

O'CONNELL CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION. (CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

men, it must never be forgotten—for if we forget it we are unjust to O'Connell's memory—it must never be forgotten that the miserable state of Ireland which he had to change, was the necessary result of a systematic attempt to destroy, or falling that, to degrade our race. England's first policy to us was extermination; Brutalization was her second policy. The exterminating system was followed with more or less success for more than 500 bloody years; though King John's days who made it no more; through King John's days who made it no more; through King John's days who made it no more...

of '98 followed up the iniquitous and disastrous union—all these served only to sink the people into a deeper and darker despair. At the eleventh hour, when night was blackest, hope seemed farthest of light and succour, one man arose to do the work of religious and political and social emancipation, unto which had proved unequal the eloquence of Grattan and the pikes of Wexford and the guns of the volunteers; and that one man was Daniel O'Connell. And, ladies and gentlemen, the gigantic work, the largest which in the history of humanity any one man has undertaken, O'Connell had to undertake against the most overwhelming odds, and he had to undertake it single-handed and alone. Beginning as he began, with the religious emancipation of his countrymen—knowing that all strength is from God—he found everywhere opposition; nowhere, but in his own strong purpose, found he help. Directly against him was all the power of the English Parliament; all the power of the English population; all the proprietors of Ireland; all the intense bigotry and all the concentrated malice of that murderous fanaticism which had flowed down so faithfully from the foul veins of Williamite and Cromwellian drummers. His own people, the poor Papist Irish, still shivering at their horrid memories of '98, gave him no encouragement; rather when he tried to shake them out of their fear and torpor, they begged of him, in pure mercy, to desist, and not to drag them where they had been dragged so often and so fruitlessly, to sacrifice once more. Even the Priests, with the heroic examples of '98 before them, saw therein only an argument for despair, and positively refused to sanction O'Connell's first attempts for their own liberation as likely to lead only to more blood-shed, and to larger excuses for larger persecution. Nay, even the Irish Catholic Bishops, and Church dignitaries higher still were so keenly impressed with the entire hopelessness of his undertaking and with the certainty that his failure would lead to legislation still more diabolical, that they gave him for a long time the steadiest and most steadfast opposition. No press to write for him; no priest to bless his efforts; no people to give him the assistance of even an encouraging cheer; right before him all the cunning of Pitt, and all the stubbornness of Wellington, and all the scholarship of Canning, and all the genius of Peel; everywhere around him, dogging his steps, the paid spies of the London Government and the paid assassins of the Dublin Corporation; warning and dooms rolling around him in the air; the scaffold that smothered the speech of Emmett and the failure that broke the heart of Grattan, ready to receive him; nothing under God's sky to thrust in but his own undaunted heart, Irish of the Irish, but his own unequalled brain, Irish of the Irish too; our soft young Kerry barrister, only a few days romping in the hedge school of Dan Maloney; only yesterday disturbing with his drollery the serene visages of the Jesuits of St. Omer's becomes suddenly filled, as though the Divine Breath were on him, with the spirit which led Israel out of the land of Egypt, and out of the house of Bondage, and filled with that mighty spirit, on he went into the very focus fire of danger, until the lightning of his genius, gleaming out stroke on stroke, the thunder of his speech striking out blow on blow, all foes had to fall back affrighted and barriers had to crumble down; and over the body of d'Estere, and over the curses of Wellington, and over the sneers of Canning, and over the wiles of Peel, and over the maudlin tears of that bloated buffoon George the Fourth, and with the wonder and praise and cheers of an awakened people, our man of men, the strong son of our great old mother, trampled in the dust the gathered bigotry of ages, stamped it fiercely until it could move no more, and raised a nation from out disgrace, and lifted slaves from out despair, and crowned his people, and crowned the world over with the freedom that belongs to the unfettered soul, the Divine freedom of Religious Emancipation! (loud cheers.) Ah! ladies and gentlemen, there have been scenes upon this earth which one of us, I know, would