

Erin, Dear!

Bright gold sleeps in thy mountains,  
Erin, dear!  
In silver leap thy fountains,  
Erin, dear!  
Thy skies with light are glowing,  
Erin, dear!  
Thy winds in music blowing,  
Erin, dear!  
Thy buds in beauty growing,  
Erin, dear!  
Thy streams are sweetly singing,  
Erin, dear!  
Thy chapel bells are ringing,  
Erin, dear!  
Thy vale of song and story—  
Erin, dear!  
Thy castles strong, though hoary,  
Erin, dear!  
To me still beam with glory,  
Erin, dear!

Pure as Avoca's waters,  
Erin, dear!  
Are thy brave sons and daughters,  
Erin, dear!  
Thy great heart throbs the ocean,  
Erin, dear!  
With its sublime emotion—  
Erin, dear!  
O'er the Temple of Devotion,  
Erin, dear!

### A DEATH THAT RECALLS A NOBLE DEED.

Current Number Ave Maria.  
DIED—At the Mother House of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, St. Mary's, More Dams, N.Y., Sister Mary of St. Josephine.

Sister Josephine was one among the first of the seventy Sisters of the Holy Cross who, during the late civil war, served the sick and wounded soldiers in the military hospitals of Louisville, Paducah, Cairo, Mound City, Memphis and Washington City. Those who knew this quiet, gentle, religious Sister only during the last 20 years of her life could scarcely realize what courage, even heroism, animated her during those years of war spent in the hospitals. We give below one instance among many others.

In the summer of 1862 the Confederate Fort Charles, on White river, was attacked on land by a force under the command of Col. Fitch, of Indiana, and from the water by gunboats commanded by Commodore Davis. In the midst of the battle the boilers of one of the gunboats exploded, frightfully scalding Capt. Kelly and some fifty others. The sufferers, in their agony, leaped into the river; and as they did so a broadside from Fort Charles poured bullets and grape-shot into their par-boiled flesh.

The battle ended with the capture of the Fort and the wounded of both sides were taken to Mound City Hospital—a block of some twenty-four unfinished warehouses and storehouses that had been converted into a vast hospital, in which, after some of the great battles in the Mississippi Valley, as many as two thousand patients were treated by a staff of medical officers, and nursed by twenty-eight Sisters—Sister Josephine being one of them. Colonel Fry, commander of the Fort, supposed to be dangerously wounded, and Capt. Kelly were of the number brought to Mound City after the surrender of Fort Charles.

The latter was a universal favorite of all the men and officers of the Western flotilla. His sad state—the scalded flesh falling from the bones, and pierced with bullets—excited them almost to frenzy. He was tenderly placed in a little cottage away from the main building; and Colonel Fry, with a few other sufferers, was put in a front room on the second story of the hospital, under the immediate care of Sister Josephine.

The next day the report spread like wild-fire through the hospital and among the one hundred soldiers detailed to guard it, that Captain Kelly was dying. The wildest excitement prevailed, and in the frenzy of the moment, Colonel Fry was denounced as his murderer; it was declared that he had given the inhuman order to fire on the scalded men. Everyone firmly believed this. But it was not true. Colonel Fry was ignorant of the explosion when the order was given.

Sister Josephine, very pale, yet wonderfully composed, went to the Sister in charge of the hospital, to say that all the wounded had just been removed from the room under her care, except Colonel Fry. The soldiers detailed to guard the hospital, and the gun-boat men, had built a rough scaffold in front of the two windows of the room, mounted it with loaded guns and loudly declared that they would stay there, and the instant they heard of Captain Kelly's death they would shoot Colonel Fry. "And," continued Sister Josephine, "the doctor made me leave the room, saying that my life was in danger. He took the key from the door and gave it to 'Dutch Johnny,' telling him he had entire charge of the man within."

Now, Dutch Johnny was one of six brothers; five had been killed at Belmont; Johnny was so badly wounded and crippled in the same battle that he was useless for active service, and so left to help in the hospital. But one idea possessed him: in revenge for his brothers' death he intended to kill five Confederates before he died.

