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SYDNEY EARLSTONE!

THE DISGUISED ARTIST.

CHAPTER I.

But now it has fallen from me, It is buried in the sea; And only the burden of others Throws its shadow over me.

Earlstone Park looked at its best. It was August, and the noble trees had a mellow rich green color, which grew dazzling emerald in the bright sun. From the terrace in front of the house the spectator looked over a far-stretching panorama of yellow cornfields, gold-bespangled pasture-meadows, rusbbound rivers and streams, on the smooth surface of which lay the white lilies; while here and there in the distance was seen a sombre patch, where a shady wood hid the nests of the kestrel hawk and the wild dove.

It was afternoon, and in the burning heat of the August sun all things rested, as it were, in langor. The old man who was working at the many-colored flower-bed, on the lawn had ceased from sheer fatique, and lay under an ash tree, smoking; the song of the reapers from the neighboring field had died away; not a soul was to be seen along the dusty road leading to the village, which was dimly visible through the park gates; and only the drowsy hum of the ever-working bees, and the occasional rustle of the trees, as a very slight breeze sluggishly forced its way through the wood, disturbed the lazy silence. In the wood which bordered the park for a mile

on the south side was a natural arbor, formed of three old oak trees, the trunks and branches of which had so interluced that one could not distinguish their original source, and some gigantic lilac bushes, the lower boughs of which were twined round with wild convolvuli and many a brilliant flower. This pretty nook was close to a private footpath which led from the highway up to the Hall, and which was closed by a wicked-gate always locked.

This afternoon the nest was not empty. Half buried in the bed of wild strawberrics which formed the carpet of the retreat lay a young lady, apparently about nineteen. Her long hair had become unfastened, and lay in bright folds of golden brown on the soft greenward; her fair oval face, flushed with the heat, was resting on a plump white hand, and her ripe red lips, parted slightly, disclosed a row of perfect white teeth. The open book of poems at her side told of her late employment; for she, like the rest of the world, was enjoying the summer afternoon in sleep.

The clock in the stable belfry struck five, and still the sleeper dreamt blissfully-only the heaving of her bosom told that she had life and breath,

The wind had gradually risen, and it now whistled hoarsely in the old beeches; the air grew colder as thick banks of dark gray clouds hid the sun from sight, and from the distant hills faint rumbles told of a coming storm. Presently all grew dark and lurid, and a few large drops fell with a loud patter on the dry leaves.

Scarcely had the rain commenced when a gentleman sprang over the wicket-gate at the end of the path, hurried on, as if he knew the way, and parted the boughs to reach the shelter of the arbor. Seeing that it was occupied, he was about to retire hastily, when, his eyes noticing the exceeding beauty of the figure before him, he stopped involuntarily to look agaia. Rarely indeed could he have seen so fair a picture, and he stood gazing in rapt admiration at the beautiful sleeper.

The newcomer seemed to be about twenty-five handsome, with a bright manly beauty which won upon the beholder irresistibly, but with a careless, nonchalant smile on his regular features, as of one who cared naught for the world and its opinion, and feared little, if anything, under the sun. Yet there was fire in the bright dark eyes and power in the high forehead which seemed to say that, had he cared to try, there were few things which man accomplishes impossible to him.

After gazing for a few seconds, he turned again to go, but the movement awoke the fair one, who look-

of blue-gray eyes under brown lashes which bewitched the stranger more than all the rest of the charms which he had been surveying so leisurely.

Seeing that it was now too late to retreat, he adranced to offer excuses.

"Pardon my intrusion," he said, lifting his hat and disclosing wavy-black hair curling over a well-shaped head; "I sought shelter from the rain, not knowing that any one was here. I will disturb you no longer." And he turned as if to go.

But the young lady had recovered her self-possession, and said, smilingly—

"Nay, do not go out into the rain. I will not frighten you from your expected refuge. You startled me at first; I cannot imagine how I came to sleep so long or so soundly. It is late, is it not?"

"It struck five a few minutes ago. But the storm came up suddenly. I was painting in youder meadow when the first drops came; so I hastily covered my tackle and sought this place with a rashness which I hardly know whether to regret or to be thankful for."

"You mean you are glad of the shelter, but you think the comfort entirely counterbalanced by another person's presence?" she answered demurely, giving him a side glance from under her long lashes

"You mistake my meaning willfully," he said laughing; "but I will not seek to make it clear, lest my admiration should induce me to say more than vou would credit."

After the pointed compliment which she had brought on herself, the lady became silent for a few minutes, and they both looked out at the fast fall-Presently, meeting her glance, which could not

help expressing her curiosity at seeing so handsome a stranger in these parts, where few such ever pene-

"You are wondering who it is that has so holdly invaded your quite domain. My name is Percy Cleveland; I am what the world calls an artist, but I am not worthy the name, being only an idler who never did any good, and, I fear, never will"
"You give yourself a marvellously good character,

Mr. Cleveland. However, since it seems that we are to be companions for some minutes more, I might as well tell you my name, as self-introduction is the order of to-day. I am Helen Maldon, niece of Sir Herbert Earlstone, and his ward; and in my uncle's name I beg to give you welcome on this, your first visit to his domain, and to assure you that you may roam at large over his kingdom, without fear of the keeper's dogs or sticks."

"Thank you, indeed," he answered, gravely; "I shall perhaps avail myself of your permission more than you imagine."

Then the conversation turned on painting, and then on poetry; and he who called himself Percy Cleveland talked so well that Helen became interested, and forgot for a few moments that he was a stranger in the pleasant chat which she heard so seldom from the men who frequented the baronet's fairest in England. house. The rain had ceased some time, and the One night, about sun had been shining warm and bright, ere either noticed it; presently Helen rose hastily, suddenly remembering the time and the situation, and said, as she prepared to leave—

"See, it is quite fine; I must go home and make my excuses. You must pardon the plight in which you found me"-pointing to her dishevelled hairsince I bardly expected to receive visitors, you

"Nay, it is I who must apologize for my intrusion and thank you for—"
"No more, I beg, Mr. Cleveland; you have paid

for shelter by entertaining me so pleasantly during the last hour. And now, good afternoon."

Another moment and she was gone, leaving Percy Cleveland to retrace his steps by the way he came, which he did musingly.

Arrived at the spruce little inn of the village of Essvale, where he had taken up his quarters the day before, he lit a cigar, and while waiting for dinner began chatting with the landlord in a free and easy manner which always opened the hearts of his

"Has Sir Herbert Earlstone any daughters?" he asked, thinking rightly, that this would give him the information he required.

"No, sir; not exactly daughters, but Miss Maldon goes near to be one, and when Mr. William marries her, it will be all the same."

"William Earlstone?" cried his auditor, starting. "Ay, no other. And a good thing it will be for Though there be those as say that there sin't much love lost between 'em. But Lor' bless you, that don't matter with folks like them."

"But how comes it that they are to be married if they do not like each other?"

"Well, you see, sir, it's the old squire as has done it. When first Miss Maldon's own papa died, three or four years ago, she came here. And Sir Herbert, he took a liking to her, and have been mad about her ever since. So nothing must do but Mr. William must make her his wife, and mistress of Earlstone Park; and if he don't, then he don't have the estate

That's all about it, sir." Percy Cleveland had fallen into a reverie, and not a very pleasant one, to judge from his countenance; for the insouciant smiles had vanished, and a sad frown sat on his face, making him look older by several years.

Presently he lifted his head, and asked suddenly " Was there not another son?"

"Indeed, sir, there was, and is," said the landlord Mr. Sydney is still alive, as far as we all know. He was the nicest gentleman of the two, but he did something or other when he was at college which angered the old gentleman, and he quarrelled with him, and ordered him off from home. Sir Herbert is very strict and severe, sir. Anyhow, Mr. Sydney went off, and nobody has over seen him since, though it is seven years now that he left. Unlucky for him, the squire can cut him off from every penny, and it seems likely enough, for no one dare mention his name in Sir Herbert's presence. But I am weary-ing you, sir, with this talk; dinner will be ready

"Oh no, you do not tire me; I am always interested in those sort of things."

much to the good hostess' discomfiture.

Later on the evening Percy Cleveland sat brooding deeply. The old smile had vanished utterly as he puffed away at his cigar, and gazed moodily out of the open window towards the place where the tall building of Earlstone Hall loomed gray and dim in the shadow of the thick trees, save where the moon fell on one wing, and made the white stones gleam like silver. Once he spoke bitterly: "Must it be always thus?" And when the clock in the village church struck two, he rose, and, shaking off the fit of abstraction, was his own careless self once

CHAPTER II.

A week passed away, and then another, and still the artist remained in his old quarters at the inn. Many times in that short interval had Percy Cleveland met Helen Maldon, not without danger to both sides. The landlord of the Red Lion had spoken truly when he said that Helen's heart was not in the match which Sir Herbert contemplated, but being aware of his wishes, she had yielded herself without a thought, and hoped to make Mr. William a good wife when the time should come. But now she could not help comparing her intended husband with the handsome stranger who talked so eloquentwhich was quickly withdrawn when she met his look of intense admiration.

If on every subject, and especially on those that pleased her most. For the first conversation had not been by any means the last. Percy Cleveland was not wanting in that tact which enables men to surmount triumphantly the small but occasionally awkward obstacles which conventionality mises be tween two persons who are not regularly introduc-

ed. He had so managed that Heten was hardly aware that she was committing any breach of etiquette in permitting an acquaintance begun in so unorthodox a manner to ripen into intimacy; or if sometimes the thought crossed her mind, she dismissed it with the excuse that she could not help it.

So in that forthnight Percy had advanced rapidly, and, each day determining to leave on the morrow, each day put off the evil moment another twenty-four hours, under every pretext but the right

And Helen began to look forward to the quasiaccidental meetings, when Percy, with cool effrontery, would make some transparent excuse for the strange coincidence, and then, gradually opening a conversation, induce her to talk and listen for more than an hour in shady lanes, or among the old trees in the cool wood. And when he talked with her and bent his eyes on hers, Helen saw something there which made her glow and tremble, for they told unconsciously that the courteous painter felt something for his beautiful companion which, while it made her heart beat with pleasure, she knew she ought not to suffer. Yet she had not the power nor the inclination to put an end to such meetings, each of which as it became sweeter to her became more dangerous to both. So the days passed by, and at

Earlstone held a talisman which chained him irresistably to the spot which now seemed to him the of the windows had something to do with it. How-

the end of the fortnight Percy began to feel that

in the direction of the house. It was a bright moonlight night, and the moonbeams, wherever there was a break in the trees, fell in broad bands of silver across the greensward of the avenue which he traversed. He could hear quite plainly the splash of the neighboring river, and every few minutes the hourse cry of the landrail came from the meadows beyond, and sounded

afternoon, and, vaulting over it as before, proceeded

strangely weird on the night breeze. At last he reached the open, where trees bordered on a wide, well-kept lawn, and, retiring under the shade of some lime trees, he looked up at the windows of the grand old house, and as he gazed, something like a sigh broke from him, which was not produced by love, but, as it were, by deep re-

The windows were mostly lighted up, and from one on the first floor, which was open, but shaded by thick lace curtains, came sounds of merry music, as the warm west wind stirred the folds of the handsome draperies. Evidently some gaieties were in

progress. After a time the patient watcher was amply rewarded. The curtains were drawn aside, and a lady came out on the balcony followed by a gentleman. Presently the latter was dismissed, apparently on some errand, for he bowed and withdrew, and his companion was left aloue. Percy had recognized Helen immediately: and as the light fell on her upturned face and dress of gauzy texture, she looked fairest of all the fair to him who stood gazing so intently.

Helen, on her side, happening to glance in his direction, caught the glitter of some part of his apparel, and, looking again, soon distinguished the figure of a man, though indistinctly.

Something told her who it was, and involuntarily almost she broke off a sprig of jessamine from the creepers which grew up the trellis-work, and, as if unconsciously, dropped it on the lawn beneath. Then she drew back, and appeared to re-enter the ball-room, but in reality stood under cover of the curtains, and in her turn watched.

Percy, when she was gone, stepped out of the shade, and, crossing the lawn, which was in the full light of the moon, stooped down and picked up the fallen treasure. Helen saw him kiss it reverently, and carry it away with him into the wood, where he disappeared. Then she went back to the crowd of dancers with her head whirling, her heart thumping; for she knew now what she had guessed before-that she was loved, and by the man whose love alone she cared to win.

Meanwhile the harvest moon, which shone over the broad acres of Earlstone Park, looked down on other scenes enacted under the grand old trees. Long before Percy Cleveland entered the park

some one opened one of the windows which looked on to the lawn, and stepped out. The gentleman The landlord bustled away, however, and present- | was in evening dress, and had evidently just left the

ed the park, and took the direction towards the river, glancing hastily round as if he feared to be seen.

Arrived at the banks of the silent flowing stream, he commenced pacing up and down and looking impatiently towards the footpath, as if expecting some one.

Presently footsteps were heard crackling the dry twigs, and a woman came in sight.

As she advanced to meet him, and threw back the hood which had concealed her features, the light fell on a proud, beautiful face. Her dark eyes sparkling, her cheeks flushed with the exertion of her late walk, with tall, lithe figure, and regular features, she looked a fitting queen of the night; and as William Earlstone advanced to meet her, his as William Earlstone advanced to meet her, his comething to say to you which will take some time. cold, impressive face lighted up with an involuntary smile, evidently called forth by the charms of the

And looking down at the fair face upturned to his under the distant stars, with love beaming in every feature, what wonder if he thought unfavorably on her whom he was to be compelled to marry, whose eyes never softened when they met his, to whose soft cheek no word or action of his could call a warmer flush? So thinking, he bent his head and left a passionate kiss on the clinging lips, which cared not to retreat from his; though he had come there to-night with a purpose in his heart which had not much kinship with such caresses,

The girl was the first to speak, and her hushed roice sounded like gentle music in the surrounding

" Why did you send for here, to-night, William, instead of coming, as you are wont, to our trystingplace? Was it to see whether I loved you enough to come? If so, you should have chosen something much harder to try me than a pleasant walk in the bright moonlight, with such an ending to look for-

"Not for that, little Addie; I would not give you a moment's extra trouble that any exertion of mine could avert, and I know your love too well to wish to try it by such means. But it seems that I have been watched, and some one who has seen me visit you informed my father, and it was only by continued denial that I could quiet his suspicions. So, not daring to come to you, I asked you to come here; and, like my own darling Addie, you have complied with my wishes willingly."

"As I always will," answered she whom he called Addie, looking up in his face, fondly. "But tell me, when will all this secrecy end? Much as I love you, dear William, I sometimes feel strangely sad when I think of all that we have done and must still do to avoid notice. Will the time never come when you will not be afraid to own your love for humble Addie Carter, and I may call you husband before the world, as you have said I should?"