give many golden years to witness—Oh, to have stood in the streets of Athens when Miltiades and his Greeks came back, red and beautiful with the blood of battle, to tell Athens that the army of Persia was no more! Oh, to have seen in the light upon the face of great Demosthenes, as in that immortal speech, he raised that immortal hand and swore that immortal oath of liberty, "by the lives of them that fell at Marathon!" Oh, to have been upon the Clontarf beach on that great Good Friday evening, when the men of Munster drove the Danes into the sea! Oh, to have heard the Irish cheer and to have seen the Irish bayonets in the great red charge at Fontenoy! But grander and dearer is the vision that I have now. It is the year of grace 1829, and the scene is the English Commons. The Emancipation Bill is passed, and over its passing the royal harp never wept before has shed his royal and stupid tears. The House is uneasy and full of gloom; Mr. Speaker is not happy in his chair. Suddenly the door in front of Mr. Speaker opens, and a new member whom all eyes and nerves had been expecting, enters. Tall he is and erect and stately, with conscious, careless strength in every inch of him, in his foot that never falters, in his eye that looks so smilingly and so serenely round. Was it to him that some sneer and others scowl, and the teeth of some are tightening with thoughts of revenge! Enough for him that all are cowed into so deep a stillness that he can hear his own footfall as he crosses the matted way. He goes to his selected side, takes his selected seat, and Daniel O'Connell, after his great campaign of 30 years, with other campaigns still mightier, even now planned out and clear before him; Daniel O'Connell, the realization of so many dreams, the long expected of so many broken hearts; Daniel O'Connell, the type of so many things that are yet to be, the great forerunner of some other Liberator yet to rise; Daniel O'Connell, quiet and calm, and serenely ready for one and all, sits down among his ancestral enemies by right of fight for evermore their conqueror, by right of genius forevermore their king. But, even after the splendid work which resulted in Emancipation, not even the half was done of what he had resolved to do. Freedom for the Catholics of Ireland did not mean freedom for Ireland herself; and freedom for Ireland herself it was that would alone give his soul satisfaction. This man with all his Catholicity was not a bigot by any means. Many a churchman in every church not only makes Religion first but makes it everything, and as long as his church appears to him to prosper, cares little about his country. O'Connell was no of these. And so if he had emancipated his co-religionists from religious slavery, from national slavery he would emancipate all his nation. Now, to Ireland's freedom the main impediment was her legislative union with England. That union, in its latest shape, was only 30 years old. O'Connell resolved that much older it should not be. The resolve was just. It was quite necessary then, as it is quite necessary now, to argue that an arrangement effected by corruption so iniquitous as that which produced the Union had no moral binding force whatever. It was only necessary then, as it is only necessary now, to make the statement, which unfortunately needs no proof, that the English Parliament neither would rule nor could rule Ireland justly. That being settled, it was not expedient to ask that they alone legislate for Ireland who are fairly disposed towards the Irish people and who have a competent knowledge of Irish character. A well-known and very able Canadian statesman has spoken of Canadians as millions of Britons who are not free, and this Canadian slavery of which he complains appears to be that Canada has any connection with the Mother Empire at all. O'Connell would not have been so hard to satisfy. Did he get for Ireland what Canada now possesses, and, I respectfully submit, possesses without having earned it as sorely as Ireland, he

would have known how to keep his tongue from foolish threatenings, and to rest and be thankful. About as much as Canada now enjoys was the most he ever asked for Ireland. And when he began to ask it his chances of a favourable answer were very large. During the thirty years of his agitation for religious liberty the Irish people had, under his influence, undergone a mighty change. The torpor of mental and social slavery had been completely broken; the people began to think and speak and act for themselves once more. Fear and hopelessness, clinging and whining had passed away. The old Irish spirit of self-reliance, which had not been dead, but slumbering awake, and the men, once so stamped with slavery, trod the land of their heroic fathers, with the erect heads and the fearless eyes of the free. The second campaign of the Liberator was, therefore, much more promising than had been