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If You Believe In the principles we advocate kindly pass the paper to your neighbor and ask him to become a subscriber.

Our Paper Should be in the hands of every Catholic Family.



THE NATIONAL FESTAL DAY

Celebrated With Great Enthusiasm by the Various Societies.

Magnificent Service at the Parent Irish Church, St. Patrick's.

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi Celebrates Mass and Delivers an Eloquent Sermon.

THE GREATEST PARADE FOR A DECADE.

Five Thousand of Ireland's Sons March in the Procession.

The Concerts and Entertainments in the Different Parishes in the Evening Crowded With Enthusiastic Gatherings.

Days there are for many nations, days of many patron saints, but in the real devotedness that combines patriotism with religious feeling there is one great day, known the world over, for everywhere there are Irishmen. They own no empires of their own, but they have built them up for others with their blood and the sturdy hardhood of the pioneer.

People talk of blood that is blue and speak of the pride of ancestry. The old saying that "blood will tell" holds good the world over.

Pride of ancestry, indeed! Will some one tell us to whom in the world we are most indebted for our modern advancement? Will some one tell us that the Irish are an ignorant race, even after the brutal persecution of the people when the hedge master was a martyr as well as a patriot and a scholar?

Will some one deny to us that semi-civilized Europe sent their learned men to be taught at the feet of the scholars in the Bangor School? Did the Irish in those days, with the pristine vigor of the faith upon them, scatter knowledge broadcast to those who came to learn? Did they send out Apostles of the true faith and spread the Gospel as the disciples of old were commissioned by the Master? Were they not the greatest, the most civilized people on earth at the period of which we speak?

Talk about pride of ancestry! The Irishman should be the proudest of them all. He civilized, he converted, he conquered, as much by strength of learning as by arms.

For on his burning soil he nursed a gallant race with history's dawn that came who won the land and bravely held the same. Fair freedom's flag upheld they from the first. And they were worthy of the grand Isle's trust. As proven well on thousand fields of fame.

Is it any wonder when, in the course of every year, a day is set apart by Holy Church in honor of the Patriarch who converted a country, that his followers should rejoice, and rejoice openly, in light of a glorious day, with the beams of a smiling sun lending refugience to the banners of green and gold that march in every town or city where there are Irishmen? Is it a wonder? Would it not be strange if they did not? Coming of a seed that sprouts perennially, watered by the blood of martyrs, bearing centuries of persecution, deprived of everything, and ground into the earth by the iron heel of military despotism,

only to sport a. i. in all the freshness of the spring time—w. at wonder indeed is it that a ns of Ireland in every clime, with one grand voice of acclaim on St. Patrick's Day, shall carry their badge of nationality on the arm, and say unto the world—"We are Irish?"

Now, if one thing is more essential than another on St. Patrick's Day outside the spirit of a tuning all true Irishmen, it is the weath r, and for days beforehand the prophecies from the meteorological offices are watched with the utmost care. And the eve of St. Patrick was not propitious. Just as the big bells tolled out in the night, a sad sighing wind came in from the east; then a few big drops came pattering down as advance guards of a coming storm. Then the wind put on a blant, the rain came

At St. Patrick's Church.

At half past nine the body of the church was crowded so that it was difficult even to obtain standing room, and by 10 o'clock it was almost impossible to secure entrance. Never before had there been so grand and large a congregation as that which assembled within the walls of St. Patrick's on Thursday last. As already noted the chancel was occupied with the various dignitaries of the Church, while immediately outside the altar rails seats had been provided for the Mayor and Corporation, judges, members of Parliament, and other prominent citizens. When the grand overture from the organ and orchestra announced the commencement of the Mass everything was silent in the church. It was the first time that an

Revs. Messrs. Wheaton and O'Brien. All the minor offices of the Mass were filled by ecclesiastics of the Grand Seminary. Among the priests present in the Chancel were Reverend Abbe Leclair, P. P. of St. Joseph's; Reverend C. Beaher, P. P. of Back River; Rev. Father Donnelly, P. P. St. Anthony's; Rev. Father Lonergan, P. P. St. Bridget's; Rev. Father O'Donnell, P. P. St. Mary's; Rev. Father Shea, St. Mary's; Rev. Father Stramba, St. Anne's; Rev. Father Flynn, Ann's; Rev. W. O'Meara, P. P. Rev. Father Heffernan, St. Gabriel's; Rev. Father Sinnott, Rev. Father St. John, Montreal College; Rev. Father Hébert and Rev. Father Decantillon, of the Dominican Order; Rev. Father Laforce, P. P. St. Anne's, Lachine; Rev. Father Bastien and Rev. Father Neveu of the Grand Seminary; Rev. Father Chevre-

with which the Church of St. Patrick's is so intimately connected, he and they did full honor to the feast of St. Patrick. Never did its grand old walls resound to sweeter music, and never did the tones of the organ, under the inspiring touch of its master, penetrate so deeply into the hearts of the silent worshiper. The Mass was Professor Fowler, Mass No. 2. The choir was assisted by a full orchestra, composed of the leading instrumentalists of the city, under the direction of Mr. Gruenwald. Mr. G. A. Carpenter conducted the choir, with Professor Fowler at the organ and in direct charge of the harmonious whole. The soloists were Messrs. W. Cowan, W. J. Crowe, C. H. Smith, J. Legalle, T. Wright, J. J. Ryan, M. Cherry, J. Kennedy, F. Cahill and D. McAndrew. The choir did well.

fleasant sight that met my gaze, I penned a few lines to your much revered pastor, extolling the privilege and joy of Pontificating on the coming celebration of your illustrious Patriarch's National festival and of addressing you on that solemn occasion. The hopes I then entertained are now realized. I do not believe that I could, in any other way, offer you a better pledge of the sincerity of my kindly feelings towards you. Year after year, orators of your own nationality, deeply versed in sacred eloquence, have ascended this pulpit to laud your patriotism and revive your nation's glory as it were, to rehearse the transcendent virtues and the imperishable achievements of your saintly patron. It would be presumption on my part to rise to their level, but nevertheless, my foreign accent will not fail to impart to you all, what it cannot disguise, that there beats within my breast a fatherly and friendly heart in perfect touch with yours and in perfect keeping with your own sentiments and aspirations.

Lacondair's Tribute.

With your kind indulgence, I may, I believe, recall the remembrance of my youthful days. I was in the act of penning for the first time the sublime paengetic of the Liberator of Ireland by Lacondair, a prince among the orators of France. I came across the following: "Look at the map of the world. At both extremities lie two groups of islands, the Japanese and the British. Along the line for three thousand leagues you may read the names of Japan, China, Russia, Sweden, Prussia, Denmark, Hanover, England, Ireland. In none of those kingdoms or empires does the Church of God enjoy her inalienable rights. Her voice, her sacraments, her gatherings are proscribed. What! So many nations deprived of the sacred freedom of the children of God! What! Among the two hundred millions who people those lands, have none been bold enough to stand up and assert their rights as Christians? No, no gentlemen. God has never left the truth without martyrs, that is to say, without witnesses to seal it in their blood, and, as in Ireland, so widespread, so enduring, so rigorous, was the spirit of oppression that God, on His part, wrought a new miracle in the history of martyrdom. Men, may whole families, have shed their blood in testimony of their faith and left after them only their mangled remains and an imperishable name, but nowhere is there a record that an entire nation handed down to posterity persecution and death as precious heirlooms. God willed it, however, and it was done. He willed it in our times and in our times it came to pass. Among the above mentioned nations, bound to one another by their geographical positions and by a kind of spiritual slavery, one alone never accepted the yoke. Brute force might subdue her body; trampled her soul, never; I shall not mention the name of that dear, saintly nation, that nation which outlived death itself. My lips are not pure, they are not fervid enough to pronounce its name. Heaven knows it. Earth blesses it. Generous hearts have offered her a home, an asylum, together with their love. Heaven, that who sees her; earth, that who knowest her. All ye who are better, worthier, than I, speak out, tell her name, say, say, Ireland."

These words deeply moved me, and I felt as if I should look more inquiringly into the motive that prompted an eulogy so much like to the most enthusiastic song of the prophets of old.

What Made Ireland So Great.

So lovable, so deserving of admiration that none but angelic lips could utter her name? Could it be the fertility of her soil, the agricultural ascendancy of her inhabitants? No, for other lands are equally favored as she, and may be regarded as superior in their fields with their golden harvests, their orange groves, their trees and their flowers. Could it be wealth? No, for her children, by the thousands, have been for centuries groaning in poverty. Could it be the inspiration of her bards, the genius of her artists, the productions of her writers? No, they are to be met with elsewhere, and rivals and masters in the arts and sciences too. No, the reason lies in the fact that Ireland, favored by God and taught the revealed truths by her priests, has preserved intact the sacred deposit. Religion, in her onward march from land to land, has indeed found disciples and defenders, but has not likewise been thwarted on many a battlefield and weakened in many an encounter? Nations as well as individuals have apostatized and denied the Faith in which they were cradled, nursed and reared. Doubtless, a nation may recover. For my part, I do believe in the possibility of their resurrection. Nevertheless, the sight of a whole nation steeped in apostasy cannot but sadden us. Ireland has kept the Faith, but not without the greatest sacrifices. She may well apply to herself the words of St. Paul, I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith. From out the deep darkness of paganism,

Ireland Stepped Forth into the Full Light of Christianity.

She remained her once cherished idolatrous practices, so flattering to all-nature, and generously embraced the stern principles of Christian morality.

St. Patrick, a child of France, was the ambassador of Christ who, by the preaching of the pure doctrine of Rome, by his wise counsels and the example of every Christian virtue, subverted over their idols and hearts a complete conquest. He converted both subjects and rulers, established convents and monasteries all

Continued on fourth and fifth pages.



HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESEI.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Lapres & Laverigne, 260 St. Denis Street.)

down in torrents and beat against the panes with a force that, in the stillness of night, had all the staccato effect of well-directed hail. Then people shook their nightcaps and vowed that it was ever thus on St. Patrick's day. Little they recked that it was merely providential and that the warm rain was just the thing to clear the crossings of the superfluous mixture of snow and mud, which would naturally hamper the progress of a procession. So, despairingly, the heads were taken away from ventilators in the double windows, and dire thoughts of the morrow troubled sleep.

But what a surprise there was in the morning. Old Sol smiled broadly, and there was great rejoicing accordingly. Gowns for the occasion were produced and the streets presented a picture not soon to be forgotten—magnificent in numbers and picturesque in every way, with green predominating as if the spring were already upon us and the snow had melted its frozen heart to make way for the verdure of the year and the pretty faces of the May flowers. S. rays of green garlanded hats and hung as orange bouquets about their maidens' favors of the same glorious color were worn everywhere; splendid music filled the air and gaily caparisoned cavalades were the admired of all admirers. The verdict of all those who saw the procession might be condensed into a few words—"The Best on Record."

Archbishop of Montreal had officiated in St. Patrick's Church on a St. Patrick's Day, and that in itself was an incident which caused the assembly of so large a congregation. The sermon of His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi is given verbatim in another column, but it may be said here that those who heard it will never forget those burning words of eloquence which fell from his lips. He reviewed the life and times of the great Patron saint of Ireland and drew from his noble life lessons of self-abnegation and sacrifice, devotion to religion and to country, the immense audience seemed to have but one heart to throb with that of the august speaker. The sermon of His Grace was no labored oration. It sprang from the heart, full of sympathy for his Irish Catholic flock, and that feeling was so evident that many were affected even to tears.

The Mass.

His Grace, Archbishop Bruchesi, celebrated solemn High Mass with Very Rev. Canon Racicot as assistant priest. The Deacons of Honor were Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan and Rev. Father Brault. The Master of Ceremonies was Rev. Father Perron, and assistant Rev. Mr. Creedon; the Deacons of the Mass were Rev. A. Callan and Rev. John Stewart, of the Grand Seminary. Rev. L. Donlan was Cross-bearer; Incensator, Rev. Mr. O'Leary; Acolytes of the Mass,

St. Anne de Bellevue; Rev. Father Casseville, St. James; Rev. Father Roussin, Vaudreuil; Rev. Father Gervais, Rev. Father Lalandais, Montreal College; Father Casey, Rev. Father Forbes, Rev. Caughnawaga; Rev. Father Primeau, Richerville; Rev. Father Lajoie, Montreal College; Rev. Father McGrath, Rev. Father Kelly, Rev. Father Brady, Rev. Father Brennan, Kingston; Rev. Father Pielt, Rev. Father Kavanagh, S. J., Loyola College. The Reverend Fathers of St. Patrick's were all present, including Rev. Father Quilivan, P. P., Rev. Father McCallan, Rev. Father Martin Callaghan, Rev. Father James Callaghan, Rev. Father Dricoll and Rev. Father McDermott.

The Choral Service.

The Choir of St. Patrick's Church has long been noted for the excellence of its music, so much so that its fame has not been confined to the Catholic people of Montreal alone, but has always been a source of attraction to our separated brethren. On Thursday last it may be said that Professor Fowler and his devoted choristers surpassed all their previous efforts and presented a choral service second to none in the history of any church in Montreal. It is almost needless to say that Professor Fowler presided at the organ and well did he and his choir sustain their well earned reputation. Practicing for weeks for the great occasion, the grand national festival

The Sermon.

"I have kept the faith." Words of St. Paul in his second Epistle to Timothy, 4th chap. 4th verse.

Dearly Beloved Brethren:

In October last I was in Dublin, the far famed metropolis of the Capital of Ireland, your native land, or the home of your noble ancestors. I went there not as a mere tourist. On my way to Rome, to kneel at the tomb of the Apostles for the first time as Archbishop, I felt in duty bound to stop over in France, the mother country of this Canada of ours. A thought came to my mind. Did not God entrust to my pastoral care and sollicitude a large number who claim Erin for the land of their birth, or whose forefathers hailed from that Island of Saints? If so, I should not pass by without treading a soil sanctified by the prayers, the tears and the labors of their national Apostle. I thought of the majestic churches that your ancestors erected to the glory of God, to the honor of the Saints; the monuments which your nationality inspired and which your generosity achieved; the love of country embodied in the poetic lines of a Moore, a Mangin, a Griffin; the heaven born principles of an O'Connell and of other eminent statesmen in the arena of political and constitutional warfare, in the outspoken and dauntless cause of your national rights and religious liberties. Full of the warmest enthusiasm at the magni-

THE MEN OF '98

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

(SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.)

T HIS CENTENARY YEAR of the insurrection of 1798, which Lord John Russell declares was wickedly provoked, rashly undertaken and cruelly avenged, recalls a state of things which has happily passed away forever. Never can such a reign of misrule disgrace our modern civilization as existed in Ireland in those years preceding the union, which were unquestionably the darkest of her history. The rash undertaking of those noble spirits, who have rendered even their failure glorious, must be justified by the well-nigh intolerable evils which existed all around them, and drove them into premature and ill-advised revolt.

A Dream of Liberty.
It was a time of chaos. The French Revolution had shaken the continent of Europe with its thunders. War and rumors of war were in the air, general uneasiness prevailed; Ireland, convulsed with internal miseries, preyed upon by greedy vampires, saw afar off a dream of liberty—hollow as the prophet's gourd—and fixed her straining eyes upon France.

That liberty she beheld there was far removed indeed from the sacred cause of Catholic, holy Ireland, and the leaders of the insurrection erred in believing that one and the other might be identified. Nevertheless, a glorious drama was begun and a splendid galaxy of actors leaped upon the stage. For genuine heroism, forgetfulness of self and impassioned love of country, these men have been seldom equalled, never surpassed.

Theobald Wolfe Tone
was unquestionably the master spirit of the insurrection. The son of a wealthy coachmaker of Dublin, he entered Trinity, passing thence to the Bar, which proved an uncongenial pursuit. He married, before he was of age, Miss Mathilda Witherington, "beautiful as an angel," who lived to mourn his tragic death, and to seek "a grave anywhere rather than Ireland." She died "at the home shaded by locust trees," near Washington, where her son wrote his father's life.

Tone presently became noted as a political writer, his "Argument of a Northern Whig," on behalf of the Catholics of Ireland, gaining general notice. As agent for the Catholic Convention, he did yeoman service to the cause of Catholic emancipation and encouraged its leaders to bring their grievances before the King. He was the chief organizer of

The Society of United Irishmen in Belfast, forming a similar association in Dublin, with the Hon. Simon Butler and Napper Tandy of Volunteer fame. Tone held his celebrated meeting with T. A. Emmet and Russell in the garden at Rathfarnham, in which future plans were discussed, and again upon Cave Hill in Antrim, where, with half a dozen leaders of the new association, he swore never to remit his efforts until Ireland should be free.

After a brief stay in America, where he went through the French representative at Philadelphia a detailed account of Ireland's grievances to France, he embarked for that country.

Tone in France.
There, after a variety of meetings, negotiations with soldiers and legislators, he had an interview with "Citizen Carnot," whom he describes as "very elegant, in petti costume of white satin with crimson robe, Vandylke like in draperies," but cold and cautious; nevertheless, this interview had results favorable to his hopes, in which he presently succeeded in interesting one of the foremost republican generals, Hoche.

French Expedition to Ireland.
Tone accompanied the fruitless expedition of 1797 which started with so fair promise. Forty-three sails, carrying 15,000 men, sailed for Bantry Bay. Tone was on board of the Indomitable. Wind and wave warred against the hapless fleet, vessel became separated from vessel, the flag ship with Hoche and the Admiral on board were driven back to the Coast of France. The remnant of the squadron rode six days in Bantry Bay, the signal being then given to put out to sea.

Tone with the Dutch.
The Dutch Admiral de Winter with sixteen vessels of the line and a respectable contingent of Dutch troops under Daendels were detained six weeks in the Texel by contrary winds, in sight of the English squadron, commanded by Admiral Dunoon. Tone was on the flag-ship Vryheid, and watched with despair this new contest with the elements. The Dutch Admiral, growing impatient, hazarded an engagement, which resulted in total defeat.

Bonaparte.
Tone suffered another blow in the death of Hoche, and fixed his hopes on Bonaparte, with whom he had several interviews and who was at this time collecting his "Army of England." But the future Emperor shattered his "Castles in Spain" at one blow by embarking with his whole army for Egypt.

Another French Expedition.
Humbert, a brave but rash French general, embarked in August, 1798, with a force of about 1,000 men, two field pieces and an insufficient supply of arms to attempt the conquest of Great Britain. Tone followed with a small force under General Hardy and Admiral Bompard, which set sail a month later. He had

promised to accompany even a corporal's guard of Frenchmen to Ireland, and did so now with a perfect understanding of the futility of the enterprise. Bompard sailed for the northern coast of Ireland, was driven by opposing winds into Lough Swilly, and almost instantly signalled by Sir John Warren, with six ships of the line and three frigates. Bompard ordered his smaller vessels to put out to sea. Tone was urged to accompany them, as his life would be forfeited should he be captured. He replied:

"Shall it be said that I fled when Frenchmen were fighting the battles of my country?"

He remained with the ill-fated Admiral's ship, which was too large to



THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.

escape through the shallow water. He displayed an almost superhuman valor, commanding a battery of guns. When the vessel was a dismantled wreck and every gun was silenced, the flag was struck and the survivors taken prisoners. The French officers were courteously treated and invited to breakfast by the Earl of Cavan.

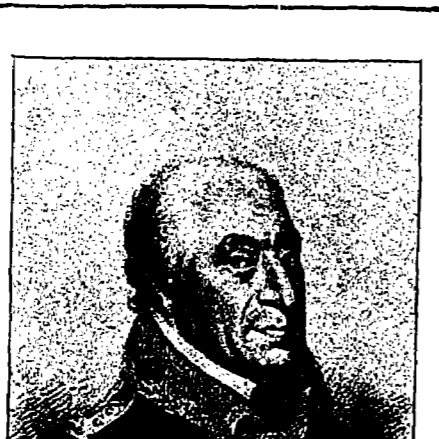
Tone's Arrest.
Tone passed unrecognized, until the entrance of a former fellow student, now an Orange magistrate of the neighborhood, Sir George Hill. He was on the spot, being accompanied by constables.

"Mr. Tone," he said, "I am happy to see you!"
Tone answered: "Ah, Sir George! How are Lady Hill and the children?"
He resented the indignity of being put in irons, throwing off his military tunic, "the insignia of a free state" which he would not have dishonored by the touch of fetters." Holding up his manacled hands, he cried out: "In the cause I have served, I would rather wear these than be decorated with the Star and Garter of England."

Tone's Trial.
Tone was conveyed to Dublin and tried by court martial. He admitted having done his utmost against the power of England, and sought to raise three millions of his fellow subjects to the rank of citizens. He gloried in being a French officer and would be, he said, ashamed to deny anything he had done. His utterances were fearless, consistent and dignified. He asked but for one favor—to die a soldier's death. This was, of course, denied.

Death of Tone.
It is inexpressibly sad to chronicle the inglorious ending to so glorious a career. It robs it of much of its dignity and worth. The courage so often and so freely displayed lacked after all those higher qualities which command men's deepest admiration. He could not face the last awful ordeal of death upon the gallows, and so, alas! like any measurer soul "he rushed into the dark house of death unbidden." Efforts have been made to attach the crime to his gaolers. The evidence seems sadly conclusive.

The Lesson of Tone's Death.
The lesson which must be drawn from the career of this nobly gifted Irishman, that no qualities can supply for the need of Christian principles, and that in the



JAMES NAPPER TANDY.

deistical opinions which poor Tone seems to have held must be sought the causes for that fearful act which has forever cast a shadow over "the green grave" in Bodensdown churchyard. How incomparably more glorious would have been the shadow of a gibbet! How unpeppably more consoling to the grate-

ful hearts of the Catholic people of Ireland to whom the manner of their beloved Tone's death has been a lasting sorrow.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald.
"And still it is the peasant's hope upon the Curragh here,
They live who'll see ten thousand men with goo! Lord Edward here,
So let them dream till brighter days,
When not by Edward's shade,
But by some leader, true as he, their lines shall be arrayed."

Thus does Thomas Davis embody the traditional idea which lingered in the people's hearts concerning their idolized young leader. He was a younger son of the twentieth Earl of Kildare. His mother, for whom he had such an ideal devotion, was the daughter of the second Duke of Richmond. Lord Edward married Pamela, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Phillippe L'Egalité, who had been brought up in the republican atmosphere of Bellechasse. The marriage was a singularly happy one, and there are beautiful pictures of domestic peace, in the cottage at Kildare, painted by the pen of the future political martyr in his letters to his mother.

Lord Edward's Republican Tendencies.
Lord Edward, after a brief parliamentary career, which he found irksome, reentered the army and went with his regiment to America, where the poetry of the woods took hold upon his imagination and the dream of equality seemed realized. He was equally satisfied with the idea of fraternity as he found it in France. "Men saluted each other as brothers in the coffee-houses," and the horrors of the Revolution which he witnessed had, singularly enough, no power to lessen the attraction.

Infidel France and Catholic Ireland.
It is idle to regret, after the lapse of a century, that the infidel France of that day should have possessed the power to captivate the imagination of Ireland's best and bravest, or to conjecture that the winds and waves which drove back from the land of martyrs the propagandists of unbelief, were directed by that Providence

"Which shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we may."
There is little doubt that the connection with France alienated from the



ROBERT EMMET.

movement some who might have been its staunchest allies and awakened a feeling of uneasiness in many hearts: The first mission of Ireland seems to be forever to hold up to the world the bright example of faith unquenched by suffering, undimmed by tears. Whatsoever interferes with this Catholic ideal, is likely in the designs of Heaven to fail. France lost her true glory with Catholicism, and must recover the one with the other.

Character of Lord Edward.
A more lovable, a more sympathetic, a more winning personality than that of Lord Edward cannot readily be imagined. He won the hearts of his fellow conspirators, as he had done those of every soldier in his regiment, and commanded the sympathetic admiration of his foes. His life was unblemished, his domestic relations ideal, his patriotism unswayed by the smallest atom of self-interest, pure and glowing with an intense ardor of true love of country, of fervent loyalty, which led him to act from a principle of the necessity of action, and of the duty of Ireland's sons to succor this sorely-tried mother. He gave up wealth, social position, congenial society, comfort, home life, love and happiness to throw himself into the popular movement. "Twenty years," says Lord Holland in his memoirs, "have reversed my judgment of most things, but have not lessened my approval of the conduct of Lord Edward, because his country lay bleeding under an intolerable tyranny."

Lord Edward's Arrest.
Needless to follow his career as a United Irishman, as negotiator with France, as commander-in-chief of the Irish forces, only waiting for the moment when a decisive blow might be struck for the cause of freedom. His

advocacy of civil and religious liberty would have been sufficient to bring him under suspicion. He was arrested at the house of Mr. Murphy, in Thomas street, the infamy of his betrayal resting darkly upon a fellow countryman. He made a desperate struggle to escape, but was overpowered by numbers and conveyed to Newgate.

