

# The Time and Witness

TESTIS IN COELO FIDELIS

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### GRATTAN'S GREAT GRANDSON.

Sir Thomas Grattan Esmond Astonishes Both Friends and Foes by His Masterly Eloquence.

He Tears the Pretensions of the Irish Landlords to Tatters and Sneers Witheringly at the Cant About "The Integrity of the Empire."

He Alludes to Lord Edward, to Vinegar Hill and to His Great Grandfather.

One of the great speeches delivered by Sir Thomas Grattan Esmond, who seems to be to Parnell what Meagher was to Smith O'Brien, was delivered at Loughlinstown, county Dublin, a few days before he wiped his opponent Mr. Trant Hamilton, otherwise known as "Seaweed" Hamilton, out of political existence. It is a wonderful discourse when the extreme youth of the orator is considered and shows beyond question that orators, like generals, are born, not made.

Sir Thomas Grattan Esmond, who was very warmly cheered, said:

I thank you for the reception you have given me to-day. As far as the compliment is a personal one, I thank you in my own part and in my own name. But I cannot help feeling that I am indebted for this greeting not so much to any individual merit of mine as to the fact that I am striving to uphold a great cause in which you are greatly interested. The candidate for an Irish constituency nowadays has many wrongs against which he must declare himself. Many national miseries which he must undertake to wipe out in redressing (cheers). He has before him the evidence of the iniquities of a system of land ownership which has long blighted and cursed this country, and which the Irish people must of necessity pledge him to uproot. Concerning that system, I have on several occasions given my opinion. I have done so for the benefit of the Irish people as a whole, and I maintain that in so doing I have acted for the best interests of the Irish landlords themselves. There are some who may think that these expressions of opinion are but so many well rounded phrases, uttered in the heat of public discussion under the excitement that in such circumstances may be supposed to be natural to one of my years. These gentlemen may, perhaps, imagine that I do not reflect on what I am saying, that I do not realize the possible outcome of my remarks. But I can assure them that what I say I have well considered, and that with me it is no mere catch-word which I state that in my opinion it would benefit all classes were landlordism in Ireland to be abolished (cheers). It needs no demonstration to prove that the rest of the community would benefit by such a change.

As for the landlords themselves, though at present they may regard me as a most admirable specimen of juvenile depravity (laughter), yet if they will consent to take my advice it will be evident to them in a few years that I have been one of their best and truest friends. My counsel to them would be to efface themselves voluntarily before an impatient people make such effacement compulsory. By doing so now, while yet the way is open to them, they will, I am convinced, receive far more for their properties than in the immediate future, for if we are to judge by the signs of the times the value of their interest in land must yearly diminish (hear, hear). Could they but open their eyes to facts they would see that their time has come. The events that are passing around us proclaim in thunder tones that the sway of the self-styled lords of the Irish soil is over, that the system on which they thrive and by which they trampled on the rights and liberties of the Irish people is tottering to its fall. It must be a mercy to them and a relief to the country that the final struggles of this moribund system should speedily end. The landlords of all men have nothing to gain by prolonging them. All attempts to do so must only exasperate the nation that has triumphed over their class. Are they wise in doing so much? Their condition is like that of men in a burning house, the longer they cling to it the less are they likely to carry away when they finally make up their minds to go. I have been severely reprimanded for my want of discretion by sapient organs of landlord opinion, and it is, therefore, with some hesitation that I venture to offer advice to a class so wise in its own conceit. But at the risk of being thought presumptuous I will repeat what I have said before—the time has come when landlordism must disappear from Ireland. (Cheers.) If its representatives will come to terms with the nation of their own accord they will show far more wisdom in their fall than they have ever shown in their greatness. If they will not spontaneously make their peace with the country, let them at least carry prudence so far as not needlessly to provoke in their impotence a people which has broken their power (cheers). But for today I will turn to another topic. We have before us a far nobler work than the final overthrow of Irish landlordism. The interests of the farmers and laborers of Ireland are large interests, but there are larger still. There is another question which concerns not a class but the nation as a whole, and which the representatives of Ireland have now set themselves in earnest to solve—a question of the very highest and most vital importance, on the satisfactory solution of which the future prosperity, nay, the very existence of this nation, as such, depends.

