

The True Witness
AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

No. 195, Fortification Lane, by J. Gillies
to whom all Business Letters should be addressed.

G. E. CLERK, Editor.

TERMS YEARLY IN ADVANCE:

To all country Subscribers, **Two Dollars.** If the Subscription is not renewed at the expiration of the year, then, in case the paper be continued, the terms shall be **Two Dollars and a half.**

The **TRUE WITNESS** can be had at the News Depots. Single copies, 5 cts.

To all Subscribers whose papers are delivered by carriers, **Two Dollars and a half, in advance;** and if not renewed at the end of the year, then, if we continue sending the paper, the Subscription shall be **Three Dollars.**

The figures after each Subscriber's Address every week shows the date to which he has paid up. Thus "John Jones, Aug. '71," shows that he has paid up to August '71, and owes his Subscription from that date.

S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., 37 Park Row, and Geo. ROWELL & Co., 41 Park Row, are our only authorized Advertising Agents in New York.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 13, 1875

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

AUGUST—1875.

Friday, 13—Of the Octave.
Saturday, 14—Fast. Vigil of the Assumption.
Sunday, 15—13 P. Assumption of the B. V. Mary.
Monday, 16—St. Roch, C.
Tuesday, 27—Octave of St. Lawrence.
Wednesday, 18—St. Hyacinth, C.
Thursday, 19—Of the Octave.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

The **TRUE WITNESS** will begin its **Twenty-Sixth Volume** on the 20th of August. Subscribers in arrears will please examine the date after their address, and remit in full to this Office without delay. As pre-payment of Postage by the Publisher will begin on the 1st of October, all those who have not paid up arrears and renewed their subscriptions will not receive the paper after that date.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The war cloud in Burmah is thickening, and daily looks more threatening. The *Bombay Gazette* says:—"The government of India is making preparations to meet the probably warlike turn of events." The *Times of India* says:—"The Italians, whose arrival at Bombay we noticed not long ago, have arrived at Mandalay, and commenced making guns for the king, turning out cannon at the rate of two a week. They are making, too it is said gunpowder, shot, and shell for him, and arming his steamers with big guns. It is said also that he is a scheme for filling the channel of the Irrawaddy with sand and logs to prevent our steamers from going up the river. The Chinese merchants at Rangoon have received letters from Yunnan, which speak of an army of 100,000 men being collected there. Stores of grain are being made at Manwyne." Altogether the aspect of affairs on that side is the reverse of peaceful.

If we are to believe the writer of a letter from Pera, there is no doubt that the epidemic which has broken out at a place called Hama, in Syria, is Asiatic cholera—Europe's old enemy. It appears that the disease originated in the military hospital at Hama, proving that the long established theory of Asiatic cholera being always introduced into Asia Minor by persons coming from India is not correct. The disease has extended to Damascus and other parts of Syria. In Damascus, 400 cases are reported daily. The Christian quarter of the town is said to be entirely abandoned, and there are no physicians or medicine for the plague-stricken populace.

Continuous rains have fallen recently in different parts of France, especially in the basin of the Rhone. A flood is threatened at Lyons.

Russia has definitively announced to the other powers that she has abandoned the proposal to revise the Brussels Conference on the usages of war. A St. Petersburg paper attacks the provocative policy of Germany, and expresses satisfaction at the indications on the part of England of a returning activity in European politics.

The proposed formation of a federation of the South African Colonies has become the subject of violent party strife at the Cape. The question of separation has been revived, and a public meeting in favour of it held on the one hand, while the supporters of federation are equally enthusiastic in favour of the project.

