

Charles—never!" she groaned, and spoke no more that night. She continued utterly deaf to all that was said in the way of sympathy or remonstrance; and, if her lips moved at all, it was only to utter faintly some such words as, "Oh! let me—let me leave in peace!" During the next day, she continued drooping rapidly. The only circumstance about her demeanour, particularly noticed, was that she once moved her hands for a moment over the counterpane, as though she were playing the piano—a sudden flush overspread her features—her eyes stared, as though she were startled by the appearance of some phantom or other, and she gasped, "There, there!"—after which she relapsed into her former state of stupor.

How will it be credited, that on the fourth morning of Miss —'s illness, a letter was received from Paris by her family, with a black seal, and franked by the noble colonel of the regiment in which Charles — had served, communicating the melancholy intelligence that the young Captain had fallen towards the close of the battle of Waterloo; for while in the act of charging at the head of his corps, a French cavalry officer shot him with his pistol right through the heart! The whole family, with all their acquaintance, were utterly shocked at the news—almost petrified with amazement at the strange corroboration of Miss —'s prediction. How to communicate it to the poor sufferer was now a serious question, or whether to communicate it at all at present? The family at last, considering that it would be unjustifiable in them any longer to withhold the intelligence, intrusted the painful duty to me. I therefore repaired to her bedside alone, in the evening of the day on which the letter had been received; that evening was the last of her life! I sat down in my usual place beside her, and her pulse, countenance, breathing, cold extremities—together with the fact, that she had no nourishment whatever since she had been laid on her bed—convinced me that the poor girl's sufferings were soon to terminate. I was at a loss for a length of time how to break the oppressive silence. Observing, however, her fading eyes fixed on me, I determined, as it were accidentally, to attract them to the fatal letter which I then held in my hand. After a while she observed it; her eye suddenly settled on the simple coroneted seal, and the sight operated something like an electric shock. She seemed, struggling to speak but in vain. I now wished to Heaven I had never agreed to undertake the duty which had been imposed upon me. I opened the letter, and looking steadfastly at her, said, in as soothing tones as my agitation could command,—"My dear girl—now, do not be alarmed, or I shall not tell you what I am going to tell you."—She trembled, and her sensibilities seemed suddenly restored; for her eye assumed an expression of alarmed intelligence, and her lips moved about like those of a person who feels them parched with agitation, and endeavours to moisten them. "This letter has been received to-day from Paris," I continued;—"it is from Colonel Lord —, and brings word that—that—that—" I felt suddenly choked, and could not bring out the words.

"That my Charles is dead—I know it. Did I not tell you so?" said Miss —, interrupting me, with as clear and distinct a tone of voice as she ever had in her life. I felt confounded. Had the unexpected operation of the news I brought been able to dissolve the spell which had withered her mental energies, and afford promise of her restoration to health?

Has the reader ever watched a candle which is flickering and expiring in its socket, suddenly shoot up into an instantaneous brilliance, and then be utterly extinguished? I soon saw it was thus with poor Miss —. All the expiring energies of her soul were suddenly collected to receive this corroboration of her vision—if such it may be called—and then she would,

"Like a lily drooping,  
Blow her head and die."

To return: She begged me in a faltering voice, to read her the letter. She listened with closed eyes and made no remark, when I had concluded. After a long pause, I exclaimed—"God be praised, my dear Miss —, that you have been able to receive this dreadful news so firmly!"

"Doctor, tell me, have you no medicine that could make me weep?—Oh, give it, give it me; it would relieve me, for I feel a mountain on my breast—it is pressing me," replied she feebly, uttering the words at long intervals. Pressing her hand in mine I begged her to be calm, and the oppression would soon disappear.

"Oh—oh—oh, that I could weep, Doctor!" she whispered something else, but inaudibly. I put my ear close to her mouth, and distinguished something like the words—"I am—I am—call her—hush—" accompanied with a faint, fluttering, gurgling sound. Alas, I too well understood it! With such trepidation I ordered the nurse to summon the family into the room instantly. Her sister Jane was the first that entered, her eyes swollen with weeping, and seemingly half suffocated with the effort to conceal her emotions.

"Oh, my darling, precious, precious sister Anne!" she sobbed, and knelt down at the bedside, flinging her arms round her sister's neck—kissing the gentle sufferer's cheeks and mouth.

"Anne!—love!—darling!—Don't you know me?" She groaned, kissing her forehead repeatedly. Could I help weeping? All who had entered were standing around the bed, sobbing, and in tears. I kept my fingers, at the wrist of the dying sufferer; but could not feel whether or not the pulse beat; which, however, I attributed to my own agitation.