Eighty-five years ago the right of Ireland to govern herself was taken away by devices which fire with indignation the blood of every honest Irishman who reads of them to-

day (cheers). For over eighty years our people have protested against this outrage. They have protested by what are called constitutional methods, and when these have failed they have had recourse to bolder means. Hitherto they have had to fight against overwhelming odds. Every struggle, constitutional or otherwise, has been entered into and carried on under hopelessly unequal conditions. But the time has come at length when the will of the people can assert itself with effect and with the authority begotten of power; when the united demand of the Irish race can no longer be stifled or despised (cheers). The first of British statesmen has admitted that this question must take precedence of all others. He has professed himself ready to deal with it should he have a majority in the new parliament large enough to enable him to be honest (laughter and cheers). At such a moment no Irishman who shares in the feelings and aspirations of his race can look forward to the future without emotion. There is no man with Irish blood in his veins, with the warmth of Irish patriotism in his breast, who does not feel his heart best fastened on the crisis of the war of ages approaching, and the great leader of our nation pres to ask under the new conditions that will shortly be created whether the Irish parliament shall be restored to the Irish people. It is pitiful at such a moment, when the nation is bracing itself for this supreme effort, to witness the puny endeavors of the miserable defenders of a dying despotism to resist the progress of the Irish people. It has been the fate of this country for many centuries past that at every crisis of her long struggle against oppression a wretched faction, established in her midst, has abetted the foreign tyranny which she strove to shake off.

These men have played persistently the part of the domestic enemy (hear, hear). They have lived in our midst, but have not grown into sympathy with us; arrogant and cruel when in power, insidious and treacherous when stripped of it; openly oppressing, or secretly undermining the nation they have fastened upon, they have been alike our weakness and our danger (cheers). They have been the friends of our enemies. (Hear, hear.) They have formed a centre towards which the weak and slavish elements amongst us have naturally verged. They have shrunk from no evil deed that could impair the prosperity of Ireland, and for the wrong they could not do themselves they have ever been ready to pay the mercenary adventurer. The dignity, the nationhood of the Irish people is nothing to them. They are foreigners in sympathy. The shrine towards which their homage is directed is the centre of power in another land. Their business here is to keep this nation in that state of helpless servitude in which its political rights can be violated with impunity, and its national honor outraged without risk. At this moment, at every critical moment of Ireland's history, they are active for evil. In face of the spirit that has grown up within the Irish race during the last decade of years, in spite of the sense of its own strength that has come upon our people by the successes it has achieved, they come now to plead the maintenance of that subjection which enthralled and disgraces us. They are loud in their declarations that the legislative union which for over eighty years has robbed us of our nationality is a holy compact which it would be reckless profanity to disturb; that on it in some indispensable way depends that mystic blessing known as the integrity of the empire; and that, finally, it is the one assured basis of our national prosperity. They ask why we should desire legislative independence. We reply, because it is our right and we choose to assert it. We are a people distinct from the English and Scotch; we can be friends with them if they will, but nature has not made us one with them. We claim for the people of Ireland that it constitutes an Irish nation, and so long as the sense of a common national life unites the inhabitants of this island, so long will we claim the privilege of a free people, and enforce their claims as opportunity permits.

