell under the auspices of the St. Patrick's Literary Association. The speakers included Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. L. H. Davies, Hon. Frank Smith and Hon. Costigan. The Catholic Celtic Benefit Association also held a concert in the evening in the Opera house.

QUEBEC IRISHMEN CELEBRATE.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated here in the usual manner by a procession to St. Patrick's Church, where Mass was celebrated. About seven hundred men of the congregation of St. Patrick's Church, took part in the procession and assisted at the Votive Mass, celebrated by Rev. Father Maloney, C.S.S.R. They were accompanied by some three hundred boys, who were divided among the juvenile societies, the Total Abstinence cadets, Juvenile League of the Sacred Heart and Holy Family cadets. The men were:—Young Men's sodality, Catholic Mutual Benefit society, Catholic Benevolent legion, League of the Sacred Heart, St. Vincent de Paul society, Total Abstinence society and the members of the congregation filled the body of the church, leaving the galleries to the ladies. The mass was celebrated by the most Rev. Mgr. Bolduc, assisted by Rev. Messrs. Marchand and Boillard, of Quebec Seminary, as deacon and sub-deacon. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Father White, C. S. S. R. Hon. Messrs. Flynn, Casgrain,

Pelletier and Chapais were present and had seats in the sanctuary. After mass Rev. Father Oates entertained a number of the clergy and also the trustees of the church to dinner. In the evening there was a dramatic entertainment and an oration by Mr. M. F. Hackett, M. L. A. for Stanstead, who made a very eloquent speech.

Mr. Hackett was entertained to a dinner at the St. Louis hotel by the St. Patrick's Literary institution. The principal toast was on the part of “Our Guest,” which was eloquently responded to by Mr. Hackett. The other toast was “Ireland and the Nation.” The party broke up at 2 a.m.

DISPLAYED THE EMBLEM.

St. Patrick's day was celebrated in St. John, N.B., with church services in the morning, dramatic entertainments in the evening and a great display of Ireland's emblem all day. Very large contributions were made for the benefit of Catholic orphans.

TORONTO IRISHMEN PARADE.

St. Patrick's day was celebrated in Toronto this morning by special High Mass at St. Michael's cathedral and a procession in which several societies of the Irish Catholic Benevolent union and the Ancient Order of Hibernians took part. The procession was reformed on coming out of the cathedral, and paraded the principal streets of the city. The procession was about half a mile long. The march was out King street to Bathurst and to St. Mary's church, where a number of patriotic addresses were delivered by Mr. C. Devlin, M.P., and other prominent Irishmen. The annual banquet of the Irish Protestant Benevolent society took place at night.

A BANQUET AT EGANVILLE.

St. Patrick's day was celebrated in Eganville by a banquet given at the Sacred Heart academy by the present and former pupils. The feast was in honor of the pastor, Rev. F. H. Dowdall. In the evening a grand concert was given. The services in St. James' church were very interesting and impressive. The reverend pastor preached an eloquent sermon with Ireland's patron saint for his theme.

IN THE CITY BY THE SEA.

Irishmen of Halifax had splendid weather for the anniversary of the patron saint of the Emerald Isle and the celebration was a happy one. At 10 o'clock the Charitable Irish society, headed by the marshal and two aids, started from the Drill shed with St. Patrick's and St. Mary's band. The society turned out in pretty good numbers, and behind them marched a large number of St. Patrick's society, headed by the Hibernian life and drum corps. After the procession reached St. Patrick's church, High Mass was celebrated and a panegyric on St. Patrick preached by Rev. Gerald Murphy. After Mass the procession reformed and marched back to the Drill shed, where cheers for the Queen and Ireland were proposed by Mayor Keefe, president of the society, and heartily responded to.

THE DAY IN NEW YORK.

St. Patrick's day dawned bright and clear over New York, and the many thousands of loyal Irishmen who are interested in seeing that the occasion is properly observed, were encouraged to think this year would furnish a glorious exception to the general rule of a rainy St. Patrick's day. Mayor Gilroy and the Common Council reviewed the parade from a stand on the north side of Union square. Most of the paraders participated in the elaborate festivities that were arranged to take place at Jones' Wood. The Ancient Order of Hibernians held athletic games at Sutzer's, Harlem River park. Numerous festivities are arranged for the evening. They include banquets, balls, receptions and entertainments. The chief event is the annual banquet of the St. Patrick's club, which occurred at the Hotel Brunswick. Chauncey M. Depew was to respond to the toast “Home Rule.” The Irish flag floated from the City hall and hundreds of other buildings. Ireland's patron saint received due homage in Brooklyn from the sons and daughters of old Erin. The feature of the day was the parade. The public buildings were gorgeously decorated, particularly the City hall.

Friday was celebrated as the anniversary of the date on which Leo XIII. was crowned as Pope in the Sistine chapel, March 3, 1873.

THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE.

His Pontificate on St. Patrick's Day.

Monsignor Satolli, who was in Baltimore for some days, returned to Washington Thursday to Pontificate on St. Patrick's Day at St. Patrick's Church. The exact time for his departure to visit the various dioceses has not been announced. Last Wednesday evening the St. Mary's Literary Society gave an entertainment at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, to celebrate the episcopal jubilee of Pope Leo XIII. Archbishop Satolli, who has been delivering a course of lectures at the seminary, was given the seat of honor. Rev. Dr. L. A. Magnien, S.S., superior of the seminary, and Rev. J. R. Slattery, rector of St. Joseph's Seminary, occupied chairs by his side. The programme opened with an address in Latin by G. A. Kraft. Other addresses were as follows: “The Papacy,” by F. J. Halloran; “Leo in the Learned World,” in Latin, J. L. McSweeney; “Leo in the Social World,” D. F. O'Laughlin; “Leo in the Religious World,” E. J. Fox, and “Leo in America,” in Latin, T. S. Dolan. Archbishop Satolli was presented by the students with a full set of Cardinal Newman's works, beautifully bound, and a gold-headed cane in recognition of the lectures given them by the Archbishop. The presentation speech was made in Latin by Mr. J. C. de. In reply the Archbishop spoke to the students in Latin, thanking them for their gifts, expressing his pleasure at the interest displayed by them in his lectures, and exhorting them to study deeply the theology of St. Thomas. He also spoke of the Pope. The entertainment was attended by many teachers and students, and by Rev. W. E. Bartlett, of Baltimore; Rev. Geo. Meyer, of Fryburg, Pa., and Rev. Alexis Orban, of the Catholic University of America.—*Washington News.*

“Lamb Dearg Aboo.”

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS.

DEAR SIR:—Attracted by your review of Mr. Martin's splendid Irish drama, “The Red Hand Forever,” I attended the presentation of it by the members of the St. Ann's Young Men's Society, on St. Patrick's night. I was forcibly impressed not only by the merit of the play, as a piece of dramatic literature, but also by the exceptionally fine manner in which it was placed on the boards by the Society. The idea was thereby suggested to me that it would be a happy move to have the entertainment of St. Patrick's night repeated, for the benefit of the Home Rule Fund. What say you Mr. Editor? Yours truly,

An Irish-Catholic.

(We believe that the idea is one of the best that could have flashed through the mind of “An Irish Catholic.” We have communicated with Rev. Father Stauber, C.S.S.R., the spiritual Director of the St. Ann's Y. M. S., and he heartily agrees with the suggestion. We think it would be most timely to have it, reproduced and we have it from very reliable sources that the Parliamentary Party in Ireland is badly in need of all the help that can be given, in this crisis.—E. T. W.)

The Catholic Schools Commissioners.

At a meeting of the Catholic School Commissioners, held on Monday, 13th, a proposal from Mr. Wm. Tector, of St. Lambert, to furnish in the course of one year, free of charge, 10,000 blotters to the pupils attending the schools, on condition that no other school material carrying advertisements be accepted during the continuance of the contract, was accepted. The following improvements were decided upon:—Building of a new school of twelve classes on the Devin's estate property, corner of St. Hubert and Mignonne streets; enlargement of the Sarsfield school so as to furnish twelve classes; increased accommodation at the Commercial Academy. In view of these improvements, a report of the finance committee for the issue of \$90,000 four percent bonds was adopted.

General Beauregard in his last will wrote: “In conclusion, let me entreat my children and grandchildren to be always true and kind to each other, and as united in the future as in the past. They will never find, outside of their family circle, friends in whom they can so well confide and rely upon in good and bad fortune.”

THE TRUE WITNESS

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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WEDNESDAY.....MARCH 22, 1893

ST. PATRICK.

Apart from the national significance of the day all Irishmen the world over celebrate, there is a deep and abiding religious glow flung about the occasion—for the patron of Ireland is also a saint of the Catholic Church. He is one of that mighty band of missionaries who at different times, went forth from Rome to carry the light of the Gospel into the lands where barbarism and paganism reigned supreme. St. Patrick's mission was crowned with a success that no other preacher of the Faith ever attained. Others commenced the work of converting foreign and infidel nations, and their companions aided in the giant task; but many of these peoples were centuries in being turned toward the Truths of Christianity, and not a few of them lost their Faith, wholly or in part, as the ages rolled past. But St. Patrick's work was effective from the outset; the people flocked around his standard of the Cross: and what is more wonderful still, they and their descendants, for over fourteen centuries, have preserved the doctrines taught by that great apostle, and have held to their Faith in the midst of persecutions and misfortunes such as no pen could describe and no finite mind could grasp in all their horrors of detail.

When our Isle was visited by the Apostle of Faith, the Druids held sway, and amidst their weird surroundings, and in their sacred groves they taught a creed that, as a pagan one, was perhaps the best calculated to prepare the race for the reception of higher revelations. "St. Patrick addressed the ruling classes, who could bring with them their followers, and he joined tact to zeal," says Henry Morley, "respecting ancient prejudices, opposing nothing that was not directly hostile to the spirit of Christianity, and handling skillfully the chiefs with whom he had to deal." An early convert—Dichu MacTrighim—was a chief with influential connections, who gave the ground for the religious house now known as Saul. He so satisfied all the inquiries of Laeghaire, son of Niall King of Erin, concerning the strange preacher's movements, that St. Patrick sailed for the mouth of the Boyne and went straight to the King. He eventually converted the monarch.

Laeghaire then ordered a revision of the Brehon laws, that they might be made to harmonize with the new teachings. St. Patrick assisted in revising those laws, and no ancient customs were changed or broken, except what could not harmonize with Christianity. Thus by prudence and judgment the apostle effected a transformation without offend-

ing the people. That collection of laws is called the "Senchus Mor." Thus does an old poem speak of it:—

"Laeghaire, Corc, Dairi, the brave;
Patrick, Beven, Cairnech, the just;
Rossa, Dublach, Fergus, the wise;
These are the nine pillars of the Senchus Mor."

St. Patrick worked principally in Ulster and Leinster. Amongst the churches and religious communities that he founded in Ulster is that of Armagh, the Archbishop of which was, the other day, raised by Leo XIII, to the dignity of a Cardinal. The great patron of Ireland was born about the year 405, and carried prisoner into Ireland at the age of sixteen. He escaped about the year 427 and found his way home to his parents. He spent one year with them and then four years with Germanus at Auxerre. It was in 432 that he commenced his apostleship of Ireland. According to almost all authorities, he labored during sixty years in his mission, and died in 493, at the ripe age of eighty-eight.

He was never famed as a writer; his fort was in speaking. He went about like his Master, "doing good." Of his written works we have a "Letter to Coroticus," a petty King of Brittany, who persecuted the Christians; and a piece called his "Confession." This is a sublime composition in which the beauties and grandeurs of religion are pictured. Thousands are the legends told about St. Patrick, some of them founded on facts, others were children of the heated imagination. A poetical and religiously fervent people, like the Irish, very naturally seized upon every story or tradition, and moulded it according to fancy or circumstance. But leaving aside all that is legendary, we have sufficient of historical incidents in the life and labors of the mighty Apostle of Ireland to satisfy the most keen appetite for the marvellous and great. His miracles apart, there stands before us the incontestable miracle of the conversion of a whole race in the space of one lifetime, and the still greater miracle of the preservation of the Faith planted by St. Patrick during all those centuries of sorrow, persecution and barbaric sufferings. Let us then kneel to God, and begging of St. Patrick to bless the land and its people, ask that the Light of Catholicity, which he brought our forefathers, may never be extinguished while our race survives.

AN ANTI-HOMERULER.

Whatever the *Gazette* may be, as far as Irish politics are concerned, decidedly it has some strange correspondents. In an issue of last week we find a letter from the pen of "A. H. L." upon the very interesting subject of the "Home Rule Measure and its Author." This exceptional communication occupies nearly three columns of the *Gazette*. How to reduce this lengthy, rambling and illogical epistle to such a degree that an ordinary reader could grasp the meaning of the conglomeration of ideas without danger of cracking his brain, is a matter of no small difficulty. The flaming title and the exceptional length of the essay would lead one to think that the writer had some very powerful arguments to set forth or very important facts to state. Yet, when a reader has had the perseverance to wade through the three columns of attack upon Gladstone and censure of this Bill, he finds out that it would have been very difficult for "A. H. L." or any person else, to have gone over so much historical ground in fewer sentences.

