Murphy, one of Ireland's most gifted sons, would deliver the oration of the day at the entertainment in the evening, and he trusted that the Irish people of Montreal would assemble in such numbers as to show the pride and interest they felt in O'Connell's life and also in the gifted orator who was to speak. Further he would venture to state that no one would be ashamed of anything he might say for he had a heart that glowed with sympathy, not only to Irish Catholics, but to Irish protestants also. He might perhaps be permitted protestants also. For might perhaps be permitted to say as President of the St. Patrick's Society that they had not met in order to achibit their strength. to say as President of the St. Patrick's Society that they had not met in order to exhibit their strength and mere party feeling? No, they had met as Irishmen—Protestant and Catholic—to do honor to the man who had struck the fetters from their feet, and to show their gratitude to his memory feet, and to show their granted to his memory for what he had done for Old Ireland. He then called upon Mr. J. J. Curran, who had been selected as the orator of the morning, and in doing so stated that although they might be opposed to each other now and then, they were united on that

platform. (Loud and prolonged cheers.)
Mr. J. J. Curran, who was warmly applauded,
said: I think you, gentlemen, for having kindlyseconded by your cheering reception the invitafion extended to me by the committee of Management of this magnificent demonstration to address rou a few words to-day. This is perhaps the grandest occasion that has brought the Irish race together in modern times. We are to-day commententing the birth of the great O'Connell; we are commemorating the glorious results of his eventful career. What was that career? It was the hisful career. What was that eareer: It was the list-tory of Ireland during the whole period of his struggles. It was more than the history of Ire-land, for the name of O'Connell was identified with every noble work of philantrophy. No people was soremote, no skin so dark, no cry of human misery go insignificant as not to excite his large hearted sympathy. (Cheers.) How shall I speak of O'Connell? That name has been panegyrized by the dazzling eloquence of Lacordaire. Ventura has exhausted the melodious strain of his magnificent oratory in his praise, and the flashing pen of de Cormenin and the silver tongue of Wendell Phillips have vied with each other in placing him far above all popular orators and agitators in every country and clime; in every language where the word Liberty is known, the name of Daniel O'Connell has evoked a blessing, and to-day throughout the civilized world millions of our fellow-men have joined with the priest on the altar in thanking God for the benefits conferred on mankind through the instrumentality of the great champion of the liberties of the people. (Prolonged cheers.) He accomplished what no other orator ever accomplished before or since. No such a duty ever devolved on man before, and for the sake of humanity for the honour of mankind, let us hope that no such duty may ever fall to the lot of any man in generations to come. Demosthenes, the great father of eloquence amongst the Greeks, has had his name handed down to posterity. His soul-dirring appeals rang throughout the length and breadth of the land, arousing the people to resistance against the victorious legions of the conquering Philip. But he addressed a nation of free men, with arms in their hands to fight for thei. invaded country; no blighting influence had deadened their courage; no centuries of oppression had worn the chains of slavery into their very hones; no infernal code of Penal Laws had driven hope, aye, almost life itself, from their souls; they were free men who had but to strike the blow; and, in answer to his appeals, they drove the proud invader from their native soil. (Cheers.) Cicero carned the title of father of his country when his cloquence savel the Republic from the conspiracy of Cataline and his dissolute followers. He aroused the Roman people to a sense of the impending calamity, and the words he uttered on that memorable occasion live to-day as a monument of his genius and his devotion to fatherland. But O'Connell! what was his task? I shall not attempt to describe it. The history of that sad period is too fresh in your memories, and the glory of his career is too green in your hearts to need recapitulation. This is a day of joy and thanksgiving, and in this happy land where we live in peace and harmony with men of all creeds and origins, we do well to draw a veil over the dark pages of anguish and misery through which our fatherland has had to pass, and from which the genius and patriotism of Daniel O'Connell obtained her deliverance. (Loud cheers.) To-day we have thanked God for having sent to that dear old land a Liberator. We greeted the sunshine of this glorious morning with a prayer of heartfelt gratitude, and we knew that from the high Heavens, where the great and good man is now receiving his reward, he looks down to-day approvingly on the enthusiasm of his people scattered over the four corners of the earth. We here enjoying the constitutional liberties for which he so manfully contended in the home of our fathers, shall we forget what we owe him as a people? O: shall we raise to his memory here, on the banks of the majestic St. Lawrence, thousands of miles from the green hills and flowery dales that have time and again re-echoed the thrilling sounds of his matchless eloquence, raise a monument to his name, a remembrance of his needs-the grateful tribute of the Irish Canadian heart to the noblest, the purest and the most devoted of Ireland's patriotic sons? (Enthusiastic applause and cheers).
Acting Mayor Dubamel said he felt his position