As for the sacred compact of the union, we pity the men who are mean enough to respect it. It is to us a standing monument of national humiliation, a memorial of wrongs which it would be elementary wisdom in British statesmen to put forever out of sight. It reminds us of the wrongs of the four decades that were done by one generation or two ago to rob us of our independence; it keeps alive the memory of British uniform thrifty thousand bloodhounds in British uniform thrifty when they were lost on our people, to hold them by the throat while an English minister fished away the treasure of our national liberty. It reminds us too well of the scenes which Lord Cornwallis, the English viceroy of the day, has so graphically described: "The burning of houses and murder of the inhabitants by the yeomen or any other persons who delighted in that amusement; the flogging for the purpose of extorting confession; the free quarters which comprehend universal rape and robbery throughout the whole country." It recalls the sordid treachery of the Irish peers, who sold themselves—a worthless bargain—and with themselves the country—the Hamiltons, the Beresfords, the Enniskillens and the rest. It keeps fresh in our recollection the feats of outrage achieved by Sirr, Swan and Hempenstall, and their comrade miscreants, in bringing to a conclusion that sacred compact which Mr. Ion Trant Hamilton proclaims to Dublin county and to Ireland he will uphold to the death. It prevents us from forgetting that £10,000,000 of this nation's money were spent between 1797 and 1802 in supporting British troops to stifle the voice of the Irish people; that one million and a half was spent in bribing the owners of Irish boroughs; that another million and a half was divided among the perjurers, traitors and butchers who had been specially zealous in reducing the nation to helplessness, and fitting the yoke upon its neck. We might perhaps be disposed to let these things fade

gradually into the gloom of a melancholy past did not our foes, foreign and domestic, not insist upon enshrining them in the memory of the people by claiming homage for the relics of dishonor they have left us. But they come before us with dangerous freshness when Hamiltons, Beresfords and Enniskillens again appear upon the scene of Irish politics to justify the suppression of Ireland's parliament. At such a sight the old spirit of '98 wakes in the breasts of a people, renewed in its strength. (Loud cheers, renewed again and again.) This spirit will lead us, I trust, to meet the champions of foreign oppression as our fathers met them before us.

We may win, or we may lose, in the fresh struggle we enter on, but never so fully believe while the blood of Fitzgerald hallow the pavements of Dublin Castle (cheers) or the grass grows green on Vinegar Hill (cheers), will an Irishman, who is not a renegade for pay, or a slave by nature, acquiesce in the transaction known as the legislative union. And now for the integrity of the empire. Let us discuss the matter in terms of common sense. What concern of ours is it that the empire should be glorious if we are not an acknowledged part of the empire? (Hear, hear.) What did it matter to the Helot that Sparta should be powerful while he was the slave of Sparta? What did it matter to the Roman bondman that his masters should win victories in Asia or in Africa, if his subjection was not made easier thereby? And what does it matter to us whether the empire flourishes if the might of the empire is to be employed to keep us in thralldom? Frankly we have had enough of this insipid cant about the integrity of the empire.

(Cheers.) When we are recognized by the other members of the imperial organization as on a level with them, we will then take thought for the common glory. But while we are excluded from our rightful place in the imperial councils, while we are chained to the imperial car—not admitted to sit in dignity within it, we shall watch the vicissitudes of its progress rather with an eye to our own freedom than with a concern for its safety. If the men who weary us with petty platitudes about the integrity of the empire sincerely wish that we would sympathize with their anxiety they have the means within easy reach. Let them allow us to be of the empire as well as in the empire. Let them make it worth our while to defend it and we will do so. But so long as they keep us in a condition in which the downfall of the imperial power is the collapse of a tyranny which is grinding our faces, we must regard their invitation to zeal for the Empire as a mockery of commonsense (applause). I will not delay you much longer to discuss the further plea by which our Unionist politicians support their programme—namely, that the Union is the basis of Ireland's prosperity. Look around you and say whether if the Union be the foundation of our prosperity this foundation has got much to sustain. Ireland was a thriving country eighty-five years ago. What is she now? Where are her manufactures? Where is her commerce? Gone with the National independence that nursed them into life and maintained them in activity. Our harbors are empty—the wharves that were constructed a century ago are rotting into ruin (hear, hear). What were once busy centres of trade have become silent as the galleries of the old structure in which the legislature of Ireland once assembled, and the hum of trade has sunk into silence, deep as that which reigns over the graves of Charlemagne and Henry Grattan (loud cheers). In presence of facts like these we owe a tribute of homage to the courage of the man who comes before the electors of Ireland and boldly asks them to vote for the maintenance of the Union. Whether such courage is born of hypocrisy or folly I will not presume to say. But this I will assert, that if at this crisis in the history of the Irish people a man can be found who will sanction such an appeal by his vote, that man is unfit to be the free citizen of a free country—he has come into the world a century too late; he should have lived in the days when English ministers could afford to pay a high price for treachery to Ireland (loud and prolonged cheers).

