

## MEN OF BUNKER HILL

MUSTER ROLL READS LIKE ROSTER OF IRISH REGIMENT.

Colonel James Barrett and His Men Held the Regulars at Bay at Concord Bridge—Irish Element Strong in Revolutionary Army.

The muster roll of Lexington and Bunker Hill reads like the roster of an Irish regiment, says the Boston Pilot. Men of his own blood and bravely rallied to the support of Colonel James Barrett at Concord bridge and held the "bloody regulars" at bay. Colonel Barrett was an Irish-American, and the man who ranked next to him in service to the cause of the Revolution, Hugh Carhill, was a native of Ballyshannon, Ireland. Carhill was made sergeant for his services at Concord and fought on Bunker Hill under Colonel Nixon.

Dr. Thomas Welsh was a surgeon who took charge of the wounded at the battle of Bunker Hill. He rendered great service to the cause of the oppressed colonies during the entire struggle not only as a physician, but also as one of the orators of the Revolution.

After Warren, the man most distinguished among the heroes of Bunker Hill was the son of an Irishman named Stack, who, emigrating from Cork, settled in New Hampshire. Colonel John Stack commanded the regiment that lined along the stone fence at the base of Bunker Hill and gave such a warm reception to General Howe. The major of his regiment was Andrew McClenry, the biggest and bravest man of all that patriot army.

Of Colonel Stack himself Mr. Hagenal, in his book on the American Irish, has this to say: "He was the son of an Irish farmer of New Hampshire. He inherited a good fund of mother wit and a brogue as mellancholous as if he was born and raised on the banks of the Inchiquin in the County Cork." Stack's superior officer was General John Sullivan, who, with Colonels Morgan, Knox and Moylan, well sustained the reputation of their race during the eight months' siege of Boston.

Though the Irish element was strong numerically in the New England colonies, we find no public mention of the observance of St. Patrick's day earlier than March 17, 1776. General John Sullivan was appointed by Washington the officer of the day, and the countersign suggested by the commander in chief was "St. Patrick." On that memorable day General Howe evacuated Boston.

On St. Patrick's day, 1787, the charitable Irish society of Boston was organized, with a view of relieving the distress of "all Irishmen or of Irish extraction" reduced to "helplessness by sickness or other misfortune in these parts."

Many of the members of the society in its primitive days were undoubtedly Catholics; but, owing to the penal laws and their being neither priest nor church nearer than Canada, they could not practice their religion, and it is not surprising that they forgot even the profession of the ancient faith.

Those who had not forgotten their faith dared not to avow it in New England until the close of the war of

Independence. The part which such Catholics as Lafayette, Count Pulaski, Baron Steuben, the Le Graces and others and especially the assistance rendered by the French nation gained for members of the old church a very liberal share of toleration.

As early as 1789 there was Catholic worship in Boston, and we find in the directory of that year men of distinctively Irish names doing business in the Hub. Such names as Owen Callaghan, Michael Burns, Patrick Connor, Jeremiah Driscoll, Patrick O'Brien, Patrick Welsh, etc., cannot be mistaken.

Claude De La Poterie was the name of the Catholic priest that ministered to the spiritual wants of the people in the Hub that year, and in business we have Crowley & Clark, tobacconists, 10 Market square, now Faneuil Hall square; John Boyle & Son were book sellers; Neil & Gerety were running a dry goods store on Hanover street; Miss Ann McClure was a schoolteacher; Christian Gallagher was a portrait painter; Patrick Kenny was a leading comedian. In that year also Dr. Thomas Welsh, who did such good service at Bunker Hill, was a member of the school committee. Perhaps it was through his influence Miss McClure received her appointment. James Sullivan was attorney general of Massachusetts and his son, William Sullivan, was a leading lawyer.

With the limits of this article would permit the publication of the lists of names of Irishmen who fought at Lexington and Bunker Hill. In the rolls of our first army, still preserved in the archives of Massachusetts, are to be found such strange mixtures of Celt and Saxon as Ebenezer Sullivan, Connor

SHANDON STEEPLE, CORK.