very acutely, as it should have been the place of our worthy Mayor, who was prevented from being present, to have addressed the meeting on such an auspicious occasior. As a French Canadian he had read history and studied the great reforms that had taken place in the world, and felt proud to state that there was no man whose momory he had learned to respect more than that of Daniel O'Connell. (Cheers.)

Mr. J. C. Gough, late of New Brunswick, and now of Montreal, an Irish Protestant, was intro-duced amid the greatest applause. He addressed himself to the ladies and gentlemen before him. He included the ladies, because he saw from their numbers that they had as much regard for the memory of O'Connell as the gentlemen, and he remembered that it was by the encouragement of the women of Ireland that the great Liberator owed his success in the County Clare election. To day there were at the least thirty millions of Irishmen and their descendants celebrating the memory of O'Connell all over the world; and they, therefore, had just reason to be proud that they formed part of that great nationality which had produced such a glorious benefactor, not merely to Ireland, but to the world at large. (Loud applause.)

THE CONCERT.

has ever been given in this city took place in the Skating Rink, under the auspices of the Committee of Arrangements. The rink was not gorgeously decorated, but the emblems suspended here and there had an appropriateness about them which seldom attaches to such meagre decorative embellishments. Under the band chamber immediately opposite was a full life-sized portrait of O'Connel, and over it in conspicuous letters the words "The Uncrowned Monarch." Around the room were posted the name of numerous patriots that Irishmen love to honor—"Meagher," "Curran," "Corcoran," "Burke," "Davis," "Shuil," "Butt," "Emmett," and "Moore," were the most conspicuous-and under the stationary coat of arms above the balcony was tacked the emblematical harp. The audience numbered about fifteen hundred. Mr. Deylin presided, and on the platform, besides the clergy of her triumph day; but, as yet, she can afford to must abhor; wherever there are Shakspeares among the demigods; Grecian architecture would were Mr Fred. Mackenzie, Acting Mayor Duhamel, allow herself only one. And that one is the day

Mr. M. P. Ryan, Ald. Loranger, President St. Jean-Baptiste Society, Mr. Edward Murphy, Ald. Mc-Gauvran, M. P. P., and several others. The gentlemen on the platform were greeted with vocif-