Death of Lord Edward.
He keenly felt the ignominious death which awaited him and the total exclusion of his relatives. These causes, with the fever of his wounds, which rendered him delirious, brought on a fatal termination to his sufferings. Only when his failing eyes could no longer see the beloved faces were some of his relatives brought to him. He asked that "the Passion of Christ" be read to him, and passed away in Christian sentiments, making excuses even for his gaolers.

So died that brilliant and accomplished young leader, upon whom had been built so many hopes, and justly. For taking his qualities of mind and heart in general, it is not too much to say:

"In front of Ireland's chivalry, was that Fitzgerald's place?"
Robert Emmet.

Who can read, unmoved, the brief, sad, glorious story of that "child of the heart of Ireland," the brave, the roman-



LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

tic, the high-souled Robert Emmet. He asked "the charity of the world's silence," that no epitaph should be written until his country should be free. But every green leaf in the lanes and valleys he loved, every white-peting tree-top on the mountains, every sigh of the sea on the mist-enshrouded shores of his Western Island, uttered his name and echoed it in the hearts of the people, in their ballads, in their tears. His name and fame

"As long in the land that he loved shall dwell,
As a pure heart lingers there."

Moore's Opinion of Emmet.
Thomas Moore, who was a fellow-student with him at Trinity, speaks thus warmly of his friend:

"Were I to number, indeed, the men amongst all I have ever known, who appeared to me to combine in the greatest degree pure moral worth with intellectual power, I should, amongst the highest of the few, place Robert Emmet. Wholly free from the follies and frailties of youth, the purest of science, in which he eminently distinguished himself, seemed at this time the only object that at all divided his thoughts with that enthusiasm for freedom, which in him was a hereditary as well as a national feeling."

Emmet's Attachment to Sarah Curran.
Later, of course, comes his ideal love for Sarah Curran. The story of that love affair, idyllic in its beauty, becomes tragic in the fate of the sad lovers. "Robin Aron" lies cold in death, and the object of his ill-fated attachment does not long survive her "young hero."

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The Teelings.
The Teelings were of an old Catholic stock on both sides, Mrs. Teeling being descended from the Taafes, Lord of Carlingford, one of whom had followed the fortunes of the Young Pretender. An ancestress, Lady Cathleen, had defended a castle against Cromwell. It was a family boast, that "the first to raise a sword against Ireland's cause was also the last" and he dated back to 1287, having come with Lord de Clare on the invasion of the country. Mrs. Teeling was remarkable in the highest circles of the Irish metropolis for beauty and good breeding. In her own immediate neighborhood she was the very providence of the poor. Her husband, Luke Teeling, was a man of strong character and great political influence, entertaining at his home, the leaders of the military and legislative world of that day.

The Teeling Brothers were young, ardent, impetuous, the best riders and the best swordsmen of the day, much sought after in society, much admired by all with whom they came in contact. The Marquis of Hertford, at their father's table, declared that he would see to their promotion if these fine young men would take service in the army. Mr. Teeling, the elder, somewhat dryly remarked that he thought his sons had other views.

So, indeed, they had, having early put everything to the stake, in associating themselves with the patriotic party. It is recorded of Charles Teeling, the younger, that Colonel Campbell, a relative of the Duke of Argyle, once offered him the colonelcy of a new regiment, then being formed.

"I am more than suspected," said Teeling, "of holding views which would ill become an officer of the Crown. Moreover, I am under heavy bonds to stand my trial."

"You mean that you are a rebel," said the Scotchman, "so much the more reason for taking service in the army. We have all been rebels in our time in Scotland. Accept my offer, and, if Argyle has any influence, not a hair of your head will be touched."

Needless to say that the offer was refused.

Bartholomew Teeling, who had travelled over Ireland on foot, examining her coasts and defences, took service in France and returned with Humbert's brilliant but futile expedition, acting as that officer's aide-de-camp, and saving his life in the engagement at Castlebar.

He landed at Kilsala with the French, shared in their temporary triumphs in that town, at Ballina and Castlebar. Of that notable encounter a word must be said here. Thanks to a map handed him by Father Conroy, Humbert succeeded in approaching the English headquarters unperceived.

Castlebar.
The English commander posted his superior force, with its 18 guns, advan-

ces, and the misunderstanding of others. The attack was well planned; it was to be threefold in its nature, upon the Castle, the Pigeon-House Barracks, and the Park Battery. Large contingents of men were to come in from various parts and it was not unnaturally expected that if the Castle were taken, the nation would rise en masse.

He keenly felt the ignominious death which awaited him and the total exclusion of his relatives. These causes, with the fever of his wounds, which rendered him delirious, brought on a fatal termination to his sufferings. Only when his failing eyes could no longer see the beloved faces were some of his relatives brought to him. He asked that "the Passion of Christ" be read to him, and passed away in Christian sentiments, making excuses even for his gaolers.

So died that brilliant and accomplished young leader, upon whom had been built so many hopes, and justly. For taking his qualities of mind and heart in general, it is not too much to say:

"In front of Ireland's chivalry, was that Fitzgerald's place?"
Robert Emmet.

Who can read, unmoved, the brief, sad, glorious story of that "child of the heart of Ireland," the brave, the roman-

tic, the high-souled Robert Emmet. He asked "the charity of the world's silence," that no epitaph should be written until his country should be free. But every green leaf in the lanes and valleys he loved, every white-peting tree-top on the mountains, every sigh of the sea on the mist-enshrouded shores of his Western Island, uttered his name and echoed it in the hearts of the people, in their ballads, in their tears. His name and fame

"As long in the land that he loved shall dwell,
As a pure heart lingers there."

Moore's Opinion of Emmet.
Thomas Moore, who was a fellow-student with him at Trinity, speaks thus warmly of his friend:

"Were I to number, indeed, the men amongst all I have ever known, who appeared to me to combine in the greatest degree pure moral worth with intellectual power, I should, amongst the highest of the few, place Robert Emmet. Wholly free from the follies and frailties of youth, the purest of science, in which he eminently distinguished himself, seemed at this time the only object that at all divided his thoughts with that enthusiasm for freedom, which in him was a hereditary as well as a national feeling."

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regiously on the side of a hill. Humbert sent a detachment of Irish volunteers to the attack. Their impetuous charge drove back the English outposts, but they were decimated. "Sarrasin's grenadiers, who had been detailed to support them, now swept in with a terrific onslaught but were turned backwards by the guns and wheeled to the assistance of Fontaine's battalions.

An Experiment Tried
by putting a herd of cattle before the French assailants to ward off the deadly fire of the guns turned to their disadvantage, the animals, panic-stricken, creating disorder in their lines. Sarrasin sounding the pas de charge, and aided by Arconin's cavalry, made one more furious assault upon the position of the foe, with the result that the British were driven downwards into Castlebar.

Races of Castlebar.
The English, who had fought with their usual valor and determination, made a desperate rally at the Ballinacorney. With his cavalry they fled panic-stricken over hedge and ditch, holy pursued by the French. Since that time the rigorous demoralization of brave and disciplined soldiers has been called the Races of Castlebar.

Death of Teeling.
Bartholomew Teeling was remarkable, not only for feats of signal valor throughout this short-lived struggle for the humanity which led him to secure the release or the safety of prisoners taken by the French. It availed him nothing. When the instant successes of the hour had ended in disaster at Ballinacorney, the French being hemmed in by 50,000 British, Teeling was arrested, and despite Humbert's strenuous exertions, condemned to death.

Teeling's Death.
The gallant young soldier was executed on Arbut Hill, on the 24th of September, 1798, dying with courage which belittled his ancient name and the principles. Daring his association in the French army with many men who wickedly professed their infidelity, Teeling was ever true to his convictions and died with the profession of the Catholic faith upon his lips.

Such, too, were the Sentiments of William Henry Byrne,

familiarly known as "Billy Byrne" of Ballyellis, amongst the people of Wicklow, over whom his ancestors had reigned as lords, and by whom he was unjustly belied. Of fine parts, prepossessing appearance, breeding and education, Byrne was only 25, and had been married but a year at the time of his arrest. He had had a romantic career in the Wicklow hills, maintaining a species of guerrilla warfare, and assisting in the escape of many suspects.

He was offered life if he would declare his regret for having joined the Society of United Irishmen, and so that he had been led into it by Lord Edward Fitzgerald. He indignantly refused, saying that in dying he had but one regret, that of not leaving his country free, and that he had been led to join the association by no man, least of all by that one of hallowed memory, whom they wished to traude.

Continued on 2nd page.

Devout priests frequently mortify their flesh and voluntarily force themselves to undergo great hardships and deprivations. They are enabled to do this and escape serious injury to their health by reason of the purity of their diet and the fact that they abstain from the pleasures of the table.

An ordinary man who lives in the ordinary way, no matter how hard, and severe his life, unless he has the right remedy to reinforce nature. The average man when he is in good health is too much. When he gets a little out of sorts he pays no heed to his health and is right on "minding a hog of himself."

In some instances he gets thin and emaciated. In others he gets grossly indolent and weighed down with flabbiness. In the first instance he is afflicted with dyspepsia and nervous prostration. In the second for kidney trouble or heart failure. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery enables the average man to undergo a great deal of hardship, deprivation and overwork, in spite of the fact that it cures the food to be properly assimilated, it builds firm, healthy flesh, but does not make corpulent people more fat. It cures dyspepsia, nervous troubles, kidney disease, 98 percent of all cases of consumption, prevents weakness in any organ of the body.

"In August, 1881 I was taken down with a burning and severe pain in my stomach and under my shoulders, and dizziness in my head," writes Dr. D. Herring, Esq., of Bangor, Victoria Co., Fla. "My home physician said my symptoms were like consumption. Nothing I ate would digest, and I had great distress in my stomach. I wrote Dr. Pierce for advice, and received four bottles of his Golden Medical Discovery, and three of 'Purifier Pellets.' I am now able to do my work, eat many things that I could not touch before, and look these medals."

An inactive liver and constipated bowels are promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They never gripe.

The oldest and most reliable, MERRILL'S Carpet Store 1661 Notre Dame Street.

BARGAINS.
SHAWLS for the Baby Carriage, slightly soiled, almost Blanket size: 75c. \$1.00, \$1.25. Room 1, 210 ST. JAMES street, opposite Nordmeiers.

Special discounts to Religious Institutions, at Merrill's Carpet Store, 1661 Notre Dame Street.

CANADA, Province of Quebec, District of Montreal. Real Superior Court—No. 1816—Jules G. Gendreau, of the City and County of Montreal, with the Hon. Arthur Mann, of the same place, Plaintiff, vs. the said John Augustine Mann, Defendant.

The action is brought to establish the title to certain real estate situated in the City of Montreal, and to have the same sold to satisfy the judgment rendered in this cause.

CHARLES A. BUILOS, Attorney for Plaintiff.
Montreal, 1215 Ma... 3-5

OUR IRISH LETTER.

The Patriotism and Valor of Irishmen a Century Ago.

Interesting Reminiscences of Another Troublous Period—The Penalty for Indulging in National Songs in the Capital—Some of Their Effects Related.

SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS

WITH a century behind us, men wonder that the old traditions handed down to us from our grandfathers and grandmothers should have taken such a root in our hearts as is responsible for obliteration.

A centenary is a great thing; it is greater even than a jubilee, and grander overall when it marks an epoch of martyrdom for our country's cause.

Speak of the men of '98 with wonder of their heroism and thank a Providence that gave us such noble ancestors with never a bar sinister to mar the scutcheon. We think of the time thirty years ago when a grandmother's silvery ringlets just caught a crystal tear as she told us of the way brave Wexford men sought death and found it, while she was a helpless spectator who gave love and life sacrificed in a glorious cause. And then the reminiscence comes back of the Grecian mothers who told their boys to come back with their shields or on them. No Grecian mother could compare with the Irish mother of '98 for the former had a fighting chance; the Irish had none. The early Christians gave their lives for the Faith and died with the placidity of lambs led to the slaughter, confident in the strength of their belief. The sons of Erin were equally willing, and did die; but while their life-blood was reddening every spot of verdure in the old land their nature inclined more to the hardihood of Peter, who cleft off an ear, or to the magnificence of Paul, who pled before the Romans.

Oh! those were the days to try men's souls; those were the days when the true gold was precipitated at the trial by fire; those were the days when the honors of martyrdom and patriotism were mingled; those were the days when the hunted hungry peasant rose to the dignity of a hero, and those were the days when a persecuted priesthood seemed like gods.

What wonder is it that we are proud of our ancestors! Some of them met death on the scaffold accounted for as felons. It was a glorious thing to be one of those felons of '98. It needed more bravery to be a man of '98 than it does now to get that much coveted Victoria Cross for conspicuous bravery in the face of the enemy—and many Irishmen wear proudly to-day the latter noble distinction.

The times were different; there was hardly even a forlorn hope. There was the one great chance of freedom that led alluringly the footsteps of brave men to the grave. And they took their chance did those daring heroes. They left mothers, wives and sweethearts. They left everything that a true Irishman holds dear except his innate love of liberty, and for liberty they died.

They died like men for a cause they believed in, and their sons, thank God, have shuddered not at a like fate. But they died fighting and there was not one craven voice to cry for mercy to a tyrannical despoiler whose ears were ever deaf to cries of mercy and whose ideas of justice could only be paralleled by the opportunism of a Cromwellian massacre.

There in the foul shadow of the gallows, with dangling hemp only waiting to be stretched, stood and fought the best men in Ireland—stood and fought with overwhelming odds against them, and the dread symbol of a disgraceful death loomed in the shadow of a noose round the glittering point of a pike.

Unarmed, unnamed, but honored for ever were these heroes. They courted a soldier's death. They bared their breasts to the murderous fire from English muskets; they rushed even into the cannon's mouth for sake of God and country, and happy were those who met death that way. They at least had the satisfaction of dying like soldiers. They were not subjects to the ribald jests of a so-called drumhead court-martial, or worse still, to the diabolic refinement of a No. 9.

The ancients in their idea of an emblematic justice blindfolded the goddess and put scales in one hand. The English idea of justice in '98 was the sword and the sword only. Were the idealism of justice vivified the might well thank Fortune that her eyes could not see the infernal work done by men whom the English Government placed on the wolf-sack to mete out justice. What a horrible thought it is to suppose that an English King and Parliament should prostitute themselves as to let men like Jeffreys and Norbury run riot in wanton bloodshed—at different periods, it is

true, but in all else so much alike that were it a case of triplets, Satan himself must have been the other one.

These men of '98—the martyrs for faith and liberty, the heroes of Irish history—stood up as nobly when they were being dragged into Eternity, or when the fatal noose was around their necks, as they did when the cold steel told the tales at Vinegar Hill. They were noble followers of the brave men who had fought under the standard of the blood-red hand when the forces of the North swept down and carried everything before the invincible battle cry of "O'Donnell Aboo."

They must have been glorious times when "A thousand proud steeds in our vanguard were prancing 'Neath the borderers brave from the banks of the Ban."

How the writer first learned what he considers the most typical of Irish national songs may be a digression, but it may not be without interest in the reading. In 1867 he was living in a house, with a beautiful view of a stolid sleepy canal and a strangely miserable looking place over the way which was called Mountjoy. The man who christened this sombre pile must have been an ironical cynicist of the most developed type. Nobody could see anything but despair, wrecked fortunes, shakely men, shakely infantry. It was a daily round, and we boys had got used to it, much in the same way as people living next door to a fire station are not disturbed by the clanging of the bells. One fine day a lot of us were playing on the canal bank, and one of the boys put his hands in his pockets and, to show his indifference to any political old thing which might be going on at the time, began to whistle "O'Donnell Aboo." One meek looking little boy got pale suddenly and remarked, "My father's in jail because a piper played that tune in our house last night." There were some explanations, but all being boys, all knowing there was trouble somewhere and all being filled with that same spirit of devilment that comes to any Irish boy a little before the use of reason, we chipped up pennies and halfpence, and started for the neighborhood of the Drumcondra road, headed by a fishing rod and a handkerchief that we said was green, just to ease our feelings.

It seems a pity to say it, but we found that piper at a public house. He was a blind piper, too, not like the musician of Hamelin, for he only carried the children in his wake, and rats, thank

goodness, were unknown in that part of Dublin. We led the piper back in triumph till we got to the corner of the cross road, and, as we all lived in that neighborhood, the accumulated coppers eventually persuaded our piper to play "O'Donnell Aboo." None of us knew just what it meant. We knew that a tyrannical, or paternal, or some other kind of a Government said it should not be played, and, of course, the boys demanded it. Felix Birmingham, the butcher, King the inn-keeper, Jordan the grocer, Dunphy, the man who owned the pub, with a choice assortment of neighbors, came out and wondered what was going to happen next. We were within easy distance of the Phoenix Park or Mountjoy, and every mother who saw her boy just grabbed him and took him out of harm's way. The writer's mother, God bless her, said, "John, bring the old gentleman in," and he was led in fear and trembling. It might have been an offence against the law. Whether it was or not I know not, neither do I care now. But what is known is that all that night from Phibsboro and Drumcondra and the Circular road came people to listen to a blind patriotic piper who knew he was in the hands of friends, and who played with every bit of his soul and brought tones out of the pipes in a way that one only regretted he could find no expression in the poor blind eyes.

This was the man who taught me "O'Donnell Aboo," and not a musical lesson, but as a patriotic chant never to be forgotten, as long as I remembered my mother who sheltered him. I have not forgotten it, and I have sung it in strange places and been proud of it. Where others sing the "Marseillaise," "Rule Britannia," or "Die Wacht am Rhein," I have always been Irish enough for "O'Donnell Aboo," whether it pleased the listener or not. To the master first, to the piper second, I am in justice indebted for any patriotic feelings I have. Two days after the episode of the piper in our house, my father was arrested as a suspect while crossing Carleton Bridge.

P. R.

IT DON'T PAY

To buy drinks for the boys—it don't pay to buy drinks for yourself. It will pay to quit, but the trouble has been to do this. The A. HURON DIXON cure will absolutely remove all desire for liquor in a couple of days, so you can quit without using any self-denial and nobody need know you are taking the medicine. You'll save money and gain in health and self-respect from the start. Medicine is pleasant to taste, and produces good appetite, refreshing sleep, steady nerves, and does not interfere with business duties. Full particulars sealed. THE DIXON CURE CO., No. 40 Park Avenue, near Milton street, Montreal. Telephone 3085.

Mrs. Sadlier on D'Arcy McGee.

HAVING had the honor and privilege of editing the poems of my lamented friend and fellow-worker in the field of Irish and Catholic literature, I gladly avail myself of this St. Patrick's Day number of the Montreal TRUE WITNESS, to drop yet another stone on the cairn of his fame, now that thirty years have already cast their chilling shadow on its magic lustre. His memory must not be allowed to fade from us while even one is left who knew and loved him, and who can value at their true worth his marvellous gifts—his incalculable services to Ireland, his native land, and to Canada, the land of his adoption.

In this centenary year of heroic but unhappy '98, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, as one of the men of '98, ought to find a place of honor with Duffy, Davis, Mangan and D'Alton Williams, in the heart's best love of the scattered children of our own Ireland.

Among the early papers of my son, the late Father Sadlier, S.J., I found quite recently the following apposite remarks on that one of Mr. McGee's poems which I here reproduce with a



pleasure not unmixed with sadness, as the voice of the long dead—mournful, like unto the wind of night among the churchyard trees. My son was little more than a boy when he put these thoughts on paper, years before his entrance into the Society of Jesus.

A noble spirit, says Father Sadlier, "must that have been which guided the pen of McGee when he gave us this 'Apology to the Harp.' Sad that neglect had coldly fallen on it, consigning it to the kindred desolation of its own land! He essays to throw around it a new light,—yet the thought of the great bard who in times past had waked its sweet minstrelsy fills him with awe, and a reverential feeling of the greatness of his attempt breaks cut into these living strains of 'Apology'—little needed it would seem to us to day. Who can doubt that his wish shall be realized, and while the Irish Harp lives and breathes his will be accounted as a master hand that twined around it a wreath fresh and pure as 'The Green Immortal Shamrock' of Moore's deathless song? The following is McGee's poem:

AN APOLOGY TO THE HARP.

- I. Hark of the land I love, forgive this hand That reverently lifts thee from the dust, And seems thy strings with filial awe and love. Least by neglect the chords of song should rust!
- II. Deep buried in tall graveyards gales thou wert— The shadows of the dead thy sole defence— The wild flowers twining round thee meekly fond, Feasting their very love might be offence.
- III. Seeing thee thus, I knew the bard were gone Who thrilled thee, and themselves thrilled to thy touch; Mangan and Moore I know were vanished; I kneel and raise thee: Did I dare too much?
- IV. If Griffin or if Davis lived, a night Had never fallen upon thee, lying there: Or if our living poets loyal held No native themes, so much I dare not dare.
- V. But could I see thee, glorious instrument! Let it be this: Our Harp within a wreath Of Shamrocks twining round it lovingly, That so, O Harp! our love shall know no death!
- VI. I, who have heard thee echo from my soul, A stately boy, enraptured at my mother's knee: I, who have heard thy dirges, wild as winds, And thy deep tidal tones of prophecy!
- VII. I, whom you tuned in sorrow, day by day, For friend, adviser, solace, companion— Would I pass by thee prostrate, not essay To bear thee on a stage, Harp of my loved Eire!
- VIII. Forgive me, oh! forgive me, if too bold— I wind thy chords about my very heart, And make with every pulse of life a vow: Swearing no years, nor death, shall us two part!
- IX. I have no hope to gather bays on high Beneath the move of ages when they bloom: As many votaries of thine desired, And the great favored few have haply done.

St. Patrick's Day Celebration a Grand Success

Attributed in a large measure to the participation in the parade by young men wearing Allan's Hats.

Hats! Hats! Hats!

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NEW NECKWEAR in endless variety. NEW GLOVES in all makes, Kid, Mocks, Dogskins, Etc. RUBBER COATS, and Umbrellas. NEW TAN BOOTS, Rubber Soles, Etc.

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OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, March 13, 1898.—What a different thing Lent has come to be since it has been made fashionable! Or, rather, since the "fashion items"—those products of the penny a liner—have made capital of "Lenten notes" and reel off, with their glib vulgarity, directions for the "little Lenten gown of soft gray," with veil and prayer-book to match, etc. Was there ever such folly and such daring? If there was one least grain of the leaven of the Lenten spirit in the hand that pens such paragraphs—for the hand and the spirit must be one when it comes to writing one's own thoughts, or one's own money-getting ideas—the silliest and most vacant minded among them would blush and tremble at the after thought. The word Lent means such a Catholic, and the Catholic meaning is known in its simplest sense to all civilized people. It means the season set apart for such a review of the past, such an outlook on the future, as shall lead to the penance and the persevering prayer which may soften the wrath of God toward the sin of that past, and lighten the deserved punishment to be adjudged in the future. Of course, we all know that much about it!" says the most impatient and thoughtless of readers and writers. Then, how is it possible that such a subject as the season for which the word Lent stands as the sign for the world, has come to be an object of interest.

TO FASHION AND HER VOTARIES?
Who were the people who began to trifle with it? What shall be the outcome, if it continues—this grave folly, which is even worse than foolish mirth and jesting?
There have been some to congratulate the Catholic world on the "growing attention and deference to Lent," as a good sign. It was hoped that the mind once turned towards its intent and its serious spirit, the most careless would be led to think on the most important matter to every immortal soul—the eternity for which it is preparing, beyond all escape. But a closer investigation of the "attention" and the "deference" renders the investigator less hopeful of good. Folly was never more revolting, self-indulgence was never more inexcusable, lenient meeting and greeting with sin was never more marked and cordial than it is under this Lenten fashion. And the worst and most dangerous feature of it is that Catholics—in their late-found admiration and yearning for the advantages and the benefits, the good sense and practical benevolence of their separated brethren, have taken all too readily to the Protestant Lent. It is not many days since I read a quietly shrewd paragraph, from a sensible and clever Catholic writer, which expresses a modest ignorance as to the meaning of certain things now heard of in Catholic circles. What is a Catholic charity ball—in Lent? What sort of an anomaly is a church euchre—in Lent? "There is a time for all things." We have all been carefully taught this as a truth, and the teaching which led up to it and which accompanied it, certainly did not prepare us for such a lightening of our bonds and such a general turning over of all the Catholic life of the ages as a Lent that merely changes its gowns from rainbow hues to "soft gray tints," and its daily amusements and indulgences from the open and hearty pursuit of pleasure to the forwarding of the

schemes of benevolence, more expensive to get going than profitable to those for whom the alms are needed. There is never a fear that the Church will be forgotten or that she can go astray (and "become corrupt," as did the church of the Anglicans), but when her people become in anything unchurchlike, there is great cause to fear that there will be a chastening for them that shall teach them to long for the old and hallowed practices, in all their fervor of devotion and submission.

