

IN MEMORY OF TONE

A Majestic Spectacle in the Streets of Dublin.

Laying the Corner Stone of a Monument to One of Ireland's Patriot Heroes—One Hundred Thousand People Assist at the Ceremony—Speeches by Messrs. John Dillon, M.P., and John Redmond, M.P.

DUBLIN, August 20.

"They rose in dark and evil days,
To right their native land;
They kindled here a living blaze
That nothing shall withstand."

Such were the lines quoted by John Redmond, when proposing the toast of "The memory of the dead," at the Lord Mayor's banquet in the evening of the Wolfe Tone celebration. On ordinary occasions such a toast as this might well have been honored in silence and with heads bowed. But this was no ordinary occasion. This was a centennial commemorating the greatest struggle for freedom against the greatest odds ever made by a nation.

It was not a time to drink mutely; even if Mr. Redmond thought it was. With all respect to Mr. Redmond's opinion, it was a time to wake the memories of the dead in one grand cheer that should reverberate around the world and echo into every interstice in the earth's crust—a warning to an enemy where one was to be found—a harbinger of triumphant joy and liberty wherever the patriotic exile could only see his own dear Ireland in his dreams and think of her in his prayers.

Drink a toast like this in silence on such a day as this! Why the glorious dead might not have awakened to the fact that they remembered them! And all the Irish world awoke with the torches of patriotism lit by loving hearts who remembered alike graves and hearthstones. And grand old dignified Dublin turned inside out with the influx of visitors from all the points of the compass, from America North and South, from Australia, from Asia, and from Africa; from every place where an Irish colony is to be found—and the only trouble would be to find out where they are not found—with a multitude so great that if the trains leaving the city had not been numerous, sleeping accommodation would have had to be found in the Phoenix; to think that it would have been possible to withhold that trumpet blast of liberty and victory that echoed over the graves of the dead would have been preposterous.

Never since laying the foundation stone of the O'Connell monument has such a day been seen in Dublin. Words fail to express the impression made. To those of us who remember the centenary in 1875, which by the way, fell on a Friday, and a special dispensation was given to eat meat, because fish or eggs enough could not be found for the multitude, to us the day seemed the second in a line of coming victories.

Monday, the fifteenth of August, saw the nation's celebration of Wolfe Tone, here in Dublin. There was a procession which may truly be called great; all the municipalities of Ireland paraded in state, and from all parts of the world came contingents and delegates that flooded the city. The scene was a magnificent one, and one never to be forgotten. The day was observed as a general holiday. Very many of the large establishments afforded their employees the opportunity of fulfilling what to them was a patriotic duty, and from early in the forenoon the constant arrival of contingents, the ever moving masses that thronged the streets, the inspiring sounds of national music, and the carrying of so many bright and beautiful banners, proclaimed the coming of a day of very deep interest to the people of this country. Railway trains brought their crowds from all points of the compass, and the presence of so many foreign delegates lent an element of special suggestiveness to the scene. The strangers in town hailed from America and the Continent, and from England, Scotland and Wales, most of them being exiles from Erin directly appointed to represent their various districts. During the morning from the north, south and west came many thousands, and the precincts of the railway termini were alive with the movement of vast assemblages of visitors who had had eagerly come long distances to join the ranks of those who lent such distinction to the demonstration. Across many of the chief thoroughfares arches of green garlands and bearing patriotic devices were suspended. This was particularly so in Thomas street, where special pains were taken to elaborately decorate the houses of historic interest associated with '98. In many places French, American and Irish flags abounded. It should be mentioned in connection with the closing of so many of the city establishments that some even of the trading houses occupied by Unionists were closed. Fortunately the weather, upon which so much inevitably depends in such cases, was fine during the morning and gave promise of a bright and brilliant afternoon. Coming up to twelve o'clock the procession proper began to assemble at Rutland square. The difficulties in connection with the orderly marshalling of such a mass of people cannot be exaggerated, and it is almost unnecessary to say that in the hands of the people themselves, the great responsibility of adapting themselves to the regulations made on their behalf by the marshals and stewards. To all, therefore, the tribute is due to preserving such perfect and unbroken order and regularity.