In this fearful state of affairs, the Sister in charge [\*] went to the Surgeon-General of the staff, begging him to see that no murder be committed. Dr. Franklin answered that he was powerless to control events, and that the captain of the company guarding the hospital was absent.

"Then," said the Sister, "I must call my twenty-seven Sisters from the sick; we will leave the hospital,

and walk down to Cairo." (a distance of three miles.)

In vain did the doctor represent to her the sad state of all the patients who were leaving; she would not consent to remain in a house where murder would soon be committed, except on one condition: that the doctor would give her the key of Colonel Fry's room, and that the Sisters have the care and entire control of the patient.

"But," expostulated the doctor, "it will be at the risk of your lives; for if Captain Kelly dies—and I see no hope of his recovery—no power on earth can restrain those men from shooting Colonel Fry."

"Oh, doctor!" she answered, "I have too much faith in the natural chivalry of every soldier—he be from North or South—of Mason and Dixon's line, to fear he would shoot a poor wounded man while a sister stood near him!"

Seeing the Sisters would leave if this request was not granted, the Doctor sent for Dutch Johnny, took the key from him and gave it to the Sisters. The latter called for Sister Josephine, and both went in haste to the room of the wounded man.

As they turned the key and opened the door a fearful scene was before them. Col. Fry lay in a cot; his arms, both broken, were strapped up with cords fastened to the ceiling; one broken leg was strapped to the bed; only his head seemed free. As he turned it and glared fiercely, as he thought, upon another foe, he seemed like some wild animal at bay and goaded to madness. Before Sister Josephine had been forced to leave the room, she had closed the windows and lowered the blinds, but her successor, Dutch Johnny, had changed all this; he had rolled up the blinds and thrown up the lower sashes. And there on the raised platform, not 50 feet from him, Col. Fry could see the faces and hear the voices of the soldiers and gun-boat men, shouting every few minutes for him to be ready to die, for they would shoot him as soon as they heard of Capt. Kelly's death.

Very quietly and gently did Sister Josephine speak to the wounded man, moistening his parched lips with a cooling drink, giving what relief she could to his poor tortured body, and assuring him that she and the other Sisters would not leave him, so he need not fear that the soldiers would fire while they remained.

When these men saw the Sisters in the room they begged them to leave—even threatened—but to no purpose; brave, noble Sister Josephine and her companion stood at their post all through that long afternoon and far into the night, and they prayed, perhaps more earnestly than they ever prayed before, that Captain Kelly would not die; for, in spite of all their assuring words to Colonel Fry, they did not feel so very certain that their lives would be safe among frenzied men, bent on taking revenge into their own hands.

In the meantime it became known that Captain Kelly was a Catholic—a convert—though for many years he had neglected his religious duties. A messenger was sent to Cairo to bring Father Welsh to the dying man. When he came Captain Kelly was in delirium, and the Father could give him only Extreme Unction. Soon after, about nine o'clock, he sank into a quiet sleep. He awoke, perfectly conscious, near midnight, made his confession, received Holy Communion, and took some nourishment. The doctor said all danger was over, and a messenger ran in breathless haste to spread the glad tidings. The excited soldiers fired a few blank cartridges as a parting salve, jumped from the scaffold and were seen no more. The rest of the night good Sister Josephine took care of her patient undisturbed by any serious fear that both might be sent into eternity before morning.

When the naval officers who, the night before, had looked, as they feared, their last look on the living face of Captain Kelly, went up the next day from Cairo and found him out of danger, they laughed and cried with joy. In a whisper Captain Kelly asked them to be silent a moment and listen to him. In a voice trembling with weakness he said:

"While I thank these good doctors for all they have done, I must testify—and they will bear me out in what I say—it was not their skill, nor any earthly power, that brought me back from the brink of the grave, but the saving and life-giving Sacraments of the Catholic Church."

Colonel Fry and Captain Kelly had long known each other. Both were naval officers, until at the beginning of the war Captain Fry left the service, and was made Colonel Fry in the Confederate army.

As soon as Captain Kelly was well enough to learn what had passed, he declared Colonel Fry was guiltless of the barbarity of which he had been accused. And Sister Josephine was made the bearer to her patient of all the delicacies sent to Captain Kelly, and which he insisted on sharing with Colonel Fry.

