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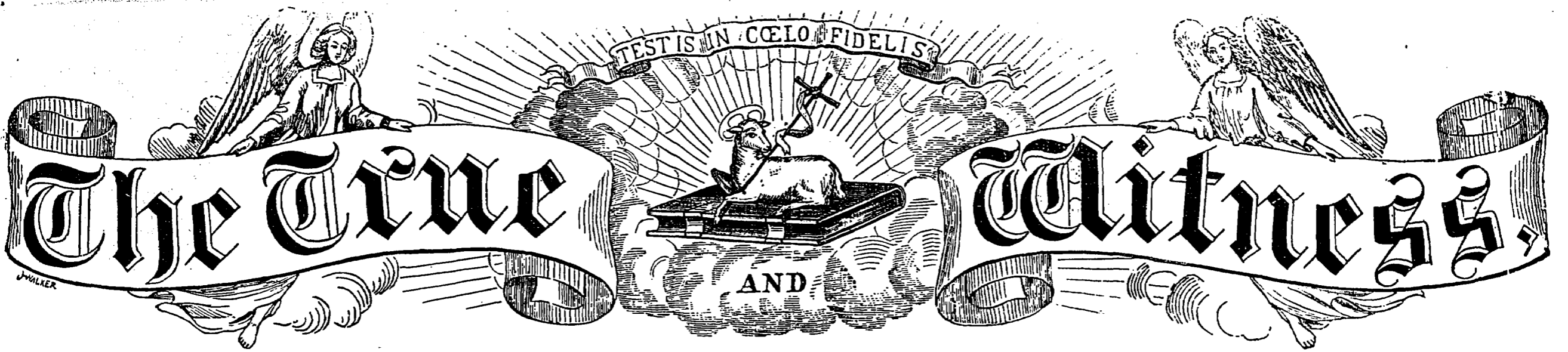
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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NO. 52.

JUBILEE BOOK,
CONTAINING
INSTRUCTION ON THE JUBILEE,
AND PRAYERS RECOMMENDED TO BE SAID IN THE
STATION CHURCHES;
To which is prefixed the Encyclical of
His Holiness POPE PIUS IX.,
For the ARCHDIOCESE of TORONTO, containing the
PASTORAL of HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP
LYNCH.
For the DIOCESE of LONDON, containing the
PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP
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SYDNEY EARLSTONE!

OR,
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-beanpled pasture-meadows, russet-
brown 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 sharp
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 languor.
The old man who was working at the many-colored
flower-bed; on the lawn had ceased from sheer fa-
tigue, 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 interlaced that one could not distinguish
their original source, and some gigantic lilac
bushes, the lower boughs of which were twined
round with wild convolvulus 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 wicket-gate always
locked.
This afternoon the nest was not empty. Half
buried in the bed of wild strawberries which formed
the carpet of the retreat lay a young lady, apparently
about nineteen. Her long hair had become un-
fastened, 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 pattering
on the dry leaves.
Scarcely had the rain commenced when a gentle-
man 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
again. Barely 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
been 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-

ed up startled at the intruder, and disclosed a pair
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 ad-
vanced 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 started
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 yonder 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
which was quickly withdrawn when she met his
look of intense admiration.
"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
you would credit."
After the pointed compliment which she had
brought on herself, the lady looked silent for a few
minutes, and they both looked out at the fast falling
rain.
Presently, meeting her glance, which could not
help expressing her curiosity at seeing so handsome
a stranger in these parts, where few such ever pen-
etrated, he said, merrily—
"You are wondering who it is that has so boldly
invaded your quiet domain. My name is Percy Cleve-
land; 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 remain 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 interest-
ed, and forgot for a few moments that he was a
stranger in the pleasant chat which she heard so sel-
dom from the man who frequented the baronet's
house. The rain had ceased some time, and the
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 hair—
"since I hardly expected to receive visitors, you
know."
"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
Easvale, where he had taken up his quarters the
day before, he lit a cigar, and while waiting for din-
ner began chatting with the landlord in a free and
easy manner which always opened the hearts of his
auditors.
"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
her. Though there be those as say that there ain'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 counte-
nance; 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 ever 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
directly."
"Oh no, you do not tire me; I am always interest-
ed in those sort of things."
The landlord bustled away, however, and present-