This oracle from beyond the Atlantic not only has vague ideas upon the sub-

ject of Home Rule for Ireland, but he is evidently astray in the history of every other land, while some fellow must have been poking fun at him about Canada and its system of Government. He opens out by ridiculing Mr. Gladstone's seven years of labor in preparing his much talked of Home Rule Bill: he gives us the old fable of the mountain and the mouse; this he follows up by the sweeping assertion that Mr. Gladstone is not sincere. He then informs us that Paruell would not have accepted the proposed measure, except as a step to something better. We agree with him on that point and we can say that no more does any other Irishman accept it other than as an inch of the ultimate ell. This political genius and evidently embryotic statesman, ("A. H. L.") occupies quiet a space with a very negative argument which consists in telling the Irish people what the Home Rule measure will not give them. He enumerates in detail all the privileges that the country will not receive; the rights that the Bill does not secure them. But he most carefully avoids the affirmative side of the question, and neglects entirely to include in his list all the advantages that the Irish people must obtain through means of legislative autonomy—advantages which they cannot possibly enjoy under the present state of affairs. All this would lead a person to imagine that Mr. "A. H. L." were broken hearted over the small amount of advantage that the Irish are to receive from Gladstone's Bill, and that he were anxious to vent his spleen upon the Grand Old Man for having given so very little, when he could have given more. But the key to the whole puzzle—for the entire letter is a puzzle—may be found in the statement that he is neither an Irish patriot nor anxious for the welfare of that country.

If "A. H. L." or any other "H. L." imagines that the Irish people require advice from one who neither belongs to their nationality nor has any interest in its prosperity, he is greatly astray. Having gratuitously accused Gladstone of not meaning all he said in his now immortal plea in the Home Rule cause, he proceeds to assert, and to attempt proof of his assertion, that "any nation is safest, wisest, best, least corrupt, and most economical," when it is under central legislative control. He also states (this "A. H. L." Ancient Historical Logician) that the tendency of all the nations of the world has been towards the centralization of Power, and away from the decentralizing system—the Home Rule one. He, moreover, informs us that the latter system has proven a failure in all lands and in all times. These two columns he closes with the statement that a nation looks more attractive and grand when its power is centralized. We scarcely know whether this man is serious or not; if serious, he is evidently a reader of history who knows but little of its philosophy; if not serious, he must take us Canadians for backwoods illiterates whom he has a special mission to enlighten and deceive. Yet he has taken the trouble to rake up the ashes of Troy, to unearth the relics of ancient Greece, to ransack the story of France and to recall the events of thirty years ago, during the great American conflict; all to prove that, in the march of history, the nations have become yearly more and more inclined towards centralized government, and that their ruin was the system from which arises the idea of Home Rule. We have not space to run after "A. H. L." (or A. anything else) through all the winding labyrinths of history, ancient, modern and contemporaneous; but we appeal to any reader interested in the subject to examine the march of human progress and develop-

ment, during the length of the ages, and if he does not find that the trend of human movement has been away from centralized government, from one man power, from tyranny, and towards the confederate, the republican, the democratic forms, the elective representation, and the emancipation of serf from master, we are willing to admit to "A. H. L." that Home Rule would be a curse. Cast your eye upon the world to-day and only in Russia, Turkey, and other despotic lands does barbarism still survive. Yet there is more splendor and jewelled grandeur about these powers than in the freest states of the earth. "A. H. L." likes kingly display, national grandeur; but he evidently has no care for popular comfort and the country's stability. But to cap the climax this learned "A. H. L." points to the Canadian Home Rule system as a complete failure. What evidence does he adduce? Simply that he read in some Canadian papers that there is talk about an annexation spirit. Shades of our sire's Troy is in ruins to-day, because of a Home Rule idea that arose amongst the Greeks; Athens is deserted, because her glory was snatched from her by a phantom of Home Rule; France has been on the verge of ruin, its republican instability has been apparent, the moment a Home Rule sentiment arose in the breasts of her rulers; the civil war between the Northern and Southern States was caused by the granting of Home Rule to each particular state; and Canada is in danger of an annexation cry, because a system of Home Rule here prevails. These are "A. H. L.'s" historical contentions. Per contra, he tells us that Russia and Turkey are the only free and solid governments, because no Home Rule system prevails with them.

We have tried to analyze this three column letter of distorted history and lame logic. In coming to the end of it, we are simply impressed with the idea that "A. H. L." is considerably astray as far as the march of history is concerned, and that his arguments against Home Rule are the very most powerful and logical evidences in its favor. Freedom not slavery, democracy not monarchy, federal not central form of government, emancipation not chains, constitutional representation not one man government, Home Rule not Foreign Rule, are what the world has been seeking and moving towards, and what have removed us, every year, a degree from barbarism, and in the direction of civilization. If anyone of our readers feels inclined to spend an hour amidst logical monstrosities and historical absurdities, let him read and ponder over "A. H. L.'s" letter on Home Rule in last week's *Gazette*.

New Queen's Counsel.

The following English speaking members of the Montreal Bar have been lately gazetted as "learned in the law." Gersham Joseph, James Kirby, David R. McLeard, Thomas J. Doherty, W. J. Cruikshank, C. H. Stephens, F. D. Monk, Selkirk Cross, Henry J. Kavanagh, C. B. Busteed, J. P. Cook and E. F. MacIntyre.

The Prince of Breifne.

O'Rourke, the Prince of Breifne, for saving from massacre and giving temporary shelter and food to the famishing remnant of the crew of one of the ships of the Spanish Armada, was treated as a rebel who had entertained the enemies of Queen Elizabeth, his lands confiscated, and he himself carried to London, and there imprisoned.

He was brought into the presence of Elizabeth, but refused to kneel before her, and when demanded scoffingly if he was not accustomed to kneel to a virgin queen, he replied, "To no queen will I kneel but the Queen of Heaven." His execution followed, and when asked had he any dying request to make, he said, "None, but that you turn my face to Ireland."

IRELAND.

Why should not the Irish rejoice on the occasion of their national festival? They have a land whose history is glorious; they are of a race whose deeds are trumpeted on the clarion of fame; they preserve a Faith that dates from the dawn of Redemption and that will be unextinguished until the sunset of Time. We speak, in other columns, of the present events that surround the celebration of this year's national festival. Surely we may be permitted to cast a rapid glance into the far away past. On such occasions we love to fly from the cold, hollow world of to-day, and to tread the avenues of the bygone in the company of heroes, sages, poets, orators, and saints, to move through the misty grandeur of Ireland's most glorious epochs, and to catch a few beams from so radiant a source to light up the prospect of the future.

Ireland has been called the "Isle of Saints and Martyrs," the "Home of Heroes and Patriots," and the "Land of Song." Well indeed did she deserve these titles. "The Isle of Saints and Martyrs." Yes; from the day on which St. Patrick plucked the triune leaf to illustrate the mystery of mysteries, the children of that wonderful race were prepared to accept the truths of Christianity, and as a consequence, their conversion was almost simultaneous with the Apostle's advent. At a stroke from his crozier a stream of religion came forth from the sides of Erin's hills, and it swept down the ages, ever broadening and deepening as it roiled along. In those days the central and southern portions of Europe were a prey to the ravages of the northern barbarians. Education and Christianity were chased from the continent and had to seek a refuge in Ireland, "the quiet home of sanctity and learning." The ruins of her monasteries and the shattered shrines of her once triumphant faith tell a tale of holiness, martyrdom, fidelity. In these old grey pillar towers that loom up in almost every barony we read the story of a nation's religious struggles and persecutions. Go to Kells, or to Monasterboice; walk through the ruins of Clonmacnoise, or under the remains of the seven churches of Glendalough; pause before the relic of Mucross or in presence of the glorious architecture of Holy Cross; ascend the historic Rock of Cashel, and then allow your mind to run up through the centuries. What glorious proofs that the Island was one of Faith, of Saints, of Martyrs, and of heroic defenders of the holy gift that St. Patrick gave them. As Phillips said so well: "Deluge after deluge has desolated her provinces, the monuments of art that escaped the barbarism of one invader fell beneath the much more savage civilization of another; alone amidst that solitude the temple of Faith stood up, like some majestic monument in the desert of antiquity, just in its proportions, sublime in its associations, rich in the relics of its saints, cemented by the blood of its martyrs, pouring forth for ages the unbroken series of its venerable hierarchy, and only the more magnificent from the ruins by which it was surrounded." It was Ireland as the "Isle of Saints and Martyrs" that drew from the Protestant orator such a glowing tribute.

But she has been called the "Home of Heroes and Patriots." Yes, again; and well does she deserve the title. In the olden days her warriors were the bravest of the brave; her clansmen met in deadly conflict; and high over the mist of battle the wheel of the Celtic sword was seen. It was the sword that won so many days for "Con of the Hundred

Fights;" the sword with which Brian slew the raven of the North on Clontarf; the sword that was wielded by Owen Roe at Benburb; by Sarrafield at Limerick; the sword that traced upon the prison walls the name of Tone and his companions: the sword that fell from Emmet upon Thomas Street; the sword that was felt in the North, almost to the Arctic circle, in the South, almost to the Torrid Line, in the East over the fields of Europe, at Vimiera, Salamanca, Badajos, and above all upon that day, when under the standard of the Cross, embellished with the *Fleur de lis* and Shamrock, the battalions of Erin rushed to death and glory on the blood stained slopes of Fontenoy; the sword that was felt in the West, and wherever the vanguard of freedom was led by the flag of Liberty, the Celtic brand was seen. And to-night it would seem as if that ancient safeguard of the warrior race were suspended from the willow boughs that droopingly kiss the yellow waves of Missouri as they wait their eternal *requiem* for the immortal "Meagher of the Sword." Ah! indeed, Ireland was the "Land of Heroes and Patriots."

She also was called the "Land of Song." To touch fully upon the history of the music and songs of the Celtic race it would require more space than all the papers published in Canada could afford. The ancient bard tuned his harp to the peasant's ear, or else he sang the prowess of the warrior in the banquet hall of the chieftain; again his lament for the departed was mournful in the extreme, but anon his notes were shrill and loud, above the clashing and splintering of spears, as "the clansmen came down from their hills at the voice of the battle." Ossian, in his weird and wild imagery, sang the praises of Fingal and Cona. His harp hung long silent, and save when Carolan tuned it a-new, it remained suspended upon walls of Tara. At last a poet came, a real bard "of the soul of Celtic fire." Tom Moore seized that harp and vibrating its chords awakened it once more into melody. He sang of all lands, but principally of Erin; his songs, like the spirit of the good, went into every clime, giving strength to the weak and courage to the timid. Scarcely had his sun reached its noon-day glory than a very galaxy of poets and bards arose upon all sides, "their songs as numerous as those of the birds in the woods, and their ideas as prolific as the flowers upon a forest bank in spring time." Needless to review their history. But uniting these poets of our own age with the bards of the centuries gone, we find the most glorious evidence of Ireland's right to that title which the "Minstrel Boy" bestowed upon her—"The Land of Song."

Standing upon the rim of the present and turning from the study of the past to the contemplation of the future, we would fervently pray that Ireland may be forever an "Isle of Saints," that her children may forever be faithful to the teachings of St. Patrick, and be the custodians and Apostles of the Catholic Truth of their fathers; we would also pray that her sons may be ever brave and honorable as her daughters are fair and pure, that she may never lose the title of the "Home of Heroes and Patriots; and finally do we ask that some minstrel may soon be called forth, with his harp perfectly attuned, and his inspiration that of freedom, who shall sustain Erin's right to the title of the "Land of Song," when chanting the undying hymn of her glorious Emancipation and rejuvenated nationality.

Jones; I'm quite a near neighbour of yours now, Mrs. Golightly; I've taken a house on the river. Mrs. G.: Oh, well, I hope you'll drop in some day.

OUR ILLUSTRATED COVER

At a glance the reader will be able to seize the idea conveyed in our illustrated cover. We sought to represent, in a concise form, the history of one hundred years of struggle, from the fall of the Irish Parliament, in the days of Grattan, down to the establishment of a Home Rule Government, which we have every reason to believe will take place during the lifetime of Gladstone. On the left of the picture, and surrounded with the clouds of sorrow, is the old Parliament House on College Green, with the date, 1782, upon the portico. On the right is a fantastic representation of the Legislative Halls of 1894, with the Sunburst of Freedom shedding its glories upon the spires. In the foreground is Ireland leaning upon the national harp, and the Angel of Liberty coming down, handing her the Home Rule Bill, and pointing, at the same time, to her glorious future. Spanning the sky is the rainbow of a century, bearing the names of the principal actors in the great struggle for Irish autonomy.

HENRY GRATTAN.

First on the list is the immortal Grattan, the powerful orator and doubtless patriot, who beheld the failure of the volunteers of 1782, the downfall of the Irish Parliament, the establishment of the Union, and who, with prophetic words pictured the future of sorrow. He witnessed the gloom settle upon the national cause of the land, and while the icy clutch of death was upon him, shattered in body as he was broken in spirit, his great soul triumphed over all weakness, and his last public utterances were the most eloquent of all his speeches. The peroration to his great life of love and patriotic devotion was worthy the man, the cause and the country. With Grattan's disappearance from the scene vanished the hopes of the Irish people; a dark night of sorrow and trial set in. A century of struggle and defeat, of misery and famine, of alien laws and brutal executions commenced. Throughout that long period of darkness gleams of hope lit up the expanse; but they flashed merely like the lightning on a summer night sky, to immediately vanish in the clouds that rolled thicker and blacker upon the horizon of Ireland's future.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

As Moses of old was called by the Almighty to assume the leadership of His chosen people, so in the hour of worse than Egyptian bondage, the same All Wise Ruler called into being a giant of intellect and a heart of fiery molten gold, and in the form of Daniel O'Connell, the immortal Liberator, we beheld a leader arise to guide the destinies of the race. We have no need of repeating the story of O'Connell's life: it is printed upon every Irish memory. The same fearless and often successful advocate of his people's liberty does he appear, whether as a member of the Irish Bar, as a fervent Catholic before the altars of his Faith, as a political leader, shouting Repeal upon the hillsides and stirring up the enthusiasm of the monster meetings, as a giant of patriotic strength thundering for Emancipation at the doors of Westminster, or, in his last days, as a broken down rebel prisoner under English laws, and finally a dying man, on his way to Eternal Rome. Through all the vicissitudes of his checkered career, he was the idol of his race, the terror of his opponents, the hope of Ireland, the great and only O'Connell—the Liberator.