As soon as Captain Kelly could travel, he was taken to his home in Baltimore. For his bravery he was made Commodore, and placed in command at Norfolk; but he was maimed for life: his right hand and arm, all shriveled and wasted, hung lifeless by his side. When able to take such a journey alone, he went all the way back to Cairo, to see again and thank those Sisters, who, he said, under God, had saved his life in a double sense. He remained until his death a most fervent Catholic.

Colonel Fry, after many months of suffering, also recovered; he was paroled, and returned to his home in New Orleans. There he became a Catholic, often declaring that good Sister Josephine's bravery and devotedness during that day and night of torture and agony, followed by months of long suffering, were eloquent sermons that he could not resist.

A few years after the close of the war, he was one of the leaders of that rash band of adventurers who invaded Cuba. His fate is well known; with those under his command he was captured and executed. But it is not so well known that he profited by the days spent in prison, in instructing those with him; and many were converted to the holy faith that first came to him through Sister Josephine.

Twenty-three years to the very month passed away, when quietly and calmly, as in the discharge of hospital duties, this good Sister, strengthened by the Sacraments of the Church, literally fell asleep in Our Lord, a few days after the close of the annual retreat, at which she had assisted. Owing to the intense heat of the weather, it was deemed necessary to advance the hour of burial from six o'clock in the morning to eight o'clock of the previous evening. Scarce ever was a procession more affecting: the Sisters—more than three hundred in number—all bearing lighted tapers, the Rev. Chaplains, and the venerable Father Sorin, Superior General, C.S.O., followed the remains of Sister Josephine through the beautiful grounds of St. Mary's to the cemetery. The moon shone as brightly on her lifeless body as it had shone years ago through the open window on her brave, gentle form, when she saved, from death or insanity, the wounded prisoner.

Of the four persons most interested in that night of agony and torture in the vast military hospital on the banks of the Ohio, but one now remains—Sister Josephine's companion. May the three gone to eternity remember her before God!

(The widely known and beloved Mother Mary of St. Angela, of St. Mary's Academy, More Dams, Ind., Mother Angela is a cousin of Hon. James G. Blaine.)

### NAILED AGAIN.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The New York Sun is so proverbially fair to Catholics, and seemingly so anxious to be well informed on Catholic matters, that we regret the necessity of contradicting some statements which appeared in its cleverly edited department of "Sunbeam," on August 20.

"Among the things which thirty-five years ago went to make up the crime of high treason in Italy" (the Sun said), "was the possession of a Bible, which was in the list of revolutionary and forbidden books, and for a man to own it was to subject him to prison, galleys, and even to death. Now Bible depots are established in every Italian city, and itinerant vendors circulate the book freely. In a conspicuous store in the Corso, Rome, a whole window is filled with copies of the Italian version of the Scriptures. The New Testament can be purchased for five cents, and a separate Gospel for two."

This lie, "which hath an ancient and fish-like smell," no doubt crept into the Sun, through inadvertence, from some sectarian evangelizing publication. But it is important that it should be nailed wherever found, for it is a quicksilver kind of lie, and needs much nailing. The Sun, on August 21, made room for the following statement by Mr. Thomas C. Cornell, of Yonkers, N. Y., presumably a Protestant. Mr. Cornell wrote:

"A paragraph in this morning's Sun says that thirty-five years ago the possession of a Bible was high treason in Italy. In the winter of 1846-7 I saw the Bible openly exposed for sale in the book stores of Rome, and having heard previously some stories similar to the above, took pains to examine the volumes, and found them apparently complete and in the vernacular. Plus ça change, and I often took off my hat to him as he passed."