"It is to talk to you about these things that I have asked you to meet me here to-night. I have often told you, Addie, that as long as Sir Herbert lives our love must never be known, and, like a sensible girl, you have seen the good sense of my arguments, and not fretted and fumed as some girls would have done. But now the case wears a differ-One night, about the beginning of the third week, ent aspect. Sir Herbert sent for me a few days as he strolled down the lane which skirted the park ago, and informed me that it was his desire that I wall, he felt an inclination to enter the grounds and should marry my cousin, Helen Maldon, and upon have a look at the Hall by moonlight. Perhaps the my demurring he told me, sternly, that if I thwart idea that he might catch a glimpse of Helen at one ed him he should change his will, and Helen should be his heiress; and I know him well enough to ever, he directed his course to the wicket-gate which fear that he will do so without an instant's reflechad been his means of entrance on a memorable tion if at the end of the week, I refuse. What am I to do. Addie ?"

The girl trembled ; for she felt, and justly, that if William Earlstone had any doubt, his love for her must be worthless. But she said hopefully, scanning his fare eagerly the while-

"You have your own income; and if the worst comes to the worst, and you cannot obtain your father's consent to our marriage, we can go away where no one shall know us, and I will try by my love to make you forget the riches you have lost. Oh, William," she said in trembling tones, "remember all that I have forfeited for our love in days gone

But William was too selfish to give up eight thousand a year and live on five hundred for the sake of the love which this beautiful creature bore for him, or for the now smouldering passion which he felt for her; so he answered angrily-

"And did I risk nothing in those days you speak of? Honor, postion—are these nothing? No! you women are so confoundedly selfish, do what a man may, you always want something which it is impossible to give. However," he added in gentler tones, "what I want to tell you is this: I cannot and dare not thwart my father in this thirg; so outwardly I must appear to yield, but my love for you, Addie, will be unchanged, and you know well enough that you may command anything of all I have.

For a few moments the poor girl stood as one stunned; then disengaging herself from his encir-cling arm, she said, with a sad attempt at a proud

"No, William, that cannot be; you cannot love me any longer, or you could not have spoken as you have to-night. Heaven forgive you for your broken faith, and grant that I may not live much longer. Good-bye Dou't attempt to see me again, for you shall not."

She was gone. And William Earlstone stood stupified looking after her, until, recovering himself, he lit a cigar and said composedly-

"That's well over. I was afraid she would go into heroics; women invariably do on such occa-With this, the only obstacle to his marriage re-

moved, he retraced his steps homewards in a good humor with himself, and scarcely giving a thought to the tottering figure, which blinded by hot tears, staggering through the lonely wood in bitter sorrow, whither she cared not nor knew.

But there was one who had followed her all the way to the place of meeting, and who had crouched in a hazel copse watching with glaring eyes the recent interview. The same one when late the lovers separated, followed not far behind William Earlstone. And there was something in the expression of the man's countenance, as he kept warily within the shade of the trees, which betokened ill to the former if ever they should meet face to face."

ed up startled at the intruder, and disclosed a pair | ly dinner was served, and sent back hardly tasted | ball-room. It was William Earlstone, and he cross- the danger which lurked behind him, and soon arrived at the carriage road which led to the Hall. As he turned the corner into the road, Percy Cleveland was advancing towards him, and the two men presently stood close together in the bright moonlight.

Percy threw back his head with a gesture of mingled pride and defiance. The other started visibly, and would have passed without seeming to notice him. At once, Percy said, firmly-

"Do you not know me, then, William Earlstone, or do you despise me so much that you do not fear what my errand here may have been?" William gasped for breath, and said, terrified-

"What are you doing here? Good heavens, you have never—"
"No," replied the other; "not yet. But I have

authoritatively, leaving the other to follow him.

Arrived at the inn, they sat long together; and the drowsy landlord, who waited to bur the doors after Percy's late visitor had departed, heard voices angry, beseeching, taunting, and wondered greatly. Then Peroy Cleveland called for pen and paper, and there was another angry discussion. At last the door opened, and the two came out. Percy said to

the landlord-"I am going back to town by the mail which passes here at four o'clock. You can send my luggage on the next train."

Then he paid his bill, and left the astonished host to ruminate upon this strange occurrence.

. The two men left the house together; and as the first streaks of rosy red appeared in the east, tho shricking engine rushed to town, bearing Percy away from Essvale and Helen. Looking out of the carriage window in the dim, gray light, he bid adien to Earlstone Park for ever.

William Earlstone, however, did not sleep at the Hall that night; for, as Helen was dressing next morning, she saw three or four men coming slowly up the avenue, bearing something on a litter, and presently a breathless servant-maid informed her how Mr. William had been found in the park nearly dead, with a great knife wound in his side, by the under-gardener; and leaning over the banisters she saw the men carry his lifeless form, his evening dress all bloody and torn, up the broad staircase. Then she sat stupified in her room, waiting for the doctors, who had been sent for in all haste.

Over Earlstone Hall, which the night before, all gay and brillant, had rong with merry music and happy laughter as the wine went round and the dancers whirled, was a great gloom and saduess. Nor was it quite dispelled when the head physician had pronounced the wound not fatal, and given his opinion that with care the patient would recover; for the question then arose, Who did the deed ?- and why?

CHAPTER III.

Drearily passed the next week to Helen. Once or twice she ventured out, but somehow she did not meet Percy Cleveland, Still she wondered how it was that no outery was made about the attack on William, no attempt to discover the culprit.

At last one day William was so far recovered as to come down into the baronet's study for an hour or two After dinner Sir Herbert asked Helen to accompany him to the same room; and she knew from his tone that something important was about to transpire.

After she had talked with William for a few moments, the baronet turned to her, and said, grave-

"Helen, I have something very particular to tell you, and something very dear to me to ask of you. Listen, child, attentively. I dare say you have heard that I once had an older son, and that he disgraced me. Perhaps you do not know his sin. It was one which I could never pardon. Promising marriage, he cloped with the daughter of a small tradesman near Oxford; nor was this all-for, blinded by his passion for the girl, he stole some considerable sum of money from a fellow-colleger's room in order to supply himself with the means for their journey.

"I had thought that son could never bring greator troub'e on a father than mine on me. But he has now committed a greater crime than all in attempting his brother's life. It appears that he met William in some manner a fortnight ago, and inveigled him into an interview at night; then, upon his asking for money and being refused, he made the attack on his brother which has nearly ended so fatally. Inquiries have been made about him, and it is found that he left England a few days ago, and I am in hopes he may never return.
"I have told you this, child, because I think it

right for you to know it now. I have yet one thing to ask you, and I have no fears but that you will grant it willingly. You know how much I desire to see you married to my only recognised son. And now that he is ill, and I feel as it my own days were numbered, I would do away with all delay. The matter can be arranged so that the marriage can take place in the room within a week or so. And you are not the one to make squeamish excuses about sudden notice. Therefore think the matter over, Helen, and tell me to-morrow what day you would like best. Now I must bid you good night. I am very tired."

And the fast failing old man left the room with tottering steps, and Helen and William were alone. Helen's head was full of surging thoughts, and the room seemed to dance round in wild confusion.

Rising, she said, attempting to compose her voice:
"I will leave you now, William. I have much to think about." And before he could reply she was

Alone in her chamber, she leaned her burning

head on her hands, and tried to think. Suddenly, as

she was wondering what Sydney Earlstone was like.

a sudden thought flashed across her mind. Was Percy Cleveland Sydney Earlstone? Impossible. Yet why not? Then there came to her mind several circumstances which she had noticed before : his knowledge of the park and all its intricacies, his general

avoidance of notice, several strange expressions; nay, worse than all, the fact that she had seen the supposed artist in the grounds on that fatal

Utterly bewildered by this new complication of her trouble, she thought distractedly of some means The baronet's son walked on, little thinking of by which to set all doubts at rest. All at once she

remembered that in the picture gallery was one picture with its face turned to the wall, and screwed close. Without doubt, this was Syndey Earlstone's portrait, since all around were the different members of the family.

But she dare not attempt to get a sight of it until all were in bed and asleep. So she sat there wearily, thinking abstractedly, and not a tear would come to ease her throbbing temples.

When the clock on the mantlepiece chimed one, she rose, and, taking her candle, and an instrument by which she could unfasten the screws of the picture, glided noiselessly downstairs.

The picture gallery occupied a whole floor in the west wing, and through the numerous windows all along it, the moon shone in brilliantly. Dead silence prevailed as she proceeded slowly, searching for her object. The old oak-panelled room, with its rows of stiff warriors and prim old-fashioned dames, looked weird and ghostly by the uncertain Right of the candle which she held; and several her to return, which was only conquered by immense resolution.

At last, just opposite to an oval-shaped wirdow, she caught sight of the picture she sought. Silently, slowly, but with pale determined face and patient eyes, she worked for an hour, until the last screw take breath, she turned the cumbrous frame, and held the light to scan the features.

Yes, there, from the tarnished gilt frame, looked down the face she knew so well—the curling black Mair, the high forehead, the splendid eyes, only, in-Sword of the careless smile, there was an expression of resolution and hope on the handsome features.

For a few seconds she gazed eagerly, scanning every lineament, then fell without a cry to the ground, and the light rolled far over the polished Boor and went out.

The last star was shining pale and dim in the morning sky, and the moon had long since faded Dehind the mountains, ere Helen stirred again, and, opening her eyes, glanced once more at the fatal portrait. With a great sigh which told of all she had lost, she rose wearily, and by the gray light of the coming down turned the picture with its face to the wall, and with aching fingers commenced to rescrewit. And the sun was shining brightly through the old windows, and the birds singing blithely in the trees outside, ere she wended her way back to her chamber with gale, set face and awe-stricken eyes, to sit and think.

So sitting and musing, she fell asleep-a troubled, restless slumber, which, however, had the effect of clearing her bewildered brain; and when she awoke she set herself to think logically on her position.

No doubt was now in her mind but that Sydney Earlstone struck the blow. But her woman's in-Stinct told her that it was not for such a cause as William had said.

"They quarrelled about me," she thought. "I am the cause of all this trouble. And William invented the excuse to shield me. Oh! why did I

ever speak to Percy Cleveland?" Thus ran her thoughts; and as a consequence she began to think that since she had brought such trouble on William and Sir Herbert, she owed them a great atonement. Therefore, since the only think they desired and she could could give was herself, why be it so; and she-well, this life was not forever, and Heaven would give her strength until the

end. With this decision in her mind, she rose and refreshed her face with cold water, and, putting on a faint smile, descended to the library, where the found Sir Herbert, and said, meekly :

"I am come to tell you, uncle, that any day will suit me, as soon as you like."

"Thank you, Helen," said the old man, kissing her. "Now you have made me happy." Thus it came that within a week Helen was to become William Earlstone's wife, and moved about silently in the sick room with that dreary smile still on her fair face, and her large gray eyes set mourn-

From that day William began to recover rapidly.

The night before the day fixed for the marriage, as Helen sat in the dining-room chatting with Sir Herbert after dinner, a great shriek ran through the house, apparently proceeding from William's or twice, when she was closely watched, a sad smile chamber. Hurrying upstairs, they found the patient | might have been seen stealing over the delicate stretched senseless across the bed; his wound had burst open afresh, and a deadly palor overspread his reatures. Again messengers hastened for medical aid, and the house was a scene of confusion and

horror. When the surgeon arrived he at once pronounced that his patient had received a serious fright, and that he could not answer for the consequences .-Yet how could be have been frightened? No one had been near the room, and the windows showed no signs of having been tampered with. However it might be, William Earlstone never spoke more to explain the mystery, and ere another day had

passed he was dead. The woe-stricken house was not left to mourn the

dead in peace. The night after William's death Helen had retired to bed early, worn out with watching and weeping; for, little as she had loved him as her accented husband, the circumstances of his death and the grief of his father could not but have some effect on her.

Hardly had she slept an hour, when she was awakened by a servant, who informed her that Sir the tall figure she knew of old-saw turned upon Herbert requested her presence immediately in the

library.
Arrived there, scarcely yet awake, she saw, propped up in a large arm-chair, the Baronet, upon whose drawn features the burning logs on the hearth threw a vivid glow, and on the opposite side of the table a man in muddy, torn clothes, who in spite of bloodshot eyes and haggard features, still had the remains of former goodly appearance.

Helev took a seat where Sir Herbert indicated, wondering greatly what was this new act in the startling tragedy which had disturbed the peace of her hitherto pleasant life. .

The Baronet broke silence. " Not very long ago you were here with him who lies up staris, Helen, and heard me condemn Sydney Earlstone as a thief and an intended murderer; and you heard what William said. Now listen while this man tells his tale. Continue, fellow, with what you were saying, and speak the truth, or, as Heaven is above us, you shall rue the day you tampered with the affairs of the Earlstones."

"Why should I lie? What good can it do me?"
answered the man, savagely. "I but tell you things as they happened, that you blame none other for my deeds or his; and that you may understand my acts I will go back to the beginning. Eight years ago I was young, and perhaps not without good looks. I had a good trade and made money by it, and in those days Addie Carter was not too proud to hear me tell of how I would become a master and she should be my wife. With all my strength, and mind, and soul, I loved her, and she swore that her love equalled mine, and like a fool I looked into her lustrous eyes till I was bewitched and believed her.

"One day she was cool and constrained, and grew impatient when I took the caresses which ere now had been yielded readily. I watched her in the long autumn misty nights until I discovered that a gentleman from Oxford repeatedly met her. I could have killed him many a time—I wish I had -but I was not yet mad enough. I expostulated, entreated—nay, I prayed as never man prayed for love before, but I only met the contemptuous glance of soft, proud eyes and the shrug of white, wound shoulders.

"Then I threatened, upon which Addie grew frightened and pretended to yield. But I saw brothers; and one night she got up a mock sensa-tion scene with the elder, who was the last comer "So no and by somemeans or other I heard him pledge his word that he would not mention that he had been at the rendezvous that night. And I wondered what was in the wind.

"The next day she had gone-I found that she had left with the younger brother. But oh, the weary time, the days and nights of thinking, of warching for come clue to her whereabouts! At last I found that her lover lived down here. I walked from Oxford during five cold wet days; I tramped against wind and rain, until I found Earl- all-satisfying; for, looking dreamily over the dusky stone Park. Then again I watched William Earlstone, and found that he had placed Addie in a cottage five miles away, where he some times went to Right of the candle which she held; and several see her; postponing for the present the marriage times a feeling of terror crept over her, and prompted he had promised. I was mad, and bought a knife to kill him, but waited months for a favorable opportunity, and I wanted to tell him before he died for what he was punished—that he had stolen my

"At last, on the night that he met his brother in cyes, she worked for an hour, until the last screw the park, I saw him part with Addie, saw her leave, was undone; and after pausing for an instant to crying bitterly, and I swore to kill him ere the morning broke; and I should have done it, but that I was clumsy. Yet I completed my work, for it was my face peering in at his bed-100m window which frightened him to death: so that my vow is accomplished. I have now only to die for my crime, and I shall meet Addie somewhere."

A silence awful and breathless followed his speech, until Sir Herbert spoke, hoarsely-

"Helen, leave the room-I would speak with bim alone.