the first. He was no longer a soft young barrister; he was by universal acclaim the wisest, subtlest, boldest leader of his time. He was no longer solitary; his own people worshipped him; the Catholics of all Britain hailed him as their saviour; the bravery and intelligence of all the world were on his side. No doubt he had still to expect some opposition. The matchless malice of "scorpion" Stanley; the matchless craft of "the lineal descendant of the impudent thief"; the crass stupidity of the majority in the British Parliament; the cowardly irresolution of many of his own followers, the undue impatient forwardness of many others; most of all the dogged determination of the English colony in Ireland at any cost to preserve the union; all these were against him; but with him there was his own indomitable patience, his own majestic brain; and, to cheer him on, a people who rose as one man round him, and in their hundreds of thousands ready at his one word to sweep from their native soil, every, even the minutest trace of English domination. It really seemed that the fulness of time had come and that Ireland long weeping by the sea, was now to rise up and to weep no more. Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, we mortals understand not the seasons and the times. How that agitation for Repeal failed, once of such splendid promise, we all know. We know, too, that he, the leader, had but to raise his finger and every serious problem would have had very sharp solution ere the end was reached. But the finger was never raised and the end came. Arrest, trial, condemnation, imprisonment, appeal, release, famine in the land, disease in his own body, sorrow in his own heart, disunion among his chosen, and last, death, far from Ireland in that southern city on the road to Rome. A sad and a glorious end. Sad; for his work was not half accomplished, and his second campaign that opened with such high hopes closed with apparent despair; sad, for he was flying from the famine groans of dying Ireland, which he could not stop to hear; sad; for he could not breathe his last great breath either in his own holy and martyr land or in that sacred city which holds the sacred ashes of St. Peter and St. Paul; sad; for the Great Man knew that, he being dead, it would be his country's foes their hour and the power of darkness, sad, very sad; but glorious too! glorious, for he knew his heart would rest in the city of the saints and his bones rest among the people of his love; glorious, for he knew that upon his memory there was no stain as within his life there had been no flaw; glorious, for he knew that the spirit which he had raised would not be quieted till his work was done; glorious, for he knew that out across the continents down throughout the centuries his name would go still liberating, still emancipating, still trampling bigotry to ashes, still smiting slavery to dust, till in the fulness of time, when his people were milder, wiser, steadier, some other leader like unto him the Lord would raise from among his brethren, inheritor of all his gifts, the continuer of all his labours, who loving Ireland as O'Connell loved her, reverencing Justice as O'Connell revered it, trusting God as O'Connell trusted him, would by wise council and untiring energy and burning eloquence and majestic genius, unite for Ireland's cause the world-wide Irish race, and, tracing the paths that O'Connell trod, would win for the land at least not only Catholic but Universal Emancipation. (Loud and prolonged cheers.) And with these thoughts he entered upon his latest sleep exceeding well. He could send his heart to Holy Rome, for the soldier of liberty had been the warrior of God. He could send his brain and bones to Holy Ireland, for, for Ireland he had thought and toiled as no son of her had thought and toiled before. He could leave his memory to the universal human race, for of the universal race, Catholic, Protestant, Dissenter, Jew, white man and negro, he had been the friend. He could leave himself the model for all future patriots, for he had started and followed for nearly fifty years the two great principles which patriots are so often ready to abandon, but without whose guidance and patriotic effort must end in failure, or in success, still worse than failure, these namely, that nothing can be politically right which is morally wrong, and the judge of moral wrong is not this or that enthusiast whose blood is probably much better than his brain, but only He, the Church Infallible, and only He, her Infallible Chief, beneath whose sway in life and death O'Connell's heart was ever lying. And, last of all, were he, what he never was a seeker for renown in the hands of his own people might he securely leave his fame. For, evermore, as long as Ireland and the Irish last the name at the Liberator will be in Ireland's story the brightest as it is the best. Through all the