erous applause on ascending. After silence was obtained, Mr. Devlin said :- Ladies and gentlemen; this morning we commenced the celebration in Montreal of the O'Connell Centenary, and I think it is not too much to say that, so far, our efforts in that direction have been attended with success. (Applause.) My duty this evening is a very plain and a very simple one. I am not expected to make a speech, because he who is to deliver the oration is upon the platform, and I can readily understand your anxiety to hear the reverend gentleman who has attracted you here this evening. (Applause.) There is, however, one matter which I think worthy of explanation and I feel that in the position in which I am placed, as President of the St. Patrick's Society and as a member of the Centennial Committee, it is fit that I should make it now. I deem it due to all those who have interested themselves in getting up this celebration in which we are even now engaged, to offer a few words which I trust will have the effect of refuting the miscon-ception which prevails amongst a certain class of our fellow-cit zens in reference to the object which prompted us to do honor to the memory of the immortal O'Connell. It is perhaps well known to all of you that the Centennial Committee extended a cordial invitation to our Irish Protestant fellowcountrymen. We were anxious my friends that on this occasion-which is a national occasion-that all Irishmen in Montreal, without distinction of creed, should join together in testifying their gratitude to the man who never knew the distinction or never made distinction between Protestant and Catholic where justice and liberty was at stake. It, has, however, been said by my Protestant fel-low-countrymen—and no man in Montreal more sincerely regrets the saying than I do-that they were compelled to stand aloof from their Irish Catholic countrymen, because our celebration was characterized by Ultramontanism, which prevented them from taking part in the celebration-in other words it has gone forth that the Catholic priesthood of Montreal conspired together for the purpose of making an aggressive movement upon the rights and liberties of our fellow-citizens. Now, let me explain to you how this celebration commenced. The idea originated with myself, and when I thought of it, I called together the Committee of the St. Patrick's Society, and submitted the question to them, and they approved it. Then we invited the officers of the different Irish organizations in Montreal, and submitted it to them, and they also approved of it. What did we then do? The next step we took—we determined not to confine it to Irish Catholics-we knew it was a National undertaking and we issued over three hundred invitations to the Irish Protestants and Catholics alike inviting their earnest co-operation in the movement we had initiated in memory of O'Connell, and in memory of our common country. (Applause.) After all the invitations extended to the Protestant Itish only two-only two ladies and gentlemen-responded, and I may tell you up to that time and up to the last moment no priest in Montreal ever interfered in the organization of the movement. It sprung from the people, it originated in myself and was taken up immediately by the societies, and the only part in the celebration—which has been so loudly proclained as in fact an aggressive movement-taken by the priests was that which the reverend and esteemed pastor—the venerable pastor-of the St Patrick church took in, when we asked him to give us a religious service in accordance with the solemnity of the occasion; and all who of you who had the happiness to attend the church this morning know that this venerable pas

I do think my friends the day has arrived when sober minded men are to look at these matters in a different light. Still our procession reflects honour on the Irish Catholics notwithstanding that we were left alone to do honour to the great O'Connell. (Applause)

tor gave us a sermon, the memory of which will

never be effaced from our recollection. (Loud Ap-

plause.) This explains; and, therefore, if there are men in Montreal who seek to give our celebra-

tion any other character they do the men who have

been engaged in it a terrible injustice. One word

more and I have done. The spirit that has been

displayed is not a Canadian spirit—it had its origin outside Montreal. We in this Dominion are about