ly dinner was served, and sent back hardly tasted
to the good hostess' discomfiture.
Later on the evening Percy Cleveland sat brood-
ing 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
glenn like silver. Once he spoke bitterly: "Must
it be always thus?" And when the clock in the
village church struck two, he rose, and, sinking off
the fit of abstraction, was his own careless self once
more.
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 Cleve-
land 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 eloquent-
ly 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 raises be-
tween two persons who are not regularly introduc-
ed. He had so managed that Helen was hardly
aware that she was committing any breach of eti-
quette in permitting an acquaintance begun in so
unorthodox a manner to ripen into intimacy; or if
sometimes the thought crossed her mind, she dis-
missed it with the excuse that she could not help it.
So in that fortnight Percy had advanced rapidly,
and each day determining to leave on the mor-
row, each day put off the evil moment another
twenty-four hours, under every pretext but the right
one.
And Helen began to look forward to the quasi-
accidental meetings, when Percy, with cool effron-
tery, 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 contented 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
the end of the fortnight Percy began to feel that
Earlstone held a talisman which chained him ir-
resistibly to the spot which now seemed to him the
fairest in England.
One night, about the beginning of the third week,
as he strolled down the lane which skirted the park
wall, he felt an inclination to enter the grounds and
have a look at the Hall by moonlight. Perhaps the
idea that he might catch a glimpse of Helen at one
of the windows had something to do with it. How-
ever, he directed his course to the wicket-gate which
had been his means of entrance on a memorable
afternoon, and, waiting over it as before, proceeded
in the direction of the house.
It was a bright moonlight night, and the moon-
beams, 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 hoarse cry of the landrail
came from the meadows beyond, and sounded
strangely weird on the night breeze.
At last he reached the open, where trees border-
ed 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-
gret.
The windows were mostly lighted up, and from
one on the first floor, which was open, and shaded
by thick lace curtains, came sounds of merry music,
as the warm west wind stirred the folds of the hand-
some draperies. Evidently some gaieties were in
progress.
After a time the patient watcher was amply re-
warded. 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 alone. Percy had recognized
Helen immediately; and as the light fell on her
upturned face and dress of gauzy texture, she look-
ed fairest of all the fair to him who stood gazing so
intently.
Helen, on her side, happening to glance in his
direction, caught the glimmer of some part of his ap-
parel, 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 reverent-
ly, 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 thump-
ing; for she knew now what she had guessed be-
fore—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
was in evening dress, and had evidently just left the

ball-room. It was William Earlstone, and he cross-
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 spark-
ling, her cheeks flushed with the exertion of her
late walk, with tall, lithe figure, and regular fea-
tures, she looked a fitting queen of the night; and
as William Earlstone advanced to meet her, his
cold, impressive face lighted up with an involuntarily
smile, evidently called forth by the charms of the
newcomer.
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 unfavor-
ably 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
careed 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
voice sounded like gentle music in the surrounding
stillness.
"Why did you send for here, to-night, William,
instead of coming, as you are wont, to our try-
ing-place? Was it to see whether I loved you enough
to come? If so, you should have chosen something
harder to try me than a pleasant walk in the
bright moonlight, with such an ending to look
forward to."
"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-
ent aspect. Sir Herbert sent for me a few days
ago, and informed me that it was his desire that I
should marry my cousin, Helen Maldon, and upon
my demurring he told me, sternly, that if I thwarted
him he should change his will, and Helen should
be his heiress; and I know him well enough to
fear that he will do so without an instant's re-
flection 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, scan-
ning his face 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, "re-
member all that I have forfeited for our love in days
gone by."
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, position—are these nothing? No! you
women are so confoundedly selfish, do what a man
may, you always want something which it is im-
possible 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 thing; 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
composure—
"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. Don't attempt to see me again, for you
shall not."
She was gone. And William Earlstone stood
stupidly looking after her, until, recovering him-
self, 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-
sions."
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,
whether she cared not or 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 re-
cent interview. The same one when late the lovers
separated, followed not far behind William Ear-
lstone. 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.
The baronet's son walked on, little thinking of

the danger which lurked behind him, and soon ar-
rived 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 pre-
sently stood close together in the bright moonlight.
Percy threw back his head with a gesture of
mingled pride and defiance. The other started vis-
sibly, 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
something to say to you which will take some time
come back with me to my lodgings" and he turned
authoritatively, leaving the other to follow him.
Arrived at the inn, they sat long together; and
the drowsy landlord, who waited to bar the doors
after Percy's late visitor had departed, heard voices
angry, beseeching, taunting, and wondered greatly.
Then Percy 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 lug-
gage 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, the
striking engine rushed to town, bearing Percy
away from Easvale and Helen. Looking out of the
carriage window in the dim, gray light, he bid adieu
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 man carry his lifeless form, his evening
dress all bloody and torn, up the broad staircase.
Then she sat stupefied 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 brilliant, had rung with merry music and happy
laughter as the wine went round and the dancers
whirled, was a great gloom and sadness. Nor was
it quite dispelled when the head physician had pro-
nounced 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.
Dearly 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 outcry 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 mo-
ments, the baronet turned to her, and said, grave-
ly—
"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 elder son, and that he dis-
graced me. Perhaps you do not know his sin. It
was one which I could never pardon. Promising
marriage, he eloped with the daughter of a small
tradesman near Oxford; nor was this all—for, blind-
ed by his passion for the girl, he stole some consid-
erable 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 great-
er trouble on a father than mine on me. But he has
now committed a greater crime than all in attempt-
ing his brother's life. It appears that he met Wil-
liam in some manner a fortnight ago, and inveigled
him into an interview at night; then, upon his ask-
ing 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 if 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 notices. 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 falling 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
gone.
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 circum-
stances which she had noticed before: his knowl-
edge 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
night.
Utterly bewildered by this new complication of
her trouble, she thought distractedly of some means
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 Sydney Earlestone'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 mantelpiece 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-paneled room, with its rows of stiff warriors and prim old-fashioned dames, looked weird and ghostly by the uncertain light of the candle which she held; and several times a feeling of terror crept over her, and prompted her to return, which was only conquered by immense resolution.