dreary nights and all the dreary days that she still must wait lonely weeping by the sea, she shall have glorious memories of her glorious son; shall often comfort her own poor heart by whispering to it his glorious name; and when at last she comes out before the world, no longer in rags and wretchedness, but as a conqueror and queen, ah! then shall she bid her trumpets tell that amid all her kings and chiefs, and warriors and statesmen, from Brian and Owen Roe down to Sarsfield and Grattan, on to Emmett and Fitzgerald, and Davis and O'Brien, this son of hers who sleeps in Glasnevin, the uncrowned king of all his race, was the bravest, strongest, wisest, noblest, and kindest of them all! And so, Ladies and Gentlemen, even in O'Connell's struggle for civil liberty there was really no such thing as failure. "Art is long and time is fleeting," and for all of us who are not quite clods, the world of our lives is very much larger than the life of our world. The work that O'Connell undertook to do did not surpass his powers, but it surpassed his years; and he left it incomplete, because no single life could bring it to completion. The work, meanwhile, still proceeds; his impulse it is, and his abiding spirit that give it countenance and ought to give it shape. What he actually did proves to ourselves, and what is better, to our enemies, what with a fitting leader we can do. Irishmen—our enemies say complacently, we ourselves say despondently—cannot be united; the answer is that under the guidance of O'Connell all Ireland moved as a single man. Ireland, we are told, if entrusted will use it only to destroy herself or destroy the Empire; the reply is that during O'Connell's reign crime was unknown among us, and both the people and their leader gave an example of respect for law of which no other great popular movement supplies an instance. (Applause.) Last of all we are often told, and told by those whose love for our Motherland, I, for one, have never doubted, that not by speech and writing, but by blood and iron must Ireland be redeemed; the response, to my mind final, is that Daniel O'Connell, the wisest man of all our race, was not of that opinion; that he, throughout his long career, set his face sternly against the patriotism of the barricades; that he would not purchase Ireland's freedom at the cost of even one drop of blood, and that, consequently, for the advocates of

bloodshed to claim fellowship with O'Connell is either a blind blunder or an impudent pretence, as miserable in its purposes as it is mischievous in its effects. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, and Ireland, as no one feels more deeply than myself, may have long to wait till the voice of Justice has power over English ears. But to me the cause thereof is obvious. Nothing great, in the British Parliament or elsewhere, can be done by little men. But oh! on this 6th of August one hundred years ago, when Ireland's future was far blacker than it is today, among so many babies that were useless one was hidden the gift of greatness; that one grew up to manhood, his greatness growing with all his years. Alone he rose large and manful to work for Ireland; peaceful he was and pious—a hater of bloodshed, and a simple lover of his chapel and his rosary; great-souled he was, great brained, great-hearted, and with only the brain within and the God above to help him, he, in the measure of his days, with peace and love and a mouth of mirthfulness and a face of smiles, did what the blood of Benbur and Aughrim, and Oulart, and Mill and New Ross could never do. Then, I say, only let the God that looks on Ireland send us one other man made in the same great mould, whose voice, will be the nation's voice, whose heart will be the nation's heart, whose soul will be the nation's soul—one man whom all will recognize as a king of thought, and a king of speech, and a king of men; but let one such arise, and the old spirit will awake once more—once more the millions shall gather on hills, and the new O'Connell shall take his place, not as a king and conqueror, amid uncertain foes at Westminster, but as the best and brightest of his brethren, amongst ancestral friends in College Green. (Thunders of applause.) There, ladies and gentlemen, are my hopes for Ireland, and I think that millions of my countrymen have hopes of the same kind. We await God's hour to send a befitting leader. We are far from undervaluing those good men who, to the best of their ability, still carry on the work of liberation; but the second great Liberator has not yet appeared and until his appearance we can only, as poor voices from the wilderness, make straight his way and prepare his paths. When he comes he will find, please God, the people ready, with the same love of self-government with the same determination to be the masters of their own destiny; with the same unchangeable resolve never to rest till