There are still many Protestants who think that Luther discovered the Bible, and that Protestantism has a monopoly of the Sacred Books. Educated Protestants have been known to reiterate the assertions contained in the paragraph we have clipped from a minor department of the Sun, in spite of conclusive contradictions, backed by facts. The thrilling legends of Papistical intolerance which, repeated here, used to fill the contribution boxes of the evangelizers in Italy, have become somewhat stale, and even *Zion's Herald* does not often use them now. The dying child, refused by a cruel priest a Bible on his death-bed; the ignorant old man who could not read, but who thanked the good, kind Protestant colporteur for bringing him the bread of life which the Inquisition had so long deprived him of; the benevolent priest who, receiving a Bible in the vernacular, read for the first time a chapter of Genesis, and resolved to marry because he had "seen the light"—are seldom told now, except in remote rural districts. It is all the more amazing that a paragraph, such as we have quoted, should have found its way into the leading metropolitan journal of this country.

We have observed with pleasure that the Sun's sturdy attitude in Catholic affairs has offered such a striking contrast to the treacherous and sniveling of the *Herald*, that the Catholic support of the latter is dwindling to nothing. Between the *Sun*, honest even in error, and the *Herald*, dishonest even when in the right, there is no choice. Daily papers cannot be kept entirely clean, but the lesser evils of such journalism are in the *Sun*.

### THE BANQUET TO MR. PARNELL.

Speech of the Irish Leader.

On Monday, August 24th, the members of the Irish Parliamentary Party entertained at dinner, at the Imperial Hotel, their distinguished leader, Mr. C. S. Parnell, to celebrate the triumph which have rewarded his labors during the last Parliament under his guidance. Beside the guest of the evening 37 members of the party were present, only four of whom usually vote under Mr. Parnell's flag, and three of these had at least sufficient excuse. Messrs. T. P. O'Connor, T. M. Healy, and T. Sexton, were the gentlemen who took charge of the arrangements, and the result was an historic gathering. The tables were tastefully decorated with silver, bouquets of flowers, and sprigs of cut flowers, and the banquet was, as regards the menu, wine and attendance, one of the best ever enjoyed in Dublin.

The chair was occupied by Mr. Justin McCarthy, M. P. On the chairman's right sat Mr. Parnell, and on his left Mr. J. G. Biggar. Colonel The O'Gorman Mahon occupied the vice-chair.

When the cloth was removed, The Chairman said—Mr. Parnell, dear friends, and colleagues, I shall begin by reading to you one or two short extracts from the address which I have in sympathy with us. The first is from the chairman of the committee of the Irish National League in Belfast (hear, hear). Belfast, we are always told by the English papers, is entirely hostile to all Irish National demonstrations, and this is what the entirely hostile Belfast branch of the O.G. has done. "The committee of the Belfast branch, sitting now, send our congratulations, and reiterate our unabated confidence in Ireland's leader, Charles Stewart Parnell." (Hear, hear.) I have also to read a telegram from a district which might be supposed to be not much in sympathy with the Irish Parliamentary Party. I mean one of the London districts. The East London Club and Institute send us their congratulations, and say, "The members of the East London Hibernian Institute desire to congratulate their chief upon his signal triumph over the British Government, and to assure him of their hearty support in the future, and at this moment to drink his health." (Applause.)

I have to read one or two other messages, some from members of our party who are unfortunately compelled to be absent to-night; one is from my esteemed friend, and the friend of all of us, Mr. Edward Sheil (applause). Mr. Sheil, who I might say, was one of the best and the humblest of us, but who, when he saw his own way, saw it with the instinct of genius, and expected that every one of us would follow him (hear, hear). Well, I am not going to sound the praises of our leader, Mr. Parnell.