Its Famous Bells Furnished Inspiration for Father Prout.

The steeple of the church of St. Anne, or Upper Shandon, in which hang the celebrated bells, is 120 feet high and, being built upon a considerable eminence, appears a remarkable object in every point of view of the city of Cork.



SHANDON STEEPLE.

but, especially from what Moore has termed its "noble son avenue," the river Lee. The building of this church was commenced in 1722, and its steeple was constructed of the hewn stone from the Franciscan abbey, where James II held mass, and from the ruins of Lord Barry's castle, which had been the official residence of the lords president of Munster. The celebrated lyric of Father Prout, "The Bells of Shandon," has made this steeple famous wherever the English language is spoken.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON  
With deep affection and devotion  
I often think of those Shandon bells,  
Whose sounds so wild would, in the days of childhood,  
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.

On this I ponder where'er I wander  
And thus grow fonder, sweetest of folk,  
With thy bells of Shandon that sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming tall many a time in  
Tolling sublime in cathedrals thine,  
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate,  
But all their music spoke naught like thine.

For memory dwelling on each note swelling  
Of thy belfry kneeling its bold notes free,  
Made the bells of Shandon sound far more grand  
On the pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling old Adrian's Mole in,  
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,  
And cymbals glorious swinging uproarious  
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame.

But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter  
Finger o'er the fiber, pealing solemnly;  
Oh, the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee!

There's a bell in Moscow, white on tower and  
Look o'  
In St. Sophia the Turk man gets  
And loud in air calls men to prayer  
From the tapering summits of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom I freely grant them,  
But there's an anthem more dear to me,  
'Tis the bells of Shandon that sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

**Irish Iron.**  
The most important iron field now to be found in Ireland occupies a very large part of the County Antrim.

There is an area of about 167 square miles containing pig-iron ore, with a gross tonnage of about 232,000,000, containing about 40 per cent of iron. The ore can be worked by adits driven into the sides of Antrim hills and is displaced so worked now to a considerable extent. But, as in the case of coal, the output is steadily declining.

Now, it seems a curious thing that while the coal of Tyrone lies within comparatively short distance of the ironstone of Antrim not a single ton of iron ore is now smelted in Ireland. The coal remains undug, the crude iron is sent away to Cumberland, to Scotland and to Wales at prices which barely pay the cost of mining it, and such pig iron as Ireland requires is imported from Great Britain.

**The Errill Family.**

"Boris," "Earle," "Earl" and "Early" are probably English forms of the Irish family name of "Errill." It is said that the Errill family was originally located at Errill, a village near Rathdowney, in the Queen's county and latterly in the County Westmeath, says The Irish World. When Cromwell and his butchers and robbers came over to Ireland, the Errills were despoiled of their lands and possessions and the family was dispersed, some settling in Kildare and others in Galway and the adjoining counties.

## Huldy Ann's Birthday Party

It was Huldy Ann's eleventh birthday, and she had a secret. She was dreadfully afraid Aunt Jane would find out about it—the secret, I mean. She was sure the birthday would never be thought of. The little girl's father and mother were dead, and she had lived with her splintered aunt for nearly a year. She thought Aunt Jane didn't care whether she had a good time or not, but possibly she was mistaken. She had slipped out of the kitchen now on the sly, for fear she would be told to sweep parlorway or do a "seam" on the hateful stocking she was knitting. She had other plans.

She was looking anxiously down the road that led to the village. It wasn't long before she saw what she was looking for. "They're coming!" she said excitedly. She had been half afraid they wouldn't come and the other half afraid that they would. And now there they were.

She made sure that no one was watching before she ran to meet them. It for it was her party that she was expecting. That was Huldy Ann's secret. She was to have a party, and Aunt Jane didn't know the first thing about it.