The Geneva correspondent of the *Univers* warns Catholic travellers in Switzerland against a trick which has been, so far as it has gone, tolerably successful. Many of the hotel-keepers of Geneva, when asked to point out a Catholic Church send their guests to Notre Dame or to St. Germain, both actually in the hands of the apostates, and thus expose Catholics to the danger of hearing a sacrilegious Mass. The only churches now belonging to the Catholics are those of St. Joseph, of the Sacred Heart, and of the Sisters of Charity, in the Rue de Lauzanne. It is, however, not unlikely that the latter may be closed very shortly, as the Council are about to discuss the question of the expulsion of the Sisters of Charity, and also of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

The President of a Catholic Society, at Mayence, was the other day sentenced to six months' imprisonment in a fortress for treasonable language uttered nearly two years ago. The Bavaria Catholic newspaper editor, who escaped into Austria after being sentenced to ten months' imprisonment, but was recently surrendered by the Austrian authorities has been sent to the prison of Munich to undergo his sentence in solitary confinement.

In South Australia the policy of the Govern-

ment had been declared in favour of Intercolonial free trade. In New Zealand fearful gales have prevailed on the coast and many disasters are reported; the schooner *Success*, of Auckland, was lost in Cook's Straits with all on board. The general agricultural news from all parts of Australia are favourable on the whole, though much damage had been occasioned by the snow in the mountains and heavy rains on the coast.

The Home Secretary has interfered in the case of the girl recently sentenced by a reverend magistrate in England to fourteen days' imprisonment and four years in a Reformatory for plucking some flowers. The severity of the sentence applied to a girl of thirteen excited much indignation and one London journal referred to the magistrate as the "champion clerical jackass of the century"—strong language, but not without some excuse under the circumstances. The Home Secretary has ordered the girl's release.

THAT INQUISITION "WITNESS"-ISM.

"The English organ of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal, the *True Witness*, declares that the articles in his French organ, the *Nouveau Monde*, in defence and praise of the Spanish Inquisition are not a sign of the approaching establishment in Canada of 'the inquisition as it was in Spain.' This is a cautious and non-committal phrase, seeing it does not shut out the inquisition."—*Witness*, Aug. 5.

What we said in reply to the *Witness* was that "there is no more sign of the establishment in Canada—early or late—of the Inquisition such as it was in Spain, than there is of the conversion of the only daily liar (meaning the *Witness* of course) to the pathways of truth and honesty." The phrase "the inquisition such as it was in Spain" was borrowed from the article in the *Witness* of July 29th, to which ours of last week was a reply. Our contemporary, who deals wholesale in lies to the exclusion of logic, does not know that "gratis affirmatur, gratis negatur" is a rule among logicians. If the phrase referred to "does not shut out the inquisition," it cannot be denied that it meets the *Witness*-ism fairly.

We would remind the *Witness* that his Lordship the Bishop of Montreal is not to be held responsible for the utterances of the *True Witness*.

THE O'CONNELL CENTENNIAL AND PROTESTANTS.

A correspondent, writing from Ottawa, asks—"Is it true that Irish Protestants were excluded from the general celebration of the Centennial in your city by the Committee of Management?"

It is not true; they excluded themselves.

Individual Irish Protestants were invited to the first meetings held to organize the celebration, but only one attended. Then a deputation waited on the President of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, inviting that Society to take part in the procession. The President immediately called a meeting, at which the following resolution was carried by a majority of 12:—

"That this Society, while anxious to do honor to every true Irish patriot, understanding that the O'Connell Centennial will partake largely of a politico-sectarian aspect; as a charitable Society, organized solely for charitable purposes, cannot take part in the proposed celebration. We therefore respectfully decline the invitation."

A resolution was also unanimously adopted requesting the President not to attend the Concert in his official capacity.

"Thank God! all Irish Protestants are not as bigoted as the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society of Montreal. In Ottawa and Toronto the celebration was opened, as in this city, with a solemn religious service, and yet Nicholas Flood Davin, an Irish Protestant in the former city, and Rev. Mr. Pepper, another Irish Protestant in the latter, were not deterred by that terrible "politico-sectarian aspect" from assisting in bringing it to a fitting close. It is but fair to say that not a few Irish Protestant citizens condemn the conduct of the I. P. B. Society.

A SHOW WORTH SEEING.

