

O'CONNELL.

THE CENTENARY IN DUBLIN

DUBLIN, August 5, 1875.—The religious exercises in connection with and preliminary to the O'Connell Centennial celebration in this city took place today.

Pontifical High Mass was celebrated at the Cathedral of Dublin, Marlborough Street. The numerous ecclesiastical dignitaries who assisted at the services, which were conducted by his Eminence Cardinal Manning, of Westminster, formed in procession and moved at slow pace to the church, passing through a dense crowd of spectators. The procession, was composed of four archbishops, forty bishops, and five hundred priests, attired in the robes, canonicals, and vestments of their respective offices. The scene was one of imposing magnificence. An immense concourse of people had assembled in the grounds inside the cathedral boundaries, as well as in the adjacent streets. The cathedral building was filled to its uttermost recesses.

A brilliant programme of sacred music was performed.

The Most Rev. Archbishop Croke, of Cashel, delivered the sermon, which was devoted entirely to illustrating the religious character of O'Connell, and the pious tendency of all the works and efforts of the Irish Liberator. He said in the course of his sermon that the Irish people were being educated under a state system, which, if not all they could desire, was in many respects useful. "The foreign Church," he added, "has been humbled. The rights of the occupiers of the soil have, to some extent, been recognized, and we are fast working ourselves into position of equality and independence which every subject should occupy under the protection of what I am not afraid to designate as the best balanced constitution in the world."

The banquet given by the Lord Mayor of Dublin to-night in honor of the memory of O'Connell was a brilliant affair.

Four hundred persons sat down to table, including His Eminence Cardinal Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin; Prince Edward Radziwill, Mgr. Nardi, representing His Holiness the Pope; Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, Mr. Daniel O'Connell, a grandson of the Liberator; Bishop Lachat, of Basle; the Earl of Granard, Most Rev. Dr. MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam; the Very Rev. William Pollard, of Pennsylvania; Rev. Michael J. O'Farrell, of St. Peter's church, New York; Edmund Dease, John George McCarthy, Arthur John Moore, Keyes O'Clery, Myles William O'Reilly, and Patrick James Smyth, Members of Parliament. There were also present Dr. Luiger, of the German Parliament; Reverend Rinaldi and Vandy, of Rome; Dr. Bock, the Pope's Chamberlain; and Monsieur Fallette, a member of the Swiss Parliament.

A despatch was received from the Pope giving blessings to all persons assisting at the Centenary celebration.

The health of the Pope was proposed first. Mgr. Nardi responded on behalf of his Holiness.

The Queen's health was proposed next.

The toast was received with loud cheering.

The toast to the memory of O'Connell was responded to by a grandson of the Liberator and by his Grace Archbishop MacHale, who said, "England was once under the Government of France, and yearned for deliverance from the thralldom. It was not strange that Ireland should now yearn for home government, as did England of old."

His Eminence Cardinal Cullen responded to the toast to the Irish hierarchy.

French speeches were made by the Bishops of Nantes and Basle.

During the banquet Mrs. Fitzsimon, eighty-four years of age, the widow of Christopher Fitzsimon, of Glencullen, and the only living daughter of the Liberator, appeared in one of the galleries, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress and her daughter and a numerous party of distinguished ladies.

Her presence was hailed with enthusiastic cheers. The influx of people to the city is extraordinary.

Many of them are encamped in tents in the streets.

The centenary concerts were given in Exhibition Palace this afternoon and evening, and were attended by vast numbers of people. The oratorio of "Elijah" was given in the afternoon, and in the evening the following magnificent ode, by Denis Florence McCarthy, was recited at the second concert:

THE O'CONNELL CENTENARY ODE.

I.