DAVIS, DILLON AND DUFFY.

Even before the tomb closed over O'Connell, a new spirit came into the land, when the Young Ireland Party

arose, and with the cry "Educate that you may be free," the year 1842 beheld the founding of THE NATION. Davis, the fiery bard, the powerful essayist, the wonderfully magnetic literary genius, Dillon, the calm, energetic and high-souled lover of liberty; and Gavan Duffy, the *litterateur*, organizer and leader, united in establishing that institution that charmed the people into a fresh existence, and that called forth one of the brightest galaxies of writers that ever shone upon the literary sky of any land. Wonderful were the effects produced by those men. Davis died while yet his hopes were high and the freedom of his country seemed at hand; Dillon lived to witness great and unforeseen sorrows; Duffy still survives, the patriarch of the cause, and, like Simon of old in the temple, watching for the fulfilment of that dream of liberty which they worked so hard to realize. There was a friction between the parties in those days, even as there is to-day; but the cause went steadily on.

MEAGHER, MITCHEL, SMITH-O'BRIEN.

Scarcely was Davis laid to rest in Mount Jerome when the Angel of Famine came down upon the land; the dream and for ever memorable year of 1847, saw every aspiration and hope of the people vanish. Death at home, the emigrant ship upon the seas, alien laws crushing the people's strength, and native enemies sucking the life blood of the tenants, all led up to the appeal to arms in 1848. As usual the cause was doomed to failure; the penal vessel ploughed the Southern Seas with the brilliant and patriotic Mitchel upon its deck; in Clonmel dock, under sentence of death, stood Smith-O'Brien, the calm, but fervent nationalist, Terrence Bellew McManus, the waking encyclopaedia of republicanism, and Thomas Francis Meagher, the renowned orator, of the "Sword Speech," the future convict, the one-day heroic general of an Irish Brigade in America. With the failure of their movement the gloom once more settled upon the land. It was only after twenty years, during which the nation had felt the repeated shocks of famines, Coercion Acts, Arms' Bills, and every imaginable irritating and tyrannical provocation, that the Fenian movement took place—another vain attempt to secure for the Irish people, by force of arms, the permanency of their rights and privileges. With the breaking up of that movement all hope of redressing the country's wrongs by any means other than constitutional agitation entirely vanished. Back as were the clouds that hung over the past the future seemed still more uncertain and gloomy. Yet, Ireland lived on in hope and faith, eye in charity—the great charity of love for her religion and trust in God.

ISAAC BUTT.

While yet the cause of the country was uncertain and the leaders of the people wavering between hope and despair, a bright thought flashed through the mind of Isaac Butt, when he conceived the idea of Home Rule for Ireland. What a wonderful revelation! Crude as the project was, at that time, still it was a real beam of consolation. It dazzled the eyes of the patriots and it dazed the vision of the enemies of the old land. When Butt commenced his agitation Gladstone was a bitter opponent of Ireland and the Irish; he was launching his pamphlets against the cause that he was one day destined to champion; he was grinding a people in the mill of coercion that before many years he was to help with all his great eloquence and energy. This was a season of transition. The Land League was then about to come into existence. The Irish representation in the Imperial

House was very slim and indeed looked upon as of little harm or little good for either party. What the Irish phalanx required was a leader. Butt's ideas were admirable, as far as they went, but they were only theoretical, at least, for the man had not the means of putting them into practice. He was not a leader, and above all, such a leader as the Irish people required. To have any hope of success it was necessary that some man should arise who, while possessing the confidence of the people, would be cool, calculating, unflinching in his efforts, and above all, a consummate organizer. The days when eloquence, like that of Meagher, or enthusiasm, like that of Mitchel, could produce the desired effect, were gone past. To stir up the ice-cold Briton it required something other than mere Celtic favor. Calmness, determination and organizing talent were necessary; next, in all importance, was a sufficiently strong representation in the House to place the balance of power in the hands of the Irish members. Such a man and such a leader was at hand. He was living and moving in the very circles he was soon to command.

CHARLES S. PARNELL.

A consummate organizer, a born leader of men, a determined disciplinarian and a naturally skilled statesman, Parnell came upon the scene just as his presence was most required. Without any of the outward show wherewith political aspirants attract attention, devoid of all that ostentation and eloquence which, if they do not possess, men who seek to govern generally assume, but with a genius for command such as few men can boast, Parnell stepped into the foremost rank and soon became first amongst the foremost of his fellow-countrymen. His presence inspired entire confidence. With that peculiar magnetism of the first Napoleon, and with considerable of that character's sphinx-like exclusiveness, he drew around him a band of brilliant men. He went even so far as to obtain entire ascendancy over the Irish nation, and as an act of almost miraculous skill, he converted to the Home Rule cause the very deadliest opponent of that principle, his own jailor; the man who sent him to Kilmainham became—under the influence of his spell—the Grand Old Man whose name shall forever be associated with legislative justice to Ireland. By dint of perseverance Parnell finally succeeded in securing what had been so long desired by the Irish people, the balance of power in the Imperial House. With his powerful contingent in 1886, he stood up between the Tories and the Liberals, the object upon which the attention of Lords and Commons was centered, the man upon whose course the eyes of the civilized world were concentrated, the being above all others towards whom the Irish people flocked, and in whose presence they saw the only hope for the cause of centuries. From the day that Gladstone became a friend of the policy advocated by Parnell and his supports, the almost positive certainty of an ultimate triumph began. For four years this leader marshalled his little army with the skill of a Cæsar and the success of an Alexander. Upon the list of his fully commissioned officers were the names of McCarthy, Davitt, Dillon, Wm. O'Brien, Sexton, the Redmonds, Sullivan, the venerable O'Gorman Mahon, and others whose features are familiar to all who have seen pictures of the Irish Parliamentary party. Gladstone had gone out of power and Salisbury, with his cold-hearted nephew Balfour, held sway on the Treasury Benches. They were pronounced Unionists; the Liberals had promised a

Home Rule measure; Parnell stood in with the latter and his party was a unit. All looked forward to the general elections of 1892. Parnell had defeated the *Times* in that famous case; Pigott's name was added to the list of perjured traitors; the hopes of the people were high. It was then—in the full flush of political success—that a cloud arose upon the leader's future; it was dark and threatening; it lowered menacingly, and from out its depths a lightning stroke of death flashed suddenly. While yet the world looked on in astonishment and incredulity the news came that Parnell was no more. "He died: but his work lives."

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

The cause was then taken up by the former lieutenants of the great leader, and Justin McCarthy, the *litterateur*, journalist and polished patriot, took command. It was at this juncture that the present unfortunate division began. Into the details of that split in the ranks, and into the arguments on either side we do not purpose entering. While Parnell still lived we could see very potent reasons why his faithful followers should have wished to keep him at the helm: but the moment death claimed him we cannot see any reason why a division should exist. All parties profess to seek Home Rule, and in this case especially should the voice of the majority carry. Mr. McCarthy has been most successful, considering the difficulties with which he had to contend. His reign has seen the dawn of the most tangible hope yet felt by the people of Ireland. The crushing of the Salisbury majority and the return of Gladstone to power have marked an epoch in the history of the movement. It was at this particular juncture that the Irish leader, advised by his friends on both sides of the Atlantic, invited a Canadian statesman to assist in the glorious battle at its most critical moment.

HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

Thus was it that Hon. Edward Blake crossed the ocean and took up his stand for the Home Rule cause. We need not comment upon the success of the great Irish-Canadian. He stepped at once into the place of a semi-leader of the people, and he arose in his first speech to the rank of a conspicuous orator and statesman in the House of Commons. What the next few weeks have in store for the Home Rule cause is more than we can predict, but we have a strong faith in the success of the Bill so ably laid before Parliament by Gladstone. We have traced as hurriedly as possible the history of a hundred years, and we now ask our readers to look once more at our illustrated cover, and perchance they will see in it something more than an ordinary sketch.

Joan D'Arc.

The following despatch comes from Rome:

Pope Leo has informed the French bishops of his decision to crown his Episcopal Jubilee by the beatification of the French heroine, Joan of Arc, who was burned by the English as a sorceress and a heretic on May 30, 1431, and was formally proven to have been innocent in 1456. The Pope has ordered the Congregation of Rites to expedite the preliminaries for the beatification. The announcement of the Pope's decision has been received with great satisfaction by the French Roman Catholics as a signal tribute to the patriotic spirit of France.

A Doubtful Compliment.—Maud: How do you like the new way I do my hair, Frank? Frank wants to say something particularly nice: Why, you look at least thirty years younger.

EUGENE DAVIS.

STUDENT, JOURNALIST, POET WANDERER.

Recollections of Prout—Literary Characters of His Acquaintance—Pigott and His Work—A Sketch of Davis' Career.

Near the Four Courts stands the Angel. A by-path connects this old inn with the home of Irish law. This path is well known to the curly-headed barristers, who, having looped their togas around their waists, make a sudden sally, between acts (for the charge of his lordship is decidedly dramatic), to the better loved bar in the Angel. There a rosy-faced, smiling damsel, with wonderful dexterity, is ready to open any case at the pleader's call. For a limited number, she will even open cases reserved for years. It was a dreary winter's evening, such a one as can only be indigenous to Erin, that found the writer on this much frequented path, wending his way to mine host of the Angel. For a few hours he had patiently listened to the vituperation of the Irish peasant from an Irish Bench, and that by a time-serving Irish judge, known to disreputable notoriety as "Payter the Snob." This soulless monologue ended, the writer found himself in the company of a few barristers, condemning this most shameful prostitution of the Bench for political purposes. The invitation to take the path succeeded, and in a few minutes he stood gazing at the chalk angels holding lamps, twin guards of the second story of the Angel. The barristers, having quenched their thirst, returned to hear Councillor Walker, while I, mindful of the fact that I had a note of introduction to a gentleman at this inn, fumbled in my pocket for the precious document. Curled up amid a mass of other introductory matter, I found it. The address was simple: Eugene Davis, Esq., Angel Hotel, Dublin. How I came to have that letter takes me back to another continent. Was I not afraid of being called a plagiarist I might follow electric Corelli and call this paper

"A ROMANCE OF TWO CONTINENTS."

A year previous to my visit to the Angel, at the newspaper man, I had formed one of a party that met at the house of a civil engineer in West Philadelphia to have a pleasant chat. The engineer claimed that he was an exile, driven from his native isle by the nefarious cruelty of the English Government. He was a man of more than ordinary intelligence, quick in perception and keen of tongue. He was well-versed in general literature, but particularly so in that of his own country. From the works of the greatest, as well as from the works of the least of his land, he could quote for hours. His quotations were not of the common kind, drawn from choice selections and marked trite, but were sparkling, apt, choicely gifted to the matter in hand, and used with the consummate skill of an illustrator to enhance the text. One of his citations curiously caught my fancy. I asked who was the original giver of this ware, and was told that it was Eugene Davis, just then of Paris, but like all Bohemians, of Cosmopolis. The engineer, who had known Davis in Paris and Lausanne, read me many tiny poems from the same hand, and showed me a few MSS. verses given to him by the bard. Before leaving the States I had read that Davis was in Dublin, and hastened to procure a letter of introduction, not from the engineer, for reasons that are well known to those intimate with inner Irish affairs, but from my journalist friend, who had in the meantime formed a letter acquaintance with Davis. This was the curled, crumpled letter I held in my hand as I saluted

MINE JOLLY HOST OF THE ANGEL.

"Does Eugene Davis live here?" I asked.

"Take this gentleman to Mr. Davis' room," said mine host. A porter, cheery-faced, and roguish-eyed led the way I saluted the twin chalk sentinels, turned to the right and clambered up another flight of stairs. "Here is what you are after" said the porter, knocking with his knuckles on the door. "Push" said a strong voice from within. The word suited my action. The door fell back on its hinges, and I was in company of two men. "Mr. Davis here," and I held out my hand with the letter. One of the gentlemen arose a veritable giant in

form, and took the letter from my hands I could not help muttering to myself Eugene Davis, six feet five, an Irish Hercules. I am Davis said the big man, and then came the kindly hand shake, and the warm smile, that could only come from a loving nature. His companion was Fr. McDonagh, then on the staff of the Irish Catholic, now whittling way his health and rare gifts in the daily drudgery of the London Press. The career of his companion had been one of activity and excitement. Like a true inhabitant of Cosmopolis he was at home in the capitals of many lands. In Paris he talked of a future Irish Republic with Stevens or Tevis Carroll, sipped his wine and ate his hard-baked bun, at that Irish Tavern, in the Rue Royal, near the Madelaine, the favorite haunt of the Donovans, Sheas, and other well known

SONS OF BOHEMIA.