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, August 16, 17, and 18th, Adam Forepaugh's great combination of menagerie, museum, hippodrome and circus is to exhibit in this city, on the Lacrosse Grounds. Throughout the United States it is admitted that Forepaugh's great show, with its 1,000 men and horses, 2,500 beasts and its double circus and hippodrome, is by far the largest and most attractive show ever organized. For the past two months it has been exhibiting in the principal towns and cities in Ontario, and very many flattering notices are given to it by our Ontario exchanges. Mr. Forepaugh, through his Press Agent, Mr. Fred. Lawrence, very kindly extends an invitation to the children of the Catholic Orphan Asylums to visit, free of charge, the above show, provided they go in delegations and are accompanied by the proper officials of the Asylums.—Mr. Lawrence in his letter to us, says:—"To see our immense collection of animals and birds will be a rare treat to the 'little folks,'—and it seems to us will result in no harm—but greatly enlarge their knowledge of natural history. Arrangements, he says, can be perfected with Mr. Forepaugh, who can be seen at the grounds daily, on the 16th, 17th and 18th, or at the American Hotel.

We don't think we owe our readers an apology for devoting so much of our space this week to the "immortal" O'Connell. He was, in our humble opinion, the greatest man that Ireland ever produced, and in celebrating his Centenary we cannot for a moment think that our readers will regret the death of Editorial matter in our desire to pay our poor tribute to the memory of so great a man by giving up all the space we could to the celebration in Montreal. We also lay before them the Panegyric delivered by the eloquent Lacordaire in the church of Notre Dame, Paris, in 1847, when the death of the great Liberator was announced.—We regret that want of space does not permit of our giving any account of the celebrations elsewhere.

A grapevine is growing in Barbara, Cal, which measures eighteen inches in diameter near the ground.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION IN MONTREAL.