At last, just opposite to an oval-shaped window, 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 was undone; and after pausing for an instant to take breath, she turned the cumbersome 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 hair, the high forehead, the splendid eyes, only, instead 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 floor and went out.

The last star was shining pale and dim in the morning sky, and the moon had long since faded behind 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 dawn turned the picture with its face to the wall, and with aching fingers commenced to re-screw it. 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 awestricken 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 Earlestone struck the blow. But her woman's instinct 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 thing they desired and she 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 she 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 Earlestone'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 mournfully.

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 chamber. Hurrying upstairs, they found the patient stretched senseless across the bed; his wound had burst open afresh, and a deadly pallor overspread his features. 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 he 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 Earlestone 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 accepted 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 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.

Helen 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 stairs, Helen, and heard me condemn Sydney Earlestone 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 Earlestones."

"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, 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, round shoulders."

"Then I threatened, upon which Addie grew frightened and pretended to yield. But I saw 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 brothers; and one night she got up a mock sensation scene with the elder, who was the last comer, and by some means 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 watching for some clue to her whereabouts! At last I found that her lover lived down here. I tramped against wind and rain, until I found Earlestone Park. Then again I watched William Earlestone, and found that he had placed Addie in a cottage five miles away, where he sometimes went to see her; postponing for the present the marriage 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 love."

"At last, on the night that he met his brother in the park, I saw him part with Addie, saw her leave, 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-room 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 him alone."

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

Thus was the honor of the house of Earlestone saved from public scandal, for the villagers of course never knew that Sydney Earlestone 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 of Earlestone 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 lily-crowned river, which seemed to mourn for the masters of Earlestone.

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 fashionable.

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 neatly-turned compliments, sincerest service, only gained them a passing smile or pitying word; none could call up the tender interest in her expressive eyes for which each would have given a world. Once or twice, when she was closely watched, a sad smile might have been seen stealing over the delicate face, and for a moment the large gray eyes looked 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 serene. The sad scenes which had marred her in those past days had faded slightly in the three years which have elapsed, 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 Earlestone 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 spoken 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 the tall figure she knew of old—saw turned upon her, with grave interest beaming from them, the bright, dark eyes of Sydney Earlestone. Then there stole over her a strange, sweet feeling of contentment, 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, scented 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 you."

"There is no need," she answered, eagerly. "I 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 Earlestone 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 how 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 with 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

I was the vagrant artist, at times I thought you might feel a kinder feeling for me than friendship; and though I can scarcely hope that, if it were so, you have not forgotten me, yet I will not again risk my happiness without being certain that I may not grasp it."

"So now I ask you, Helen, whether you will accept 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 happiness which was all-satisfying; for, looking dreamily over the dusky 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 Earlestone.

In Earlestone Park once more the flowers send forth varied fragrance from the well-ordered flower-bed, 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 esuriant et sitiunt justitiam quoniam ipsi saturabuntur.*

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice, for they shall be filled.—*Saint Matthew*, chap. 5, vers 6. My Lord."

Gentlemen: I shall say nothing to you of the words you have 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 explain 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 expectation, 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 he a king who sleeps with his ancestors, after having gloriously governed his people? Is he a conqueror who has carried the progress 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 founder of empire; he is a simple citizen, who governed more than kings, gained more battles than conquerors, 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 her 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 the greatest liberators of the Church and of mankind. 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.

O my God, Father of Justice, I thank Thee that in these times, which witness too many mysteries of iniquity, Thou permittest me to speak here the eulogium of a man of justice; whose long and agitated 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 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 memory of Daniel O'Connell.

THE MISSION OF LIBERATORS.

From the beginning the world has possessed a divine light, divine charity, divine authority, a divine society. From the primitive fides of Eden to the summit of Ararat to the rock of Sinai, from Sinai to Mount Zion and Calvary, from Calvary to the hill of the Vatican, God has never ceased to act and to be present upon earth. And it seems 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 consequently 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 deliverance; 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-

A MAN OF JUSTICE.

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 that the very stone, could its right be taken from it would accuse the ravisher of parricide and sacrilege. What must it then be to deprive a people of its rights? 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 apostasy. 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 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 memorable catastrophes; and whether, from fear or the rising of compassion, they loosened a little the fetters which chained the life of their victims. Among the rights then restored was one, in appearance of little value—that of defending private interests before the tribunals of ordinary jurisdiction. Assuredly, gentlemen, 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. Speech teaches, 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 shackled, it touched the heart and lips of a young 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, skillful 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 happy day when a woman brings her first-born into the world; it is a happy day when the captive sees again the full light of heaven; it is a happy day also

when the exile returns to his country; but none of these delights—the greatest which man enjoys—produces or equals the thrilling of a people who, after long centuries, hear for the first time, human and divine language in the plenitude of their liberty; and Ireland owed that unspeakable joy to this young man of five-and twenty, whose name was Daniel O'Connell.