**MORE ABOUT SIR A. P. CARON'S FLIGHT.**

How terribly times are changed with the Ottawa Ministers can be gathered from the fact that Sir A. P. Caron, who never before moved a step in this Province without having his intentions pompously proclaimed for days in advance, was obliged to skulk through Montreal, on his way to New York, and that to ensure the most secrecy for his presence as well as for the interview which he held by appointment with his friends McGreevy and Foote of the *Chronicle* from Quebec at the Windsor. The names of the trio were not entered on the hotel register, their meals were served in their rooms apart, and the strictest injunctions were given to the hotel people to deny their arrival to all calls.

**THE HON. EDWARD BLAKE.**

The news that the Opposition leader sailed from Liverpool to return to Toronto via New York instead of via Quebec has been received in the ancient capital with much regret by the French population, as, to use their own words, they intended to prove by the enthusiasm and the splendor of their welcome to Mr. Blake, an Irish Protestant, how utterly unfounded is the charge that their so-called national movement aims at an alliance, offensive and defensive, against the English-speaking and Protestant populations of the other provinces of Confederation.

**A STRONG CONDEMNATION.**

OTTAWA, Dec. 12.—On Sunday last the Rev. Father McGeevy, of Osogood, criticized adversely the government's execution of Riel as a political murder; and his words left the impression upon his congregation that they would not be doing their duty if they did not assist in punishing those responsible for the troubles in the North-West. The reverend gentleman was formerly parish priest at Cantigny, County of Ottawa, and a life long supporter of, Alonzo Wright, M.P., and a warm admirer of Sir John A. Macdonald long before he or any of his cabinet obtained handles to their names.

### LAI'D TO REST.

RIEL'S BODY BURIED WITH IMPRESSIVE CEREMONIES—IN A CRYPT OF THE CATHEDRAL.

WINNIPEG, Man., Dec. 12.—The funeral of Louis Riel occurred this morning. Last night your correspondent visited Riel's old home at St. Vital. The house was guarded by a strong force of half-breeds armed with rifles, who were doing sentry duty in order to prevent any surprise. This precaution was due to a rumor that an attack would be made upon the house and an effort made to carry off the body of the dead chieftain. In the house a large assemblage of half-breeds was gathered, many of them from very distant points, and all apparently moved with feelings of great sorrow. In a corner of the room, upon a bier covered with sheets, lay the casket enclosing the remains of Riel. Your correspondent viewed the body carefully to ascertain if any of the sensational stories circulated as to violence having been committed on the body were in any sense true. Nothing was seen which would bear out in the most remote degree any particle of the statements. The features were placid and but little altered from the day on which he was hanged. The heat of the room caused the face to show considerably, thus imparting a ruddy, natural glow to the complexion. The eyes and mouth were partially opened; the former were much glazed, thus destroying the lifeless expression. There was no mistaking the face. It was Riel's. The beard was nicely trimmed and the body had been dressed in a neat tweed suit. A small cross rested at the head of the coffin. Riel's mother sat in an arm chair near the feet of the corpse. She gave vent to her sorrow at times in uncontrollable fits of weeping, and did not apparently notice anything that was going on around her. Riel's wife, with her little boy and girl, lay upon a bed in one corner of the room. She lay with her face buried in the pillow and never spoke during the entire night. She did not sleep, for she would start every now and again, turn and caress the little ones, who lay sleeping, and like the rest they kept very silent during the evening.