Helen having gone, the Baronet sat long with the man, and at last came out alone, but no one near Earlstone Park ever saw or heard of the murderer again.

Thus was the honor of the house of Earlstone saved from public scandal, for the villagers of course never knew that Sydney Earlstone had been down that night, and the murder has been a mystery to this day.

Ere the year had passed Sir Herbert ailed and died, and left his son Sydney sole heir; to Helen he

gave five hundred a year and his blessing.
So the shutters were closed in the windows o Earlstone Park, the lawn grew ragged, and grass began to grow in the carriage-road; and nothing was to be heard in the deserted grounds but the hoarse cawing of the crows, or the sad weeping of the lilycrowned river, which seemed to mourn for the masters of Earlstone.

CHAPTER IV.

At Treveux House, a snug villa near Richmond, standing by the river, a gay party was assembled on a fair July night. The beautiful hostess was noted for her balls and routs and suppers. In her well appointed rooms met together at times a select circle, the members of which numbered some of London's beauties and the most distinguished of London's fashionables.

On this star-lit, summer-breathing evening, from the open windows floated far down the broad, still river the sounds of revelry.

To-night there were perhaps more types than usual of all styles of beauty to be seen under the brilliant chandeliers. And more than usual were the stately, gauzy-robed figures whirling in the giddy dance, or lounging on the soft couches, listening with demurely falling eyes to tender speeches, or answering with bright, sparkling glances to the choicest of compliments.

Yet fair, and to be noticed even among so many fair, was one with great wealth of golden brown hair, under which glowed an oval face, lighted up by dark blue gray eyes under long silken lashes. Around her clustered, with admiring eyes and courteous attention, the handsome and brave and clever, whose most impassioned tones, most neatlyturned compliments, sincerest service, only gained them a passing smile or pitying word; none could call up the tender interest in her exptessive eves for which each would have given a world. Once face, and for a moment the large gray eyes wistfully through a film of what appeared like tears, one remembers happier things.

Helen Maldon was more beautiful now than when we saw her first-beautiful with a beauty more womanly, with a charm more screne. The sad scenes which had marred her in those past days had faded slightly in the three years which have clapsed, and had left only a dim regret for him who was to have called her his wife, and a loving sorrow for the old man who loved her as a father.

But clear, distinct, as if of yesterday, were the

scenes which preceded, and deep in her heart one face rested ever—the face of him who called himself Percy Cleveland, who now was heir to Earlstone Park, but had never returned to claim his heritage, never been seen or heard of since the train swiftly hurried him from his home and his love. "Helen!"

In a low, mellow voice the word was snoken which made the blood rise swiftly over neck and face, then as swiftly recede again, leaving her pale as marble. Looking up, she saw bending over her her, with grave interest beaming from them, the bright, dark eyes of Sydney Earlstone. Then there stole over her a strange, sweet feeling of content-ment, and as it were in a dream she heard him say: "Come out on the terrace-I have much to tell you."

Mechanically taking his proffered arm, she walked by his side out of the hot, scent laden atmosphere, and from the loud strains of the waltz music, into the cool, pure air and peaceful stillness of the night. Striving to be calm, she said, just audibly-

"When did you return? We have lost you a long time."

"I arrived in England a week ago, Yes, I have been away some time. I should not have returned now had I not happened to meet a friend of our family, who, without knowing me, told me all that had happened Since my arrival I have been making some necessary inquiries and arranging the affairs of the estate; and now I am come to clear my character with vou."

"There is no need," she answered, eagerly. "know all about your sorrow and your devotion." "Nay," he answered, "call it my misfortune and obstinacy. Well, then, I need only tell you that the reason why I could not clear myself of that affair in Oxford was because I had given my word to Addie Carter-poor girl, the shock of her false lover's sudden death killed her-not to say where I had been on that evening, and while I was with her listening to a false tale of family trouble. William Earlstone entered my friend's room through mine and abstracted money. And when I met him that fatal night in the park I intended to extract a promise that he would never marry you, and that on his father's death he would share the estate with me.

"But he imposed upon me again. He pictured his love for you; he told me how my father's heart was set upon the match, and lastly, he lied by saying that you loved him. I yielded; for I thought Why should I bring all that trouble on three people to gratify my whim? So I contented myself making him sign a confession of the Oxford affair, and extracting a promise of my share in the estate after my father's death. Next day I left England,

and thus never heard what followed. "One thing remains, Helen. In those days when

through her design, and cursed him who had and though I can scarcely hope that, if it were so, changed her thus. Also I noticed how there were you have not forgotten me, yet I will not again risk

cept the love of a heart which has never yet been offered to another woman, and the support of a hand which, if it has not accomplished great things, has never committed a dishonorable one."

Turning for answer to the bright form which pressed close to him, he read all that he wished in the swimming eyes and the long look of love which thrilled him with delight.

That night, under the silent stars, Helen felt that at last had come to her a happiness which was trees and softened meadows, down the flowing river which rippled as if in answering joy, she heard the words of fond tenderness and loving promise whispered in her burning ears.

That night she slept the betrothed of Sydney Earlstone.

In Earlstone Park once more the flowers send forth varied fragrance from the well-ordered flowerbed, and the park resounds with the merry laughter, of bright-eyed boys and girls, while the pleased father and the fond mother watch in tender affection, and have forgotten the dreary scenes which in years gone by were enacted on the ground they tread.

THE LIBERATOR OF IRELAND.

Panegyric of the Irish Tribune by the great Lacordaire.

The following magnificent panegyric of O'Connell was delivered in Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris, by the great Lacordaire of the Friar Preachers. Beati qui esuriunt et sitiunt justitiam quoniam ipsi

saturabuntur. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice, for they shall be filled .- Saint Matthew, chap. C. verso 6.

I shall say nothing to you of the words you have

My Lord,* Gentlemen:

just heard, pronounced as they were for the first time by Him who uttered so many new words to the world. I shall say nothing of them, because they will resound throughout the whole of my discourse and because at each word, at each phrase, at each movement, you will exclaim to yourselves, and I shall have no need to repeat to you :- "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice, for they shall be filled!" And this numerous assembly, this expecta tion, this solemn preoccupation of your hearts, what

is all this but the justice that descends, that comes down from heaven upon a man who hoped not, in his agitated life, so soon to receive the unanimous gratitude of the present age, nor even of the future? And who is this man, at once master of a posterity hardly born around his tomb? By what charm has he so prematurely commanded justice? Is heaking who sleeps with his ancestors, after having gloriously governed his people? Is he a conqueror who has carried the prowess of his arms to the ends of the earth? Is he a legislator who has founded some nation in the chaos of beginnings or of ruins? No, no, he is none of these, and he is more than all; he is a man who was neither prince, captain, nor tounder of empire; he is a simple citizen, who governed more than kings, gained more battles than conquer-ors, accomplished more than any of those who have ordinarily received the mission to destroy or build up. His country gave him the name of Liberator; and if we take this title only in a limited sense it would be great enough to justify the unusual honors which we render to him, to explain to us why Rome the mistress of august glories, has opened to him her basilicas, and why, although a foreigner to our country, these sacred and patriotic vaults of Notre Dame now cover the admiration which remains living upon his tomb. It would have been enough, I

say, that he was the liberator of an oppressed country to justify all that Rome, France, and all the world think of his memory, and do in order to honor it. But I do not halt at this point of view: it is too narrow for him, for you, for your expectation, for the thoughts that besiege my heart, I purpose to show you that this man has marked his place among that the very stone, could its right be taken from it the greatest liberators of the Church and of man would accuse the ravisher of parricide and sacrilege. kind. I put aside, then, if I may do so, all ideas of country, which are neither great nor high enough for our subject I open the grandest theatre in which a human remembrance can be placed, that of the

Church and all mankind. A MAN OF JUSTICE. O my God, Father of Justice, I thank Thee that in these times, which witness too many mysterics

of iniquity, Thou permittest me to speak here the eulogium of a man of justice; whose long and agi tated career has not cost a drop of blood, not even a tear; of one who, after having moved more men and more nations than we find any other instance of in history, has descended into his tomb pure from all reproach, without fear that any living soul will be abe able to raise its stone and call him to account in the fifty years of his public life, I do not say of a guilty action, but of a disaster. I thank Thee, O my God, that such is the object of this assembly, and also for that justice which Thou hast promised to all men, and which I am about to render in Thy name and in the name of Christendom, to the me-

mory of Daniel O'Connell. THE MISSION OF LIBERATORS.

From the boginning the world has possessed a divine light, divine charity, divine authority, a divine society. From the primitive fields of Eden to the summit of Ararat to the rock of Sinai, from Sinai to Mount Sion and Calvary, from Calvary to the hill of the Vatican, God has never ceased to act and to be present upon earth. And itseems that this reign of heaven-born light, charity, and authority; this union of souls by God and in God, our common Father, should, if it were possible, obtain unanimity here below, or at least not encounter enemies and struggles. But we are here in the land of combat, and God has been the first to submit to it; He has consented to give us His life, inasmuch as it is blended with our own, to be judged by us, and cousequently to be accepted by some and rejected by others This sacred war is as old as the world; it will continue as long as the world shall last. But in its vicissitudes we remark two periods and two missions prouder than the rest; the periods of persecution and of deliverence; the mission of persecutors, and the mission of liberators. When the world is more than usually weary of God, whether of hearing of Him or whether considering His power too great, it makes an effort against Him, and, too feeble in reason to banish Him by the simple forces of the soul it has recourse to the brutalities of the material order It overthrows, it burns, it destroys whatsoever is marked with the divine sign, until, satisfied with the silence and the desert which it has created, it judges that, at least, if it have not conquered, it has nevertheless gained a few days of truce and triumph. But God is never more powerful than in these very days; He rises up from ruins by a germination which no one accounts for to himself or rather, mankind, troubled by His absence, returns towards Him as a child calls back his father to the domestic hearth from whence he had banished him. Justice, truth, eternal order, resume their reign in the conscience of the human race, and the age of deliverance succeeds to the age of persecution. Then appears one of those men whom Providence prepares beforehand in the omnipotent secrets of His coun-

. Monseigneur l'Eveque de Saint Flour :

I was the vagrant artist, at times I thought you sels; a Moses delivering the people of God from the when the exile returns to his country; but none of might feel a kinder feeling for me than friendship; bands of Egypt; a Cyrus bringing them from Babyians; Charlemagne, who, against the Greek emperors, the barbarian kings and the future itself, assured the independence of the Vicar of God; Gregory VII., who drew the Church from the deadly grasp of feodality: illustrious names, the most rare and the greatest in all history! And you may perhaps think me unwise in pronouncing them, lest they should outshine the glory of him whom I seek to honor. For my part, gentlemen, I have none of this fear, and you will judge whether I be in error.

A NATION OF MARTYRS. Open a map of the world, and consider at its two

extremities those two groups of islands, the Islands

of Japan and the British Isles. Follow the trace of the nations upon the line of three thousand leagues in length; count Japan, China, Russia, Sweden, Prussia, Denmark, Hanover, England, Ireland. You will count in vain; in all that number of kingdoms there is not one where the Church of God enjoys her inalienable liberties; where her teaching, her sacraments, and her assemblies are not humiliated and captive. What! so many nations at the same time despoiled of the holy independence of the children of God! What! among those two hundred millions of men there have been found no hearts strong enough to maintain somewhere the rights of conscience and the dignity of the Christian! do not deceive yourselves; God has never left truth without martyrs; that is to say, without witnesses ready to serve it even with their blood; and as the scandal of oppression had reached its term here in extent, duration, and vigor, God, on his side, has also wlought a new miracle in the history of martyrdom. Men and families have been seen to die for their faith, and to leave behind them, from that grand spectacle, only their mutilated limbs and their incorruptible remembrance. But a whole people living in continual martyrdom generations of souls. bound together by the same terrestrial country, transmitting to each other the heritage of the faith, in suffering, hereditary also-this had never been seen. God has willed and produced it: He has willed it in our own times and has produced it in our own times. Among those nations which I just now showed you linked to each other in space and in spiritual bondage, there is one which has not accepted the yoke; which, materially enslaved, has remained free by the soul. One of the proudest powers of the world has struggled hand to hand with her in order to draw her into the abyss of schism and apostacy. Doomed to war of extermination, she has yielded without betraying either the courage of combats, or the courage of faithfulness to God. Despoiled of her native land by gigantic confiscations. she has cultivated for her conquerors the fields of her ancestors, and from the sweat of her brow gained the bread which sufficed for her to live with honorand to die with faith. Famine disputed that crust of bread with her; she lifted towards Providence her eyes, which did not accuse Him. Neither war, nor spoliation, nor famine, have caused her either to perish or apostatize; her oppressors, however powerful they were, have not been able to exhaust life in her vitals, or duty in her heart. In fine, as even the boldest and the basest sword cannot kill for ever, tyranny has sought something even more constant than steel, and the Revelation of St. John has been seen verified in that victim na tion; that a time will come when no man might buy or sell but those that have in their hand or on their forehead the mark of the beast, that is to say, of apostacy. A NATION WITHOUT A RIGHT.

This people, then, at a single stroke, was deprived of all its political and civil rights. Every living being is born with a right. Even the inanimate stone brings into the world a law which protects and ennobles it; it is under the guardianship of the mathematical law-an eternal law, forming but one single thing with the essence of God, and which does not permit you to touch even an atom without respecting its force and its right. Every being, however feeble, is thus endowed with a part of the power and the eternity of God, and by a stronger reason man, a creature who thinks and wills, the first born of the Divine intelligence and will; so that to take from him his native right is a crime so great What must it then be defravd a people of its rights? Yet this has been done to this heroic people whose sufferings and constancy I have described to you! Yet more, gentlemen; this rape of right, this legal murder of a nation, has not been established in an absolute, but in a conditional manner, so that it is always possible to the nation, and to its members, to save themselves from public and civil death by apostacy. The law said to them; You are nothing; apostatize, and you shall be something. You are dying of hunger; apostatize, and you shall be rich. What a temptation! and how deep was the calculation, if conscience were not deeper even than hell! Fear nothing for this martyr people; for two whole centuries it is greater than that seduction, and lifts its trembling hands towards God saying in its heart: God sees them, and He sees us; they will have their reward, and we shall have ours."