Harp of my native land,
That lived anew beneath Carolan's master-hand;
Harp on whose electric chords,
The minstrel Moore's melodious words,
Each word a bird that sings,
Borne as if on Ariel's wings,
Touched every tender soul
From listening pole to pole.
Sweet harp, awake once more;
What though a ruder hand disturbs thy rest?
A theme so high
Will its own worth supply.
As finest gold is ever moulded best,
Or as a cannon on some festive day,
When sea and sky, when winds and waves rejoice,
Outbooms with thunderous voice,
Rids echoes speak, and all the hills obey,
So let the verse in echoing accents ring,
So proudly sing,
With intermittent wail,
The nation's dead but sceptered king,
The glory of the Gael.

II.

1775.

Six hundred stormy years had flown
Since Erin fought to hold her own,
To hold her homes, her altars free,
Within her walls of circling sea.
No year of all those years had fled,
No day had dawned that was not red
(Oft shed by fratricidal hand)
With the best blood of all the land.
And now, at last, the fight seemed o'er,
The sound of battle pealed no more;
Abject the prostrate people lay,
Nor dared to hope a better day;
An icy chill, a fatal frost,
Left them with all but honor lost,
Left them with only trust in God,
Poor pariahs on their native sod.
The lands were gone their fathers owned;
Their faith was banned, their prophets stoned;
Ah, what can rouse the dormant life
That still survives the stormier strife?
What potent charm can once again
Relift the cross? rebuild the fane?
What signal mercy from on high?
Hush! hark! I hear an infant's cry,
The answer of a new-born child,
From Avernus's far mountain wild.

III.

Yes, 'tis the cry of a child feeble and faint in the night,
But soon to thunder in tones that will rouse both tyrants and slaves.
Yes, 'tis the sob of a stream just awake in its source on the height,
But soon to spread as a sea, and rush with the roaring of waves.
Yes, 'tis the cry of a child affection hastens to still,
But what will silence ere long the victor voice of the man?

Easy it is for a branch to bar the flow of the rill,
But all the forest would fall where raging the torrent once ran.

And soon the torrent will run, and the pent-up waters overflow.

For the child has risen to a man, and a shout replaces the cry;

And a voice rings out through the world, so winged with Erin's woe.

That charmed are the nations to listen, and the Destinies to reply.

Boyhood had passed away from the child, predestined by fate

To dry the eyes of his mother, to end the worst of her ills,

And the terrible record of wrong, and the annals of hell and hate,

Had gathered into his breast like a lake in the heart of the hills.

Brooding over the past, he found himself but a slave,
With manacles forged on his mind and fetters on every limb,

The land that was life to others to him was only a grave,
And however the race he ran no victor wreath was for him.

The fane of learning was closed, shut out was the light of day,
No ray from the sun of science, no brightness from Greece or Rome,

And those who hungered for knowledge, like him, had to fly away

Where bountiful France threw wide the gates that were shut at home.

And there he happily learned a lore far better than books,

A lesson he taught for ever, and thundered over the land,

That Liberty's self is a terror, how lovely may be her looks,

If religion is not in her heart, and reverence guide not her hand.

The steps of honor were barred; it was not for him to climb,

No glorious goal in the future, no prize for the labor of life,

And the fate of him and his people seemed fixed for all coming time,
To hew the wood of the helot and draw the waters of strife.

IV.

But the glorious youth returning
Back from France the fair and free,
Rage within his bosom burning,
Such a servile sight to see,
Vowed to Heaven it should not be.

"No!" the youthful champion cried,
"Mother Ireland, widowed bride,
"If thy freedom can be won,
"By the service of a son,
"Then, behold that son in me.

"I will give thee every hour,
"Every day shall be thy dower,
"In the splendor of the light,
"In the watches of the night,
"In the shine and in the shower,
"I shall work but for thy right."

V.

1782-1800.

A dazzling gleam of evanescent glory
Had passed away, and all was dark once more.
One golden page had lit the mournful story,
Which ruthless hands with envious rage outtore.

One glorious sunburst, radiant and far-reaching,
Had pierced the cloudy veil dark ages wove,
When full-armed Freedom rose from Giatian's teaching,
As sprang Minerva from the brain of Jove.