**RIEL'S REMAINS WERE LAID TO REST**

beneath the Catholic cathedral. An immense crowd crossed the river to St. Boniface to witness the funeral, while half-breeds from the entire country swarmed into the cathedral at an early hour, and long before the remains arrived the edifice was uncomfortably crowded. The coffin containing all that was mortal of Louis Riel was carried on the shoulders of eight pallbearers the whole distance from St. Vital, almost six miles. The casket was borne on a bier from which handles projected at each corner, and thus they marched along with a steady tramp. It was a long carry over the rough roads, but those who bore the burden were proud of their task and an expression betraying the distinction they felt could be seen on their faces. Following are the names of the pall-bearers: Benjamin Nault, Charles Nault, Elie Nault, Prosper Nault, Peter Harrison, W. R. Lagimodiere, Louis Blondeau, Romain Lagimodiere, Norbert Landry, Romain Nault, Alfred Nault, Martin Nault, Andre Nault, Louisa Des Rivieres, Francois Potras, Joseph Lagimodiere, St. Pierre Parisien and Francois Marion. They were dressed mostly in buffalo coats and wore beaver caps and moccasins, while red sashes encircled their waists. They wore a white sash each across their shoulders and breast. The casket of rosewood was covered with cloth, the form of a beautiful large white cross being worked on it. Two paces in front of the coffin walked

**RIEL'S TWO BROTHERS,**

Joseph and Alexander. On either side of the bier marched in single file a row of half-breeds, about thirty yards in extent. They acted as a sort of guard in case of a surprise which was feared at first. The sleigh in the procession contained Riel's mother, his two sisters and his wife. The mother on leaving the house insisted on walking in the procession, and did so as long as her failing strength would bear her up. She was last obliged to ride in the sleigh. Her daughter and other female friends who were present were dressed in deep mourning. As the procession approached the cathedral the bells which had so often awakened the rebel in his early days tolled for him mournfully now in his death. Soon the body had reached the steps of the cathedral, then there was a pause and in a minute the great door swung open and the surpliced choir bearing candles in their hands approached. The officiating priest swung incense out upon the bier, a few words were said while the crowd stood reverently with uncovered heads, and then the bier was lifted and carried into the church where it was placed upon the catafalque. An ordinary requiem Mass was celebrated by the clergy of the cathedral. The procession left Riel's house at St. Vital about half-past eight. Lepina, Riel's old companion was present in the procession and appeared much affected. The original intention was to bury Riel beside his father. The grave was dug, but fearing that the body might be stolen, the remains were placed in a crypt of the cathedral for a day or two. The grave is but a few yards from the northern entrance of the cathedral.

**AN APPEAL TOWARDS PASSION.**

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—A special from Winnipeg says:—The English-speaking people of Winnipeg were indignant at the preparations for Riel's funeral yesterday and a movement was inaugurated to prevent the "outrage" as the English people deem it. This movement was greatly strengthened by the wholesale circulation of handbills, which read as follows:—

"War of races! Yes, if necessary, and war to the teeth if required!!! Will an already outraged public stand quietly by while a great demonstration is being made over the burial of that red-headed rebel and traitor, Louis Riel? No, decidedly not! Let all truly loyal proceed to St. Boniface, where the traitor is to be interred, and if anything is said insulting to British Canadian them

pull the cathedral down upon the heads of the tribe that exalts the rebel, and so blot them from the face of the earth!!! God save the Queen!"

In answer to this warlike demand hundreds of excited Britishers crossed the river yesterday to watch the ceremony. Most of them were well armed, although not displaying their weapons, but ready to use them at the moment their leaders called upon them. Fortunately the hot-headed leaders of the movement, who were principally relatives of men shot in the rebellion, were prevented by the police from being present, and this fact, with the presence of a large force of provincial policemen and special constables prevented what might have been a fearful encounter between the two races, and might have been the origin of a civil war all through Canada. The half-breeds and French present were all well armed, for they looked for a fight. Archbishop Tache, alarmed at the state of affairs, decided to do away with all the ceremony intended, and conducted the funeral service quietly within the cathedral. The excited factions remained without waiting for the body to be lowered into the grave, but the authorities decide not to allow the burial to take place at that time, and at the conclusion of the service the casket containing the remains was smuggled into the cellar of the cathedral. The announcement that the burial would not take place had the effect of dispersing the crowd.

**THE LATE ARCHBISHOP BOURGET.**

THREE MIRACULOUS CURES PERFORMED BY HIS LORDSHIP WHILE LIVING.

