

PARNELL'S SPEECH

At the Memorable Rotunda Banquet.

"NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE AND PROSPERITY FOR IRELAND."

The following is a *verbatim* report of the speech delivered by Charles Stewart Parnell at the Rotunda Banquet on the occasion of the presentation of the National Tribute:—

Mr. Parnell, M.P., rose at twenty minutes to 11. He was received with great cheering, the whole assembly rising and greeting him with the strongest enthusiasm. Again and again the cheers were renewed, and it was almost four minutes before Mr. Parnell could commence his speech. He said: My Lord Mayor, ladies and gentlemen, I do not know how adequately to express my feelings with regard not only to your lordship's address, not only to the address of the Parnell National Tribute, but also regarding this magnificent demonstration, for I can call it nothing else. But, my lord, I prefer to leave to the historian the description of to-night, and the expression of an opinion on the results which to-night must produce (hear, hear). You, my lord, have recalled to our memories the historical occasion of the assemblage one hundred years ago in this hall. I trust that those who come after us—I not only trust, but I feel sure that those who come after us to-day will occupy a brighter, a higher, and a greater position, and will see their country occupy a greater and a higher position than we are fated to see to-day (cheers). I shall not attempt to repeat as an Irishman to your lordship's eulogy, speaking as an Irishman to an assembly of Irishmen and Irishwomen (applause). I shall only say that I believe and I think that the result of the great movement of the last few years shows that I am right in that belief (cheers), that there must have been many Irishmen who thought and felt as I did, many undoubtedly more able and more willing than I was ("no, no") to give effect to my thoughts and my wishes.

How his Heart was Touched. As an Irishman, I have no doubt, in common with many thousands of my countrymen, I looked around me; I saw the artisan in the town struggling for a precarious existence with a torpid trade, with everything against him; I saw the Irish tenant farmer trembling before the eye of his landlord (hear, hear), with the knowledge that in that landlord's power rested the whole of the future of himself and of his family; that his position was literally no better, physically not so good, as the lot of a South African negro (hear, hear); that he was endeavouring to make both ends meet, that his life was a constant struggle to keep the roof over his head and over the head of his family by the most grinding and pinching self-denial. I saw, as you have all seen, the Irish labourer, whose lot even to this day has been but very little improved (cheers, hear, hear), for whom there is now also, I trust, a day of light and glory dawning (cheers, and cries of T. P. O'Connor). I saw the Irish labourer, the lowest of the low, the slave of the slave, with not even a dry roof over his head, with the rain from heaven dripping upon the couch on which he was forced to lie; dressed in rags; subsisting upon the meanest food; and whether I looked upon one side, irresistible conviction was borne back upon me that there was a nation carrying on its life, striving for existence, striving for nationhood under such difficulties as had never beset any other people on the face of Europe (hear, hear).

The Odds against the Land Movement. Many of us saw these things. To many of us these same thoughts occurred. And some three years ago we resolved—and I am proud and happy to say that at this board to-night there are many present who joined in that resolve—that these things should no longer be as they were. And the historian of the future will say for the Land League movement, if he be unprejudiced and truthful, that never was there a movement formed to contend against such an infamous and horrible system—a system which even the British Parliament, and the influence and laws of England have already partially admitted to be a gigantic system of robbery and fraud (cheers)—that never was there a movement formed to contend against such a system with so much odds against it, in the carrying out of which, I will not say even in connection with which, but in association with which there was so much moderation and discretion, and such an utter absence of crime, and of the strong passions which ignite men (cheers, in which the closing words of the sentence were lost).

The Force we have to Face. Ireland is not in a normal condition. If she had been we never could have had the system of landlordism that my friend Mr. Davitt has devoted his life and vowed his future to the extermination of (cheers). We never should have had it; and we certainly should not have it now were it not that this system is upheld by a stronger nation and a stronger power than our own. We always have to take into account that no matter how we may strive to keep within the limits of the constitution, this strong people outside of us and particularly opposed to us will always meet us with the rule of force, and in striving for and obtaining the partial justice that we have yet obtained we have been met with this rule of force. Look about you on every side. You see over 30,000 soldiers of the regular army retained in Ireland. You see another and more efficient army of 15,000 policemen for the same purpose. You have seen the law, the ancient law, of *habeas corpus* repeatedly thrown away in regard to Ireland, and the most signal example of this particular breach of the Constitution, out of many breaches which are being constantly made in the British Constitution in Ireland (laughter), was when one thousand Irishmen were thrown into prison by the late lamented Buckshot Forster (groans and laughter). We are now living under a coercion which is the combined result of the Irish question, and how to meet it by coercion, by lawyers, and statesmen of England (groans).