The order of procession as the committee, in the place of honor, then followed the foreign delegates, the trade union contingents, the various national contingents, the Corporation of Dublin, was next in line, followed by the municipalities of all the towns in Ireland. When the procession turned into Stafford street they moved past a historic spot, for here Peter Tone carried on business, and here was Wolfe Tone born. A marble slab marks the spot with an inscription in Irish, the translation of which is:—

THEOBALD WOLFE TONE,
Founder
Of the Society of United Irishmen,
Was born in this house on the
20th June, 1763.
He died for Ireland,
In the Provost's Prison,
Arbor Hill, on the
19th November, 1798.
This tablet was erected by the
Ninety-eight Centenary Committee.

Leaving King street the processionists turned into Church street, where in the graveyard attached to St. Michan's rest the bones of the Brothers Sheares, Oliver Bond, Jackson and it is popularly believed, Robert Emmet. There was a splendid display of all kinds of bunting in the street. There was a grand display at the Father Mathew Memorial Hall. The Weekly Freeman picture of Wolfe Tone was shown in several places. A banner was displayed with the motto, "Remember '98, '48, '65, '67." Another banner contained the lines from Thomas Davis:—

"Freedom comes from God's right hand
And needs a goodly train,
And righteous men must make our land
A nation once again.
For this I hoped some day to die—
Oh! can such hope be vain—
That our dear country shall be made
A nation once again."

Moirs House, where so many of the patriots found shelter, was the next spot of historical interest to be passed.

Thomas street, the scene of the execution of Robert Emmet and several of his associates, and of the arrest of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was extensively decorated and presented a scene of great animation during the passing of the procession. The windows of most of the houses were crowded with sympathetic spectators, who waved handkerchiefs and flags and cheered enthusiastically. The footwalks and the sides of the roadway were also thronged, and frequent cheering was indulged in. The first point of particular interest was the house (No. 151) in which Lord Edward was arrested on May 19th, 1798, being overpowered after a desperate resistance. A memorial tablet has recently been placed on the front wall, setting forth the fact in Irish and in English. When passing the spot numbers of those in the procession reverently lifted their hats. A short distance further on St. Catherine's Church, situated on the opposite side, was reached. It was in front of this church that Robert Emmet was beheaded. The memory of the tragedy lent a special solemnity to the scene, and numbers of hats were raised in respect to the memory of the gallant young patriot leader. The corner of Bridgefoot street and Thomas street was the scene of several executions at the same period. It is stated that the blood of the victims of English vengeance flowed so profusely at this spot as to clog the neighbouring sewers, and that the wife of the Lord Lieutenant saw the dogs licking up the blood as she drove by the place on her way to the Castle. She fainted at the horrible sight, which so impressed her that she is said to have implored her brother, who occupied an exalted position in the Government, to stop this wholesale murder. Her appeal is said to have been not without its effect, and to have secured the transportation instead of the execution of the remaining prisoners.

In the Cornmarket, through which the procession proceeded after leaving Thomas street, stands the house where Napper Tandy was born. A large green scroll was suspended across the street, with an inscription mentioning the fact, and containing portraits of Napper Tandy and of Wolfe Tone. On the reverse side was the inscription—

Here's their memory,
May it be to us a guiding light,
To cheer our strife for liberty,
And teach us to unite.

After such historic places as High street, St. Werburgh's Church, where Lord Edward was buried, the classic precincts of College Green were visited. Here, of course, the Parliament buildings were void of all decoration, a fact that spoke for itself. There was a great difference in St. Stephen's Green, where the impressive ceremony of laying the foundation stone was proceeded with, the junction being under the presidency of Mr. John O'Leary. Immediately that the head of the procession entered the Green from Kildare street the car upon which the corner stone was carried was driven up to the entrance to the platform and the stone borne in. It bore the following inscription:—"1798—Tribute to Wolfe Tone, patriot, from Belfast Nationalists to '98 Centenary Committee, Dublin." Presented by Patrick Flanagan, Belfast." Round the platform an enormous crowd of people took up a position and awaited the speaking which was to follow the laying of the foundation stone. The windows of the houses on the north and west side of Stephen's Green were thronged with spectators, and all the windows in Grafton street which commanded a view of the platform were also crowded. The whole scene was one of a most inspiring and imposing nature.

