STILL LIVES.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

that, since Owen Roe died at Clough-Oughter upon St. Leonard's day, no other Irishman has brought us within such measurable distance of the goal of all our wishes. If I were to stop here I should have said quite enough to justify all the honor that we or future generations of Irishmen can pay to the memory of Tone. But I can not stop here. I must do what I can, within the reasonable limits of a speech, to point out, in some little detail, what exactly Tone did. He first combined all classes and creeds of his countrymen in that body, so well known to all of us, under the honored name of United Irishmen. How he did this time will not allow me to tell, but I should advise all of you to find it out for yourselves in that charming book—Tone's Life by his son, and in Madden's Lives of the United Irishmen. Two things, however, in the life of Tone, I must for a moment dwell upon—the scene in Bantry Bay and the last great scene of all. You all know, or at least you ought to know, something about the greatest of the three expeditions that Tone succeeded in getting fitted out for the invasion of Ireland. They consisted, roughly speaking, of a fleet of forty-three vessels, with troops to the number of over 13,000 on board, and an ample supply of arms for the use of the Irish. Hoche, if not the greatest, one of the two greatest generals then living, was in command of the troops. Humanly speaking, if that force in its entirety had reached Bantry Bay there was an end of English rule in Ireland. But, alas! that was not to be. You all know what is proverbially said about certain people having a certain sort of luck. Some 6,000 men in all succeeded in reaching the Irish coast, but without their general-in-chief. Tone, even in the absence of Hoche, wished to land with such forces as they had, and at last brought the French commanders round to his opinion. But man proposes and God disposes. On the night before the day they had agreed upon for the landing the ships were again scattered to the winds and forced to find their way back to France as best they could. But what must have been the feeling of Tone during all this trying time? I fancy his agony was greater than in the last great scene of all, though his hope of eventual success must have still stood high. But let us hasten to that last scene. In the year '97 a great Dutch expedition was ready to sail, but was shut up in the Texel by adverse winds, while an English fleet, growing stronger day by day, guarded the sea outside. Finally there was a battle, in which the Dutch were defeated, and so there was an end of that. Then came a wearying time for Tone, when Hoche was dead and Carnot removed from power, and everything depended upon Napoleon Bonaparte, who apparently never intended to aid Ireland. Then came on the fateful year '98 itself, the arrest of the chief leaders, the outbreak of the insurrection and its suppression, after the many gallant fights of which we all have read. To know how Tone felt during that sad period, you must read his diary; and this you can now easily do in a little sixpenny book, by Miss Milligan, where the whole thing is very well epitomized. But at last Tone was to find his way back to Ireland—to a hopeless fight and a certain death. A small French fleet, with Wolfe Tone on board, had barely reached Lough Swilly when it found itself pursued by a much stronger English squadron. Some of the lighter French ships were able to effect their escape, and Tone was entreated by all to sail with them, seeing that, whatever might be the fate of the Frenchmen who remained, Tone's fate was certain. But he simply answered: "Shall it be said that I fled whilst the French were fighting the battles of my country?" Then came the surrender of the French ship, after a desperate defense—the recognition of Tone among the French prisoners of war—his dispatch to Dublin in fetters—his trial by courtmartial—and his sentence to be hanged, his English enemy, with its wonted want of generosity, refusing his only request—that he should be granted the death of a soldier. But I can not go on. The trial and the tragedy in prison are agonizing reading, but you must find out all about them for yourselves, in the life by the son, or at worst in Miss Milligan's little book. One thing, however, I may give. "In a cause like this," says Tone, "success is everything." Success in the eyes of the vulgar fixes its merit. Washington succeeded and Kosciusko failed. But, thank God, we are no vulgars here today. To us Tone's failure is grander than any success; for he failed gloriously in a great attempt. I shall not keep you any longer; ye have many other speakers, no doubt, better worth listening to to hear. There are many lessons to be learned from the life of Tone, but we do not mean to be controversial, or, I hope, too lengthy here today. If we mean that Ireland should be free—and I hope we all mean that—we must become United Irishmen again, in a literal sense at least, and personally I could wish that we were all United Irishmen in the national sense, too.

