

AN EMPHATIC RESPONSE

To Archbishop Walsh's Appeal for Unity.

BANQUET OF THE IRISH PARTY.

At the great banquet in the Holborn Restaurant, London, at which more than 400 people were present Mr. Justin McCarthy, the chairman said in proposing the first toast, "Ireland a Nation," this was the greatest gathering the Irish National League had ever held in London or any part of Great Britain on St. Patrick's night—he meant when their celebrations had taken the form of a dinner. They met under happy auspices that night. They had in greater numbers the presence of members of the Irish priesthood. That illustrated in the most expressive manner the old, and yet ever new—that immortal union of the Irish priesthood and the Irish people (cheers.)

They met as representing the whole Irish National Party, recognizing no division, no section, and no difference of opinion, but all agreed as to their common cause—the national cause of Ireland. That very fact was an auspicious and emphatic response to the appeal which was made the other day by Archbishop Walsh. So far as those present were concerned, they carried out his views, and met as Irish Nationalists on equal and friendly terms. Since they last met they had had to fight their way without Mr. Gladstone's incomparable guidance, without his superb energy, and his matchless eloquence to help them, and yet they had kept their place and their country's cause uppermost. They stood, as they ever did, pledged to the cause in Parliament, and to nothing else whatever. They maintained the National cause, and they would enter into alliance with any man and any party who were honorably and sincerely willing to help them and to work with them. What the Irish leaders claimed for the Irish people was what every free people with spirit and intelligence and courage had always claimed for itself—the right to manage their own national affairs to the best of their own judgment (cheers.)

They felt that their cause was safe, for their measure had passed through two of the most important stages on the way to success that any great reform could go through. It had been carried by the House of Commons and rejected by the House of Lords (cheers.) There never had been any great measure of reform which could in any sense be called national that was passed by the House of Commons and rejected by the House of Lords that ever failed to come to a triumphant conclusion (cheers.)

The Rev. Father Dooley, of Canning Town, in proposing "The Irish Party," said: In the course of the few remarks which I shall make in proposing this toast it may happen that I shall accent the wrong word, or pause at the wrong place, or let my voice fall when it ought to rise, or stammer and stutter where I ought to be fluent and precise, and, as any of those accidents might be seized upon to misinterpret my meaning, I wish at the outset to record my conviction as freely and frankly and unequivocally as I can that the Irish party remains entitled to the confidence, the respect, the gratitude, and the support of all patriotic Irishmen. And when I speak of the Irish party I have before my mind that body of representative Irishmen who, whatever may be their personal differences, are one in their antagonism to oppression, in sympathy with the weak as against the strong, in adhesion to healthy moral principle, in loyalty to Ireland's friends and scorn

of Ireland's foes. That body is, I sincerely hope, much larger than some people imagine or like to imagine. Indeed, he would be a bold man who would exclude from it any of the gentlemen who at this moment represent Nationalist constituencies in the House of Commons. I shall always be slow—and we should all of us be slow—to impugn the motives of any of our countrymen, even though in outward seeming their public conduct may be indefensible and unpatriotic.

The cause of Ireland is sacred enough to hold captive hearts that are even more wayward than those which beat under representative waistcoats, and feelings therefore not of distrust and bitterness but of trustfulness and charity in our members of Parliament have a basis in common sense no less than in obivary and fair play. The greatest fault I have to find with the party is not one concerning rectitude, but diplomacy. Its members are just a trifle too frank with one another. They are too Saxon in their use of epithets. They do not take sufficient care to say Nabocklish in the right place, and their Thanuman Dhoulis are unfortunately all spoken in English. Perhaps, sir, I have given you a hint which you might profitably make use of at your next meeting. You might lay it down that henceforward and for ever when an Irish member wants to say something uncomplimentary of another member he shall do so only in the language of the Four Masters. Then, should any of our English friends or our English foes ask you what the member for Carrickmore has been saying of the member for Carrickbeg, you could tell them with a smiling Irish wink to mind their own business. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, the Irish party has hitherto worn its heart too much upon its sleeve, and daws of all colours have been greedily picking at it. There have been black daws and blue daws, and yellow daws and red daws, and I am not quite so certain that there haven't been some green daws. If it must continue so to wear it, can it not at all events season it with kindness, with forbearance, with patience, with singleness of purpose? If it so begin to do, then perchance the time is not far off when we shall have our ideal Parliamentary party—not merely a party which, like the present, is of unimpeachable motive, and which is as one man in face of the enemy, but a party, moreover, which in motive and in action will be as one man among themselves. Caed mille failthe to Ireland's friends and Faugh a Ballagh to Ireland's foes is my ideal Irish policy, and it is because I believe the Irish party have an affection for that policy that I ask you to drink to it.

Mr. Dillon, who was received with loud applause and the singing of "He's a jolly good fellow," in responding said: I feel it to be a very great honour to be permitted as a member of the rank and file of the Irish party to thank this great assembly to-night for the way in which it has received, and Father Dooley for the way in which he has proposed, that toast. We have heard a great deal of criticism from all quarters on the Irish party within three years. But one thing could be said of the Irish party which even its enemies would not dare to question. It was said of a great man of many centuries ago, who had saved his people and nation in a time of great crisis—it was said of him by his fellow-citizens, as the highest praise which they could award him for his exertions, that he did not despair of the Republic, and when we call to mind the vicissitudes and difficulties through which the Irish cause has passed within the last four years, I think that no higher praise can be awarded to the Irish party than that during these four years, when many felt weak-hearted, the Irish party did not despair of Ireland (applause.) We hear a great deal