I shall not, gentlemen, pronounce the name of this dear and hallowed people, this people stronger than death; my lips are not pure and ardent enough to utter it; but heaven knows it; the earth blesses it; every generous heart opens for it a country, a love, a refuge. . . . O heaven that sees, O earth that knows, O all of you, better and more worthy than I, name this people for me, name it; say:

| IRELAND Ireland, gentlemen! Such was her condition when the eighteenth century opened, and was inaugurated under the hand of God by two peals of thunder; one exploded in the new world, upon shores as yet hardly known, the other in the bosom of our own country. These two shocks of Providence warned the oppressors of Ireland; it caused them to suspect that a reign of justice and liberty was preparing in the conscience of men by such me morable catastrophes; and whether, from fear or the rising of compassion, they loosened a little the fetters which chained the life of their victim. Among the rights then restored was one, in appearance of little value—that of defending private interests before the tribunals of ordinary jurisdiction. Assuredy, gentleman, the concession seemed to be but of slight importance and of little interest for the future; but England had not reflected that it would give freedom to speech, and that to give freedom to speech is to deliver God; for speech from lips inspired by faith is truth, charity, authority. Speach eaches, strengthens, commands, combats; speech is the true liberator of consciences; and when oppressors open the field to it we may believe, without being wanting in respect for them, that they know not what they do. Speech then became free in Ireland, and from the first day, in the very hour whilst it still wondered to find itself no longer man of five-and-twenty, and found that those lips were eloquent and that heart was great. Suddenly the lakes of Ireland held upon their

waves the breezes which ruffled them; her forests stood still and trembling; her mountains seemed as in expectation. Ireland heard free and Christian speech, full of God and country, skilful in maintaining the rights of the weak, calling to account the abuses of authority, conscious of its strength, and imparting it to the whole people. Truly it is a the world; it is a happy day when the captive sees emancipation? Eternal praise, honor, glory, and again the full light of heaven; it is a happy day also gratitude to those Protestants of English and Ire-

sels; a Moses delivering the people of God from the hands of Egypt; a Cyrus bringing them from Babylon to the fields of their country; a Judas Maccalon to the fields of their country; a Judas Maccalon to the fields of their country; a Judas Maccalon to the fields of their country; a Judas Maccalon to the fields of their country; a Judas Maccalon to the fields of their country; a Judas Maccalon to the fields of their country; a people who after long centuries, hear for the first time humans. after long centuries, hear for the first time, human through her design, and cursed him who had changed her thus. Also I noticed how there were two now who came to see her, and I saw they were two now who came to see her, and I saw they were my happiness without buing certain that I may not brothers; and one night she got up a mock sensation scene with the elder, who was the last comer two now I ask you, Helen, whether you will actually a produces or equals the thrilling of a people who been maintaining their independence against the after long certains the trilling of a people who been maintaining their independence against the after long certains the trilling of a people who been maintaining their independence against the after long certains the trilling of a people who been maintaining their independence against the after long certains the trilling of a people who been maintaining their independence against the after long certains the trilling of a people who been maintaining their independence against the after long certains the trilling of a people who been maintaining their independence against the after long certains the trilling of a people who been maintaining their independence against the after long certains the trilling of a people who been maintaining their independence against the after long certain that I may not successors of Alexander; and, at a later period, a later period, a later period, a later period after long certain the trilling of a people who been maintaining their independence against the after long certain the trilling of a people who been maintaining their independence against the after long certain that I may not successors of Alexander; and, at a later period, a later period, a later period, a later period after long certain the trilling of a people who been maintaining their independence against the after long certain the trilling of a people who after long certain the trilling of a people who after long certain the trilling of a people who after long certain the trilling of a people who after long certain the trilling of a people young man of five-and twenty, whose name was Daniel O'Connell.

EING OF IRELAND.

In less than ten years, O'Connell foresaw that he would one day be master of his fellow-citizens; and thenceforth he meditated on the plan which he should follow for their emancipation. Where should he begin? Which of the links of that heavy chain was the first to be broken ? He considered that the rights of conscience passed before all others; that there, in that servitude of the soul, was the centre and corner-stone of all tyranny, and that, consequently, this was the first point to attack. The emancipation of the Catholics of Ireland and England became his daily preoccupation, the constant dream of his genius. I shall not relate to you all his efforts and disappointments. Both were inny. merable. Ten more years passed in these unfruitful trials. Neither the man nor the time was ready; Providence is slow, and patience equal to His own is the gift which he accords to the men who are worthy to serve as His instruments. At last the hour struck when O'Connell knew that he was the moral chief of his nation, that he held in his hand all the minds and hearts, all the ideas, and all the interests of Ireland, and that no movement would be made save under his sovereign direction. It had cost him twenty years of labor to arrive at that memorable day when he was able to say without pride: Now I am king of Ireland.

Is it a great thing, gentlemen, to become the chief of a party. When a man has the right to say that he governs a party it is enough to satisfy the most immoderate ambition, so difficult is it to bring into obedience those even who share all our thoughts and designs. The creation of a party is a masterpiece of power and skill; and yet the leader of a party is nothing in comparison with the man who has become the moral leader of a whole nation, and who holds it under his laws, without army, without police, without tribunals, without any other resource than his genius and devotednes. The reign of O'Connell commenced in 1823. In that year he established throughout Ireland an association called the Catholic Association ; and as no association has any power without a constant revenue, O'Connell founded the emancipation rent, and fixed it at a penny per month.

Let us not smile, gentlemen; there was in that penny per month a great financial calculation, and a still greater calculation of the heart. Ireland was poor, and a poor people has but one means of becoming rich; it is by every hand giving to the country from the little which it possesses. The emancipation penny invited every son of Erin to share in the glorious work of emancipation; poverty, however great it was, deprived none of the hope of being rich enough by the end of the month to cast an insult at the gold of England.

The Catholic Association and the emancipation rent obtained unheard of success, and raised the action of O'Connell to the power and dignity of a government.

Three years after, in 1826, at the time of the general elections, it was a marvel to see the Irish, who up to that time had voted at the dictation and in favor of their oppressors—it was a marvel, I say, to see them by their votes proclaiming their rights and their intention henceforth of defending them.

ELECTED FOR CLARE. This was as yet nothing ; soon O'Connell appeared before the electors of Clare, and offered himself as a candidate for a seat in the Parliament of England. He was elected in spite of the oath which placed the barrier of apostacy between him and a seat in the legislative assembly; and he dared to present himself, with his election in his hand and his faith in his heart, within these walls of Westminster, which trembled before a Catholic who violated their ancient majesty intolerance by the astounding pretension of seating and of placing there in the person of an outlaw, a Catholic, an Irishman, the very im-

personation of a whole people.

Public opinion was moved to its very foundations; all Ireland was ready; proud yet obedient, agitated yet peaceful. Sympathy, encouragement, help came to her from every part of Europe, from the shores of America, and from England herself—moved at last in some of her children by the cry of justice so eloby the ore of quently claimed. Neither the English minister nor the King of Great Britain were disposed to grant Catholic emancipation; ardent prejudices still existed in the two chambers which, during thirty years had often rejected similar prejects, although softened towards Protestant pride by hard conditions. But the remains of those old passions vainly opposed a barrier to the sentiments of general equity; the world was at one of those magic hours when it does not follow its own will. On the 13th of April, 1828, the emancipation of Catholics was proclaimed by a bill emanating from the minister, accepted by the legislature, and signed by the king.

LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE. Let us halt a moment, gentlemen, to reflect upon the causes of so memorable an event; for you will understand that a single man, whatever may be his genius, would not have been able to bring about this revolution if it had not been prepared beforehand and brought to maturity by the very power of the times. We must acknowledge this, under pain of falling into excess in the most just proise, and of transforming admiration into a blind rather than a generous sentiment. It was amongst us-for I never lose an opportunity of returning to my own country; it was amongst us in France, in the eighteenth century, that the principle of liberty of conscience resumed its course, which had been so long weakened and turned aside. The philosophy of that age, although an enemy to Christianity, borrowed from it the dogma of the liberty of souls, and upheld it with unfailing zeal-less, doubtless, from love of justice and truth, than for the purpose of undermining the reign of Jesus Christ. But whatsoever its object, it founded in minds the return of just toleration, and prepared for future ages the emancipation of so many Christian nations oppressed by the iron hand of derpotism and nervey. Thus God draws good from evil, and nothing is produced in the world, even against truth and justice, which will not, by divine transformation, sooner or later serve the cause of justice and truth. That French idea of liberty of conscience had passed to England and the United States of America; and O'Connell, who met it on his glorious way, easily made it serve to further his

Therefore, gentlemen, before insisting upon the gratitude which we owe to him, it is just that I should invite you to honor with sincere and unanimous applause all those who have aided that great

THE LIBERATOR OF THE CHURCH.

work of Catholic emancipation. This is the first time that in a French assembly, at the foot of our alters, in the presence of God and men, we have occasion to pay a tribute of gratitude to those who have co-operated for the emancipation of our brethshackled, it touched the heart and lips of a young ren in Ireland and England, to those diverse instruments far or near, of that great act of the 13th of April, 1829, which so many hearts called for; which so many Sovereign Pontiffs, in the mysterious watchings of the Vatican, had ardently prayed for; and which will for ever remain in history as a memorial of one of the brightest hours of the human race. Join then with me, U my brethren, join with me from the depths of your hearts, and lifting our hands towards God, let us say together: Eternal praise, honor, glory, and gratitude to his Majesty King George IV. happy day when a woman brings her first-born into who signed and sanctioned the bill for Catholic

and Christian spirit, favored the presentation, disand consion, and adoption of the bill for Catholic emancossion! But also, and above all, eternal praise, of justice and derivation, and who, pressure them to the goal with vigorous patience which thirty years did not tire, caused at last to shine upon his country, but the occumenical title of liberator of the Church!

For had Ireland alone profited by emancipation, what man in the Church, since Constantine, has what man emancipated seven millions of souls at a single emancipated acres recollection; seek in history struct: office and famous edict which granted liberare many acts to be met with comparable by the exare many access to the act of emancipation? tent of their of souls free to serve and love God to the end of time; and whenever this love God to the end of time; and whenever this people, advancing in its life and liberty, shall throw back upon the past an inquiring glance, it will find the name of O'Connell at the end of its bondage and the beginning of its renovation.

But the act of emancipation did not touch Ireland alone; it embraced in its plentitude the whole British empire, that is to say, besides Ireland, Scotland, and Great Britain, those islands, those peninsulas, and those continents to which England before sulas, and those contained the intolerance of her extended with her domination the intolerance of her extended with her domination the intolerance of her contained the vector of the perfection of human nature. extended with the a hundred millions of men, behold shores washed by twenty seas, and the seas delivered from spiritual bondage. The ships of England sail henceforth under the flag of liberty of conscience, and the innumerable nations which they touch with their prows can no longer separate in their thought power, civilization and the liberty of the soul—those three things born of Christ and left as His terrestrial heritage to the nations which embrace the emancipating mystery of His cross. What consequences, gentlemen, from one single act! What a boundless horizon opened to the hopes of the Church! Need I say more that you may not regret the boldness with which I pronounced the name of O'Connell after the names of Moses, Cyrus, Maccabens, Constantine, Charlemagne, and Gregory VII.; all acting with the force of regular sovereignty, whilst O'Connell had but the force of a citizen and the sovereignty of genius?

And yet I have not said all. There is a peril to which modern society is exposed—and it is the greatest of all—I mean the alliance of spiritual servitude with civil liberty. Circumstances, which it would require too much time to demonstrate to you, impel the destinies of more than one nation upon the fatal incline; and England was there to encourage them by her example, possessing on the one hand liberal institutions, which she regards with a supreme jealousy, and on the other overwhelming a portion of her subjects under the sceptre of an autocratic and intolerant fanaticism. O'Connell has undone that terrible teaching given by England to the European continent. Nations yet young in civil liberty will no longer see their elder brother urging them into the road of religious servitude by the spectacle of an adulterous contradiction. Henceforth all liberties are sisters; they will enter or depart at the same time and together, a family indeed inseparable and sacred, of which no member can die without the death of all.

In fine, consider this : the principle of liberty of conscience, upon which depends the future of truth in the world, was already supported in Europe by the power of opinion and by the power of Catholicity; for wherever opinion could speak, it demanded liberty of conscience, and in most of the great Catholic states it is already established in fact and of right. Protestantism alone had not yet given its adhesion to that solemn treaty of souls; notwithstanding its principle—in appearance liberal—it practised the native intolerance of heresy. Thanks to O'Connell, opinion, Catholicity, and Protestantism, that is to say, all the intellectual and religious forces of Europe, are agreed to base the work of the future upon the equitable transaction of liberty of

And when its results are produced in the world, when, not ourselves, but our descendants, shall see all religious errors vanquished by the peaceful spread of Christianity; when Islamism, already dying, shall be finally extinguished, when Brahminism and Buddhism already warned shall have minism and Buddhism, already warned, shall have accomplished their transitory cycle; when in the minds shall thus touch the supreme moment of its consummation, then posterity will know O'Connell fully; it will judge what was the mission and what the life of the man who was able to emancipate, in the sanctuary of conscience, all the kingdoms of England, her colonies, her fleets, her power; and throughout the world, directly or indirectly, place them to the service of the cause of God, His Christ and His Church. It will judge whether he has not merited, in the Christian and universal sense, that title of Liberator which we give to him from this

But he was a Liberator also in another manner which it remains for me to show you.

THE RIGHTS OF GOD AND MAN. Not alone is the Church persecuted here below, mankind is also persecuted. Mankind, like the Church, is turn by turn persecuted and delivered, and for the same reason. The Church is persecuted because she possesses rights and imposes duties; mankind is persecuted because it has rights and duties also in its domain. Justice weighs upon us no matter upon what head it dwell, and we seek to escape from it, not only to the detriment of God, but to the detriment of man. We deny the rights of man as we deny those of God; and it is a great error to believe that there is but one combat here below, and that were the Church to sacrifice her internal interests, there would not remain other interests for which it would be necessary to draw the sword. No, gentlemen, let us not deceive ourselves, the rights of God and the rights of mankind are conjoined; the duties toward God and duties towards mankind were combined in the evangelical law as well as in the law of Sinai; all that is done for or against God is done for or against man; as God is persecuted we are persecuted also; as God is delivered we are alike delivered. The history of the world, as well as the history of the Church, has its persecutors and its liberators; I could name them to you; but time presses upon us; let us leave the past, and return to that dear and glorious O'Connell, to see him as a son of man after having seen him

as a son of God. He was fifty-four years old when Catholic emancipation was gained. Fifty-four, gentlemen, is a terrible age, not because it approaches old age, but of the human race. The public conscience will albecause it possesses force enough to be ambitious with sufficient lassitude to be contented with the past and to dream of the repose of glory. There are few men who, having by thirty years of labor obtainthat of Catholic emancipation, have the courage to development of its social institutions, stopping short ed a marked, and above all an august triumph, like begin a second career and expose their fame to the shock of fortune, when they might enjoy happy and honored repose in their old age. Others are attracted by the snare of vulgar ambition. We see these tribunes of the people, after having served the cause bunes of the people, after naving serving of justice and liberty in their early years, withdraw of justice and liberty in their early years, withdraw and extends it. Degenerate sons of boly combats, therefrom under some pretext of duty, persuading it. their enervated language rolls in a vicious circle; to themselves that there are two ways of serving it, and, deceived by inconstancy, cause the second part of their life to insult the first.