Lord Harrington Answered. Well, gentlemen, in face of all this—in face of the fact that no man's life, much less his liberty, is at the present moment safe—Lord Harrington has the goodness to tell us that the Liberal party will co-operate with the Irish party (laughter). A Voice—If he gets a chance? Mr. Parnell—When we abandon our un-

constitutional ways and use only constitutional methods (laughter). I would rather have preferred to say that, until the Liberal party abandon their unconstitutional methods, and betake themselves to the observance of even the British Constitution, there can be no co-operation between English Liberals and Irishmen (cheers) in respect to those matters connected with the advancement of popular liberties and the progress of general reform, to which such co-operation would be fairly permissible under normal conditions (loud cheers). To enable such co-operation—and I don't know whether such co-operation will ever take place—it does not look likely at the present moment, I must confess—to enable such co-operation as would be consistent and permissible with our present position as an independent Irish party, there must be no more coercion, and there must be no more emigration (loud and continued cheers).

No Quarter for Emigrationists. We regard any system of emigration which has yet been tried in this country as a murderous blow (loud cheers), against the life of our nation (renewed cheers), accompanied by untold sufferings to the unhappy individuals on whom the experiment is made (cheers). It is useless for the Tuke committee to present us with their carefully selected cases of certain individuals who have been prosperous in their new homes beyond the Atlantic. We know enough from better experience what must be the fate of the unfortunate man who has emigrated with his family at the rate of £5 per head, including the passage money (hear, hear); and we have irresistible proof to show that three-fourths of the emigrants who have been sent out from Ireland during the last year or two have been compelled to find their homes in the miserable garrets of New York, Boston, and Montreal (cheers). Whatever Mr. Tuke's individual motives may be—and he may be a philanthropist of the purest water for all I know—the proceedings of the committee stand exposed as an indecent attempt to assist the Government to get rid of the Irish difficulty by getting rid of the Irish people, and to shield them from the responsibility which rightly belonged to them of providing for the welfare of the Irish people so long as they insist upon the right of governing us. We can hold no parley with emigrationists or coercionists. (Applause.) If we are to be emigrated and coerced we prefer to have the dose administered by our natural enemies, the Tories (hear, hear), rather than by those wolves in sheep's clothing, the Whigs (cheers). If emigration must be tried, if it is such a wonderfully good thing for the poor people, why should they not try it upon some of those congested districts in London (applause). If I mistake not, any attempt to bring into practical operation the theories of Lord Spencer and Lord Derby (cheers)—and, by the way, we never heard of Lord Spencer (cheers) carrying any child out of the clams of St. Giles on board an emigrant ship in the Thames—any such attempt, I say, upon their part, would lead to the opening up of questions and the suggestion of principles by no means palatable to the landed proprietors of England (hear, hear).

Who would be Free must Sufer. Now, gentlemen, we have not arrived at our present position without having to submit to and to endure a very great deal. It is the history of every measure of reform, of every advance for public liberties in Ireland, that it has to be accompanied by great suffering for the people, by great sacrifices on the part of individuals, and by relatively small gains in proportion to the enormous gains which have been made. Who can doubt what would have happened to landlordism in Ireland, if any other European country was faced to face with the movement of the last few years. It would no longer have troubled us. But we have in our country hard facts to meet with and to grapple with. We have such individuals as Lord Spencer and Mr. Trevelyan (groans), and I do not think I exaggerate when I say that although these two individuals have been vastly helped by the Coercion Act, of which they have made such liberal use—I do not think I exaggerate when I say that the present Irish Executive is probably characterized by greater meanness and by greater incapacity (hear, hear) than any other of its predecessors; that it is certain, just as certain as that our poor friend Mr. Forster (groans and laughter) was obliged to retire precipitately from this country, or rather was not allowed to "come back to Erin" (laughter); that it is just as certain that this present Government of Ireland will prove, sooner or later—and probably much sooner than later—as great and as conspicuous a failure as any of its predecessors (applause).