The historical parchment deposited in the hollow of the foundation stone, read as follows:—

"Wolfe Tone Centenary,
National Monument,
Stephen's Green, Dublin.

"Be it remembered that the first stone of the National monument to commemorate the services of Theobald Wolfe Tone and United Irishmen in the cause of liberty and their devotedness and labours for the regeneration of their native land, was laid on this 15th day of August, 1898, by Mr. John O'Leary, President of the '98 Centenary Committee, on this site, St. Stephen's Green, granted by the Dublin Corporation, a meeting specially summoned at the City Hall, and in the presence of the members of the Executive Committee.

tee, Irishwomen, Irishmen from France, America, Africa, England, Scotland, and Ireland. The procession to commemorate this important event includes trades and labour bodies, friendly and other societies, members of Parliament, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and members of the Corporation, and provincial mayors, chairmen of town commissioners, poor law boards, corporate bodies, city and provincial bands, &c., as per the programme hereby annexed.

An address from the Centenary Committee requesting Mr. John O'Leary to lay the first stone being read by Mr. Collins. Mr. O'Leary delivered a suitable reply, and then proceeded in solemn silence to lay the foundation stone. Within the recess formed in the stone is deposited an engrossed copy of the Tone family on parchment. The matter for this document was sent from America by Miss Grace Georgina Tone, only grandchild of Theobald Wolfe Tone. This lady was born at Georgetown, D.C., U. S. A., May 28th, 1827. There is also deposited in recess of stone literature published by the '98 Centenary Committee, with printed business documents, a Weekly Freeman '98 Almanac and its picture of General Tone, the Tone number of Weekly Independent, and of the Weekly Freeman, etc. The document was read in presence of Mr. O'Leary and general executive, and the various articles enumerated were deposited in his presence in cavity of stone. Signed, Joseph J. Goggins, hon. sec. Memorial Committee, 15th August, '98. Countersigned, by J. Daly and J. O'Loughlin, J. Collins and J. P. Duane.

The stone was lowered by Mr. C. G. Doran, Queenstown, assisted by Mr. Quilty.

Mr. O'Leary then laid the stone, with a tap for America, for France, and one for each of the four provinces. At a signal from the chief marshal, Mr. F. J. Allen, a band played the "Memory of the Dead," the immense concourse of people uncovering during the rendering of the air.

Speeches were made by the most eminent Irish politicians, but perhaps the one most enthusiastically applauded was that by John Dillon, who said:—

The man whose statue will stand on this spot was a man cast in heroic mould. He was a man who, from his earliest boyhood almost—when little more than a boy—by the intuition of his genius, took a wider and deeper grasp of the problem of Irish politics in his day than Grattan, Flood, or Charlesmont. Born a soldier and a statesman, born in this city of Dublin in the year 1763 he died at the hands of his enemies in 1798 on the 19th of November, so that at the hour of his death he was only a few months over 35 years of age; and yet, brief as that life was, it was a life filled with glorious effort for Ireland. For who can name, in the long annals of the patriots of Ireland, one man who has done more for his country, for the cause of his native land, than Theobald Wolfe Tone, and he has left from that brief life an example to his countrymen which has animated generation after generation of young Irishmen to tread in his footsteps, and which remains to this day and in our time a mighty influence, fighting for all that is noble in the Ireland of this day. In 1791 Tone wrote his first pamphlet on behalf of the Irish Catholics, and when he wrote that pamphlet he had, it is reported in his life that he did not know one Catholic in Ireland, and yet within two months he was the trusted friend, agent, and almost leader of the Catholics of Ireland; and never let it be forgotten that the first blow which Tone struck in the cause of Irish freedom was a blow to set free the Catholics of Ireland. He said, with the spirit of a true democrat, "We can have no true or lasting liberty in Ireland which is not based on equal rights of all the citizens of Ireland."

And when, after a few years, he was struck down by his cruel and bloody enemies, the brother of the great Napoleon—Lucien Napoleon—when he stood up in the Assembly of France—the glorious Assembly of the Five Hundred—to move that provision be made by the French Nation for the widow and children of Tone, he used these words, which should always be impressed in the memory of Irishmen as a testimony of one of the leaders of the greatest nation in Europe in that day to the character of one of our countrymen, to whom we are assembled here to do honour. On the occasion Lucien Napoleon said: "I rise to call attention to the widow and children of a man whose memory is dear and venerable to Ireland and to France, who perished in Dublin, assassinated by the illegal verdict of a court martial." And then he went on to say his talents and courage announced him as the future Washington of Ireland.