THE LEADERSHIP. I think he very well knows already what my opinion is of him as Parliamentary leader. You have heard the old story—heard too often, I fear, about the man who drove a cartload of salt up to the top of the hill, and that while driving up the salt trickled gradually out on the ground, and that when he had reached the top, the highest spot of the hill, his cart was empty, and he beheld behind him a glittering line of his property up the frosted hill. He was a man who was clothed with curses—that is, he had a habit of swearing. He was going to swear (laughter). But he suddenly recollected himself, and he said to himself, "I ain't equal to it" (laughter). In the same sense I ain't equal to saying what the Irish Parliamentary Party think of our leader (applause). I only know that we have at many different times from his courage learned what we ought to do (applause). We have been borne up by his resolve to keep up his head in the darkest times learned from him that the duty we owe to our own country admits of no moment's collapse, and insists upon every man doing his very best work at the worst time. Through his leadership we have been led to such victory as we can command, and I think we are fairly entitled to say that the extraordinary ability, the wonderful industry, the genius, the discipline, the absolute self-negation, the unselfishness, the courage, the devotion that has been displayed by each one of you, and that would require a knowledge such as I can only have, and it would require a tongue or a pen beyond my power to hand down to history my opinion of your services to your country. I cannot attempt the task of describing or estimating the enormous importance of what you have done during the five years which are now about to close. I can only say as regards myself that it has been a constant admiration that every day of my life it was possible for any nation, for any country, to get together such a body of men under any circumstances; but that it should have been possible for Ireland in her position, with all her talent, her supposed best talent, divorced from her, with the terrible engines and means which have been used to terrify, to cajole, and to persuade her sons to enlist under another flag than her own (hear, hear)—it is a marvel to me, it seems to me that it must have been a dispensation of Providence that it could have been possible for our country to have found such sons and to have been served as she has been served during the five years of the Parliament of 1881 to 1885.

THE PRESENT POSITION. And what is our present position? It is admitted by all parties that you have brought the question of Irish legislative independence to the point of solution (hear, hear, and cheers). It is not now a question of self-government for Ireland, it is only a question as to how much of the self-government they will be able to cheat us out of (hear, hear). It is not now a question of whether the Irish people shall decide their own destinies and their own future, but it is a question with them as to how the day shall be deferred. You are, therefore, entitled to say that so far you have done well. You have almost done miraculously well, and we hand to our successors an unsullied flag, a battle more than half won, and a brilliant history (hear, hear, and cheers).

THE FUTURE. We now come to the question of the

hear, they speak of my esteemed friend, Mr. Parnell (applause). Now, we have met to-night on a momentous, and, I may say, on a historic occasion (applause).

"THE KING IS DEAD, LONG LIVE THE KING."

We celebrate the conclusion of one Parliament and we inaugurate the birth of another. We close upon one great chapter of our history, and we open another chapter for which we hope and trust we can make still more important and more momentous. We remember some of us very well the events of this Parliament whose conclusion we have met together to celebrate. We remember how we began in that Parliament as a small party, an uncertain party, with our valiant foe before us, and with nothing—I sincerely declare, nothing—to lead us on to success but our confidence in the unerring instinct and courage and genius of our leader (applause). One's mind goes back upon many curious and interesting events in that Parliament, and the struggle we have had to make, first, against that Liberal Government which was brought in as a great measure under our auspices, and by our power, and which turned against us the moment it failed to do with us what it wished. We then followed instinctively the guidance of our leader, who told us with that Government we might not expect to find our strongest friends, but our most determined enemy (applause).

We had one long struggle against coercion, we had our days when men were expelled from the debates in Parliament although they happened to be away from the house for some time. We had curious incidents of men who were taken to the house from sick beds finding they had been expelled from Parliament for pertinacious obstruction, men who had not seen the Palace yard for days and days. That kind of thing we had to encounter. We found the foe at both sides and the friends very few at either side. We found that the men whom we had put into their seats in Parliament were the very first to turn against us and to denounce us (hear, hear). But what had we to sustain us through all those trying and terrible days? First of all we had the consciousness of a cause. We knew that all over the world Irishmen, in whatever clime, in whatever latitude, were looking to us to maintain the national cause, to fight the national battle. But we had something more than that. We had to work with a leader who could sustain us in all our difficult times, who was absolutely unerring in his instinct, and who guided us when we were in difficulties; who was willing to take information from the youngest and the least of us, and who, when he saw his own way, saw it with the instinct of genius, and expected that every one of us would follow him (hear, hear). Well, I am not going to sound the praises of our leader, Mr. Parnell.

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE PARTY. I look back with fondness upon your actions during the past five years (cheers). I look back at the party first achieved for itself. Mr. McCarthy was good enough to say that to my leadership—I think that term it was he used—that to me was due the credit and the honour. I cannot endorse that statement.

