

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1891.

THEIR PATRON SAINT.

MR. JOHN L. CARLETON'S LECTURE ON ST. PATRICK.

An Eloquent and Instructive Effort on the Characteristics of the Irish People—The Men Who Have Fought for Irish Liberty and Freedom. Their Names Remembered.

As the triple leaved shamrock was in the hands of St. Patrick emblematic of the great mystery of the Trinity, so in our hands today it is a symbol of the unity and indestructibility of Hibernian faith, Celtic character and Irish nationality.

The missionary who crosses the frontier of an unknown land, carrying with him the cry of the humble Nazarene, has almost always to convert from barbarism, as well as paganism, the people whose customs and gods he has the hardihood to attack.

Not so with St. Patrick. He came among a race whose tongue he spoke, whose history out-dated that of any northern nation of Europe, whose laws rivaled Justinian's code, and whose armies had impeded and defied the onward march of the Roman eagle.

The pupil of St. Germain lit his torch on the hill of Slane and it overshadowed the festival fire of Tara. The hand of the aged druid withered and dropped its sickle of gold at sight of the mitre and crozier, the consecrate oak shivered and fell before the Holy of Holies, and the altar of the elements and its offerings made way for the altar of the Crucified and the sacrifice of the new law.

Paganism accepted christianity without a martyr's blood to propitiate its offended deities.

"If that fire be not put out tonight it will never be quenched in Erin," cried the arch-priest as his eye caught the reflection from the distant hill top. The words were prophetic. It was not put out; it burned and it continues to burn.

When the face of civilization turned towards the west and hailed our motherland as the island of saints and scholars, it spread its effluent rays over a continent, disseminating truth amid the snows of the Alps and the vines of Spain, lighting the lamp of faith by Hecla's burning mountain, and making the sanctity of Lindisfarne the glory of Iona.

When the dark ages of adversity came and early magnificence fled before oppression's night, that fire still burned in thatched-roofed cabin, in mountain caverns and inaccessible glens. The fulness of its ritual had departed, but all its potency was still there.

When the finger of Liberty touched the dial of Time it sprang from its thousand secret recesses burning as fiercely and as intensely as in the day of yore. Age had not dimmed it, and the damp of a hiding place had not robbed it of its pristine vigor. Today it burns wherever the wandering Celt has found a home: black robed friars, surpliced priests, mitred abbots, purpled prelates, and cardinal princes whose names proclaim their origin; humble country churches and magnificent gothic piles raised by the labor and devotion of the native at home and the exile abroad—all attest to its splendor and indestructibility.

In it we find the underlying principle of Celtic character: a love, reverence and veneration for all things holy. And what a character it is! The imagination of a poet, and the tongue of an orator dwelling in the cabin of a peasant; hospitality demanding and receiving alms of a beggar; tenderness blended with severity; timidity toying with fierceness; the lamb of religion playing with the lion of courage; love smoothing the wrinkles of passion.

"Lead him to fight for native land, His is no courage cold and wary; The troops live not on earth would stand The heading charge of Tipperary!"

"Yet meet him in his cabin rude, Or dancing with his dark haired Mary, 'Tou'd swear they knew no other mood But mirth and love in Tipperary!"

Atheism, skepticism, and agnosticism have no place in his creed, because they are antagonistic to his simple and confiding nature. Religion is the mainspring of his every thought, action and sentiment. The late Father Tom Burke well illustrated it when he said: "It is the peculiarity of Irish parents to give to God the best they have and give it cheerfully. I have seen in other lands young men asking to be admitted to the priesthood, and their fathers and mothers saying, 'How can we give him up?' 'How can we sacrifice our child?' trying to keep him back with tears and entreaties. Oh, my friends! when I witnessed that, I thought of the old woman of Galway who had no one but me—her only son; I thought of the old man bending down toward the grave with the weight of years upon him, and I thought of the poverty that might stare them in the face when their only boy was gone, and yet no tear was shed, no word of sorrow uttered, but with joy and with pride an Irish father and an Irish mother knew how to give up their only son to the God that made him."

With the Irishman the sanctity of home and the love of his children is the first law. He knows naught of divorce courts and glories in the honor of his women, "with

puls warm with sympathies, with bosoms pure as snow." Of those women whose beauty and whose virtue are the admiration of the world; who do not believe in woman suffrage, who are content to be simply mothers and build the nation in the cradle, but who are, nevertheless, prepared when their altars and homes are threatened, to rush again into the breaches of Limerick as did their mothers last August two hundred years ago.

On the hills of Innisfail the rags of the pauper cover the chivalry of a Bayard; the same chivalry which in happier hours guided the maiden in safety around the Green Isle.