equally divided-we are rearly half and half, half

Protestant and half Catholic, the balance being in

favour of the Protestants. How are we to build

up this Dominion of ours? How if Irish Protest-

THE ORATION. Rev. Father Murphy, who was warmly received, said: The history of Ireland has been, for more than seven hundred unhappy years, a history of sorrow. So distinctly a lot of suffering has her lot been, that, when we try to think systematically about her, invariably she rises up before us, greyhaired, tear-stained, anguish-stricken-Mater Dolorosa—the lone mother of many woes. She is sacred to us all; most sacred, perhaps, to those of us who speak least about it; sucred to us for many reasons and in many ways. Not a furrow on her poor face; not a grey hair on her poor head; not a tear that drips down from her withered cheeks on to her whithered hands, but if our heart's blood could glorify it, would receive glorification. We do not forget her. As we kissed her poor face at parting, not a furrow there but cut itself deep into our memories and made them sore; not a tear there but ran into our blood and made it bitter; and we swore, even as the Jews swore in olden time, "O Jerusalem, O Jerusalem, in the hour that we forget thee, in God's books of the Just may our souls be forgotten!" We do not forget her; and we keep sharp account of her carthly condition. (Cheers.) And because that earthly condition is far from what we think beseem her, therefore do we, whose love is most solemn and most severe, prefer to keep her from general pub-lic view; prefer far not to drag her, in her rags and wretchedness, before the vulgar, unsympathizing world; prefer to leave her, yet a time and times and half a time, lonely, weeping by the sea; prefer far to have her quite lost to human memory till, some day, perhaps, we may lead her forth and introduce her to the world, not in rags or wretchedness, but with a crown and purple, as a conqueror and Queen. (Loud Applause.) Not much, even, do we care to speak about her—keep, rather a grim and persistent stillness, except, perhaps, when we whisper of her, in low tones and with faltering lips to sons of hers, brothers of our own, who also find In the evening one of the grandest concerts that appropriate severe solemnity and stern silence. For we know that she is still sitting, grey-haired, tearstained, anguish-stricken lonely by the sea. But unto her, as unto all those whom God's finger marks with "the sorrow-sign of the Great God," there comes now and then a day of Hard and bitter are our three and thirty joy. years from Bethlehem to Calvary. Shall we not, therefore, have our little time on Tabor, and our day of Transfiguration? For Ireland such days must of necessity be few and far between. Attempts are often made to give her a general look of mirth and pleasantness; but mirth and pleasantings do not well become her widow's weeds. Foolish people would have her robe herself in dainty dresses; but dainty dresses are for times of peace, and she has no chance of peace just yet. Hereafter, perhaps, she may increase the number

that day she, even she, in her rags and wretchedness has rejoicing, for on that day she raises up her head, a poor mother but a proud mother, among the matron nations of the universe-looks once around with her queenly smile, and defies them all to show a son equal to this son of hers, who, like Saul amid the common people, stands, tall and beautiful, a head-and shoulders above all the great-est of all the universe forevermore. (Cheers.) And so, Ladies and Gentlemen, the first feeling o Ireland and Irishmen to-day is one of pride. It is, of course, a day of gratitude to our great dead Brother for the vast inheritance he won and left us ; to our great Living Father who has made us members of a family so glorious. It is also, of course, a day of hope-in ourselves, because thatour blood, too, is the blood of the mighty; in Ire land, because she who brought forth the man whom to-night we honour is not yet barren, and may at any moment give us a new brother who, too, shall be of that mighty race

Taller than Roman spears; Like oaks and towers they had a giant grace, Were fleet as deers, High-hearted, brave, bright beautiful of face,

Tender as woman's tears.

But though hopeful and grateful too, our main celing to day is one of pride. No matter what ireland's future may be, of her past no power can rob her, even though her womb were closed forever or brought forth nothing but dwarfs and pigmies still Daniel O'Connell she did bring forth, and therein has she full title to world-wide and even lasting glory. (Hear, hear.) For he is all our own Kindly Irish of the Irish he is, this mighty one; neither Norman, Saxon, Scot nor Dane has in him. soul or body, the least inheritance; Irish in name and nation, in race and religion, in blood and bone, in face and figure, in strength and softness, in depth and drollery; in majesty and mirth, in passionate love for Ireland and universal love for man, in the eye of him where Irish fierceness was ever rippled over by Irish fun, in the hand of him that shook like a maiden's when he received the expression of a people's blessings, and that was stern and steady as a Titan's when it held the pistol that shot D'Esterre; in all ways and manners, brain and body, soul and heart, this Daniel O'Connell was Irish of the Irish, altogether and exclusively our own. Among those whom we reckon as Irish patriots are many illustrious and beloved names; but the name of O'Connell is in a class to itself unique, solitary, without an equal and without a second. Swift, Burke, Grattan, Curran, Emmett, Fitzgerald, Mitchell, Martin, Duffy, Davis no one of these can be ranked with him. Great they all were-some of them, Swift and Burke for instance, among the foremost men of all this world but his greatness was not only immeasurably in quantity, but, in kind, immeasurably loftier than theirs. (Cheers.) In power of thought or in power of speech they may have approached him; in love for Iteland they may have equalled him; in love of Ireland he may be equalled by many who are here to-night but in fulness of manhood, in fulness of typical Irish manhood, no one who is here to-night, and no one whom the world has yet known, ever came even near the mighty Irishman whose birth makes the sixth of August illustrious for ever. Once or twice it has occurred in the lifetime of humanity that a race has been, so to speak, incarnated in an individual. Pericles has been taken as the representative Greek; Julius Casar as the representative Roman, and, as the representative Englishman, some one has named Sir Robert Peel. Ireland incarnate was Daniel O'Connell. And of him who is thus confessedly all our own, Ladies and Centlemen, we may be proud as of just the foremost among the children of men. It is never well to boast, and it is hardly ever well