A memorial parchment was here deposited in the hollow of the stone, together with a genealogical account of the Wolfe Tone family, sent by Miss Maxwell, of Connecticut, and other mementoes of the occasion.

Mr. Leary then laid the foundation stone, after which the "Memory of the Dead" was played by the bands.

Dr. Dillon, of Boston, here proposed the following resolutions:

That this vast meeting, representative of all sections, creeds and classes of the Irish race, including representatives from our exiled brethren in Australia, America, South Africa, France, Great Britain, assembled on this memorable occasion to participate in the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of a national memorial to Wolfe Tone and the United Irishmen in Ireland's capital, hereby declares its adhesion to their high, noble and truly patriotic principles, and further declares its unalterable determination to unceasingly continue the struggle for freedom, bequeathed to us as a heritage by the heroes and martyrs of '98, and bend our energies to the task of striking off the fetters from the limbs of our motherland, and, placing on her brow the glorious chaplet of liberty. And be it further

Resolved, That the unselfishness displayed, the sufferings endured, and the great sacrifices made by Wolfe Tone and the United Irishmen in their efforts to restore Ireland to her rightful place as a free and independent Sovereign State renders it the manifest duty of all freedom-loving Irishmen, irrespective of creed or class, to facilitate the work of speedily erecting this memorial to their memory; and we therefore appeal with confidence to our countrymen at home and in exile to promptly and liberally subscribe to this great national project.

He said the great gathering assembled that day to do honor to the memory of Wolfe Tone showed that the spirit of nationality was not dead. He was glad to be amongst them that day, and he would be glad to see union amongst Irishmen. Irishmen united would be sure to conquer against any foe.

Mr. John Meagher, Bathurst, Australia, who was loudly cheered, seconded the resolutions. He said the Irishmen in Australia never forgot the people at home in Ireland. In all Irish movements there was no doubt but that the Irish in Australia were always at the front. There was no movement which would be for the good of Ireland but would find support from their countrymen in Australia. All sections, high and low, were with the people at home, and the Irish national movement receives in Australia the blessing of the Protestants as well as that of the Catholics and the members of other denominations.

Mr. Gellingham, Transvaal, South Africa, who was loudly cheered, supported the resolutions. He said he could assure them that Irishmen in South Africa were heart and soul with the people at home in their struggle for freedom.

The Rev. Father Supple, of Boston, said it was a great pleasure to him to see such a body of young Irishmen gathered together to give expression to their steadfast devotion to the cause of Irish freedom. The people of America knew what it was to fight for liberty, and they knew also what the acquisition of that glorious gift of God was. He hoped the lessons of this day would remain implanted in every one of their hearts. Wherever Irishmen were, all over the world, they would follow the principles of Wolfe Tone, whose memory they venerated. Irishmen united could conquer the world.

"Unite for your altars and fires,
Unite for the green graves of your sires,
Unite for God and your native land."

Professor Mouis, of the French deputation, said he desired to thank them on behalf of the Irishmen of France for the reception accorded to him. He would remember it all his life, and he felt the deepest gratitude to those who honored him in such a manner, and he could assure them that they had the best wishes of the French nation.

Mr. W. B. Yates said he desired to say a few words on behalf of the Irishmen in England. This immense demonstration had been held at a very momentous time in Irish history. England had persuaded herself that Ireland, discredited by disunion, was about to submit (cries of "Never"). England had persuaded herself that she could settle the Irish question with a handful of arms. They had answered England by that great demonstration today. She was no longer deceived; she knew Ireland cherished the same spirit still. This movement had come from the people themselves. When the leaders were not at the helm the people came forward and steered the ship into safe waters. This movement sprung from the hearts of the people, like smoke from the inextinguishable fire of patriotism which burned within their hearts forever.