EQUAL RIGHTS. O'Connell, gentlemen, knew how to avoid each of

land, who with the magnanimity of a truly patriotic had be forced open the doors of parliament, by a and Christian; spirit, favored the presentation, dissand Christian spirit, favored the presentation of the bill for Catholic emancipation! But also, and gratitude to the man who drew land. What goes he to seek there? He goes to to speak against himself: because there is there, an long, glory, and gratitude to the man who drew land. What goes he to seek there? He goes to speak against himself: because there is there, an long tent in his powerful hand the scattered elements tell his beloved Erin that it is not enough to have emancipated conscience, that God and man are in almost infallibly reading to the man who, in speaking for all, seems even sometimes to speak against himself: because there is there, an omnipotence of logical and moral superiority which is almost infallibly reading. the astonishment of all England, hastened to Ire- and who, in speaking for all, seems even sometimes together in his powerful mand the source of logical and moral super together in his powerful mand who, pressing them emancipated conscience, that God and man are inof justice and deliverance, and who, pressing them emancipated conscience, that God and man are inalmost infallibly produces reciprocity. of heaven, if something still remain for the country of earth, the first commandment alone is kept and not the second; and as the two form but one, not to have kept the second is not even to have kept the first. He declares to her that, although aged and covered with glory, it is his intention to recommence | you are slaves. his life, and not to rest a single day until he has obsince the area and the same whether there tained equality of rights between England and Irety of conscience to Christians, and see whether there tained equality of rights between England and Irety of conscience to Christians, and see whether there is a supplied to the same tained equality of rights between England and Irety of conscience to Christians, and see whether there is a supplied to the same tained equality of rights between England and Irety of conscience to Christians, and see whether there is a supplied to the same tained equality of rights between England and Irety of conscience to Christians, and see whether there is a supplied to the same tained equality of rights between England and Irety of conscience to Christians, and see whether there is a supplied to the same tained equality of the same tained equality of rights between England and Irety of conscience to Christians, and see whether the same tained equality of the same ta state of the two countries, that the one hardly appeared to be a satelite to the other. England had diminished the property, the commerce, the enterstate of inferiority which reached even to the im- duty enters into right by a manifest correlation, all of us, more or less, diminish the rights of others

O'Connell kept his word; he did not cease for a single day to claim equality of rights between Engbills in the sense of equality of rights; the parliament constantly rejected them. The Liberator was not discouraged; he had the gratification of seeing the municipal corporations of Ireland composed exclusively of Protestants, fall under his attacks; and, the first Catholic for two centuries, he himself wore the insignia of Lord Mayor of Dublin.

Such constancy in claiming the human rights of from age or failure, would have sufficed, gentlemen, to mark the place of O'Connell amongst the liberators of mankind; for whoever serves his country in the general sense of the rights of all is not a man of any particular time or place; he speaks for nations present and to come, he gives them example and and the doctrine which he has left to us on the sub-

ject of resistance to oppression. "The principle of rights" was for O'Connell the principle of force against tyranny. In fact, there is in right, as in all that is true, a real, an eternal, and an indestructible power, which can only disappear when right is no longer even named. Tyranny would be invincible, were it to succeed in destroying with its name the idea of right, in creating silence | the appeal of the man who should have numbered in the world in regard to right. It endeavors at least to approach that absolute term, and to lessen, by all the means of violence and corruption, the expression of justice. As long as a just soul remains with boldness of speech, despotism is restless, troubled, fearing that eternity is conspired against t. The rest is indifferent, or at least alarms it but and after a magnanimous decision, which declared little. Do you appeal to arms against it? It is but | that O Connell had not offended, Ireland had once a battle. To a riot? It is but a matter of police. more the pride and consolation of welcoming her Violence is of time, right is heaven-born. What aged father in all the glory which she had prepared dignity, what force there is the right which speaks for him, and which seemed to be incapable either with calmness, with candor, with sincerity, from the of increase or end. heart of a good man! Its nature is contagious; as soon as it is heard, the soul recognizes and embraces it: a moment sometimes suffices for a whole people to proclaim it and bend before it. It is said, no doubt, that the claiming of right is not always possible and that there are times and places when oppression has become so inveterate that the language of rights is as chimerical as its reality. It may be have been, it was possible for him not to have been so; but this was not the position of O'Connell and insensible to the magnificent course of his life. of his country. O'Connell and Ireland could speak, Glory is a subtile poison which penetrates the write, petition, associate, elect magistrates and representatives. The rights of Ireland were despised, but not disarmed; and in this condition the doctrine of O'Connell was that of Christianity and resson. ed there, that supreme crown of adversity without Liberty is a work of virtue, a holy work, and consequently an intellectual work.

THE HERCULES OF LIBERTY. But "rights must be claimed with perseverance." The emancipation of a people is not the work of a ing of human things, a thousand obstacles accumulated by time and which time alone is able to remove provided that its course be sided by a parallel and uninterrupted action. We must not, said O'Connell, simply speak to-day and to-morrow; we must continue to speak, write, petition, assemble, until the object is attained and right is satisfied. We must exhaust the patience of injustice and force the hand the school of souls tempered for good, who know its price and do not wonder that it is great. O'Con nell, indeed, has given to his lessons the sanction of his example; what he said, he did, and no life has ever been, even to its last moment, more infatigably and future with the certainty which inspires the present; his end; he knew that he should not attain it during his life-he doubted it at least-and by the ardor of his actions it might have been supposed that he had spoke and over which he presided, the petitions dictated by him, his journeys, his plans, his popular triumphs, and that inexpressible arsenal of ideas and facts which compose the fabulous tissue of his seventy-two years? He was the Hercules of liberty. To perseverance in claiming rights he joined a

condition which always appeared to him to be of sovereign importance, it was that of being an " irreproachable organ of this work;" and, to explain this maxim by his conduct, we see from the first that, as he understood it, every servant of liberty must claim it equally and efficaciously for all, not only for his party, but for the adverse party; not only for his religion, but for all; not only for his country, but for the whole world. Mankind is one, and its rights are everywhere the same, even, when the exercise of them differs according to the state of morals and minds. Whoever excepts a single man in his claim for right, whoever consents to the servitude of a single man, black or white, were it even for a hair of his head unjustly bound, he is not a sincere man, and he does not merit to combat for the sacred cause ways reject the man who demands exclusive liberty, or even who is indifferent about the rights of others; for exclusive liberty is but a privilege, and the liberty which is indifferent about others is but a treason. We remark a nation, having arrived at a certain or even retrogarding. Do you not ask the reason. You may be sure that in the heart of that people there has been some secret sacrifice of right, and that the seeming defenders of its liberty, incapable of desiring liberty for others than themselves, have lost the prestige which conquers and saves, preserves

listen is already to have replied to them. It was never thus with O'Connell; never during fifty years, did his language once lose the invincible charm of sincerity. It vibrated for the rights of his these shoals; he remained young and unmindful of his enemy as for his own. It was heard denouncing oppression from wheresoever it came and on whatsoever head it fell; thus he attracted to his cause, to the cause of Ireland, souls separated from his own by site which it raises round Pius IX., manifest a desire which it brings before the face of heaven, and a in this auditory. O'Connell, was of your age until ever head it fell; thus he attracted to his cause, to the he disappeared from amongst us; he lived, he died, cause of Ireland, souls separated from his own by in the sincerity of unchangeable youth. Hardly had, the abyss of the most profound disagreements; proof that it is not insensible toward those who

Yes, Catholics, understand well, if you desire liberty for yourselves, you must desire it for all men and under all the heavens. If you demand it but for yourselves it will never be granted to you; give it where you are masters that it may be given to where

O'Connell also understood in another sense that maxim, that "it is necessary to be irreproachable in claiming rights." He desired that authority, and law, which is the highest expression of it should be sincerely and religiously respected. For authority is also liberty, and whoever, willing to defend the prise, all the rights of Ireland, in order to increase her own; and that odious policy placed Ireland in a or does. Authority is an integral part of liberty, as possibility of existence. Such is despotism, gentle-since the right of one man necessarily entails the men,; and we are all guilty of it in some degree; duty of another. This is why civil charters, as well as the great evangelic charter, consecrate at the in order to increase our own, and the man who is same time right and duty, liberty and authority. exempt from that stubborn stain of our species may Every hand which separates them destroys them. believe that he has attained the very highest point and no people which does not venerate them by the same title will ever be capable of becoming a free people. O'Connell pushed respect for the law even to superstition; he permitted all to himself up to land and Ireland; and in that second work he spent the limit where he encountered a law evidently in the seventeen last years of his life. He obtained vigor. And yet no man has ever made, under even from the government the introduction of several persecuting laws, a more marvellous use of the bills in the sense of equality of rights; the parlia-space which they left open to him. A profound knowledge of law admirably served the magic of his movements, and he had the honor of dying, after forty-seven years of civil struggles, without having incurred a single definite judicial condemnation. Once, on the occasion of that famous meeting at Cloutarf, he feared that he had been caught in a snare by which he would not have left the baptismal his country, without ever abating his energy either robe of his popular and Christian tribunate without a stain. On the eve of the meeting, at four o'clock, at the moment when Dublin and Ireland was full of British troops, the viceroy published a proclama-tion interdicting the assembly. O'Connell was terified by the thought of an inevitable collision between the people and the army. Pale and agitated, courage, he casts seeds upon the world which the during the whole night he despatched proclamations human race will harvest sooner or later. We shall and messengers; and at last, at daybreak, after a still better judge the civil action of O'Connell if we | night of terrible anxiety, he had the happiness of examine the foundations upon which he placed it, knowing that not a soul was to be found on the field of Clontarf where five hundred thousand had

been expected. This was the occasion of his last triumph. You know how England once desired to make him expiate that long agitation in which he had kept a large portion of the empire; how he was cited, condemned, imprisoned; and, in fine, the sentence was brought before the House of Lords of England by among them so many enemies. A memorable period, when all Ireland went to visit in his prison the captive Liberator, when the assembled bishops offered up a prayer to God that the man of Erin might be comforted in tribulation and come out of it victoriourly! That prayer of a whole people was granted, aged father in all the glory which she had prepared

O'CONNELL A CHRISTIAN. According to human ideas, O'Connell should have died on that day. But the Arbitrator of destinies and the Judge of hearts had ordained it otherwise. O'Connell was a Christian; faith and love of God had been the vivifying principles of his whole existence; nevertheless, however truly faithful he might have been, it was possible for him not to have been Glory is a subtile poison which penetrates the buckles of the stoutest hearts; O'Connell merited that God should purify him severely and place upon his head, after so many crowns which had never fadwhich no glory is perfect either on earth or in

THE PRECURSOR OF PIO NONO. O'Connell saw many of his own party withdrawn from him; his soul was wounded in pride and in presence of each other nothing but the total nothing day; it infallibly encounters in the ideas, the pas- friendship; it was also wounded in the people whom inguess of error shall remain, and the combat of horrible famine swept down the children of Erin before his eyes; he saw evils against which the cloquence of his genius could do nothing, and felt to the very core the powerlessness of glory. But, whilst he was a prev to this crnel agony, suddenly, on the sacred banks of the Tiber, a voice was heard which thrilled through the world and Christendom. The one and the other awaited a father who should of Providence. You hear, gentlemen; this is not feels the wants of modern times, who would take the school of desires vain and without virtue, it is them into his pontifical and pacific hands, and raise them from the earth to the very height of religion. This expectation and these desires were satisfied O'Connell could die, Pius IX. was in the world; O'Connell could be silent, Pius IX. spoke; O'Connell could descend into the tomb, Pius IX. was better filled than his own. He labored before the seated in the chair of Peter. The aged and dying champion of the Church and mankind was not dehe was never surprised or discontented at not obtaining | ceived; the force and the weakness of his life were revealed to him; he knew that he had been but the precursor of a greater liberator than himself, and, like John the Baptist, went into the desert to see but another step and another day before him. Who will count the number of assemblies in which he whose shoes he did not think himself worthy to unloose. O'Connell turned his eyes towards Rome and, making a last effort against age and affliction, he left home in the simplicity and joy of a pilgrim. But it was too late; strength failed him on the shores of the Mediterranean, when he already perceived the cupolas and the horizon of Rome. All Rome expected him and prepared triumphal arches for him. His heart alone reached the city, where Pius IX. received it. The pontiff, placing his hands upon the son of O'Connell, said these words to him: "Since I am deprived of the happiness, so long desired, of embracing the hero of Christendom, let me at least have the consolation of embracing his son !" Let us not seek elsewhere, gentlemen, the tomb of O'Connell; it is not in Ireland, how worthy soever she might be to possess it for ever; the tomb of O'Connell is in the arms and in the soul of Pius IX. We must look there to address to the Liberator the supreme word, the word and prayer of adieu.

Let us meditate a moment. Gentlemen, the interests of the Church are those of mankind, and the interests of mankind are those of the Church. Christianity, of which the Church is the living body, has attained so high a degree of power only in consequence of the profound fusion which exists between it and mankind. Now, modern society is the expression of the wants of mankind, and consequently it is the expression of the wants of the Church, and these few words give you the intimate signification of the life of O'Connell. O'Connell was, in our age of divisions, the first mediator between the Church and modern society; which is to say that he was, in the same age, the first mediator between the Church and mankind. We must follow him, gentlemen, if we would serve God and men. Doubtless, it is the world which has separated from us, which has willed to live and govern itself, without us; but what matters it whence the evil comes, or whose was the pride which caused the separation? We feel now the need that we have of each other; let us go to meet the world, which seeks us and waits for us. That admiration which it shed upon the memory of O'Connell, those cries of

comprehend its evils and its wants. Comprehend them, gentlemen; let us follow even from afar, but with faith, upon the glorious footsteps which we have just surveyed; and if already you feel this de-sire, if the vain shadows of the past lessen in your mind, if your strength grow greater and with a presentiment that you will not be useless in the cause of the Church and mankind, ah! do not seek the reason; say to yourselves that God has for once spoken to you by the soul of O'Connell.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

At a meeting held in Dublin on the 12th ult., at the instance of the Lord Mayor, the sum of £360 was subscribed for the sufferers by the floods in

At the Armagh Assizes, July 10, a presentment for £67 128. 6d., moiety of £135 for expenses of additional police force, from March 16 to 20, was laid before the Grand Jury.

A skeleton, supposed to be that of a woman, was found about 14 feet below the surface of the earth by some workmen who are making excavation on the Queen's Quay, Belfast.

"THE HEART'S BLOOD OF A PROTESTANT."-Samuel Edgur, a well-known and deep-dyed Orangeman, was put forward by Constable E'Cachney, at Belfast, on the charge of drunkenness and shouting out the heart's blood of a Protestant." He was sent to prison for two months.

The Agricultural Society of Carlow, have issued their premium sheet for '75. We find the following encouraging prizes are offered :- £200, three cups, and a gold medal; also a golden challenge medal value 15 guineas.

St. Patrick's church, Dungannon, not being yet completed for want of the necessary funds, the Bishop has given Rev. Patrick Corr, C. C., leave of absence for some time to collect funds to clear off the liabilities on the building.

GRATTAN'S HOUSE .- The tenantry on the Lucken property, Cavan, as soon as they learned that Mr. Edward Kennedy was the purchaser, gave manifestation of their pleasure by lighting large bon-fires The property was formerly presented to the patriot Henry Grattan as an act of gratitude by the Irish people.

