

A WEDDING BREAKFAST.

BRILLIANT SPEECHES MADE AT WILLIAM O'BRIEN'S WEDDING—ARCHBISHOP CROKE TOASTS THE BRIDE—MR. O'BRIEN'S REPLY.

The marriage of Mr. William O'Brien, M. P., and Miss Sophie Raffalovich, at the Church of St. Charles Borromeo, London, June 14, was chronicled in these columns at that time, and mention made of the solemnity of ceremonial and significance of the event. At the wedding breakfast which followed, a most distinguished company was present, and the speeches made by several of the leaders of Irish cause deserve not to be passed over lightly.

The first speaker was Most Rev. Thomas W. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, who officiated at the nuptials. He said:

Ladies and gentlemen, the very pleasing, but, at the same time, most arduous, duty devolves upon me, having celebrated the wedding to-day, to propose the health of the bride and bridegroom. (Applause.) I find myself in a very invidious position, and a very embarrassing one. (Laughter.) It is a novel position too, because, though connected with the Christian ministry forty years, I have rarely married anyone (laughter), and for twenty years I have absolutely married no one, until I married Mr. O'Brien to-day. (Applause.) You can understand, then, that I am very embarrassed, especially as this is my maiden marriage speech. (Laughter.) I have known the bridegroom a long time. He is my dearest and most valued friend. If I were inclined to exaggerate, I know there are too many here who could correct me, but you know it is not my habit to exaggerate. (Hear, hear.) This much, however, I will say fearlessly—that a nobler man, a more ardent, a better, a stauncher or a more faithful friend there does not exist than William O'Brien. (Loud applause.) I have not had the pleasure of knowing Mrs. O'Brien for any length of time. In point of fact I was not introduced to her to-day; but the name is quite familiar to me, and has been for a considerable time. I remember one day, some time ago, William O'Brien paid one of his periodical visits to me; as he came into my house I noticed that he looked particularly spruce (laughter) and was very lively on his legs (renewed laughter and applause) and every way he was quite a new man; and, amongst other things, I noticed a beautiful piece of jewelry hanging from his watch chain. I pointed to it, and said, "My dear fellow, what is this?" "Oh," said he, "I got that from a Paris young lady." (Laughter and applause.)

I BEGAN TO REASON WITH MYSELF. I know very well how it would end. (Renewed laughter.) Therefore I can claim to know something of the bride, and from what I have learned of her I am quite satisfied she is worthy of her distinguished husband. Now, ladies and gentlemen, we have before us to-day a most interesting couple. Both are highly gifted. Both are thoroughly devoted to the Irish cause. Both occupy a warm and affectionate place in every Irish freeman's (applause), and I am sure I speak the sentiment of every Irishwoman to-day when I say they are profoundly grateful that my dear friend William O'Brien has at last met a woman he can love. (Applause.) Meet a wife who will make him happy who will be a sharer of his joys, of his toils and his triumphs. (Loud applause.) I give you the health of the bride and bridegroom.

Mr. O'Brien rose to reply to the toast, and was received with continued applause. When silence had been restored, he spoke in a very low voice: Your Grace, ladies and gentlemen, I do wish from my heart that I could find words in the least degree adequate to express my feelings of gratitude to you, my friends, for the warm and affectionate manner in which you have just received the name of her who I am now privileged to call by the sacred name of wife. (Applause.) I cannot tell the delight it is to me at this, the most fortunate hour of my life, the first hour of real happiness for many years, to hear such words of those who have just listened to from the oldest and most illustrious friend I have in this room. Indeed, I cannot hope, to express the feelings of my wife and myself, or our gratitude, to the Archbishop (applause), to my own leader, our great, unchangeable leader (loud applause), and to him who sits near me, who is only less dear to me than my wife herself, my old friend John Dillon (applause), and to you, my friends, English, Scottish and Welsh, as well as Irish, for there is a distinction no longer between us. (Loud applause.) If any thought could oppress me on so happy an occasion it should be the thought of those loving relations from whom I have taken my wife, and from whom she has consented

TO SEPARATE HERSELF, of those friends in Paris of whom I am depriving her, distinguished many of them, but friends also whose friendship we both hope to show we value most heartily. She is now a part of myself, in every sense of the word my dearest, my nobler, my better half. (Applause.) It will be the joy of my life to endeavor to make myself worthy of her, to repay her for the happiness she has brought into my existence. Though she is going to a country which is poor in this world's goods—though one would almost doubt that description to which she has been in upon us for the past few days—she is going to a country I believe rich, possibly richer than any other nation, in warm-heartedness and chivalry. (Applause.) I do not feel there is much more to add. I must say, however, that until to-day I almost had a feeling of guiltiness for being so happy, and while our cause is still hanging in the balance. I may, however, safely promise that with regard to this particular occasion at any rate I shall never repeat the offense. (Laughter and loud applause.) If anything on this earth could add to her happiness and mine to-day it would be the knowledge that has been forced upon us by the messages we have received from every part of the world, that the hearts of our countrymen—for they are here as well as mine henceforward (applause)—are with us in this almost one glimpse of real human happiness I have ever tasted in my life. (Applause.) Before my wife has reached the shores of Ireland she has already felt at home among us, and I don't know