In Lausanne he wandered around the charming lake, made famous by the fat, short Englishman, who wrote the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, to fill a gap in the world's history. In Rome he was interested in the church made famous to his countrymen by the ill-rewarded labors of his friend Father Mehan. To his mind it was rare luck that gave him the knowledge of how Shandon Bells was written by Prout. With a merry winkle of the eye, that self-satisfying expression of having a good thing to say, he would tell how the young Prout, in the old Irish College, after a more than ordinary appetizing dinner, lay down to take his siesta. Stomach plays a leading part in the drama siesta. On this particular afternoon, like many of our modern players Mr. S. felt slightly indisposed, and as a consequence the drama was postponed. To fill the siesta time Prout composed his Shandon Bells and wrote it on the wall above his bed. Like many an other production destined to live, it was the work of a few moments, while the patient labor of years, hardly survives the toiler. Who reads now-a-days the far fetched wit of Prout, or marvels at his ill-balanced scholarship. That careless snatch of melody, the effect of a good dinner, will alone save him from literary death. It is not the reliques, but Shandon Bells that takes many a traveller, to the little Shandon Church-yard to

Mark where beneath thy verdant sod do sleep,
unur'd,

The bones of Prout.

Davis found enjoyment in Cordietis where a few of the exiled air their opinions on all sorts of things and on all conditions of men. There dines Baumgartner, the Cabenslyite envoy, and writer for a small German Weekly, ready to show his ignorance on every subject connected with America, full of chit-chat and amiability, a willing cicerone to the lady globe-trotting American. There sits his friend Keating of the Catholic Times, a genial sunny man, whose opinion spasmodic Stead considered worth paying for in his Pall Mall. Opposite a talkative woman, writer of Roman News the most imaginative occupation connected with the Press. On her right sits Connellan, he, of the Italian, in the mellow Munster brogue, full of anecdotes and contradictions. Woe to the Vatican if she took a step without consulting this irascible Irishman. Near to him, sits the scholarly Roche, a man of vast erudition, but with the simplicity of a child, and a heart soft as woman. Davis has recorded his pleasure in this society. It was truly cosmopolis, with its queer but enticing wits, such wanderings amid such scenes, to a nature like Davis could only confirm his adhesion to his first love Literature, a love that he had contrived to woo under many difficulties, as may be gleaned from the meagre sketch of his life that follows.

Eugene Davis was born 58 years ago in the County Cork, at an easy distance from the birthplace of his great namesake. He came of a family literary in its instincts. His half-brother was the well-known Fr. Davis of Baltimore, whose philanthropic labors in behalf of Irish fishermen has given him world renown. This good man edited the American edition of the "Sermons and Lectures" of his friend Rev. M. Buckley, besides now and then cultivating the muse a la Præd. Eugene was sent to school at an early age, the desire of his people that at some distant day he would follow his brothers footsteps and become an honored clergyman in his Church. The usual preparatory studies finished!

DAVIS CROSSED THE CHANNEL to study philosophy and theology in the great school of Olier, Saint Sulpice. The

whisperings of a want of vocation that had now and then haunted him in Ireland took shape in St. Sulpice. He was not called, and he knew the penalty of those who enter the sanctuary unasked. He followed the only course left an honest man, and bade adieu to St. Sulpice. His bread struggle at this period, would be an interesting article from his pen. Such struggles must always be autobiographical. The well-fed stranger, in his cozy room cannot enter into the feelings of the habitant of a garret, and the consumer of dry bread. He would be lacking in atmosphere. What was formerly his amusement became his life-work. The student of St. Sulpice became a busy journalist. It was in this capacity that he wandered over Europe, crystallizing his impressions in a delightful pamphlet published by the Freeman's Journal. Most of this pamphlet was published by American Weeklies as the work of somebody—name unknown. Of his continental impressions an unwritten one is the most vivid. In his younger days, as Red Hugh, he had contributed to the Poet's Corner of the Irishman, then edited by Pigott. Pigott was kind to the lad, wrote a letter of appreciation, and even went farther in his esteem by paying for his contributions. Davis, as was natural, thought Pigott a good man, a patron of Irish literature, that *racarais* of Modern Ireland. One morning, as Mr. Davis was asking himself why a country calling itself a Republic, and boasting of liberty of speech, could banish him from its capital, Paris, and take so much fatherly trouble to conduct him across its frontier line, his door opened, and the porter handed him a card. His meditation on the inconsistencies of a country, that knows no difference between despotism and anarchy was abruptly finished as he read the name, Pigott. "Send him up," he remarked to the porter, and soon the wrecker of the Times, and the rising hope of the stern unbending Tories held his hand. Anger, selfishness, revenge, low-cunning, honey-deceit were all embodied in that face. His Plan of Campaign,

TO RUIN PARNELL AND HIS CAUSE,
Were quickly unfolded baited with gold. The poor journalist was unpurchasable. When the true history of these times will be written, Davis will play no unimportant role in the discovery and discomfiture of Pigott's treachery. As it is a few men, merely demagogues strut the stage saying we are the deliverers. After this interview Davis returned to Ireland, found rooms at the Angel where we met him with his friend McDermagh and became the last editor of Duffy's Nation. The Nation was then in the last stage of its earthly career. It had fulfilled its mission, and that done, no man, not even a Davis with his wide experience, and ready pen could keep it alive. Some of his contributions to the Nation, notably those of a literary character are well worth gleaning, and fit for a volume in Sir Charles's contemplated library than his wild prose of a forgotten past. The sketch of Rosa Mitchell brought Davis a letter of good-will from that charming authoress. For the past few years Davis has been a resident of Boston, and a resident writer for the American Press. It is to be regretted that a man of his talents must needs be the journalist of the passing day.

WALTER LECKY.

ST. JOSEPH OF HUNTINGDON.

The Jubilee Cremones.

To the Editor of TRUE WITNESS

SIR:—The Triduum, at the church of St. Joseph of Huntingdon, in connection with the Papal Jubilee, was held on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, of last week. The weather was extremely inclement, with a strong piercing wind, and wretchedly bad roads, yet the attendance was very good. The neighboring priests, as is customary on such occasions, gave the necessary assistance to Father Nepveu, pastor of the parish. On Wednesday at the conclusion of high mass, an address in English was read to Rev. C. A. Santoire, Administrator of the Diocese of Valleyfield, who, amid the multiplicity of his cares and labors, had found time to attend. The address is given below.

The Rev. Gentleman replied at considerable length, in both English and French. He alluded in the most feeling terms, to the happy time when he was parish priest of Huntingdon, and the congregation, as well as the Rev. Speaker, were at times visibly affected. It was evidently with reluctance, that he

brought his remarks to a conclusion. His unbounded popularity in the parish, gives a weight to his advice, which it would be difficult to overestimate. In the evening, he was escorted to the train, by a large part of the congregation, when they bade an affectionate farewell for the time. On Thursday Father Lomergan of St. Bridget's, Montreal, preached on the old, old, yet ever new theme, of St. Patrick and his work, as Apostle of Ireland. Taking his text from the second verse of the twelfth chapter of Genesis "And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and magnify thy name, and thou shalt be blessed." The preacher drew a graphic picture of the Saint's early life, of his captivity, his quitting the island, his subsequent studies, his consecration, his return to Ireland, the unparalleled and bloodless success of his mission—he found the land darkened with the shades of Druidism and superstition—he left it basking in the full light of the Christian Gospel—he found it a nation of idolators—at his death it was a nation of saints. The missionary spirit of the Irish Church was portrayed in a masterly manner. The great centres of learning in Ireland were long the resort of students from every country in Europe. These students, after returning to their native lands, assisted Irish missionaries, in giving an impetus to the dissemination of Truth, that is still traceable in European Christianity. Many instances were given, Scotland, Germany, even France and Italy, with all their accumulated glory, had thrilled at the magic oratory, and learned to bow before the saintly priests of Erin. After a fervid exhortation to the congregation, to preserve their Faith, which was their greatest treasure, the preacher concluded a sermon, replete with eloquence and erudition.

To Rev. C. A. SANTOIRE:

Administrator of the Diocese of Valleyfield:

REV. FATHER,—We, your former parishioners of St. Joseph of Huntingdon, hail your presence amongst us on this auspicious occasion, with delight. Separation for a time, only strengthened the bonds of affection. There are unions which distance cannot diminish, which changes cannot affect, and which are strong enough to outlive the hand of time. Instances of such unions are by no means rare, in the Catholic Church, between the devoted priest and his faithful flock.

We cannot forget the benefits we derived from your sacred ministry, during the short time that you continued to be our parish priest; and not only benefits and graces, conferred on us by the sacramental hand of the Church, through you, but temporal advantages as well, resulting directly from your wise counsels and prudent administration. The judicious measures you inaugurated with gentleness, and supported with firmness, have been happily followed up by our present beloved pastor, and are ending more and more, we hope and believe, to make this parish, at least in some limited measure, what a Catholic parish should be. We feel honored in seeing that our former parish priest of Huntingdon, is judged worthy to sit next in dignity, to the Ordinary of the Diocese, and that his administrative abilities are no longer confined to the narrow limits of a parish, but placed on an eminence, high enough to be recognizable by an entire Diocese. The occasion of your present visit, is one which gives us the happy opportunity of taking part in the rejoicings of the Catholic world. The August head of the universal Church, the direct representative, and accredited Ambassador of Almighty God on earth, the most conspicuous figure of the nineteenth century, is celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his episcopate, and honours as of joy ascend from the thousand of altars, they find their echoes in millions of Christian hearts, they die not on earth, but gain a deeper tone of adoring love, as they mingle with the "odors" of the "golden vials," mentioned in the great Apocalyptic vision. These "are the progress of the saints." Among the chief musicians of that mighty chorus, that is now swelling heavenward, we can, through faith, distinguish the voice of the first pastor of this Diocese. With Bishop Emard at Rome, at the very fountain head of Catholic truth, where we know he is laboring with unwearying zeal, for the advantage of his young Diocese—laboring for us—and his Administrator working directly for us in Huntingdon, we may surely have a reasonable hope—may a firm unflinching faith, that with corresponding good will on our part, the graces of this Triduum shall be abundant indeed.

That you may—Rev. Father—long live in the enjoyment of every temporal and spiritual blessing, is the earnest wish and prayer of the Catholics of St. Joseph of Huntingdon.
March 15th 1893.

There is nothing that little folks need so much, or that helps their physical development so largely, as plenty of sleep. Until they are fifteen years old they should have at least ten hours of nature's great restorer. An authority on such matters says that they should never be awakened, but allowed to sleep until of their own accord they are ready to get up. School and household duties, however, make such a course impracticable, but if they are put to bed early enough they will be quite ready to rise without calling at a reasonable hour. Bedtime can be made pleasant by the telling of a story or a few especially loving ministrations and caresses that will make this hour a period to be anticipated rather than dreaded.

FATHER CATULLE.

PRESENTED WITH A PURSE BY ST. ANN'S PARISH.

On the Occasion of His Departure for the Eternal City—Sketch of His Career—To New York For Rome.

The Star furnishes the following very complete account of the ceremonies of unday afternoon in connection with the departure of Rev. Father Catulle, C.S.S.R. for Rome:

The Rev. Father Catulle, pastor of St. Ann's Church, having obtained two months' leave of absence, left yesterday afternoon for New York en route for Rome, where he is due on April 6, to meet the Superior-General of the Redemptorist Order, and the parishioners of St. Ann's took the occasion, after High Mass Sunday, to present him with several addresses. Mr. John Kane read the address on behalf of St. Ann's parish, as a whole, as follows:

To the Rev. Father Catulle, P. P., C. S.S. R. St. Ann's.

REVEREND FATHER—The occasion which calls forth the present meeting of parishioners of St. Ann's is one of mingled grief and gladness—grief that our beloved pastor should be separated from us even for a short time, and gladness that you should have an opportunity of enjoying a period of well earned rest.

Nine years have gone since you have come to us, and in that time changes have been effected, works undertaken and accomplished, such as would tax the energies of the whole lifetime of another man. Do we not see the enlargement and decoration of the church, with steeple clock and the already famed bells of St. Ann's; addition of marble altar, altar rail and Stations of the Cross, the building of a hall for the St. Ann's Young Men's Society, the erection of a school at St. Alphonsus' village, enlargement of the schools on McCord and Mullin streets, improvements of every kind in Bro. Arnold's school, and last, but not least, the building of a home for the poor and helpless in charge of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

All this has been effected without taxing the resources of the people, your bankers being your own genius and your generous heart. In the still hours of the early morn, throughout the day, and in the silence of the night you have sought our welfare, bodily and spiritually. Always kind, loving and gentle, your words of comfort and wisdom have never failed to soothe us in our sorrows, or brighten the passing griefs, which are the portion of all in the world; and, like the great preacher of old, you have not been wanting to declare to us all the counsels of God. And now we reach a point in our retrospect of your life among us, which even now and always shall send a thrill through our inmost being. We refer to your action in connection with those of our race who, driven from their own loved land many years ago, reached our shores only to find a grave made by the hands of malignant fever. This fact you were not long in discovering, and your heart grieved with us at the fate of our poor countryman, and now the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered up to the throne of mercy for the repose of the souls of those poor exiles, for the souls of the lonely Irish immigrants. Were this the only proof of your nobility of soul it were enough to bind forever with chains of gold our Irish hearts to you, to your noble co-workers, and to that land of Belgium which gave you birth, and which has set so many gems in the crown of the Church of God.