At the Land Session in Tralee, July 9, a claim to the amount of £518 was made by Daniel Sullivan against Captain Barry, for improvements on a farm of 61 acres at Ross, from which Sullivan has been evicted on the expiration of a lease. The chairman allowed a sum of £88, but deducted £45 for rent and

At a meeting of the Thurles Guardians, held July 14, a communication from the Local Government Board, with which was enclosed a letter from Mr. John Cormack, Borrisoleigh, describing that village as the "filthiest spot in Iroland," and that the water used by the inhabitants was filtered by passing through three water closets.

The linen trade of Ulster has for the past eighteen months been in a very depressed condition. and, unhappily, matters have not as yet assumed a cheerful aspect. Some heavy failures have recently taken place in Belfast, and it is reported in commercial circles in the town that another house has been obliged to give way.

A correspondent, writing from Wexford under date July 8, says: New potatoes are now no novelty; they may be got in the markets at from 1s. to 1s. 2d. per stone. I have tried several sorts, but find them all, with one exception (which were grown, I believe, at the Loretto Convent of this town), very wet and damp, and have seen black ones.

The Corn Market Trustees Cork met, July 8, and appointed a committee to consider the market, in view of a late adverse decision of the House of Lords on their claim to levy a toll on foreign corn in this port, and to report as to the best manner of meeting their liabilities, whether by sale of part of the market or otherwise. The trustees owe £2,000, but the market was estimated by one of the trustees to-day to be value for £50,000.

On the 15th ult., a large and influential meeting of the parishioners of Kilrush and the clergymen of the surrounding districts, was held in the vestry of Marquis of Bute and eldest daughter of the recentlythe Catholic church in Kilrush, to further the Butt | deceased Countess of Loudoun. She is past 21 years Testimonial fund. Several addresses were made, and it was resolved to take up a collection for the benefit of the fund.

The Irish assizes of this summer will compare favourably with any criminal records, for the same time, in any country on earth. In most counties the cases are merely a few, and they are all of a most trivial character. Still Britain cannot rule us without coercion, and we know the reason why .- Dublin Cor. United Irishman.

At the Ennis July fair the following prices were realized: Yearlings, £6; good quality, £7. Lambs, £1 78. to £1 9s., and in a few cases more. Young pigs, £1 to £1 is.; store pigs down, a few going at £3 5s. In the butter market there were sold about 150 firkins; prices, £3 6s.; highest, £3 14.; general buying, £3 10s. and £3 11s. per firkin. New potatoes, 10d. to 1s. per stone; old, 7d. Quantity of wool in, small; little advance on previous price, 1s. 6d. to 1s. 61d. for good quality. White cabbage in plenty; plants 3d. to 4d. per hundred.

On the 13th ult., in the townland of Tamnaneeny, about four miles from Derry, a child of four years old, named Robert Mitchel, followed his father to a field, where he was working with a grub-barrow for some time. The harrow was placed up against the ditch, and the little fellow, when lett alone, by some means overturned it on himself, and was killed in his efforts to extricate himself from the implement.

At an Orange meeting, held July 12, at Crossgar. W. Johnson, M. P., in the chair, amongst a series of resolutions passed was the following :- "That we pledge ourselves by every means to resist any attempt to dismember the British Empire, at home or abroad; and shall, in the interest of Protestantism, to the utmost of our power, cultivate a good understanding between the home countries, and the Colonies, as well as the perpetual union of Great Britain and Ireland."

At the Cavan July fair the following prices were realized: Beef from 70s. to 77s per cwt.; Mutton, 71d. to 8d. per lb. Three-years old heifers and bullocks from £11 10s. to £12 15s. ; two-years old ditto, £8 10s. to £10 10s.; yearling ditto, £5 to £7 10s. milch cows, from £13 10s. to £16; strippers, from £12 to £14. Sheep: The demand for fat sheep was good, and prices ranged from £3 5s. to £3 15s. other descriptions selling from £1 17s, to £2 10s. each; lambs, £1 10s to £1 15s. Small pigs sold at remunerative prices, but there was an entire absence of heavy bacon pigs.

Sister Mary Stanislaus, Superioress, daughter of Mr. Mathew Kenny, Thomondgate, Limerick, with six other nuns and three postulants of the Ennis Convent, in response to an invitation from the Bishop of the diocese, took their departure a few weeks ago for Maitland, Australia. The good Sisters were escorted to the railway station by the Mechanics band, and a large number of the town's people. The spirit of obedience, devotion, and self-sacrifice which impel those ladies to this distant mission, inspires one with a deep reverence for the faith they pro-

The return of the number of emigrants from Ireland shows that the total net decrease during the first six months of the year 1875, as compared with 50001.—London Universe.

the corresponding period of 1874, was 14,686. total emigration from Ireland in each year from May 1, 1851, to June 30, 1875, was 2,357,024. The greatest exodus was in 1852, when 190,322 left; and the lowest for the half year ending June 30, 1875, when the number dwindled down to 31,095.

On the 15th ult., as an elderly gentleman, stopping at the Imperial Hotel, Kilkenny, giving the name of Robert Crawford, did not appear, his room door was forced open, when he was found dead in a pool of blood, an open razor in his hand, and histhroat cut. Bank of Ireland notes for nearly 6001, and a list of securities for 3,000% in Dublin and Drogheda Railway stock, also a memorandum of a charge on the lands of Sallen, county Meath, were found in his possession.

A communication from Maryborough, Queen's Co., dated July 5 says :- During the past week wehave still had a continuance of rain, and yet without doing injury to anything, all the grown crops looking healthy and well in every direction, and rapidly progressing. On July 1 we had a downpo'r of rains in this neighborhood of about an hour's duration. the like of which no living man remembers for intensity. It was more like what people read of asoccuring in the tropics than in our more favored land. The militia, encamped on the great Heath, were driven clean out of their tents by it. In somefields the drills were filled up with it, and it covered for the time being both turnips and late sown potatoes, tearing them up-some by the roots--and sweeping them a considerable distance.

At the Kilkenny monthly fair, hold July 14, thefollowing prices were realized: Beef from 70s. to 75s. per cwt. ; other descriptions sold from £15 10s. to £17 10s. Good store cattle, 91, 9s. to 101, 10s.; milch cows, 1.16 10s. to 191 10s.; springers, 181 10s. to 23/, 10s.; strippers, 11l, 11s. to 12l, 10s.; three-year-old heifers, 111. 10s. to 136. 13s.; two Acar old, from 111. 10s. to 121. 10s.; yearlings, 71. 7s. to 81. 10s.; good large bullocks, 101. to 111. 11s.; yearlings, 4l. 10s. to 5l. 10s. Fat sheep, 65s. to 70s.; lambs, 28s. to 30s. Heavy bacon pigs, 5l. 5s. to 6l. 10s.; porkers, 2l. to 3l. 10s.; stores, 2l. to 3l; bonhams, 18s. to 26s. Good agricultural horses, 17l. to 261; colts and half-breeds, 351. to 55.

Neil Dougherty, a wealthy Irish-American, died In Brooklyn last September, bequeathing the bulk of his property for the establishment of a school in the parish of Rye, County Donegal, to be known as the Dougherty American Institute. Dougherty had but one relative, a maiden sister, who shared with him the ambition of his life, which was to found the school alluded to. They kept a grocery store at the corner of Court and Schermerhorn streets. Some years ago the sister died. A short time after her death, Dougherty became afflicted, but managed to get along without help until a few months before his death. The will of the deceased was executed Aug. 27, 1874. Some triffing bequests were made to people known to the deceased in Brooklyn: the remainder amounts to about \$100,000.

THE BUTT TESTIMONIAL,-The following gratifying lettrer from the Most Rev. Dr. P. Dorrian has been published by the secretary of the Butt Testimonial "Belfast, 7th July, 1875.

"My DEAR Sin,-I had expected, when last in Dublin, that an opportunity would have turned out of handing to some member of the committee my subscription to the 'Butt Testimonial Fund,' but I found my time too much occupied. As I fully approve of the movement for the above object, and consider it but simple justice not to suffer one who so exclusively devotes his time and talents to the service of his country-and at such sacrifice-to remain uncared for by those for whom he labours, I request you to hand in for me the enclosed cheque for £10, and I carnestly hope that gratitude will not be wanting large and generous enough to requite services so valuable, and also disinterested, as Mr. Butt has long rendered to the important questions he had so heartily esponsed.-Believe meto remain very faithfully yours,

" | P. DORRIAN.

"P. MacCabe Fay, Fav."

GREAT BRITAIN,

CONVERSION OF LADY FLORA HARTINGS - The Rothesay correspondent of the South Wales Daily News telegraphs that Lady Flora Hastings has become a Catholic. This young lady is cousin to the of age, and has been spending the winter in the Isle of Bute, where her guardians, the Marquis of Bute and Lady Bute, have been residing.

A Lancasume Juny .- At Kirkdale Quarter Sessions, on the 21st Wednesday, in a case in which a wife was charged with unlawfully wounding her husband, the jury, after the case for the prosecution had been clearly proved, returned a verdict of not guilty, as they considered there must have been provocation. The presiding magistrate said he must really ask the jury to reconsider their verdict, as there had been no evidence of provocation. After further deliberation the jury, through their foreman, returned the following verdict :- "We find the prisoner not guilty. It was simply a family quar-

How an Extensive Agriculturist was Punished FOR KICKING AND BEATING A FARM SERVANT - JOSEPH Hellaby, an extensive Warwickshire agriculturist, living in the parish of Polenworth, has been convicted by the Athelstone magistrates for assaulting by kicking and beating a farm servant in his em-ploy. The youth had trampled upon and injured a few mangolds growing in one of the defendant's fields, after which the latter seized him by the hair of his head and kicked him several times. Defendant was fined £2 7s., including costs.

What a splendid thing it must be to have an Archbishop of Canterbury as a relative. In a circular lately issued we found the following analysis of the disinterested and saintly mode in which his grace of Canterbury exercises the patronage attachable to his high office, nothwithstanding that in the House of Lords, some time ago he said that he regarded patronage as "a public trust." This is the way he discharges that public trust :-

"St. Martin's, Canterbury, £320, A. B. Strettell, married Mrs. Tait's cousin; Appledore, £330, M. D. French, Mrs. Tait's nephew (?); Boughton, £420, H. M. Spooner, Mrs. Tait's nephew; Monk's Eligh, £590, J. Connell, Dr. Tait's cousin; Staple, £655, R. French Blake, Mrs. Tait's nephew (?); Kennington, £790, E. H. Fisher, married Dr. Tait's cousin; Minster, £820, A. H. Sitwell, nephew of Mrs. Tait's sister; Hadleigh, £1345, Edward Spooner, Mrs. Tait's brother. Livings giving to chaplains and private friends:-Archdenconry of Canterbury, £1000 Dr. Parry, chaplain; Addington, £307, E. W. Knollys, chaplain's son; Bishorsbourne, £700, C. W. Sanford, chaplain; Chiddingstone, £879, E. H. Lee, secretary's brother; Saltwood £784, W. F. E. Knollys, chaplain: Walmer, £400, Alexander Ewing, Scotch friend; Wittersham, 2016, S. H. Parkes, private friend. Livings giving to deserving curates: -Ash, West Marsh, £250, Lewis Clarke: Challock, £250, Julian Pratt: Hawkinge, £138, W. Legg; Waterloo, St. John's, £200, A. J. Robinson; Monkton, £340, E. H. M'Lachlan; Nicholas-at-Wade, £300, H. B. Smith; Romney, Old, £286, W. Anderson; Sittingbourne, £300, W. H. Dyson; Stanstead, £387, W. E. M. Nunn: Whitstable, £300, H. M. Maugham; Womenswould, £200, Nathaniel Dimock."

All these are relatives and connections of his grace. It appears from this that Dr. Tait has distributed only 1200l. a year to meritorious curates, whilst to his relatives and friends he has given

The True Mitness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

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

G. E. CLERK, EDITOR.

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

S. M. PETTENGILL & Co., 37 Park Row, and Geo. Rowell & Co., 41 Park Row, are our only authorized Advertising Agents in New Yerk.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 13, 1875

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

August-1875.

Friday, 13-Of the Octave. Saturday, 14—Fast. Vigil of the Assumption. Sunday, 15—13 P. Assumption of the B. V.

Mary. Monday, 16—St. Roch, C. Tuesday, 27-Octave of St Lawrence. Wednesday, 18-St. Hyacinth, C. Thursday, 19-Of the Octave.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

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

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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

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

for the plague-stricken populace. Continuous rains have fallen recently in different parts of France, especially in the basin of the

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

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

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

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

In South Australia the policy of the Govern- ground

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

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

THAT INQUISITION "WITNESS"-ISM.

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

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

We would remind the Wilness that his Lordship the Bishop of Montreal is not to be held responsible for the utterances of the TRUE WITNESS.

THE O'CONNELL CENTENNIAL AND PROTESTANTS.

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

It is not true: they excluded themselves. Individual Irish Protestants were invited to the first meetings held to organize the celebration, but only one attended. Then a deputation waited on the President of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, inviting that Society to take part in the procession. The President immediately called a meeting, at which the following resolution was carried by a majority of 12:-

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

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

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

A SHOW WORTH SEEING.

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

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

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

THE

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

The much talked of Hundredth Anniversary of

the birth of Daniel O'Connell, about which so

IN

MONTREAL.

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

THE SERMON.

of ccremonies.