Earl Spencer's Gallows Government. For Lord Spencer there is of course some excuse—he does not owe his position to the fact that he has distinguished himself in the walks of literature (laughter), or to the fact that he is even a representative of the people (renewed laughter). He has been distinguished by none of those qualities which go to make a statesman (laughter). He simply came over to Ireland as the assistant of Mr. Forster (groans), and it is most desirable, since it is so often dinned into our ears about the alleged gentleness and firmness—I think that is the expression (laughter)—of Lord Spencer, it is most desirable that we should always remember, that we should never forget that the present Lord Lieutenant of Ireland simply came over as a very inferior bottle-holder to Mr. Forster (loud and prolonged applause). It was, therefore, to be expected that Lord Spencer should distinguish himself by the administration of the new Coercion Act, by his refusal to spare that pillar of English rule in Ireland, Mr. Marwood, from any of the duties of his office (cheers), by his imprisonment and his tortures, by his fines and politics quartered upon an unoffending and guiltless people. We are not surprised, I say, that Lord Spencer should do his little best to imitate the biggest of the big coercionists who ever came to Ireland, and that he should desire to give full play to the unbridled insolence and passion of the foreign garrison in Ireland (applause).

Pinch of Hunger's Plank-bed. But what can we say of Mr. Trevelyan (groans), a distinguished Radical, the good nephew of his great granduncle (laughter). Mr. Forster used to have a trick of great wheezing as all by saying that his great ambition was to enable everybody in Ireland to do (laughter). But Mr. Trevelyan's great ambition seemed to be to prevent anybody in Ireland from doing what they had a legal right to do (laughter and prolonged cheers). Take, for instance, three salient examples of Mr. Trevelyan in Ireland—his imprisonment of my honorable friend Mr. Harrington (cheers), his seizure of the *Kerry Sentinel*, and his imprisonment of the editor, and lastly, his suppression by proclamation of the National meetings in the North of Ireland. Because, recollect he has endorsed—you might

think that the Lord Lieutenant has done these things—but Mr. Trevelyan has done them all. In the first example Mr. Harrington—a simple young creature (laughter)—thought that he might tell some of his tenant farmer constituents that if they did not do something for the laborers, the Irish members in the House of Commons would stop exerting themselves for the purpose of amending the Act by the admission of leaseholders within the Land Act, the amendment of the Healy Clause, and so forth. Mr. Harrington, of course, has a perfectly legal right to do this over in Westminster, but he had not a legal right to tell his constituents in Ireland that he was going to do it in Westminster, and accordingly he was put into prison, and he was taught on the plank bed that although he might have a legal right in Westminster, he had no legal right at all in Ireland (hear, hear). Take the second example—the proceedings in reference to the suppression of the *Kerry Sentinel*. Mr. Harrington's brother was engaged in the perfectly legal occupation of bringing out a country newspaper—a country weekly newspaper. It was not a newspaper that had set any large portion of the West of Ireland on fire. I am not aware that he had even set a large portion of the county Kerry on fire. At all events, Mr. Harrington's brother had been engaged in bringing out this weekly newspaper for twenty months during the existence of Mr. Forster's Coercion Act without ever having been reasonably suspected of a single thing (laughter). Ah, yes, but Mr. Trevelyan was going to change all that. He knew better. He knew that the brothers Harrington were very dangerous men (applause), and one day when the printer's devil, who had by some misfortune got into Mr. Harrington's employment, took it into his head to beguile an idle hour by snatching a proof purporting to be an invincible notice from Mr. Harrington's type, the great excuse was framed, and the printing press of the *Kerry Sentinel* was seized, the type was destroyed, the newspaper was suppressed, they were all sent off to Dublin Castle. The boy admitted that he had done this thing, and without the knowledge of the editor or of any responsible person about the place. The notice in question presented all the internal and external evidence of want of genuineness and want of authenticity. No child ever would have said for a moment that it really was what it purported to be. As well might you find the schoolmaster because an idle schoolboy drew a picture upon his slate. But Mr. Harrington was made to suffer in person and in property for the fault of the boy in his employment; and as we are sitting around this banquet board I think no greater example in a small way can be found of the utter unscrupulousness of our rulers, of their utter want of common interest (applause) than the fact that Mr. Harrington is still detained as a common felon within prison walls, lying on a prison bed, and eating prison fare ("shame") for an offence of which it must be perfectly well known to these men in Dublin Castle that he is as absolutely innocent as I am (applause).