Oh! in the transient light that had outbroken,
How all the land with quickening fire was lit!
What golden words of deathless speech were spoken,
What lightning flashes of immortal wit.

Letters and arts revived beneath its beaming;
Commerce and hope outspread their swelling sails,
And with "Free Trade" upon their standard gleaming,
Now feared no foes and dared adventurous gales.

Across the stream the graceful ark extended,
Above the pile the rounded dome arose,
The soaring spire to heaven's high vault ascended,
The loom hummed loud as bees at evening's close.

And yet 'mid all this hope and animation
The people still lay bound in bigot chains;
Freedom, that gave some slight alleviation,
Could dare no panacea for their pains.

Yet faithful to their country's quick uprising,
Like some fair island from volcanic waves,
They shared the triumph though their claims despising,
And hailed the freedom though themselves were slaves.

But soon had come the final compensation,
Soon would the land one brotherhood have known
Had not some spell of hellish incantation
The new-formed fane of Freedom overthrown.

In one brief hour the fair mirage had faded,
No isle of flowers lay glad on ocean's green,
But in its stead, deserted and degraded,
The barren strand of slavery's shore was seen.

VI.

1800-1829.

Yet, 'twas on that barren strand—
Sing his praise throughout the world!
Yet, 'twas on that barren strand,
O'er a cowed and broken band,
That his solitary hand
Freedom's flag unfurled.

Yet, 'twas there in Freedom's cause,
Freedom from unequal laws,
Freedom for each creed and class,
For humanity's whole mass,
That his voice outrang;
And the nation at a bound,
Stirred by the inspiring sound,
To his side uprang.

Then the mighty work began,
Then the war of thirty years—
Peaceful war, when words were spears,
And religion led the van.
When O'Connell's voice of power,
Day by day and hour by hour,
Raining down its iron shower,
Laid oppression low.

Till at length the war was o'er,
And Napoleon's conqueror
Yielded to a mightier foe.

VII.

1829.

Into the Senate swept the mighty chief,
Like some great ocean wave across the bar
Of intercepting rock, whose jagged reef
But frets the victor whom it cannot mar.

Into the Senate his triumphal car
Rushed like a conqueror's through the broken gates
Of some fallen city whose defenders are
Powerful no longer to resist the fates.

But yield at last to whom wondering Fame awaits,
And as "sweet foreign Spenser" might have sung,
Yoked to the car two winged steeds were seen,
With eyes of fire and flashing hoofs out-flung,
As if Apollo's coursers they had been.

These were quick thought and eloquence, I ween,
Bounding together with impetuous speed,
While overhead there waved a flag of green,
Which seemed to urge still more each flying steed,
Until they reached the goal, the hero had decreed,
There at his foot a captive wretch lay bound.

Hideous, deformed, of baleful countenance,
Whom as blood-shot eye-balls glared around,
As if to kill with their malignant glance,
I knew to be the fiend intolerance.
But now no longer had he power to slay,
For freedom touched him with Tituriel's lance,
Which bared his baseness to the light of day,
And showed how foul a fiend the world could once obey.

Then followed after him a numerous train,
Each bearing trophies of the fields he won;
Some the white wand and some the civic chain,
Its golden letters glistening in the sun;
Some—for the reign of justice had begun—
The ermine robes that soon would be the prize
Of spotless lives that all pollution shun,
And some in mitred pomp, with upturned eyes,
And grateful hearts invoked a blessing from the skies.

VIII.

1875.

A hundred years their various course have run,
Since Erin's arms received her noblest son,
And years unnumbered must in turn depart
Ere Erin fails to fold him to her heart.
He is our boast, our glory, and our pride;
For us he lived, fought, suffered, dared, and died;
Struck off the shackles from each fettered limb,
And all we have of best we owe to him.