It wasn't a very big party, to be sure—only Hattie Larkin and her little sister Fannie and the Foster twins. But it was a special party of 12, with blue eyes and flaxen braids. Little Fan was blue-eyed, and her hair was flaxen and hung in ringlets over her chubby neck. Fan always reminded Huldy Ann of an angel, though of course, she had never seen one. The Foster sisters, Kate and Lizzie, were rosy cheeked, black-eyed demure little things with closely crimped brown heads. They, the twins, were not in the least angelic.

"I'm most afraid we're too early," remarked Hattie, with a sidelong glance at Huldy Ann's brown calico dress and sunbonnet.

The four visitors were spick and span light prints so stillly starched that they fairly crackled when their wearers moved.

Huldy Ann noticed the glance and blushed. "No, you ain't a mite too early," she replied. "I didn't dress up I—thought 'praps we might dig in the sand heap."

The visitors looked at their clean gowns and at each other. "I didn't s'pose folks dug in sand heaps at parties," spoke up Lizzie Foster. "I s'posed they played games in the house."

"There are different kinds of parties," said Huldy Ann with dignity. "You see, she hadn't planned for a house party. 'Let's sit down under the big elm and rest a spell,' she went on. How she did wish she knew what to do next! To tell the truth, she had never been to a party in all her life.

"I don't think this party 'th much fun," hisped little Fan after the girls had been sitting in awkward silence for a few moments.

"The party hasn't begun yet," answered Huldy Ann, nearly distracted between her desire that her friends should have a jolly time and her fear lest they should be espyed by Aunt Jane's sharp eyes. Then she laughed in relief as she caught sight of the hired man driving out to the barn with a great hayrack. She jumped up and swung her sunbonnet. "Joel," she called, we want to go. Come along, girls," she added to her companions; "the party's going to begin."

Joel good naturedly waited for the children and tossed them into the big wagon as though they had been so many bundles of feathers. He climbed in last of all and cracked the whip, and away they went, the rack bumping and thumping over bumps and strag stones, while the little folks laughed and shouted with delight.

Such fun they had when the hayfield was reached, rolling in the bay, jumping into haycocks and once in awhile making believe work by raking a winnow.

"It's just a lovely party," the village children declared when, warm and tired, they sat down to rest in the shadow of the stone wall.

"I s'pose there'll be 'freshments when we get back to the house?" said Kate Foster.

"I—I s'pose so," stammered Huldy Ann. "But I've got some luncheon here," she hastened to say, producing a tin pail which she had managed to smuggle into the wagon from some secret hiding place. "It ain't much," she apologized, raising the lid and displaying half a dozen cookies with nicked edges, a few pieces of cake and gingerbread and a sorry looking quarter of a pie. As Huldy Ann had been saving up this spread from her luncches of the past week, it could not be expected to have a very fresh appearance. But the "party" was too hungry to be over-particular, and soon there wasn't a crumb left.

"The next thing on the pogramme," announced Huldy Ann, "is to go up Chapman lane and pick blackberries. I know where they're thicker'n spatters."

The visitors seemed to be a little doubtful about this expedition. "There might be snakes," objected Hattie.

"Why, I go up there most every day, and I never saw a snake there in all my life," declared Huldy Ann, who wasn't one of the timid kind.

The promise of a feast of berries was tempting, so finally the little company climbed over the wall and, crossing the main road, wandered into the shady lane. It must be owned that they didn't have a very good time here. Perhaps it was because they were tired, or possibly they were the least bit hungry in spite of the luncheon. Besides, the blackberries were not as plenty as

the brambles. Kate tore her dress on a blackberry bush, and a bad tempered bee stung Huldy Ann. But what troubled the latter most was that, although it was growing late in the afternoon, the party showed no signs of peacefully disbanding. She began to have dreadful misgivings that it, or they, would insist on going home with her.

Sure enough, before long the Foster girls began to wonder if there would be "ice cream for supper." Then Hattie inquired: "Don't you think it's time we're getting back to the house? It'll be dark pretty soon."

Huldy Ann dreaded the dark, but still more she dreaded the sight of Aunt Jane. "Oh, I don't know," she said. "I guess 'tisn't so very late."