A Voice—We will have revenge. Mr. Parnell—My friend says we will have revenge. All I can say is that he will have to have lots of patience before he has his revenge.

A Government of Treachery and Trickery. I now come to the last example of this most pernicious and extraordinary Government—the suppression of the Northern meetings. Mr. Trevelyan may be able to cross the water and hood-wink the simple people of Galashiels, but he is not going to throw dust on any section of the Irish people, either Irish Nationalists or Irish Orangemen (cheers); and I can hardly believe that Mr. Trevelyan does himself the honor of believing what he told them (hear, hear). All through his speech it is easy to detect the self-satisfied chuckle of the man who exaggerates for his own purpose the danger likely to arise from the action of a few poor wretched Orangemen, and who deliberately exaggerates for the same purpose the resources for mischief of the landlords who hire them (cheers). He admits the illegality of those proceedings from the top to the bottom. He describes them in the most forcible language, while he enormously magnifies the results likely to arise to them (cheers). And what is the excuse for the action of the Government—an action, you must remember, exactly in accord with the wishes and demands of the law-breakers? His excuse was that it would take a 1,000 infantry and cavalry to protect the constitutional right of public meeting, and enable those seeking an alteration in the law to do what they had a legal right to.

False Apologies Expoded. If Nationalists meet together to obtain an alteration of the Land Act—if my Lord Mayor goes to Derry to deliver a lecture (cheers) on the extension of the franchise to Ireland, the excuse for proclaiming the meeting in the one case, and for at best winking at the designs of the assassins who fired at him, was that it would take 1,000 infantry and cavalry to do anything else. Did the Government hesitate to protect the Lough Mask expedition in 1880, because it took 1,000 infantry and cavalry to protect them? Did they ever refuse protection to any landlord engaged in the eviction of his tenants, or to any sheriff engaged in forestalling the Land Act by selling out the interest of the tenant? Did the English Government—was it ever known to refuse all the arms and all the men that might be necessary for such a purpose? (No.) Did the Government shrink from holding 1,000 untried men in prison for twelve long months in 1881 and 1882 lest any impediment would be offered to the legal rights of the landlord class? No. All our experience of English force in Ireland results in this, that they are always willing to employ that force to the fullest extent while it is a question of protecting the so-called rights of the minority against the majority (cheers). The proceedings in the North teach us this lesson, that the law in Ireland is only powerful when the minority applies for protection; it is then quick to strike—it is very generous and unmerciful. But when after great struggling it may happen that a statute of beneficial import to the people of Ireland survives in a mutilated condition, the two Houses of Parliament, we find that the operation of the law in putting in force that statute is slow, halting, and ineffectual, and until the English Liberals and Radicals learn the first lesson of their political creed that every nation, every country, has a right to be governed according to the will of the majority of that country, they will fail, as they have always failed, in their self-imposed task of governing the Irish people (cheers).

Patient Perseverance will Win. Gentlemen, we are told about the franchise. The Liberal party is going, we hear, to extend the franchise to Ireland. I am very much inclined to believe that were it not that there exists in the House of Commons a solid band of solid men (cheers)—who would vote steadily against any extension of the suffrage in England if Ireland were left out, we would see