to exaggerate. But then on a hero's triumph-day to proclaim his praises need not be boastfulness, and

in our hero's praise there is no possibility of exag-

geration. (No, no.) All nations have needed great men; therefore unto all nations have, in God's mercy, great men been given. The necessities of all nations have not been the same; and therefore, in God's wisdom, the abilities of their great men have not been equal. Perhaps, therefore, because Ireland's need was largest and sorest, her God-sent deliverer was mightiest and best. (Cheers.) At all events, however the facts have to be accounted for, the fact is sure. Greece had its Pericles, Rome its Julius Cæsar; France its Charlemagne and its Napoleon; Germany its Frederick Redbeard and Fredcrick the Great; England its Cromwell and its Peel; America its George Washington and its Patrick Henry; these let their people praise; their memories let their peoples reverer c ; in such worship of human greatness there is healthfulness and hope; but we, though we have a thousand whom we may rank with the foremost of the universe, yet, before and above the thousand, we have our one O'Connell, and him we rank where a world's acclaim has ranked him, as, in gathered fulness of manful perfections, immeasurably the largest and mightiest ot all. To make a statesman or scholar, or philosopher or patriot, or orator or poet, only a certain section of manhood is required; it takes all manhood to make a man. And I, it asked to define what precisely O'Council was, I should simply say in Shaksperian phrase, "he was a Man," and I should consider myself as having given a perfect reply. Not as Lawyer, Statesman, Wit, Orator, Patriot, can I realize the mighty " Member for all Ireland;" he comes before me as the union of all these in a central essential manhood of nobleness and greatness which these unfortunately do not always pre-suppose. (Hear, hear.) And it is as possessing this rounded, full-orbed perfection that he has come at last to be regarded. It is now nearly thirty years since his life ended; that life was passed under a light of publicity more fierce than even that which beats about a throne; on the mountain-top he stood with all the world to view him; on the everlasting mountain too, is his history hewed out for all the world to read; watched his life was by eyes the keenest and the most unsparing; examined and sifted, his history has been by foes of his, the sharpest to detect a blot, and the most bitterly resolute to show no pity; through all his record, have run and burned the fierce fire of hate and the fire of genius fiercer still, and after all his awful ordeal. he stands to-day, universally approved without a

stain, and without a flaw.

He was of the true gold, not merely a gilded vessel; and while the flames could not make him purer, they could make and they did make his splendor more apparent. It is not enough that his countrymen and co-religionists should acknowledge him for the greatest and best of leaders ; that all the eloquence of Montalembert and Ventura and Lacordaire and Thomas Burke should be exhausted in inadequate attempt to do him justice : but out from the camp of even his bitterest personal enemies have the strong trumpet notes of genius proclaimed his glory, and he has received the homage of such bitter hearts as those of Alison and Disraeli and Carlyle. Thus has it ever been. Hatred of the light is the nature of the owl; but to gaze reverently upon the sun is the need of the cagle. All things else in humanity may lie, but genius, the noblest thing in it, cannot be a liar. For I say it, and I say it again, that genius is mas-

ter of man. And genius does what it must, and talent does

what it can.