Reverend Father, it is needless to ask you to remember us in your prayers during your absence, for we know you too well to think that you will forget us. We now ask you to honor us by accepting our offering, which is accompanied by the best love of our hearts; and we shall daily supplicate our Heavenly Father to watch over and guard you from the perils of travel, and in His own good time to send back to us the one who has shown by his self-sacrifice, that the spirit of God dwells within him, and whose name shall be ever blessed by us and by our children.

Mr. Kane then handed the reverend father a purse containing some \$1,200. The boys of St. Ann's school also presented an address, and Mr. James McGuire read in the name of the Temperance Society; Mr. Charles Lyman in the name of the St. Vincent de Paul Society; Mr. P. T. O'Brien, president, in the name of the St. Ann's Young Men's Society; Mr. Wm. J. Casey in O'Reilly in the name of the C. M. B. A., and Mr. John Davis in the name of the Catholic Order of Foresters.

The Rev. Father Catulle returned thanks for the addresses and the kind expressions contained therein. The additions to the church and other buildings during his nine years in the parish had amounted to some \$200,000, and said he was glad to know that the good work would go on during his absence, including an addition to St. Ann's Young Men's Hall, which would cost about \$8,000. He also made reference to the fact that before he came to Montreal his associations had been with the Irish while he was attached to the English house of the Order. He spoke of the affection which he had for his people and thanked them for their generous co-operation in all the undertakings which had been carried out. Requiem Mass had been said on several occasions for the repose of the souls of the victims

of the ship fever of 1847-48 who had been buried at Point St. Charles, and he hoped in the near future to have a chapel erected on the spot, where instead of an annual Requiem Mass it could be offered up continually.

Father Catulle left for New York Sunday evening, and was accompanied by Mr. Wm. Daly, Manager of the Point St. Charles branch of the City and District Savings Bank. Among those down to the Grand Trunk station to see him off were the Rev. Father Struble, the Rev. Father Baukhardt, Rev. Father Quinlan, Messrs. John Kane, T. J. Quinlan, Morgan Quinn, B. C. Moughton, P. T. O'Brien, J. J. Gettings, M. J. O'Donnell, P. Reynolds, W. Durack, J. J. Lanning, Andrew Cullen, Wm. Daly, jr., and E. H. Twohey.

The Rev. John Catulle was born August 22, 1835, in Ingel-Minster, Belgium, and completed his studies in Roulers and Bourges. He was ordained priest in the latter city on December 22, 1860. He was appointed curate of Notre Dame de Hazegras (Ostende), where during his incumbency he was the means of establishing a house of the Order of the Little Sisters of the Poor. He was afterwards transferred to Roulers where he founded the Congregation of the Sisters of Charity; he was appointed procurator of the Seminary of Roulers, which position he held for twenty years, giving it up in order to join the Redemptorists. He became a member of the Order of the Most Holy Redeemer in 1879, and after spending a short time in Brussels he was appointed in 1884 Superior of the Order in Montreal, arriving in this city in the autumn of that year, when he at once entered upon his duties as pastor of St. Ann's as well.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY MUSINGS.

On Patrick's loved feast-day while echoes around us
The music of Erin, our spirit will flee
Like a bird, to the vales where the shamrock is blooming
To our home in Old Ireland over the sea.

In that fairest of isles now the spring-time advances
And soft blows the south wind o'er meadow and dale,
And the green banks are gay with the daisy and primrose
In our home in Old Ireland over the sea.

The lark and the linnet, the thrush and the black bird
Are singing their spring-song, Green Erin!
While the cuckoo's shrill notes the lone echoes are waking
In our home in Old Ireland over the sea.

We see the green mounds where our fathers are sleeping
In the shade of full many a dark cypress tree,
And the gray Celtic cross its solemn watch keeping
O'er the graves of our fathers far over the sea.

And there are the woods where in youth I have wandered
And heard the soft breeze that came whispering to me
Of days long departed and fancies that haunted
Those vales of Old Ireland over the sea.

And then, as we march 'neath the Sun-burst's bright banner
Proudly we think of our Erin as free
When queenly she rules in her place 'mid the nations
Our own beloved Ireland over the sea!

J. A. S.
Montreal, March 12th, 1893.

IRISH PARLIAMENTARY PARTY FUND.

We clip the following from the Dublin Freeman. It is at once an acknowledgment of the amount and a transmission of it to the fund.

The trustees of this fund beg to acknowledge the receipt of the sum of £100 referred to in the following letter:—

House of Commons, Feb. 28, 1893,
GENTLEMEN,—I beg to enclose draft for £100 sterling payable to me and by me endorsed to you. This sum has been transmitted by the honorable Senator Edward Murphy, of Montreal, Canada, on account of a subscription which has been begun in that city in aid of the Home Rule movement, under the auspices of Senator Murphy and Solicitor General Carran.

In pursuance of the discretion vested in me I request that it may be applied to the Parliamentary Fund.

I beg that the remittance may be acknowledged to Senator Murphy, who writes that he hopes it may be followed by a further sum.—Yours faithfully,
EDWARD BLAKE.

Messrs. Justin McCarthy, Thomas Sexton, and John Dillon, Trustees Irish National Federation Office, 11 Lower O'Connell street, Dublin Ireland.
Freeman, 4th March.

PATRIOT AND SCHOLAR.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S SKETCH OF THE NATIONALIST LEADER.

Some of the Inner Phases of a Character That Has Brought Its Possessor Into the Front Rank of Men of the Times.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., contributes to a London paper the following character sketch of Justin McCarthy, leader of the Irish Nationalist party and novelist:

Politics, so rich in ironical contradiction, perhaps never produced a contradiction more ironical than that a man of Justin McCarthy's temperament should be driven to the position of one of the foremost figures in a fierce international conflict. Some few years ago he and another literary man were engaged in an attempt to settle some extremely complicated and troublesome quarrel, and in the midst of the infinite prolixity and endless variations in which such conflicts abound the two litterateurs would oft-times pause and ask each other what had ever induced them to leave the simplicity and comfort of their literary existence to trouble themselves with such detestable and wearisome work. "I have often wondered," said Mr. McCarthy to George Trevelyan, when that exquisite writer and good-hearted and kindly man was dogged by detectives in the heat of the Irish storm, "why you have ever bothered yourself with political life." "Do you know," replied Sir George Trevelyan, "that's a question I often ask myself about you."

BUSY NEARLY ALL THE TIME.

Justin McCarthy is a litterateur to his finger tips. His happiest hours are those which he spends at his Remington typewriter, especially if the work he is engaged in be fiction. I had occasion to visit him last Christmas Day, and as I approached his study I heard the click of the machine.

"And this," I said, "is how you are spending your Christmas Day?"

"And not a bad way either," replied that cheerful writer.

There are many well-read men in the House of Commons; I doubt if there be one who has read so variously as Mr. McCarthy. Unlike other men of creative fancy, he has an extraordinary memory for what others have written. In the course of preparing your impromptu against that malignant Minister some faint recollection comes back to your mind of a quotation that might be apt, you have only to go to Justin McCarthy, and from out the infinite depths of his extraordinary memory that passages comes up immediately—accurate to the last syllable. He has a good reading acquaintance with four or five languages. At one time he never passed a day without reading Greek for half an hour or so, and even now, after all the distractions of the last few years, he can read it probably as well as Mr. Gladstone.

HIS LITERARY WORK.

And yet even in literature, Mr. McCarthy has not done as he would have done. The eternal drive of journalistic life first left him but the odds and ends of time to write his works of fiction; and then came the storm and stress of public life to still further curtail his opportunities, with the result that he has sometimes longed for a good year's vacation in which he might write a book after his own heart, which might not be just what the publishers wanted, but which would answer his highest ideals. As it is known, I am not a great believer in slow work—the glow and excitement of rapid composition often make up what is lacking in polish and smoothness; and some of the things Mr. McCarthy has written in a very storm and fury of work are as good, I believe, as he can do. For instance, "The Comet of a Season," in my opinion the very best of his works of fiction up to the present, was written at a time when he was pressed with labor of all kinds from all sides.

He has had a life of hard struggle almost from the start. He comes from the city of Cork, in Ireland. There is a homely proverb which gives each province what is supposed to be its especial characteristic, and Munster, the province of Justin McCarthy, gets credit for learning. It is certain that Cork always has made specially excellent schools, particularly for the study of the classics,

and though Justin McCarthy came from people who were not rich, he came from a cultivated family that gave him full opportunities for an excellent education.

EARLY JOURNALISTIC WORK.

He had to start at the lowest rung of the ladder as a shorthand writer. He learned some good old system that belongs to the pre-phonetic days, but it was a good system, and he has maintained it so well that even now he takes down nightly on the margin of his order paper any critical passage in a Ministerial statement which it is desirable to remember in writing his leading article. Liverpool was really his first training ground, and there he might have permanently remained if he had not had the enormous luck of marrying early in life a bright, brave woman, who was always urging him on and cheering him up, and telling him what great things there were in him—a sympathetic companion, to whom he owes all the happiness of his life, and who then—just after he had entered Parliament and became universally known—died and left him forever desolate.

LECTURER AND TRAVELLER.

Justin McCarthy is not only romantic in his books, but in his thoughts and acts. He had a £10 note, or perhaps a couple of them when he came to London, and the first thing he did—his small house was in the trackless wilds of Battersea—was to buy a flower bush, which exhausted half his funds, and, worst of all it never came to anything beyond a sickly and brief existence. But soon he was on the press, and he passed from place to place there until he was the editor. Then came a restless fit, and he traveled all over America—lecturing, writing, visiting—everywhere received with that generous hospitality America always extends to literary men. There is no man in the House of Commons who has seen so much of America, not even accepting Mr. Bryce, and America has no stauncher advocate and friend. And then he got back to England and immediately joined the staff of the Daily News, and has been pretty constantly connected with it ever since.

AS A NOVELIST.

In the meantime—still acting largely under the inspiration of his devoted and helpful wife—he had started as a novel writer, and ever since his first work he has been steadily doing his novel either every year or every second year—usually alone, sometimes in collaboration. He is one of the litterateurs who believe in regularity of work: what irregularity there is in his life comes from circumstances beyond his control. But if he were free he would be found at his desk every day, doing each day his allotted work. He has all the conscientiousness of the newspaper man in being up to time. It is related that when he was contributing a story to a magazine he handed in the last page of the manuscript the second week after the publication started. Financially his most successful work was his "History of Our Own Times."

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

People are naturally surprised that a man whose whole nature is gentle and kind almost to a fault should be chosen to be the leader of so stern and strenuous a movement as the Irish struggle for self-government. Everybody knows that Mr. McCarthy does not hate a human being in the world; that he is modest and shy almost to a disease. But what his own intimates and colleagues know is that there is a vast deal of strength, and above all a courage inflexible and unquenching behind all the shyness and modesty. There are men who hate life and yet dread death. There are other men who enjoy life and are perfectly indifferent to death. It is to the latter class Mr. McCarthy belongs. He takes a moderately pleasant view of human nature, is optimist without being blind, and on the whole, loves all the world can give—sunshine and beauty and thought. In almost the worst circumstances, he remains equable and cheerful, and has the power of enjoying a vacation as keen as any man. But he is indifferent to danger and to death, and whatever betide, he can be counted on to face the music.

Miss Kate Simpson, of Longford, received the black veil at the Convent of Mercy, Naas, recently, taking the name in religion of Sister Mary Baptist. Bishop Lynch, of Kildare and Leighlin, officiated.

ST. PATRICK.

On high, before the throne of God,
Amid the saints who share
The glory and the blessedness—
Is there no loving care
For us, who in this fearful vale
Down far below sustain
The weary fight which they have fought,
The crown they've gained to gain?

Ah! one dear saint forgets us not,
But from the bliss of heaven
Yearns fondly towards that spot of earth
To which his life was given:
Father of many children strewn
O'er every land and wave—
The guard an angel of our race,
To cheer, and guide, and save.

He came a captive to these shores;
But once again he came,
"A conqueror to conquer."
In the might of Peter's name.
And to our sires what Pontiff sent
Of Christ the welcome tale?
The smiter of the wretch who dared
Christ's Mother to assail!

'Twas Celestine, whose voice of power
At Ephesus proclaimed
That she, the lowly virgin, must
"Mother of God" be named.
And while earth's bosom towards its Queen
Thrills thus with warmer glow,
Again that voice is raised—to bless
Our own Apostle. "Go!"

"Go in the name of Mary's Son—
Go, Patrick, forth, and bring
You lone green isle beneath the sway
Of Christ our Saviour King.
Go forth, and wrest that race of souls
From heathendom and hell.
Go forth!"—He went. What patron saint
E'er did his work so well?

He came from Rome and Celestine;
St. Celestine is dead;
But Christ for ever lives, and now
Reigns Leo in his stead.
Upon that throne which towers on high
O'er falsehood, sin, and time,
Like to the marvellous dome that crowns
St. Peter's Jane sublime.

That throne is still of Christian souls
The pilgrim-brine, the home,
The citadel of Christendom:
And still from Sovereign Rome
The shepherds of our souls receive
The mission Patrick sought;
For they but finish Patrick's work,
And teach as Patrick taught.

Thus, ever since, to Irish hearts
Unut erably dear
Each instinct of that holy Faith
Which Patrick planted here:
Dear and more dear the Mother-Maid,
Whose Infant we adore,
And Ireland ever Catholic
And Roman to the core.