While she was speaking a big drop of rain fell plump on her nose and a low peal of thunder rumbled in the distance.

"Dear me! I'm scared to death of thunder!" cried Hattie, turning pale.

"Pooh!" said Huldy Ann. "Nobody was ever killed by thunder."

But a sharp flash of lightning and fast falling raindrops proved too much even for Huldy Ann's courage, and she scampered down the hill with the other children, almost running against a covered wagon and an old white horse that stood at the foot of the lane.

"Why, Joel, is that you?" cried the little girl.

"Waah, I guess 'tis," answered Joel. "Your aunt sent me to fetch you home. We kinder thought you'd be up in the lane."

The shower was soon over, but Huldy Ann was very thoughtful all the way home. When the farmhouse was in sight, she put her mouth close to Joel's ear and whispered: "Does Aunt Jane know there's anybody with me?"

"Certain!" answered Joel, his eyes twinkling. "The Larkin girls' ma and the Foster girls' ma both came over to take 'em home from the party."

"Anyway, she can't morn' kill me," thought Huldy Ann.

But when they drove up to the door there stood Aunt Jane, looking real angelic.



SHE SCAMPERED DOWN THE HILL WITH THE OTHER CHILDREN.

pleasant. And when they got into the big, cool kitchen, with its yellow painted floor and vine covered windows, there was the supper table spread with cold meat, hot biscuit, cake, pie, preserves, cheese, pickles and dear knows how many other indigestible goodies.

Nobody thought of ice cream, and everybody enjoyed the feast excepting perhaps Huldy Ann; her conscience was troubling her. She felt very proud, though, when Aunt Jane set before her a big frosted cake with 11 pink peppermints on top and told her to cut the birthday cake.

It was a very quiet little girl that stood beside her aunt an hour later watching the visitors out of sight. "Aunt Jane," she said shyly as they turned to go into the house, "you're awful good. I'm sorry I acted so."

Aunt Jane pursed up her lips in a queer smile. "Never mind," she said, "only the next time you think of giving a party I guess you'd better let me know beforehand."

"Yes'm," said Huldy Ann meekly.—E. Louise Liddell in Philadelphia Ledger.

**His First Sight of the Hills.**

A little boy from the slums had been taken for the first time into the country and was discovered sitting apart on a high bank and looking toward the hills, to which he was a stranger. One of the teachers approached and quietly seated himself at the boy's side. The boy turned a radiant face upon him and said:

"Teacher, is this party things ours? Is this all in the United States?"

**She Hadn't Been Taught.**

Mamma (sadly holding up a nearly empty jar)—Rachel, have you been at my preserves again?

Rachel (intently combing her doll's hair)—Mamma, didn't grandma teach you when you was a little girl, same's you have me, not to be too 'quisitive?

**A Little Wild Apple Tree.**

There's a little wild apple tree in the pasture, Crooked and stunted and queer in its shape, And it waves its long arms as the summer winds away it.

As if it were trying its best to escape,  
I have never found fruit on its gnarled, twisted branches,  
Green moss clothes its trunk from its boughs to its feet,  
But it blossoms each spring with the best of the orchard,

And, oh, but its delicate blossoms are sweet!  
On the north by the orchard the pasture is bounded,

There orderly apple trees stand in straight rows;  
You can see that each tree has been carefully planted  
And feels it must carefully heed how it grows,  
But the wild tree is that which the blackbird has chosen;

She found such a beautiful place for her nest,  
The orchard is pleasant, I highly respect it,  
But the little wild apple tree I love the best.  
—Margaret Vandergift.

## THE PREVAILING SIN

A WARNING AGAINST THE VICE OF UNCHARITABLE CONVERSATION.

Denounced by the Right Rev. Francis Mostyn, D. D., Bishop of Menavia, England—"Say Not to Another What You Would Not Have Another Say to You."