Excess of Zeal in Charitable Work.
Another excellent paper last week was the House and Home column in one of our weeklies, which touched lightly on a subject which we have nearly all treated in some vein. I mean the manner of bestowing charity, and the ignorance of the "upper classes" (Heaven forgive me that most unchristian, most un-republican, most un-American phrase!) of the thoughts, feelings, achievements and ambitions of those to whom they blunderingly (for what they are pleased to consider "an elevating influence.") It is a good many years since I learned a lesson that has been many times "rubbed in" since I was on the alert for instances. I had some friends who came from a distant city to live in Philadelphia, where a married brother was already in his own home. They wished to live near him, but there was no house they liked available, nor any prospective vacancy for two or three months to come. But a tiny little place on a small street, new, clean and comfortable, was almost at his back gate, and they very wisely rented it, to await what they really desired to have. "The trials of my friends were district visitors," "Readers," members of this church and that congregation, this organization and that charitable society—not Catholic, of course. There was no sign of want, no slightest hint of want of culture or refinement about house or inmates, but, as the shrewd little seven year old expressed it, "Because we live in a ten-dollar house, they think we are ten-dollar people!" The visitors and the others of like errands rang the bell and walked in, uninvited, at their pleasure. They were sometimes "VERY SUPERIOR PEOPLE" in their manner of treating "the case," they were sometimes good-natured and indulgent to the expected shortcomings of the household, they were sometimes—but not often—quick to see that they were in the wrong place. They came, I pray, to read, to leave a Bible behind them, to leave temperance tracts, sermons, shoes, old clothes, orders for groceries, tickets for "Working Girls' Classes"—anything, everything my friend had been able to bestow on others all her life. It was annoying, but it was also amusing. And, to all the family and their friends, it taught "the other side" Until there is a sign made that

something is wanted, until the acquaintance is made in the most conventional way possible to the circumstances, until the hospitality of the poorest home is offered in some manner, not one of those who had that lesson will ever intrude upon the poor, or offer to elevate "the lower classes." They came to feel that, even had they been of the "class"—whatever it was—to which they WERE HONORANTLY ASSIGNED, because they lived in a very small house for a short time to suit their own convenience, and opened their door between two other doors that might shelter those of another "class" from their neighbor on the street in front of theirs—they came to feel very strongly, I say, that had they been other than they were, no stranger, however kindly, had the shadow of a right or an excuse for entering their home unasked and thrusting either religion or culture down their throats. "What do you do with the tracts and the temperance lectures?" laughed her brother, one night. "I put them under the sand in the bird's cage; they are exactly the size and it takes time to cut paper. Perhaps I ought not to feel so hateful about it, but I do!" "Till them you were educated at one of the finest convents in America," he suggested, roughly. "They'll never trouble you again—you are past saving!" That very education taught me (far more, it seems, than they have ever learned). I taught me delicacy of feeling for others, and respect for the sacredness of any home, answered his sister.

It is even convent-bred girls may forget after many years of "practical and organized charities." It is a good thing to take up Dickens' "Bleak House" and study Mrs. Pardiggle's visit to the brick-maker's cottage, as the best possible sketch—and even of "filling in"—an example of "how not to do it!" SARA FRANCES SMITH.

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PUBLIC NOTICE.

We, the undersigned, real estate owners in the County of Hochelaga, give notice that a meeting of the real estate owners of the Counties of Hochelaga, Jacques Cartier, Laval, Terrebonne and L'Assomption will be held on Friday, the FIRST day of APRIL next, at two o'clock in the afternoon, at 1614 Notre Dame street, in the City of Montreal, to consider the opportunity of establishing a Mutual Fire Insurance Company, according to the Revised Statutes of the Province of Quebec, article 5201 and following articles: Bonjumin Benoit, J. Horace David, F. X. Roy, J. A. Girard, G. E. Barb, M.D., A. J. H. St. Denis, P. C. Laessle, Anchin Dubreuil, W. J. Proulx, W. Reeves, Christopher Messier, H. J. Elliott, Leopold Ousmet, Sr., Leonardo Ousmet, Jr., Wilfrid Ousmet, Pierre Alphonse Hor, Isidore Choquette, Adolphe Bissonnette, G. O. J. V. Pionte, M.D.; D. A. Hamel, Maurice N. Delella, Napoleon Desautels, C. A. Lafontaine, Joseph Laverque, J. F. Laroux and J. E. Dubouché.

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after a gathering of light-hearted peasants, who had among themselves for a while, in the customary way, by song and jig and reel, had an intensely dramatic effect upon the audience, many of whom were visibly affected. The influence was not confined to this act, as in the former is introduced in this act, as well as the priest, a man who, while his heart is bleeding at the outrages suffered by his inoffending flock, counsels forgiveness, and restraint.

The next act introduced us to a number of notable characters who figured in the history of '98 to the unfortunate Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the intrepid Michael Dwyer, and the patriotic Arthur O'Connor. The betrayal of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who woke up out of a troubled sleep to find himself surrounded by English soldiers, and who was killed, fighting against such heavy odds, was represented in the last scene.

In Act III, a glimpse was given of the danger and difficulties under which the peasants attended Mass in those days. The little chapel was surrounded by red-coats who wished to earn the heavy reward offered by the English Government for Michael Dwyer, living or dead. There was an exciting battle scene, where the rebels rushed upon the red-coats and routed them from their position at the chapel, wounding the officer in charge of them. The heroic Michael Dwyer appeared frequently in this act.

In the closing scenes familiar to Irish patriots up to a few years ago were enacted—the prison cell, the priest, with the consoling ministry, the scaffold, the witness of the portrayal, the ghastliness of the cleverly arranged details, the long drawn out suspense of the doomed rebel, played visibly upon the emotions of the spectators.

The cast of characters was as follows: Daniel MacMurrough, a young Irish patriot, Mr. T. F. Sullivan; Hugh McMurrough, his brother, Mr. J. B. Macnaman; Clarence, Hugh's son, Master Maurice Walsh; Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the Irish leader, Mr. James Martin; Michael Dwyer, a Wicklow chieftain, Mr. J. P. McKeown; Arthur O'Connor, an Irish captain, Mr. N. W. Power; Father Quinn, a priest, Mr. Ed Quinn; Teddy O'Gorman, a Wexford boy, Mr. B. Byrne; Barney O'Grady, Teddy's bosom friend, Mr. John Quinn; Bory Maguire, an Irish sentinel, Mr. Arthur Jones; Thadde, servant to Lord Edward, Mr. John Shanahan; Larry Fagan, a light-footed boy, Mr. W. Ryan; Colonel Hammerleigh, an ambitious soldier, Mr. W. E. Finn; Hiram Gadsby, a spy, Mr. T. M. Jones; Lord Castlereagh, the chief secretary, Mr. W. M. Liston; Lord Poppington, a pillar of the Constitution, Mr. F. C. Drew; Ernest Middleton, an English squire, Mr. H. P. Sullivan; Major Sirr, one who thirsts for fame, Mr. F. J. Hogan; Captain Norberry, of the North Cork Militia, Mr. T. McArthur; Sergeant Moilitte, of the North Cork Militia, Mr. Jas. Maguire; Corporal Houson, of the North Cork Militia, Mr. C. Conway; Grimley, in the service of Colonel Hammerleigh, Mr. J. T. Furlong; Sykes, in the service of Colonel Hammerleigh, Mr. M. J. O'Donnell; Cowles, in the service of Colonel Hammerleigh, Mr. T. Dillon; Jailer, Mr. P. Burns; Executioner, Mr. J. D. Murray.

Musical Director, Prof. P. J. Shea; Leader of Orchestra, W. Sullivan; Stage Manager, Mr. T. M. Jones; Properties, Mr. John Shanahan; Costumer, Mr. Jos. Ponton. House Staff: J. A. Boudrias, Stage Manager and Electrician; C. A. Gougou, Stage Carpenter.

All the music incidental to the play was arranged by Prof. P. J. Shea, and reflected the highest credit on that talented musician.

The dramatic personae were very well selected, and each did justice to his allotted part. Some of the characters, indeed, were filled with a histrionic ability and dramatic feeling not frequently encountered on the stages of our regular theatres.

At both the matinee and the evening performances the spacious theatre of the Monument National was crowded with audiences who were unstinted in their applause.

The souvenir programme was gotten up by Mr. T. J. Quinnian, and it was much admired.

Prof. P. J. Shea, of St. Ann's Choir, left for New York and Brooklyn yesterday morning for a brief holiday.

F. Quinn, Q.C., M.P., Rev. Father McGarry, of St. Laurent College; Mr. M. Phelan, President No. 5 Division A.O.H., and Mr. E. B. Devlin.

In his opening remarks the County President observed that this year was the centenary of '98, and said: "We are asked, or the question has been asked, 'Why should we celebrate such an event?' The reply to this I shall leave in the hands of our distinguished orator, Mr. M. J. F. Quinn—(applause)—who will tell the story of 1798. But Ireland, I may say, has not been conquered, and never will be. (Renewed applause). To-night, however, I will briefly touch upon the A.O.H., its aims and objects. The principal object of the organization is to benefit our sick and to care for our dead. Some few years ago a band of Irishmen brought it into existence in this city, and since that time its membership has increased, until now it is something like 1,500, and includes in its ranks some very excellent names—the names of men well known in Canada and America. We have also a fair prospect of increasing our number. The principles of the organization are inscribed upon our banner. The first is friendship; the next is unity—unity in thought and in action; and the next is true Christian charity, and in this line our organization last year expended over \$2,000 in relieving the sick. The speaker then proceeded to review the work of their organization in other parts of the world, and closing by an earnest appeal to Irishmen and sons of Irishmen in Montreal to join the Society.

MR. QUINN'S ADDRESS.

When the first part of the programme had been rendered, Mr. M. J. F. Quinn delivered his address on "The Men of '98," being heartily applauded as he rose to do so. He thanked the audience for their warm Irish greeting, and remarked on the obligation he was under to the County Council of the A. O. H., which was the first society that had done him the honor to invite him to address a gathering of his fellow-countrymen on Ireland's night. (Applause.) He felt more deeply the debt of gratitude in that the A. O. H. had invited him to address an audience in the centenary year of one of the saddest, but at the same time one of the most glorious, years of Irish history. (Renewed applause.) He was not without a feeling of diffidence concerning the responsibility he had assumed, perhaps hastily, when he thought that wherever Irishmen were assembled in sufficient numbers they would celebrate that glorious day, while he sounded in fitting terms the praises of Wolfe Tone, Grattan, Flood, Lord Edward Fitzgerald and the others who formed that gallant galaxy of patriots whose names are known the world over as the "Men of '98" (applause). It was difficult for us, living a hundred years after the sad events which marked the history of that time, to properly appreciate the sufferings of the Irish people or to understand the warm-hearted devotion and the noble-hearted patriotism which forced so many of them to stake everything, even life itself, in the effort to get the Government to recognize the nation's existence and the free exercise by a people of their most cherished natural rights.

Somebody had said that nothing excused rebellion, except success. But if that were pondered over for a moment it would be seen that it contained a contradiction; for the moment that rebellion became successful, it ceased to be rebellion, and consequently it ceased to need an excuse. It was only when rebellion was unsuccessful, but when the causes that led up to it were such as to appeal to the hearts, minds, and intelligence of men, that we had the right to say that, although unsuccessful, it was justifiable. (Applause.)

Looking at facts with the light which history and which time had thrown on them, and allowing, as had passed, one hundred years to call down the evil passions, the religious strife, the personal animosities that were fanned into existence and carefully fostered and led by a tyrannical ministry and by a corrupt Government, he had no hesitation in saying that the Rebellion of '98 was not only excusable, but that it was even necessary and imperative. He spoke of the extremely unjust and tyrannical laws that were upon the statute book at that time, referred to some of the incidents that led up to the Rebellion, and gave some few personal characteristics of the leaders of the time. He described the condition of the people at that period, and said that they were forced into rebellion. He pointed out that no sooner had the Prime Minister of England accorded a constitution to the Parliament of Grattan than he made up his mind that it should be broken and that the union should be formed between England and Ireland. In order to do this, he had to devise different means to force the people into rebellion. Mr. Quinn alluded to the tortures practised upon the people, in order to extort confessions from them, and said it was no wonder that the sufferings of the people appealed to humanity, to the deep and warm feeling of patriotism that actuated the hearts of noble Protestants and of Catholic clergymen. (Applause.)

If the Irish youth of this country would only read the story, if they would only study it and know it by heart, they should not see young Irishmen here who were ashamed to call themselves Irishmen and to defend the memories of the men of '98. (Loud applause). He alluded to the treachery of Richardson, and of the infamous miscreant Armstrong, and went on to say that the faith of the Irish peasantry at times was as the tested gold. How many families were there in Ireland whose names had been ennobled in the estimation of the people by deeds of valor and sacrifice, the memory of which would remain as long as the annals of these families existed in the hearts of their descendants. The history of '98 had been written; partial justice had been done to the noble patriots, who fought and bled at that time. But a brighter dawn was approaching, and if Irishmen the world over were only faithful to the traditions of the country there was no doubt that the Irish nation would take among the nations of the earth that position to which her poets had assigned her and for which her patriots had died gladly, but not vainly.

Mr. Quinn, and in acknowledging the same he expressed the opinion that our young people did not pay sufficient attention to the history of Ireland, and said that he should be glad at any time, either under the auspices of the A. O. H. or any other Irish society, to give a course of lectures on Irish history, a statement that was received with an outburst of applause.

A word or two regarding those who took part in the concert. The Hibernia Quartette (Messrs. James Kennedy, D. McAndrew, C. Smith and W. Cowan) gave a very sweet rendering of "Killarney," and Mr. E. Infield Jenkins' singing of "Rory Darling" was much appreciated, whilst Master F. O'Connor, in a number of instrumental selections, showed considerable musical ability. Mr. William Kennedy was applauded for his vocal contribution, and an Irish jig, by Mr. T. Sullivan, was splendidly executed. Mr. N. J. McIlhenny displayed much elocutionary ability in his recitation of "Emmet's Speech from the Dock," "A Renowned Comedian" created considerable laughter, and Master A. O'Leary was heard to advantage in "Boys of Donegal."

The Hibernian Knights, under the command of Col. B. Feeney and Captain Francis T. Rawley, under the direction of the latter, gave an exhibition of fancy drill. Their several movements were executed with a skill and poetry of motion that fairly electrified the audience. The Knights looked splendid in their costumes of green and gold and were decidedly the favorites during the proceedings, as they were during the procession in the morning. Miss Eva Clarke's fine soprano voice was heard with much appreciation in "Kerry Dance," and in essaying "Crusheen Lawn" as a violin solo, Miss M. Arkison displayed no little knowledge of technique. Miss A. Morris won much favor in her whistling solo, and Mrs. F. Tighe gave a most finished rendition of that old favorite, "Bells of Shandon," whilst Miss Nellie Kennedy, with a patriotic song, well pleased the audience. The duties of accompanist were admirably discharged by Prof. E. Brennan.

The entire proceedings terminated with the singing of "God Save Ireland."

ST. MARY'S PARISH.

St. Patrick's Day Celebration—Hon. Mr. Justice Curran's Eloquent Address—A Most Successful Concert.

Rev. Father O'Donnell, the patriotic pastor of St. Mary's, aided by his energetic assistant, Rev. M. L. Shea, succeeded in organizing one of the most successful entertainments in honor of Ireland's national festival. The Church Hall of St. Mary's was crowded to overflowing. The various performers in the subjoined programme acquitted themselves admirably and won deserved applause. The address by Hon. Justice Curran was indeed a treat worthy of the occasion. The programme was as follows:—

Musical Selections—Pianos, Mandolins, Guitars
By Our own Pupils
Song—'What a Child Can Do'
Recitation—Miss Hildred Coughlan.
Miss Dempsey.
Character Song—'Little Tootsie.'
Banjo Selections—Miss Nora Coughlan.
Song—'Believe Me of All Those Endearing Young Charms'
Miss Fannie Pringle.
Overture—'The Children's Homage to St. Patrick.'
Bells and Dances, with Autochthonous Selections.
The Conque and the States
Song—'The Meeting of the Waters.'
Miss Fannie Pringle.
Recitation—Mr. Dunn.
Song—Mr. McLeod.
Selections—Madame Durand and Little Tootsie.
Song—Mr. Cahaly.
Prof. Jas. Wilson, Accompanist.

The following is an outline of Mr. Justice Curran's address. He said:—
No national festival causes so widespread a sentiment as the 17th of March. The celebrations of other peoples are largely confined to the land immediately concerned. St. Patrick's day is held in honor and the history of the people he Christianized, is rehearsed in every civilized country under the sun. Looking back to the memorable 1798 which changes had taken place since. Then Catholics were under the ban. The most dreadful penal code ever enacted was hanging, like a sword, above the heads of the people. They had no civil rights and their religion was a bar to every office. One hundred years ago, and far less than that period, an Irish Catholic could not hold the humblest post in any part of the United Kingdom; to-day Lord Russell of Killowen, an Irish Catholic, fills the position of Chief Justice of England. (Cheers.)
The history of the century, now drawing to its close, was well worthy of the study of all interested in the progress of civilization, but more especially of those who had never lost hope of the ultimate success of the Irish cause. Was there ever a darker hour than that when Emmet had paid with his life for his devotion to the land of his fathers? A people who had been goaded into rebellion had made a stand, in their very despair, which had won the admiration of the world; but their country was reduced to a state of bondage, over which, it seemed, no ray of hope could ever find its way. As for emancipation from religious intolerance or anything approaching equality, in the eye of the law, it was not to be dreamt of. Out of the very misery of the people Providence raised a liberator. Amidst the glories of the 19th century the name of Daniel O'Connell shone out, as the emancipator of his own race, the friend of oppressed humanity the world over. (Cheers.)
From what might be considered the ashes of the religious edifice Maynooth had risen, and her sons had carried the torch of faith in the wake of the Irish exile in every clime.
Young Ireland had sprung up, giving to the land a galaxy of brilliant men, who, whatever their mistakes, had been the educators of the nation, teaching a downtrodden people the glories of their ancestors, and kindling in their hearts the spark of a new life. (Cheers.)
Famine had driven millions of the peo-

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ple to other lands where they had to toil in the least favored vocations. The Irish priest was with them in their new homes, and the proscribed Young Irelanders were, as beacons of light amongst them, winning respect for the race by the brilliancy of their talents and their splendid accomplishments—Duffy in Australia, Meagher, O'Gorman and Mitchell in the United States, McGee in Canada. (Cheers.) The policy that had driven these men abroad had strengthened the cause of the Old Land. In the darkest hour if the people could not have dreamt of emancipation, who would have dared to say that the church of the stranger, entrenched behind what seemed impregnable battlements, would in the course of a few years, crumble and fall? That, too, had been achieved. The national schools established for denominational purposes, had worked wonders in the opposite direction to the intentions of their founders.

Nothing was wanting to fix the faith in the ultimate success of Fatherland. The bitter enemies of the cause were the agents chosen, by an all-wise Providence, to prepare the people for this final triumph which they would achieve in the path of peace. When O'Connell raised the flag of repeal and the historic debate took place in 1843 in the Council Chamber at Dublin, the chosen champion of Ireland's enemies, their hope and reliance, was Isaac Butt.

He, as the representative of a blighted ascendancy, had met O'Connell and had fought the battle of the strong against the weak. In 1870 that same Isaac Butt was to be found at the head of the Nationalist forces, battling for the rights of the Irish people, no longer wearing the livery of despotism, but the idollized son of a grateful nation (cheers). He would not refer specially to the great struggle that had been made by Parnell and his associates in the wrecked cause of Home Rule. That achievement had only been postponed, but despite its temporary failure Ireland had learned what union of hearts and hands can accomplish when by the united efforts of the Irish people, Gladstone, the Prime Minister of England, once the hope of retrograde Toryism in that country, had been enlisted in the sacred cause. To-day the good work of rehabilitation is rapidly going on. Trinity College, one of the bulwarks of the old regime, would soon have a rival in a recognized Catholic University. The cause of Home Rule would be forwarded, by the proposed local government act, which had been acclaimed, by all sections of the people, as a genuine measure of progress. The direct result of this legislation would be, to train the nation in the principles and practice of self-government, and thus pave the way for an Irish Parliament, where the interests of all Ireland would be legislated for, and a genuine union of hearts and forces be for the first time established between the sister islands (cheers). In every successful movement for ameliorating the condition of the people, Irishmen of all creeds had banded themselves together. To-day in the struggle for Catholic rights, in the matter of superior education, they have the assistance of the most high-minded Protestants in the country. With the broadening effects of experience that state of things should be cultivated and developed. The Irish Catholic will ever cling to the faith of his fathers, the faith for which generation after generation had suffered and died. But the essence of religion is charity; love of one's neighbor, and what neighbor is closer than the brother Irishman, although he may kneel at another altar? The history of Ireland, the literature of Ireland, the statesmanship and military glory of Ireland, cannot afford to be sectionalized. Moore had sung the songs of his native land, but the poetry of that land could not dispense with Goldsmith. Sarsfield was a name to conjure by, but Wellington had cast immortal fame upon the land that had given him birth. O'Connell had emancipated his people, but would they ever forget Parnell, whatever his faults may have been? (Cheers.) Many noble Irish Catholics are now striving might and main for the old land, but rendering service manfully amongst them is Hon. Edward Blake, whose name will ever be identified with the heroic struggle in which he is taking a valiant part? (Cheers.) As Irishmen of different creeds are to each other, so would all Irishmen be to the empire when full justice shall have been done to Ireland. The day was when all the glories of the old land were in the dim and distant past; this is a period of a glorious resurrection. We used to speak on St. Patrick's Day of "old" Ireland. Soon the peane of triumph shall be heard, and those whose privilege it will be to address the men of their race and blood on the festival of St. Patrick, may speak in terms of sympathetic remembrance of the days of yore, but will point with a just and patriotic pride to a "new" Ireland, where peace and plenty and every blessing attendant upon liberty shall be found (prolonged cheers).

At St. Gabriel's.

St. Gabriel's Church Choir gave a grand entertainment in the large hall of Sarsfield School, Centre Street, on Thursday evening, as a fitting conclusion of the observances of St. Patrick's Day. It was the first occasion of the kind given by the choir, and it took the shape of a concert and an address by the popular parish priest, Rev. Father O'Meara. In the first place, it may be stated that not an entertainment in the city was better patronized on St. Patrick's night, and not an audience enjoyed themselves any better. As Father O'Meara remarked in the opening words of his address, the choir was a credit to the church and the congregation, and showed by the performance of the evening that its members were thoroughly well trained, and possessed in Mr. J. S. Shea a director who thoroughly understood the difficult task of forming a choir.

Mr. Shea, in a few well-chosen remarks, opened the proceedings. The first part of the programme was then proceeded with, all the performers excelling themselves and proving that in the parish of St. Gabriel there is a plentiful source of musical talent. It was as follows:—

Overture, Donnybrook Orchestra. Chorus, Come Back to Erin, Mixed Choir. Duet, On the Field of Glory, Mr. J. and Miss Kate Deegan. Song, On the Banks of the Wabash, Mr. John T. Holland. Cello Solo, Nocturne, by Chopin, Mr. C. Labelle. Male Quartette, Kerry Dance, Messrs. Shea, McCarthy, Timon and Deegan. Comic Song, Original, Mr. George P. Holland. Violin Solo, Irish Rhapsody, M. Hauser Op. 45, Master J. J. Shea. Medley, Messrs. McCarthy, Cox, Shea and Deegan. Double Male Quartette, The Rained Chapel, Messrs. J. Rennie, J. Kelly, M. McCarthy, J. T. Connor, C. McMenamin, W. Hennessey, A. Timon and M. Bronstetter. Chorus, To Thee, O Country, Mixed Choir.

Then came the great feature of the evening, a most interesting address by Rev. Father O'Meara, his subject being one dear to all Irish hearts, "The National Music of Ireland." The rev. lecturer traced, in eloquent language, the story of Ireland's music and song. He paid a tribute to the sweet singers of Erin, and recounted many stirring events in history where patriotic songs had moved the people of the Old Land to great deeds of valor.

The address, which occupied a little over a half an hour in its delivery, was frequently applauded, and was one of the best efforts of the enthusiastic pastor of St. Gabriel's.

The second part of the programme was then taken up as follows:—

PART II.

Waltz, Over the Waves, Orchestra. Chorus, Hark! Apollo Strikes the Lyre. Mixed Choir. Piano Duet, selected, Misses M. O'Byrne and L. Quinn. Song, The Dear Little Shamrock, Miss B. Leahy. Mixed Quartette, selected, Misses L. O'Byrne and B. Smith, Messrs. J. Rennie and P. Shea. Character Song and Dance, selected, Messrs. C. Carter and C. Kelly. Violin Duet, selected, Messrs. A. Delcour and J. J. Shea. Comic Song, selected, Mr. George P. Holland. Character Song, selected, Mr. William Hennessey. Male Quartette, Killarney, Messrs. McCarthy, Kelly, Timon and Deegan. God Save Ireland, Mr. A. Timon and Chorus.

Miss M. O'Byrne, Accompanist; Mr. J. S. Shea, Director.