The much talked of Hundredth Anniversary of the birth of Daniel O'Connell, about which so much has been said in Montreal and elsewhere, arrived at last, and on Friday last thousands of Irishmen belonging to the city and surrounding country assembled to carry out the programme which had been agreed upon by the various local societies, to show to the world that, no matter what differences of opinion existed as to the great Irishman during his lifetime, the Irishmen of the present day were united in their appreciation of the trials and labors of Ireland's greatest orators and patriots, Daniel O'Connell. The societies in Montreal, who have had the matter in charge, have done much to give expression to their sentiments in this respect, and the programme and the manner in which it was carried out show how deeply touched has been that chord of chords in the Irish heart—a never-dying love of the old land—by the free and impetuous utterances of the great defender and leader in politics sixty years ago. O'Connell has been taxed with going too far in his attacks upon the Government of the time, and in keeping alive the "Repeal" agitation, well knowing that it would not be granted, and that nothing could come of his almost superhuman efforts in favor of securing the passage of the necessary Act. Few Irishmen will be found at the present day who believe that O'Connell worked to secure what he considered an impossibility or pursued what he supposed was a shadow. That O'Connell sacrificed his own personal welfare, expended his wealth, sacrificed his lucrative business, and accepted a certainly unpopular side of the question for the ideas that had become part of him, and the principles he had implanted in the masses of the Irish nation, are facts better known at the present day than they were during his lifetime; and not all the honor paid to his memory to-day the wide world over is sufficient to repay his energy and devotion to the cause which was his life—part of himself—and in which he expended not only his physical and mental energies but the greater portion of his estate. Thus few can be astonished at the thousands who thronged the streets of our city on Friday to do what of honor they could in token of their appreciation of his labors. Nature, as if in commendation of the celebration provided serenely beautiful weather, the clouds which had hovered over the city, drenching the streets during the whole week, having dissolved, leaving the day all that could be desired. From an early hour in the morning preparations were to be seen in all directions, the last few touches to the many arches that had been erected, the hanging of bunting in all directions and other preparations of what was coming being noticeable to the stranger. By nine o'clock in the morning several hundred people gathered on the Champ de Mars in groups that by ten o'clock had swelled to a multitude of several thousands, the waving banners, brilliant uniforms and prancing horses forming a scene seldom witnessed on the ground. Band followed band in quick succession until the confusion of sounds was deafening, and seemed to make chaos worse than anything the name expresses. However, as if by magic, shortly after ten o'clock the seemingly interminable mass of celebrators were in line behind their respective bands with banners flying, quietly moving off towards the St. Patrick's Church before the spectators were aware of their intention. The line passed up St. Gabriel along St. James, through Victoria Square and debouching into Craig street passed up Alexander street, entering the church, the ranks of each society opening to admit the sister societies, and the latter, changing front so as to place the office-bearers first, marched into church, each society courteously acknowledging their sister societies as they passed. The quiet, orderly manner in which the procession moved, and the remarkably fine appearance of the whole were subjects of remark upon all sides, and we must say that the parade by far eclipsed any procession of Irish Societies ever seen in Montreal. St. Patrick's Church, was beautifully decorated. The Church was almost full when the procession arrived, and by the time they had all secured places was literally jammed. To the left of the grand altar a temporary one was erected, and upon it was an elegantly worked scroll cross, illuminated around the border with white lights, and in the centre the cross proper of very beautiful workmanship. To the left there was another temporary altar surmounted by the "Harp of Erin," with strings of gold, and the border illuminated from the centre of the framework by lights which, reflecting in the tinsel that covered the framework, gave to the whole an appearance, that was symbolical, of the golden harp. From each pillar in the aisles was suspended flags of green and white, and in the centre aisle, immediately opposite the pulpit, was an imitation marble pedestal, and on the top thereof a life-sized bust of the great Liberator. To the left of the bust drooped a green flag with a harp in white, entwined with shamrocks in the centre, and to the right another flag drooped, being of white silk and bearing in the centre the Irish arms. The grand altar was only partially lighted, but the sun, during one part of the service, shone through the beautiful stained glass window full upon the crucifix and its surroundings, giving to the whole an appearance sublimely grand. The decorations were the work of the Grey Nuns. The procession, as it marched into the church, was headed by Mr. B. Devlin, M. P., President of St. Patrick's Society, and Acting-Mayor Duhamel, who bore the massive gold chain, the insignia of Mayoralty. The Eibernian band entered first playing St. Patrick's Day, followed in quick succession by the rest of the bands, who played the same air. By the time all were in their places, the acolytes, chorists and assistants to the officiating divines were in their respective places. Professor Fowler played an overture on the organ, "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," and "The Last Rose of Summer," after which the Bishop was robed before the high altar and grand solemn high Mass was proceeded with Mgr. Fabre officiating, assisted by the Rev. J. S. O'Connor, of Alexandria, and Deacon and Sub-Deacon Duckett and Callaghan. Father Leclerc, Chaplain of the gael, was master of ceremonies.

THE SERMON.

Father Dowd who preached was apparently suffering from indigestion, but he delivered his discourse with telling effect. He took for his text the following passage from the 111th psalm:—"The just shall be in everlasting remembrance; he shall not fear the evil hearing." The Revd. Gentleman said he replaced a distinguished prelate who was invited to address them on this memorable occasion, who, though absent, was present in spirit. His occupation and time of life did not fit him to speak to them as they had a right to expect, but he would speak of points in the character of the great man suitable to the holiness of God's house, and which conveyed lessons of wisdom and religious duty. This limit would necessarily exclude much that they desired to hear. They, with a true regard of the great O'Connell, had a right to hear much, without which they could not summon before their eyes a true picture of his universal excellence, his profound intelligence, his

calm reason, his superhuman penetration, and his courage, that never blanched before danger, nor covered before an enemy of Ireland. This they naturally desired to hear, and their desire would be gratified in another place, and under another control, and in language more truly reflecting the glories of O'Connell than he had the power to command.—The history of the world contained great names. Each nation, too, had its own celebrities, and it often, if not generally, happened that the concentrated action which secured fame in one's own nation, was a bar to the obtaining of high places amongst the great names of universal history. The genius of O'Connell surmounted this difficulty. O'Connell had no rival in the annals of Ireland, and but few in the annals of the world. To him Ireland was

"The first flower of the earth,
The first gem of the sea."