If some cathedral, exquisitely fair,
Lifts its tall turrets through the wondering air,
Though art or skill its separate offerings brings,
'Tis from O'Connell's heart the structure springs.

If through this city on these festive days,
Halls, streets, and squares are bright with civic blaze

Of glittering chains and aldermanic gowns,
The red-robed senates of a hundred towns,
Whatever rank each special spot may claim,
'Tis from O'Connell's hand their charters came.

If, in the rising hopes of recent years
A mighty sound reverberates on our ears,
And myriad voices in one cry unite
For restoration of a ravished right,

'Tis the great echo of that thunder blast,
On Tara pealed or mightier Mullagbmast.
Where'er we turn the same effect we find—
O'Connell's voice still speaks his country's mind.

Therefore we gather to his birthday feast,
Prolate and peer, the people and the priest.
Therefore we come in one united band,
To hail in him the hero of the land,

To bless his memory, and with loud acclaim
To all the winds, on all the wing of fame
Waft to the listening world the GREAT O'CONNELL'S NAME.

THE PARADE.

DUBLIN, August 6, 1875.—The grand parade in honor of Daniel O'Connell and in celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birthday of the great Irish Liberator took place in this city to-day. Ninety thousand men marched in the column of procession. The demonstration was of an enthusiastic and intensely patriotic character. Thousands of people from the neighboring cities, and from England and Scotland were present. The numerous organizations, civic and military, which were to take part in the procession began to assemble at an early hour on Stephen's green and vicinity. There was much delay owing to the vast numbers, in forming the line, and the procession did not begin to move until after 10 a.m., the appointed hour. The line of march was around Merrion-square, through Leinster and Nassau streets, College Green, past the City Hall, up Cork Hill, through Thomas and James' streets, Stevens-lane, along the quays, through Capel street, Dorset street, and Connor's Row, to the site of the national monument of O'Connell on Sackville street. The route was five miles in length, and the procession extended over the entire distance. The houses and sidewalks along the route were crowded with dense masses of spectators. There was great cheering as the procession marched past O'Connell's house and the City Hall, where the "Liberator" delivered his first oration against the Union. The members of the "Amnesty Association" marched with a banner at their head, hung with chains. The flags were draped with crape, and other emblems of mourning were displayed. Their appearance attracted general attention, but the demonstration caused no disorder during the progress of the procession. The only row which occurred was caused by a body of Dublin coalporters forcing their way to the head of the procession, and, at a latter hour of the day, cutting the traces of the carriage which bore the banner of the "Amnesty Association." Men were immediately substituted in place of the horses, and they drew the carriage through the streets along the remainder of the route. Dr. Isaac Butt and other Home Rule members of Parliament marched with the Amnesty Association. In Sackville street, as the divisions of the procession, with bands playing, arrived, the commemorative ceremonies began at the site of the monument. Lord O'Hagan, who was to have delivered the oration of the day, was not able to be present (the reason alleged for his absence being the illness of his daughter). The Lord Mayor of Dublin came forward to read the address to the assembled multitude. The moment he appeared there was great uproar and confusion. The members of the "Amnesty Association" had moved up the front of the platform, and as the Lord Mayor began to speak, they shook the chains attached to their banner in his face, and drowned his voice with shouts of "No Whiggery!" and loud and long continued cries for Isaac Butt. The Mayor made a second attempt to read the speech, but finding it impossible to make himself heard, withdrew from the platform, and returned to his carriage. Dr. Butt, in response to repeated calls, came forward and made a speech, reviewing the career of O'Connell, and thanking the people for their praiseworthy conduct during the day. He was most enthusiastically cheered. Speeches were made by Mr. O'Connor Power, member of Parliament for Mayo County, and Mr. A. M. Sullivan, member for Louth. Mr. O'Connor Power said he had been invited to participate in the speechmaking on the platform, but he declined for the reason that a Whig pensioner of the spoken—Lord O'Hagan—had been selected as the spokesman of the Irish nation. He had come forward now because the conspirators who attempt to strike a blow against the cause of Irish nationality had fled; the voice of the Irish nationalists must find full expression. O'Connell repelled with scorn the Chancellorship bribe which was offered him by the British Government, and it was an insult to his memory to nominate a Whig pensioner of the same Government to stand forth as the representative of the Liberator's principles. The remarks of Mr. Butt and Mr. Power were greeted with great applause by the multitude. The proceedings were then brought to a close, and the vast assemblage peaceably dispersed. With the exception of the scene in front of the platform, there was no serious disturbance throughout the day.