St. Anthony's C. Y. M.'s Society Concert.

St. Patrick's evening was spent in a delightful manner in the parish of St. Anthony. The St. Anthony's Young Men's Society celebrated the day by giving a grand vocal and instrumental concert in the basement of the church. It was largely attended; in fact, in that large hall seating room was difficult to obtain. It is a matter of congratulation to the Young Men's Society for them to know that their efforts to promote the interests of the church are so well appreciated. This was proved last Thursday evening, when the congregation of the Church attended, almost en masse, the entertainment given under the society's auspices.

Rev. Father Donnelly, the popular parish priest, was in the chair, and there were present, besides, the Rev. Father O'Bryan, Rev. Father Cassidy and the Rev. Father Conroy.

The programme was a most interesting one and contained the names of some of the best musical and vocal talent in the city.

The proceedings commenced with a few opening remarks by the President of the Society, Mr. William J. McGee. He took for his subject the Catholic Young Men's Societies, and his address was a strong plea for the joining together of the different parish organizations in one large, powerful and harmonious whole. The speaker showed, with a thorough knowledge of the subject, how powerful such a body would become and how useful its efforts when in combination. At present each parish society worked only for its own individual advancement, but if all of them were brought together

their power for good would be doubled or trebled. The words "Union is strength" would then be well applied.

The musical and vocal portion of the programme was in keeping with the well known reputation of St. Anthony's congregation for such entertainments. There was a piano solo, "Irish Selections," by Miss Donovan. Mr. Duquette gave a bass solo, "Will-o-the-Wisp," and Mrs. Schmidt a song, "What do the Green Leaves Whisper." Mr. Fred S. Hickey delighted the audience with a comic song, and Miss Drumm's Kathleen Mavourneen was sung with a pathos of expression not to be lightly forgotten. Mr. Alex. Hamilton rendered a bass solo, "The Rondolero," and Miss Hamill "Eileen Aroon." Mr. James Kelly gave an exhibition in up to date step dances. There was a piano selection of Irish airs by Miss Perigo, a descriptive song by Miss Allan, "The Exile's Return" by Mr. Jones, and a bass solo by Mr. A. Hamilton.

The entertainment concluded with stereopticon views by Mr. D. Allan, assisted by Miss Allan. The proceedings terminated with "God Save Ireland." Rev. Father Donnelly and his young men are to be congratulated on the success of the evening.

Miss Donovan, the organist of St. Anthony's, filled the position of accompanist in her usual able manner.

The People's Faith

Firmly Grounded Upon Real Merit—They Know Hood's Sarsaparilla Absolutely and Permanently Cures When All Others Fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is not merely a simple preparation of Sarsaparilla, Dock, Stillinga and a little Iodide of Potassium. Besides these excellent alternatives, it also contains those great anti-bilious and liver remedies, Mandrake and Dandelion. It also contains those great kidney remedies, Uva Ursi, Juniper Berries, and Pipsissewa.

Not are these all. Other very valuable curative agents are harmoniously combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla and it is carefully prepared under the personal supervision of a regularly educated pharmacist.

Knowing these facts, is the abiding faith the people have in Hood's Sarsaparilla a matter of surprise? You can see why Hood's Sarsaparilla cures, when other medicines totally, absolutely fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
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Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c.

NOTICE.

'98 CENTENARY

The '98 Centenary Association" are respectfully requested to assemble on SUNDAY, 20th March, at Hibernia Hall, No. 2042 Notre Dame St. at 2.30 p.m.

JOHN P. O'HARA,
Secretary.

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WHO FEARS TO SPEAK AND HONOR THE MEN

OF 1798 1829 1848 1867 1893 1898

Let me like a soldier die.

T. WOLFE TONES

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THE MEN OF '98.

Continued from Second Page.

He asked for and obtained the ministrations of a priest, thanking God that he had ample time for preparation and would die in his full senses. On the morning of October 19th, as he sat at breakfast in the cell of Oliver Bond, another of the United Irishmen, who died in prison, under sentences of death, he was called to the door by the gaoler Mrs. Bond and a friend were present, Byrnes apologized to the ladies for having to leave them. Bond asked if he would be back. He answered "we shall meet again" and went forth to almost immediate execution. "An elegant young man," cries James Hope, "and went to his death as another might to a pleasure party. This James Hope is himself a quaint but most interesting figure. He was a Belfast weaver, a staunch, sturdy, uncompromising friend of civil and religious liberty. He was trusted by both Northern and Southern leaders and was one who could be always relied upon in an emergency. Though a Presbyterian, he has thus verified his own liberal sentiments:

"I wish to leave my neighbor's creed alone. And find it quite enough to mind my own."

If 'Honest Jemmy's' view had been general at that period many a dark deed had remained undone.

Bagenal Harvey.

It was a strange fate that placed a genial, lovable Protestant magistrate, of high social standing and wealth, at the head of an insurgent army, and that the most Catholic detachment of the insurrectionary force, that of Wexford. Bagenal Harvey had neither the military requirements, nor the experience to fill the office of generalissimo, and he had fallen under the ban of Government chiefly through his humane efforts to give justice to persons accused or even to temper justice with mercy. He had been, from the first, outspoken in condemning the Government policy, which was driving the country into revolt, but he had no idea of rebellion until he was arrested, stripped of his goods and thrust into prison. Thence he was released by the victors of Enniscombe, and was made their leader in the glorious defeat of Vinegar Hill.

Sir Jonah Barrington tells of a dinner party, given by Harvey, who was the original of Bagenal Daly, in Lever's delightful novel of 'The Knight of Gwynn,' at which so disloyal were the utterances that Barrington felt called upon to remonstrate, predicting what actually happened. Of the light-hearted and witty company assembled at Burg Castle, five had been within two short months executed. These were Captain Keogh, a fearless and patriotic Catholic gentleman of high principles, one of the ablest of the early organizers of the insurrection, Cornelius Grogan, of Johnstown, a venerable man of large property, John Colclough, of Tintern, who was likewise a Catholic, his brother and Bagenal Beauchamp Harvey.

The Fate of the Sheares Brothers.

has been often told in song and story, Henry, handsome, polished, and, despite his republicanism, a lover of the purple and fine linen of life. He had early incurred the hatred of John Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare, by marrying a lady who had just rejected the future Lord Chancellor, and this hatred hounded him to his death. John, more sincerely democratic, an impassioned enthusiast of more force and dignity of character than his brother, romantically devoted to Maria Steele, who ranks with Sarah Curran amongst the ill-fated heroines of the time. The brothers, who were united by an extraordinary attachment, were executed together.

A Most Adventurous Career.

was that of WILLIAM CORRETT, entered in the archives of the French War Department as 'Maréchal de Camp, general commander of the Legion of Honor, Knight of St. Louis, of the Grecian Order of the Saviour.' His life is a romance. He escaped from Ireland, after the ill-starred expedition of Hoche had failed, to Norway, with Blackwell, another of the United Irishmen, and Napper Tandy, made his way thence to Hamburg, where he was imprisoned all winter in a dungeon full of untold horrors. His treatment during his detention there and his efforts to escape, always frustrated at the eleventh hour, are marvellous, as was likewise his escape from Kilmalsham jail, where he was next taken. Thence, after a variety of adventures, he embarked for the Continent, boldly asking a passport from the Foreign Office, as a trader going to Embden. He joined the Irish Legion, passing thence into a French regiment of the line, taking part in the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, and being made Chef de Battalion at Salamanca. He fought in all the battles of the Peninsular campaign, as well as in those of the Netherlands, serving on Marmont's staff. In 1814 he was made a colonel by Napoleon, and after the restoration, Chief of Staff to the Duke d'Angoulême. In 1828 he went as staff officer with Marshal Maison in the expedition to Greece. He became Governor of Messina and was presented with a sword of honor and a flattering address from the Primate of Greece on leaving that country. In 1831 he was made Major-General, and finally Field-Marshal. He died at St. Denis in 1842, at an advanced age.

Henry Jay McCrackon.

Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the North, was, from a military point of view, amongst the ablest of the Confederate leaders. His plans were so carefully laid, his attacks bold and decisive, his manoeuvres so exceedingly clever, being "an overmatch in cunning for all the intrigues of the English."

He was arrested while crossing the moor at Carrick-Fergus, and whilst in jail was offered life on the usual condition of disclosure.

"I wonder," he said, smilingly, "how Major Fox could have believed me such a villain?"

Major Fox was the chief official of the prison. After his trial it was suggested

to him that the witnesses had perjured themselves. He answered that was true, but that the truth would have served the same purpose. He was brought to execution at the Old Market House in Belfast, the ground for which his great-grandfather had given to the city. He died calmly and courageously, amidst the universal sorrow of his fellow citizens, amongst whom he had held so honorable a position.

Thomas Russell

ranks with T. A. Emmet and Fitzgerald in the important part which he played in the organization of the United Irishmen and in every movement towards its liberation. "I will join any body of men who are in arms for the cause of Ireland," he cried from the place of concealment where he lay, his life being already forfeit to the Crown.

"Had I a thousand lives," he cried again, in dying, "I would give them in the service of the Irish."

And at the time of his arrest: "Until the last moment of my liberty I thought not of myself, acted not for myself, but for my country."

Such were the sentiments of that singularly handsome, singularly winning soldier, who had served with distinction in India in the British army, wherein his father and brother held high rank.

Russell was remarkable no less for personal attractions than for distinction of manner and a rare sweetness of voice, having, moreover, an unusual power of winning love and esteem. "Dear Tom Russell," cries Tone, afar off in France, and the epithet was repeated by many a heart in Dublin or Belfast.

He was deeply in love with the beautiful Bess Goddard, of Newry, to whom he wrote verses, and when she married another he transferred his affections to Miss Simms, sister of a political associate. But the dark doom which had already fallen on Ireland's best and brightest was impending over Russell. Neither his high social station, the services of his father and brother nor the good offices of influential friends availed to save one who had given himself without reserve to the cause of liberty. On his trial he made an affecting appeal, not for himself, but for the poor, the lowly, the dependent begging the lords and gentry to inquire into their grievances, to alleviate their miseries, to promote their welfare. He was attended in his last hour by a clergyman of the Anglican denomination, and died with true courage and manliness.

Foremost amongst the earliest of the United Irishmen was the wise, the statesmanlike, the patriotic

Thomas Addis Emmet.

the brother of Robert. His early imprisonment in Newgate and Fort George and enforced departure for America, deprived Ireland at this critical moment of one of the ablest of her sons—one who was possessed of the very qualities of coolness, foresight, calmness and discrimination too often lacking. His legal attainments, lofty intellect, polished manners and deep erudition, speedily gave him high rank at the bar of New York, whilst his generous warmth of heart and breadth of mind secured for him many friends. He lies buried in St. Paul's churchyard, on lower Broadway, from which busy thoroughfare men may turn aside to read the flattering memorial tablet placed over the Irish exile by the chief lights of the metropolitan bar.

A word of

Archibald Hamilton Rowan,

of whom Lord Cloncurry remarks "that if knight errantry remained in our modern times it was in his person. He is pictured as "a gigantic old man, in old-fashioned dress, accompanied by two of the last of the race of wolf-dogs." But this was after the period when his splendid youthful proportions were admired by Marie Antoinette, and when he threw himself with the fiery ardor of his twenty-three years into the cause of the people. After years of exile, struggle and privation in America he was permitted to return and end his life as a country gentleman. He is of the family of Lady Dufferin, and therefore of two fold interest to Irish Canadians.

William Putnam McCabe,

a Protean hero, who assumed innumerable disguises, now a preacher enticing recruits, now a wealthy merchant, travelling in a stage coach with men whom he had formerly known, unrecognized; now an English recruiting sergeant, entering the court and obtaining leave from the judge to press the King's shilling into the hands of a State prisoner, and so procuring his release; now a Scotch weaver, enlisted the sympathy of his compatriots amongst the officials of the jail, till a petition was signed for his release.

William James MacNeven,

a Catholic gentleman, who studied medicine under his uncle, Baron MacNeven, court physician to Maria Theresa, returned to Ireland, was amongst the first and ablest leaders in the rebellion, imprisoned in Newgate and Fort George, emigrated to America, where he lies buried on the shores of Bowery Bay.

To be remembered, too, are: SAMUEL NEILS N., bravest of the brave; WILLIAM O'RR, of Fernshane, the first to die under the Bill making it high treason to enrol men in the United Irishmen; TONY MCCANN, of Dundalk, the original Exile of Erin, who, being met one day upon the Strand at Hamburg by the poet Campbell, enjoyed this unique distinction; WILLIAM SAMPSON, BENJAMIN PEMBERTON BINNS, HUGH WILSON, EDWARD SHERBY, JAMES FARRELL, FELIX ROUREK, HENRY MONROE, of Lisburn, a Northern leader and brother to the heroic Margaret Monroe, who was so devoted to the cause that when she saw her brother upon the gibbet, she cried out: "Aye, Harry, lad, I'm proud to see you there."

JOHN ATLEN, who, having served in the French army and gained the rank of Colonel, was demanded by the English Government on the fall of Napoleon. Gens d'Armes brought him to the frontier where he was to be given up. They caused the Mayor of the town to lock him up in a room, asking only the privilege of supping with him the last night. As they bade the prisoner good night, they said: "Monseigneur le Colonel you are in a strong room, only one of the

window bars is loose; we trust you will not attempt to escape." Monseigneur le Colonel was in the street an hour after and lived to a good old age in Normandy. ANNEUR O'CONNOR, nephew of Lord Longferron, one of the founders of the United Irishmen, who took a prominent part in the negotiations with France, and his singular brother Boger, half highwayman, half patriot, half soldier.

The Irish Bob Boy.

Michael O'Dwyer, the outlaw, who lived in the fastnesses of the Wicklow hills, in subterraneous retreats, a wild and adventurous career, keeping up his warfare against the Government long after the cessation of hostilities, and arrested at last, ended his days in the penal settlement of New South Wales.

The life of each one of these undaunted patriots, whom the exigencies of the times brought into existence at the end of the last century, is worthy of study, so replete is it with interest, with varied and thrilling adventures. Nobly did those men serve their country, giving the best that they had and deeming it all too little in her service. Their failure was almost inevitable, yet was their struggle glorious, and rendered possible the mighty awakening of the people under the great enchanter, O'Connell, the uncrowned king. He taught them the value of moral force where physical force could not avail, and this moral force is still at work in this present day. When it is concentrated by union it must succeed, and its champions shall wear the laurels denied to those fearless and selfless and heroic souls, who bravely went unsuccess and the stigma of fopphardness in their country's cause.

CATHOLIC CELT IN CANADA.

Striking Instances of the Achievements of Irish Pioneers.

Interesting Notes of Progress in Leading Centres—The Sturdy Faith of a Corkonian—Catholic Institutions in Ontario and Quebec.

[SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS]

DESPISE THE fascinations of home life and the advantage of living in the charm of friendly circles, there is a desire in every human breast at one time or another to taste the pleasures of the outside world and to see what is going on abroad. Nor is it strange that this should be so, for the mind loves variety and change, and it is hardly ever content with present actual conditions. This is the natural fruit of the spirit of discontent that belongs to human nature and which constantly urges mankind to seek something better than what is already possessed. When home comforts grow faint we are apt to imagine that we can restore the lost delights by going away to new places and new scenes, and whether the thought is a delusion or a solid fact, it affords ease to the mind, because it points to a possible remedy for what we may find distasteful in our present circumstances. Apart, however, from other things, travelling is very useful in itself, if we regard it as a means of acquiring practical knowledge. It has, among other results, a corrective and sobering effect upon individuals who happen to over estimate their own importance, for no matter what deference may be paid to pretended celebrities at home, such persons are seldom known outside their own immediate neighborhoods; consequently they can expect no notice from the busy, selfish world around them. This was the bitter experience of an inflated personage who once upon a time hoped to impress strangers with an idea of his self-importance.

He had not gone very far away when he had occasion to call upon a non-acquaintance, and was met at the door by a little maiden of six or seven years, who enquired what was his business with her papa, and if he had come of his own accord or if anybody had sent him? Not to have been known was bad enough, but it must have been doubly mortifying to be put under cross-examination by the inquisitive little girl. This rebuke was equalled, perhaps, by that given to another traveller of high self-esteem, who sought entrance to a family circle, but was foiled in his purpose. The bright-witted Irish girl who answered his call told him that the master was out. He then enquired for the mistress. "She was also out." The would-be visitor was willing to await their return and would sit by the fire meanwhile. The maiden again replied that the fire was out, too.

The cool reception no doubt seemed to abate the exuberant feelings of the disappointed gentleman, who had newly started out on his journey of life and had not learned the unpleasantness of rubbing against its rough edges.

EARLY SET BACKS.

o' this sort would not trouble an experienced man of the world, for he would know from practical tuition that people nowadays are too much concerned about their own affairs to bestow attention upon that of others.

While the children of Adam belong to a common parentage it must be admitted that their interests stand wide apart, and that the keen conflict of every-day life engages one's time and thoughts so completely that hardly a glance is given to the things that concern our neighbor. This seeming impression of hardened selfishness is the impression we get by looking at the world in its general business side, but if rightly looked into the softer and kinder side appears in its moral and Christian aspect, for we are aware that the world is full of devoted religious men and women who give

their very lives in as risk for the well-being of others. And even in the busy and turmoil of worldly matters one can find a deeper feeling of human sympathy than what appears on the surface. But it needs the presence of sympathetic sentiment in ourselves before we can hope to reach the corresponding quality in our neighbor. It is a fact in nature that some species of bees can gather honey from flowers which yield only poison to another class of insects.

To the itinerant who views the world in its broad, practical aspects, the fact which strikes him most is the close resemblance that one part bears to another; "one touch of nature makes the whole world akin." This resemblance refers not only to the different parts of a country, but to diverse countries as well. When we come into contact with peoples of foreign tongue and race we may seem mystified for a time and think that nature's mould has fashioned different beings from ourselves; when we look below the surface we discover that the underlying principles are the same. Racial habits and customs may differ, but the things that please and displease, the pleasures and pains that affect one portion of humanity are apt to influence every portion of it. As we push on through the world we find almost the same identical struggle for existence among the masses everywhere. Perhaps the same faults and follies, the same strivings for preferment in the battle of life and in the feverish haste to acquire wealth and notoriety. On this side of the subject differences or mere contrasts exist between some countries and peoples. In Canada, for instance, one does not find the people rushing so eagerly after gold as they do in the United States. While the steady pursuit of industry is a marked feature in Canadian life it is not disguised by the mad rush for money that we notice in the great centres of commerce in the American Republic. We are here speaking in general terms, and ignoring the crowds who have lately rushed headlong to the Klondyke.

As we kept on our way through the various districts it was agreeable to notice the thriving settlements in the great provinces of Ontario and Quebec, chiefly settled by

THE HARDY SONS OF IRELAND.

who in numerous cases faced the hardships of clearing the forests, and who have succeeded in establishing for themselves comfortable homes, and all the accessories that go to make prosperous communities, as well as virtuous and religious peoples. When the mental vision looks backwards for a period of say fifty years and sees in imagination bushes and tracts of wild lands, where to-day stand growing towns and cities, the mind begins to conceive how much this Canadian owes to its Irish and Irish-Canadian citizens, and especially to the faithful children of St. Patrick who have toiled in their sweat to advance the cause of true faith and morality, and that in the face of difficulties and heavy odds against them. During my visit to centres in Ontario I learned from the descendants of worthy Catholic pioneers that half a dozen staunch Irishmen often laid the foundations of congregations which are now counted by the thousands, and who own fine church property, convents, separate schools and the various temperance and religious societies which aid the good pastors in their works of mercy and education, and in the spread of the saving faith. The evidence of this beneficent work was so marked in some of the places I visited that it caused me to linger in the localities and leave them with regret.

TORONTO'S PROGRESS.

Of the many industrial centres in the province wherein Catholicity has made rapid progress it is fitting that Toronto should be especially noticed, for in that thriving city the Irish-Catholic population has progressed wonderfully within the past ten years. To prove the truth of this assertion it is enough to take a proper estimate of the members and wealth of the Cathedral parish. I think it counts between 5,000 and 6,000 souls; then let the colleges, convents, schools, institutes, hospitals and charitable institutions and societies connected with it be estimated at their full value, and then an idea of the progress and importance of this one parish may be gained. Let, then, St. Mary's St. Paul's St. Basil's, St. Heln's, St. Joseph's, and the parishes in the suburbs be passed in review, and the good work they have severally done, and are doing, be summed up, and the total will gratify the heart of any Christian thinker who justly reckons the moral power of the spread of true faith and sound Catholic education. Among the great institutions in Archbishop Walsh's archiepiscopal city of which every Catholic and every citizen should be proud, may be mentioned St. Michael's College, the Loretto Abbey, the House of Providence, St. Michael's Hospital, St. Joseph's Convent, the Convent of the Precious Blood, St. Nicholas' Home, those of Sunnyside and Blantyre Park. These are not all, nor nearly all, but they are the prominent ones I now recall.

On my flight eastward I located AT PETERBOROUGH for a brief term, and while that progressive town has not yet reached city rank, it is, nevertheless, a Catholic centre of great importance, as being the seat of the Rt. Rev. Dr. A. O'Connor, the distinguished Bishop of the diocese, within the limits of whose see evident signs of Catholic progress are everywhere met with. The cathedral parish alone has a well-to-do congregation of over three thousand souls; nor is this a fixed quantity, for the Catholic faith is deeply rooted in Peterborough, and the prolific qualities of the Irish Catholic race are proverbial the world over.

St. Joseph's Hospital, in Ashburnham, just across the Otonabee river, is an institution of widespread benevolence and Christian charity. It offers its services to deserving sufferers of all creeds and classes without question. Mgr. O'Connor's convents, separate schools, and benevolent and literary institutions are of a high order of merit, and their good influences are being constantly ex-

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It's the wash,
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white.
Pure Soap did it
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with power to clean with-
out too hard rubbing, with-
out injury to fabrics.
SURPRISE
is the name, don't forget it.

PALM SUNDAY

tended and strengthened. In a comparatively new diocese like Dr. O'Connor's a great deal of constructive work has to be done, but its vigilant head is a zealous churchman and an able administrator to boot.

From Peterborough I visited many of the outlying parishes, so as to get a correct knowledge of their religious and educational status. No matter where I went the Irish Catholic element was in evidence, and the reverend pastors with whom I sojourned spoke feelingly of the fidelity that marked the character of the faithful Celtic race in their obedience to the precepts of the Church, as well as in their apostolic desire to help the priest to scatter the seeds of the true faith in thinly settled districts that could not yet muster enough heads to form a parish.

A typical instance came under my notice in the person of the late Mr. Blute, of Lennox, near Napanee. When the aged patriarch went to his grave he was ninety-four years old, and he left behind him children and grandchildren who inherited his faith and his moral virtues, and who will transmit the same in enlarged circles to future generations. The venerable pioneer came from County Cork, Ireland, in the remote days when Catholics were scarce in Ontario and the difficulties were many that beset the path of the few who attempted to foster the principles of the Catholic religion. When the few pioneers who outlived Mr. Blute gathered around his coffin they lovingly recalled his nobility of character and related how he gathered the faithful of the neighborhood under his own humble roof in order that the missionary priest from a distance might celebrate Mass and break the Bread of Life to them. This practice continued for fifteen years until the little flock increased far enough to justify them in building a church and calling for more frequent service from their devoted priest. Many other cases could be cited in which the Irish Catholic Celt played a conspicuous part in laying the foundations of remote hamlets which have since grown to live towns wherein Catholics prospered, but the one above-mentioned is very typical, and the venerable man was called to his eternal reward at the time I happened to be staying in that part of the country.

In pushing on to Ottawa I was at once duly impressed with the prestige of the Dominion Capital, as well as with the rapid growth and advance the city has made within the last ten or fifteen years. While I visited all the principal churches I preferred to sit in St. Patrick's, where the popular and well-known Rev. Father Whelan and his able assistant, Rev. Dr. McNally, newly from his studies and ordination in Rome, minister to the needs of a very large and representative Irish Catholic congregation. This populous and prosperous parish is recognized as the typical centre of the children of St. Patrick, and under the sway of such a powerful pastor it's no wonder that it is prominent and progressive. Grouped around it is the handsome rectory building, St. Patrick's Asylum, the Lyceum, the Girls' Schools under the charge of the Sisters, and the splendid separate schools for boys, under the able and accomplished Principal, Mr. Thomas Swift, and his five or six expert female teachers. Continued on seventh page.

THE CAPITAL CITY.

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BEST YET OFFERED IN REED ROCKERS \$4.95 Only. Regular value \$8.75.
We have 5 different patterns equally as good which we will close out at \$4.95 each.
Special values in all lines of Furniture for the balance of this month.
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EMMET FAMILY IN AMERICA.

DRIVEN FROM IRELAND IN '98.

They became Distinguished Citizens in the Land of Their Adoption.