Thus shall it ever be. In all the ages and in all the lands little envy will be always ready to spit its

we celebrate—the hundredth birthday of the noblest born of her womb—Daniel O'Connell. And on are Byrons there will be Lushingtons and Beecher Stowes; wherever they are O'Connells there will be Martineaus and Froudes; but, as long as true souls of genius are in the world they will gather round in reverence to this mighty man of ours; will offer him instinctively their worship and their praise; will bring forth for him their alabastor box of precious ointment, whose odour fills all the land; will break it, though it were a thousand times more precious, and pour it on the hair of our great-hearted Liberator; he is worth it all; for even though he be mere Irish of the Irish, come up from that despised Nazareth of the Kerry mountains, yet is he, in blood and brain, and face and figure and heart and history, he is, aye, every inch of him he is—a king. (Loud applause.) Ladies and gentlemen, a fair test of a man's real worth is the king and quantity of the work which he achieves, By the kind of work he elects to do we may know his aspirations, whether, really, they are low or lofty-by the quantity of work he actually does we may form an estimate of his real power, whether, truly, it is great or small. The test, I know, is not by any means infallible. Accident or nicessity may drive a man to work on levels much lower and much unlivilier than those of which nature had fitted and designed him; the caterpillar may die a caterpiller because no genial sun-heat comes to discover the hidden beauty of its wings Envy or stupidity may so obstruct a man in his real work as to make much of it impossible; any contemptible Alfonso may bind the hands of any glorious Tasso, and make your Shakespeare, while the living waters of his teeming brain are uselessly overflowing, a scene shifter, or a prompter, or a patcher-up ofold and rotten declamations for after days. Still, the test is rudely oftentimes, a very fair one, and is, at all events generally the sole one by which a man's worth can practically be tried. Now the work to which O'Connell set himself, and set himself by deliberative preference, was just the highest to which human ability could be directed. His college career concluded with brilliant success, and still more brilliant prophecies from those teachers of his, the wise Jesuits of St. Omer's; his legal accomplish ments and his first appearances at the Bar clearly indicative of the lofty professional position to which he had a right to aspire; he, while almost a youth gave himself up, utterly and entirely, to a cause at that time the most hopeless, and yet the highest and most holy to which even the loftiest endowments could be devoted. (Cheers) The mission to which he went, and to which after events proved him providentially called, was unique in the history of man. It was a mission, in a certain sense, solemn as an apostle's, sacred as a priest's, large and difficult as a God's. It was the social, religious and political regeneration of an entire race. To say that the Irish among whom he, when his eyes widened into manhood, found himself set down, were slaves, is to say what is only the merest truism, and what, even as a truism, is extremely little. But it is a truism which, when properly realized will be found suggestive. The Irish people at O'Connell's coming were slaves, with every form of slavery. They were bound, hand and foot, as members of society; they were bound, hand and foot, as members of the State; they were bound, hand and foot, as members of that great Christian community, whose boast is and was, that it makes all men free. There were chains upon their limbs, their hearts and minds, and souls. There bodies were broken by violence, and hunger, and disease, and toil. Their hearts were broken by insult, and contumely, and hope deferred, and disappointment, and despair; their minds were broken by enforced ignorance, and, worse, by that terror hich makes men idfots; their souls were broken by the violent expulsion of the only religion which they could believe and by the violent intrusion of a faith which, right or wrong, they could never relish, and which, in their minds, was inseparably connected with lying, and treachery, and rapine, and torture, and extermination. We who are living now, and in this free and full Canadian land, can from our own experience, form no idea of the fearful state of com-parative degradation in which O'Connell found the mass of the Irish people. (Hear, hear.) Even at the present day their state is often deplorable mough. Only resterday Father Lavelle cou'd write, 'Nodevastated province of the Roman Empire ever presented half the wretchedness of Ireland. At this day the mutilated Fellah of Egypt, the savage Hottentot and New Zenlander, the Cuba, enjoy a paradise in comparison with the Irish peasant, that is to say, with the bulk of the Irish Nation." That is strong; but that describes, without exaggeration, the material condition of many portions of Ireland even how; that, and a million times more than that, was her material condition when O'Counell's soul began to turn from