The resolutions were then put and carried.

Mr. John Dillon, M. P., said: Fellow nationalists, the man whose statue will stand on this spot was a man cast in heroic mold. He was a man who, from his earliest boyhood, by the intuition of his genius, took a wider and deeper grasp of the problem of Irish politics in his day than did Grattan, Flood or Charlemont. Born a soldier and a statesman—born in this city of Dublin in the year 1763; he died at the hands of his enemies in 1798, on the 14th of November, so that at the hour of his death he was only a few months over thirty-five years of age; and yet, brief as that life was, it was a life filled with glorious effort for Ireland; for who can name in the long annals of the patriots of Ireland one man who has done more for his country than Theobald Wolfe Tone? He has left from that brief life an example to his countrymen which has animated generation after generation of young Irishmen to tread in his footsteps, and which remains to this day a mighty influence, fighting for all that is noble in the Ireland of this day. In 1791 Tone wrote his first pamphlet on behalf of the Irish Catholics, and when he wrote that pamphlet it is reported in his life that he did not know one Catholic in Ireland, and yet within two months he was the trusted friend, agent and almost leader of the Catholics of Ireland; and never let it be forgotten that the first blow which Tone struck in the cause of Irish freedom was a blow to set free the Catholics of Ireland. He said, with the spirit of a true democrat, "We can have no true or lasting liberty in Ireland which is not based on the equal rights of all the citizens of Ireland." And when after a few years he was struck down by his cruel and bloody enemies, the brother of the great Napoleon—Lucien Napoleon—when he stood up in the Assembly of France—the glorious Assembly of Five Hundred—to move "that provision be made by the French nation for the widow and children of Tone," he used words which should always be impressed in the memory of Irishmen, as a testimony of one of the leaders of the greatest nation in Europe in that day, to the character of one of our countrymen to whom we are assembled here to do honor. On that occasion Lucien Napoleon said: "I rise to call attention to the widow and children of a man whose memory is dear and venerable to Ireland and to France, who perished in Dublin, assassinated by the illegal verdict of a court-martial." And then he went on to say that his talents and his courage announced him as the future Washington of Ireland. In these sentences he spoke only the sober language of truth. I confess what has always struck me as one of the most sublime spectacles of human progress and struggles for liberty was the spectacle of Wolfe Tone as he stood before the court-martial in this city, in the power of cruel and dastardly enemies, and when he knew that his life was forfeited and that the hour of his death was at hand. It is easy to be heroic and courageous in the field of battle when your blood is hot, and to strike a blow for fatherland when one's comrades are butchered at one's side; but standing powerless before your cruel enemies in cold blood with death before you, then I say the metal of which a man is made is tried, and with all the agonizing thoughts of wife and children—for he had a young wife and three children, to whom he was devotedly attached—in the whole annals of human history I know no more magnificent spectacle of human greatness than when Tone confronted his enemies. With a firmness, calmness and dignity great as was ever displayed he defied his enemies and went to his death with a courage that illustrated a page of Irish history which will remain forever to be cherished by the children of Ireland. We honor his memory here today in the city in which he was assassinated. We have shown by this magnificent demonstration that his principles are triumphant, and I recommend all of you to study his life, his writings and his teachings. They are a precious inheritance to the Irish people and one which, if studied and acted upon, will be, in my judgment, the best guidance to the patriot's heart.