"Speak—speak—my darling Anne! speak to me; I am your poor sister Jane!" sobbed the agonized girl, continuing fondly kissing her sister's cold lips and forehead. She suddenly started—exclaimed, "Oh, God, she's dead!" and sunk instantly senseless on the floor. Alas, alas, it was too true; my sweet and broken-hearted patient was no more!

REVELATION AND PHILOSOPHY.

The Manchester Academia.

CARDINAL MANNING'S ADDRESS. On Monday night, 10th January, Cardinal Manning attended the ceremony in connection with the opening of the Catholic "Academia" in Manchester. The Bishop of Salford (Dr. Vaughan), in opening the proceedings, explained that the idea of establishing a Catholic Academia in Manchester was projected in the Catholic Club three years ago, but it had only recently been brought before the Catholic public as an organization of the diocese. Amongst the list of patrons and members, he mentioned the Marquis of Ripon, who had promised on his return from Rome to deliver a lecture to the Academia. Cardinal Manning said that when he received an invitation from the Bishop to deliver the inaugural address at the opening of that institution he had a special motive which made him very gladly accept it. About eleven years ago it fell to his lot by command of his bishop (the late Cardinal) to take the foremost part in founding the Academia of the Catholic religion in London. It was during the Cardinal's last illness, and he himself was unable to undertake the task, but he published at the time an invitation to the members of the Academia, from which he would quote a few words. He said:—"Next to the exercise of its purest spiritual office, the Church has in all ages bestowed its special care on the cultivation of the intellect and the advancement of science, making the Word of God the interpretation of His works, and His works the illustrations of His Word, and the science of God the centre and light of the manifold and various orders of human knowledge. The Church of God has always given special encouragement to the studies