Irish minds exclusively have the shaping of Irish laws. The second O'Connell will have a task much easier than the first. To gather round him there will not be a few hundred thousand half-starved, spirit-broken men, but from Ireland, and America, and Australia, a population at least as large as the population of England; a population at least as intelligent as anything in Lancashire or the Black Country; a population, whose voice ringing out no uncertain sound, no power on earth can afford to despise. The man we wait for can be the gift of God alone. The gift will be given to a deserving people. If only Irishmen throughout the world, by temperance, education, respect for law, respect for self, reverence for religion, constant prayer to God, show to men and angels the spectacle of a nation that merits liberty, he shall come, the new O'Connell of the new time. He shall come and shall not tarry, and in him will the gathering of my people be. And, Ladies and Gentlemen, even though that second O'Connell in the flesh, be not vouchsafed us, in the spirit, if we be only faithful, the first O'Connell is always here. The German people, among many strange legends have the following: That their great hero Frederick Redbeard, though he died in Syria and was buried there, was brought back by angels to life and to Fatherland; put to sleep in a lonely mountain; there forever rests till, Germany needing his splendid valour, he leaps up to lead her hosts to victory once more. The legend, fantastic as it looks, tells only a very plain but a very important truth—genius never dies; our great men rise up from their graves; if in the late sad war, amid disasters and despairs, the French troops fought as troops never fought before, it was because beckoning them on to battle was the ghost of that great leader who so triumphed at Eylau, and Wagram, and Jena, and Austerlitz. And this with Ireland, too; O'Connell will lead us still. I see him yet, the kingly figure with the kingly head, and the kingly voice. And the memories of old days Shine through the Statesman's anxious face Dathi's power and Byron's fame And heading Sarsfield's sword of fame And the spirit of Red Hugh And the men of Eighty-two And the victories he won And the hope that lead him on And whole armies seem to fly From his threatening hand and eye And the strength of all the land Is like a falchion in his hand And his gestures sternly grand. When we are ready he is ready. We are ready when we are united and commit no crime. The great Shane will then accept the leadership, and under is leadership the end his nigh. Ireland's misery will soon be over; her rags and wretchedness be laid aside; she shall be despised no more; and no more will her children find her as on tomorrow morning this great day over, she must be found, gray-haired, ear-stained, anguish-stricken, lonely by the sea. (Vociferous and prolonged cheering.) The programme was then proceeded with. The Chairman, at the outset, requested that the audience should not encore the performers on account of the length of the programme, which all must agree was a very wise precaution. The several performers did excellently well, and the rapturous applause with which they were each greeted, spoke in unbounded measure of the satisfaction and delight they afforded the assembly. It was late before the proceedings were brought to a close. BREAKFAST—EPPE'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills."—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk. Sold by Grocers in Packets only, labelled—James Epps & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, 48, Threadneedle Street, and 170, Piccadilly; Works, Euston Road and Camden Town, London. MANUFACTURER OF COCOA.—"We will now give an account of the process adopted by Messrs. James Epps & Co., manufacturers of dicitic articles, at their works in Euston Road, London."—See article in Cassell's Household Guide. DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP. THE PARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE existing between the undersigned, as Marble Manufacturers, under the firm of TANSEY & O'BRIEN, was this day dissolved by mutual consent. Mr. O'Brien is alone authorized to collect the debts of the late firm, and settle the liabilities thereof. B. TANSEY, MICHAEL J. O'BRIEN. Montreal, 21st July, 1875. WITH REFERENCE TO THE ABOVE, I BEG leave to inform my friends and the public generally, that I will carry on the business as heretofore, and hope by strict attention to continue to merit the patronage so liberally bestowed on the late firm. MICHAEL J. O'BRIEN, So.

DR. FOWLER'S 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. I have examined the recipe for the preparation of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, of 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, at 37½ cents per Bottle. MILBURN, BENTLEY & PEARSON, Aug 13] Proprietors, Toronto.