Mr. John E. Redmond, M. P., who was received with prolonged enthusiasm, said: Fellow-countrymen, I can not but feel how poor and how weak words are after the demonstration of today. The eloquence of your numbers and your enthusiasm could not be increased by any words, and it seems to me almost as if it would have been better to have let this great demonstration speak for itself—speak for itself to England of the determination of the Irish people to stand by their country, and to have left speeches out of the programme altogether; and yet it is impossible for such a demonstration as this to come to a close without some of our public men coming together on this platform to show once again to England that however men in the current politics of the day may have different views as to methods, at the same time in the essentials, that is in our devotion to the national cause, and in our undying hostility to English rule, we Irish Nationalists stand absolutely united around this statue today. Mr. Dillon has quoted some words from Lucien Bonaparte's speech about Theobald Wolfe Tone. I was reading that speech myself this morning and I was struck by this extraordinary prophesy which Lucien Bonaparte made on that speech in November, 1799. He used these words: "The day," he said, "will doubtless come in that same city of Dublin, and on the spot the satellites of Britain reared the scaffold where they expected to wreak their vengeance on Tone, where the independent people of Ireland will erect on that spot a trophy to his memory, and will yearly celebrate on the anniversary of his trial the festival of their union round his monument. Well now, thank God, after the hundred years that have passed, at last today the Irish people have fulfilled that prophesy of Lucien Bonaparte. The hundred years that have passed have vindicated the purity of the motives, the loftiness of the character, and I will say also the wisdom of the aims of Tone and of the United Irishmen. Fellow-countrymen, there are many different views which are taken by historians of the insurrection of 1798. One of the most common of those views is that that movement was merely a movement of resistence on the part of men who were driven to arms by cruelties and barbarities of every kind. Well in one sense, and as applying to some of the rebels of '98, that view was a true one. But if we regard the '98 movement broadly the view is a false one; so far at any rate as Tone himself and the founders of the society are concerned that view was false, because the '98 insurrection was the result of a deliberately, cautiously and ably planned effort to achieve national liberty. Fellow-countrymen, Tone and his associates were not drawn into arms simply by the barbarity of English troops and defense of their lives and their homes. No; they were driven into arms by a higher and loftier ideal, the ideal of creating on the soil of Ireland a free government and of raising the flag of liberty. I say, therefore, the view that many historians have expressed that the '98 insurrection was merely a movement of resistence against the barbarities of the English is not true. The movement was the purest movement for liberty that illumines the annals of any country since the world began. This meeting today ought, I think, teach a lesson to our rulers. Here we have assembled in the city of Dublin representatives from the gallant nation of France—a nation, remember, which is allied to Ireland not merely by sentiment, but by historical tradition, and which is allied to our race as kinsmen of the same blood. We have here also representatives of the great and free Republic of America—that great land, the home of liberty; that great land that always opened a refuge to our suffering and oppressed people; that great land, in the words of one of her own sons, "Whose free latch-string was never yet drawn in against the meanest child of Adam's kindred." We welcome these men here as friends and as allies, and today when England, isolated as she is, is looking around and begging for alliance with other countries, we today are able to point to allies in France and allies in America, allies in far distant Australia, aye, and in the capes of South Africa, and in other parts of the civilized world who, if ever the day should come—and which of us would not be glad to see it, when in the complications of the world Ireland would once again have an opportunity of striking a blow for liberty—would rally to the cause of the most ancient and long-oppressed nationality in the world. What lessons are we to bring home from this demonstration? At any time for the last hundred years in my belief, and long before even the limits of a hundred years, if Ireland, Catholic and Protestant, were united it would have been possible to achieve Irish freedom. Let this '98 movement in this year create a great broad national platform; let us not tolerate any man who raises his voice against a brother Irishman because of his creed. Let us remember that while we Catholics—I am speaking now to the Catholics present, who are in the majority—let us never forget that some of the best and bravest of our race were followers of the newer creed, which gave to Ireland Tone, Emmet and Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Let us, if we can, for this year announce a new era of toleration and brotherly love; let us endeavor to weld Catholic and Protestant, North of Ireland and South of Ireland, into one united nation. When we do, believe the day will be near at hand when you will be able to assemble here in Dublin to celebrate the realization of the dream for which Tone died and bled, to erect here a flag of freedom over a self-governed and respected nation.