For her he thought, he pleaded, he laboured. Her hopes and her fears were the unbroken subject of his day dreams; the brilliant hopes of his early career, the terrible energy of his manhood, and the enfeebled step of his old age—were all irrevocably concentrated on Ireland and her wrongs. He lived for Ireland—to conquer back liberty—to win justice for her. This was the absorbing thought of his great mind, and from that noble thought his genius drew all its inspiration. A scattered and despirited people were to be brought together and cemented into one; they were to be trained to understand their true position; their courage was to be lifted up; they were to be taught to ask again, and to ask together; they were to be taught to put all their voices together till there was but one voice, and that one voice was the voice of the Irish Nation, which no Government should dare to disregard. It took long years of superhuman labour, but it was a labour of love to him—it was labour for justice and liberty for his native land. This sufficiently explained why their liberator stood foremost in the annals of Ireland. Mere talent might do much for good and for evil. The means that talent employed to arrive at its object did not generally rise above the level of mere expediency. O'Connell was a man of genius and God did not impart genius to a man for one object or one cause. Of necessity he gave genius to man for the benefit of the whole human family, and hence O'Connell, in labouring for Ireland, was labouring for every country on the face of the habitable globe. His impassioned pleadings for Ireland were not the consideration of mere expediency; they were inspired, not by sectional or national expediency, but he demanded justice for justness' sake; justice to Ireland, justice to all, because justice was one of the eternal laws of God. His genius proclaimed in their entirety the rules of human law. There was no wavering, no contradiction about him. Justice was the basis of human society, the shield of the weak against the strong. Justice was the right which God gave to man and which no amount of violence could rob man of. This O'Connell worked for, and poured out his fiery denunciation of the injustice done to his co-religionists. He raised his voice for the Presbyterians of the north and for the blacks of Africa. They remembered all this. They remembered the storms of anger which were poured upon him because of his denunciation of the slave trade. On this he would give no opinion of his own, and in mentioning it, was only speaking historically. Notwithstanding all that was said, he continued to denounce the abominable traffic in human bodies. He believed that justice was inherent in man, and he could not be robbed of it because God gave it. He loved it too much to betray its advocacy. Ireland had the honour of giving birth to O'Connell, and she was proud of him as her illustrious son. She had given universal history one of its most illustrious names—O'Connell, the advocate of the oppressed; O'Connell, the teacher of justice to governments and people all over the world; O'Connell, the bloodless, peerless champion of the sacred rights of justice between man, and man, and between man and God, over the civilized world. Yes, this love of justice was the distinguishing characteristic of his life and all his public actions. It was this heaven-born passion for justice that inflamed his patriotism, that inspired his eloquence. Father Dowd was not at all surprised to see so many assembled; O'Connell deserved this tribute of them, the tribute of the Church's blessing. Ireland remembered her Liberator to-day, and her Church threw open her temple to bless the peaceful champion, her Liberator. The ceremonies of the day were a double tribute. They had no doubt followed with loving eyes the preparations that were taking place in Dublin, under their great Cardinal and distinguished bishops. Here they had followed the same example, and, in doing so, were honouring their great Catholic bishop. He did not know of any one apart from a saint who had received a similar honour. The character, the principles and the services of O'Connell could not possibly receive a more beautiful acknowledgment. The thanksgiving to-day was a thanksgiving to God in acknowledgment of the favours received. They remembered O'Connell with loving gratitude as the instrument chosen and fitted by God for the regeneration of Ireland. Of the magnitude of the services guaranteed to Ireland through the fidelity and genius of O'Connell, they required to have a full and accurate knowledge of the condition of the Catholics in their native land at the time when O'Connell first undertook to regenerate them. They who had not seen could not have a knowledge of the condition they were in, and it would be both painful and unprofitable for him to enter into details; but the occasion, and justice to O'Connell, required him to mention at least one of the leading facts. In those times the Irish were aliens in their own land. The whole policy of the laws was to degrade and oppress the Irishmen, and that because they were Catholics. He said because they were Catholics, for let an Irishman become an apostate, he was taken by the hand and watched over by their enemies. To be an Irish Catholic was in those days to be an enemy in the eyes of the Government, hence Parliament was against them, hence they were not to be found on the judicial bench, at the bar, or in the magistracy. True, there were a few exceptions, but Parliament was shut against them; there was no redress by appeal there. Whilst this continued, the execution of these bad laws was an injustice; the magistrates were unjust and cruel, and at the same time that enormous injustice, that cruel mockery, the Established Church, existed. Irish Catholics debarred of every right of justice were compelled by law to contribute of the fruit of their labour to that church, which lost no opportunity of insulting their faith. To support this hostile Church and Ministry in idle luxury, the poor Irish Catholic had to reduce his scanty clothing, and the still more scanty food of his wife and children. He (Father Dowd) could see by the expressions of the old man before him, that they believed him, but the young men seemed incapable of belief. He was not surprised that they should scarcely believe such a thing could exist, but he could assure them that it did, for he had seen over and over again everything he had told them. Father Dowd said he did not wish to do harm by what he said; he tried to do good; he would rather do injustice to O'Connell than offer insult, but the colossal work which he had to go through, had made him manifest his feelings on this great occasion; his feelings had been too strong for him, for he remembered he was born a slave in his native land, and it was O'Connell that set him free. He felt grateful to O'Connell, but still more grateful to God, who sent him. The task of securing justice for Ireland, was not obtained in one day. It was not possible that the