ING 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 innumerable. Ten more years passed in these fruitless 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.

It is 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 evous 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 devotedness. The reign of O'Connell commenced in 1825. 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 1828, 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.

SELECTED 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 apostasy 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 injustice intolerance by the astounding pretension of seating and of placing there in the person of an outlaw, a Catholic, an Irishman, the very impersonation 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 eloquently 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 projects, 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 praise, and of transforming admiration into a blind rapture 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 unflinching 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 despotism and heresy. 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 work.

THE LIBERATOR OF THE CHURCH.

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 work of Catholic emancipation. This is the first time that in a French assembly, at the foot of our altars, in the presence of God and man, we have occasion to pay a tribute of gratitude to those who have co-operated for the emancipation of our brethren 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, O 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, who signed and sanctioned the bill for Catholic emancipation? Eternal praise, honor, glory, and gratitude to those Protestants of Eng' d and Ire-

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! Ah! 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 wrought 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 apostasy. Doomed to war of extermination, she has yielded without betraying either the courage of combat, 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 honor and 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 vital, or duty in her heart. In fact, 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 nation; 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 apostasy.

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 that the very stone, could its right be taken from it would accuse the ravisher of parricide and sacrilege. What must it then be to deprive a people of its rights? 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 apostasy. 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 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 memorable catastrophes; and whether, from fear or the rising of compassion, they loosened a little the fetters which chained the life of their victims. Among the rights then restored was one, in appearance of little value—that of defending private interests before the tribunals of ordinary jurisdiction. Assuredly, gentlemen, 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. Speech teaches, 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 shackled, it touched the heart and lips of a young 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, skillful 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

The True Witness

AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,
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G. E. CLERK, Editor.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 13, 1875

ECCLIASTICAL 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, 17—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 of gunpowder, shot, and shell for him, and arming his steamers with big guns. It is said also that he is a scheme for filling the channel of the Irrawaddy with sand and logs to prevent our steamers from going up the river. The Chinese merchants at Rangoon have received letters from Yunnan, which speak of an army of 100,000 men being collected there. Stores of grain are being made at Manwyne." Altogether the aspect of affairs on that side is the reverse of peaceful.

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

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

Russia has definitively announced to the other powers that she has abandoned the proposal to 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' imprisonment in a fortress for treasonable language uttered nearly two years ago. The Bavaria Catholic newspaper editor, who escaped into Austria after being sentenced to ten months' imprisonment, but was recently surrendered by the Austrian authorities has been sent to the prison of Munich to undergo his sentence in solitary confinement.

In South Australia the policy of the Govern-

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

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

THAT INQUISITION "WITNESS" ISM.

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

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

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

THE O'CONNELL CENTENNIAL AND PROTESTANTS.

A correspondent, writing from Ottawa, asks—"Is it true that Irish Protestants were excluded from the general celebration of the Centennial in your city by the Committee of Management?" It is not true; they excluded themselves.

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

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

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

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

A SHOW WORTH SEEING.

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

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

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

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION IN MONTREAL.

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

THE SERMON.

Father Dowd who preached was apparently suffering from 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 distinguished prelate who was invited to address them on this memorable occasion, who, though absent, was present in spirit. His occupation and time of life did not fit him to speak to them as they had a right to expect, but he would speak of points in the character of the great man suitable to the holiness of God's house, and which conveyed lessons of wisdom and religious duty. This limit would necessarily exclude much that they desired to hear. They, with a true regard of the great O'Connell, had a right to hear much, without which they could not summon before their eyes a true picture of his universal excellence, his profound intelligence, his

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

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

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

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

The Mass was then continued, a grand solemn benediction being pronounced by the Bishop at the close.

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

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

THE ADDRESSES.

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

Murphy, one of Ireland's most gifted sons, would deliver the oration of the day at the entertainment...

Mr. M. P. Ryan, Ald. Loranger, President St. Jean-Baptiste Society, Mr. Edward Murphy, Ald. McGavran, M. 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.

Mr. M. P. Ryan, Ald. Loranger, President St. Jean-Baptiste Society, Mr. Edward Murphy, Ald. McGavran, M. P., and several others. The gentlemen on the platform were greeted with vociferous applause on ascending.

Mr. J. J. Curran, who was warmly applauded, said: I think you, gentlemen, for having kindly seconded by your cheering reception the invitation extended to me by the committee of Management of this magnificent demonstration to address you a few words to-day. This is perhaps the grandest occasion that has brought the Irish race together in modern times.

Mr. M. P. Ryan, Ald. Loranger, President St. Jean-Baptiste Society, Mr. Edward Murphy, Ald. McGavran, M. P., and several others. The gentlemen on the platform were greeted with vociferous applause on ascending.

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THE CONCERT. In the evening one of the grandest concerts that has ever been given in this city took place in the skating rink, under the auspices of the Committee of Arrangements.