little legal triffing to the awestruck consideration of the ruin of a race. And the material condition of the Irish people was only an inadequate expression of their state, spiritual and mental. The books of Sir Jonah Barrington, who wrote down only what he saw, and wrote it down in no unfriendly spirit, disclose an Irish debasement before which did we pot know its cause, we should have to hang our heads in shame. It goes far to justify even the most degrading pictures of the Irish peasantry and the Irish priesthood given by that queer Irishman, Charles Lever; it, after a manner, goes far to justify even the coarse caricature of that queerer Englishman, James Anthony Froude. At the close of the 18th century, the Irish people were in as fair a way of being utterly barbarized as even their worst enemies could desire. They had suffered a metamorphose almost as complete as it was disgusting. Go amongst the masses of Ireland's population in these unhappy times; watch their ways; no longer the upright figure, the femless eye, the merry laugh, the ready jest; the keen intelligence; the white truthfulness, the grim candour, the military, Milesian dignity of the Irish Celt; but they skulked about the streets, hid away among the hills and mountains, learning to whine and cringe, and lie and equivocate before "the Quality"; to stave off starvation and to stave off death, almost ignoring in their horrid desolation, not only that they were Christians but even that they were men. In the midst of all this had O'Connell to be born : with it around him he had to grow; it, when he had arrived at manhood, God drew out before him, to hear by what name he'd name it, to see with what hand he'd touch it, the sore burden of an Irish Chieftain then the sore burden of every Irish thinker now. O'Connell named it-an abomination : not to be borne by Gods or men! With his strong right hand he resolved to take it; with both his hands he resolved to rent it, till limb from limb, death and motionless, it lay before him, to trouble the eyes of gods and men no more! His choice, firm and fixed, was to change it all. Change it all he did, and with a change which must be eternal. (Cheers.) And, therefore, is it that I, when I come close to see what be had to do, the spirit that he had to recall, the nation that he had to create, the manliness crouching terror-stricken in darkness and degradation that he had to draw forth, and reassure and inspire with his own erect self-reliant bravery, I can, I say, in all history, and in all Scripture, find for him no parallel but only two. His voice was as the Prophet's breath bringing together and clothing with flesh and muscle the bleached bones in the Valley of Decision; his speech was as will be the Archangel's trumpet lifting up nations from the dust of time and filling

them with the life and the strength of eternity!

Had he lived 2000 years ago and wrought for Greece as he wrought for Ireland, he would have ranked

have spent itself on his praise; and the name of O'Connell, no longer as a man to be loved, but as a god to be adored, would, with the names of Hercules and Theseus, have taken its place forever among the eternal stars. (Applause.) And, Ladies and Gentle-(CONCLUDED ON SIXTH PAGE.)

THE RT. REV. DR. O'BRIEN BISHOP OF KINGSON AT CAINTOWN.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS.

Dear Sir,-On Sunday last our Church was visited by the Bishop of Kingston, accompanied by Rev. I. J. McCarthy, P.P. of Brockville. His Lordship was: met and greeted by a large concourse of people of his old parishioners, and also by many from a portion from Gananoque parish, who were much pleased on seeing and hearing him deliver those good words as in former times. His Lordship came on purpose to bless the Stations of the Cross, which were lately purchased by Father McCarthy, who is doing much for the parish since he came amongst us.

His Lordship generously donated a handsome sum to Father McCarthy towards purchasing the Stations, Statues, Carpet, &c. They are really a nice sett and deserve much admiration, as Father Mc-

Carthy spared no expense when buying them.