The following were communicated to *La Presse*, testifying to the remarkable miraculous cures performed by the late Archbishop Bourget before his death:—

Therese Senecal, wife of Samuel Chagnon, merchant of the parish of St. Paul l'Hermite, diocese of Montreal, certifies that for several years she suffered considerably from a cancer on the left breast. About this time she gave birth to a child, who almost killed her, and whom she could not feed. The most renowned physicians were consulted and attended her, but their attendance and medicine gave her no relief. Hearing of the many miraculous cures performed by His Lordship the late Archbishop in his solitude at Sault-au-Recollet, she was taken to His Lordship by her husband. It was on Palm Sunday, 1881, and she was caused great pain by being removed in the carriage. When ushered into his presence at St. Janvier Convent she threw herself at his feet and cried. His Lordship raised her up and consoled both husband and wife saying that it was not a cancer, and the sore should soon disappear. His Lordship in giving his blessing said, "Return to your home, your life will be saved. Devote it to the blessing and serving God, and bring up your children like good Christians." In returning from the Sault au Recollet she felt easier, and from day to day became better by degrees. Since that time God has been pleased to send her two more children, whom she has fed and cared for without the least pain. This is signed by Messrs. Ocasine Mercier and Emery Senecal as witnesses. Samuel Chagnon, husband of the cured, also testified as to its genuineness. The following certificate from the parish priest accompanies the letter:—

"I certify that the copy is the same as the original, that I had the happiness of depositing the facts in the archives of the Episcopal Palace of Montreal.

"LOUIS JOSEPH HUGO, Priest, Curé.  
"St. Paul l'Hermite, 5th Dec. 1885."

Another letter was received stating that Hermine Archambault, wife of Edouard Chagnut, tinsmith, of the parish of St. Paul l'Hermite, diocese of Montreal, alleges that their child, a little girl named Stephanie, aged thirteen months, was afflicted with an eye disease of a serious nature, and the most eminent oculist could do nothing to cure the child. On one eye was noticed two white spots, while an ulcer was growing on the other. Seeing the vain efforts of the doctors she conducted the child to His Lordship Bishop Bourget in the month of October, 1878. The venerable prelate consoled and assured her that her child would be cured. From that day the sores disappeared, and afterwards the victim was perfectly well. She, moreover, states that the same girl, at the age of 10 years, became nervous, went into hysterics, and during eighteen months trembled so much that it was impossible for her to get on to a chair alone, and she could not even eat. Disheartened at seeing the doctor's fruitless attempts to cure her, the mother recalled the former cure performed by Bishop Bourget, and, animated with faith, she in the month of February, 1883, again visited His Lordship at Sault-au-Recollet. He was greatly moved at seeing the pitiable condition of the child, and said:—"Be consoled, poor mother, it is nothing, the malady will disappear and your child will be cured."

A great change was noticed in the child's condition, and she is now over all attacks. This is signed by Hermine Archambault, also her husband, Edouard Chagnut, and Louis Jos. Huot, the Rev. curé of the parish, who recorded the occurrence in the books of the Episcopal Palace of Montreal.

**SCOTCH LAND REFORM.**

LONDON, Dec. 10.—A new land reform movement is about to be started in Scotland. Its originator is Dr. G. B. Clark, who has just been elected for Cathness as a crofter candidate. Dr. Clark is a member of the staff of the *Central News*, of London, and has written extensively on the rights and wrongs of the crofters. He is already at work organizing a Highland party to secure reforms for Scotland similar to the Irish Land Act. The new party will be allied on all Irish questions with the Parnellites, and will be a valuable auxiliary in the fight for home rule.

In Paris, last year, there were 80,270 births and 72,795 deaths.

### ROME HAS SPOKEN.

**CHURCH DISCIPLINE.**

St. Joachim's Church, Detroit.

DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 11.—Bishop Borgess has received a letter from Cardinal Simoni concerning the appeal of St. Joachim's congregation from his removal of Father Laporthe. The following is the translation:—

SACRED CONGREGATION DE PROPAGANDA FIDEI, Rome, November 23, 1885.