LORD O'HAGAN'S ADDRESS.

The following is the address which was to have been delivered by Lord O'Hagan, after the procession in Dublin, and which the Lord Mayor in his (Lord O'Hagan's) absence, attempted to read, but was unable to do so, because of the uproar that then ensued.

The oration commences with the statement that the day commemorates more than an honor to a man; it commemorates the redemption of a people, the noblest service ever rendered by a citizen to his fellow-men.

O'Connell was one of those rare beings whose lives only commence when they have achieved a full measure of earthly immortality. When he was born, the people of his race and the religion of that

people labored under an oppression as complete and degrading as ever overwhelmed a prostrate people. Ireland was the outpost of the nations.

But the hour and the man had come for her deliverance.

The year of his birth witnessed the outbreak of the American war for Independence. Lexington was the herald of events the memory of which has just given to our transatlantic brethren the occasion for a national celebration as happy as that of O'Connell's centenary. The American success in the battle for liberty poured new life into the worn-out nationalities of the Old World, animating the efforts of the people for freedom everywhere.

Daniel O'Connell commenced his public career with every possible obstacle against him. But he possessed a buoyant nature, unsleeping vigilance, energy, patience, the faculty of boundless invention, faith in his cause, and indomitable resolution for its defence and triumph. No reverse could daunt him.

His brain and his tongue were from the first the only weapons which he possessed. But his brain was fertile and massive, and his tongue has been in many respects never equalled in its power of giving utterance to the thoughts and will of the mind.

Here the address described the wonderful eloquence and the oratorical style of the Liberator.

Lord O'Hagan then traced the events of O'Connell's public career onward to the year 1824—the year when the Catholic Association was formed, an organization which aroused the whole country to a sense of its position, and ultimately banded the Catholic millions of Ireland together as one man resolved to do the work of men engaged in a last and deadly struggle for freedom.

This organization was made perfect under the direction and supervision of O'Connell from the centre of the island to the sea, and, unbought and unforced, its members rendered obedience to its chief more absolute than did the serfs of the state to a Roman emperor or an Eastern caliph.

Having witnessed the horrors of the French Revolution, and having mourned over the miseries which were produced by the Irish Rebellion of 1798, O'Connell stood forth and taught the new political gospel, that civil liberty is worthless when it is secured by a bloody purchase.

And he achieved his great triumph through a peaceful and just use of the franchise, which had formerly been prostituted by the people to their own debasement.

The serfs of Ireland assumed the attitude of freemen. They stormed the citadels of the ascendancy in Church and State, which soon fell one by one before the liberating conqueror of the conqueror of Waterloo, by the coup de grace which was given to the strongholds of intolerance and exclusion at the Clare election.

That election was a unique event in the history of the world. It was a prophecy of the venerable John Keogh that emancipation would be carried when a Catholic would be elected and sent to Parliament.

The chief of the Catholics attempted its fulfilment. A great encounter came on between the lords of the soil and the people. The issue was found to be momentous and decisive.

All possible efforts were made in order to ensure victory for the British Government. But it was in vain. The prestige of the English dominion in Ireland had departed. The fetters of interest and of custom had been wrenched away. The voters of Clare listened to the voices of their priests and defied the commands of their landlords, and thus demonstrating their fitness for liberty, by their observance of order and temperance, they elected O'Connell to Parliament and won emancipation.