wound that had been festering for centuries could be healed so soon, nor was it possible for one man to accomplish it. But what O'Connell left undone it was in those days impossible to do. By the Catholic Emancipation in 1829, O'Connell, off with one stroke that which was most galling, that was most insulting and most unjust to the Irish race, Catholic Emancipation was a large instalment of justice, but to fully comprehend the magnitude of the boon, they would have to look back to the condition of their co-religionists in 1829.—The pleadings of O'Connell brought every just and right-thinking man, not only in Europe, but throughout the whole civilized world, to cry out shame upon England, and force England to yield, and remove her pet exotic from the soil of Ireland. Other instalments had been received, and only one remained, but it was the germ of all the rest. He thought all within the hearing of his voice would agree with him when he said that O'Connell was deserving of praise for these boons. He it was who organized the nation and taught it to work spread the programme of justice to Ireland, teaching them never to cease working. The great spirit of O'Connell is not dead. He lived and walked amongst the green hills of his native land. Others before him undertook the task and failed, but he received a special mission from God to liberate Ireland, and He endowed him with a love of freedom and of religion, without which the success would not have been so great. In his religious principles was the secret of his greatness. Speaking of O'Connell's religious principles the Rev. Father said that the people of Ireland trusted him. There were nominal Catholics who were a sham, and the weakness of their holy religion. Did he say O'Connell was one of them? No. Had he been such Catholic Ireland would not have trusted him—good Catholic Ireland would not have been celebrating his memory as she was this day. He would not say Catholic Ireland had not friends—dear and noble friends—amongst the Protestants who were pure minded working advocates of their cause; this he would not say, because it would be both false and ungrateful to say it; but he did assert, and he thought it would be admitted by all that it was fit that the Catholic people of Ireland should be led to liberty by a chief of their own faith; and he further stated in defence of O'Connell's religious status that the faithful and religious people of Ireland would never have followed and trusted the lead to a man whose name as a Catholic was not respected by the Church. They would never have trusted the advocacy of the sacred right of their faith to a nominal Catholic. Ireland had too much love for God to trust such a man. O'Connell was not a man of that character. He despised duplicity—his mind abhorred inconsistency. He was a Catholic and acted as a Catholic. His faith was of that robust and lively kind which never failed to show itself on every proper occasion. Whenever he made a speech in any town he would appeal to God, (this he, Father Dowd, had seen him do.) He was not acting, and when in a triumphal car drawn by thousands or his fellow countrymen, on passing a chapel, O'Connell not only uncovered his noble head, but bowed his head profoundly. He saw this and asserted most positively that it was an expression of reverence which could only come from the deep recesses of a religious heart. O'Connell never offended a man of opposite religious views, but was always armed to repel any attack made in public or private against his faith and the discipline of his church. As a necessary consequence of this earnest faith he loved the Catholic church with a true and impartial love. His reverence for holy things was a lesson to the most learned Catholics. He had seen Protestants stand for half an hour looking with a kind of religious awe whilst he kneeled at service. Father Dowd related the incident of O'Connell's attendance as a pall-bearer at Cobbett's funeral and his withdrawal on the Protestant service being commenced. This he held was as an example to all good Catholics; for that act he was not put down as a bigot but as an honorable man. Father Dowd next referred to the moral and physical force of man, O'Connell, he held, was the apostle of moral force, he preached moral force as the force only for obtaining justice for Ireland. With any other people than the Irish and any other teacher than O'Connell, this application of moral force might have failed; but with him it obtained a victory unparalleled in the history of nations. He reduced his teachings to a few plain words and he repeated them in all his speeches, until they were learned and understood, and believed and acted upon by every peasant in Ireland. He would say at times "He who commits a crime gives strength to the enemy." "No amount of human liberty is worth one drop of human blood." By the teachings of this moral force O'Connell brought the weakest, most depressed and down-trodden country in Europe to conquer the strongest, proudest, and most obstinate Government on the face of the globe; placed justice and reason side by side. In conclusion, Father Dowd invoked the vast audience not to let the centenary of O'Connell's birth pass as an idle show. They must crown it with a monument. He did not mean a monument in some public place of dress or marble, but with one more worthy the generous Irish race—resolve to imitate his example and follow his teachings. The whole heart and the whole mind of O'Connell was before them in the last words uttered by the great man when dying in a foreign land—"I leave my soul to God and my body to Ireland."