DURING the last week the name of Emmet has been on every tongue. Never has the anniversary of the Irish patriot been celebrated with greater zeal than in this centennial year of the Rebellion in Ireland.

Robert Emmet was not engaged in that movement, being then a student in Trinity, but he carried its faith and fervor down to 1803, when he gave up his life on the scaffold.

Thomas Addis Emmet, Robert's elder brother, was one of the prominent leaders in the '98 Rebellion. After the capture of Wolfe Tone he was the driving spirit of the movement. He became the founder of the Emmet family in this country, and as a lawyer, orator and patriot his descendants have reason to be proud of him.

Thomas Addis Emmet was the second son of Dr. Christopher Emmet, a native of Appery, who held for many years the appointment of State Physician in Dublin.

Emmet and his wife, who was a descendant of Sir John Temple, gradually sank under the calamity of the arrest of their son, Thomas Addis. The doctor died in 1802. His wife lingered until the sacrifice of her youngest and dearest son, Robert Emmet, was near. She died three days before his execution in 1803.

The death of his eldest brother, Thomas Emmet, whom he describes as "the first of the foremost men in point of talent that Ireland ever produced," changed the destiny of Thomas Addis Emmet. He relinquished medicine, studied law and was admitted to the Bar in 1800. Although he did not join the United Irishmen until 1796, he was the constant of Tone, and had, in fact, assisted himself into the Irish organization in an English court of justice. His story is this:

In 1795 he was defending a prisoner charged with administering the United Irish oath—a capital offense. He read the words of the oath in the most impressive manner. His fervid reading created a profound impression, in the midst of which he addressed the court: "My Lords, here in the presence of this legal court, this crowded auditory—in the presence of the Being who sees and witnesses and directs this judicial tribunal—here, in direct, I, myself, in the presence of God, declare I take the oath."

parate and rational in all his enjoyments; liberal and free from prejudice upon every subject; kind and affectionate as a husband, a father and a friend; anxious to do good and diminish evil—such a man was Mr. Emmet."

The widow of Thomas Addis Emmet survived him for many years. She was the daughter of the Rev. John Patten, a Presbyterian clergyman, who died in Clonnel, Ireland, in 1789. In January, 1791, she married Mr. Emmet, and by 1820 was the mother of ten children.

The eldest son, Robert, became a corporation counsel of New York in 1848 and afterward judge of the Superior Court. He was the father of Richard Stockton Emmet, the present head of the family, who resides in New Rochelle. He married Miss Catherine Temple, and has had three daughters and three sons, one of whom, Richard Stockton Emmet, jr., a member of the Assembly from Westchester, died last year. A daughter, Catherine Temple Emmet, is married to Martin J. Keogh, judge of the Supreme Court. Miss Elizabeth Le Roy and Miss Eleanor Temple Emmet are unmarried. His youngest son, Grenville Temple Emmet, is studying law, and his oldest son, William Temple Emmet, who presided at the great Emmet celebration at the Academy of Music two weeks ago, is a lawyer at No. 52 Wall street, New York. He is married to Miss Cornelia Zabrickie, granddaughter of Chancellor Zabrickie, of New Jersey. They have one son, Richard Stockton. William Temple Emmet was a member of the Constitutional Convention of New York in 1891.

William J. Emmet, a younger brother of Richard Stockton Emmet, also lives in New Rochelle. His two sons, Robert Temple Emmet recently presided at the Redmond lecture in this city. He married Miss Phelps, daughter of H. D. Phelps. Christopher Temple Emmet is married to Miss Chanler, daughter of John Armstrong Chanler.

John, the second son of Thomas Addis Emmet, was educated at West Point, studied medicine and became professor of chemistry in the University of Virginia. He died in 1842. He was the father of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, of Madison avenue, New York. His sister is the wife of W. A. Griswold. The third son of the American founder, Thomas Addis, jr., who married the daughter of Dr. Macnevin was also a lawyer and became Master in Chancery. William A. Emmet, the fourth son, was the father of Dr. Bache McEvers Emmet, a prominent physician in New York.

Temple Emmet, the youngest son, entered the American Navy and died in 1822.

Of the daughters, Margaret, the eldest, never married. Elizabeth married Mr. Le Roy, and Marianne married Mr. Graves, both merchants of New York. Mr. Robert Edgar married the daughter of Elizabeth.

Miss Jane Erin Emmet, who was born in the prison of Fort George, Scotland, while her parents were still held in captivity, was married to Mr. Bache McEvers. She had two daughters, one of whom married Mr. Whitlock, and the other the head of the Cunard family of England.

All the representatives of the Emmet family are distinguished in their chosen walks in life and reflect the highest credit on their distinguished ancestors.—New York World.

CONTINUED FROM SIXTH PAGE.

CATHOLIC GELT IN CANADA.

I was permitted to visit these institutions, and I saw their practical and beneficent workings and the solid system of education they pursue, not only in the mind well trained but the heart and moral faculties are brought under the sacred influence of religion, without which no form of instruction can be made beneficial or lasting. I also visited the Ottawa University, and through the kindness of the learned Vice-Rector, Rev. Father Fallon, I was conducted through the notable seat of learning, and as I passed from room to room (in one of which I saw over 200 students), and saw desks swarming with young men intent upon their studies, some grappling with problems of science and the higher branches of professional knowledge and took note of the equipment and facilities put in their way, I realized the advantage of present-day methods and especially of those that are fortunate enough to get inside the halls of this splendid Ottawa College. I thought of the merits and calibre of many of the men it has already turned out, some of whom now grace the Bench as learned judges and others foremost in the professions they have adopted. I mentally estimated its possibilities in the future, but could not pretend to measure the gain that will fall to the students of this and of other generations who acquire their moral and scholastic knowledge at this solid fount of education.

Railway we soon crossed the boundary line between the provinces. We had not penetrated far into the CATHOLIC PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

before the very name of the stations proclaimed the air of Catholicity that hovers over it. L'Ange Gardien was the second or third stopping place. It is fitting that these distinctive marks should denote the Christian character of the venerable old Province that first saw the dawn of Christianity in the New World. A run of a few hours brought us under the shadow of Mount Royal and we presently entered the limits of Canada's busy and thriving Metropolis. Coming in from the slower towns and cities the visitor experiences new and quickened sensations on getting within the bustle and activity of this great commercial centre of the Dominion. Its crowded and busy streets, great business establishments and immense public buildings and numerous churches impress one with an idea of the solidity and wealth of Montreal. Its marvellous growth is an object lesson to one who may not have seen the city for years before. Its new and widened streets and extended limits tell of improvement and progress in all directions, as do its busy harbor and new railway stations and palatial hotels. And then for a rest of the mercantile spirit of the city, look at its banks, its wholesale and retail firms, which run in endless array from one end of the city to the other. Its Notre Dame, St. James, St. Catherine, St. Lawrence, Craig, St. Peter, St. Helen, St. Paul, McGill and the hundreds of other streets given up purely to the needs of trade and commerce. View the old mercantile houses whose foundations were laid nearly a century ago, and consider the influence of such banking concerns as the Bank of Montreal, with its accumulated millions; then walk up and down Saebrooke street or any of the residential avenues leading up to the base of the Mountain, wherein many of Montreal's merchant princes have their homes, and you may be able to form a faint idea of this great commercial city on the St. Lawrence. To be convinced of its advanced state of Christianity, civilization and culture it needs only to take note of its churches, colleges, convents, academies, schools and innumerable institutions of charity and benevolence. Nor need it be said that the first Catholics who have cast their lot with Montreal have labored in vain, for they number to day in solid body between 45,000 and 50,000, out of which aggregate have come many distinguished men and citizens who to day are prominent judges on the bench, leading lawyers at the bar, respected members of the Canadian Senate and eloquent speakers in the House of Commons at Ottawa, millionaire merchants and leaders in learned professions, real estate owners and well-to-do people generally. Then if we regard the Irish Catholics of Montreal in

their religious and educational aspect, we find the record equally satisfactory, for the typical banner church, St. Patrick's, alone counts a congregation of 9,000 to 10,000 souls, followed by St. Ann's, St. Gabriel's, St. Mary's and St. Anthony's, all of which have overflowing and increasing congregations with a complete equipment of educational institutions, charitable and benevolent societies. Montreal is famed for the number and beauty of its churches; the new St. James Cathedral takes first rank, though it seems hard to put Notre Dame in the second place. The Jesuit Church, on Beary street, is a grand edifice, alongside of which stands the famous St. Mary's College. The convents of the city have a reputation that extends beyond the Dominion itself. The city, fully termed Ville Marie, as viewed from the mountain top, presents a view to the eye of the tourist that cannot be excelled on this side of the Atlantic. Truly this same Mount Royal is the crowning glory of the city, for to its pinnacle all visitors and the citizens themselves ascend their way when they want to get a commanding view of the metropolis, and the unsurpassed scenery around it. As seen from that elevation on a bright day when the atmosphere is clear it is a sight worth recording, because nature has done her best to make it pleasing to the eye and senses. Although the years of a lifetime might be profitably spent in the great city I left it before I had seen half its attractive features, because I was in a way impelled by my strong desire to see Quebec, that old place of ancient legend and historic fame. Most of the places I saw on my travels possess features worth noticing, but none of them can at all compare in antiquity and historical importance with the renowned city founded by Samuel de Champlain and consecrated by the blood of the Jesuit missionary martyrs who laid down their lives for the faith. Old Stadacona is a veritable treasure house of things that history regards as sacred and that gathers of legend, tale and romantic story look upon as priceless. In its Basilica, Seminary Ursuline Convent, Hotel Dieu and old church in Lower Town, raised in 1688, treasures and relics are held which link the distant past with the present time. In this respect its famous Laval University is richly endowed. One cannot walk its narrow streets or view its imperishable monuments without a thrill of veneration. It has some contradictory features which instantly strike the visitor. While being the most Catholic and peaceful city in the world, it has the appearance of being the most warlike. Its frowning Citadel and rows of cannon are out of harmony with its intensely religious aspect and the prominence given to the sign of man's redemption.

W.M. ELLISON.

A NEIGHBOR'S ADVICE. THE MEANS OF RESTORING A LITTLE GIRL TO HEALTH.

SHE WAS GRADUALLY FADING AWAY AND HER PARENTS DOUBTED HER RECOVERY TO HEALTH.

From The Examiner, Charlottetown.

Perhaps the most remarkable cure that has ever been recorded is that of little Minnie Woodside, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Woodside, of Baltic, P.E.I. Mr. and Mrs. Woodside are members of the Princetown Presbyterian church, and are well and favorably known in the settlement where they reside. Mr. Woodside does an extensive business in oysters. A newspaper correspondent hearing of the remarkable recovery of this little girl, called on Mr. Woodside and ascertained the exact facts of the case. The following is substantially the result of the interview:—About a year ago last June I first noticed that my little daughter was not as bright as usual, and that she complained at times of pains in her head and chest. Up to that time she had regularly attended school, and was remarkably clever for a child of her age. She did nothing except attend school, and although I never supposed it would do her much injury, I allowed her to study too sedulously. Thinking that she was only a little run down I kept her from school for a few weeks and expected that she should be all right again. By the end of that time I was badly disappointed in my expectations, however, as she rapidly grew weaker and lost flesh every day. I was alarmed about her condition when she complained of a soreness in her lungs and began to cough. I was just prep'ing to take her to a doctor when a neighbor called to see her and advised us to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She assured me that Pink Pills had restored her own daughter to health after several doctors had failed to do her any good. I therefore resolved to give them a trial and purchased a couple of boxes that very day. I began giving my

little daughter those pills, being very careful to follow the directions. At the end of a month I noticed a decided improvement in her health, and thus encouraged I continued using the pills three months more. Her health was quite restored by that time and she was able to attend school again. I regard my daughter's cure as almost marvellous and accord all the credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For little girls and boys of delicate constitutions no better remedy could possibly be prescribed. What was done for my little girl could certainly be done for other children.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapping bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

PATENT REPORT.

The following list of recently expired patents is furnished by Messrs. Marlon & Marion, solicitors of Canadian and foreign patents, head office, 185 St. James street, Montreal.

- 236189—Automatic billiard time register.
236013—Manufacture of bougies, stomach pumps, and other surgical instruments from celluloid.
236031—Buckle.
236072—Construction of buildings.
235857—Combined water cooler and water holder.
235918—Button-hole cutting machine.
235879—Sealing fruit cans.
235919—Automatic car-brake.
235648—Stretcher for carpet cleaners.
235960—Apparatus for cooling, disinfecting, perfuming, etc.

If you are not feeling well, why don't you take Hood's Sarsaparilla? It will purify and enrich your blood and do you wonderful good.

USE ONLY Finlayson's Linen Thread. IT IS THE BEST

THE S. CARSLY CO., Limited. Notre Dame Street. Montreal's Greatest Store. March 19, 1898. Shopping by Mail. Out of town customers can shop very easily by mail if they only care to use the advantage of our mail order system. They get the benefit of the best buying experience, and the best money's worth.

GENERAL KLONDIKE OUTFITTERS. The S. CARSLY CO., Limited, beg to call special attention to their KLONDIKE DEPARTMENT, stocked with everything necessary to a Prospector's outfit, including—

SPRING DRESS GOODS. Dame Fashion has set her seal of approval on the Big Store's Spring Dress Goods. The vagaries of Fashion have been lavish in the creation of many smart and interesting fabrics, destined to be style-setters for 1898.

HOUSEHOLD LINENS. Our Linen values are endorsed by thousands upon thousands of Canada's best Housekeepers. Every make of Linen that has a place of importance in the Linen world can be found at the Big Store.

Total Assets, \$67,244,580.00 Canadian Investments, \$6,500,000.00 Greatly in excess of other Companies. MAIL ORDERS CAREFULLY FILLED. The S. CARSLY CO., Limited. 1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St. 184 to 194 St. James St., Montreal.

Society Meetings. Young Men's Societies. Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association. Organized April 1874. Incorporated Dec. 1875.

St. Ann's Young Men's Society. Organized 1885. Meets in hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month.

Ancient Order of Hibernians. DIVISION NO. 2. Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church, corner Centre and Laprairie streets.

A.O.H.—Division No. 3. Meets the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month at Hibernia Hall, No. 2042 Notre Dame St.

A.O.H.—Division No. 4. President, H.T. Keene, No. 32 Deloraine avenue; Vice President, J.P. O'Hara; Recording Secretary, P.J. Finn, 15 Kent street.

C.M.B.A. of Canada. C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 74. Organized March 11, 1888. Branch 74 meets in the basement of St. Gabriel's Church.

C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 26. (ORGANIZED, 13th November, 1883.) Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, on every Monday of each month.

C.M.B.A. of Quebec. GRAND COUNCIL OF QUEBEC. Affiliated with the C.M.B.A. of the United States. Membership 2,000.

Catholic Benevolent Legion. Shamrock Council, No. 320, C.B.L. Meets in St. Ann's Young Men's Hall, 157 Ottawa Street, on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.

St. Gabriel's Court, 185. Meets every alternate Monday, commencing Jan. 31, in St. Gabriel's Hall, cor. Centre and Laprairie streets.

St. Lawrence Court, 263, C.O.F. Meets in the Engineers' Hall, 623 Craig street, on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 95, C.O.F. Meets in St. Ann's Hall, 157 Ottawa street, every first and third Monday, at 8 p.m. Chief Ranger, JAMES F. FOSBERG.

North British and Mercantile INSURANCE CO. Established 1809. AGENCIES IN ALL TOWNS OF THE DOMINION. Canadian Head Office: 78-St. Francois-Xavier Street, Montreal. Special Agents for City: GEO. ROSS ROBERTSON & SONS, GUSTAVE FAUTEUX. Agent for East: R. GOHLER ET FILS.

SOCIETY REGALIA. Banners, Badges, Saddlecloths, of any special design, made to order, and at an estimate furnished. Work and material guaranteed. Mrs. HALLEY, 111-Boulevard St. Special discounts to Religious Institutions at MERRILL'S Carpet Store, 1061-Notre Dame Street.

ST. PATRICK'S ACADEMY.

Some scenes, some incidents, some reminiscences there are which so impress themselves on the receptive heart of youth that they are never forgotten; even more than that, they exercise a life-long influence. Happy is the youth on whom such influences worked for good, whose surroundings were such that the good seed planted fell on fruitful soil and was cultured in its growth to maturity by the careful teaching of the good Sisters, to whom a stainless life is of more value than all other things earthly. In noble institutions of education, Montreal is fortunately rich, and one that holds a foremost place is the St. Patrick's Academy, founded twenty-five years ago by the sainted Father Dowd, and entrusted to the direction of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame.

It is a touching tribute, to the lasting place Father Dowd occupies in the hearts of all who love Ireland, that on the eve of St. Patrick's Day, the anniversary of the foundation of the institution, there is a grand festive held. This anniversary is not only commemorative; it comes as a loving tribute of praise and thanksgiving, and it inspires annually with renewed vigor the principles of religious steadfastness which it was the founder's pride to instill into impressionable young souls.

No wonder that once a year is there an outbreak of fervent devotion. But the departed Father Dowd is happy in his successor. His mantle of earnestness, energy, and goodness, seems to have fallen on fitting shoulders when Rev. Father Quinlivan took up the work so nobly begun. Beloved by his parishioners, by every one who knows him, he is the Soggarth Aroon the bard sang of, and he must have been deeply touched on Wednesday afternoon, when he listened to the heartfelt words of the beautiful address presented to him.

Besides the Rev. Mother Superior General St. Sabine, and Assistant General St. Aglae, among the other guests were Rev. Fathers Quinlivan, McCallan, Callaghan, Driscoll, Fallon and McDermott.

The programme was a varied and interesting one and brought out in a marked way the striking ability of the pupils. It opened with a St. Patrick's Day overture, played on pianos, violins and mandolins. Then followed a grand chorus, splendidly rendered. It was the stirring national song, "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old," and it was given with a chorus of 400 pupils and full orchestral accompaniment. The historical sketch "Erin," in which six young ladies took part, with Angel's choir, was one of the most effective numbers on the programme.

The performers were: Misses Ethel Cunningham, Agnes Curran, Nellie McDonald, Katie Ward, Rita O'Flaherty and Miss O'Dea. The grand chorus, "Hibernia," in four parts, was another strikingly pleasing feature, and then, to the music of violins and pianos, came floating on the ear the sweet strains of "Kathleen Mavourneen."

The pupils of the Kindergarten, little tots from 5 to 6 years of age, were bound that their seniors should not have everything their own way, and so in a nice little sketch they went "On Strike" for shorter school hours. There names were Hazel Sinn, Kathleen Carpenter, Rosa Smith, Frankie McCaffrey, Ellen Luckman, Bridget Curran, Dora Larkin, Maggie Rogers, Mary Costigan, Alice Lodge, May Lodge, Maggie Smith and Ida Flanagan. Another instrumental number followed, and then came the address to the beloved pastor, Rev. Father Quinlivan. The address, which was a gem, was read by Miss Agnes Heelan in a way which would have done credit to an eulogist of mature years. It bore touching reference to Father Dowd, the founder of the institution.

Rev. Father Quinlivan, in reply, spoke heartily of the good work being done by the Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame generally and the Rev. Mother General in particular, and trusted that these anniversary celebrations would be long continued.

The names of the pupils who took the leading parts in the various instrumental and vocal selections were as follows:—Nellie McDonald, Mary Ward, Ernestine Bregent, Katie Ward, Clara Binette, Ethel Cunningham, Rosa Routhier, Agnes Heelan, Milly Cunningham, Minnie McCrory, Agnes Curran, Eva La Prairie, and Tessie McConnochy. St. Patrick's Academy has sent forth many young graduates who now hold positions of prominence in educational and literary circles, in commercial life, as well as a great number of clever musicians, for in the past as now, this institution has been famous for its musical department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We have two largest sized Cabinet Grand Heintzman & Co. pianos, full tricolor, best Wessel action, walnut and rosewood cases. Will give service almost equal to new. Original cost \$400 and \$450 each. Will sell fully guaranteed for \$225 and \$250 each, on very easy terms. Lindsay-Nordheimer Co., 2366 St. Catherine street.

Mr. J. McArar, 2080 Notre Dame street, has published a list of old popular songs. We have seen a number of them and have no doubt they will be found very interesting. Many of them have a bearing on the '98 question and they are all valuable as the revival of old memories. They are only 15c a package. Mr. McArar has also issued a celluloid '98 souvenir which we recommend to our readers.

The Liquor and Drug Habits

We guarantee to every victim of the liquor or drug habit, no matter how bad the case, that when Mr. A. Hutton Dixon's new vegetable medicine is taken as directed, all desire for liquor or drugs is removed within three days, and a permanent cure effected in three weeks. The medicine is taken privately and without interfering with business duties. Immediate results—normal appetite, sleep and clear brain, and health improved in every way. Indisputable testimony sent sealed. We invite strict investigation. Address THE DIXON CURE Co., No. 40, Park Avenue, near Milton street, Montreal. Phone 3085.

THE GREAT AU BON MARCHÉ, 1883 and 1885 Notre Dame Street, (OPPOSITE BALMORAL HOTEL BLOCK.) ALPHONSE VALIQUETTE & Co.

The above heading is well known to all Montrealers, and in fact, far away from home. It is an old established house, and has always been under the same name, except very lately. There has been a change, however, and it is to be hoped a change for the better as Mr. Charles A. Depocas, our trusted book-keeper and cashier, has been taken in as a partner, and also our well-known Patrick McGovern, who has held the position of manager, has also been taken in as a partner. Therefore it has changed from Alphonse Valiquette to Alphonse Valiquette & Co. We therefore present our card to the readers of the TRUE WITNESS, hoping that they will not forget that there is an Irishman now connected with the above named firm, and his name is Patrick McGovern, and he will be pleased to have you call around to see him, should you want any Dry Goods, Carpets, Oilcloths, Dress Goods, Silks, Satins, Fancy Prints, Dress Fabrics, Tweeds, Underwear, Corsets, Veilings, Kid Gloves, Hosiery, Perfumes, Millinery, Coats, Capes, Jackets, Tinware, Glassware, Crockeryware, Brooms, Soaps, etc.

AT THE GREAT AU BON MARCHÉ, 1883 & 1885 NOTRE DAME STREET Montreal. ALPHONSE VALIQUETTE & Co.

IRISH CATHOLIC BENEFIT SOCIETY.

At the regular meeting of the Irish Catholic Benefit Society, held on Thursday evening, March 10th, the following expression of sympathy was unanimously adopted:—Whereas,—The Almighty Disposer of all His creatures, has, in His Infinite Wisdom called unto Himself the son of our respected Secretary, Mr. Alfred May, thus inflicting upon a loving father and beloved sisters the greatest sorrow borne by the children of men, be it, therefore, Resolved,—That the officers and members of the Irish Catholic Benefit Society, in session, individually and collectively tender our sympathies to our Secretary and his family on the sad loss they have sustained, and we earnestly pray that the Almighty God, who is a merciful God, will apply to their stricken hearts a soothing balm and enable them to bow with Christian resignation to His Holy Will, and be it further Resolved,—That copies of this resolution be entered on the records of our Society, forwarded to the family of the deceased, and transmitted to the TRUE WITNESS for publication.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.

At the regular monthly meeting of the above society, held in their hall, 157 Ottawa street, on Sunday afternoon, March 13th, the following resolution of condolence was submitted and unanimously adopted, viz:—Whereas: It has pleased Almighty God in His Infinite wisdom to remove from our midst by the hand of death our beloved fellow member, Mr. Joseph Keenan, at a time when a career of great usefulness and brilliant prospects had opened before him, therefore be it Resolved,—That while we deplore the loss of our dear friend and associate, and conoling ourselves by the recollections of his many Christian and noble qualities, we beg to tender to his parents, brothers and sisters, the expression of our profoundest sorrow for their and our loss. Resolved,—That this resolution be spread on the minutes of the Society, and a copy of the same be forwarded to his relatives, and also to the TRUE WITNESS for publication.

D. J. O'NEILL, Secretary.

OBITUARY.

Charles P. McKenna.

There fell upon the house a sudden gloom. A shadow on those features fair and thin. And soft, from that bright and darkened room, Two angels issued where but one went in. It is with deep regret that we have to chronicle the death of a promising and talented youth, Charles McKenna, the eldest son of James McKenna, Florist, Cote des Neiges. This sad event occurred on Sunday, the 13th instant. He had been ailing for a few days. On Saturday evening he received the last rites of the Church from the hands of Rev. Father Perron. The end came early on Sunday morning. The deceased was in his sixteenth year and had been attending the Archbishop's Commercial Academy during the past three years. He was an apt scholar and was always well up in his classes. Owing to his quiet, gentle and unassuming manner, he was a favorite among the boys. His premature death is a sore trial to his father and mother. To them we offer our heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement.

DOIN'S SPRING STYLES. Silk and Felt Hats.

Blacks and Handsome Shades specially for Young Men's trade, and at prices that cannot be equalled in the City. You want a Hat for St. Patrick's Day. Our assortment is large and complete. Years of experience as a Hatter enables me to secure only the latest up-to-date goods. A call respectfully solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed.