Father Dowd who preached was apparently suffering from indisposition, but he delivered his discourse with telling effect. He took for his text the following passage from the 111th psalm :--

"The just shall be in everlasting remembrance;

he shall not fear the evil hearing." The Revd. Gentleman said he replaced a distinruished prelate who was invited to address them on this memorable occasion, who, though absent, was present in spirit. His occupation and time of life did not fit him to speak to them as they had a right to expect, but he would speak of points in the character of the great man suitable to the holiness of God's house, and which conveyed lessons of wisdom and religious duty. This limit would of necessity exclude much that they desired to hear. They, with a true regard of the great O'Connell, had a right to hear much, without which they could not | nell, but still more grateful to God, who sent him. summon before their eyes a true picture of his uni-

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

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

Catholic Emancipation in 1829, O'Connell cut of Catholic Emancipation in 1025, O connect cut of with one stroke that which was most galling, that was most insulting and most unjust to the Irish race. Catholic Emancipation was a large instal. ment of justice, but to fully comprehend the mag-nitude of the boon, they would have to look back to the condition of their co-religionists in 1829. The pleadings of O'Connell brought every just and right-thinking man, not only in Europe, but throughout the whole civilized world, to cry out shame upon England, and force England to yield, and remove her pet exotic from the soil of Ireland. Other instalments had been received, and only one remained, but it was the germ of all the rest. He thought all within the hearing of his voice would agree with him when he said that O'Connell was deserving of praise for these boons. He it was who organized the nation and taught it to work under his guidance. Whilst doing this work he spread the programme of justice to Ireland, teaching them never to cease working. The great spirit of O'Connell is not dead. He lived and walked amongst the green hills of his native land. Others before him undertook the task and failed, but he received a special mission from God to liberate Ireland, and He endowed him with a love of freedom and of religion, without which the success would not have been so great. In his religious principles was the secret of his greatness. Speaking of O'Connell's religious principles the rev. father said that the people of Ireland trusted him. There were nominal Catholics who were a sham, and the weakness of their holy religion. Did he say O'Connell was one of them? No. Had be been such Catholic Ireland would not have trusted him-good Catholic Ireland would not have been celebrating his memory as she was this day. He would not say Catholic Ireland had not friendsdear and noble friends—amongst the Protestants who were pure minded working advocates of their cause; this he would not say, because it would be both false and ungrateful to say it; but he did assert, and he thought it would be admitted by all that it was fit that the Catholic people of Ireland should be led to liberty by a chief of their own faith; and he further stated in defence of O'Connell's religious status that the faithful and religious people of Ireland would never have followed and trusted the lead to a man whose name as a Catholic was not respected by the Church, They would never have trusted the advocacy of the sacred right of their faith to a nominal Catholic, Ireland had too much love for God to trust such a man. O'Connell was not a men of that character. He despised duplicity-his mind abborred inconsistency. He was a Catholic and acted as a Catholic. His faith was of that robust and lively kind which never failed to show itself on every proper occasion. Whenever he made a speech in any town he would appeal to God, (this he, Father Dowd, had seen him do.) He was not acting, and when in a triumphal car drawn by thousands or his fellow countrymen, on passing a chapel, O'Connell not only uncovered his noble head, but bowed his head profoundly. He saw this and asserted most positively that it was an expression of reverence which could only come from the deep recesses of a religious heart. O'Connell never offended a man of opposite religious views, but was always armed to repel any attack made in public or private against his faith and the discipline of his church. As a necessary consequence of this earnest faith be loved the Catholic church with a true and impartial love. His reverence for holy things was a lesson to the most learned Catholics. He had seen Protestants stand for half an hour looking with a kind of religious awe whilst he kneeled at service. Father Dowd related the incident of O'Connells' attendance as a pall-bearer at Cobbett's funeral and his withdrawal on the Protestant service being commenced. This he held was as an example to all good Catholics; for that act he was not put down as a bigot but as an honorable man. Father Dowd next referred to the moral and physical force of man. O'Connell, he held, was the apostle of moral force; he preached moral force as the force only for obtaining justice for Ireland. With any other people than the Irish and any other teacher than O'Connell, this application of moral force might have failed; but with him it obtained a victory unpar history of nations. He reduced his teachings to a few plain words and he repeated them in all his speeches, until they were learned and understood, and believed and acted upon by every peasant in Ireland. He would say at times " He who commits a crime give strength to the enemy." "No amount of human liberty is worth one drop of human blood." By the teachings of this moral force O'Connell brought the weakest, most depressed and down-trodden country in Europe to conquer the strongest, proudest, and most obstinate Government on the face of the globe; placed justice and reason side by side. In conclusion, Father Dowd invoked the vast audience not to let the centenary of O'Connell's birth pass as an idle show. They must crown it with a monument. He not mean a monument in some public place of dross or marble, but with one more worthy the generous Irish race—resolve to imitate his example and follow his teachings. The whole heart and the whole mind of O'Connell was before them in the last words utterred by the great man when dying in a foreign land,-"I leave my soul to God and my body to Ireland." The Mass was then continued, a grand solemn benediction being pronounced by the Bishop at the

wound that had been festering for centuries could

be healed so soon, nor was it possible for one man to accomplish it. But what O'Connell left undone

it was in those days impossible to do. By the

close.

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

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

THE ADDRESSES.

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

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. He 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 vociferous 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 tor gave us a sermon, the memory of which will never be effaced from our recollection. (Loud Applause.) This explains; and, therefore, if there are men in Montreal who seek to give our celebration 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-

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)

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

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

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

geration. (No, no.) All nations have needed great

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 master 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. 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, \$1.50 per year

P. CALLAHAN, Publisher. MONTREAL Sample Copies

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 Es-

tate 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.

O'CONNELL CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION. (CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.) men, it must never be forgotten-for if we forge 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 failing 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; through King John's days who made it no murder to kill an Irishman; through the days of Edward the Fourth who for the murder of Irishmen gave large rewards; through Elizabethan days when her dear "Virgin" Majesty had nothing more in Ireland to rule over, as Mountjoy told her, but "cas-cades and ashes"; through Cromwellian days, when Sir Charles Coote discovered the necessity of killing, "not only the Irish foxes, but also the Irish cubs," and, therefore, gave orders te spare no Irish human creatures above dimensions of a span long; through all the dreadful days from Henry I. down to Charles II., when "they smote us with the swester's oath and with the murderer's knife;" smote us with hunger, and nakedness, and imprisonment, and bal-ter, and rack, and sword, and lead, and fire; smote us hip and thigh, as Joshua smote Canaanite, counting it for a scandal to let one of us survive. But somehow we could not be got rid of at the Saxon shambles; somehow the blood of Irishmen was the seed of even more Irish still; somehow the old names, with the old Mac's and O's before them, could not be blotted out from the record of Ireland. The destruction of the Irish people being found impossible, the next thing attempted was their demoralisation. And that was attempted through the systematic agency of a code of laws which Edmund Burke, the largest and profoundest genius in all the roll of politics, has pronounced to be for its fearful purposes the most perfect instrument that was ever shaped by the perverted ingenuity of man, "All the penal laws of that unparalleled code of oppression," proceeds the great statesman, "were mani-"festly the effect of national hatred and national " scorn towards a conquered people, whom the vic-" tors delighted to trample, and whom they were " not at all afraid to provoke." " The true origin of the state in which the Irish found themselves," writes Thibaut, "was the deliberate intention sternly acted upon by all English Governments to " make this island one vast poor-house, or one vast "lunatic asylum." " The Irish peasant," says the German Protestant Ruderer, "is born, suffers, is de-"moralized, dies: that is all his history." Too well," says the English Godlin, "too well did the " penal code accomplish its dreadful work of de-" basement on the intellectual, moral, physical con-" dition of a people sinking in degeneracy from age " to age, till all manly spirit, all virtuous sense of "personal independence, was nearly extinct, and the very features, vacant, timid, unreflective, be-" trayed the crouching slave within." This English, you see, ladies and gentlemen, were the countrymen of Baun and Newton, a scientific race; they ruined by system and debauched by law. Property gives a man a sense of independence: therefore, to the Irish the Penal Laws allow no property. Religion gives the power of resisting debasement; therefore must the Irish have no religion. Knowledge listens to a sense of personal dignity, had a hope of doing by light (or if not that by lightning) what cannot be done by lead; therefore, no knowledge must the Irish have but the one knowledge taught them by whip and scourge, that they are inevitably and by eternal predestination slaves. Slaves they must be, and slaves who cannot read or write, or think, or pray. Nay, although this direct action of the Penal Laws exhibits in a sufficiently vivid light the sim of our masters, and though this direct action was the rule when O'Connell came, still, as often happens, one little exception to the rule illustrates the purpose of the legislator much more perfectly than the rule itself. For at least one hundred years before the appearance of O'Connell the existence of pricets in Ireland was, under the severest penalties, forbidden by the law. And yet throughout that period Ireland had within her borders priests in abundance; their existence was obliged, of course, to a show of secrecy, but with that condition they were permitted to do their work in peace. And what, think you, was the cause of this unusual and unnatural English generosity? Mr. Froude explains it : he says, "if the Irish had be-" come Protestant, they would have become edu-" cated and therefore dangerous; it was easier to " keep them down while they were ignorant Papists " reverencing the laws even of Nero, and rebelling "only when the right of rebellion became identical " with the right of self-preservation." That reveals the sublime secret of England's more matured policy towards what is jocosely termed "the sister isle." Its aim was to degrade the Irish, and at all costs to keep them degraded. The Irish were a proud race; the Penal Laws would break their pride. They were an intelligent race; the Penal Laws would change them either into shivering idiots or into growling brutes. They were a brave race; the Penal Laws would so weaken and shrivel up their bodies as that their bravery would be of small utility. They were a religious race; the Penal Laws would forbid them to worship God at all, or if this worship were at all allowed them, it was only with the hope that to them the Great Spirit of Freedom would be revaled as the God of by the end of the 18th century this aim was nearly reached. The people were broken down in body and heart, and soul. They had been starved so long that they were literally but the shadows of their former selves. They had been whipped so long that they began to take it natural to cringe and whine. They had been so long treated as an inferior race that "the Quality" par excellence became their word for their masters. They had trusted in God so long and to all seeming so fruitlessly that they began to think themselves, what some venerable elders think them even now, a sacrificed people, God-ordsined and God-forced to do nothing but suffer and bleed and die. It was to change all that; to strike of English fetters from the hands and hearts and minds and souls of Irishmen, that O'Connell resolved and rose. God's work in Ireland had been well-nigh undone. True, the bodies and souls of that Celtic race, the tall and beautiful, the keen and brilliant, the high-hearted and noble, God's blessed image had been well-nigh erased. It was O'Connell's mission to show God's image in Irishmen again, and to put our people free and fearless, self-reliant and self-respecting upon their feet once more. In that awful 18th century some things had occurred to throw a little grateful light upon that sad picture which I have been presenting. As the system of extermination had failed so the system of brutalization had failed too. The subsequent history of the race has shown that its degradation was never more than superficial, and that in Ireland the stain of slavery was never more than skin-deep. The conduct of the people just before O'Connell entered upon his appointed work had proved the same. Grattan and the volunteers had shown that the love of liberty was not yet extinct; the Wexford men of '98 had demonstrated pretty forcibly that Irish bravery was still surviving; and men whose name and office I bear, I know unworthily, had illustrated that there were lengths of tyranny beyond which the peaceful priesthood of Ireland, would not permit the higher powers to go. But then the volun-teer movement was not strictly an Irish movement Grattan was not strictly identified with the Irish now possesses, and, I respectfully submit, possesses I reland's freedom at the cost of even one drop of people; even Grattan failed; and the horrid butchers without having carned it as sorely as Ireland, he blood, and that, consequently, for the advocates of

of '98 followed up the inquitous and disastrous union ail 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 mese 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 therefrom 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 certainity 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 screne visages of the Jesuits of St. Omer's becomes suddenly filled, as though the Divine Breath were on him, with the spirit which led Isreal 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'Esterre, 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 cur 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 forever 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 the light upon the face of great Demosthenes, as, in known to the executive; but this existence was that immortal speech, he raised that immortal hand winked at quietly, and never except at rare intervals and swore that immortal oath of liberty, "by the did the executive enforce the law. The priests were lives of them that fell at Marathon !" Oh, to have heen upon the Cloutarf Friday evening, when the men of Munster drove the Danes into the sea! Ob, 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 liar who 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 Moses. That was the aim of the Penal Laws; and | 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 not 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 Eugland. 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 deemed; the response, to my mind final, is that Canadian slavery of which he complains appears to | Daniel O'Connell, the wisest man of all our race, be that Canada has any connection with the Mother Empire at all. O'Connell would not have been so

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 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 awoke, 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 impenitent thief," the crass stupidity of the majority in the 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 despairs; 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 has 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 fullness 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 reverenced it, trusting God as O'Coanell trusted him, would by wise council and untiring energy and burning cloquence and majestic genius, unite for Ireland's cause the world-wide Irish race, and, treading 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 toils 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 She, 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 conquerer and queen, ah! then shall she bid her trumpets tell that amidall 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 kingliest 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 ourelves, and what is better, to our enemies, what with a fitting leader we can do. Irishmen-our enemies say complacently, we ourselves say despondentlycannot be united; the answer is that under the guidance of O'Connell all Ireland moved as a single man. Ireland, we are told, if entrusied 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 Motheriand, I, for one, have never doubted, that not by speech and writing, but by blood and iron must Ireland be rewas not of that opinion; that he, throughout his long career, set his face sternly against the patriothard to satisfy. Did he get for Ireland what Canada ism of the barricades; that he would not purchase now possesses, and, I respectfully submit, possesses Ireland's freedom at the cost of even one drop of

would have known how to keep his tongue from bloodshed to claim fellowship with O'Connell is foolish threatenings, and to rest and be thankful. either a blind blunder or an impudent pretence, as miserable in its purpose as it s mischievous in its effects. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, and Ireland, as no one feels more deeply than myself, 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 ment or elsewhere, can be done by little men. But may have long to wait till the voice of Justice has oh! on this 6th of August one hundred years ago, when Ireland's future was far blacker than it is to-day, among so many babies that were useless one was born not useless by any means. In that 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, greathearted, 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 Benburb 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 na-tion's voice, whose heart will be the nation's heart, whose soul will be the nation's soul-one man whom British Parliament; the cowardly irresoluteness of whose soul will be the nation's coul—one man whom many of his own followers, the undue impatient all will recogize as a king of thought, and a king of forwardness of many others; most of all the dogged speech, and a king of men; but let one such arise, determination of the English colony in Ireland at | and the old spirit will awake once more—once more any cost to preserve the union; all these were against | the millions shall gather on hills, and the new O'Conhim; but with him there was his own indomitable | nell shall take his place, not as a king and conoueror, 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 selfgovernment with the same determination to be the lors 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 splen-did 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 rule us 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 Stateman's anxious face

Dathi's power and Byron's far And headlong 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-striken, 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 assemblage.

It was late before the proceedings were brought to a close.

Breakfast—Epps's Codda—Gratefol and Comfort ing.—" 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., Homeopathic Chemists, 48, Threadneedle Street, and 170, Piccadilly Works, Euston Road and Camden Town, London. MANUFACTURE OF COCOA .- "We will now give an account of the process adopted by Mesers. James Epps & Co, manufacturers of dictic 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 BEFERENCE 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 ment the patronage so liberally bestowed on the late firm.
MICHAEL J. O'BRIEN, Sc.

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. CROFTS CERTIFICATE

Tononto University, July, 1875. 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 Cholen, Diarrhes, and all summer complaints.

(Signed) HENRY H. CROFT.

Sold by all Druggists and Medicine Dealers, at 37} cents per Bottle.

-0-:----

MILBURN, BENTLEY & PEARSON, Aug 13] Proprietors, Toronto. [3m5]

MISCELLANEOUS.

OLD LADY-"Is this a smoking carriage?" Fellow (inside—"No, marm; if you want to smoke you must go higher up."

"It's generally the case with bad boys," philosophically remarks Miss Anthony, "that they look like their mother and act like their father."

A Kansas paper says :- " A mule kicked an ina name part in this place on the cheek the other The agents cheek was uninjured, but the mule's hoof was broken."

"I swear," said a gentleman to his lady-love, " you are very handsome." "Pooh!" said the lady, "so you would say if you did not think so." "And so you would think "answered he "all you are yould think "answered he "all you hand so you would think "answered he "all you hand so you would think "answered he "all you hand so you would think "answered he "all you hand so you have a so you had you have a so you had you had you had you had you have a so you had you would think," answered he, "though I should not say so."