which demonstrate the connection between science and revealed religion, thereby applying the truths and laws of the intellectual and natural world to the confirmation of the faith." He (the late Cardinal) then went on to say that at the beginning of this century, when the sceptical and infidel literature of Germany and France penetrated throughout Europe, there was formed an Academia in Rome for the purpose of cultivating this special aspect of science, and he next remarked that the circumstances of our days seemed to demand in England an institution of the same kind, that the intellectual condition of England at that moment was such as to alarm the least anxious as to the divergence of sacred and secular science and the unnatural position in which they seemed to stand, and the Rationalistic tendencies of thought in an advanced form had explicitly shown themselves in the most educated centres of England. Such, continued Cardinal Manning, was the purpose for which the Academia was founded in the diocese of Westminster. It had endured for eleven years, he was happy to say, without flagging. He had observed very perceptibly the growth of a solid Catholic opinion, resulting, as he believed, in no small degree, from the action of the Academia. These were the motives with which their bishop had desired to plant an Academia in Manchester. In the words which have been read Cardinal Wiseman spoke of a visible tendency in England to separate science and to oppose it to faith. The other day there fell into his (the speaker's) hands an example of that tendency which he would take leave to use as the text of what he was about to say. He did it with no hostile purpose to the writer of the letter, from which he would read some passages. He had no temptation to be hostile. He bore testimony to the writer's highly amiable and excellent private character. He was a man endowed with a singular felicity and beauty of imagination, a strange subtlety of thought a poetic power which seemed to tinge and pervade even his science, and when he soared in the world of light which was his own, floated in the azure and amidst the beauties and glories of the empyrean, no one was more ready to admire him or to acknowledge the singular gifts he possessed than he (the speaker), was but when a spirit so ethereal put on the buff jerkin of one of Cromwell's Ironsides, or the mailed armour of a Lutheran trooper, it seemed somewhat incongruous (laughter), and he would forgive him (the Cardinal) for the kindness that subsisted between them if he treated his last parade with a little kindly amusement (laughter). The other day appeared a letter bearing this title, "The Vatican and Physics." The writer copied a passage of singular excellence from the Bishop of Montpellier, who, addressing the other day the deans and professors of the faculties of Montpellier, laid down what might be called first principles, and that which they as members of the Academia were about stoutly to affirm. The bishop said—"The whole Church holds herself to be invested with the absolute right to teach mankind. She holds herself to be the depository of the truth—not a fragmentary truth, nor a mixture of certainty and hesitation, but the total truth, complete from a religious point of view. Much more; she is so sure of the infallibility conferred on her by the Divine Founder as the magnificent dowry of their indissoluble alliance that even in the natural order of things, scientific and philosophical, moral or political, she will not admit that a system can be adopted and sustained by Christians if it contradict definite dogmas. As defined by Pope Leo X., at the Sixth Council of the Lateran, truth cannot contradict itself; consequently every assertion contrary to a revealed verity of faith is necessarily and absolutely false." Now followed the words of his friend, who wrote in the Times—"Liberty is a fine word, tyranny a hateful one, and both have been eloquently employed of late in reference to the dealings of the secular arm with the pretensions of the Vatican. But 'liberty' has two mutually exclusive meanings—the liberty of Rome to teach mankind, and the liberty of the human race. Neither reconciliation nor compromise is possible here. One 'liberty' or the other must go down. There is no dimness in the eyes of Rome as regards her own aims; she sees with a clearness unapproached by others that the school will be either her stay or her ruin." Now he (the Cardinal) would be bold to say that the school never was her ruin yet and never would be. He would not stop to pronounce on the question as to whether the school was the stay of the Church, but he might say the Church had been the creator of every school, and therefore it seems to him that they had no need to fear the multiplication of schools of science, if indeed, they were schools of science, and not schools of perverted intellect. That, and that alone, was what they had to fear (hear, hear). For the last 300 years a labour had been in progress to effect two things—the one to separate science and politics from revelation, and the second to oppose science and politics to the Church. They had been told that the Church had no jurisdiction within the realm of science; that the Church ought to have nothing to do with politics—in fact, that the world was trying to send the Church to Coventry (laughter). He was afraid that, as when the messenger came to Diogenes and said the Athenians had banished him, he said, "Well, then, Diogenes banishes the Athenians," so the Church, when she received that courteous message from the men of science, must make a polite bow and say, "We are afraid we must banish you." (Laughter.) But they did not banish science; they only banished those who, under the name of science, broke up the unity of all knowledge, which, as it came from one source and one Author, might be distinguished, as Lord Bacon said, "by boundaries like unto a continent—it cannot be parted, it is one whole." The word which brought the first intellectual perversion into the world was the word "why," and upon that perversion of the intellect came the perverted act of the will, the first act of disobedience. In truth there would be no act of the will unless it first passed through the intellect. It followed that the rectification or sanctification of the intellect was a vital part of the commission of the Church. The Church had also, as the Vatican Council declared, the office of guarding the knowledge of science in all its contacts with revelation. Wherever science came in contact with revelation there revelation was supreme, and it followed that it was not possible to send the Church to Coventry, because the commission of the Church prevailed all the regions of science in some sort (hear, hear). As they said of sovereignty its jurisdiction "runs," so it was with revelation. They were told that revelation had nothing to do with politics; but he would ask what were politics but the collective morals of men living together in society—those moral laws which governed men as individuals, as citizens, and as subjects, and which, in fact, governed the governors as well as the governed? He could find no distinction between morals and politics, except that politics were morals on a large scale, and morals were politics on a narrow scale, and when he was told that morals and politics were to be separated, or at least politics and religion were to be separated, he said how about morals? They could not separate politics from morals, and they could not separate morals from religion, and it would be very difficult to separate politics from religion. He held, from the natural process of reasoning, that the attempt to isolate theology from science was contrary to faith and reason; and he would go so far as to affirm that science had never yet demonstrated anything contrary to faith. When men spoke of Galileo, he answered that Galileo did not demonstrate. What he did was to initiate some hypothesis and that hypothesis was not demonstrated until long afterwards. Lord Bacon lived and died disbelieving the hypothesis. Sir James Brown, one of the greatest literary men of the 17th century,