"For although they love women and golden store, Sir knight, they love honor and virtue more."

Ages of sorrow and affliction have told on a warm and sunny nature, and produced an incongruity—a man from whom mirth flashes like sparks from highly tempered steel; who wears a sad face all the while he bubbles over with humor; whose wit, like a gem from the Orient, scintillates all the more because it has the sombre setting of a tear drop.

Quick to perceive, ready to act, generous in the extreme. True, he has his faults; like the rest of humanity he is human. The sunlight is never strong enough to disperse all shadows, and the genius and character of the Irish people have the reflection of earth as well as the light of heaven. His imperfections are almost always the excess of his virtues, his follies the necessary outcome of his social position, and his sins directly traceable to the government which issued against him an edict of outlawry, deprived him of education by an act of parliament, and laid sacrilegious hands on everything he held dearest and most sacred. Warm, passionate, daring and reckless, we can but wonder that his faults are so few and his virtues so many. But give him education and freedom and he will shed lustre on the one and protect the other. Dillon, Clare and Sarsfield, outcasts in the land of their nativity, became in the land of the stranger, the heroes of Landen, Cremona and Fontenoy. An Irish rebel became in Canadian political life the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee. In the land of the Southern Cross a suspect of '48 is today Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. A political felon elevated English prose to the standard of Macaulay in the person of John Mitchell. The seditious young Irishman who once passionately declaimed: "I am not one of those tame moralists who say that liberty is not worth one drop of blood. . . . Against this miserable maxim the noblest virtues that have saved and sanctified humanity appear in judgment. From the blue waters of the Bay of Salamis; from the valley over which the sun stood still and lit the Israelites to victory; from the cathedral in which the sword of Poland has been sheathed in the shroud of Kosciusko; from the convent of St. Isadore, where the fiery hand that rent the ensign of St. George upon the plains of Ulster has mouldered into dust; from the sands of the desert where the wild genius of the Algerine so long has scared the eagle of the Pyrenees; from the dual palace in this kingdom where the memory of the gallant and seditious Geraldine enhances more than royal favor the splendor of his race; from the solitary grave within this mute city which a dying bequest has left without an epitaph—oh! from every spot where heroism has had a sacrifice or a triumph, a voice breaks in upon the cringing crowd that cherish this maxim, crying, Away with it! away with it!" This eloquent invoker of liberty, I say, afterwards used the sword to carve the name of Thomas Francis Meagher on American battlefields. Suffering and discouraged humanity caught a glimpse of heaven between the clouds, and man was the better because the convict John Boyle O'Reilly lived and wrote.

These are but a few flowers from an over-laden garden. Oh! if those who charge the Irish people with being ignorant, peace-disturbing dreamers, would only stop to inquire the cause the words would freeze upon their lips.

As the Irishman's religion is interwoven with his character, so is his nationality largely the outcome of both. The killing of the one was made a pretext for the stealing of the other, and he guarded both with his property, his liberty and his life.

Unable to read, he learned the history of the past from the voice of tradition. He stood by the round towers, and there crept over him visions of Scotia, Dathi, and the heroes of whom Ossian sung; by Clontarf he dreamt of the glories of Brian the Brave; on Ulster hills memory carried him back to the days of Red Hugh's silken banner and Dungannon's trumpet blast; the waters of the Shannon whispered to him as they passed of a "treaty broken ere the ink where-with 'twas writ could dry;" around the fire-side of Athlone he heard how Custume emulated Horatius and held the bridge; the midnight ride of Patrick Sarsfield was more than a cherished memory in the cabins of Clare; the ruin of Dumbarton stood a monument to the giant O'Sullivan Beare; not a mountain, not a field, not a

piece of masonry not a river, not a graveyard that did not tell him the story the historian dared not write. It burnt itself into his very soul, and nationality took a deeper and firmer root in his affections. It came to him, to borrow from a gifted orator, "what the star that shone over Bethlehem was to the eastern kings; what the vision of the holy Grail was to the knights of the round table; what the holy scripture was to the dying eyes of the Crusader fainting in the parched Syrian desert." No wonder he uncovered his head in the face of heaven and exclaimed: "We never were and never will be slaves!" And he has never been conquered. There is no actual submission without a surrender of the will, and the foeman has never entered that citadel of the Irish heart which the outwork of God protects. He has been beaten but not subdued. Each fresh disaster brought quiet, but out of that quiet nationality. "on luminous wings, soared, Phoenix-like, to Jove."