After Mass His Lordship delivered some few appropriate remarks to his old congregation, congratulating them on seeing and hearing they were well and expressing his own warm feelings in being once more amongst them. Thrice did he give them his blessing and saying no matter how will they did they could not do as well as he wish. ed them. Ere the blessing of the stations he gave a full illustration or history of the stations when he proceeded with the blessing and hanging them up. He further stated in his remarks saying some had light and some heavy crosses to bear but he himself said the most burdensome cross he had to bear was parting with his old congregation whom he was with for ten years.

His Lordship concluded by exhorting his hearers to live in unity with their separated brethren, many of whom were present and who left edified by the words that fell from his Lordship's lips.

Mr. Patrick Lynch, our active Agent for Escott and vicinity, will visit Brewer's Mills in the interest of the TRUE WITNESS on the 14th inst. We bespeak for our worthy representative a cordial reception, hoping that old subscribers will remit into his trusty hands the amount of arrearages due this office, renew their subscriptions, and assist him in adding new names to our list.

It is also Mr. Lynch's intention to call on our friends in Gananoque before the first of October .--As they have ample time to prepare to meet him with the welcome he expects, we feel satisfied that during his stay in Gananoque he will "do wonders" for this paper.

Accrespondent of a New York paper, writing from Baltimore, gives the following views of social and art matters in that city: Apart from monuments, Baltimore is the city of handsome women; the homely ones are drowned young. You can tell a New Yorker by her dress, a Philadelphian by her manners, a Bostonian by her conversation, a Washington by her dancing, but a Baltimore girl you tell by her face.

The Catholic Young Men's Society's Picnic, which was to have taken place at St. Helen's Island on Saturday last, was postponed to Thursday, the 19th inst., on account of the unpropitious state of the weather. This island was visited by large numbers of persons during the afternoon, who were prevented from enjoying themselves to an extent by heavy showers of rain,

In this city, on the 20th ult., at St. Francois de Sales Street, the wife of R. O'Neill, Esq., of a son. Died.

At the De La Salle Institute," Toronto, on the 3rd August, William James C. Brennan, of this city, in the 28th year of his age,

Boston and New York papers please copy. In this city, on the 3rd inst., in the 27th year of his age, of typhoid fever, Anthony Rowan, third son of Patrick Rowan, of St. Alphonse, Q .- R.I.P.

J. H. SEMPLE. IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE GROCER, 53 ST. PETER STREET.

(Corner of Foundling,) MONTREAL.

May 1st, 1874.

P. CALLAHAN,

Publisher.

MONTREAL

TNFORMATION WANTED - OF MARGARET BURKE, a native of Ballyshannon, Co. Donegal, Ireland; she left Monaghan for Canada about 3 years ago and went to Ottawa, where she was employed by Edward E. Barber, Esq., Audit Office, Finance Department. She left Ottawa last Summer, and is now supposed to be in Montreal. Her brother, Thomas Burke, just out from Ireland, is now living in Grenville, P.Q., and is anxious to hear from her.

NATIONAL MAGAZINB, Sample Copies \$1.50 per year

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal.

SUPERIOR COURT.

In the matter of JAMES BROWN and JAMES T. McMINN, both of the city of Montreal, Commission Merchants and co-partners, carrying on business under the name of BROWN, McMINN & CO, both individually and as such co-partners,

Insolvents.

On Friday the seventeenth of September next. the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act. Montreal, 9th August, 1875.

JAMES BROWN, By his Attorneys ad litem, BETHUNE & BETHUNE.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869, AND ITS AMENDMENTS. In the matter of DAMASE MOINEAU, of the City of Montreal, Trader.

An Insolvent.

The Insolvent has made an assignment of his Estate to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at his place of business, No. 641 St. Joseph Street, in the city of Montreal, on Monday, the thirtieth day of August, instant, at the hour of Eleven of the Clock in the forenoon, to receive statements of his

affairs and to appoint an Assignee.

A.B. STEWART, High the factor of the second of the second Interim Assignee. Montreal, 7th August, 1875.