

moment, like a special Providence, that Messrs. Redmond, Harrington and Kenny, entered their action against Mr. Justin McCarthy in London, and afforded an opportunity of getting the necessary and much-desired decision in the English courts. In London the case was placed in the hands of two highly capable lawyers, who at the same time were two of the most trusted members of the Irish Party—Mr. Arthur O'Connor and Mr. Vesoy Knox (applause). Several visits to Paris were made, and the closest and most assiduous attention was given to the case by these gentlemen. To their intense satisfaction they won the preliminary stages and were on the verge of the final trial, when, against the emphatic protests of the counsel engaged in the case or without in any way submitting to the matter to the Irish Party, a bargain was entered into with the Parnellites and the proceedings were stayed. As I said at the outset, I have all my life had a dread of the introduction of personal controversies into our national affairs, and I have always avoided anything of the kind. To-day I yield to an overwhelming sense of duty, and make a frank statement to you of the reasons which force me to place my resignation in your hands. From the course I have taken I believe no harm will result to the National cause. On the contrary, I believe much good will follow from it (hear, hear). I believe the country has had enough, and more than enough, of the degrading system of bossing (hear, hear). When the matter is clearly understood, I believe the democratic spirit of the country will not allow the vanity, ambition, and love of power of these gentlemen to control the National movement (cheers). If the county conventions are real conventions, and not wire-pulled from the centre, there is no fear of the National Party. If Parliamentary candidates are freely selected by the conventions, and not forced upon them, we will then have a sound and safe representation. We have had four conventions for the selection of candidates in Ireland this year. Mr. Dillon presided over two. Mr. O'Brien presided over another, and I forget who presided over the fourth. (A voice—Mr. Bodkin.) Unless the county delegates insist upon doing their own business unfettered and uncontrolled the scandal of the recent Mayo Convention will be repeated. I am sure Messrs. John Dillon and Wm. O'Brien have a deep and intense love for their country. We all know they have suffered much in her cause (hear, hear). If they would be satisfied with the influence and authority which rightly attaches to their character and ability there would be no dissension in our party to-day (hear, hear). But they are not content to serve; they must control the party and the country. It is because I believe their course is fraught with danger to the best interests of Ireland that I make the strongest protests in my power to-day. The policy which they have persistently followed since the Parnell crisis arose has brought no strength to the National cause. Events have proved they were wrong in every instance. They wanted to give the Redmondites fifteen members at the general election. If this policy had succeeded the Home Rule Bill would have been defeated (hear, hear). What has Ireland gained by Mr. Dillon's action on the Freeman? Ireland has not gained but lost enormously. Was the unity of the party maintained by the attempt to oust Mr. McCarthy from the chair and force Mr. Dillon into his place? I say no, but on the contrary, a deadly blow was struck at the solidity of the party (hear, hear), and the foundations were laid for conspiracy and intrigue within the party. The National Federation is founded upon democratic principles. The present strength and future success of

the National cause depends upon the firm maintenance of those principles (cheers). I ask if these principles have been observed by the flagrant bossing of conventions such as Mr. Dillon's high-handed methods in Mayo? Whilst on this point allow me to give you another illustration of this kind of personal dictation. Mr. Wm. O'Brien at the last general election was elected for two constituencies—for the City of Cork and for his old constituency of North-East Cork. Mr. O'Brien elected to sit for the City of Cork, and in that way a vacancy occurred for North-East Cork. A meeting was held within the constituency, presided over by a well-known clergyman, Dean O'Regan, and the name which was received at that meeting as a probable candidate was the name of Mr. William Murphy, of Dublin (cheers), who had lost his seat to the Parnellites at the general election. Mr. Murphy's name was received with unbounded enthusiasm. Nothing definite was done because it was not a National convention. It was a preliminary meeting. The whole matter was reported in the papers. Dean O'Regan received from Mr. O'Brien a letter stating that he was astounded to see that Mr. Murphy's was a likely name to be selected, and that if he was selected he and Mr. Dillon would deem it their duty to go down to Cork and oppose him (cries of "Oh, oh"). I submit if action of that kind is to be tolerated you may possibly start an autocracy like the Russian autocracy in Ireland. You may get an autocrat to reign over the destinies of the country, but you must bid good-bye to all democratic methods (hear, hear). I will not detain you further with special instances such as I have given you. When I entered into Irish politics in the dark and dangerous time, thirty years ago, I had nothing to gain. I had everything to lose. I was one of the Irish in England, face to face with heavy odds and bitter prejudices. When I speak of those days my mind is filled with sad memories. Nearly all of those who entered then upon what seemed a desperate and forlorn hope have passed away. Some died on the scaffold, many died in prison—all gone, years of sacrifice and effort, to assert the national claims of Ireland. I claim this for them—my countrymen in Great Britain, and I know the generous spirit of Wexford will freely grant it—that but for their fidelity, devotion and persistent labors, the national cause would not be so near success to-day (applause). It will always be to me a glad recollection that I had the privilege of co-operating in that work. For years I carried my life and my liberty in my hands, as I went through the length and breadth of the country sowing the seeds of that movement, which, to-day, thank God, is strong enough to restore to Ireland the control of her own destinies (applause). It is with the utmost reluctance that I make any reference to my participation in this old struggle—it is the first time I have done so, and it will be the last. But to-day I am, in a sense, on my trial. I have been forced to take a course which is utterly repugnant and painful to me, and I am anxious above all things to make it clear to you that, after the best part of my life has been spent in helping the National movement to the best of my ability, I would have made any personal sacrifices to hold on to the end; but the position became intolerable through the personal action of two men grasping for power, one blinded with vanity, and the other singularly deficient in judgment and common sense. I foresee a long and squalid contest with these gentlemen. I have neither time nor inclination for a contest of that kind, so I concluded the only course open to me was to make a free and frank explanation of my reasons, and place my resignation in your hands. There

was no honour the world could confer upon me so great as the representation of my native county in Parliament. In future it will be always a matter of pride to myself and those who come after me that in Ireland's final and, thank God, successful struggle for freedom, I was deemed worthy to bear your banner in the fight. I strove to do my duty. I hope I succeeded; but that verdict, gentleman, is now in your hands (loud and prolonged cheering).