Mr. Rogers, of Worcester, Mass., said it was his pleasing duty to move the Lord Mayor to the second chair, and to propose a vote of thanks to Mr. John O'Leary for presiding at that meeting. He joined with the other speakers in asking them to unite again, and if they did they would have the support of the States. Then they would never cease until that dark cloud, which has for so long hung over their country's destinies, sinks beneath the gorgeous sunburst of freedom and independence.

Father Coppin, of Philadelphia, in seconding the vote, said he was proud to see such a great assembly, and he took an especial pleasure in having his name associated with those of Wolfe Tone and of John O'Leary, whose name will live in history as long as that of Wolfe Tone. Father Coppin came there a stranger, and they took him in. He had no intention of speaking; he came simply to listen and to see the demonstration, but when he found that Philadelphia—the cradle of American independence—was not represented, he thought it right to step forward and represent the city of his adoption. The priests in America don't mix in politics, and if they told any of their parishioners to vote for any ticket they would tell them to mind their own business. Pennsylvania was called the keystone of the States; the keystone of that beautiful arch of States and glorious Union, the motto of which was "E Pluribus Unum." Would to God Irishmen at home and abroad would adopt that motto. Irishmen were the backbone of Pennsylvania and a half dozen other States, which they controlled and dominated. Their illustrious President, William McKinley, was the descendant of an Irishman. Would to God they were laying another monument today, a monument to union and brotherhood, without which liberty is impossible. The Irish at home and abroad wanted unity and an Ireland free, united and immortal. He felt proud of being among them today and to clasp the hand of his friend John O'Leary. The sign-manual of the United Irishmen was the clasped hand. Let them make their leaders clasp hands across the grave of the martyr Tone, and if they did not they should be sent flying about their business. In seconding the vote of thanks to John O'Leary he hoped he would be preserved for many years to guide his countrymen in the true path. Like Theobald Wolfe Tone, he had the courage of his convictions.

The Lord Mayor said it was his duty now as Chief Magistrate of the city to ask them to pass the vote of thanks which was so ably proposed and seconded to Mr. John O'Leary for the action he had taken during the past year in forwarding the movement for the erection of a statue to one of Ireland's greatest sons. Right worthily was he placed in the position he occupied today, because, like his predecessor, the true Irishman Wolfe Tone, he was a patriot who had suffered for his country. He therefore had the greatest pleasure and was proud to be in the position of doing so in asking them to respond to the vote with a hearty cheer. They should from this day forward read the life of Wolfe Tone, and when they did they would learn a lesson that would teach them to bury their differences, whatever they might be, and to unite as one man and to have but one principle, the principle of the independence of their native land. He hoped that with the laying of the foundation stone of the statue of the great patriot Tone there would also be laid every difference between Irishmen, and that their members would unite as one man and demand from the English Parliament the restitution of their just rights. If they did, the time was but short when they would again stand on that platform to celebrate in a victorious manner the cause Wolfe Tone died for and John O'Leary suffered for. He asked them again to give three cheers for John O'Leary.

Mr. John O'Leary, in responding, said he was very proud indeed to be there, and was still prouder when he saw how the vote of thanks had been proposed and seconded and put by the Lord Mayor to the meeting and the unanimous way it had been received by that large assembly. He hoped that henceforward they would have peace among all Irishmen.

Mr. Rooney, of the Gaelic Leage, here delivered an address in Irish, which terminated the day's proceedings.

At night the Lord Mayor gave a dinner in honor of the American, French and other foreign delegates to the demonstration.

The Lord Mayor presided.

The Lord Mayor, in proposing "Ireland a Nation," expressed his satisfaction at being in the position, as Chief Magistrate of Dublin, of being able to welcome their exiled brethren from all lands. He did not know what might happen in the near future, but he knew that the proceedings showed that the Irishmen had not lost their nationality. After what they had witnessed nothing could conceal from the world that it was their unanimous wish to govern themselves.