in like manner died disbelieving it, and when Newton demonstrated it the faith was not affected. As soon as the demonstration was made, the Church in its wisdom at once declared that the language of Holy Scripture in the matter of science was the language of men and the language of sense, which we used this very day. We saw the sun rise and the sun set in spite of Galileo, and in spite of Newton, and we used the language of sense, which was the only language the mass of men could understand. The question whether or no the world moved round the sun or the sun moved round the world was no revelation. He was sufficiently bold to say that there never had been any demonstration of science which was in contradiction with any of the revealed truth, and those who put that theory forward put it forward from want of a clear knowledge of what revelation was or from some mistaken opinion of their own which they supposed to be scientific (applause). In like manner, he might say that society—the social and political order of mankind in the sense which he had been describing—had no doctrines or laws contrary to the faith. The Church, he contended, need not be afraid of the school. If the Catholic Church of England had no fear to be ruined except from the schools, she would live a long time (cheers). Much more active motives seemed to be at work. He could find people of all kinds who were crying for the banishment of the Jesuits (laughter). He was afraid there would be no comfort for politicians so long as the Catholics were allowed equal liberty with all Englishmen (laughter). The other day he met with a most remarkable composition from Mr. Carlyle, in which he said, speaking of the French Revolution, which was a mixture of three things—infidelity, bloodshed, and paganism—that it was the third and last act of the Reformation (cheers and laughter). If he (Cardinal Manning) had said that, he should have been burned. He would not say that, but he would tell them what he would say. Three hundred years ago perverted reason denied the faith, and in the last century the Nemesis of rationalism came to beat down perverted reason, and we had come to a state to make scientific men think twice before they could assail the revelation of faith (applause). In conclusion the Cardinal spoke of the Vatican Council, and said if there was darkness upon the Church at this moment, they knew that the laws and truths of revelation were immutable, and that He who said "Behold, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world" would never break His word. On the motion of Dr. Noble, seconded by Canon Toole, a vote of thanks was passed to Cardinal Manning, and the proceedings terminated.

SELECTIONS FROM GRATTA'S SPEECHES.

Several of our Irish exchanges are printing a collection of short sentences and pithy paragraphs from the principal speeches of Henry Grattan. After the manner of ancient models his orations are enriched by many maxims, full of wisdom and truth, and replete with the ripe reason of his mature years—They are apothegms in which we might trace the substance of a nation's political faith. Whether they be read by the extreme Nationalist or the moderate Home Ruler, they will be found instructive. The following extracts are taken promiscuously from his published speeches:—

Having lost our liberty by the usurpation of the British Parliament, no wonder we became a prey to her ministers; and they did plunder us with all the hands of all the harpies, for a series of years, in every shape of power, terrifying our people with the thunder of Great Britain, and bribing our leaders with the rapine of Ireland.

The public imagination will never rest, nor will her heart be well at ease—never! so long as the Parliament of England exercises or claims a legislation over this country.

We may talk plausibly to England, but so long as she exercises a power to bind this country, so long are the nations in a state of war.

There is nothing in the way of your liberty except your own corruption and pusillanimity; and nothing can prevent your being free except yourselves.

When you have summoned a boldness which shall assert the liberties of your country—raised by the act, and reinstated, as you will be, in the glory of your ancient rights and privileges, you will be surprised at yourselves, who have so long submitted to their violations.

Conceive yourselves a plantation, ridden by an oppressive government; conceive yourselves to be what you are, a great, a growing, and a proud nation, and a declaration of right is no more than the safe exercise of your indubitable authority. Your constituents have instructed you in great numbers, with a powerful uniformity of sentiment, and in a style not the less awful because full of respect. They will find resources in their own virtue if they have found none in yours. I know of no species of gratitude which should prevent my country from being free, no gratitude which should oblige Ireland to be the slave of England. In cases of robbery and usurpation, nothing is an object of gratitude except the thing stolen, the charter spoiled. A nation's liberty cannot, like her treasures, be meted and parcelled out in gratitude; no man can be grateful or liberal of his conscience, nor woman of her honor, nor nation of her liberty; there are certain, unimpartable, inherent, invaluable properties, not to be alienated from the person, whether body politic or body natural. With the same contempt do I treat that charge which says that Ireland is insatiable; saying, that Ireland asks nothing but that which Great Britain has robbed her of, her rights and privileges; to say that Ireland will not be satisfied with liberty, because she is not satisfied with slavery, is a folly. I laugh at that man who supposes that Ireland will not be content with a free trade and a free constitution; and would any man advise her to be content with less?

As anything less than liberty is inadequate to Ireland, so is it dangerous to Great Britain.

There is no policy left for Great Britain but to cherish the remains of her empire, and do justice to a country who is determined to do justice to herself.

Do not tolerate a power—the power of the British Parliament over this land, which has no foundation in utility or necessity, or empire, or the laws of nature, or the laws of God—do not suffer it to have a duration in your mind. Do not tolerate that power which blasted you for a century, the power which shattered your loom, banished your manufactures, dishonored your people, and stopped the growth of your people; do not, I say, be bribed by an export of woollen, or an import of sugar, and permit that power which has thus withered the land to remain in your country and have existence in your pusillanimity. Do not suffer the arrogance of England to imagine a surviving hope in the fears of Ireland; do not send the people to their own resolves for liberty; neither imagine that by any formation of apology, you can palliate such a commission to your hearts, still less to your children, who will sting you with their curses in your grave for having interposed between them and their Maker, robbing them of an immense occasion, and losing an opportunity which you did not create, and can never restore.