Mr. Arthur O'Connor—But we do. Mr. Parnell, I think says a good word for me, and I think I have not been able to find fault with my assistants (a laugh). I don't wish to imply in any respect that I claim for myself the position of a good workman (hear, hear). By no means. The goodness of the work is due to my colleagues. I think a few of our assistants, the extraordinary ability, the wonderful industry, the genius, the discipline, the absolute self-negation, the unselfishness, the courage, the devotion that has been displayed by each one of you, and that would require a knowledge such as I can only have, and it would require a tongue or a pen beyond my power to hand down to history my opinion of your services to your country. I cannot attempt the task of describing or estimating the enormous importance of what you have done during the five years which are now about to close. I can only say as regards myself that it has been a constant admiration that every day of my life it was possible for any nation, for any country, to get together such a body of men under any circumstances; but that it should have been possible for Ireland in her position, with all her talent, her supposed best talent, divorced from her, with the terrible engines and means which have been used to terrify, to cajole, and to persuade her sons to enlist under another flag than her own (hear, hear)—it is a marvel to me, it seems to me that it must have been a dispensation of Providence that it could have been possible for our country to have found such sons and to have been served as she has been served during the five years of the Parliament of 1881 to 1885.

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but I will only say that in my experience of our Parliamentary movement, during the epoch we have just closed, I have always considered of the party—that I ought to think a great deal more and to value my colleagues a great deal more highly than they should value me for my services (no). I am looking back upon these years we might, perhaps, to-night be tempted to refer to our legislative achievements; but I feel convinced that I interpret your sentiments best and most fully, as I certainly express my own, when I say that each and all of us have only looked upon the acts—the legislative enactments which we have been able to bring from an unwilling Parliament—as means towards an end (hear, and cheers); that we would have at any time in the hour of our deepest depression and greatest discouragement, that we would have spurned and rejected any measure, however tempting, and however apparent for the benefit of our people—if we had been able to detect that behind it lurked any danger to the legislative independence of our land (loud and prolonged cheering).

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE PARTY. And although during this Parliament, which has just expired, we may have said very little about Home Rule—very little was said about legislative independence—yet, I know well that through each of your hearts the thought of how those great things might be best forwarded was never for a moment absent (loud cheers), and that no body of Irishmen ever met together who have more consistently worked, and worked with a greater effort, for that which always must be the hope of our nation until its realization arrives (loud cheers). We might, I say, refer to those legislative achievements. We might refer to the Land Act, an admirable measure in its way, even an unthought of measure since many of us have come into political life—even within the time of the political life of many of us, an unthought of measure (cheers). We might refer to the Franchise Act, under which almost manhood suffrage has been conceded to Ireland. We might recall to our recollection the Redistribution Act, under which, despite the open hostility of one party and the hardly-concealed envy of the other, we succeeded in getting in the new Parliament the full representation of Ireland without the loss of a single man (cheers). But these things although important in themselves are not, as I have said, the end and aim of our existence as a party (hear, hear); and although we cannot refuse, and never have refused any of the other, we have always, and wisely, I think, made it part of our programme to gain for Ireland such concessions as might be got at the while, provided we did not sacrifice greater and more enduring National interests, yet we have always got before us that we were sent from this country, not to remain long in Westminster (laughter and cheers), but to remember that for us to look upon our presence there as a voluntary one, and to regard our future, our legislative future, as belonging to our own native country of Ireland (loud cheers). I therefore prefer, gentlemen, not to dwell upon these important legislative enactments, as her history, and the history of the other, but to consider two things which are more pleasing to my mind than any such matters.

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future—I won't say that we come to the question of the choice of your successors, because I hope none of us will have any successors (laughter); but we come to the choice of our future colleagues. I suppose it will be necessary for each one of us to take a future colleague under his wing in the new Parliament. We shall each be made—we shall each have a new member to induct into the mysteries of the alien assembly (laughter); but, gentlemen, undoubtedly upon the choice of our future colleagues and their future action will, in all human probability, depend without exaggeration the future of Ireland and the fate of the nation, at all events in our time (hear). There is, therefore, a great responsibility—an unprecedented responsibility now thrown upon the constituencies in regard to this question of the choice of our future colleagues, and there is a considerable responsibility thrown upon us too.