The Mass was then continued, a grand solemn benediction being pronounced by the Bishop at the close. Mozart's Twelfth Mass was rendered in a most perfect manner by a choir of 200 voices, selected by Prof. J. A. Fowler from among the best singers of the city; there was also an orchestra of over 30 instrumentalists. The "Gloria" and the "Credo" could not be sung with more precision and more spirit, and caused the admiration of every lover of good music.

The service over, the procession reformed, and proceeding down Beaver Hill Hill, wended its way on to Wellington street, along which it pursued its course through Griffintown, and thence back to the St. Patrick's Society's Hall, on Craig street.

THE ADDRESSES.

Mr. B. Devlin, M. P., President of St. Patrick's Society, was the first to appear on the balcony, and explained to an inquirer among the audience that they had not carried out the order of procession as had been originally intended, owing to the lateness of the hour when they left the church. The Committee had therefore thought it desirable to curtail the route, in order that arrangements might be made for the evening, and that those assembled might return home and prepare for the entertainment. (Cheers.) He then said the grand demonstration that had that day made in honour of the great O'Connell, the Liberator of Ireland, and uncompromising champion of universal liberty, was one of which they had all reason to be proud. They had heard that day in the eloquent words of the Rev. Father Dowd how the great O'Connell devoted his whole life to the welfare, happiness, and dignity of the Irish nation. That devotion had never been surpassed and in fact had never been equalled, and on that day the whole world acknowledged the purity of his patriotism, the power of eloquence, and the magnitude of the works he had done. O'Connell had left a glorious and brilliant record for their guidance and instruction. Before closing he would remind them that the Rev. Father