So hath it been throughout our past,
With all its fruitful tears,
So be it in the subtler strife
Perchance of future years:—
The soul of Ireland fixed for aye
In truth and patient hope,
True to God's Mother, and God's Church,
St. Patrick and the Pope.

It shall be so. Oh, grant it, God!
By Thy Atoning love,
Until the last of Celtic races
Hath found his kin above—
Last of the myriad souls elect
To Patrick's bosom given:
On earth our father, father still
Before God's throne in heaven.

REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

"LES RUINES CLERICALES."

Condemned From the Pulpit of Notre Dame.

At the Church of Notre Dame last Sunday before the sermon, the venerable M. Colin, Superior of the Seminary, ascended the pulpit to give the *prône*, much to the surprise of the congregation, who did not understand the meaning of this step, which appeared somewhat extraordinary. They were not left long in doubt. The Superior, as he said, had a duty to fulfil in connection with a *brochure* entitled "Les Ruines Clericales," which had been published lately, and this he did in the following words:

My Brethren,—I have a duty to fulfil which the well-being of your souls and the honor of the Church impose upon me. There has lately appeared a *brochure* under the title of "Les Ruines Clericales." It is my duty to declare to you that this volume is heretical. It is heretical because it denies the divinity of the Church of Jesus Christ and makes of it a purely human institution. It is heretical because it also denies its indefectibility; heretical because it ridicules the unchangeableness of its revealed dogmas and its immortal symbols; heretical because it denies its infallibility which it has the audacity to call 'an incredible pretension, a colossal error'; heretical because it forgets the divine power which the Church has of establishing and regulating sacred worship, and moreover

BECAUSE OF THE IRONY with which it treats our religious ceremonies, our holy liturgy, and even the holy sacrifice of the mass. It is heretical because it attacks the Catholic Church, the Roman Church in its hierarchy, including the Pope, and accuses Rome of having ruined and corrupted Christianity, as if Rome had lost the divine assistance of Jesus Christ, and the privilege of infallibility. It is heretical because,

for this infallible authority it would substitute private and personal research in religious affairs. It is heretical because contrary to the institution of Jesus Christ, it makes the Church a democracy, because it takes from the Church teaching to the Church taught the divine power of maintaining the trust of revelation, and of saving Christianity, and because it drives the laity to revolt against the divine hierarchy, a thing which it could not do itself, except by schism or heresy. It is heretical because it announces a new Christianity, which would succeed the Roman Church, Catholicism, which it compares to an institution in decay, which is contrary to the perpetuity, and the apostolicity of the Holy Church of God.

The *brochure* then is heretical. The author is anonymous, but he does not merit your confidence. After having chosen for one of the favorite authors from whom he draws his maxims, Felix Pyat, that abettor of political assassination, he dares to make us believe that he is going to speak of St. Athanasius. And what Athanasius He reproaches us with not admiring this illustrious father of the Church enough. But does he himself know St. Athanasius? Does he know that the whip of the noble and elevated language of this grand Catholic is only used to chastize the heretics who deny the traditional dogmas of the Church and the divinity of Jesus Christ? Does he not see that this whip of St. Athanasius is raised indignantly to strike him, himself? Behold the author of this *brochure*. As the Church is our mother this book which spits upon her is an outrage on her children, an outrage on us all, my brethren, an outrage on our faith, an outrage on our conscience; it is an evil for our souls, a danger for our eternal safety. You can not then read this book. Your Catholic conscience should drive away this heretical production with the same disdain with which you would reject those tracts *suisses* which, once upon a time, they had the impudence to spread under your feet, even in this Church."

CONSULAR REPRESENTATION.

St. Patrick's Festival Honored by the Representatives of Different Nationalities.

In our report of the grand united concert given in the Windsor Hall, on St. Patrick's night, we made mention of the harmony and union of the different elements of our great Canadian cosmopolitan society upon that occasion. But we omitted to point out how the representatives of the different countries from abroad were there to celebrate the occasion. On the platform were Hon. Chas. Knapp, Consul General for the United States of America; Dr. Jean Lukin Leprohon, Vice Consul for Spain; and Signor Casimiro Mariotti, Royal Italian Consular Agent.

Cardinal Taschereau Celebrates.

QUEBEC, March 20.—His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau celebrated the 22nd anniversary of his Episcopal consecration. His Eminence received on the occasion the homages of a very large number of citizens, and quite a number of congratulatory messages from all parts of Canada and the United States.

A reproof which was just and not discourteous was once addressed to a young rector who had been reared under the highest of church doctrines, and who held that clergymen of all other denominations are without authority and not entitled to be called ministers of the Gospel. One evening at a social gathering he was introduced to a Baptist clergyman. He greeted the elder man with much manner and ostentation.

"Sir," he said, "I am glad to shake hands with you as a gentleman, though I cannot admit that you are a clergyman." There was a moment's pause, and then the other said, with a quiet significance that made the words he left unaided emphatic, "Sir, I am glad to shake hands with you—as a clergyman."

Cook (on the day after her arrival)— "Please, mimm, I'm a bit fiery at times, and when I'm fiery I'm apt to be a bit rough spoken; but you needn't let that put you about—with a little present you can allus bring me around again."—*Tit-Bits*.

A CLEVER ANALYSIS.

WHAT AN IRISH PARLIAMENT MIGHT DO.

The Philadelphia Catholic Standard thus takes the London Spectator to task.

The London Spectator has an article on this subject, which we are at a loss to decide whether it is intended to be seriously understood or is intended as keenest irony. Whatever its intention, it is in fact a perfect *reductio ad absurdum*. It goes on to say that because the pending Home Rule Bill for Ireland does not expressly restrict or prohibit the Irish Parliament from doing all sorts of things that nobody of men endowed with reason and common-sense would, in this nineteenth century, think of doing, the Irish Parliament, after the first three years of existence, probably would do all these absurd things.

We condense from the *Spectator*. After the first three years of its existence it will enter upon the existence of its full powers. Then according to the *Spectator*:

"In the first place, it will be able to revolutionize the criminal law. Thus it can make conspiracies of Ulster men to resist the payment of taxes or to impede the execution of the Home Rule act, a felony punishable with death, or penal servitude and forfeiture of goods and chattels. It may further enact that the venue for all trials in such cases shall be laid in Dublin or such other places as the prosecution shall desire. Under such an act Orangemen may be tried in Dublin by a National jury, and, if they fled to England, would have to be handed over to the Irish authorities. The Irish courts being courts of the Queen, there could be no question of extradition, and England would not be able to afford an asylum to refractory loyalists."

So far as any express prohibitions go in the Home Rule Bill the Irish Parliament might do, or attempt to do, all these things, provided that its members were all lunatics and fools.

The members of the Irish Parliament, in the absence of express provisions to the contrary, might do a thousand other absurd things that no body of sane men would think of attempting.

The *Spectator* continues:

"Again the Irish Parliament could declare it 'sacrilege' to assault or insult a priest, or to use or write words intended to bring the priestly office or the Roman Catholic faith into contempt. It could punish such sacrilege as a felony with seven years' penal servitude and forfeiture of goods. The Irish Parliament might even, if it chose, abolish trial by jury."

Of course, they might, if they could and would do every thing that is not expressly prohibited in the Home Rule Bill. They might not only abolish trial by jury, but enact that there should be no judges, or courts, or juries whatever in Ireland, and that every man, woman and child might be his, her and its own judge, jury, sheriff and constable. The Irish Parliament might, in the absence of express prohibitions, enact that every Orangeman and Ulster Protestant who refused to hurrah for the Pope, and to curse CROMWELL should first be racked and tortured and then either be hanged, drawn and quartered, or else sold as slaves to the Mohammedans of Asia and Africa. The Irish Parliament might do all this, if its members became a pack of insane men.

But the *Spectator* enumerates still other conceivable and inconceivable absurdities and monstrosities that the proposed Irish Parliament are not prohibited in the Home Rule Bill from doing. We quote:

"Again, after the three years of grace up, the Irish Parliament might pass an act allowing any person interested in a contract for the sale or hire of land to petition a Land Court to modify the contract on the ground that it was oppressive. The act might also empower the Land Court, pending the hearing of the petition, to stay all processes instituted for the resumption of possession of the land."

Yes, if the members of the proposed Irish Parliament should all be idiots, they might attempt all this, and more. In that case they might enact that every landlord in Ireland should be banished, or imprisoned, or hanged, and that his land and goods and chattels should be confiscated and divided among his quondam tenants.

"The *Spectator* also marks a difference

full of significance between the Home Rule Bill and the Constitution of the United States. An article of our Constitution expressly forbids any State to 'pass any *ex post facto* law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts.' There is no such restriction in the Home Rule Act, and the inference, therefore, seems justified that the Irish Parliament will be able to pass *ex post facto* laws, and laws impairing the obligation of contracts. There is, at all events, no doubt that the legislature in Dublin will have power to repeal any law from Magna Charta down to the last Bill presented at Westminster before the Home Rule Act went into operation, and also to alter any principle of the common law or any rule of equity, in so far as the act, principle, or rule altered does not contain certain matters expressly declared to be outside the powers of the Irish Parliament. In a word, there is scarcely one of the acts of Parliament or principles of law under which men seek protection in daily life whose repeal or alteration will be found in practise to be outside the jurisdiction of the proposed Dublin Legislature."

Of course, the Irish Parliament might attempt to do all these things, and worse, provided all its members were idiots and madmen, and the people of Ireland, who elected them, were the same. In that case they might make it a penal offence for anyone to holy property or make a contract with any one else; they might repeal and abolish every legal and constitutional enactment or decree that the customs of ancient, barbarous Sparta, or the present inhabitants of Patagonia or Kamtschatka should become the law for Ireland.

But who in the possession of his sober senses will believe that the proposed Irish Parliament will attempt any such absurdities? The supposition is too violent, and the argument based upon it too preposterous, to deceive any sensible persons.

OF INTEREST TO IRISHMEN.

Mr. Gladstone's Daily Life.

The Weekly Scotsman prints an interesting account of Mr. Gladstone's home life. It says: "The secret of his extraordinary length of days and of the perfection of his unvarying health is no doubt largely to be found in the remarkable longevity of the Gladstone family, a hardy Scottish stock with fewer weak shoots than perhaps any of the ruling families of England. But it has depended mainly on Mr. Gladstone himself and on the unvarying regularity of his habits. Most English statesmen have been either tree trunks or with a touch of the bonviver in them. But Mr. Gladstone is a man who has been guilty of no excesses save, perhaps, in work. He rises at the same hour every day, uses the same fair-y generous but always carefully regulated diet, goes to bed about the same hour pursue the same round of work and intellectual and social pleasure. An extraordinary varied life is accompanied by a certain rigidity of personal habit I have never seen surpassed."

"At Hawarden, of course, it is simpler and more private than in London. In town to-day, Mr. Gladstone avoids all large parties and great crushes and gatherings, where he may be expected to be mobbed or bored beyond his usual bedtime. Personally, Mr. Gladstone is an example of the most winning, the most delicate, and the most minute courtesy. He is a gentleman of the elder English school, and his manners are grand and urbane, always stately, never condescending, and genuinely modest. He affects even the dress of the old school, and I have seen him in the morning wearing an old black evening coat, such as Prof. Jowett still affects. The humblest passer by in Piccadilly raising his hat to Mr. Gladstone is sure to get a sweeping salute in return. This courtliness is all the more remarkable because it accompanies and adorns a very strong temper, a will of iron, and a habit of being regarded for the greater part of his lifetime as a personal force of unequalled magnitude. Yet the most foolish, and perhaps one may add, the most impatient, of Mr. Gladstone's dinner-table questioners is sure of an elaborate reply delivered with the air of a student in talk with his master. To the cloth Mr. Gladstone shows a reverence that occasionally woos the observer to a smile."

"The callowest curate is sure of a respectful listener in the foremost Englishman of the day. On the other hand,

in private conversation, the Premier does not often brook contradiction. His temper is high, and though, as Mr. George Russell has said, it is under vigilant control, there are subjects on which it is easy to arouse the old lion. Then the grand eyes flash, the torrent of brilliant monologue flows with more rapid sweep, and the dinner table is breathless at the spectacle of Mr. Gladstone angry. As to his relations with his family, they are very charming. It is a pleasure to hear Mr. Herbert Gladstone—his youngest and possibly his favorite son—speak of 'my father.'

"I am often astonished at the manner in which Mr. Gladstone manages to crowd his almost endless, varied occupations into the forenoon. The explanation of this extreme orderliness of mind is probably to be found in his unequalled habit of concentration on the business before him. Mr. Gladstone thinks of one thing, and of one thing only at a time. Enter the room when Mr. Gladstone is reading a book, you may move noisily about the chamber, ransack the books on the shelves, stir the furniture, but never for one moment will the reader be conscious of your presence. At Downing Street, during his earlier ministries, these hours of study were often—I might say usually—preceded by the famous breakfast, at which the celebrated actor or actress, the rising poet, the well known artist, the diplomatist halting on his way from one station of the Empire to another, were welcome guests. Mme. Bernhardt, Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Henry Irving, and Mme. Muljeka have all assisted at these pleasant feasts."