In these sentences he spoke only the sober language of truth. But to me, I confess, what has always struck me as one of the most sublime spectacles of human progress and struggles for liberty was the spectacle of Wolfe Tone when he stood before the court-martial in this city in the power of cruel and dastardly enemies, and when he knew that his life was forfeited, and that the hour of his death was at hand. It is easy to be heroic and courageous on the field of battle when your blood is hot, and to strike a blow for fatherland when one's comrades are butchered at one's side, but standing powerless before your cruel enemies, in cold blood, with death before you then the mettle of which a man is made is tried; and with all the agonizing thoughts of wife and children—for he had a young wife and three children to whom he was devotedly attached—in the whole annals of human history I know no more magnificent spectacle of human greatness than when Tone confronted his enemies with a firmness, calmness, courage, and dignity great as was ever displayed, he defied his enemies, and went to his death with a courage that illustrated a page of Irish history, which will remain for ever to be cherished by the children of Ireland. We honour his memory here to-day in the city where he was assassinated (cheers). We have shown by this magnificent demonstration that his principles are triumphant, and I recommend to all of you to study his life, his writings, and his teachings; they are a precious inheritance to the Irish people, and one which, if

studied and acted upon, will be, in my judgment, the best guidance to the patriot's heart.

Mr. John E. Redmond, M.P., who was received with loud cheers, said: I cannot but feel how poor and how weak our are after the demonstration of to-day. The eloquence of your numbers, your enthusiasm, could not be increased by any words, and it seems to me almost as if it would have been better to have let this great demonstration speak for itself—speak for itself to England of the determination of the Irish people to stand by their country and to have left speeches out of the programme altogether. And yet it is impossible to have such a demonstration as this to be allowed to close without some of our public men coming together on this platform to show once again to England that however men in the current politics of the day may have different views as to the methods, at the same time, in the essentials, that is in our devotion to our National cause and in our undying hostility to English rule, we Irish Nationalists stand absolutely united around the statue to-day.

Mr. Dillon has quoted some words from Lucien Bonaparte's speech about Theobald Wolfe Tone. I was reading that speech myself this morning, and I was struck by the extraordinary prophecy which Lucien Bonaparte made in that speech in November, 1799. He used these words: "The day," he said, "will doubtless come in that same city of Dublin, and on the spot where the satellites of Britain reared the scaffold, where they expected to wreak their vengeance on Tone, when the independent people of Ireland will erect on that spot a trophy to his memory, and will yearly celebrate on the anniversary of his trial the festival of their union round his monument."

Well, now, thank God, after the hundred years that have passed, at last to-day the Irish people have fulfilled that prophecy of Lucien Bonaparte. The hundred years that have passed have indicated the purity of the motives, the loftiness of the character, and I will say also the wisdom of the aims of Tone and of the United Irishmen. Here we have assembled in the City of Dublin representatives from the gallant nation of France—a nation, remember, which is allied to Ireland not merely by sentiment, but by historical tradition, and which is allied to our race as kinsmen of the same blood. We have here also representatives of the great and free Republic of America—that great land, the home of liberty; that great land that always opened a refuge to our suffering and oppressed people; that great land which, in the words of one of our own sons, "that land whose free latch string was never yet drawn in against the meekest child of Adam's kindred."

We welcome these men here as friends and as allies, and to day when England, isolated as she is, is looking around, and begging for alliance with other countries, we to day are able to point to allies in France, and allies in America, allies in far distant Australia, aye, and in the Cape in South Africa, and in other parts of the civilized world, who, if ever the day should come—and which of us would not be glad to see it, when, in the complications of the world, Ireland would once again have an opportunity of striking a blow for liberty, would rally to the cause of the most ancient, and sorely oppressed nationality in the world.

In the evening the Lord Mayor entertained a large company at the Mansion House in commemoration of the laying of the foundation stone of the national memorial to Wolfe Tone.