Mr. M. P. Ryan, Ald. Loranger, President St. Jean-Baptiste Society, Mr. Edward Murphy, Ald. McGavran, M. P., and several others. The gentlemen on the platform were greeted with vociferous applause on ascending.

we celebrate—the hundredth birthday of the noblest born of her womb—Daniel O'Connell. And on 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 greatest of all the universe forevermore.

Taller than Roman spears; Like oaks and towers they had a giant grace, Were fluted as deers, High-hearted, brave, bright beautiful of face, Tender as woman's tears.

But though hopeful and grateful too, our main feeling 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 she has full title to world-wide and even lasting glory.

Mr. M. P. Ryan, Ald. Loranger, President St. Jean-Baptiste Society, Mr. Edward Murphy, Ald. McGavran, M. P., and several others. The gentlemen on the platform were greeted with vociferous applause on ascending.

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there will be Tates and Voltaires; wherever there 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 alabaster 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, every inch of him, he is a king.

Mr. M. P. Ryan, Ald. Loranger, President St. Jean-Baptiste Society, Mr. Edward Murphy, Ald. McGavran, M. P., and several others. The gentlemen on the platform were greeted with vociferous applause on ascending.

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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 Gentlemen— (CONCLUDED ON SIXTH PAGE.)

THE RT. REV. DR. O'BRIEN BISHOP OF KINGSTON 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 set and deserve much admiration, as Father McCarthy 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 wished 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 putting 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 arrears 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.

A correspondent 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 manner, 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.

Birth. 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 Iowan, of St. Alphonse, Q.—R.I.P.

J. H. SEMPLE, IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE GROCER, 58 ST. PETER STREET, (Corner of Foundling,) MONTREAL.

INFORMATION 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.

READERS OF THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. The Harp. P. CALLANAN, Publisher, MONTREAL. Sample Copies FREE.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal. SUPERIOR COURT.

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

Insolvents. On Friday the seventeenth of September next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act. Montreal, 9th August, 1875. JAMES BROWN, By his Attorneys ad litem, BETHUNE & BETHUNE.

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

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

A. B. STEWART, Interim Assignee. Montreal, 7th August, 1875. 52-2.

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

men, it must never be forgotten—for if we forget it we are unjust to O'Connell's memory—it must never be forgotten that the miserable state of Ireland which he had to change, was the necessary result of a systematic attempt to destroy, or 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; though King John's days who made it no more 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 "cascaides 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 to spare no Irish human creature above dimensions of a span long; through all the dreadful days from Henry I. down to Charles II., when "they smote us with the sweeter's oath and with the murderer's knife," smote us with hunger, and nakedness, and imprisonment, and balter, and rack, and sword, and lead, and fire; smote us hip and thigh, as Joshua smote Canaanites, 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 records 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 enacted as the effect of national hatred and national scorn towards a conquered people, whom the victors 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 of the state to act 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 Roderer, "is born, suffers, is demoralized, dies; that is all his history." "Too well," says the English Godwin, "too well did the penal code accomplish its dreadful work of debasement on the intellectual, moral, physical condition 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, unreflexive, betrayed the crouching slave within." This English, you see, ladies and gentlemen, were the countrymen of Bann 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 lends 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 aim 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 priests 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 winked at quietly, and never except at rare intervals did the executive enforce the law. The priests were 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 become Protestant they would have become educated 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 go them the Great Spirit of Freedom would be revealed as the God of Moses. That was the aim of the Penal Laws; and 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-ordained 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 gleam of 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 hear, 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 volunteer movement was not strictly an Irish movement. Grattan was not strictly identified with the Irish people; even Grattan failed; and the horrid butchers

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

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

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

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES CHOLERA, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, SEA SICKNESS, AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS. It is PLEASANT to the TASTE AND PERFECTLY RELIABLE. Thousands can bear Testimony to its Superior Excellence and wonderful Curative Properties. READ PROF. CROFT'S CERTIFICATE. Toronto 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 Cholera, Diarrhoea, and all summer complaints. (Signed) HENRY H. CROFT. Sold by all Druggists and Medicine Dealers, at 37½ cents per Bottle. MILBURN, BENTLEY & PEARSON, Aug 13] Proprietors, Toronto. [325]

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."

"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 first salutation is, "How are you?" or "How is your health?"

CONSULTING OFFICE FOR CONSUMPTIVES. WESTERN MEDICAL INSTITUTE, CLEVELAND, OHIO. Mr. JAMES 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.

TEACHER WANTED for the Roman Catholic Separate School, Male Department, Alexandria, Gleggary. Engagement to commence at once. Good references required.—A. D. McPHEE, S. & T. R. C. S. S.

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. PATTENGILL & CO., 10 State Street, Boston, 37 Park Row, New York, and 701 Chestnut 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, Jan. 15, 1875.

READ THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. The Harp. F. CALLAHAN, Publisher, MONTREAL. Sample Copies FREE.