Death of a Religious.

Sister M. de Sales, a religious, who during the long years of her convent life had won the esteem and love of all, lately passed peacefully away at the Convent of Mercy, Gort. The cause of her death was apoplexy. The deceased Sister, who was daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Davy, of Curra, Loughrea, had entered the Order of Mercy at the early age of eighteen years, and had at the time of her death completed the thirty-fifth year of her profession. A Requiem Mass was celebrated in the convent chapel, which was thronged to its utmost capacity, many who wished attend being unable to gain admission. Among the relatives of the deceased Sister were the Misses Davy, Curra, Loughrea (sisters), Miss K. Davy, Woodberry (cousin), Mr. Thomas Davy, Curra, Loughrea (brother), and Mr. P. Davy, J.P., Woodberry (cousin). On the conclusion of the High Mass the funeral procession was formed. The coffin was borne on the shoulders of the former pupils of the dead Sister, who thus testified their respect and gratitude to the deceased's memory. Following came the members of the community, and the children of the convent and National Schools, and there was a large gathering of the general public. The funeral procession presented a solemn and striking aspect, as it slowly wended its way through the beautiful grounds to the cemetery, which lies so peacefully at the foot of the hill. The absolutions were performed by the Very Rev. Dr. Fahy.

Government of Children.

It is scarcely too much to say that almost as many children are spoiled by too much government as by too little. As between the two courses, the child that is judiciously left alone is much better off than the one that is too much controlled. With naturally good impulses, the youngster, unless brought up in solitude and with selfish instincts and habits, is fairly likely to develop a not objectionable character. Continued contact with play-fellows of his own age and condition brings out the manly and independent characteristics. He goes out light of heart and free from annoyances, and all the world looks bright to him. But the child who goes from home with a mind warped and a temper soured by perpetual fault-finding and bickering is in a mood to make all things ill. He goes about with a metaphorical chip on his shoulder, and there is little wonder if he gets into all sorts of trouble. An experienced teacher used to say that he could tell the children who lived unhappily at home. They were much more troublesome at school, and were almost always on the alert for slights and offenses, and far more difficult to control than the children who came from happy and peaceable families.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

"Do you think, Schmidt, that your affection for Franca is reciprocated?" "I really can't say. I'm loving her at present on credit."

"The Bard of Cavan."

Cornelius O'Reilly, better known in New York by his self-assumed title of "The Bard of Cavan," died on the 15th instant, in Bellevue Hospital. In his early days, some fifty years ago, in Bulturbat, County Cavan, he was looked upon as a wild youth, where he "got into trouble" on account of his supposed connection with the "Molly McGuire," but before the English authorities could act in his case he disappeared. His friends next heard of him in Cork, as a private in the Eighty-eighth Regiment, known to fame as the "Counaught Rangers." In those days the soldiers of the English garrison in Ireland were marched to church, on Sunday, headed by their band, but, after the Protestants of the different regiments had been with their officers, deposited at the Episcopal churches, the music ceased, and the Catholics had to go to Mass in silence. O'Reilly became aroused over this, and, one Sunday morning, stepping out of the ranks, he presented a pistol at the Bandmaster's head, commanding him, at the same time, to order his men to play up "St. Patrick's Day," on pain of instant death. The order was promptly obeyed, the band struck up the National air, and, for the first time since the Jacobite era Catholic soldiers in the service of the English crown marched to Mass headed by military bands. Private O'Reilly had been guilty of open mutiny, for less than which many a man had been summarily shot by drum-head court-martial. But, at that period, affairs in Europe were (as the diplomatists put it), in a ticklish position. The political atmosphere was charged at once with the elements of war and revolution; England herself was convulsed with domestic trade troubles, and the British authorities of the day recognized that their only safety lay in the loyalty of the regular army, over thirty per cent of which was then composed of Irish soldiers. Hence, O'Reilly's offence against the regulations was condoned; but the individual result to him was that he was made a marked man, for persecution and punishment in his regiment; and, as a consequence, he took advantage of the assignment to Cork of the detachment to which he belonged to take French leave of the Provost and Adjutant, and for a time there was a blank opposite his name in the roll of his company, which, at each muster, was filled in with the single words deserter—a term that means, to-day, more than it did then to the British military authorities, for their own official returns show that they are unable to keep up their military status, as the sum total of their annual loss by deaths, discharges and desertions far exceeds the number of their recruitments.

But, a man of O'Reilly's strong individuality could not long remain in concealment; and, in a short time after he revealed his identity to the police who were looking for him, by plunging into the swollen waters of the river Lee, and rescuing a child, who was one of a number of people who had been swept down by a freaket. He was recognized by an energetic policeman, on landing with the rescued child; and being brought before a court-martial, was sentenced to two months' penal confinement in a military prison, for the offence being "absent from his company without leave." The sentence excited so much public comment that O'Reilly, at the end of three weeks, was released; and being still in the hands of the civil authorities and having registered a vow that he would never again wear "the English Red," he was shipped, in disguise, on an American-bound ship, and safely reached New York, which, like so many of his co-patriots he subsequently made his abiding place, as a good citizen of the Great Republic.

A tip-top fellow often knows how to make things hum.