The kings and kerns of the 12th century relinquished their rights to the throne, but never abdicated their claims to nationhood. No less an authority than Sir Edward Coke tells us that Henry agreed with them that they should have the freedom of holding parliament in Ireland, a doctrine which ever since has been contested and affirmed, disputed and ignored, in parliament and out of it, in Irish courts of justice and English courts of law. To this treaty, which made England and Ireland two nations with but one monarch, the Irish have ever been faithful. It was in support of this principle they fought for Charles against Cromwell, and for James against William and Mary. Indeed, whenever it was threatened they protested with battle axe and spear, with tongue and with pen. Their posterity have not been less loyal to the national idea. The Protestant volunteers of 1782 made it a certainty. The act of union made it a ruin.

Ireland is Catholic, but all her patriots have not been, and I claim permission to digress sufficiently to pay a just tribute to the sturdy manhood and patriotic independence of Protestant Ireland. Despicable ingrates indeed would be our people if they could for one moment forget the disinterested, whole-souled, noble deeds of Swift, Molyneux, Grattan, Shears, Emmett, Wolf Tone, Davis, Smith, O'Brien, and the thousand others who sacrificed position, wealth, and often life, in the cause of the weeping Niobe of Nations. Moore enquires:

"Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side In the cause of humanity, if our creeds agree?"

Not a bit of it. Grattan apostrophized the regenerated Ireland and exclaimed, "Esto Perpetua!" I borrow the expression, as tonight I revive the memories of these brave men, and say of them: "Live, live on forever!"

Where Gratten left off O'Connell commenced, and the home rule movement of our day is but the reflection of seven centuries struggle. Nothing has ever destroyed it and nothing can; no, not even the misfortune of a break in the battle line, of dissension in the parliamentary army. Some who do not understand the sentiment, and therefore cannot appreciate it, look with joy upon every repulse; mayhap, applaud the action of a traitor, encourage obstacles, and cheer what they take to be the end. The end! oh, no, the end is not yet, and will not be until justice lifts the scale in the presence of truth. Irish nationality that has withstood bitterness, prejudice and persecution, survived the penal code, risen with new life from every battle field, defied coercion and quietly laughed at adverse legislation, cannot be strangled because one man has sinned and refuses to bow to the verdict of public sentiment. You may dam a stream and alter its course, but it will still move on gathering volume and strength until it finds its natural resting place in the bosom of the sea. Thus it is with Irish nationality: every impediment and obstacle may delay it, but it will also give it greater depth, breadth, and power, and thus augmented it moves on to the destined goal of liberty. It is as indestructible as the faith and the character of the people who cherish it. The Irish often bitterly and justly complain of all they have endured and suffered at the hands of the English people, but it must sometimes impress itself upon them that as the will of God allowed it that His designs might be accomplished, so also has He guided it, and by chastening preserved them for greater things. Who can say that Ireland in prosperity would have remained as true to the teachings of St. Patrick, to herself, and to her nationality as Ireland in adversity? Tyranny, either real or fancied, is pregnant with great deeds; it is the fruitful mother of sublime thoughts and noble actions. It fortifies the Russian serf and consoles the Siberian exile, without it the heroes of Greece, of Rome, and of Carthage would have no favor. It gave France a Napoleon, St. Domingo a Toussaint, Switzerland a Tell, Scotland a Wallace and a Bruce, and England a Cromwell.

Unjust taxation bred the gun shots of Lexington and Concord, delivered the ride of Paul Revere, nursed the eloquence of Patrick Henry, and immortalized the military genius of Washington. It was the slave holder of the South that raised a Summer, a Phillips, and a Lincoln. Without tyranny, Ireland would never have had a Dwyer or a Rory Oge, a Clontarf, a Yellow Ford, an Athlone, or a Wexford in '88. It was it that gave inspiration to the bardic fingers of Mangan, Calnan, Ferguson, Davis, McCarthy and Sullivan. Without it the emigrant of our day could not protest:

"No treason we bring from Erin, Nor bring we shame or guilt; The sword we hold may be broken, But we have not dropped the hilt."

What we frequently call fame is a sort of obstinate exotic—a plant that thrives amid desolation, but withers and dies when caressed. Give it what it wants and it must seek other channels to escape mediocrity. The songs of the southern slaves lost their charm when freedom struck the shackles. Wipe the tears from Erin's eye and the heroic will become a memory, the romantic only a strongly colored picture by an old master, the mothers *cooing* and the banshee's wail but a dim retrospect, and the singer, orator, and warrior, the necessary adjuncts and ornaments and not the pillars and foundations of a nation.

To deprive the Irishman of his nationality, his religion was persecuted, and he tenaciously clung to it as his only consolation here, and his only hope for the hereafter. With the same object he was robbed of his native tongue, and the language of the conqueror put in his mouth, but he stubbornly refused to be Anglicised; they peopled the Pale with Norman followers and he made them more Irish than he was himself—kept the sword of the Geraldine, from Silken Thomas to Lord Edward, four long centuries waving over the head of the Saxon; they drove him across the Shannon and settled his best land with their soldiery, and the Tipperary of today that they fear and hate is the Tipperary of Cromwellian soldiers; they expatriated her people, and behold:

"My strength that was dead, like a forest is spread, Beyond the distant seas."