There was a ludicrously sudden descent from the sublime to the ridiculous where a clergyman preaching on the "Ministry of Angels" suddenly observed, hear a whisper," the change of tone started one of the deacons, who sat below, from a drowsy mood, and springing to his feet he cried, "It's the boys in the gallery."

At a prayer-meeting an old man got up and prayed for a son now in a felon's cell for the crime of murder. Another old man trembling joined his prayers, adding that he, too, had a son, but he had been murdered. Their names were made known and the fathers of Edward S. Stokes and James Fisk, Jr., stood for the first time face to face. Chicago Tribune.

"FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS." Thousands of human beings are yearly borne on the swift current of disease down to the grave, just because they do not possess a sufficient knowledge of themselves. A man meets his neighbor, and the inst salutation is, "How are you?" or "How is your health?" The reply frequently is, "Oh, I am well, with the exception of a cold." Most persons lightly regard a cold. Reader, do you know that a cold is one of the most dangerous of maladies?-A cold not only clogs up the pores of the entire system, and retards circulation, but it is productive of Catarrh, which is quite apt to lead to Consumption. Oh," you say, "it is nothing but a cold in my head." True; but that cold is really a mild form of Catarrh, and if not arrested in its course will become chronic, Catarrhis one of the most disagreeable, offensive affections in the catalogue of diseases. The passage to the nose is obstructed, the sense of smell impaired, and there is a disagreeable sensation of pressuce in the head. In the more advanced stages, there is a discharge having an offensive odor. It the disease be allowed to continue in its course. thick, hard incrustations will form in the head, the bones of which sometimes become softened and break away in pieces. Why will persons continue to suffer from such an annoying, disgusting disease, when they can just as well be cured of it? Dr. Sage's Catarrh Hemedy will cure the worst forms of Catarrh; in fact, it is the only sure and safe remedy which has yet been offered to the public. Many harsh, irritating preparations may, for a time relieve the urgency of the symptoms, but they do not cure the disease. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is soothing and healing in its effects, and when used with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche, according to directions, does not fail to effect a cure. Sold by all Druggists.

CONSULTING OFFICE FOR CONSUMPTIVES. WESTERN MEDICAL INSTITUTE,) CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Mr. JANES I. FELLOWS. DEAR SIR: We were induced to prescribe your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites by Dr. McMaster, and its use has been attended with such satisfactory results as to warrant our employing it largely from this time forward.

A. SLEE, Sr., M. D. Fellow's Hypophosphites is sold by all respectable apothecaries. No other Hypophosphites pre-paration is adapted to substitute for this.

All that Art can Accomplish in beautifying strengthening and preserving the human hair is effected by Burnett's Cocoaine. This incomparable Hair Dressing imparts a glossiness that is healthy and natural. It is a cooling regetable oil, agreeable and clean and dresses the hair perfectly.

MEACHER WANTED for the Reman Catholic eparate School, Male Department, Alexandria Glengarry. Eugagement to commence at once .-Good references required-A. D. M'PHEE, S. & T.

WANTED-for the R. C. S. School, Cornwall, a MALE TEACHER, holding a First or Second Class Certificate. Salary liberal to a competent teacher. Duties to commence on the 15th August.—M. McENIRY, Secretary Board R. C. School Trustees.

S. M. PETTENGILL .. CO., 10 State Stree Boston, 37 Park Row, New York, and 701 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, are our Agents for procuring advertisements for our paper (The True Witness) in the above cities, and authorized to contract for advertising at our lowest rates.

COSTELLO BROTHERS, GROCERIES and LIQUORS, WHOLESALE, (Nun's Buildings,)

49 St. Peter Street, Montreal,



JOHN CROWE

BLACK AND WHITE SMITH LOCK-SMITH,

BELL-HANGER, SAFF-MAKER AND

GENERAL JOBBER Has Removed from 37 Bonaventure Street, to ST. GEORGE, First Door off Craig Street.

Montreal. ALL ORDERS CAREFULLY AND PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO

JOHN HATCHETTE & CO., LATE MOORE, SEMPLE & HATCHETTE,

(SUCCESSORS TO FITZPATRICE & MOORE,) IMPORTERS AND GENERAL WHOLESALE GROCERS,

WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS, 54 & 56 COLLEGE STREET MAY 1, '74] MONTREAL.

P. DORAN.

UNDERTAKER & CABINET MAKER 186 & 188 St. Joseph Street, Begs to inform his friends and the general public that he has secured several

Elegant Oval-Glass Hearses, which he offers for the use of the public at extremely moderate rates.

Wood and Iron Coffins of all descriptions constantly on hand and supplied on the shortest notice. GROERS PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.

CENTRAL MARBLE WORKS, 61 ST. ALEXANDER STREET.

-:0:-MICHAEL J. O'BRIEN,

SCULPTOR. MONUMENTS, MANTEL-PIECES, IN LARGE VARIETY, ALWAYS ON HAND.

August 6, 1875.

HEADQUARTERS CHROMOS HEADQUARTERS for FOREIGN and AMERICAN CHROMOS. Dealers, Agents, Trunk, and Box-makers, Newspaper Publishers, and Tea Stores will find a complete supply. Our new and brilliant specialities are unequaled. Our 9 x 11 Mounted Chromos outsell anything in the market Twelve Samples for \$1.00; one hundred for \$6.00 Illustrated Catalogues free.

J. LATHAM & CO., P. O. Box, 2154. 419 Washington Street,

Boston, Mass P. N. LECLAIR,

(Late of Alexandria,) PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, AND OBSTITRICAN, 252 GUY STREET.

Consultation Hours-8 to 10 a.m.; 12 to 2 p.m.-[4

COLLEGE OF OTTAWA.

CHARTERED IN 1866.

UNIVERSITY COURSE. -:0:-

THE COLLEGE OF OTTAWA, under the Direc tion of the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate, is situated in one of the most healthy localities of the city. Its central position affords every facility for the speedy and thorough acquisition of the knowledge of English and French. The Programme of Studies comprises :-

1st. Commercial Course. 2nd. Civil Engineering Course. 3rd, Classical Course.

The degrees of "B. A." and "M. A." are conferred after due examination,

The Scholastic Year is divided into two Terms of five Months each. At the end of each Term a General Examination is held, and reports are forwarded to Parents. The Annual Vacation begins on the last Wednesday of June, and ends on the 1st September.

FEES. Tuition and Board, Medical Attendance, Bed and Bedding, Washing and Mending, per Term\$30 00 Day Scholars per Term..... 12 50 Drawing and Vocal Music entail no extra charge,

Music Lessons on the Piano, per Term \$12 50 Use of Piano, per Term 5 00 Use of Library, per Term..... 2 50 The Students who wish to enter the College Band make special arrangements with its Superintendent,

EXTRAS.

N.B.-All charges are payable each Term in advance, and in Gold. For further information consult the printed "Prospectus and Course of Study," which will be immediately forwarded on demand.

June 11, 1875. INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of JAMES O'MEALEY, of the City of Montreal, Dealer in Fruit, and Trader, Insolvent.

The Insolvent has made an Assignment of his Estate to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at his place of business, 260 St. James street, in Montreal, on Wednesday, the 25th day of August, A.D. 1875, to receive statements of his affairs, and to apnoint an Assignee.

L. JOS. LAJOIF, Interim Assignee.

Montreal, 6th August, 1875.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of DAVID WATERS, of the City of Montreal, Accountant, general broker, as well individually as having carried on business in copartnership with Douglas Battersby, under the name or firm of BATTERSBY, WATERS

Insolvent The Insolvent has made an assignment of his estate and effects to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at his place of business, 138 St. James Street, in Montreal, on Monday the 23rd day of August, A. D. 1875, at 11 A.M., to receive statements of his affairs and to appoint an Assignce. L. JOS. LAJOIE,

Interim Assignee. Montreal, July 31, 1875.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of NAPOLEON GREGROIRE, of the City of Montreal, Tinsmith, Plumber, and

Trader. Insolvent. I, the undersigned, L. Jos. Lajoie, of the City of Montreal, have been appointed Assignee in this

Creditors are requested to fyle their claims before me, within one month, and are here notified to meet at my office, No. 97 St James Street, in the City of Montreal, on Monday the 30th day of August, 1875, at 4 o'clock p. m. for the examination of the Insolvent and for the ordering of the affairs

L. JOS. LAJOIE, Assignee.

Montreal, 27th July, 1875.

of the Estate generally.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of FRANCOIS CHARBONNEAU,

I, the undersigned, Georges Hyacinthe Dumesnil, of the City of Montreal, have been appointed Assignee in this matter.

Creditors are requested to fyle their claims before me within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my office, No. 212 Notre Dame Street, on the 30th day of August next, at 2 o'clock pm., for the examination of the Insolvent, and for the ordering of

the affairs of the estate generally.

The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend said meeting.

G. H. DUMESNIL. Official Assignee. Montreal, 27th July, 1875.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBER,

In the SUPERIOR COURT District of Montreal. In the matter of JAMES R. MEAD, of the City and District of Montreal, Shirt and Collar Manufacturer, carrying on business as such at Montreal aforesaid under the style and firm of J. R.

MEAD & CO., An Insolvent. On Monday, the seventeenth day of September next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a

discharge under the said Act.

JAMES R. MEAD,

Per JOHN S. ARCHIBALD,

His Attorney ad litem. Montreal, 28th July, 1875.

T. J. DOHERTY, B.C.L.,

ADVOCATE, &c., &c.,

No. 50 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. [Feb. '74 D. BARRY, B. C. L.,

ADVOCATE, 12 St. JAMES STREET MONTREAL. January 30, 1874.

CURRAN & COYLE,

212 NOTRE DAME STREET,

ADVOCATES,

MONTREAL. GRAY'S SYRUP

RED SPRUCE GUM

Highly recommended for

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, AND BRON-CHIAL AFFECTIONS, HEALING, BALSAMIC, EXPECTORANT, AND

TONIC.

Persons who are very susceptible to sudden changes of weather would do well to keep

GRAY'S SYRUP of RED SPRUCE GUM in the house.

Its delicious flavor makes it a great favorite with children. Price, 25 cents per bottle. For sale at all Drug Stores.

Prepared only by KERRY, WATSON & C .. Wholesale Druggists, Montreal.



McGOWAN'S DENTIFRICE.

To my Patients and the Public:

In transferring the entire manufacture of my 'DENTIFRICE" to Mr. B. E. McGALE, Chemist, of this city, I may add that I have used the above in my practice for the past twenty-four years, and conscientiously recommend it as a safe, reliable and efficient clenser of the Teeth, and a preparation well calculated to arrest decay and render the Gums firm and healthy. It is perfectly free from artificial coloring matter, acids, or other substances deliterious to the Teeth or Gums.

W. B. M'GOWAN, L.D.S. The above is prepared under my direct supervision with the greatest care and accuracy, and strictly ac-cording to the original recipe of Dr. W. B. McGowan, Surgeon Dentist, of this city.

B. E. McGALE, Chemist,

Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer, 301 St. Joseph Street, Montreal. MONTREAL, May 31st, 1875.

DEAR SIR,-Knowing the Composition of Dr. W. B. McGowan's Dentifrice, and having used it personally for sometime past, I can confidently recommend it as a safe and reliable powder for cleansing the teeth and improving the health of the mouth and gums.

I shall gladly recommend it to my patients and do all I can to increase its popularity.

JAMES PERRIGO, M.D.

To B. E. M'Gale, Chemist, Montreal.

THE

CHEAPEST AND BEST CLOTHING STORE

IN MONTBEAL . IS P. E. BROWN'S

No. 9, CHABOILLEZ SQUARE Persons from the Country and other Provinces w ll find this the

MOST ECONOMICAL AND SAFEST PLACE to buy Clothing, as goods are marked at the VERY LOWEST FIGURE.

ONLY ONE PRICE ASKED Don't forget the place:

BROWN'S 9, CHABOILLEZ SQUARB

pposite the Crossing of the City Cars, and near the G. T. R. Pepat Montreal, Jan. 1st, 1875. BEST VALUE



IN WORKMEN'S

STRONG SILVER LEVER

WATCHES

IN MONTREAL,

(Warranted Correct Timekeepers.) ΑT

WILLIAM MURRAY'S. 87 and 89 ST. JOSEPH STREET.

June 11, 1875

SCOTTISH COMMERCIAL Insurance Co FIRE & LIFE

CAPITAL, - \$10,000,000

Province of Quebec Branch, 1943 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL

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SIR FRANCIS HINCES, C.B., K.C.M.G. A. FREDERICH GAULT, Esq. EDWARD MURPHY, Esq. CHARLES S. RODIER, Jr., Esq.

Commercial Risks, Dwelling and Farm Property taken at current rates. THOMAS CRAIG, Res. Sec.

ROBERT DALGLISH, Esq.

51-6 | Montreal, I sb. 26, 1875,

FOR GENTLEMEN AND THEIR SONS. J. G. KENNEDY

AND COMPANY,

31 St. Lawrence Street, SUPPLY EVERY DESCRIPTION of ATTIRE. READY-MADE, or to MEASURE,

at a few hours' notice. The Material Fit, Fashion and Workmanship are of the most superior descrip-tion, and legitimate economy is adhered to in the

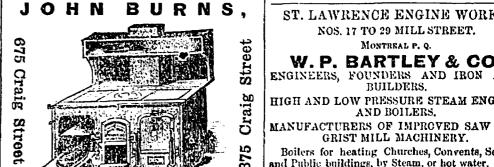
BOYS' SUITS......\$2 TO 12 PARISIAN, BRUSSELS, NEW STYLES. LORNE, SWISS, TUNIC.

SAILOR. J. G. KENNEDY & CO.,

31 ST. LAWRENCE STREET, beg to draw attention to their Home-Spun Fabrics which are especially manufactured in every variety of color and design, twisted in warp and weft so as to make them extremely durable. This material can be strongly recommended for Tourists, Sea-side and Lounging Suits-Prices from \$10 50.

J. G. KENNEDY & CO., 31 ST. LAWRENCE STREET.

Display the Largest and Most Varied Stock in the Dominion. COMPLETE OUTFIT-INSPECTION INVITED



PLUMBER, GAS and STEAMFITTER, TIN, AND SHEET IRON WORKER, HOT AIR FURNACES, &c.

SOLE AGENT FOR

Bramhall, Deane & Co's Celebrated French COOKING RANGES,

675 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL. - [April 2, '75

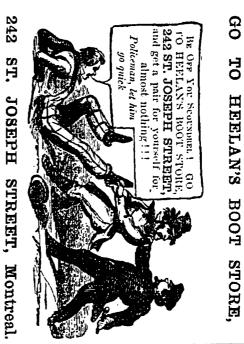
Hotel and Family Ranges.

REFERENCES: St. Lawrence Hall. Ottawa Hotel, St. James's Club,

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Jan. 15, 1875.



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