whether it would be divulging domestic confidences if I mention that when my friend John Dillon was going over to Tipperary the other day, and informed my wife that there was a possibility of some trouble arising there, her reply was that the only thing that could possibly make her miserable in this world was that if it was not there and that she were the cause of it. (Loud applause.) May I not feel proud, my friends, that I have been happy enough, fortunate enough, to secure for Ireland such a daughter. (Applause.) In conclusion, I can only hope that God may bless you all here and hereafter, about another happy wedding day of a happy, true and peaceful Ireland with a powerful empire, a powerful United Kingdom—united not only in name, but in spirit, in heart and in love. (Loud applause.)

Mr. Arthur Raffalovich next proposed the health of the bridegroom, and called on Mr. John Dillon to respond.

Mr. Dillon said it was his duty for the first time in his life to respond "FOR THE BRIDEGROOM." But before discharging that duty he proposed to say a few words in reference to their dear friend William O'Brien. It was not customary, he believed, to take that course, but this was no ordinary occasion, and the tie which bound him to his friend was no ordinary tie. (Applause.) He was there to-day to act as his friend on the greatest occasion of his life, but it was his pride and privilege to stand by his side from that and far different occasions from that at which they were assembled that day. (Applause.) For ten long, stormy years they had fought side by side, and he knew that he spoke the deeper sentiments of every member of the party when he said that during that time there was not one whose word had been of such great encouragement to them in time of trouble as that of his dear friend. (Applause.) His spirit was one which no danger could daunt, which no disaster could quell, and it was with feelings which no words could convey that they assembled there to-day to wish him joy and to congratulate him on this great occasion in his life, than which no greater blessing could come to a man on earth—a charming and sympathetic wife. (Applause.) Amongst the people of Ireland he was sure she would find friends as warm-hearted, as true and as loving at least as those she had left in Paris. (Applause.) Turning to the toast to which he was to respond, he said that he was experienced in weddings and was told that he was to take charge of the bridesmaid; but he found that those young ladies took charge of him. (Laughter.) He had been in his life in many difficult situations, but he did not think that for a long time he had been in such a difficult position as when he found himself locked into a carriage with these three lively young ladies. (Laughter.) They had no manners, he said, but they were highly gifted. They offered to act in a similar capacity for him at any time to that on which he was now acting for his friend, Mr. O'Brien. (Laughter.) He had no doubt that from the way they discharged their functions to-day they would be called upon on other occasions to perform a similar duty. (Applause and laughter.) On their behalf, he returned thanks for the manner in which their health had been proposed.

Mr. Farnell then rose and said: Mrs. O'Brien, Madame Raffalovich, ladies and gentlemen, the pleasant task has been deputed to me of proposing for your acceptance

THE HEALTH OF HIS GRACE the Archbishop of Cashel, who has honored us by being with us to-day, at the outset of the new life of our beloved colleague, Mr. William O'Brien. (Applause.) I am glad that I have the opportunity of speaking about His Grace to an assembly of Irishmen and Irishwomen, and also of Englishmen and Englishwomen. (Applause.) His Grace has always been an Irishman (cheers), remarkable even among the distinguished members of his Church. He has been conspicuous for his foresight and judgment in the political affairs of our country. (Cheers.) He has always been the first to recognize where and when it was necessary for him to advance, and he has never been afraid of standing alone in the most advanced position. (Loud cheers.) It is easy for the most distinguished Irish ecclesiastic now to be an Irish Nationalist, but in those days, when His Grace gave sanctuary to Irish nationality before many of us were even thought of or heard of, it was not so easy for an Irish priest to do his duty by his countrymen. (Hear, hear.) We all know how, as a mark of approbation, he was called "the Land League Archbishop" in the early days of the movement, when few of the higher dignitaries of the Church would have anything to do with it. He saw it was right, and His Grace acted up to the right, as those of us who know who have been able to appreciate the presence and the enormous magnitude of the political vicissitudes that His Grace has rendered to the Irish cause, which, under his guidance, blossomed and put forth the fruit which we may almost claim as within our grasp. (Applause.) In those days even when Mr. John Dillon, when he came forward for Tipperary, might have been opposed but for the wise counsel of His Grace, who quieted the turbulent and gallant spirits of that county, and secured Mr. Dillon's return without a contest. I have spoken of the past and of the future. I must now say something of the present, which has so much that is important to the Irish cause. I am glad that Mr. O'Brien has settled in life. (Laughter and applause.) But I hope that matrimony will not have too steady an effect upon him. (Renewed laughter.) It is said that Mr. Balfour is already chucking that the battle is half won, but I suspect that our chief secretary is reckoning without a knowledge of Mrs. O'Brien. (Laughter.) However that may be, I can say