Right Rev. Francis Mostyn, D. D., Bishop of Menavia, England, recently said:

"As there are many ways of practising this holy virtue of charity, so there are many ways in which we can offend God by transgressing against His command, it is not our wish on this occasion to bring before you notice the various acts of charity which are incumbent upon us, but rather to warn you against the prevailing vice of uncharitable conversation—of speaking ill of our neighbor."

"The world thinks little of this vice, we meet it at every turn. Go where we will, into society and listen to the conversation. What shall we hear? Seldom are the good deeds and kind actions of others the subject of conversation, but generally the faults, imaginary or real, of the neighbor who is absent. His secret and public faults are minutely examined, what one does not know the other does, and where information is wanting the imagination is called upon to supply it. It is wonderful how ready people are to attack the character of their neighbors, to magnify their faults, and even to suspect their good actions, it matters not what their position may be—superior, equal or inferior—none are exempt from the cruel tongue of the slanderer and the calumniator. It is wonderful how anxious people are to criticize and find fault with the actions of others, how keen-sighted they are to observe, how ready to publish to the world any faults that may come under their notice. But while they are so vigilant with regard to their neighbor's actions, they seem utterly blind to their own shortcomings, and resent most strongly any criticism or fault-finding that their own actions may receive at the hands of others."

"The fact of this vice being so common renders it all the more dangerous, for we are inclined to look upon it as something of little importance—as a mere imperfection, perhaps, in the sight of God. Let us not deceive ourselves, for to slander our neighbor, which is speaking evil of him knowing it to be false, or to make public his faults which are secret or only known to a few, offends Almighty God in a greater or less degree according to the amount of injury we do thereby to our neighbor. There are occasions, no doubt, when it is our duty to speak of the faults of others to those whose business it is to remedy such things, or to those whose own interests might be injured by being left in ignorance of these faults."

"It is not only those who are filled with hatred and ill-will who are guilty of this fault, but we find people who are otherwise leading good and pious lives, spiritual lives, subject to this vice. They cannot restrain their suspicious thoughts, their rash judgments, nor can they always keep their slippery tongues in check. They will repeat things that they have heard or that they know of others, not of any ill-will or malice, but merely for the sake of talk. These people will sometimes preface their remarks by such a useless expression as, 'Of course I don't mean to be uncharitable, but . . . as if they thought that these words would free them from all sins against charity, no matter what they may say regarding their neighbor. These words only show that in reality they recognize the fact that what they are about to say is uncharitable, and that it were better left unsaid. Needless to say, such expressions do not diminish the sin in the smallest degree."

"There is another way of speaking uncharitably, which is only too common. We meet with people who try to please all parties, who love to carry stories about from one to another of what they have heard and seen, and thus cause much coldness and many misunderstandings between those who would otherwise be the best of friends. Such conduct is most reprehensible, and those who do such things will have much to answer for. 'The whisperer and the double-tongued is accursed; for he hath troubled many that were at peace.' (Eccl. xviii. 19)."

"We may well ask ourselves why it is that so many conversations turn upon the conduct and faults of our neighbor, and why it is that we seem always ready to depreciate his good deeds and to proclaim his failings. I look carefully into the matter the reason is easily discovered. It is because we are wanting in that humility, which directs us to esteem others better than ourselves—in 'humility let each esteem others better than themselves.' (Phil. ii. 3)—and in that charity which teaches us to love our neighbors as ourselves, and to do unto others as we would be done by. 'All things therefore whatsoever you would that men should do to you do you also to them.' (Matt. vii. 12)."

"If we would avoid speaking ill of our neighbor, if we would overcome the habit of publishing his faults, or of casting mischief by tale bearing, we shall do well to try and put in practice this rule which if very often given us by spiritual writers on this point. The rule is: 'If you cannot speak well of your neighbor do not speak of him at all.' This is a most excellent maxim, for if you think ill of another, or if you are prejudiced against him, you may be sure that your conversation in that person's regard will be under the influence of this prejudice. Let us endeavor to act in conformity with this rule, and we shall find that they will often put a check on our speech and save us from many a sin against holy charity."