After dinner, the Lord Mayor said that he welcomed to the Mansion House the delegates from America, from France, Africa, and Australia, and his fellow-countrymen from the several provinces of Ireland. He welcomed them there in the Mansion House as the guests of the Corporation of the City of Dublin. He was pleased and delighted that circumstances gave to him, as Lord Mayor, the privilege of meeting so many guests in this memorable year of '98, and to be the medium of welcoming their exiled brethren from so many lands. He did not know what changes the future might bring. This he knew, however, that Irishmen would never lose their nationality. He did not profess to be a prominent politician, but this he could say, he held a deep reverence for the memory of the men who died for Ireland.

He might say he was himself descended from people who were obliged to fly from their peasant home to the mountains to escape persecution. He had never spoken on this matter before, but after many years of residence in Dublin, he hoped he was as good an Irishman to day as when he entered it. He claimed for Irishmen that they could best govern themselves, and that they could do that best under English laws (cries of "Question"). They might do it under American laws, but what Irishmen wanted was to be allowed to act as free men (applause). In conclusion, he begged to give them the toast of "Ireland a Nation."

The toast was honoured with enthusiasm.

Mr. John O'Leary, in rising to respond to the toast, was enthusiastically greeted. In the course of his speech he said that he was no more a speaker than the Lord Mayor, though he was perhaps more a politician. He should dissent from some of the views of the Lord Mayor. He infinitely preferred that Ireland should be under her own laws and not English laws, and he did not mind whether it was a republic, an absolute monarchy, or a limited monarchy. However, he was not an impractical, and he could conceive Ireland accepting something short of that.

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DR. THOMAS O'HAGAN, M.A.

"One of Ontario's most talented verse writers," is the way in which the Canadian-American styled Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., who has recently passed through Montreal, and who was interviewed by the TRUE WITNESS. A brief biographical sketch of the eminent litterateur may not be out of place here. Like most others who have added to the poetic literature of the new land, he is of good Irish stock, his father and mother both being natives of Kerry. Dr. O'Hagan was born near Toronto in 1855. After attending the public school there he became a student in St. Michael's College, and was a frequent prize winner in Latin and English. Later he took the arts course in Ottawa University, was made a Bachelor of Arts in 1882, and three years later had his M.A. On his graduation he took honors in English, Latin, French and German, and was selected to write the graduation poem. His "Profecturi Salutamus," written for the occasion, was warmly commended by the poet Whittier. He took a past graduate course at Syracuse University (Ph. D., 1889), and later studied at Cornell. From 1887 to 1888 he held classical and modern language masterhips in several leading high schools. In 1894 he was elected president of the Canadian Club of Cornell University. His pieces of fugitive verse were collected and published in 1887. It was called "A Gate of Flowers." Since then he has published "In Dreamland and other Poems." He has made a special study of English, and is recognized as one of the most sympathetic interpreters of English literature in English. As well as being a voluminous contributor to the magazines, Dr. O'Hagan's trenchant pen has found its way into the columns of the daily press. For some years past his labors have been in the direction of the lecture field principally, and his subjects of discourse almost invariably on the higher English literature. As a critic and commentator on English poetry Dr. O'Hagan has few equals in America. Some of his lectures delivered this year at the Catholic Summer School at Cliff Haven, show not only the scholarly attainments and deep erudition of the man, but also a nature thoroughly poetical and sympathetic, while at the same time almost microscopically analytical. His recent work in the "Catholic Reading Circle Review" is most interesting, especially in his treatment of the poets of the Elizabethan and immediately following periods.

Dr. O'Hagan is a striking personality not from any great height of stature, nor from any peculiarity of appearance or gait. His face seems a chart of intelligence, not of the waxy woe-begone sort, but the cheerful kind, and the eyes light up with enthusiasm whenever any of his favorite topics are touched upon, and then he is rapid in speech and ideas formed into words bubble from him almost too fast to follow.

In the course of a brief interview Dr. O'Hagan spoke most enthusiastically of the success of the Summer School this year and its prospects for the future. Then he launched out into a dissertation of the Saguenay, which he considered surpassed anything on the continent in the way of grand, tremendous scenery, not to speak of the historic features of the district. In Quebec he had the pleasure of meeting Sir James LeMoine, with whom he had a delightful conversation on Canadian literature. In Montreal Dr. O'Hagan was surprised at the beauty of the city and surroundings. His many fine buildings, substantial as well as architecturally beautiful, its numerous churches and public institutions, impressed him so much that he acknowledged Montreal to be the city of Canada.