The emancipation triumph was not won for the Irish Catholics alone, but also for the Protestants of Ireland.

It was a victory of truth and reason and of universal application.

At this point the oration discusses the slanders which were uttered against O'Connell at different periods of his life.

Lord O'Hagan then proceeds to deal with the matter of O'Connell's career after emancipation, which was, he says, "ever in the interest of popular reform and for the benefit of the human race without distinction."

The oration concludes with an eloquent statement of the grand cardinal principles of O'Connell's life, thus:

First—The assertion of civil and religious liberty.

Second—Such liberty is not necessarily associated with revolution.

Third—That moral force is always preferable to physical for the accomplishment of great political results.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The commissioners sent by the Lord Mayor of London to Toulouse to distribute the Mansion House fund among the sufferers by the flood have been very well received by the people of the district, and have been aided by the officials of the Department. The Mansion House fund now amounts to nearly £20,000. The Prince and Princess of Wales have sent 100 guineas.

The report of the French Budget for next year has been printed. The receipts are set down at £103,000,000, and the expenses at £200,000 less than that amount. Since the last year of the Empire the taxation has increased £35,000,000. Consequently upon the pushing of the University Education Bill Catholic Universities are to be established at Paris, Angers, and Orleans. Madame McMahon's subscription list for the relief of the sufferers by the floods amounts to £320,000.

SPAIN.

MADRID, Aug. 12.—In accordance with a notice given on Tuesday, a decree was promulgated to-day in the Official Gazette ordering a levy of 100,000 additional men for military service. The levy includes youths who shall have attained the age of nineteen years before the 31st of December. Another decree is issued directing the Minister of Finance to redeem the floating debt and issue consolidated interior scrip for £80,000,000, in order to guarantee future loans and advances of the Bank of Spain and the Mortgage Bank. The man-of-war Victoria is bombarding the town of Legutio on the Biscayan coast. Gen. Martinez Campos, in a despatch dated Leo D'Urgel to-day, announces that the troops under his command, after desperate fighting, entered the Olsana Tower. He lost one hundred killed. The Carlist loss was still heavier, and many of the garrison taken prisoners. The explosion of the magazine in the citadel made a large breach in the walls.

LONDON, Aug. 13, 5:30 a.m.—A despatch to the Daily News reports that the Alfonsists at Leo D'Urgel are mounting a battery in Alonsa Tower, which they carried by storm, and it will be impossible for the Carlists to hold the citadel.

The projected constitution declares the State religion to be Roman Catholic. The nation has obliged itself to maintain its worship and its ministers, but nobody shall be molested on Spanish territory for their religious opinions or in exercise of their respective worship so long as the respect due to Christian morality is paid. Nevertheless other public ceremonies or demonstrations than those of the State religion are prohibited. Canovas Del Castille, President of the Constitutional Committee, declares the meaning of this to be that Protestants may have churches with open doors and celebrate worship inside, but there must be no manifestations in the street.

DR.

FOWLER

EXTRACT

OF

WILD

STRAWBERRY

CURES

CHOLERA,

DIARRHŒA,

DYSENTERY,

SEA SICKNESS,

AND ALL

SUMMER

COMPLAINTS.

It is PLEASANT

to the TASTE

AND

PERFECTLY RELIABLE

Thousands

can

bear

Testimony

to its

Superior

Excellence

and wonderful

Curative Properties

READ PROF. CROFT'S CERTIFICATE

TORONTO UNIVERSITY, July, 1875

I have examined the recipe for the preparation of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which the above-named Extract forms the principal part.

The other ingredients added are, in my opinion, well adapted to render it a safe and reliable medicine when used according to directions, in Cholera, Diarrhoea, and all summer complaints.

(Signed)

HENRY H. CROFT

Sold by all Druggists and Medicine Dealers

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Aug 13] Proprietors, Toronto.