"Between the afternoon tea and dinner the statesman usually retires again, and gets through some of the bigger and more agreeable of his intellectual tasks. He reads rapidly and I think I should say that, especially, of late years, he does a good deal of skipping. If a book does not interest him, he does not trouble to read it through. I remember one hasty glance over Mr. Gladstone's book-table in his town house. In addition to the *Liberator Weekly*, the *Speaker*, and a few political pamphlets, there were, I should say, fifteen or twenty works on theology, none of them, as far as I should say, of first-rate importance. Of science Mr. Gladstone knows little, and it can't be said that his interest in it is keen. He belongs, in a word, to the old-fashioned Oxford ecclesiastical school, using the controversial weapons which are to be found in the works of a Pusey or of a Hurrell Frende. In his reading, when a question of more minute and out-of-the-way scholarship arises, he appeals to his constant friend and assistant, Lord Acton, to whose profound learning he bows with a deference which it is very touching to note. Mr. Gladstone's library is not what can be called a select or really first-class collection. It comprises an undue proportion of theological literature, of which he is a large and not over-discriminating buyer. By the way, a great many statements have been made about Mr. Gladstone's library, and I may as well give the facts, which have never before been made public. His original library consisted of about 24,000 volumes. In the seventies, however, he parted with his entire collection of political works, amounting to some 8,000 volumes, to the late Lord Wolverton. The remaining 15,000 or so are now distributed between the little iron house and Hawarden proper. Mr. Gladstone is not a worshipper of books for the sake of their outer adornments. He loves them for what is inside. As even occasionally sells extremely rare and costly editions for which he has no special use. In all money matters, indeed, he is a thrifty, sturdy Scotchman. He has never been rich, though his affairs have greatly improved since the time when, in his first Premiership, he had to sell his very valuable collection of china."

"Dinner with Mr. Gladstone is the stately ceremonial meal which it has become to the upper and upper-middle-class Englishman. Mr. Gladstone invariably dresses for it, wearing the high-collared which Mr. Harry Furness immortalized, and a cutaway coat which strikes one as of a slightly old-fashioned pattern. On ecclesiastical matters he is a never-wearied disputant. Poetry has also a singular charm for him, and no modern topic has interested him more keenly than the discussion as to Tennyson's successor to the Laureateship. I remember that, at a small dinner at which I recently met him, the conversation ran almost en-

tirely on the two subjects of old English hymns and young English poets. His favorite religious poet is, I should say, Cardinal Newman; and his favorite hymn Toplady's "Rock of Ages," of which his Latin rendering is to my mind far stronger and purer than the original English. When he is in town he dines out almost every day. One habit of his is quite unvarying. He likes to walk home, and to walk home alone. He declines escort, and slips away for his quiet stroll under the stars, or even through the fog and mist on a London winter's night."

IRISH OPPONENTS OF HOME RULE.

A Timely Editorial in the Boston Republic.

A mysterious address has been issued by the "Nationalists of Ireland," and sent to this country for the purpose of producing whatever effect is possible to be produced in opposition to the home rule bill now in Parliament. The document, as it was presented to us, bears no signature, so we are not aware from what source it emanates. Briefly summarized, it calls for a resumption of the work stayed for nine years by the toleration of the "constitutional" movement. Its authors declare that they make the Land League and the National League possible, but that these organizations betrayed the cause and the friends of Ireland. The present leaders and members of the parliamentary party "are many of them, perjurers," say the Nationalists in this address. They are also traitors, for they have virtually accepted a proposal of self-government which would, if put into operation, be worse than Poyning's act, passed in 1494. This, in a few words, is the nature and substance of the indictment against the Irish members.

The New York Tablet has taken up the matter and lent its aid to the promoters of the revival. For our own part, we fail to see any benefit that can come to Ireland now from a detached movement such as framers of the manifesto contemplate. We are not prepared, therefore, to join with the Orangemen and the Tories in denouncing Mr. Gladstone and condemning the substantial measure of Home Rule which no has formulated. We are of the opinion, too, that an overwhelming majority of the Irish people at home and elsewhere are in favor of giving it a trial. It cannot be a very bad or defective bill, as it has evoked the most violent opposition of the traditional foes of Irish freedom.

We do not anticipate or expect that the "Nationalists," as they call themselves, will make much headway at present in the work of converting Irish Americans to their view of the situation. The policy most popular with the bulk of American sympathizers seems to be to accept the fundamental principles of the bill as a partial settlement of the question, and wait until after the scheme is in full operation before moving in the direction of further demands. That policy will be adhered to.

For Cyclists.—Young South Africa, though lacking the advantages of Board schools, would appear to be possessed of reasoning powers at a very early age. From Potchefstroom, in the Transvaal, comes the following. A conversation, reported by an Englishman, was recently overheard between two brothers aged four and six years. "Winnie, tell me what the difference between a bicycle and a tricycle?" Eider with patronizing air: "Why, Ray, don't you know that? If the man takes the thing home to try now he likes it, it is a tricycle; but if he buys it outright it is a bicycle."

An Exception.—*Suoper*—"There is nothing perfect on this earth."
Swayback—"You forget Gilly." "What about Gilly?" "He's a perfect ass."—*Life*.

Willie—"My father comes down to dinner in a dress suit every night now."
Bobby—"Pooh! That's nothing. Why, all the time my father comes to breakfast in one."—*Life*.

Samsó: He is not men, and yet he makes a great deal more in money than he spends. Radd: How much that be? Samsó: He works in the Mint.

Mr. Morgan William O'Donovan, commonly called O'Donovan, has been appointed deputy lieutenant of the County Cork.

DEATH OF THE DRUNKARD.

There, standing in the snow and sleet, All night a wanderer in the street, And rags and filth from head to feet, And almost frozen dead— A victim of vile rum is he, A wretch as wretched as can be, To hopeless misery wed! A Pariah of society, Whose curse is on his head.

He stands upon the corner there, Like some doomed phantom of despair, Seen through the morning's slaty air, And waits the door to open— The rumshop door, that porch of hell, Where he and many millions fell Down into ready slope, And went with headlong speed to swell The throng without a hope!

He waits to beg a poison drink! No manhood left—no mind to think— No self-respect—[e'er the last link That bound him to the past— That far-off past of golden glow And youthful spirits' generous flow]— E'en that, of ties the last, Was snipped a-sunder long ago And in the chasm cast!

In that abyss that lies between Him now and what he once had been, He hates this world, yet fears the unseen, And crawls to nameless death, With degradation and disgrace, As plain as Nature's hand can trace— As true as Gospel saith— Engraven on his bleared face And poison in his breath!

A shivering, shambling, shapeless man, With both hands clutched at the glass, He lets the fiery poison pass, To quench the hell within! But hark! he hears demonic calls: Four fiends as ath' m from the walls, And devils at him grin! He staggers to the street—he falls! May heaven forgive his sin!

Come, drag him off and out of sight! 'Tis only a drunkard, and what right Has his foul, bloated corpse to blight The fairness of the morn? A few pine boards and Potter's Field Are all to him the world can yield— To wreck and ruin born! But hold! enough! He has appealed To God from human scorn!

P. S. CASSIDY

SALLY CAVANAGH,

Or, The Untenanted Graves.

A TALE OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

And Phil placed a chair for his unexpected visitor.

"No, thank you, Phil," said the doctor, "I'm not at present. Where is the young woman?"

"What young woman doctor?" "Tom Burke's wife." And Doctor Forbis had his fur cap on the table, and threw his thick gloves into it.

"There she is, there, at the end of the table. An' in bad humor enough, I can tel you, to have Tom delayin' so long."

Doctor Forbis walked up to Mrs Burke, an' gravely held out his hand; she gave him hers, and to her surprise, and slightly to her alarm, he placed his finger on her wrist, and, pulling out his watch, began to count her pulse.

"I think," said the doctor, "you ought to be in bed."

"Bravo, doctor," shouted Tim Croak. "So she ought." And what was considered a capital joke of the doctor's, elicited a roar of laughter from the company.

Mrs. Burke leaped up, and bounded amidst a group of young women who were lamenting the absence of a musician, at the end of the room.

"Pray, what does all this mean?" said the doctor, bending a severe look on Phil Shunney.

"Mi-an!" Phil repeated.

"Tom Burke told me that his wife was—was 'coming home,'" said the doctor, using Tim's own phrase, which, it may be necessary for us to explain, is used in a figurative sense in Ireland.

"An' so she is," says her father. "Explain yourself, sir, if you please," said the doctor severely.

"The devil an explanation I have, barrin' that Tom hadn't his new house ready when they wor married, and we kep her wud us till 'twould be finished off. An' sure 'tisn't to let her go we wud wudout givin' the neighbors a bit of devarson on the head of id."

Doctor Forbis was beginning to admit the possibility of his having partaken too freely of Father O'Gorman's old malt, when Tom Burke appeared upon the scene with Josh Reddy's fiddle in one hand, and holding Josh himself by the collar with the other.

"Come, you rascal," he shouted, "play up, and don't think you can humbug m."

Josh, who was evidently half-frightened out of his wits, seized his fiddle, and the first twang acted like magic upon the younger portion of the party, who were "on the flure" in an instant.

Tom Burke seized the doctor by the hand, and assured him he felt proud of his presence. He called to his wife and bade her "get something ready" for so distinguished a guest. And when the doctor saw a snow-white cloth spread upon a little table by the fireside, and a cold turkey and other inviting viands placed upon it, he thought he could not do better than make himself comfortable. And between the good fare and the merriment, and the respectful attention of the people of the house, Doctor Forbis made a night of it.

Next morning at breakfast, Mrs. Forbis asked him sharply how he got the key of the stable.

"I got it of course, behind the hall door," he replied.

"An' who let you in?"

"Kitty Magrath," said the doctor.

"Kitty Magrath, didn't you tell me you didn't let the doctor in last night?"

"No more I didn't, ma'am," said Kitty.

Mrs. Forbis reddened with suppressed anger on noticing the evident confusion of both Kitty and the doctor, as she darted suspicious looks from one to the other.

"Who is this coming up the avenue?" the doctor asked, glad of an excuse to escape Mrs. Forbis' eyes.

"'Tis the priest's boy, sir," said Kitty, glad of an excuse too.

"Go out and try what is his business."

Kitty returned immediately with the doctor's hat in her hand.

"You forgot your hat at Father O'Gorman's, sir," said Kitty.

The doctor looked up at the crook over the door.

"I see it all, now," he remarked gravely, shaking his head.

Mrs. Forbis and Kitty followed the direction of his eyes.

"My dear," said the doctor "it was all owing to that last rose of summer. This explains why I was called Josh. I see it all now."

Josh Reddy's white hat hung upon the crook over the door. Kitty Magrath pounced upon it immediately, and hurried in breathless haste to the little house opposite the doctor's gate.

Josh Reddy was sitting by his fire in a most melancholy frame of mind.

"Good morrow, Josh."

"Good morning, Kitt," Josh replied with a sigh. "I hope you are well."

"'Tis little you care which, Josh," says Kitty reproachfully.

"Kitty, my dear, I'm in no mood for amatory dialogue this morning; so be pleased to inform me of the circumstance to which I am indebted for this visit."

"I brought this home to you," said Kitty, with a deep sigh.

Josh looked around, and, springing to his feet, "exclaimed:

"Kitty, you're an angel! I apprehended it was irretrievably lost. Sit down, Kitty, and let me play 'Bonny Kate, for you."

"I must be going, Josh."

"Don't talk of going, Kitty," said Josh, hanging his beloved white hat on his poll. "I never knew your worth till now. So say you'll be mine—'come to the bower I have shaded for you,' and I'll talk to Father Paul this blessed day."

Kitty became hysterical immediately. And that day week Kitty Magrath was Mrs. Josh Reddy. So much for Father O'Gorman's evening party.

Shawn Gow found a pleasant fire blazing before him when he went home, after seeing Doctor Forbis past the Clodagh. But the moment he sat down, Nancy said anxiously:—

"Shawn, achorn, is anything afther happenin' to you? you're as white as the wall."

"Nancy," says Shawn, "Sally Cavanagh is dead."

"Oh Shawn! Shawn! when did she die, and who told you!"

"No one told me," he replied, but I knowid."

Nancy looked at him for an explanation.

Father, Son and Holy Ghost; an' thin she'd tell you what was troublin' her."

"I know that, but I didn't think uv id in time. I'm a'most sure, though, 'tis to bring her home to bury her."

"An' sure you will, Shawn."

"I will, an' God knows I'd do more than that for her. For where could you get the like uv her?"

"Thru for you," said Nancy, bursting into tears. "Go take a stretch on the bed, an' go round for a few of the neighbors in the mornin'; an' lave me here to say a few prayers for her poor soul. O Lord! look down on her poor childher."

Shawn Gow retired to rest, leaving his wife to offer up "the full of her beads" for Sally Cavanagh.

CHAPTER XXV.

There is an old church-yard a little below the wood, from the corner of which Connor Shea took a last look at his home. One day, not many weeks after his poor wife's flight from the workhouse, a voice might be heard speaking in low, but earnest tones, within the mouldering walls of the ruined temple, where the Mass had not been offered since the day Father Kenrehan was hewn to pieces by a few Cromwellian troopers who happened to ride that way. The voice was that of Brian Purcell.

"When she escaped from the poor-house," said he in continuation, "she found her way to the church-yard. Her reason was entirely gone,—she remembered nobody. Though I came to her nearly every day, I never noticed the least sign that she recognized me. But nothing would induce her to leave the church-yard. I even tried to force her away, but she clung to the headstone, and shrieked so wildly, I thought it cruelly to attempt removing her. So we supply her with a little food, and there she sits all day, apparently happy. At night, when the weather is inclement, we induce her to lie upon the heath in that shed in the corner. But what is most extraordinary—and I don't wonder the country people view it in a supernatural light—there you see the five little mounds, with their brown slabs for headstones, exactly like the other graves, beneath which she is persuaded her children are buried. No one, as far as I can learn, saw her constructing them."