A. DOIN, 1584 Notre Dame Street. (Opposite Court House). 34-2

Choice of some 20 excellent upright pianos by Nordheimer and Heintzman, to rent at \$4 and \$5 per month. Rent allowed at any time within six months, if parties desire to purchase. Lindsay-Nordheimer Co.

BUY **Coleman's Salt** THE BEST

DOES IT PAY TO TRIPPLE.

You know it don't. Then, why do you do it? I know why. It requires too much self-denial to quit. Mr. A. HUTTON DIXON'S medicine, which is taken privately, is pleasant to the taste, and will cure you of all desire for liquor in two or three days, so that you would not pay five cents for a barrel of beer or whiskey. You will eat heartily and sleep soundly from the start, and be better in every way, in both health and pocket, and without interfering with business duties. Write in confidence for particulars. Address THE DIXON CURE Co., No 40 Park Avenue, near Milton street, Montreal. Phone 3085.

JAMES A. OGILVY & SONS' ADVERTISEMENT.

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New Dress Goods.

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TRUE WITNESS SUPPLEMENT.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1898.

The Pontificate of Leo XIII.

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ITS LONG DURATION.
ONE OF THE MOST GLORIOUS ON RECORD.

The Holy Father's unceasing activity.—Biographical sketch.—Fulfillment of a prediction expressed at his election.—Review of the principal events of his pontificate.

WRITTEN FOR THE "TRUE WITNESS" BY THOMAS WHELAN.

The double celebration of two very important events in the life of Pope Leo XIII has recently taken place at the Vatican; namely, the sixtieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, and the twentieth of his election and coronation as the two hundred and sixty-third successor of St. Peter in the Pontifical chair. Considering that His Holiness is in the eighty-eighth year of his age, the longevity of his pontificate is quite remarkable. Accordingly, a sketch of the Holy Father, and a review of the principal events of his reign, will not, at this time, be inopportune.

Burdened as he is by the many and onerous duties of directing and governing the Church in every part of the Christian world, it is surprising how one apparently so weak can bear the great strain of continual activity necessitated by his exalted position as the visible head of Christ's Church on earth. Rev. Dr. O'Reilly in speaking of the wonderful vitality displayed by the Holy Father, says:

"The

UNCEASING ENERGY

required by the writing of his encyclicals and other important documents, which he writes and corrects all himself, together with the extraordinary and difficult diplomatic affairs which he has to deal with, would absorb and tax to the utmost the strength of young, experienced and robust manhood."

His daily life is one continual round of occupations; and from his hour of rising until he retires to rest, he seldom spends an idle moment, so engrossed is he with the many duties he has to perform. It is by such ceaseless activity alone that Leo XIII becomes so thoroughly conversant with all the matters of Church and state throughout the world.

All who have ever been so fortunate as to be granted an audience with His Holiness,—regardless of position, creed or nationality,—have been struck with awe at his venerable appearance. His noble brow and radiant countenance, waxlike features of transparent whiteness, and feeble frame,—all combine to inspire confidence, and, at the same time, respect for his venerable person. They retire from his presence deeply impressed by the vast resources of his mind, and surprised at his intimate knowledge of current events; while, both friend and foe, are imbued with, if it were possible, a greater reverence for the illustrious Prisoner of the Vatican.

Archbishop Bruschi, who has returned quite recently from the Eternal City, gives us his personal impression

of an audience with the Holy Father, in the following words:

"The Pope was seated in his golden chair and looked not unlike a statue as he sat there motionless. His white flowing robes aided to give this effect. His face was as white as Carrara marble and his eyes shone like twin jewels; while about his lips, a soft smile played. It was a striking picture and one never to be forgotten. Leo XIII appeared to be stronger and more vigorous than he was when I saw him ten years before. His condition is really surprising."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

The Holy Father was born at Carpineto, a town in the diocese of Anagni, one of the Papal States, on the 2nd of March, 1810, and received in baptism the name of Vincent Joachim. His father, Count Louis Pecci, was descended from one of the oldest and most respectable families of the Sienna nobility; and his mother, Anna Proserpi, was the daughter of a noble family of Cori, near Carpineto. The future Pope's childhood was passed amidst holy and peaceful surroundings. When old enough, he was placed in the care of the Jesuits, under whose tutelage he was prepared for the ecclesiastical state. He was ordained priest on December 23rd, 1837. Gregory XVI., who had previously noticed the youthful ecclesiastical piety and aptitude for learning, appointed him one of his domestic prelates upon the same date as that of his ordination.

Monsignor Pecci was destined to ascend the ladder of eminence very rapidly, for but two short months had elapsed from the day of his ordination when he was sent as

PAPAL DELEGATE TO BENEVENTO.

He accomplished so efficiently the difficult task then entrusted to him that shortly after his return to Rome he was again delegated to represent the Pope at Perugia, where he speedily adjusted some intricate questions of government to the entire satisfaction of all. The Sovereign Pontiff was better pleased than ever at the admirable abilities displayed by the young prelate; and although Monsignor Pecci was but thirty-three years of age Gregory XVI. decided to raise him to the dignity of an Archbishop, and appointed him to the titular See of Damietta. He was consecrated in the Church of St. Lawrence, Rome, on Sunday, February 10th, 1843.

Shortly after his consecration, the new Archbishop proceeded to Belgium in the capacity of Apostolic Nuncio to the Court at Brussels. During his

stay there, which lasted three years, he gained the hearts of king, court and people by his genial manners. When, owing to ill-health, he was forced to leave, King Leopold conferred upon him the Grand Cross of the Order of Leopold as a token of friendship and high esteem.

Gregory XVI. died before the Nuncio's arrival in Rome; but prior to his death the Pope had nominated him to the vacant archbishopric of Perugia. On Sunday, July 20th, 1846, Archbishop Pecci took formal possession of the See of Perugia, and for thirty-two years he labored unceasingly to advance the cause of religion among the clergy and people of his Archdiocese.

Pius IX., who succeeded Gregory XVI. in the Papal chair, likewise remarked the fervent piety and great accomplishments of the

ELECTED POPE.

The Conclave met on the 19th and 20th of February, 1878, and Cardinal Pecci received more than two-thirds of the total number of votes. The coronation took place in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican on March 3rd following, and he chose the name of Leo XIII. in memory of Leo XII., for whom he had always entertained the highest veneration. The newly elected choice of the Conclave was received with great joy and universal satisfaction. The jubilant shouts of "Long live Pope Leo XIII.," uttered by the inhabitants of Rome, were taken up and re-echoed in every part of Christendom. It will not be out of place here to relate

AN ANECDOTE

connected with the election of Leo XIII., and which is, perhaps, not generally known.



HIS HOLINESS LEO XIII.

ARCHBISHOP OF PERUGIA,

and on many occasions he showed his appreciation of the Archbishop's zeal. In the Consistory held at Rome on September 21st, 1877, he was elevated to the Cardinalate, and appointed Camerlengo Cardinal—or Minister of Finances—to succeed Cardinal De Angelis, who had recently died. This important position rendered him, next to the Pope, the chief and president of the Apostolic Chamber; and when, five months later, Pius IX. passed to his eternal reward, Cardinal Pecci, by virtue of his office, was charged with the funeral services of the dead Pope. It was also his duty to make all the preparations for the Conclave of Cardinals who were to elect a successor to the Papal throne; and he set about this task, little imagining, at the time, that he himself would be the choice of the Sacred College for this exalted dignity.

There lived at St. Anthony's Convent in the city of Rome, a Franciscan lay brother named Antonio, who was remarkable for his great sanctity. Upon the day of the election of Leo XIII, Bro. Antonio and several other religious of the convent were conversing together, and the subject naturally turned to that all important topic—the newly elected Pope. One of them expressed his regret at Leo's delicate health, and said that he was likewise very old to fulfill the duties of the Supreme Pontiff. Brother Antonio replied, "You think that Leo XIII will not live long? Now, I say to you all, he will govern the Church for twenty years." To this prediction the good brother adhered until his death, which occurred in 1891.

It was a remarkable assertion for any person to make, that one who had already neared the age of three score and ten—the allotted span of life for

man—would live to rule the Church for another full score of years. Nevertheless, time has proved that the holy Franciscan spoke the truth; for, of the two hundred and sixty-two predecessors of Leo XIII, but ten have occupied the pontifical chair over twenty years.

Pope Leo's pontificate is not only one of the longest, but will also be recorded in Church history as one of

THE MOST GLORIOUS.

When the Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Guibert, left the Conclave after Leo's election, he said in a prophetic spirit, "We acted quickly, and what is better, we acted well. I am old and shall die soon, but those that live long enough will admire the agency of the Holy Ghost in Leo XIII." Cardinal Guibert has long ago passed away, but the many wise encyclicals that have emanated from the pen of the Holy Father, have given ample justification of his words.

Upon his accession to the Papal throne, Leo XIII reiterated the firm stand taken by Pius IX against the usurpation of the Sovereign Pontiff's temporal rights by the so-called Italian government. One of his first acts was the restoration of the Scottish hierarchy, which supplied a long felt spiritual want to the Catholics of Scotland. His repeated strong denunciation of Socialism and Anarchy, called forth letters of thanks from the Czar of Russia and other European powers. He upheld the doctrine of his predecessors in condemning Freemasonry and all affiliated societies; and he illustrated the baneful influences, both to Christianity and to the State, of all secret organizations in general. In his encyclical upon the invalidity of Anglican Orders, he has finally refuted the presumptive claims of that sect. Although, at the time, it raised such a storm of protests from the Anglican clergy and caused many controversial encounters, both here and in England, it was, after all, but the official declaration of the Church upon an already established fact.

The untiring efforts of the Holy Father in the cause of education are well known. Notwithstanding the fact that his mind is absorbed with happenings throughout the world, he is far from forgetting the Church in Canada; and upon many occasions he has given instances of that fatherly care for his Canadian children. During his pontificate, Canada has been elevated to the dignity of a Cardinalatial See, with the venerable Cardinal Tachereau as its first occupant. Several new archepiscopal sees have also been created; and in addition to the numerous educational institutions throughout the Dominion, an English-speaking Catholic university has been established at Ottawa.

The recent Papal Bull upon

THE MANITOBA SCHOOL QUESTION,

as was anticipated, recognizes the rights of the Catholics of Manitoba to separate schools. In it His Holiness declares the Laurier settlement to be inadequate; but with his customary tact and diplomatic skill, he advises them, while never ceasing to impress

upon the Government their just rights to schools of their own, they may accept any concessions that from time to time will be made. The equity and impartiality of his decision, when at the solicitation of Bismarck he consented to act as mediator between Germany and Spain in the Caroline Islands dispute, drew favorable comment from the press of Europe, which showed that the Holy See, although deprived of its temporal power, is still recognized as an immense force in the world. Upon more than one occasion since has the Holy Father been called upon to exercise his skill as a diplomat, and the Powers are not averse to accepting his wise counsels in amicably settling their disputes.

ESTEE OF THE RULERS OF THE WORLD.

No better instance can be had of the esteem in which Leo XIII is held by the rulers of the world than the many costly gifts which were recently presented to him upon the 60th anniversary of his ordination. Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary sent him fifty thousand florins enclosed in a golden casket, and the Queen Regent of Spain gave a massive gold and jeweled goblet. His gift from the United States was a diamond cross; President Faure of France sent six Sevres vases; and the present from the Sultan of Turkey was a superb diamond ring. Leo XIII has repeatedly shown that he possesses abundant literary talent. All his encyclicals are masterpieces of literature. They are the outcome of deep thought and are replete with sound reasoning. His graceful Latin poem on frugality, entitled "An Epistle to Fabricius Rufus," and which appeared last year, gives evidence of his simple taste and abstemious habits. It has been translated into several languages. Mr. O'Byrne in his "Lives of the Cardinals," says of His Holiness:—"Possessing unmistakable literary abilities, he never became a litterateur. The turmoil of his time left him little opportunity for literary pursuits.

AN ELEGANT LATIN POET, his imaginative power found expression in Latin hymns—models of purity and eloquence and of exalted feeling. His classic compositions in Latin and Italian will, by and by, find a place in the literary history of the conflict between faith and unbelief—between Church and State—in Italy."

To the ends of the earth Leo XIII is proclaimed one of the greatest Pontiffs that ever occupied the Papal throne and the Church has much profited by his long reign of prudence, energy and wisdom. In him is exemplified the perpetuity of the Papacy; which has times without number been assailed, but it still exists to-day as full of life and vigor as when it was first founded. Heresy and schism have tried to undermine the foundations of the Church, but she has triumphed over all her enemies; and in this, the end of the nineteenth century, she still verifies the prediction of our Lord when he said to St. Peter, "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my Church and the gates of hell shall never prevail against it."

Montreal, March 14, 1898.

Catholic Winter School.

MR. HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS, B. A., OPENS HIS LECTURE COURSE.

Modern Laymen in Life and Literature.
The True Position of Catholics Pointed out.

The third week of the Catholic Winter School opened with a very large audience in Odd Fellows' Hall, at New Orleans, on the 7th inst., when Mr. Henry Austin Adams delivered his initial lecture. Mr. Adams spoke on "The Church and the World," and cleared the way for the other lecture of the course, which is entitled "The Layman of to-day in life and literature." He made a great success at the last session of the winter school, and, appearing this year under the same auspices, will probably duplicate his original triumph.

He was presented by Rev. Father Brien in a neat little address. He said that he wished to make apparent the danger in which the Catholic layman stands to-day of neglecting the magnificent acts which the future demands from him. He had originally intended to select a literary or historical subject, but felt that he must not neglect the opportunity to address the concentrated intelligence of southern Catholicity. He had, therefore, come to attack all weakness and all forms of namby-pamby Catholicism, and wished, if possible, to make his hearers proud of their faith.

Now, he asked, what is Catholicity? what is the Catholic layman? what is civilization? Are Catholicity and, civilization opposing forces? What is civilization? Is civilization a smaller term than Catholicism? Are they mutually convertible? Which antedates the other, Catholicity or civilization? and if either, can one infer that civilization is the product of Catholicity, or vice versa? In other words, in trying to answer these questions the speaker would endeavor to sketch the field in which the Catholic layman stands to-day. The Catholic church finds itself in the world. What should be its attitude towards its surroundings?

Mr. Adams said that many might believe him bold in his conclusions, but as he would speak the honest convictions of his heart, he felt assured that none would take offence. The Catholic, conscious of being right, and of standing firmly on the truth, may be absolutely confident of himself.

He may assume a certain calm, high, philosophical attitude towards the rest of the world, struggling as it is in the quicksands and quagmires of false theory. Catholicism, as would be more fully shown in subsequent lectures, was truth, not only the system of religious truth, in favor of which better arguments might be advanced than for any other system, but the only true system of religious truth. Catholic theology is suited to all the demands of modern conditions of thought and life, and Catholic philosophy is elastic enough to fill all the requirements of the most splendidly equipped graduate of the greatest modern university. Not only this, but it is the only philosophy which can furnish a true explanation to all modern problems.

Furthermore, Catholic civilization is the only true civilization and the one great source from which all that is best in life, art and literature has been derived. But the objector will

urge, there was Greek art—surely, that was not derived from Catholicity? Greek art did truly precede Christianity, but it was the expression of the central truth, of which it is the function of the Church to explain the principles. And the church will equally explain any other fact of modern life, social or economic.

These were not extreme positions. Mr. Adams said he could by citations from the authorities of the Church verify every claim that he advanced. The church had always claimed the ability to do these things, but the enervating atmosphere which surrounds modern Catholics has, in too many cases, caused them to abdicate the splendid position which they had inherited. While the convictions of the average Catholic layman go down to the fundamental truth, and are there firmly fixed, it is a regrettable fact that he too often feels that his Catholicism is a handicap to him in the free play of his intelligence, in his

liberty to accept political theories, or in his position regarding social attitudes. The latter is what worries him most, perhaps; because the Church says "sin" where the easy-going people of the world say "heredity," "misfortune," "bad influence," etc. But, as a matter of fact, his Catholicity should not seem to him in any way to interfere with his freedom. Our Catholicity not only makes us free, but makes us the only men in the country equipped to cope with the questions which, the Pope tells us, we must face in the twentieth century.

Mr. Adams said he would briefly indicate the line of thought to be developed in his following lectures. He would first refer to the relation of the Church and the world, speaking always from the point of view of the layman. The Catholic in modern society finds himself surrounded by people opposed to his faith, believing in a miraculous but worn-out survival

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2.

The Pilgrimage To Ireland.

Preparations now being made in Canada and in the United States to visit the Scenes of the '98 Struggle.

In this issue we give many interesting details of the great and glorious though brief rebellion in Ireland one hundred years ago. Those of us who cannot actually take part, in Ireland, with the celebration of its centennial, will take part with it in spirit. From Montreal, from New York, from Boston, from Chicago, from every great city on this continent, and towns in every part of the globe, delegations of Irishmen will soon start out for Ireland, to attest by their presence there that the spirit which animated the men of '98 still lives to-day, unconquered and unconquerable.

The Local Government Bill from Ireland, introduced in the British Parliament a few weeks ago, derived significance from the fact that it should be brought into the House of Commons just one hundred years after the sanguinary struggle of '98. It is a great concession to the national feeling which then found vent in active war; and it is the stepping-stone to the complete restoration of legislative independence.

The Executive Committee of the '98 Centennial Association of America officially announces that all preparatory arrangements for land and ocean travel on the grand pilgrimage to Ireland, to participate in the ceremonies and exercises in honor of the brave and patriotic men of one hundred years ago, who strove to make their country a nation, are completed.

The committee have selected from the American liners the steamship "Berlin." This magnificent ocean palace is particularly adapted for excursion parties on account of her spacious and luxuriously furnished cabins, staterooms, smoking rooms, etc.

Superior hotel accommodations, special railroad transportation, and every conceivable comfort is provided for and all perplexing details guarded against.

The date for sailing is set for Saturday, July 2, from New York, arriving in Queenstown July 10. Already a large number of officers and members have enrolled and selected their staterooms.

The committee, realizing the limited capacity of one steamer to accommodate the large army of applicants, and in order to give each and every one of its associate officers an opportunity of joining the pilgrimage, has forwarded to each officer application blanks for signature and a remittance of \$40 as enrollment fee, the balance to be paid any time prior to June 1.

While the celebration in Ireland

may be protracted through the entire summer, the most important exercises will be held during the visit of the American contingent. The Hon. Bourke Cockran has been selected as chief orator of the celebration. It is expected that his memorial address will surpass any previous rhetorical effort of his life and become a permanent and worthy addition to Irish literature.

The excursion is well organized. Arrangements have been made providing the round trip, first class railroad and carriage fares and hotel accommodations for nine days in Ireland all for \$160. Tickets will be good for one year after date of departure from New York.

A most elaborate reception is to be given the visitors from America and Canada upon their arrival at Queenstown. Indeed such is the sentiment which residents of Ireland feel for their brethren on this continent that the visitors from this country may expect to find themselves during their entire visit in the position of their nation's guests of honor. The mayor of Cork, working with a committee, has completed arrangements which make the reception in that city an assured success. In Dublin it is proposed to lay the foundation stone of a great national memorial to the heroes of 1798. The exercises will consist in large part of visits to the historic battlefields.

The presence of a vast body of Irish Americans and Irish Canadians at these ceremonies is looked to as a stimulus to the national feeling among the Irish people. It was the success of the American Revolution that inspired the Irish insurrection. It is to this continent that Ireland looks for her example of progress and freedom. During the actual celebration, at least, Irish national feelings will be laid aside, replaced by a strong sentiment of national unity. It is the lack of unity that has acted as a barrier to the progress of Irish gain in political rights; it is the hope of some of the leaders that the brotherly feeling inspired by the coming revival of patriotism will prove lasting and that the allegiance of non-resident Hibernians may be freshly excited and strengthened.

However, a part of the plan for the exercises is to carefully omit any and all discussion or mention of matters of contemporary politics. Unification, nothing more, is the present purpose. What the whole movement may bring to unhappy Ireland it would require a prophet to predict.

THE BANNERED HARP.

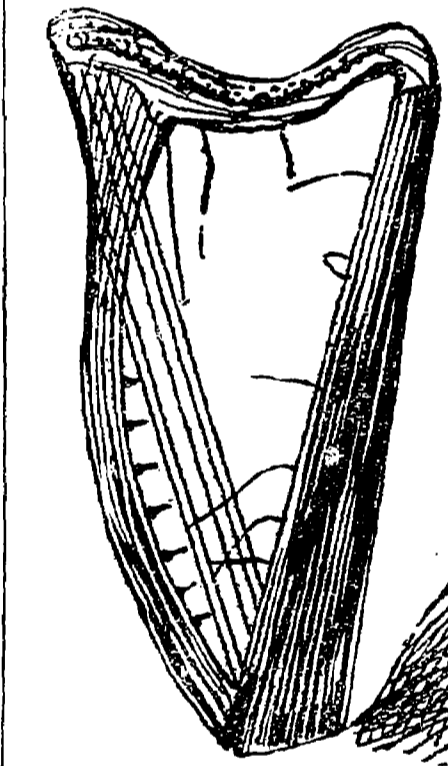
Notes on Symbols and Banners in Ireland at Different Periods.

SOME LEGENDARY TALES OF THE FAMOUS INSTRUMENT.

DR. G. SIGERSON, M. R. I. A., the well-known student of ancient Irish history, recently contributed the following interesting article to the Dublin Freeman, on "The Bannered Harp of Ireland."

None, except new nations, have the same banners as they had of old. France supplanted a familiar eagle. Who can describe the flag of Gaul? Every king or chieftain had, no doubt, his own device, though the Lark seems to have been regarded as characteristic of the country. In later times flags changed; the Bourbons carried the White Banner, with the so-called "fleur de lys," wrongly supposed to be lilies. Then the Gallic cock was the symbol. The Revolution cast down the Bourbon banner, and set up the Tricolour, which was afterwards adopted, with a difference, by other nations which had revolutions. The Roman Eagle superseded the Cock. Bonaparte's Bees appeared, and the violet ousted the lily amongst his adherents. After the Franco-Prussian war the last Bourbon claimant, Henry V., might have ascended the throne (for a time) had he not insisted on returning with the White Banner. If such and similar variations existed in France and in other old countries, why should one expect to find an exception as regards Ireland, which has been subjected to so many vicissitudes of rule and fortune? Yet many, looking upon the present symbol of the nation, identify it with the nation's existence, and that the more ardently because it has been endeared to them by suffering. This natural, but even a commendable feeling must not obscure a nation's history.

THE DIFFERENT SYMBOLS AND BANNERS. It is impossible to discover and describe the symbols and banners in use at different periods in ancient times in Ireland. It may be taken for certain that devices of different kinds were adopted to distinguish chieftain from chieftain. Thus, in an old Ossianic lay, we are told of the banners borne



Thomas Moore's Harp, Royal Irish Academy, Dublin.

by the several commanders of Fianna. "Pleasant was their sound," sang the bard "as they fluttered aloft in the frothy breeze of morning." "We raised on high the 'Form of the Sun,' the flag of great Fionn of the Fianna." It was decorated with gleaming gold. Ossian's banner was named, doubtless from its device, the "Fort of Wrath;" Oscar's the "Gap of Spoil;" Diarmuid's the "Red Hand;" MacLugair bore the "Bloody Branch;" and Caellid MacRonain the "Red Hand."

Of these we have still the "Red Hand," as the symbol of Ulster. We know that it became identified with that province because O'Neill bore it, and King James I appropriated it after the great confiscations, in order to provide an heraldic device for those who were open to mercenary titles. But Irish bards assert that the "Red Hand" belonged of ancient right not to O'Neill, but to MacAengus (now Magennis or MacGinnis). The MacDonals also claim it by descent from Caellid. All three families or clans were connected with Ulster, and therefore it is not difficult to see how the symbol became that of the northern division.

Let us pass from a province to the country at large. Ancient Erin was a federation of monarchies, not unlike what we see in Germany to-day. There was a High King or Emperor, and several independent though subordinate kings. It differed, however, in this respect—that there was no common flag.—In this, of course, it resembled other ancient federations. When all assembled in peace or in war the High King's position and symbols were the most prominent; others took up their places in due order of precedence, which was carefully observed. One can get glimpses into this somewhat obscure section of history by perusing the historic and romantic tales which tell of hostings and wars.

THE HARP IS NOT KNOWN

to have been borne on any of the royal Irish banners. It is, therefore, an interesting question to ascertain how it came to be a symbol of Ireland. It is a point, however, involved in some obscurity. Probably the simplest and

shortest answer is that Ireland was identified with music from of old, that at the time of the Anglo-Norman invasion she was acknowledged to be supreme amongst the nations in that art, especially as regards harp-playing, and that in consequence the harp was assigned as the symbol of the Irish nation. This event took place when the adoption of armorial bearings began to prevail over Britain.