THE NEW MEN. We ought not to be very modest in the present position of affairs. We shall require undoubtedly in the new men of the Irish Party the best ability, the sturdiest honesty and inflexibility, the truest judgment, and the most absolute self-negation that the country can supply (hear, hear). These are the qualities, however difficult to obtain, that are especially difficult to secure in the hurry-burly of a general election; and looking on the matter from every point of view, and having due regard to the undoubted right of constituents to judge, and to judge very largely, for themselves in these matters, desirous as we are to divide the responsibility, if necessary, as it is for us to divide the responsibility with the constituents of Ireland.

THE VOICE IN THE SELECTION. I think we may fairly claim, in reference to this selection of candidates—I may fairly claim (loud applause) for you (renewed applause) and for myself the right of consultation with the constituents (cheers). That is not a matter that could be said to be trespassing upon any right which belongs to the nation at large (hear, hear). The general and the officers of an army are entitled to some voice in the choice of their colleagues and comrades (very much larger voice than any which we claim or ever have claimed (hear, hear)). We claim, therefore, and it is a very modest claim—I think, that the right of consulting with the constituencies, so as to provide a safeguard for the preservation of the party, and of the country too, (hear, hear) from men prejudicial to that united, harmonious, amicable, and upright course, without which the Party, instead of winning the national battle, would run very great risk of losing it (hear, hear). I shall now go further a little.

THE PROGRAMME. I have already spoken of the past and of the immediate future, and I shall ask you to accompany me for a moment a little beyond that to the time when Ireland, having prudently and sagaciously selected her eighty or eighty-five representatives, will have sent them over to the battle, and, as we all hope and believe, the final battle, the last battle (cheers). What will be the new programme? We have had conventions and conferences, and it has been the custom to include a number of measures in addition to the most important of all—the restoration of an Irish Parliament, the concession of legislative independence (cheers). We have had resolutions about Land Acts, Franchise Acts, Municipal Acts, Labourers Acts, and so forth, all pointing to the belief in our minds, as those who are primarily responsible for the drafting of our programme, that it was the duty of our representatives to do all that was necessary to pay attention to remedial measures before winning the final and great and ultimate measure of all (cheers). Now that undoubtedly, although it cannot be described as putting the cart before the horse, yet we hope that it may not be necessary for us in the new Parliament to devote our attention to subsidiary measures (cheers); and that it may be possible for us to have a programme and a platform with only one plank (cheers), and that one the plan of National Independence (renewed cheers). I feel convinced, Mr. McCarthy and comrades, that our great work and our sole work in the new Parliament will be

THE RESTORATION OF OUR PARLIAMENT (hear, hear, and loud cheering). And when we have obtained it, what will be its functions and what will be its power? We shall require our new Parliament to do those things which we have been asking the British Parliament to do for us. We shall require the new Parliament to do the restoration of the Land Act, to abolish evictions, landlord oppression and rackrenting (hear, hear), to make every tenant-farmer the owner of his holding upon fair terms. We shall require that power to do this shall be given to our Parliament (hear, hear)—we shall require our new Parliament to secure the labourers a share in the heritage of the land and comfortable houses. We shall not then have to depend upon the halting action of *ex officio* boards and guardians. We shall require our own Parliament to build up the industries of Ireland (hear, hear), to see that not only the agricultural labourers, but that the artisans (hear, hear), the workmen, and the mechanics of the towns shall be enabled to live, and thereby we shall endeavour to keep our people at home (hear, hear), to afford profitable employment, to look after the educational interests of the youth of Ireland, and to train them up in the way they should go, both from a religious and a national point of view (hear, hear). We have, therefore, gentlemen, a great work before us, both in the English House of Commons, for a while, and also in the Irish Chamber. I hope it will be a shining chamber (loud applause), and that shall not have a House of Lords to cumber us (renewed applause). But I doubtfully at this time we are entering upon a most important and serious part of our mission, because it is a most critical part.

THE REINFORCED PARTY. May the next party contain, if possible, still greater elements of energy, sagacity, honesty, and of courage as well as just expired. May I find colleagues as generous to their leader and so loyal to each other (hear, hear). But it is