Mr. John O'Leary, who was received with applause, in responding said that in speaking of Ireland a nation they meant Ireland under its own laws, and not those of England. To him it was a matter of indifference whether Ireland a nation meant Ireland under a republic, a limited monarchy or an absolute monarchy. He was, above all things, an Irish Nationalist, and he wanted to get as much separation from England as possible. He was not an altogether impracticable man, still he could not conceive of any reconciliation between Ireland and England short of the repeal of the Union. He had, however, no difficulty in responding to this toast. He wanted Ireland a nation in the fullest sense possible, if possible, but he wanted it at least in the sense of a self-governed nation, as it was before the union.

Mr. John Redmond, M. P., in proposing "Memory of the Dead," said: My Lord Mayor, ladies and gentlemen, I suppose no more difficult task was ever cast upon any man than to propose this toast—difficult in this sense, not that it is not a toast full of inspiration for every Irishman, but it is a toast to which full justice can not be done. On an occasion such as this, indeed, we would be wanting in our duty if this toast were not honored. But I confess to you that when I was asked first a few moments ago to propose this toast I ventured humbly to make the suggestion that the toast ought to be proposed without any speech and ought to be drunk in silence. However, other views have prevailed, and the duty has been cast upon me of proposing this toast—"The Memory of the Dead." What does it mean? It means not merely the memory of those who died in '98, whom we are celebrating, but it means the memory of every Irishman, great or humble, who, during the centuries that have passed, has died in defense of Ireland. Gentlemen, in the public life of Ireland today we often hear men repining and grumbling at the delays and difficulties and disappointments that they have to endure and the sacrifices that they have to make. If they knew anything of the past history of Ireland—if they knew anything of the past history of their own forefathers—they ought to be ashamed to complain of any dangers, or difficulties, or sacrifices, that they may be compelled to make. How easy it is for us to champion the cause of Ireland; how pleasant and full of honor and credit. But consider what it was a hundred years ago. Why, it is impossible for us, living in these times of comparative liberty, to realize the lot which our forefathers had to face in '98. Our forefathers had to take the field when there was but little chance of success. They took the field because they were impelled by a desire to make an effort for Irish liberty; and, although, in the vulgar acceptation of the word, they failed, yet we know in our hearts that they did not fail—because the spirit that they have bequeathed to us liveth today, and whether it comes in our day or whether we will have to wait for another generation, we are convinced in out hearts that the day must inevitably come when the triumph of Irish liberty will be assured. Gentlemen, I was particularly interested in the speech which fell from perhaps the one man in this room who in his own person represents the traditions of '98. He spoke to you of Ireland a nation, and he told you what he meant by it, and I think that every man who heard him agreed with his definition. When people speak of Ireland a nation—when we toast Ireland a nation, we do not mean that we desire Ireland to become a nation, because all say that she is and always was a nation. What is the meaning of a nation? Ireland by geographical position, by race, by national characteristics is an isolated and distinct country, so she has been all through, and nothing that can be done by English laws or English power can deprive Ireland of her attribute of nation. When we toast "Ireland a nation" what we mean is not only that she shall become a nation because she is one already, but what we mean is that the day will come when her separate and distinct nationality and nationhood will come to be recognized by the nations of the world. And certainly so long as a country has the history that Ireland has, so long as Irishmen are able to look back to the sacrifices and sufferings of their motherland, so long will it be impossible for them to abandon the high ideals of the nationhood of their land. The toast of "The Memory of the Dead" is, indeed, a solemn one. It recalls to us glorious memories connected with our history. Other nations which have prospered and been powerful in the plentitude of their power toast their victorious ancestors, but I doubt if they ever can, with the same feeling of tenderness and of dovotion recall the successes of their forefathers as we can recall the defeats and the sufferings of ours.

The chains on them rankle; the blood as it runs
But makes them more painfully dear to her sons.