very little of the inclusion of Ireland in the forthcoming bill. We can survey these contests between the English parties with perfect equality. Our position is a strong and a winning one. Whether they extend the franchise to Ireland or not we will return, I believe, between seventy or eighty members (cheers). Our cause is undoubtedly a winning cause, and though the progress we may be making at present in the face of coercion must be slow, yet still we are progressing, we are keeping up, and even adding to the impetus that was given to the National cause in the days of the Irish National Land League movement. And although it is hard, although one's blood often boils at witnessing the indignities and suffering and persecutions which the people of this country are obliged to submit to every day and night, we must be patient. We have every reason to be patient. We shall win if we are patient (cheers). The miserable character of the shifts and evasions which the Irish Executive have daily resorted to show that we must win. (cheers). Coercion cannot last for ever (cheers), and there is one thing more to be said, as we are living it down—there is one thing we must remember, and remind the English people of—that if there is one fact more certain than another it is the fact that if we are to be coerced, even if the present Coercion Act, or any part of it, is to be renewed, if the constitution is not to be restored to us, these things shall be done by the Tory Government, and not by the Liberal Government (cheers), and shall carry with them in the shape of increased taxation the fruits and penalties inflicted upon us. Beyond a shadow of doubt it will be for the Irish people in England, poorly as they are supported, and isolated as they are, and for your independent members to determine at the next general election whether the Tory or Liberal Ministries shall rule England. This is a great force and a great power; if we may not rule ourselves we can at least cause them to be ruled as we choose (cheers). This force has already gained for Ireland inclusion in the coming Franchise Bill, and we have reason to be proud, hopeful, and energetic, determined that this generation shall not pass away until it has bequeathed to those who come after us the great birth-right of national independence and prosperity (loud cheers).

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. W. H. HORSFORD, New Orleans, La., says: "I found it an admirable remedy for debilitated state of the system, produced by the wear and tear of the nervous energies."

Daniel Burkett of Big Creek Gap, East Tennessee, who is said to be 19 years old, weighs thirty pounds and is only eighteen inches high.

Do not suffer from Sick Headache a moment longer. It is not necessary. Carter's Little Liver Pills will cure you. Dose, one little pill. All druggists sell them. 147-ts

Geneva sent to the United States in the first half of the current year \$25,000 worth of music boxes.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Rheumatism and Rheumatic gout are the most dreaded of all diseases, because their victims know that they are safe at no season, and at no age secure. Holloway's Ointment, after fomentation of the painful parts, gives greater relief than any other application; but it must be diligently used to obtain this desirable result. It has been highly commended by rheumatic subjects of all ages and of both sexes, rendering their attack less frequent and less vigorous, and for relieving the sour perspirations and soothing the nerves. In many cases, Holloway's Ointment and Pills have proved the greatest blessings in removing rheumatism and rheumatic gout which had assailed persons previously and at the prime of life.

Lady Wilde, Oscar's mother, says she will never rest satisfied until "she has shot an American editor."

Health is impossible when the blood is impure, thick and sluggish, or when it is thin and impoverished. Under such conditions, boils, pimples, headaches, neuralgia, rheumatism, and one disease after another is developed. Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and it will make the blood pure, rich, warm and vitalizing.

A Presbyterian minister, seventy-five years old, has just been suffocated by blowing out the gas in Baltimore.

LOUIS JACX, Mo., Sept. 14, 1879. I have been using Hop Bitters, and have received great benefit from them for liver complaints and malarial fever. They are superior to all other medicines. F. M. BARNES.

A negro convict in Adams, Miss., sentenced for life, drew \$800 pension money the other day for a wound in the war.

Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER I. "I was taken sick a year ago With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I could not move."

I shrunk From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign, but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, '81. E. FITZPATRICK. How to Get Sick.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised; and then you will want to know how to get well, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

Mr. Ekersley, Conservative, has been elected to the House of Commons from Wigan, Eng., without opposition, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Knowles, Conservative.

OUR HABITS AND OUR CLIMATE.

All persons leading a sedentary and inactive life are more less subject to derangements of the Liver and Stomach which, if neglected in a changeable climate like ours, leads to chronic disease and ultimate misery. An occasional dose of McGeale's Compound Bismuth Pills, will stimulate the Liver to healthy action, tone up the Stomach and Digestive Organs, thereby giving life and vigor to the system generally. For sale everywhere. Price, 25c per box, five boxes \$1.00. Mailed free of postage on receipt of price in money or postage stamps.—B. E. McGeale, chemist, Montreal. 95 ts

VIOLATING THE CONCORDAT

FANATISM IN THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTES.

How a Red attacked the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris—Robbing the Servants of the Poor—Occurrence of a Once Great Catholic Country.

PARIS, Nov. 28.—The hero of the day is M. Jules Roche, and his triumph is a dastardly and cruel attack on the Church in the person of the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris. M. Jules Roche has induced the Chamber to cut down the stipend of the venerable prelate from 25,000 francs to 15,000. The squabble, for it cannot be called a debate, was one of the most uproarious which the Chamber has witnessed for a long time. Of course it was perfectly evident how the battle was going to end, and the only surprise has been that the act of spoliation was not perpetrated last session.