SOMETHING ABOUT WILLIAM O'BRIEN in the past, and I hope I shall be able to say something about him in the future. I think I speak the feelings of each one of his colleagues—the strong feeling which has been derived from long experience of him fighting at his side—that we have always found him a man than whom no man is more prudent in council and brave in action. (Loud applause.) Whether we take him as a distinguished Irish journalist or as a man of letters,

whether we look on him as a wise and prudent statesman, as a brilliant, courageous and determined leader, we search our country, we search the nations of the world, for a man with whom we would rather go into battle or conclude an honorable and lasting peace. (Loud applause.) So long as Ireland has amongst her children such men as William O'Brien she need not despair of herself. To Mrs. O'Brien I would venture to prophesy that she has done great service to the national movement by becoming an Irishwoman. As formerly a daughter of Ireland, Eva married Strongbow, one of the first conquerors of Ireland, so to-day a daughter of France marries the Strongbow of Ireland, and confirms the alliance between France and Ireland of which Wolf Tone dreamed and for which he died. Anyone who has studied William O'Brien's career or studied his speeches knows well that he at least does not think that the pen is mightier than the sword, or, if he is obliged to think it, that he does not wish that it should be so, but he is one of those patriotic Irishmen who accept the situation as it is, and finding that Ireland's best hope lies in the constitutional movement, and that the future prosperity and position of Ireland amongst the nations of the world can most securely and surely be found by means of the constitutional movement; he considers it to be his duty to render his services to the constitutional movement for the attainment of these ends. We wish Mr. William O'Brien and Mrs. O'Brien happiness and prosperity, and we hope that Mrs. O'Brien may always rejoice that she has cast in her lot with our country, that she may never wish to retrace her steps, and that Ireland may always be happy in the possession of this distinguished daughter of France. (Loud applause.) After an informal reception, Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien started for Ireland.

THE COUNTRY WAS IN DANGER. Milwaukee Citizen.

Once upon a time this country—was in danger! We will let Judge Dorsey tell the story. The Judge is a prominent Mason of Maryland. The Judge puts the dreadful fact this wise: "The Supreme Court of the United States justly stands for the liberties of the people, a bulwark against everything that would crush the weak by the power of the strong. For a quarter of a century there sat in this court as Chief Justice a distinguished Roman Catholic son of Maryland, who earned the grateful love of his countrymen by his purity of life and ability as a judge." We can breathe easier when we reflect that this Catholic Chief Justice is dead now. But what an awful peril our fair country was in during that twenty-five years that this emissary of the Pope held the scales of American justice! He occupied a place more influential than that of the President. For the legislative power may correct and restrain the Executive. But the Judiciary may strain the Constitution in Chief of State. We can breathe easier when we reflect that this Catholic Chief Justice is dead now. But what an awful peril our fair country was in during that twenty-five years that this emissary of the Pope held the scales of American justice! He occupied a place more influential than that of the President. For the legislative power may correct and restrain the Executive. But the Judiciary may strain the Constitution in Chief of State. We can breathe easier when we reflect that this Catholic Chief Justice is dead now. But what an awful peril our fair country was in during that twenty-five years that this emissary of the Pope held the scales of American justice!

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AN "ESCAPED" LIAR. Boston Republic. Rev. C. C. Chiniquy, who supplies the Music Hall fanatics with a portion of their stock lies about the Catholic Church and its doctrines, has "got him self dislikid." He has been lying about his friends. This his friends resent. Chiniquy is an "escape" it seems. According to his story, he left the Church and joined the gang of bigots and cranks who thrive upon the slanders cooked up by such men as he and such women as E. L. O'Gorman. In a recent discourse against the religion in which this backslider was brought up, he ventured the rash assertion that members of the Committee of One Hundred were guilty of the heinous crime of sending their children to Catholic schools. He declared that on his way to Montreal, recently, he fell in with a rich man, a member of the committee, who was proceeding to Quebec "to visit his two daughters, who were there in a convent being educated." And he further said, in that delicate and choice language which the "escapes" always use, "that this ardent fanatic" was paying thousands of dollars to make asses of his two daughters."

Rev. J. C. Dunn, the fiery Presbyterian parson who acts as secretary to the committee, resents this foul charge against a member and brand of the committee," says Mr. Dunn, "and I know what Mr. Chiniquy says is false. In that same speech Mr. Chiniquy is reported as saying it is 'his usage not to say a word without proving it.' I am sorry he departed from his usage on this occasion, as to say what he could not prove." But when Catholics protest against Chiniquy's lies and slanders, and offer proof positive of the falsehood of his charges, Mr. Dunn puts his portage on the back and encourages him to proceed. But the poor deluded man made the mistake of lying about his employers, and he is promptly sat upon by the irate secretary. It makes some difference whose ox is gored.

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