"Merciful God!" exclaimed the listener.

"Stand near the slit in the wall," said Brian, "and you can see and hear while I am speaking to her. And then, as you say you would rather not have a witness to your interview, I'll walk up as far as the cromlech, and be back with you in an hour."

"Well, Sally," said Brian, "so they're all dead." For he knew there was only one subject she could be induced to speak about.

"All dead," she repeated, with a vacant smile. Then noticing a little of the turf turned up upon one of the mounds, she patted it smooth with her hand.

"All dead! But I'll tell you something if you won't tell any one."

"I won't tell any one, Sally."

"Well every night when the stars do be shinin'—but you won't tell, or they might take him from me?"

"No, Sally, I will not tell."

She placed her hand upon his shoulder, and with her mouth close to his ear, while a childlike smile lighted up her face, whispered, "He comes down when the stars do be shinin', and I have him in my arms all the night."

"Who, Sally! Who comes down?"

"Ah, you wouldn't guess! Well, I'll tell you, the youngest of all,—poor Willie with the blue eyes. An' I have him here all night,—here," she repeated, pressing both her hands against her bosom.

Brian was almost affected to tears.

"Here is Norah outside," said she, kneeling down and laying her hands on one of the mounds. "An' shure you'd asy know Corney, for he was nearly as tall as Norah. An' any one'd know the little one entirely. But who only myself could guess these two?" She looked up at Brian as if expecting a reply.

"No," she continued, "you'd never be able to guess; but I'll tell you. This is Tom,—the little fat bruckish; and this is Nicky. But will nobody tell me where is Neddy, poor Connor's own brave boy?"

Here a heavy groan from within the ruin interrupted her wanderings, and Brian moved away, and up the hill toward the cromlech.

He opened a letter which Connor Shea had given him, and read it as he

walked slowly up the hill. It was from the school-master:

"For some days back I have been thinking of writing a long letter to you. But as I find my old habit of procrastination has still a hold on me, I think it better to send you a hurried line by Connor Shea, who leaves for Ireland tomorrow. I have done my best to persuade him that there was no necessity for his going, and that it would do just as well to send you the money to bring them out. He would not listen to me; and I feel quite uneasy at the thought of his meeting his scoundrel landlord. Try by all means and prevent this meeting. He was almost frantic when he read your letter.

"Connor," said I to him, 'why, after all, should you feel it so deeply? Don't you know that thousands of honest and respectable families are obliged to go into the poor-house in unfortunate Ireland?'

"Oh, it's not that,' he replied; 'it is not the disgrace I'm thinking of. But I'm thinking of all Sally Cavanagh went through before it came to that. Well I know how long she suffered before she consented to see herself and her children paupers. The robber!' he exclaimed, striking the table with his clenched hand, 'after promising me that he'd lave 'em the oats.'

"Rage and grief almost choked him, and tearing his shirt collar open, he rushed out of the house.

"I hope you will try and keep him from meeting this man. It is scarcely in human nature to let such cold-blooded cruelty pass unavenged, if the victim found him-self face to face with his persecutor. I need say no more on this head."

(To be continued.)

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MONTRÉAL.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT, District of Montreal, } No. 2119. Dame Emma Fletcher Reed, of Montreal, authorized to sue, Plaintiff, vs. Thomas A. Bishop, of Montreal, Contractor, Defendant. An action for separation of property has been instituted.

Montreal, 6th March, 1893.

HUTCHINSON & OUGHTRED,

34-5 Attorneys for Plaintiff.

CANADA, } SUPERIOR COURT, Province of Quebec, } District of Montreal, } No. 1939.

Dame Delia Vlau, wife of Mederic Barbeau, farmer, of the parish of St. Constant, District of Montreal, duly authorized to ester en justice, Plaintiff, vs. the said Mederic Barbeau, farmer, of the same place, Defendant. An action for separation as to property has been returned into Court, in this case, on the 13th February last. Montreal, 2nd March, 1893.

Montreal, 2nd March, 1893.

F. LANCTOT, Plaintiff's Attorney.

33 5

\$3 a Day Sure.

Send me your address and I will show you how to make \$3 a day, absolutely sure; I furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send me your address and I will explain the business fully; remember, I guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; don't fail to write to-day.

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GRAINAILL; OR, GRACE O'MALLEY.

This famous sea-queen was the daughter of Dubhdara O'Mailley (O'Mailley of the Black Oak), lord of the Isles of Arran and the territory of U-na-haille, or O'Mailley's land, a district comprising the present baronies of Morresk and Borrihoole, County of Mayo, and who, according to tradition, for many years, in addition to not a little smuggling, added other speculations to his connection with the sea; in short, like Lambro, Haidee's parent, he was noted for his bold and successful practice as a marine attorney. At his decease Grainne succeeded to the command of his piratic squadron, and soon surpassed his plundering by the extent and magnitude of hers, the natives along the entire western coast trembling at her very name. This life, however, did not prevent her twice yielding to the influence of that sly toxic-holic deity, who "rules the camp, the court, the grove," and who for her spread his wings to the blasts that swept the dark and stern cliffs of U-na-haille. Her first husband was Donnell O'Flaherty, a distinguished chief of the sept of that surname, who formerly possessed all Western Connaught, and whose character about this period may be recognized from the inscription which the terror-stricken burghers of Galway are said to have placed above the western gate of that city: "Flaherties, good Lord, deliver us!" After his death her second spouse was Sir Richard Bourke, head of the Mayo sept of that Norman-Irish clan, whom he governed under the title of "Mac William Eighiter," i. e., the lower, the Clanricarde being chief of the upper or senior sept. Sir Richard died in 1583. Grainne's piracies became so frequent and notorious, before and after her first marriage, that at length, in 1579, she was proclaimed as an outlaw, a reward of £500 was offered for her apprehension, and troops were sent from Galway to take the castle of Carrick-a-Uille, in the Bay of Newport, which was her chief stronghold, and her defence of which was so spirited that the beleaguers were compelled to ignominiously retreat, after a siege of more than a fortnight. However, the extension of English influence in Connaught ultimately induced her to come to terms with the Government, and in the summer of the year 1593 she sailed for England, and obtained an interview with Queen Elizabeth at Westminster, to the astonishment of her majesty's farthingaled and ruffed dames d'honneur, who appear to have been considerably struck with the mien and appearance of this marine Amazon.

"As a book,

That sunburnt brow did fearless thoughts reveal;
And in her girdle was a skean of steel,
Her crimson mantle her gold brooch did bind;
Her flowing garments reached unto her heel;
Her hair, part fell in tresses unconfined,
And part a silver bodkin fastened up behind."

The queen consented to pardon her transgression upon a promise of future amendment, which Grainne rather reluctantly gave, and, after a short sojourn, debarking at a little creek near Howth Castle, to which she proceeded, but the gates of which, as it was customary at dinner-time, she found closed. Indignant at such a dereliction of national hospitality, she seized the infant heir to the title, who chanced to be rambling with his attendants along the beach, and conveyed him to the castle of Carrick-a-Uille, nor would she consent to restore him until she had exacted a heavy ransom, and an express stipulation that the gates of Howth Castle should never again be closed at dinner-time, and that a cover should always be in readiness for any stranger that might arrive, a custom scrupulously observed through many generations. Grainne reached a very advanced age, and at her death, which occurred early in the seventeenth century, was interred in the monastery of Clare Island, which she endowed, and where some remains of her tomb are still visible. Her celebrity was long the subject of burlesque song, and yet forms the theme of ballads, and the subject of legends among the peasantry.

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Is a tantalizing admonition to those who at this season feel all tired out, weak, without appetite and discouraged. But the way in which Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the tired frame and gives a good appetite, is really wonderful. So we say, "Take Hood's and it will brace you up."

For a general family cathartic we confidently recommend Hood's PILLS.

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What the Proper Application of Printers' Ink has Produced—A Model Piece of Furniture that Captured Foreign Medals.

A Canadian Chair & Table



That the success of every man depends upon his ability to advertise cannot be gainsaid. Indeed the efficacy of printers' ink lies in its proper application. The man who knows how to advertise the goods he really keeps, and not the goods he does not keep, is the man who will thrive best. Many merchants nowadays judiciously spread their advertisements all over a popular newspaper; but when the buyers visit their places they find that their best goods exist on paper. This class of men know how to pay for an "ad." but they do not know how to advertise. It is a rare thing to find a house that comes up to its advertisements in these times, and rarer still are those that the advertisement does not come up to. During my travels in search of news I have found one of the rarer specimens, and the way I happened to find it was through the following unique advertisement:

"CARRIE, DEAR,"

said her father, and he said it with a good deal of satisfaction, "William asked me for your hand last night, and I consented." "Well, pa, that's the first bill of mine you haven't objected to." Carrie had evidently not been purchasing her

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE

from OWEN MCGARVEY & SON, 1849, 1851, and 1853 Notre Dame Street, or there would have been no objection to the bills sent. Owen McGarvey & Son carry a most complete stock of Parlor, Dining-room, Library, Bedroom and Fancy Articles, such as the most beautiful Odd-piece Suites, in Plushes of all the newest shades, with ladies' Desks, Exels, Statuette Tables, Gilt Chairs, Ottomans and Piano Stools, with the newest and largest assortment of Rattan Rockers, Easy Chairs, Reclining Chairs, Swing Cots, Cribs, and a full line of the very much admired Best Furniture from Vienna, Austria, and their prices are acknowledged the cheapest—quality considered—in the city; and to provide for Carrie and Willie's father and future wants, we have now daily arriving, the very finest stock of

BABY CARRIAGES AND PERAMBULATORS

ever on view in this city, varying in price from \$7, \$8, \$9, \$10, \$12, \$14, \$16, \$18, \$20, \$22, \$24, \$26, \$30, \$35, \$40, \$45, \$50, \$60, \$75, and up to \$85, the highest priced ones, the finest styles and finish yet made in the United States, will be found at Owen McGarvey & Son's oldest and largest Furniture Store in the city.

When I read this advertisement my curiosity was naturally aroused, and I went to McGarvey's, expecting to find, as I had found elsewhere, the best of his goods to exist on paper; but I was mistaken. I found that the advertisement did not come up to the house, and that it takes six spacious flats to hold the very best of his goods which are not mentioned in the advertisement. For example, there is no mention made of the pieces of furniture that captured foreign medals at the various exhibitions. There is a mention made of the fact that Owen McGarvey & Son can furnish a house from bottom to top, but there is no mention made of the fact that the goods are substantially the stock from which the samples are taken that brought the firm several bronze and silver medals, together with a diploma for exquisite workmanship. The prizes were awarded by the Paris, Belgian and Indian Colonial Exhibitions. Mr. McGarvey, who by the way is a most affable gentleman, took me through every one of his six flats, where I had the pleasure of inspecting some of the finest furniture I have ever seen, and that's saying a good deal, when the fact is considered that I have seen some of the very best New York affairs. The pieces of furniture that took the prizes, a cut of which is given above, consist of a drawing-room chair and a centre table.

The table is made of ebony, with sides of free ornamental scroll work carving, the legs similarly treated, to which brass claws are attached, and the chair is of that kind known as wire backed, upholstered very richly in crimson and old gold brocatelle.

The real merit and beauty of these articles is beyond my power of description. In order that the real beauty of the elegant furniture may be seen to advantage, Mr. McGarvey has a portion of his second flat divided into apartments. These are furnished with some of his best furniture in such a way as to resemble a palatial dwelling. A parlor, dining-room, bed-room and even the hall-way are so luxuriously arranged as to suggest the rich blessings of a home made beautiful by the exquisite touch of the experienced housewife. These apartments are models of perfection, and any housekeeper who gets a view of them will turn green with envy.

After making a tour of the various departments on the upper flats we made a decent in the hand one elevator to the first floor, where the pleasant recollection of childhood days came up before me like a dream, when I beheld the perfect gems of baby carriages displayed to public view.

I wished a wish—but then 'twere vain,
To wish one's self a child again.

I must confess that never since I was an "infant terrible" was I so completely carried away with a baby carriage. I will not attempt to describe any one in particular, but will venture to say that any one of them would take a prize at an exhibition if held to-morrow, and this is not saying a great deal. J. A. ARNEAUX.

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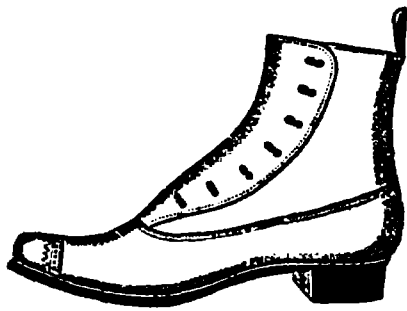
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THE MERRY JESTERS.
 Inspector (at the penitentiary)—"I understand that measles broke out three days ago."
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 "I suppose your teacher is very fond of you, Georgia?" "Yes; she keeps me with her two hours after school nearly every day."—*Harper's Bazar.*
 Manager—"What do you think of the stage effects of the new play?"
 Mr. Parguet—"The rim was too large and the bows and feathers were too high, but the pink velvet and jewelled pins were pretty."—*Vogue.*