JOHN CROWE, BLACK AND WHITE SMITH, LOCK-SMITH, BELL-RINGER, SADDLER, AND GENERAL JOBBER. Has removed from 37 Bonaventure Street, to ST. GEORGE, First Door off Craig Street, Montreal.

JOHN HATCHETTE & CO., LATE MOORE, SEMPLÉ & HATCHETTE, (SUCCESSORS TO FITZPATRICK & MOORE,) IMPORTERS AND GENERAL WHOLESALE GROCERS, WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS, 54 & 56 COLLEGE STREET, MONTREAL. [37-52]

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.

Orders punctually attended to. [47-52]

CENTRAL MARBLE WORKS, 61 ST. ALEXANDER STREET.

MICHAEL J. O'BRIEN, SCULPTOR. MONUMENTS, MANTEL-PIECES, IN LARGE VARIETY, ALWAYS ON HAND. August 6, 1875. 51-52

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 specialties are unequalled. 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. 51-4

P. N. LECLAIR, (Late of Alexandria), PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, AND OBSTETRICIAN, 252 GUY STREET. CONSULTATION HOURS—8 to 10 A.M.; 12 to 2 P.M.—[4

COLLEGE OF OTTAWA. CHARTERED IN 1866. UNIVERSITY COURSE.

THE COLLEGE OF OTTAWA, under the Direction 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 \$80 00 Day Scholars per Term 12 50 Drawing and Vocal Music entail no extra charge. EXTRAS. 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. 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. 43-14

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 appoint an Assignee. L. JOS. LAJOIE, Interim Assignee. 52-2

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 & CO. 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 Assignee. L. JOS. LAJOIE, Interim Assignee. 51-2

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of NAPOLEON GREGOIRE, 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 matter. Creditors are requested to file their claims before me, within one month, and are hereby 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 of the Estate generally. L. JOS. LAJOIE, Assignee. 51-2

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of FRANCOIS CHARBONNEAU, Insolvent.

I, the undersigned, Georges Hyacinthe Dumesnil, of the City of Montreal, have been appointed Assignee in this matter. Creditors are requested to file 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 p. m. 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. 51-2

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } 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. 51-6

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. 24-1

CURRAN & COYLE, ADVOCATES, 212 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM Highly recommended for COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, AND BRONCHIAL 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. 1y-41

TEETH! 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 cleanser 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 deleterious to the Teeth or Gums. W. B. MCGOWAN, L.D.S.

The above is prepared under my direct supervision with the greatest care and accuracy, and strictly according 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. McGale, Chemist, Montreal.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST CLOTHING STORE IN MONTREAL IN P. E. BROWN'S No. 9, CHABOILLEZ SQUARE Persons from the Country and other Provinces will find this the MOST ECONOMICAL AND SAFEST PLACE to buy Clothing, as goods are marked at the VERY LOWEST FIGURE. AND ONLY ONE PRICE ASKED Don't forget the place: BROWN'S, No. 9, CHABOILLEZ SQUARE opposite the Crossing of the City Cars, and near the G. T. R. Depot Montreal, Jan. 1st, 1875.

BEST VALUE IN WORKMEN'S STRONG SILVER LEVER WATCHES IN MONTREAL, (Warranted Correct Timekeepers.) AT WILLIAM MURRAY'S, 87 and 89 ST. JOSEPH STREET. June 11, 1875 43

SCOTTISH COMMERCIAL Insurance Co FIRE & LIFE CAPITAL, - \$10,000,000 Province of Quebec Branch, 194 1/2 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL Directors: SIR FRANCIS HYCEZ, C.B., K.C.M.G. A. FREDERICK GAULT, Esq. EDWARD MURPHY, Esq. CHARLES S. BODIER, Jr., Esq. ROBERT DALGLISH, Esq. Commercial Risks, Dwelling and Farm Property taken at current rates. THOMAS CRAIG, Res. Sec. Montreal, 1. 26, 1875. 28-1y

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 description, and legitimate economy is adhered to in the prices charged. BOYS' SUITS.....\$2 to 12 PARISIAN, BERLIN, BRUSSELS, LORNE, SWISS, TUNIC, SAILOR. NEW STYLES. 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 60. J. G. KENNEDY & CO., 31 ST. LAWRENCE STREET, Display the Largest and Most Varied Stock in the Dominion. COMPLETE OUTFIT—INSPECTION INVITED

JOHN BURNS, 675 Craig Street. 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, Metropolitan Club, Hochelaga Convent, Providence Nunnery, St. Catherine Street, Mrs. A. Simpson, 1127 Sherbrooke Street, Convent of Sacred Heart, St. Margaret Street, C. Larin, City Hotel, George Winks, Dorchester Street, O. McGarvey, Palace Str. R. O'Neill, St. Francis de Salle Street, A. Pinsonneault, Janvier Street, M. H. Gault, McTavish Street, James McShane, Jr., Metropolitan Hotel, Notre Dame Street, W. Stephens, Pointe aux Tremble, Alex. Holmes, 252 St. Antoine Street, St. Bridge's Refuge.

GO TO HEELMAN'S BOOT STORE, 242 ST. JOSEPH STREET, Montreal.