So it is in Ireland. I believe that the feeling of the Irish people for their past and their martyred dead is fuller and keener by reason of the fact that those men suffered and failed in the cause and were not victorious. Gentlemen, this toast, indeed, needs no words from me, and in conclusion, in giving it to you, all I will say is this: So long as the memory of the dead holds a place in the hearts of Irishmen, so long the cause of Irish nationality will live. Let us remember of our forefathers—

They rose in dark and evil days to right
their native land;
They kindled there a living blaze that
nothing can withstand.
Alas, that might can conquer right; their
spirits passed away,
But true men, like you men, are plenty
here today.

Mr. John Dillon, M. P., in responding, alluded to the efforts of the Lord Mayor in bringing aid to the distressed districts in the West. When a hundred years ago the scaffold was raised for Wolfe Tone the corporation and Lord Mayor rejoiced. They had captured the Lord Mayor and Mansion House since, and if Ireland were true to herself she would yet capture the Castle. He considered that this was a great day for Ireland. He agreed with what had been said by Mr. Redmond earlier in the day as to their differences. Their differences were as to the most effectual method of asserting the national rights of Ireland, but there was no difference between Mr. Redmond and himself as to what that right should be. Their opinion was the same—namely, that the laws under which Irishmen lived should be made by Irishmen, and whether in the future those laws might be administered by Mr. Redmond or any other man, they were all agreed, all the great multitude assembled in the capital of Ireland today, on the great principle that they could never rest until the people of Ireland had the making of their laws. He most heartily agreed with the definition of Irish nationality laid down by Mr. O'Leary. But he went even further than Mr. O'Leary, who said he would not be contented except by repeal. He would not be contented with repeal, for it was against the Irish Parliament that Wolfe Tone rebelled. Until the Executive of the country was responsible only to the people of the country they would never be content. Substantially as regards the great principles which should guide an Irish party they were all agreed; there was only a small difference existing as to methods, but as to the future Irish nation there was absolutely no difference.

The Lord Mayor, in proposing the toast of the guests, said that the laws of England had within the past century driven millions of their race from Ireland, and some of these were present now to show their love for the old land.

Miss Maud Gonne rejoiced at the great demonstration which they had witnessed, and which proved to the world that England lied when she said that Ireland was contented with her rule. This was a movement of the whole Irish people. The spirit of the Irish people was greater than 100 years ago, and their chances of success might soon be greater.

Prof. Mouis alluded to the services which Irishmen had rendered to France from the days of Fontenoy to those of Marshal McMahon, and said that Ireland would always hold a high place in the estimation of France.

Mr. Gillingham, South Africa, having replied, Rev. Father Coghlan, one of the American delegates, said that the scene which they had witnessed would repay their labor in coming from America.

Mr. Mereadier, correspondent of the Dl'Agence Havas, Paris, also replied.

SPAIN'S GIGANTIC EDIFICE.

Spain possesses one of the largest buildings in the world. It is at once a palace, a museum, a library, a picture gallery, a monastery, a church and a burial place. This wonderful edifice is called the Escorial, although the name is very generally corrupted both in England and America into "Escurial."

The Escorial was commenced in 1563 by order of Philip II. of Spain, and was intended partly as a royal burying place for the Kings of Spain and partly as a commemoration of Philip's victory over the French at St. Quentin in 1557. It is built entirely of granite, and measures 744 feet in length by 580 feet in breadth. At each corner is a tower 200 feet in height. The building is supposed to represent an enormous gridiron lying side down, and this shape is believed have reference to Saint Lawrence, who was martyred on a gridiron.

Twenty-one years were spent in building it and it cost over $12,000,000. It has been twice partly destroyed by lightning and was sacked by the French soldiers in 1808. There are 14,000 doors and 11,000 windows.

Michael McNamara, recently elected South Town Assessor, and Frank Conroy, recently elected South Town Clerk, left Chicago for a two-months' visit in Ireland.

The latest notion in millinery is narrow black velvet, mounted on wire, so that it can be bent into any form required for bows, wings, rosettes, loops, etc. It has found great favor, for, in addition to being effective, it is light and airy and looks well with gauze-like materials.

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