## 'THE WOMAN TEMPTED ME.'

The Club Came to the Conclusion that There are Separate Codes in Ethics.

It was properly speaking, the afternoon set aside for the woman's club for the discussion of missions. Before the members could be called to order, however, one of the number started an informal talk on a subject somewhat nearer home, and the matter of missions was allowed to go over to the next meeting.

The member waved aloft a newspaper and read an extract describing arrests made in a saloon which was violating the closing law by being open on Sunday. The men and women were all taken to the station house. In closing the account of the very ordinary occurrence the paper said:

"The proprietor was held for trial for violation of the liquor tax law. The Magistrate committed the women to jail for a month each. He discharged the thirty-five men."

"This," said the member with the newspaper, "is such a common happening that it apparently doesn't rank very high as an item of news, because there is only very little space given to it. But it makes my blood boil to think of the injustice, the unchallenged injustice, of the law as it is interpreted. 'Court of justice,' indeed! He committed the women to jail for a month each. He discharged the thirty-five men!"



"There is something appalling in this inequality. I should like to know why it is always the woman who must bear the brunt of the moral storm. From the time of Adam, who tried to make Eve responsible for his downfall, the story has been the same. Just take this case, for an instance. Some men and women were aiding the proprietor of a saloon to break the law by buying drinks from him. If that is an offence, why were not both men and women held to account instead of just the women? If it was not an offence, why were the women held at all?"

None of the other women was ready with an explanation. But many were anxious to corroborate the first speaker. Said one:

"You notice the same thing on the stage. The custom of making the woman suffer solely for the transgressions of all has become so common that a dramatist never thinks of presenting her in a light other than the light of being lost. Did you ever hear of society shutting its doors in the face of the male sinner and opening it to the woman sinner? Hardly. It is always the reverse of the situation."

After some further discussion, the club came to the conviction that there are separate codes of ethics for the sexes. They hadn't accomplished anything in the way of bettering the conditions, but they felt ever so much happier for having freed their minds.

**For the Sick Room.**  
Wash two ounces of pearl barley, and put into a saucepan with one and a half pints of water and the rind of a lemon. Boil slowly for an hour; strain and add the juice of a small lemon; sweeten to taste.

Wash one ounce of linseed, put it into a saucepan with one quart of cold water, some licorice, and one ounce of the best sugar candy. Simmer for half an hour, then strain and drink hot.

Toast a slice of bread evenly to a nice brown; it must not be allowed to burn. Put it into a jug, and pour cold water over; allow it to stand some time, closely covered; strain and use. Some people use boiling water, but the toast water will not be so clear as if made with cold.

Beat a fresh egg with a pint of milk, lukewarm, add a tablespoonful of capillans, which is made by boiling a pound of lump sugar with one and a half pints of water until it thickens. Next add a tablespoonful of rosewater and a pinch of ground nutmeg. Drink night and morning until the cough is relieved.

Put a small bunch of sage, two sprigs of balm, and a little sorrel into a china jug, having first washed and dried them; peel a lemon very thinly; slice the lemon and put it with the peel into the jug; pour on it three pints of boiling water. Sweeten to taste and cover closely. Take a wine-glassful, cold, twice or three times a day.

**What to Read in Finger Nails.**  
Long nails never indicate such great physical strength as short, broad ones. Very long finger nailed persons are apt to have delicate chests and lungs.

Long nails, very wide at the top and bluish in appearance, denote bad circulation. Long-nailed men and women are less critical and more impressionable than those with short nails.

Long nails indicate idealty and an artistic temperament.

Long-nailed people are apt to be very visionary and hate to face disagreeable facts.

Short-nailed men never give up an argument.

A keen sense of humor accompanies short nails.

Short-nailed persons make good critics; they are sharper and more logical than long-nailed people, and usually more positive in assertion.

Short nails, very flat and sunken as it were into the flesh at the base, are a sign of diseased nerves.

Short nails, very flat and inclined to curve out or up at the edges, are the forerunners of paralysis.