LAWLOR'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES. J. D. LAWLOR, MANUFACTURER OF FIRST CLASS SEWING MACHINES, BOTH FOR FAMILY AND MANUFACTURING PURPOSES. FACTORY 48 and 50 NAZARETH Street. HEAD OFFICE: 365 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. BRANCH OFFICES: QUEBEC—22 ST. JOHN STREET. TORONTO—77 KING STREET. ST. JOHN, N. B.—32 KING STREET. HALIFAX N. S.—119 BARRINGTON STREET.

\$5 to \$20 PER DAY.—Agents Wanted!—All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, making more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Post card to States costs but one cent. Address G. STINSON CO., Portland, Maine [30th, Oct. 74, 11-52

WILLIAM H. HODSON, ARCHITECT, No. 5 ST. BONAVENTURE STREET MONTREAL. Plans of Buildings prepared and Superintendence at Moderate Charges. Measurements and Valuations Promptly Attended to

THOMAS H. COX, IMPORTER AND GENERAL DEALER IN GROCERIES, WINES, &c., &c., MOLSON'S BUILDING. (NEAR G. T. R. DEPOT), No. 181 BONAVENTURE STREET. July 24, '74] MONTREAL 49-52

(ESTABLISHED 1859.) HENRY R. CRAY, DISPENSING & FAMILY CHEMIST, 144 St. Lawrence Main Street, MONTREAL. Special Attention paid to Physicians' Prescriptions. The Specialties of this Establishment are— GRAY'S CHLORO-CAMPHORYNE for Diarrhoea, &c. GRAY'S CASTOR-FLUID, a hair dressing for daily use. GRAY'S ETHER-CITRON for removing grease and paint from Silks, Satins, Woolen Goods, &c. June 11, 1875. 43-1y

ST. LAWRENCE ENGINE WORKS. NOS. 17 TO 29 MILL STREET. MONTREAL P. Q. W. P. BARTLEY & CO. ENGINEERS, FOUNDERS AND IRON BOAT BUILDERS. HIGH AND LOW PRESSURE STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS. MANUFACTURERS OF IMPROVED SAW AND GRIST MILL MACHINERY. Boilers for heating Churches, Convents, Schools and Public buildings, by Steam, or hot water. Steam Pumping Engines, pumping apparatus for supplying Cities, and Towns, Steam pumps, Steam Winches, and Steam fire Engines. Castings of every description in Iron, or Brass. Cast and Wrought Iron Columns and Girders for Buildings and Railway purposes. Patent Hoists for Hotels and Warehouses. Propeller Screw Wheels always in Stock or made to order. Manufacturers of the Cole "Samson Turbine" and other first class water Wheels. SPECIALTIES. Bartley's Compound Beam Engine is the best and most economical Engine Manufactured, it saves 33 per cent. in fuel over any other Engine. Saw and Grist Mill Machinery. Shafting, Pulleys, and Hangers. Hydrants, Valves &c &c. 1y-38

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF LIVERPOOL. FIRE AND LIFE. Capital.....\$10,000,000 Funds Invested..... 12,000,000 Annual Income..... 5,000,000 LIABILITY OF SHAREHOLDERS UNLIMITED. FIRE DEPARTMENT. All classes of Risks Insured at favorable rates. LIFE DEPARTMENT. Security should be the primary consideration, which is afforded by the large accumulated funds and the unlimited liability of Shareholders. Accounts kept distinct from those of Fire Department. W. E. SCOTT, M.D., Medical Referee. H. L. ROUTH, W. TATLEY, Chief Agents. II. J. MUDGE, Inspector. For the convenience of the Mercantile community, recent London and Liverpool Directories can be seen at this office. Montreal, 1st May, 1875.

DOMINION BUILDING SOCIETY, Office, 55 St. James Street, MONTREAL. APPROPRIATION STOCK.—Subscribed Capital \$3,000,000. PERMANENT STOCK—\$100,000.—Open for Subscription. Shares \$100 00 payable ten per cent quarterly.—Dividends of nine or ten per cent can be expected by Permanent Shareholders; the demand for money at high rates equivalent by compound interest to 14 or 16 per cent, has been so great that up to this Society has been unable to supply all applicants, and that the Directors, in order to procure more funds, have deemed it profitable to establish the following rates in the SAVINGS DEPARTMENT: For sums under \$500 00 lent at short notice 6 per cent For sums over \$500 00 lent on short notice 5 " " For sums over \$25 00 up to \$5,000 00 lent for fixed periods of over three months 7 " " As the Society lends only on Real Estate of the very best description, it offers the best of security to Investors at short or long dates. In the Appropriation Department, Books are now selling at \$10 premium. In the Permanent Department Shares are now at par; the dividends, judging from the business done up to date, shall send the Stock up to a premium, thus giving to Investors more profit than if they invested in Bank Stock. Any further information can be obtained from F. A. QUINN, Secretary-Treasurer.

CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION. STOCK AND MUTUAL PLANS COMBINED. CAPITAL, - - - \$500,000. SPECIAL FEATURES.—A purely Canadian Company. Safe, but low rates. Difference in rates alone (10 to 25 per cent.) equal to dividend of most Mutual Companies. Its Government Savings Bank Policy (a specialty with this Company) affords absolute security which nothing but national bankruptcy can affect. Policies free from vexatious conditions and restrictions as to residence and travel. Issues all approved forms of policies. All made non-forfeiting by an equal and just application of the non-forfeiture principle not arbitrary, but prescribed by charter. Mutual Policy-holders equally interested in management with Stockholders. All investments made in Canadian Securities. All Directors peculiarly interested. Consequent careful, economical management. Claims promptly paid. Branch Office, 9 ST. SACRAMENT STREET (Merchants' Exchange), Montreal. Agents wanted. Apply to H. J. JOHNSTON, Manager, P. Q. W. H. HINGSTON, M.D., L.R.C.S.Ed., Medical Referee. [Montreal, January 25,

By Order of Stockholders, I GO TO HEELMAN'S BOOT STORE, 242 ST. JOSEPH STREET, and get a pair for yourself for almost nothing!!! Publications let him go quick!

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W. H. HINGSTON, M.D., L.R.C.S.Ed., Medical Referee. [Montreal, January 25,

DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, FOR THE CURE OF Hepatitis or Liver Complaint, DYSPEPSIA AND SICK HEADACHE. Symptoms of a Diseased Liver. PAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increases on pressure...

AGUE AND FEVER. DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, IN CASES OF AGUE AND FEVER, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the most happy results. No better cathartic can be used...

MONTREAL AND BOSTON AIR LINE. SHORTEST AND MOST PLEASANT ROUTE VIA SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY. TRAINS GOING SOUTH. DAY EXPRESS will leave Montreal, 9:05 a.m.; St. Johns 10:30 a.m.; West Farnham, 11:06 a.m.; Newport, 1:46 p.m.; arrive at Boston 10:00 p.m.

ST. GABRIEL ISLAND SAW AND PLANING MILLS, BASH, DOOR AND BOX FACTORY. ST. GABRIEL LOCKS, MONTREAL, McGAUVAN & TUCKER, PROPRIETORS. (Late J. W. McGauvan & Co.) Manufacturers of Sawn Lumber, Dressed Flooring, Doors, Sashes, Blinds, Mouldings, and every description of house finish.

1875 PREMIUM LIST OF ELEGANTLY BOUND CATHOLIC BOOKS SUITABLE FOR ROMAN CATHOLIC COLLEGES, CONVENTS, SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASSES, PRIVATE CATHOLIC SCHOOLS, AND ALL CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS. Persons ordering will please take notice that we have marked before each book the lowest net price from which No Discount will be allowed...

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE, TORONTO, ONT. UNDER THE SPECIAL PATRONAGE OF THE MOST REVEREND ARCHBISHOP LYNCH, AND THE DIRECTION OF THE REV. FATHERS OF ST. BASIL'S. TUITION can receive in one Establishment either a Classical or an English and Commercial Education. The first course embraces the branches usually required by young men who prepare themselves for the learned professions.

DE LA SALLE INSTITUTE, Nos. 18, 20 & 22 Duke Street, Toronto, Ont. DIRECTED BY THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS. This thoroughly Commercial Establishment is under the distinguished patronage of His Grace, the Archbishop, and the Rev. Clergy of the City.

OWEN McARVEY MANUFACTURER OF EVERY STYLE OF PLAIN AND FANCY FURNITURE. Nos. 7 and 11, ST. JOSEPH STREET, (2nd Door from McGill Str.) Montreal. Orders from all parts of the Province carefully executed, and delivered according to instructions free of charge.

FITS! FITS! FITS! CURE OF EPILEPSY; OR, FALLING FITS, BY HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS. Persons suffering under this distressing malady, will find Hance's Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing Epilepsy or Falling Fits.

A MOST REMARKABLE CURE. SETH HANCE, Balthasar, Md.—Dear Sir: Scarcely your advertisement was introduced to my Epileptic Pills. I was afflicted with Epilepsy in July, 1853. Immediately my physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect.

ALLAN LINE. 1875—SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS—1875. This Company's Lines are composed of the most noted First class, Full-powered, Clyde-built, Double Engine Iron Steamships:— Vessels Tons Commanders. SARDINIAN.....4100 Lt. J. E. Dutton, R. N. R.

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THE LORETTO CONVENT, Of Lindsay, Ontario, IS ADMITTED TO BE THE FINEST IN CANADA. The Sanitary arrangements are being copied into the New Normal School at Ottawa, the Provincial Architect having preferred them to those adopted in any Educational Institutions in the United States or elsewhere.

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HEARSE! HEARSE! HEARSE! MICHAEL FERON, No. 23 St. Antoine Street. BEGS to inform the public that he has procured several new, elegant, and handsomely finished HEARSEs, which he offers to the use of the public at very moderate charges. M. Feron will do his best to give satisfaction to the public. Montreal, March, 1871.