To the Right Rev. and Illustrious Casper Henry Borgess, Bishop of Detroit:

A short time ago some Canadians belonging to St. Joachim's congregation of your city had recourse to the Sacred Congregation, vehemently enquiring why their parish had been given in charge to Fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost. These letters came to me while the Rev. E. Joss, your Vicar General, was journeying in Rome, of which I have availed myself, and have sought information which, in truth, has been given to me. Moreover, I deplore with not a little displeasure that the Canadians did not conduct themselves, as was becoming, with submission and humility, but that they have gone into deplorable excesses which the Sacred Congregation severely reproves and condemns, hence those who will not comply with the commands of the Bishop must be reminded that bishops are chosen by the Holy Ghost to govern the Church of God, hence they ought to be obeyed by all the faithful, and, therefore, the faithful who refuse submission to their authority cannot be excused from the most grievous crime which borders on schism. Moreover, in each diocese the right of administering to and governing the faithful belongs to the bishop. Therefore, his office and right is to appoint those priests to parishes and missions of his diocese whom he judges most worthy and competent. But, generally speaking, it seems right and proper that the bishop should choose for the pastoral charge those who are accustomed to the language and customs of those people over whom they are placed. However, of these things the ordinary of the diocese alone is the competent judge, but it is right for the faithful to make known to their superior those observations and dislikes which seem to them reasonable. But the judgment of the bishop is final, and his decision must be followed. From these principles it is sufficiently clear that the reason for the action of the parishioners of St. Joachim's Church can in no way be excused; yet, it deserves some pronounced condemnation, when we consider that the governing of the aforesaid mission has been given to a priest born and reared in France, from which country the Canadians themselves originally came. The principal reason, therefore, alleged by them with some show of plausibility, viz. the preservation of their mother tongue, has no foundation. Wherefore, I desire that you make known to those Canadians that the Sacred Congregation cannot consider their appeal, but most urgently desire and wish that they place confidence in their Bishop and obey his commands. Finally, knowing of your Lordship's great prudence and zeal for souls, I have full confidence in your course in this matter that you can quell all stirres and bring the faithful to peace and unity. I pray, therefore, that God the Omnipotent will assist you and sustain you through life. I subscribe myself your brother,

JOHN CARDINAL SIMONI, Prefect.

**MORE AID FOR THE IRISH PARTY.**

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS FROM THE MONTREAL BRANCH OF THE LEAGUE TO THE PARLIAMENTARY FUND—LETTER FROM DR. O'RIELLY.

The regular fortnightly meeting of the Irish National League was held in St. Patrick's Hall, McGill street, at four o'clock yesterday afternoon. The chair was occupied by the president, Mr. H. J. Moran, and there were present a large number of members. After the minutes of the previous meeting, had been read, and some business of minor importance transacted, the treasurer, Mr. T. Buchanan, handed in the following letter, which he had received from the treasurer of the head office of the League in America:

DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 8th, 1885.

Mr. T. BUCHANAN, Treas.

688 Palace St., Montreal, Canada.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your welcome letter of the 1st inst. is fresh at hand, bearing N. Y. Ex. for one thousand (\$1,000) dollars, and the amount has been duly placed in the Parliamentary Fund from Branch No. 518 of Montreal.

This is a generous contribution and I am pleased to inform you it is already included in an amount of £1,000 sterling, which will be forwarded to Chas. S. Parnell to-morrow, making the 13th transmission of a like sum since October 1st.

It looks as if English Commoners will allow the Irish "breathing room" in the coming session.

Very respectfully yours,  
GEO. O'RIELLY,  
Treasurer, I. N. L. of A.

Mr. J. B. LANE, Secretary.

The reading of the above letter was received with much applause by the meeting.

It was then resolved, on motion, that the Montreal Branch of the Irish National League view with great pleasure the grand success which has attended the Irish National Parliamentary party in the late elections.

and it was further resolved, that the Montreal Branch of the League would still use every effort to further the cause of Ireland and continue to do so until such time as the end which Parnell aimed at was attained.

The meeting then adjourned.

At the instigation of the parishioners of St. Rose a requiem service will be chanted in the parish church for the repose of the souls of the martyred missionaries of the North-West, Lafard and Marchand. As yet there has been no definite time appointed for the service.