of criticism of the Irish party. When I read or listen to those criticisms on the Irish party I am often inclined to ask these critics to consider what are, as it seems to me, the two essential elements which are the effective causes of the marvellous and unparalleled success of that small party which was known to the world as the Irish National party, for I hold that in the whole Parliamentary history of Great Britain, or in the Parliamentary history of the world, there never has been a body of men, so few in numbers compared with the assembly in the midst of which they operated—there never stood a body of men who started in their career with such few resources and against such enormous odds who have achieved so great a measure of success in so brief a time as the Irish party (applause.) After speaking of the unity of that party, he said: I will tell you what it is the Irish people want. The Irish people want a national capital centre for their race, where they can work out, according to their own traditions, their own particular mental constitution, and according to all the peculiarities of the Irish race, where they can work out their highest intellectual life. It was said in an article some years ago in the Times, "Send an Irishman to Australia or America, or to Great Britain even, and there he will distinguish himself, and will make a career for himself in competition with all the other nations of the world, but keep him at home in Ireland and he becomes a discontented rebel, and can never make any career for himself." Surely the cause of Home Rule was never more forcibly stated. Give to the people of Ireland at home on their own soil, in the cradle of their race, the same conditions of liberty, the same social advantages and the same opportunities which they enjoy in all English-speaking countries all over the world, and then they will work out their national existence gloriously, I believe, but at all events peacefully and according to their own genius. Then it will be found that Irishmen can strike out for themselves a great career in Ireland as well as abroad, then it will be realized even by those who are now the bitterest supporters of what they call union, that during all these bitter centuries of oppression in Ireland a great and most valuable element has been denied to the intellectual wealth of the world, that great National characteristic temperament has been suppressed, and that if Ireland is allowed to develop freely in her own land according to her own National genius a distinguished addition will be made to the intellectual riches of the world (loud and continued applause.)

In some respects Mr. Morley is a typical leader of English Liberalism. With some of its fetishes he has little sympathy, and with none of its narrowness. And yet it is true that this man, who has rejected the whole spiritual foundation of the nonconformist creed, is above all things felt to be a man of profoundly religious nature. The seriousness—even the sombreness with which he views human destiny—his ever-present sense of its sadness and tragedy—of its heights and of its depths—these things reach chords of sympathy and agreement in the Nonconformist Conscience that are deeper and more at the root of things than even the profoundest questions of theological conviction. It is this feeling towards Mr. Morley that makes him in spite of many drawbacks—in the absence of this coarser fibre that makes the political athlete, and, sometimes, in spite of faults of temper natural in an overworked and high strung nature—this is the feeling that makes the name of Mr. Morley more potent with all the earnestness and all the exultation of political passion in the Liberal party than any other of its leaders.

Items From Everywhere.

The Pope has given the sum of twelve thousand lire to relieve the distress in the Roman province.

The vast majority of the Italian people are taking next to no interest in the coming elections which may be fraught with the most tremendous consequences.

The report that at the next consistory the patriarch of the Armenians will be created a cardinal is one that is apt to prove correct. Leo XIII., early in his pontificate, conferred a red hat upon the Armenian patriarch, then Monsignor Hassoun, and he is known to entertain the highest esteem for the present one, Monsignor Izaurlian, whose courage in exposing the brutalities committed by the Turkish government on the Armenians at Sassoun has won wide praise for him. This dignitary resides at Constantinople, in one of the suburbs of the city, and he and his flock follow the Armenian rite in their public worship.

The great preachers of Paris are again busy with their Lenten sermons. Notre Dame is as always the centre of the great feast of oratory. From its pulpit the greatest of French orators have spoken. This year Mgr. d'Hulst is preaching a series of sermons on the "Duties of the Citizen." Mgr. d'Hulst is one of the greatest Frenchmen of his generation. One hundred other preachers, about half of whom are members of religious orders, attend to the rest of the many-sided city. The Lenten season is the only time of the year when men go to church in large numbers in Paris.

The celebration of the seventeenth anniversary of the coronation of Leo XIII. has given rise to many tales of the events of that day. "By what name do you wished to be called?" he was asked by the College of Cardinals. "By the name of Leo XIII." "But," said Cardinal Bartolini, "the number thirteen is reputed unlucky." "No matter," said the new Pontiff, putting forth his hand and stretching out the fingers and closing them against the palm, "it is the lion (leone)." Although very little known outside his own diocese, his election was predicted by three persons in different countries. One of these was William Ewart Gladstone, whose prediction was contained in a private letter that made quite a stir when its contents came to be known.

A letter from Rome tells of a very curious and touching little scene that was witnessed in the Vatican on Saturday morning, Feb. 23. The Holy Father was in his private study, when a poorly-clad Indian of about thirty-three years of age was admitted to his presence, thanks to the kind intervention of Monsignore Mery del Val. He prostrated himself before the venerable Pontiff with true Oriental reverence, and when Leo XIII. himself helped him to rise, seemed almost about to faint with joy and gratitude. The interview lasted some minutes and the poor Indian left the Pope's presence the happy possessor of several medals, relics, and pictures which he kissed again and again. It has been proved beyond a doubt that this Indian is a direct descendant of one of the chiefs baptized by St. Francis Xavier. He has, it appears, for years cherished the idea of one day coming to Rome to see the Holy Father, and only allowed himself the strict necessities of life in order to save sufficient money for his journey. At last he has accomplished the desire of his life, and, after visiting the Sovereign Pontiff, started on his homeward journey on the following day.

Woodruff is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculation is power of endurance. Efforts to be perfectly useful must be uniformly joyous, a spirit of sunshine, graceful from every gladness, beautiful because bright.—Thomas Carlyle.