You and I, and 30 million of the exiled Gael and their children, meet on this her festive day, in all parts of the globe, to sing her songs, sound her praise, and perpetuate her name; to hail her as the suffering pontiff of nations crowned with a tiara of glory, of affliction, and of hope; to pray for the speedy approach of that hour when Britain will admit the justice of her claim and rectify a wrong; when the cross of St. George will blend with the sunburst of the Milesian, and the brother and sister of kingdoms stand unequalled and unrivaled in the pursuit of industry, commerce, literature, art and happiness, when Erin will be, in truth and in reality, all that I wish her,

"Great, glorious and free; First Isle of the ocean, first gem of the sea."

OUT OF THE SNOW BANK

THE BUCTOCHE AND MONCTON RAILWAY AWAKE AGAIN.

After hibernating all winter—how it was tripped—An Eye on Government Subsidies, while the Road is Blocked and the Employees Wait for their Pay.

One of the many signs of approaching spring that we now notice in Moncton is the tolerably regular arrival of the train from Buctouche. The B. and M. railway has been "snowed under" for over two months, and now that the whistle of the engine is once more heard in the distance, with reasonable regularity, it gives us nearly as much pleasure as the "honk" of the first wild goose of the season brings to the palpitating bosom of the Midgie sportsman.

The poor old road seems to be run upon Philadelphian principles, and therefore when there is no snow in that part of the state of Pennsylvania, no snow plow is required in Buctouche. However, it is a good summer road, they say, though I cannot speak from experience as to its merits. Not that I have not had the chance to visit the classic haunts of the Buctouche bar oyster, I have. The late manager was imbued with so profound a respect for true genius and modest worth that he sent me an annual pass at one time. It was shortly after I took his part with journalistic fervour when he was assailed by Sabbath-observance cranks for running excursion trains on Sundays. He was a very nice man, too, and I only wish he was in a position to send me another one.

This winter some peculiar features of railway management have been adopted on this truly wonderful road. For example, the superintendent was obliged to make his inspection of the northern end of the line by travelling via I. C. R. as far as Shediac, and thence by stage to Buctouche. Rather a roundabout way I should imagine.

Of course I don't pretend to be very well up in railway management, but it does seem odd to me, that a wealthy and experienced company, as the De Bertram syndicate is said to be, should be so foolish as to imagine that any road in New Brunswick could be kept open in winter unless properly equipped. But so it is, and travellers, as well as shippers have had

to suffer. It sounds almost incredible, but many carloads of potatoes have been on the track for months, being warmed as well as filled at the owner's expense.

The president of the road has, in the meantime, I understand, been running with the government here in York, and hunting with the tory hounds elsewhere, keeping in with the premiers both at Fredericton and Ottawa, with his very keen eyes fixed on future rewards in the way of subsidies. And all this while the poor road is blocked with snow, and the poor employees waiting for pay.

It was too bad, also, that during the late elections, when so many voters were anxious to get to Kent and drop their ballots for the "old flag"—as one of our local members would say—their travelling facilities should have been so curtailed. But alas! to laymen the way of railway companies is past finding out, and we must bow to their superior wisdom, so to speak. But at any rate, to return to the words of my text, spring is really coming, the snow is rapidly disappearing, and the B. and M. train today is only three hours late.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

Cost of Ceiling Painting.

Rubens received for his painting of the grand ceiling at the banqueting house, Whitehall, the sum of £4000. The space covered by this painting is about four hundred yards, so that he was paid nearly £10 a yard. In addition to this remuneration, he was knighted, and a chain of gold was also presented to him by Charles I. Sir James Thornhill, the first Englishman who received knighthood for his ability in art, was paid only £3 a yard for his laborious work on the ceiling of Greenwich hospital, and only £1 a yard for painting the ornaments on the walls. "The Duke of Montague," says Sir James Thornhill, in his memorial to the commissioners for building the hospital, "paid Monsieur Rosso for his saloon £2,000, and kept an extraordinary table for him, his friends and servants for two years, while the work was doing, at an expense estimated at £500 per annum." Signor Verrio was paid for the whole palaces of Windsor and Hampton Court—ceiling, front and back stairs—at 8s. a foot, which is £3 12s. a yard, exclusive of gilding, had wine daily allowed to him, lodgings in the palaces, and when his eyesight failed him a pension of £200 per annum, and an allowance of wine for life.

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