Ireland was not, indeed, the only nation which possessed a stringed instrument similar to the harp. On the ancient monuments of Egypt, as old as the Pharaoh who set Joseph in a post of honor, there are delineations of harps, some small, some tall as a man, some with few, others with many strings. Fifty years ago one was discovered at Thebes, made of wood, covered with red leather, having cat-gut strings, and so tenderly had time preserved it that it still sounded, though it may have lain buried for three thousand years. The Egyptian harp differed from our modern harp in that it had no pillar in front. The Greeks adopted the Egyptian instrument. One of the sirens against whose tempting song Ulysses closed his ears, played a harp. Perhaps the most remarkable of the ancient designs is one traced on a Roman vase, where two hands are shown playing on a harp with a front column. And this column is ornamental, being in the form of a crane with closed wings and bent head. The widest part of the sounding box was above, and not below as in modern instruments. The bird's figure occupies the position which in the heraldic Irish harp is taken by the winged female figure.

How came this female form to be incorporated with the Irish harp? Does it symbolize Hibernia—is it simply an embellishment on the Apulian crane? Moore supplies us with a legend which he may have fashioned in his fruitful imagination, for he abstains from reference. This tells us:

'Tis believed that this harp which I wake now for thee
Was a siren of old who sang under the sea.

She loved in vain, and wept in woe,
'Till Heav'n looked with pity on true love so warm,
And changed to this soft harp the sea-maiden's form.

Still her bosom rose fair, still her cheeks smiled the same,
While her sea-beauties gracefully formed the light frame,
And her hair, let loose, o'er her white arm it fell.
Was changed to bright chords uttering melodies' spell.

If ever any such tradition existed amongst the Gael it does not appear to have been reduced to writing, nor to have persisted. The early representations of the harp give no countenance to the legend, for they are simple, and the oldest Irish harps extant, some of which are elaborately carved and most beautiful in form, present no female figure.

THE ANCIENT IRISH NAME.

For the harp was *cruid*; more lately *clairseach* was also used. From the earliest times the Irish appear to have been conversant with its use. In historical romance reference is made to it as extant at the time of the Battle of the Northern Moytura, which (if annals were reliable so far back) took place about a century after the Pharaoh of Joseph's time. Those were the days of the gifted De Danann nation, before the Milesian invasion.

They had fought and defeated the Fomorians, who retreated, carrying off the chief harper of the conquerors. Three of these following, entered the hall where the Fomorians were feasting, and saw the harp of the great Dagda hanging mute on the wall. Music was spellbound in it. It would answer to none who tried his skill upon it. Then the Dagda standing at the door of the banqueting hall, called it by its names of honor and endearment. The harp then, parting from the wall, rushed towards him through his enemies, killing nine who were in its course. Clasp it to his breast the Dagda achieved the three great performances of a harper. He played the *Goitrai* until all their women wept; he played the *Gentrai* until all the women and youths broke into laughter; he played the *Suantraí* till the entire host fell asleep. Then the three champions escaped from the midst of their foemen.

After the battle of Tailte, where the De Dananns were overthrown by the Milesians, the Brothers Heber and Heremon divided the island, the latter taking the northern half with a poet, and Heber the southern with a harper. Hence it was said the north excelled in poetry, the south in music. There are many curious legendary tales in which the harp is referred to, but as yet no very ancient harp has been discovered in Ireland. Yet it is too soon to give up hope. It is not many years since the Ardagh Challice, perhaps the most beautiful in the world, was discovered, and as yet no systematic explorations have been made.

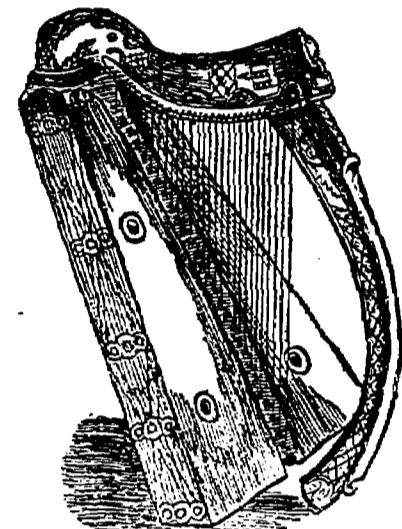
There are, however, some highly interesting and beautiful harps in our museums. The first in date as regards antiquity appears to be that falsely called "Brian Boromhe's harp." It is preserved in Trinity College, but models of it are to be seen elsewhere. The story goes that when Brian's son Donnac was deposed by his nephew he took his father's crown and harp to Rome, and presented them to the Pope. Ultimately the harp was sent to Henry VIII with the title of "Defender of the Faith," who gave it to the first Earl of Clanciarde, and after having changed hands several times it was finally deposited in Trinity College. The arms on the harp were de-

clared to be those of O'Brian. Moore pointed out that the

HEREDITARY USE OF ARMORIAL BEARINGS

was not introduced into Europe until after the time of the Crusades, and was not established in England until the reign of Henry III. Petrie considered the arms to be those of O'Neill.

The latter statement is contested by O'Curry, who believes the arms to be those of O'Brian, but not of Brian Boromhe. He advances reasons for believing that the harp in question belonged to Donead Cairbreach O'Brien, chief of his clan in the 13th century, one of the last kings of Munster. It seems that Donead's harp had been sent to Scotland, in ransom for the bard O'Daly; and Donead subsequently commissioned another bard, Mac-Comidhe, to ransom it again for great gifts. The attempt was vain. The harp was detained and may, O'Curry thought, have been taken to England when Edward III bore away the Scottish regalia. In that case Henry VIII may well have made a present of it to Earl of Clanciarde. Its reputed as O'Brien's harp would have remained. "Would it be too much to believe," suggests O'Curry, "that it was the celebrity of this ancient harp that suggested to that execrable monarch the idea of first placing the harp in the arms of Ireland, in the fashion of the heraldry of the time, and impressing it on the coinage of the country? That the harp-coinage was in circulation in Henry's time is well known."



Brian Boromhe's Harp.

It is, however, probable that Henry VIII had nothing to do with inserting the harp on the arms of Ireland, inasmuch as that, with all things of the King, was the function of the heralds themselves, who proceeded according to the rules, customs, and traditions of their office. The fume of Ireland for musical excellence, and the special renown of its harpers, furnished suggestions enough for those whose art was that of blazoning arms.

Next in age to the O'Brien harp are the remains of the "Dalway harp," which bears the date 1621, and traces of beautiful ornamentation are observable on the parts which have escaped destruction and decay. In conclusion, we may say that the harp is an emblem of which a nation might be proud. Some peoples may bear wild beasts, but those do not denote any intellectual achievement, nor can they even be regarded as symbols of civilization. It is otherwise with respect to the harp. Its construction and execution require skill of the most refined kind, and, therefore, must of necessity denote a high degree of intellectual advancement. Contemporary history and the testimony of foreigners bear witness that the Irish at an early date were in the van of the nations of Europe. From them, in later times, the Italians obtained the improved harp; and in the year 1100 the Welsh themselves highly skilled in music—sacred Irish harps to regulate the musical canon of Wales.

Winter School.

Continued from 1st page.

of a code of ethics useful in its day, but no longer applicable. This attitude accounts for the little importance which Catholics have in the country. He finds, on contrasting himself with his neighbors, that the church tries to hedge in his life so that the world may pierce through the externals only to find that the man behind them differs altogether from his non-Catholic fellows. He finds himself taking decided stands upon issues about which others are exceedingly lax. For example, a Catholic cannot consent to divorce, while all around him people are practicing it, with apparently no social ignominy. When the Catholic sees this, the microbe of modernity gets to buzzing about his ears, suggesting all kinds of doubts, pointing out that these other people are very nice and respectable, and suggesting that maybe the Church is a little old-fashioned, and would it not be well to be a liberal Catholic? Of course, never deny your faith, but don't make it too conspicuous; be liberal. This is very fine, Mr. Adams sarcastically commented; it made a man feel bigger than the Church, and that necessarily gave him a good opinion of himself.

The lecturer said that the devil is responsible for the imputation of narrowness to any opposition to "liberalism." But freedom of action may exist without narrowness, and there is no need to break with Catholic tradition merely to avoid a baseless insinuation against one's broad-mindedness. Why not take it for granted—say frankly, "Yes, I will be free; free in every action and thought, but it is the truth which shall make me free." We ought never to be free to play fast and loose with any fact. That society is not free, but licentious, which departs from truth, even in the estimation of a harp. The Catholic is, in fact, the

only free man, and all the others are the slaves of a half-truth or of absolute error.

In regard to the attitude of the Church towards the intellect, Mr. Adams proudly cited the long fostering care which the Church has shown for education. In all ages and times it has labored to diffuse knowledge among its people, and the slander is foundationless which accuses her of trying to keep her communicants in intellectual swaddling clothes. The Catholic Church alone can cope with modern intellectual problems, because it alone possesses a fixed standard of perfect truth. No new data can startle the Catholic; the Catholic botany, mineralogy or astronomy of boyhood may not have contained the details of the great modern discoveries in those walks of science, but they did contain the eternal principles of truth, and no scientist with a new flower and no wing of a hitherto unknown beetle can prove to him the non-existence of the soul. He knows the relation of the external fact to eternal principles.

Mr. Adams here developed a very beautiful figure, likening the mass of human knowledge to fragments fallen from a celestial mosaic in some vast, magnificent dome. Men draw from the heap minute bits of stone and glass, and propound theories about what must have been the place in the general design. Only the Catholic Church, holding the hand of St. Thomas Aquinas, and applying the remorseless logic which he developed, could see the pictures in the distant dome and take the fragments from the pile and place them in their original positions.

The trouble with the world, Mr. Adams went on to say, was that it could not generalize, and, being able to see only what is directly in front of it, misses whole worlds and creations. Catholicity is not only large enough to include every fact of science, but modern science possible, and is today saving that very science. Catholicity is the one existing principle, which can synthesize the whole mass of the facts heaped up by modern investigators. Human intelligence is analytical only; but Catholic intelligence is synthetic. When Catholicity says a fact is a fact, it says so because that fact has been compared with the truth and found to be in accord with it, and therefore unquestionably a fact. By mere science cannot be positive; when Heideberg proclaims a new fact, Cambridge contradicts it; when Huxley declares for a new theory, Tyndal declares his new system moonshiny. The proof of this assertion regarding the character of Catholic science is that when the Yerkes Observatory was opened, among the twenty odd learned papers read there the one which made the greatest sensation was by a Jesuit priest—by a member of that Order which is commonly condemned as underhand, dubious and ambitious only of cramping human intellect.

These same principles are true equally in the departments of economy and politics. Reviewing these conclusions, the Catholic may just and confidently say to his country, whenever the call of duty is made: "I am the only one who is properly prepared to discharge this task. Send me wheresoever may be necessary, I alone can render you fitting and truthful service."

The lecture was delivered with that earnest eloquence which is Mr. Adams' chief charm and principal characteristic. It was warmly and frequently applauded, and closed in a perfect ovation.

Prior to the lecture Mr. Leon de Fonteynes, the splendid barytone of the cathedral, was presented. Accompanied by Miss Ruel, he gave a magnificent rendition of a solo from "Horodiade," and in response to an enthusiastic encore he gave Faure's "Les Rameaux." He has a delightful voice, of great range and sweetness, admirably trained, and was heard to great advantage.

After the lecture the audience, acting on Father Blenk's invitation availed itself of the opportunity to meet Mr. Adams personally, a great many hastening forward to shake hands and offer the distinguished visitor a cordial welcome back to New Orleans.—Daily Picayune.

THE WRECKED "MAINE."

A Divers Recovers Father Childwicks Cherished Challice.

Readers of the True Witness will be pleased to learn that the divers have been successful in recovering the sacred vessels belonging to the chaplain, Father Childwick, which were used by him in celebrating Mass on the ship. The one most highly prized is a gold sterling silver and gold lined chalice, which was presented to Father Childwick a few days before the "Maine" sailed for Cuba. The chalice bears an inscription running around the base of the bowl, announcing that it was presented by the crew of the "Maine" as a testimonial of their respect for their spiritual director. A gold paten accompanied the chalice at the time of the presentation, and the cost of the two was about \$300.

The chalice was found in the chaplain's room by Haggerty, the superintendent of the Merritt-Chapman wreckers, who is an old diver and went below himself. Although the chaplain valued the gift most highly he has never asked any one to search for it, fearing to delay the work of recovering the dead imprisoned beneath the wreck.

The New '98

OR
How we kept the Centenary.

BY F. HUGH O'DONNELL.

Through Dublin town, through Dublin town,
That keeps the harp above the crown,
Like bannered army, stern and strong,
The vast procession swept along,
From Malin Head to lone Cape clear,
From the Cave Hill to Shelmalier,
Northland and Southland, all are here;
United Ireland, stern and strong,
Keeping the watch of her vigil long.
Keeping the oath that Wolfe Tone swore,
To hate the stain on the sacred shore,
Keeping the glory of '98

We worked and taught the livelong year,
And now the crown of the work was here,
We worked and taught throughout the land,
Wherever 'twas told of a gallant stand,
Of a gallant stand and a death of fame
To keep the green from the scarlet shame,
By Antrim town, or Bantry's wave,
Or High Carnew the Briton's grave.

There's journalists from Italy, and journalists from Spain,
The keenest pens of Germany are writing might and main.
They'll give our Sister England exceeding cruel pain,
To Volk and Kaiser telling, beyond the Potsdam Gate,
How England's loved in Ireland, the second '98.

But still the loudest cheering is booming round the line
Where green and starry banners in brave alliance shine,
Our brothers, oh, our brothers, they've come across the sea,
To back our "no surrender" and promise liberty,
From fifty states they've mustered, to fifty states they'll go,
To speed the sacred signal, to speed the coming blow.
Spy Jones can note their number, Spy Jones can note their name,
They bear the Union banner, its flag of starry flame.
The glorious, glorious Union, our dearest hope to-day,
And not the mangy "Union" of Pitt and Castlereagh!

'98 IN A NUTSHELL.

Historical Calendar of its most notable events.

By JOHN E. REDMOND, T. P.

May 27—Outbreak of the insurrection. On the previous day (May 26) a brigade of yeomanry and militia had burned the church of Boulavogue, of which Rev. John Murphy was pastor. This act precipitated the rising. Bonfires were lighted along the Wexford hills and the people, armed with pikes, poured in from all sides. The first fight occurred in the afternoon at Oulart Hill. Father Murphy leading the rebels. The British were severely routed and almost annihilated, only five red-coats escaping from the field.

May 28—Father Murphy mustered a large force and led it against Enniscorthy. Battle of Enniscorthy, in which the British were again defeated and the town captured.

May 30—Fight of Three Rocks mountain. British routed with heavy loss. Town of Wexford surrendered to the Irish. Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey of Barry castle elected commander-in-chief of the insurgents, with Father Murphy second in command.

June 1—Capture of Newtonbarry, under Captain Keogh, and subsequent recapture by a large force of British regulars during the night. Heavy loss on both sides. On the same day the insurgents, under Rev. John Murphy, were badly defeated at Ballycarrow. These were the first serious checks received by the insurgents.

June 2—Capture by the Irish forces of Lord Kingsborough and several British officers. Additional troops arrived from England, General Walpole assuming command.

June 4—Battle of Tobeneering. The Irish, armed chiefly with pikes, utterly routed General Walpole and captured his cannon. Pursuit of the British to the town of Grey. After an ineffectual attempt to capture the place by assault, the insurgents laid siege to Walpole's fortifications.

June 5—Battle of Ross—Three times the Irish captured the town after great loss. General Harvey showed incompetence as a leader and allowed drunkenness and plundering. As a result the British returned with reinforcements during the night and recaptured the stronghold. The struggle for its possession had lasted altogether thirteen hours, and had been attended with extraordinary bloodshed. General Jones commanded the British.

June 8—Formal deposition from the insurgent leadership of Harvey, and election of Rev. Phillip Roche in his stead. Harvey's weak command had, however, done so much to demoralize his men that Roche found almost insurmountable difficulties in the way of restoring order and discipline. Numerous skirmishes occurred, notably one at Castlecomer, County Kilkenny, between the rebels and a large force under Sir Charles Asgill and the Earl of Ormonde. The Irish defeated and their leader, Captain John Brennan, killed. The imported English miners in the Castlecomer collieries lent their aid against the rebels.

June 9—Battle of Arklow, County Wicklow. Several hours of severe fighting, resulting in a drawn battle, the insurgents running short of ammunition and retiring in good order. The rebel leader, Rev. M. Murphy, killed by a cannon ball. The Irish, firmly intrenched, repulsed a night attack with heavy loss.

June 12—Defeat of the insurgents at Borris, County Carlow. Skirmish of Tinahely; the Irish victorious.

June 19—Second fight of Three Rocks mountain. The insurgent division of Colonel Thomas Cloney surrounded by a far larger force of British regulars, succeeded in cutting their way through the red coats; and when pursued, suddenly faced about and routed the enemy with considerable loss.

June 20—Heavy defeat of the insurgents after four and one-half hours of severe fighting at Foulkes Mills. Arrival of second body of British reinforcements from England and Wales.

June 22—Battle of Vinegar Hill. British fully armed and numbering 20,000 men, surrounded the Irish forces, which consisted of only 2,000 men with firearms and less than 1,000 with pikes and scythe blades. General Lake commanded the British; Rev. Phillip Roche and Esmond Ryan the Irish. The fight was long and bloody, but such great superiority and strength told in the end. The insurgents were forced to abandon their position and retreat. The defeat broke the back of the rebellion. Commander Roche and a number of others were slain.

June 23—A remnant of the insurgent army crossed the river Barrow into Kilkenny county. Battle of Goresbridge, in which the Irish under Rev. John Murphy won a temporary victory.

The rising in the south closed with the capture of Rev. John Murphy, Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey and many other of the insurgent chiefs. Most of them, including the two mentioned, were summarily executed.

All this time the French, with whom Wolfe Tone had formed an alliance on behalf of the insurgents, had been delaying their descent upon the Irish coast. At last they ventured, during the early autumn, to land at Killybegs, in Sligo, under General Lambert, with Tone himself as missionary general. For a time the invasion prospered and a large force of British was routed at Ballina; but Lord Cornwallis's superior forces obliged Lambert to surrender. The French officers captured were sentenced to death.

Thus ended the Irish rebellion of 1798—a struggle remarkable, indeed, when one considers the brave stand made by a handful of badly armed volunteers against a large, well-armed and well-ammunitioned army of trained soldiery. Truly there is no reason why an Irishman should "fear to speak of '98."



PROF. JOHN KELLS INGRAM, S.E.

Ireland's Patriot Priests.

A '98 HERO WHOSE MEMORY HAS BEEN NEGLECTED.

Fathers John and Michael Murphy, Father Philip Roche and other brave patriot priests led their people right well "over many a noble town and many a field of dead" when Wexford's peasants were driven to insurrection in 1798. But neither of the Wexford priests had been a member of the Society of United Irishmen; as a matter of historical fact, there were very few Catholic clergymen in Ireland who, however they might have sympathized with the movement and its objects, actually joined the ranks of the organization and pledged themselves to actively aid in carrying out the programme of Tone and Fitzgerald, McNevin and Oliver Bond. Father James Coigley was an exception to the rule. He had been in the confidences of the leaders of the society before he started on the fatal journey which ended on the gallows near Maidstone; and, though he was hanged on insufficient and tainted evidence, it may fairly be taken for granted that the brutal English crowd who looked calmly on while the brave priest swung from their scaffold on Penenden Heath saw the death of a persistent and determined enemy of the domination of their race over the fate and fortunes of our country. Father Coigley died for the cause of Irish freedom as truly as did Father John Murphy or Father Philip Roche, and his name should be honored with theirs by all who are reviving and celebrating the memories of '98, says the Dublin Weekly Freeman.

Some doubt exists as to the place of Father Coigley's birth; but though his name is closely associated with the county of Louth there is reason to believe that he was a native of the city of Belfast. His last thoughts, at all events, were with the people of that city. As the spirit of '98 is nowhere more active than among the Nationalists of the northern capital, it may be well to remind them that one of the latest wishes expressed by the martyr was a desire that a simple stone bearing his name should be erected to his memory in the city which he loved, and of whose people he wrote in terms of sincere, indeed enthusiastic, admiration while waiting for death at the hands of an English hangman. Surely 1898 will not be allowed to pass away without seeing this modest wish complied with.

During his tenure of the office of Catholic chaplain at Dundalk prison Father Coigley seems to have been specially singled out as the victim of orange persecution and insult. Secure in the favor and protection of the government, the members of the newly-created Orange Society lost no reasonable opportunity of fulfilling that section of their amiable vow which bade them "wade knee deep in Papist blood." A Catholic priest was a fair quarry for these beasts of prey, and we may well suppose that the tortures and persecutions to which Father Coigley and his family were subjected had much to do with his action in identifying himself with the men whose broad, tolerant and statesmanlike policy was freedom and equal rights for all Irishmen who lived on Irish soil. At all events, we can feel assured of one thing—Father Coigley was a United Irishman.

Lord Cloncurry was one of the priest's closest and best friends and he maintains that Father Coigley's fatal mission to France, which was interrupted for ever at Margate, was not connected with the politics of the period. The peer, in his "personal recollections," states that the persecutions of the all-powerful Orange body in Dundalk forced his friends to accept an offer of a professorship at the famous Catholic University of Douai, where so many young Irishmen found the education denied at home during the penal days, and that he was on his way to France, on such a peaceable mission bent, when he was arrested, tried, convicted and hanged. In view of events which certainly occurred, this theory, however, can hardly be accepted in full.

Lord Holland agrees with Lord Cloncurry to a great extent, and between them they frame a charge of incredible meanness and treachery against Arthur O'Connor which hardly tallies with the character and career of that eccentric but daring United Irishman. Their story is that the connection between the Munster organizer and the Dundalk priest was purely accidental; that the latter, being in dire distress, consented to travel Francwards as the former's secretary; that when the arrests were effected at Margate the priest voluntarily offered to sacrifice himself that O'Connor and the others—Binns, Allen and Leary—might go free; and that O'Connor accepted the sacrifice. The entire transaction was mysterious and we can only record the broad ascertained facts.

Father Coigley left Dublin during the third week of January, 1798, as "Captain Jones," and accompanied by a faithful servant named Leary. He went via Manchester, and on arriving in London was soon received as the guest of the London branch of the Society of United Irishmen, officially known as the "London Correspondence Society." This organization had its headquarters in a few rooms in a court off Fetter Lane, Fleet street, where Father Coigley, his companion and another Irishman named Allen lay out for several days. Arthur O'Connor, also on his way to France, had been in London some weeks before Father Coigley arrived.

But O'Connor was well known in London. He was of aristocratic blood and belonged to the predominant faith; the leaders of the Whigs were his attached friends; in every respect he occupied a different position from that of the banned and hunted cleric who had identified himself with the national movement. Spies and informers were busy, and O'Connor's sources of information soon enabled him to realize that the agents of the government were on the track of the Irish revolutionary emissaries. Flight was resolved upon, and John Binns, a relative of the secretary of the London society, was despatched to Whitstable with instructions to secure a boat in which the fugitives could embark for the friendly French coast. He started on Feb. 21, and after a series of negotiations succeeded in hiring a vessel at Deal. Back he came to London with the good news, only to find that Father Coigley, Arthur O'Connor and their followers, Allen and Leary, had just left the metropolis, doubtless aware that their foci were hot on their track. We need not detail the series of adventurous journeys which followed this flight from London to the southern English coast. The exiled Irishman, Binns, was indefatigable in his efforts to save the suspects. He followed them with all speed, and joined the priest and O'Connor on the road between Canterbury and Whitstable. The arrangements seem to have woefully miscarried, and we bring the narrative to where O'Connor and Father Coigley were arrested at a Margate inn after the latter had made a desperate resistance. Their arrival had been noted by some Bow street officers who happened to be in the resort town, and an examination of their luggage revealed the possession of several documents which, as English law stood, justified their detention and subsequent commitment to the Tower of London. Allen and Leary were captured at the same time.

That Father Coigley was on intimate terms with several leaders of the United Irishmen and a confidential friend of Lord Edward Fitzgerald was shown by some of the letters and papers found on his person; but there is good reason to believe that the really compromising document—a letter from the "secret committee of England" to the French executive—had been placed in his luggage without his knowledge in London. His persistent denial of any knowledge of this letter gives some color to the theory that his journey to France was primarily unconnected with politics. Be this as it may, the four prisoners were brought to trial at Maidstone on May 21. No material evidence was produced against Allen and Leary; the heads of great English families came to testify on behalf of Arthur O'Connor, and his acquittal on the charge of high treason was secured; but the priest of the Catholic church was doomed. It may be not unfairly said that he was practically left to his own poor resources in providing his defence, and whether justifiably or not, Wolfe Tone never forgave O'Connor for his part in the transaction. Father Coigley was sentenced to death; and the death sentence was duly carried into effect a mile outside Maidstone on June 7, 1798, at about the hour when General Henry Joy McCracken was massing his forces for the assault on the town of Antrim that began so well for the patriot army and ended in a disastrous and irretrievable defeat.