M. Goblet, a fierce anti-clerical fire-eater, denounced the monstrous paradox of the Republic paying "functionaries," who were her sworn enemies, and whose influence was openly enlisted on the side of her enemies. The Bishop of Angers, the stout-hearted champion of the Church in the Chamber, protested against the bishops being called "functionaries" because they received a stipend from the State, that stipend being, not a salary for services rendered, but an indemnity for property violently and illegally confiscated.

The Revolution of '93 robbed the clergy of all their possessions in lands, houses and vested money; the Concordat, in order to make some satisfaction for this spoliation, offered to contribute a certain sum annually to the support of the plundered clergy. The compensation was a pittance compared to the loss inflicted; but the Church consented to accept it, and made peace with the State, on the latter solemnly engaging to place a certain sum of the budget every year to the maintenance of the higher and lower clergy.

M. Freppel was not suffered to give this unanswerable answer to the infuriated anti-clerical, who with the entire Left, howled down both the bishop and the president's bell that kept tinkling away its feeble protest against the storm of passion that was turning the Legislative Assembly into a menagerie of wild beasts.

In the midst of the fray, there started up M. Germain Ossa, a former pupil of the Dominicans, expelled from college, and afterwards from other places for reasons best not inquired into, and whose hatred of religion and priests partakes of the nature of madness. This honorable Deputy "spat out a torrent of abuse," as a reporter put it, at the brave bishop leading his forlorn host, and told him that priests were functionaries like professors and prelates, and others.

M. Jules Ferry and M. Floquet backed up M. Germain Ossa in two speeches utterly devoid of eloquence, logic, or knowledge of law and history, and which were followed up by an outburst from a M. Laverne about a country cure who refused absolution to a dying man until he promised to have his children sent to a Christian school. "What ought we to do with a priest of this sort?" demanded the indignant Deputy. To which another Deputy replied: "Out off his supplies!"

M. Clemenceau remarked that the Government could hardly deal with the question of private absolution, and define what sins a priest should and should not absolve. The best way of getting rid of the abuse would be to get rid of the priests.

M. Paul Bert was of the same opinion, and was loud in demanding the speedy separation of Church and State, which he considers will only be a preliminary measure towards the further suppression of the clergy, who must be swept off the face of the country if it is to become great, peaceful and prosperous within and without. The dog-trotting atheist had no great success and the President's bell was well-nigh cracked by its convulsive efforts to make itself heard and impose silence on the yelling and shouting of the assembly.

The question was put to the vote, and the Archbishop robbed of two-thirds of his modest income by 360 against 148.

The news of this victory of the Radicals over the Church was conveyed officially next morning to Cardinal Guibert. He received it with the dignity of a gentleman and the detachment of a priest whose kingdom is not of this world. His personal expenses are so small that he would be "passing rich" on £200 a year, had he only to provide his own bread and salt, but this sum is not enough to maintain the necessities, or the decencies, of his exalted position. He lives like an anchorite in his vast palace of the Rue St. Dominique, but this great house has to be kept warlike, and the few, very few, servants indispensable for the service of the prelate and his household have to be paid. He says nothing of the unceasing demands made upon him daily from all parts of his large diocese, and of the work that he has founded and that depend on him for support.

This infamous decree makes a new departure in the state of affairs between the Church and the Republic, and is likely to be followed up by further measures which must hurry on the catastrophe visibly approaching. It has the effect of stirring up that inert mass of respectability called the Conservative party in France, who may have to congratulate the devil on doing God's work by overshooting himself.

The *Moniteur* of Rome, commenting on the suppression of Cardinal Guibert's stipend, says: "The Church has had, like a mother, infinite delicacy of heart and boundless longanimity towards that glorious invalid, France. But patience has its limits and justice its rights. The Church may wait; she never betrays her duty. A Concordat, diminished and torn, is a compact with which she cannot rest content."

Another infamy accomplished by the Government is the sentence condemning Mgr. Freppel to refund the sum of 16,000 francs, the difference between his stipend as a Bishop and his salary as a Deputy. The law of 1872 forbids any State functionary to receive pay as a Deputy, and the Chamber, in spite of precedent and established practice, having decided that the clergy are functionaries, the Bishop has been compelled to refund the money he had received, and of course already spent, as Deputy.