When asked his opinion regarding the project of establishing a Catholic press association for the United States and Canada, a project which has always had the hearty sympathy and support of the TRUE WITNESS, Dr. O'Hagan said that if it aimed at centralizing the influence of the Catholic press, by lessening the number of papers, and concentrating all the literary and business talents now scattered over so many districts, he considered it would be a grand undertaking and productive of great results. Dr. O'Hagan greatly admired the standard of aggressive Catholicism followed by the TRUE WITNESS and thoroughly appreciated the good work being done in the districts which its great influence reaches.

Dr. O'Hagan left on Thursday for Toronto. His lecture tour commences in November, the intention being to travel through the Middle and Western States and perhaps go as far as the Coast. His subjects will be principally "Canadian Poets and Poetry," "Wit and Humor," and the Poets Tennyson, Longfellow and the Brownings. He will in the meantime continue his very interesting series of articles on "Studies in English Literature" in the Catholic Reading Circle Review. During the year Dr. O'Hagan will publish three new books, one of verse and two of criticism. These will be looked forward to with much interest, especially the works on criticism. While in the city, Dr. O'Hagan called on Mrs. Sadlier, a lady whose reputation is world-wide in the field of Catholic literature.

DIED.

SMITH—At Hamilton, Ont., on August 29th, 1898, John W. Smith, eldest son of James and Mary Smith, aged 28 years and 14 days. Interred in Holy Sepulchre Cemetery, Hamilton. May his soul rest in peace. Amen.

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OBITUARY.

The following is taken from the Hamilton Evening Times of August 31st:—"A sad blow has been given to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Smith, No. 219 My Street North, in the death of their eldest son, John W., last night. The deceased had been in the employ of Messrs. Wright and Bulfinch for about eight years. He had been ill ever since last August, but faithfully kept on working till last January, when he was compelled to give up his situation, and since then has been confined to the house. A large circle of friends will mourn his early demise, as he was a great favorite, being a kind and lovable companion, ever ready and willing to help his friends. His absence from the Leo Literary, St. Vincent de Paul, and I. C. B. C., of which societies he was a member, will be sorely felt. Deceased was a devout adherent of St. Mary's Cathedral, among whose parishioners he was looked upon as one whose life was truly Christian and exemplary."

EARLY CLOSING.

Advocates of the earlier closing of stores will be pleased to note that Messrs. James A. Ogilvy & Sons, St. Catherine street, have decided to close their store at six p.m. on Saturdays, in future.

The zeal and devotion of the Redemptorist Fathers is everywhere in evidence throughout Ireland, and nowhere is this made more manifest than in Belfast. Despite the fact of the brief period of their establishment in that city, they have commenced the work of the erection of a beautiful Monastery. On Monday last His Lordship the Most Rev. Dr. Henry blessed and laid the foundation stone of their new home. The building when completed will be a very fine and substantial structure, and fully equipped for all the wants of the community, who will thus be better fitted for the carrying on of their good work.

An inventor in India has constructed an apparatus for cooking by the heat of the sun. It consists of a box made of wood, and lined with reflecting mirrors, at the bottom of the box being a small copper boiler, covered with glass to retain the heat of the rays concentrated by the mirrors upon the boiler.

Experiments seem to show that a large ocean steamer, going at nineteen knots an hour, will move over a distance of two miles after its engines are stopped and reversed, and no authority gives less than a mile or a mile and a half as the required space to stop its progress.

Recent indications have shown that the principal source of the Gulf Stream is not the Florida Channel, but the region between and beside the islands of the West Indies. At Bimini the volume of this warm water is sixty times as great as the combined volume of all the rivers in the world at their mouths.

Preparations are now in course of progress at Vienna for the celebration on grand scale of the jubilee of Emperor Francis Joseph. The festivities will begin on Nov. 30 and close on December 4.

The sea is one vast reservoir of gold to the extent of about one grain to the bushel, or about four shillings worth in every twenty-five tons of water.