The scene on the scaffold was awful and trying. It seems that the hangman was nervous, and he blundered and bungled with his apparatus for several minutes, while the heroic Irish priest stood bravely on the death trap, waiting for his fate with "the courage of his race," and with the calm fortitude of a true Christian conscious of being at peace with his Maker. At last the deed was accomplished, and one more was added to the long list of martyrs to the cause of Irish freedom. Father Coigley's name is not known and honored in Ireland as his heroism deserves. It was not his fate to die, as his brethren in Wexford did, leading the people in the fight for their country, their altars and their homes; nor yet was his last sigh breathed on Irish soil, within reach of hearts that sympathized, even though the hands were powerless to save. His young life was given for the old land away amid the rabble hordes of an English town—but it was given freely and bravely. He lived and died as an Irishman, and the record of his life and death should rank amid the dearest and most precious of our memories of '98.

Life says that Napoleon made many men prominent—among others the Duke of Wellington.

The season of the spring poet has now arrived and in consequence the paper mills are running on full time.

Formerly in the spring a young man's thoughts ran to love and other similar things, but now he is more likely to be interested in his '98 wheel.

While discussing the rate war with a Washington correspondent, recently, Sir William Van Horné gave utterance to a very true statement: "War between the United States and England would result in the dissolution of civilization." Sir William is right in this instance; such a happening would be a dire calamity too terrible to even dream of.

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

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

III. Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made;
But though their clay be far away,
Beyond the Atlantic foam,
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit's still at home.

IV. The dust on some is Irish earth,
Among their own they rest,
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast.
And we will pray that from their clay
Full many a race may start
Of true men, like you, men,
To act so brave a part.

V. They rose in dark and evil days
To right their native land;
They kindled here a living blaze
That nothing shall withstand.
Alas, that might can vanquish right,
They fell and passed away,
But true men, like you, men,
Are plenty here to-day.

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

Shamrock of '98.

Sent with affectionate and grateful remembrance to their Irish Friends abroad.

By the Sisters of Charity, Ballaghaderni Co. Mayo, Ireland.

O thou across the sea,
Go—bring afar with thee
Erin's fond memory,

Shamrock of '98!

Go—for thy country plead!
Say, that true love indeed
Shines in the hour of need,

Shamrock of '98!

Bear o'er the Ocean's foam
Where'er her children roam,
Kind thoughts of love and home,

Shamrock of '98!

Tell them with garner's full,
"Blest are the merciful!"
Christ's Hand their alms shall cull,

Shamrock of '98!

Plucked from the mossy sod,
Childhood and youth have trod,
Where dear ones sleep in God—

Shamrock of '98!

Say—to their sunny skies
Turn Erin's weeping eyes,
Brother to brother cries,—

Shamrock of '98!

Sprinkled with heroes' blood,
Gathered where Saints have stood,
Type of the brave and good,—

Shamrock of '98!

Bid them of scanty store
Share with the poorer poor!
Christ's hand shall lend them more,

Shamrock of '98!

Fresh through the Summer's glow,
Green 'neath the Winter's snow,—
One hundred years ago,

Shamrock of '98!

Tell how the widow's mite
Weighs in her Maker's sight
As gold and jewels bright,—

Shamrock of '98!

Exiles—they sighed for thee,
Outlaws—they cried for thee,
True men—they died for thee,—

Shamrock of '98!

O'er the wave speed thy bark,
Angels thy course shall mark,
Dove from the sinking Ark,

Shamrock of '98!

Go—tell across the main,
Famine and hunger's pain
Smite the old land again,

Shamrock of '98!

Go—and bring back with thee,
Plucked from Hope's olive tree,
Kind help and sympathy,—

Shamrock of '98!

St. Patrick's Day, 1898.

S. C.

St. Patrick's Well.

THE WISDOM OF THE FAIRY BLACKBIRD.

BY GERALD BRENNAN.

THERE was a dew upon the hedge-row cobwebs, and in the air a faint hint of early violets. Since daybreak a garrulous blackbird had been lirting from the old thorn-tree above Toberpatrick; and now Ballycarney Chapel bell sent its summons across the valleys.

Two persons were coming towards the cross-roads, in answer to the clangorous bell—the one a man, old and of feeble bearing; the other a girl, the prettiest in all the barony.

By the crossroads stile they met and gave each other "good morning."

"Arrah, Maureen," said the ancient leaning heavily upon his staff, "you're the picture of good looks! But, where's your shamrock? Sure you didn't come out without your shamrock on Patrick's Day, did you?"

Maureen blushed under her veiling shawl. "I—I gave it to some one," she stammered.

"Aha," the old man chuckled. "An' that is how the land lies! Sure, I was thinkin' Peter O'Hara wouldn't be keeping his daughter long. An' who's the lucky boy, I don't know?"

"Then you won't know, either, Mehaul Reagan," the girl said with spirit. "Tis none of your business at all."

Mehaul chuckled and made haste to help the affronted beauty over the stile.

"Sure, I wouldn't offend you for all the gold between here and Dublin town," he said, deprecatingly. "All I asked you was because 'tis a serious matter to give shamrocks away on Patrick's Day—a mighty serious matter."

"How is that, Mehaul?" asked the girl, interested and somewhat mollified, as they set forth along the road together.

Mehaul Reagan winked furtively, as he produced his short clay pipe and filled it with tobacco. He was the recognized chronicler general of Ballycarney affairs; and as such it behooved him to discover the identity of Maureen O'Hara's favorite swain.

Mehaul had all the traditions and superstitions of the country at the ends of his gnarled fingers; and he now proposed to use this knowledge as a means of worming the desired scrap of information out of his fair companion.

"How about giving the Shamrock away, Mehaul?" repeated Maureen eagerly.

The sly old Sheanachie lit his dhudeen, fitted on the tin lid with care and began to smoke contentedly.

"Well, alannah," he said after a pause, "tis an old superstition his Rivivence, Father Tom, would be calling it. They say that when a girl gives a boy a shamrock on Patrick's Day, she does it to test his true love."

"To test his love, Mehaul?"

"Aye, that's what my old grandmother said. 'Twas like this, Maureen. I heard the old grandmother tell it to no less a fine lady than Dame Carney herself. It was only a slip of a boy when Dame Carney—she was Miss Fitzgerald then—came to consult the wise woman."

"Tell me, Mrs. Reagan," says she, "if Sir Geoffrey Carney loves me?"

"The old grandmother took a bunch of shamrock that myself had plucked (for it was Patrick's Day), and gave it to Miss Fitzgerald."

"Miss Honor," she says, "if you want to find out the truth, give that shamrock to Sir Geoffrey. Then, unbeknown to him or anyone else, go by the hillpath to the well of St. Patrick, this very night, when the moon is high. There will be a blackbird sitting on the thorn tree, over the well. 'Tis a fairy blackbird, Miss Honor; but it won't hurt you, if you repeat St. Patrick's name three times, an' dip your little finger in the water."

"Then the blackbird will fly away to fetch the man that loves you best. Wait till the full of the moon, an' when twelve o'clock strikes from Castle Carney clock tower, you will see your lover's face in the water of St. Patrick's well."

"Oh!" exclaimed Maureen, who had not lost a syllable of this reminiscence. "And did she see him, Mehaul?"

"See him, is it? Sure, of course, she did. Next day she comes to my old grandmother an' gives her five golden guineas."

"Mrs. Reagan," she says, "the spell came true. I saw Geoffrey's face in the well last night, an' this morning I promised to marry him."

"Marry him she did, too, an' mighty happy they were. Now, Maureen, if you go to this well to-night, an' the boy that you gave the shamrock to really loves you, you'll see his face in the water."

Mehaul's dhudeen had gone out, and he stopped to light it. When he turned around, the operation performed, he was surprised to hear what sounded like a sob from Maureen.

"Ayah, Maureen, it is crying you are?" ejaculated the Sheanachie, peering under the coquettishly draped shawl.

"It's ruined it all!" she wailed. "Oh! Mehaul, I've ruined the spell. Sure, I had two bunches of shamrock, an' I gave both away—to different boys. Now I must wait till next Patrick's Day to find out which loves me best."

But Mehaul came promptly to the rescue.

"An' is that what you're crying for?" he shouted. "Tis laughin' you ought to be. Sure, the two bunches won't hurt the spell, Maureen, for only one of them can be the fairy bunch. Never you fear, but go to the well at midnight, an' you'll see the face o' the boy that you're goin' to marry. By the way, alannah, who were the two boys you mentioned? The names have clean shipped my memory."

In Maureen's delight at hearing that the shamrock spell still held good, she revealed her heart's secret to the wily Sheanachie. The two favored "boys" were Bryan Kavanagh and Dennis Nowlan—both strapping youths and promising whizzes.

They had plagued her with their attentions for a twelvemonth, until she was utterly at a loss to choose between them.

"An' you've no choice at all?" queried Mehaul.

Maureen pursed her pretty lips. "No—no—I've no choice. I did think I liked Bryan better; but then Denny came back from New York, an'—an'—"

"An' he looked so fine in his broadcloth suit that you couldn't resist him?" said Mehaul.

"No such thing!" cried Maureen. "He knows more in a day than Bryan does in a year. Besides, he'll take me out to America. But where's the use o' talkin'? If the spell is as good as you say, the well will show me the man to take."

"Aye, that it will," Mehaul answered. Mehaul went chuckling across the churchyard after parting from Maureen.

The old man had a pretty little scheme in view. He, Mehaul Reagan, would himself be the "deus ex machina" in this interesting love episode.

Accordingly, after Mass, the Sheanachie seated himself in a cosy corner of the churchyard, where the young men on Sundays and holidays were wont to foregather. This Sunday, being the festival of the patron saint, there was a considerable assembly, and the conversation was animated.

Mehaul smilingly noticed the twin bunches of shamrocks borne by Bryan Kavanagh and Dennis Nowlan.

Young Kavanagh, being a farmer's son, and country-bred wholly, carried his bunch in the traditional manner, in his hat. His rival, however, had picked up some notions among the Americans, and he sported the verger keep-sake as a buttonhole bouquet.

The stay-at-home seemed honest but heavy; the returned American was a happy type of native Irish humor, graced on trans-Atlantic experience. Oddly enough they were old friends, and swore by each other.

Which should be picked out for Maureen? Which sent at midnight to peep over the girl's shoulder into the mirror of St. Patrick's well? Such was the Sheanachie's crafty scheme for making his spell work—such the manner in which he hoped to render Maureen happy for life.

Finally, the girl's own words rose to his mind. She had said—"I did think I liked Bryan better; but then Denny came back from New York."

Moreover, she had added that Denny "knew more in a day than Bryan did in a year," and dwelt upon Denny's promise to take her to rich America. Clearly, the girl secretly favored Denny Nowlan. Therefore it was right that Denny she should have.

"Denny, avic," the Sheanachie said, "you're after Maureen O'Hara?"

"You can bet I am," answered Denny.

"Very well, ma bouchal. I'll give you a spell to win her. Hold your ear close."

Then the Sheanachie unfolded to young Nowlan a wonderful "pishogue," by which he was to look into the waters of St. Patrick's well, by midnight, and there behold the face of his true love.

Now Denny was sceptical as regards "pishogues"; but he shared the local respect for Mehaul, and took care not to let that worthy see him laughing in his sleeve at this utterly ridiculous way of winning Maureen's hand.

Thus it came to pass, that old Mehaul went home, sure of the success of his plan, and determined to be a third party to St. Patrick's Well that night, while Denny Nowlan, laughing gaily, told the story of the proposed spell to the churchyard loungers.

"You go in my place, Bryan," said Denny to his rival. "For my part I prefer to court Maureen by her father's turf fire."

Bryan Kavanagh was the only one present who did not join in the laughter. He was thinking over the Sheanachie's spell.

Old Mehaul crouched in the copse behind the well, that St. Patrick's right, as Maureen O'Hara came falteringly up the path. He heard her repeat the name of St. Patrick thrice, kneeling to dip her fingers in the water, and noticed with a grin that the "fairy" blackbird, frightened from its nest in the over-hanging bush, flapped through the branches even as he had promised.

Then he saw Maureen fix her eyes steadily upon the moonlit surface of the well.

"Clang."

Out chimed the clock from Castle Carney, ringing clearly through the stillness of midnight, waking the watch-dogs with its brazen voice. At the last stroke of twelve there was a rustling in the bracken, and some one stole past Mehaul's hiding place.

Next moment he uttered an exclamation of astonishment, for the tall figure that leaned over the well-side in the moonlight did not belong to Denny Nowlan, but to Bryan Kavanagh.

There was a startled cry, and Maureen turned from the pale reflection of Bryan's face in the water to find herself clasped in the strong arms of a real, palpable Bryan.

"Ah, then, Bryan darling," so Mehaul heard her say, "his myself is glad you've come. Sure I was afraid it would be Denny Nowlan."

As the astonished Sheanachie crept out of his lair and down the hillside, all he could say to himself was—"St. Patrick is a better matchmaker than me, after all!"—*Catholic Columbian.*

St. Patrick's Day Celebration

AT MOUNT ST. LOUIS COLLEGE.

Whenever Mount St. Louis College undertakes to do anything, we can always rest assured that it will be well done. This fact has ever been evidenced from the many grand entertainments given in the past by the pupils of the College on the Mount.

However, their former efforts were surpassed on last Tuesday afternoon, when they celebrated the feast of Ireland's National Saint.

A scriptural drama in four acts, entitled "The Prodigal Son," which was recently translated from the French by one of the Christian Brothers, had been carefully prepared and was produced for the first time in English. The excellent manner in which all the characters were portrayed reflects much credit upon their instructor, Mr. Edwin Varney, upon the Revd. Brothers who had charge of the entertainment, and upon the pupils also.

Master William Kearney as the Prodigal Son deserves special mention for his able interpretation of the part. The struggle between passion and evil advice on the one hand and paternal love on the other, was especially well portrayed. E. Cummings as the Prodigal's father, was a veritable greybeard both in voice and manner. The work of Walter Warren as Phogor—Manahan's evil genius—was admirable. His acting was worthy of a professional—in fact, few of our local professional actors could equal his self-possession and grace of gesture. C. Conrad as Melchias, a rich man, appeared a real depict. Messrs. A. Cardell, H. McKenna, P. Magrane and J. O'Brien, Phogor's companions in evil, were also very good.

The production, after the first and third acts, of several historical tableaux, was an appropriate addition to the excellence of the entertainment, and was much appreciated by the audience.

After the second act Master J. Sheavoy rendered a selection of Moore's Melodies upon the violin, and proved himself to be a perfect master of his instrument. Mount St. Louis band also sustained their former reputation in their rendition of several selections.

The success of the entertainment is, in a great measure, due to the indefatigable efforts of Rev. Bro. Jerome, the genial Sub-Director of the College, and he has every reason to be proud of his pupils.

CHARACTERS:
Manahan (The Prodigal Son)..... W. Kearney.
Jeremiah (Father of the Prodigal)..... E. Cummings.
Amri (Brother of the Prodigal)..... J. Conolly.
Erziel (Sons of Amri)..... E. Cummings.
Jehonai..... F. Foster.
Semei..... H. Bedard.
Somer (Servants of Jeremiah)..... R. Quisley.
Phogor..... W. Warren.
Rau (Manahan's evil companions)..... A. Cardell.
Herson..... H. McKenna.
Naboi..... P. Magrane.
Melchias (A rich man)..... C. Conrad.
Enos (Servants of Melchias)..... O. O'Brien.
Zeebe..... J. Breen.
Meyphal..... H. Bedard.
A Slave..... R. Quisley.
Eliathar..... D. Duffy.
Jobus (Beggars)..... J. Austin.

TABLEAUX.
BRIAN BURKE:
1.—Brian's vision before the battle of Clontarf.
2.—Offer of his services to his country.
3.—Musters his Chieftains.
4.—Choice of the cross as his standard.
5.—Words when dying.
6.—Death.

SPEAKER..... J. Stevens.
PATRICK BARSFIELD:
1.—Barsfield Champions his country's cause.
2.—Erin blesses him.
3.—His speech to his officers.
4.—Barsfield and officers swear fidelity to their cause.
5.—The Battle.
6.—The Drummer Boy of Limerick is wounded.
7.—Dies.
8.—Signing the treaty of Limerick.
9.—The Treaty is broken.

SPEAKER..... R. Quisley.
DANIEL O'CONNELL'S SPEECH ON THE DISTURBANCE BILL:
Daniel O'Connell..... F. Shallow.
Speaker..... A. Cardell.

A FAMOUS WITTY PRIEST.

Repartees by the Late Father Healy, of Little Bray.

Who that hails from Dublin has not heard of the witty sayings of the famous Father Healy, of Little Bray? But who has read more than one or two of his sayings, or knows anything of his personal history? A biographical sketch of him has just been published, from which we give the following extracts:

"I have never met any one so quick at repartee, yet never saying an unkind word," wrote Lord Londonderry. "Father Healy's wit was unwritable—so indescribable," says Lady Leslie. "His bright grace of heart and speech just sparkled like a diamond that had no hard facets—nothing heavy or labored, so kind and benevolent. His wit did not shine ever at the expense of another." Professor Mahaffy said to meet him in the street was like passing suddenly into sunshine. Father Healy was a Dublin man, the son of a provision dealer in Francis street, where he was born on December 15, 1824, his mother, whose maiden name was Meyler, being a member of a respectable Wexford family. A fine lady at one time volunteered the information that she was of the "Dalys of Castle Daly," and asked him what family he belonged to. His answer was, "I belong to the Francis street branch of the Halys of Castle Halys."

"Mrs. V—, a lady of good social status, whose first husband was a military officer, married secondly a retired postman. It was said that she sometimes made him put on the uniform of her deceased lord, which led Healy to quote, as applicable, Moore's lines: "The heart that has truly lov'd never forgets. But as truly loves on to the close (clothes)." Canon Pope replied that it was only natural that she should regard the vested interests of her late husband, which so amused Healy that he declared it was better than the joke it capped. He was most tolerant of Pope's jokes, which encouraged the good Canon to prepare more whenever he expected to meet Healy. * * * Healy, on entering an ante-room where several priests had assembled, was grasped by both hands by Pope, who asked, "Why is my hand like the land act?"

"Because it embraces Healy's clause (claws)."

It is an old saying that extremes meet, and it is strange that one of Father Healy's "intimates" at Little Bray was the late Judge Keogh, of whom some very good things are told in this book. Keogh declared to all his friends that "the most charming man in Ireland was a curate in Bray." Priest and Judge met one day on the road. Keogh said:

"I have a crow to pluck with you." "Let it be a turkey," said Healy, "and I'll be with you at half-past 6." "All right," said Keogh, "but we must have the crow, too." "Then I hope," replied Healy, "it will be a crow without caws."

A bad attack of pneumonia—during which for many days the priest's life was in the balance—prostrated him; no one was allowed up-stairs, and it is well known in Bray that the Judge,

waiting for the turn of the crisis, spent one night weeping under the pastor's window. There was a remnant of the angel left in that soul made of fire who, a professing Catholic, scandalized all Ireland by his famous Galway judgment, in which he inveighed against the bishops and priests. It was at this juncture that the Judge was burnt in effigy near Father Healy's door.

"Only fancy what they say of me now!" said Keogh one day, quite flushed, as he hurriedly called on the priest of Little Bray.

"What?"

"Nothing less than that I am about to change my religion."

"Then I hope you'll become a Catholic first."

Keogh was once told by Healy that, although deaf, it was in contemplation to make Napier Judge of Appeal.

"What!" replied Keogh, "a man who cannot hear the sound of his own bell, to make him Judge of Appeal!"

Everyone knows of Keogh's sad ending of his life at Bingen. While still in possession of his mental faculties he had Father Healy telegraphed for, and on September 30, 1878, he received with much devotion the last rites of the Church from his old and tried friend, who never cast him off even when clouded with obliquity and menaced with assassination.

Men who had long viewed a priest with repugnance gradually warmed towards Father Healy, and finally all but folded him in their embrace. One evening at Lord Justice Fitzgibbon's, Lord Randolph Churchill said, "It is well for us Protestants that all the priests are not like you."

"How so?" said Father Healy.

"Because in that case we'd all become Catholics," replied Lord Randolph.

"A man of pure mind and pure life," writes Lord Wolseley, "he was an ornament to the ancient priesthood he belonged to, and did much to raise the opinion entertained for his race by those who are ignorant of Ireland and its people."

Father Healy was persona grata at the viceregal court as he was in Dublin society. He was sought after everywhere. He was a lord among wits and a wit among the lords. "Father James," writes Lord Ashbourne, was one of the most charming of men—racy of the soil, a true Irishman, a true friend, kind, witty, genial, sociable. We shall not soon look upon his like again. I knew him for over a quarter of a century; I have dined with him on several occasions in his house at Little Bray, and I can never forget those wonderful and hospitable entertainments. The numbers varied—sometimes eight, ten, twelve, even fourteen. The most varied guests met at his table. I have sat there at the same time with Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Lord Powerscourt, Mgr. Persico, Archbishop Walsh, Lord Morris, Chief Baron Palles and others. His guests were always delighted to be there, and he was delighted to have them. * * * He was brilliant, quick like lightning in conversation, and never hesitated for a second to come out with a sparkling, genial "mot." Sir Redvers Buller dined with him on one occasion, when the other guests were Archbishop Walsh and eleven priests. Sir Redvers made a slight start when he saw he was the only layman. "Never mind," said Father Healy, "the soutane is not worse than the Soudan." * * * His friends comprised all classes, rich and poor, old and young, Protestant and Catholic. He was a priest devoted to his Church and to his flock, but his heart was big enough to include kind and loving feeling for all, and it will be long before Father James passes from the memory of those who had the delight of knowing him." Father Healy died on October 28th, 1894.

Distress

IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.

We have received from Sister Catherine Norris Superioress of the Sisters of Charity, Ballaghaderin, Co. Mayo, Ireland, two wreaths of shamrock, one of them artistically entwined round a green silken harp, and the other having a silk ribbon attached to it, bearing the words: "98—Erin-go-Bragh." Accompanying these very acceptable presents are a poem, "The Shamrock of Ninety-Eight," which will be found in another part of this issue, and the following pathetic appeal in behalf of the distressed poor in the West of Ireland:

At the present moment there are thousands of human beings on the verge of starvation in the West of Ireland through the failure of the potato crop.

There are thousands who cannot get a bit of bread or a drink of milk, or even a handful of Indian meal, worth the alms of the charitable.

That food which God gave them in other years—growing at their feet—the potato—has failed.

They have no money to buy other food—no credit at the shops.

They must wait till the men go to England and earn a little money, and until the new crops come in before they can support themselves. The men have no money to buy seed for the new crops, or to pay their way to England.

When you were a little child were you ever hungry, and had nothing to eat?

Did you ever see your mother cry because she had nothing to give you? Did you ever see your father seek for want of food?

Were you ever faint and weak from hunger?

Did people ever tell you to go and earn money, when there was no work to be got, and when you felt you could hardly drag yourself along?

All this, and more than this, your fellow-creatures in the West of Ireland are suffering to-day.

Fathers and mothers, with your happy children round you, well fed and well fed—give a trifle from the comfort of your homes to those who have no comfort.

Young men, do with one cigar, or one drink less in the day—and send the price to the starving poor in Ireland. You will be all the better for it, and so will they.

Young girls, make your old gloves and ribbons last a week or two longer—send the cost of the new ones over to Ireland.

Little children, do without sweets and cakes even for one day, and spare the money for the hungry little children in Ireland.

GIVE in the first place, to your own relatives, if you have any in the West of Ireland, they have the first claim on your charity, and perhaps they are suffering very much.

GIVE—no matter who you may be, give all you can. God will give it back to you a hundred fold.

GIVE quickly, the want is urgent. He who gives at once doubles the gift. The smallest donations will be most gratefully received—send them to SISTER CATHERINE NORRIS, Superioress, the Sisters of Charity, Ballaghaderin, Co. Mayo, Ireland.

For reference apply to the Bishop of the Diocese, Most Rev. Dr. Lyster, Lord Bishop of Achonry, Ballaghaderin.

P. S.—Send us the address of any one you think likely to help.



HALF A LOAF, OR SOMETHING ON ACCOUNT.

Yes, we'll take it for the present as a payment on account; But don't think, John Bull, we look on it as all, Our claim is somewhat larger; 'tis a pretty big amount, And soon or late for payment we will call. Home Rule is what we want, nothing less will satisfy, And though this you offer now is pretty fair, It is just as well to understand that we will by and by Require our rights adjusted and made square.

We are thankful for your effort to be juster and more wise, But a history of wrong is not undone By a measure such as this. No; the blood of Ireland cries, Cries aloud to never falter till we've won Independence, freedom, mankind. These and nothing less than these, Are our rights, and these we'll have. So let it be Plainly understood between us, though your present efforts please, In the end we'll want and have our liberty. —Dublin Freeman.