THE TUKE EMIGRATION SCHEME.

LONDON, Dec. 24.—Mr. Tuke, chairman of the Tuke Emigration Committee, in a letter to the *Times*, quotes copiously from letters expressing the gratitude of emigrants who had been assisted to America. Many of the emigrants are returning their passage money. Of 5,000 assisted this year, one-third have gone to Canada and two-thirds to the United States. Tuke says that from emigrants themselves, from their employers and from the American bishops, and priests, we have accumulated evidence that they have enjoyed great happiness in helping to swell the ranks of prosperous, free and intelligent millions of the Irish race in America.

HAYWARD'S YELLOW OIL
CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.
Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

BRAXTER'S MANDRAKE BITTERS
THE ONLY VEGETABLE CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Habitual Costiveness, Sick Headache and Biliousness. Price, 25c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

MEXICO'S MILLIONAIRE.

HOW A SHEWED YOUNG IRISHMAN BECAME A TITLED AND WEALTHY MAN.

Don Patricio Milmo, of Monterrey, Mexico, is the wealthiest man in Mexico, but, so far as appearance goes, is far from looking it. The casual observer would be more likely to take him for a comfortably situated farmer. The history of his life is a strange and interesting one, and thoroughly demonstrates what a shrewd Irishman can do if he works with his wits and his hands at the same time.

About thirty-four years ago young "Pat" Milmo, as he was then called, left Ireland, and in the course of his wanderings brought up at Tampico, Mexico. General Viduaud met him one day, and struck by the bright, intelligent countenance of the young Irish boy gave him a chance to show what he could do. With the characteristic tenacity of his countrymen young Milmo worked hard, and soon went into cattle-raising. The count was new and cattle farmers scarce, and from a small start "Pat" laid the ground-work of a snug little sum of shining dollars. At the age of twenty-five years he had a small fortune laid away, and had won the heart of the old General's daughter.

About this time one of the political revolutions common to Mexico broke out, and with true Celtic foresight young Milmo stepped into the disturbed arena of politics. It was the turning point of his life. As affairs shifted about he found himself an officer in the Government. The high road to wealth and affluence was open to him from that time. His business increased, and after his first million was made he had but to turn his hand and investments turned out profitably. His fortune is now estimated at \$15,000,000. With that amount of money in his coffers Patrick became Don Patricio, but the brogue still hangs to his tongue.

He wears a broad-brimmed, soft felt hat jauntily on the side of his head, looking much like a sombrero. His smile is itself a sufficient introduction. He is now engaged in making a tour of the United States, and while in New York city was interviewed by a reporter of the *Pittsburg Dispatch*. When asked about his adopted country he talked pleasantly. Speaking about American capitalists in Mexico, Don Patricio said: "There are but few men who would answer to the name capitalist if you called it out in a crowd. An adventurer who goes west and drifts into Mexico with a few hundred dollars to speculate with is not a capitalist. There are lots of cheeky chaps who work their way across the border, but they don't stay. They soon make a break for Texas, which is a sort of haven for 'busted' men of all breeds."

The face of the millionaire lighted up when asked concerning the affairs of the republic, and he replied:

"Affairs in Mexico are managed under laws similar to those which govern the United States. They are working well, and we believe that we will succeed on this basis. The most important legal holiday will soon be around again in our country. The presidential election, I mean, General Diaz is a candidate for re-nomination, and I believe that he will be successful in securing it. Our May election is quite as lively, comparatively, as your November election."

"Do you suggest, then, that you succeeded in amassing your money fortune?" "I am as well as not. You might call it luck, but there was something besides that. I was young when I first saw Mexico, and when opportunity opened I went to work. I kept my weather eye open, and when there was a chance to make money I saw it. I went into politics and grew up with the country. To look back it appears as if it was all very easy, but then it wasn't."

"Do you want to visit the 'land of the shamrock' again?" "Dear old Sligo! Yes. Although I have been away from the land of my birth 34 years, the memory of the little thatched house, the green fields and the faces of my little playmates is still before me. I will go back to Ireland some day to visit the boys who grew up with me, but my home will still be in Mexico."

A man recently nominated for Poundkeeper, and elected, in Connecticut, has been dead fifteen years. They found it out when they tried to find him to swear him in.

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