Hereafter, when these things shall be history, your age of thralldom and poverty, your sudden resurrection, commercial redress, and miraculous armament, shall the historian stop at liberty, and observe—that here the principal men among us fell

into mimic trances of gratitude—they were awed by a weak ministry, and bribed by an empty treasury—and when liberty was within their grasp, and the temple opened her folding doors, and the arms of the people clanged, and the zeal of the nation urged, and encouraged them on, that they fell down, and were prostituted at the threshold.

I do call upon you, by the laws of the land and their violation, by the instruction of eighteen counties, by the army inspiration, and providence of the present moment, telling us the rule by which we shall go—assert the law of Ireland, declare the liberty of the land.

I wish for nothing but to breathe, in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chain, and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rage; he may be naked, he shall not be in irons; and I do see the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted; and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live; and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him.

Conquest cannot give title; it is a means to obtain; and that title cannot be good except by the consent, express or tacit, of the people. Such is Buremachi, "If the people do not voluntarily submit, a state of war exists." Such is Vattel.

I have shown you that England has no title to that power to make laws for Ireland; none by nature, none by compact, none by usage, and none by conquest.

The departed volunteer did more public good to Ireland than all her institutions.

If any body of men are justified in thinking that the Irish constitution is incompatible with the British empire, perish the empire! Live the Constitution!

I would not harbour a slavish principle, nor give it the hospitality of a night's lodging in a land of liberty. Slavery is like any other vice—tolerate, and you embrace.

Why are you not now a woollen country? because another country regulated your trade. Why are you not now a country of re-export? because another country regulated your navigation.

There are gentlemen who will call England the whole empire, and her exclusive power and domination the general welfare; and the servants of government in Ireland may, if they would stoop to it, on such a principle, advance a pretence for abjuring every prejudice of their nativity, every special advantage of their own country, and for preferring the power of another land. But let me add that general welfare should never be made a pretence, nor be artificially and wantonly introduced; and in an arrangement where Irish trade is professedly the subject, that trade ought to be expressly the object. I laugh at those Irish gentlemen who talk as if they were the representative of something higher than their native land—the representative of empire, not of Ireland; but so talking and so acting, they will be in fact the representatives of their salary. Let me tell those gentlemen, if they are not Irishmen, they are nothing; and if we are not the representatives of Ireland, we are nothing.

We have been gravely, positively, and domatically assured, that this country is, for the comfort and necessities of life, for the rudiments of manufacture, and even for the element of fire, absolutely dependent on Great Britain; we have been assured that we can find no coals, nor bark, nor salt, nor hops, anywhere, save only in Great Britain; in short, that Ireland has no coals, nor the continent salt, bark, or hops, to the astonishment, and indeed laughter, of every merchant who heard such assertions. We have been told this, and we have been thus argued down into a state of physical slavery.

Ireland has been represented as the slave of England by the laws of nature, in order to justify a system which would have made us her slave by force and operation of covenant.

Let me caution my country against those arguments which have a tendency to put down the pretensions of Ireland, and humble the pride of the Irish nation. Public pride is the best champion of public liberty; cherish it, for if ever this kingdom shall fall in her own esteem, shall labor under a prostration of impotence, shall conceive that she cannot have the necessities of life or manufacture, but from the charity of another country, in short, that God and nature have put her in a state of physical bondage, I say, if once this becomes her sentiment, your laws are nothing, your charters are paper, and Ireland is a slave with magna charta in her hand.

THE HOME RULE LEAGUE.

MR. BUTT ON THE SITUATION.

On the 11th ult. a very large Meeting of the Home Rule League was held in the Exhibition Room of the Rotundo, Dublin. After the business for which the meeting was called, was concluded, Mr. Butt, M.P., who was loudly cheered on rising, said he rose to propose a formal resolution, namely, that the League should meet again that day week; but in doing so he hoped to be permitted to make a few observations on the present position of the Home Rule party. Before doing so, however, he would read a letter which had just been put into his hands, and which gave an explanation of the absence from the Conference of Home Rule Members of Parliament of one from whom he thought no explanation would be necessary, for everyone knew that Dr. O'Leary had never been absent on an occasion when he ought to be present without some very sufficient cause. Mr. Butt read the letter from Dr. O'Leary, which was to the effect that illness had rendered him unable to attend that meeting, and that it was purely owing to confinement to bed that he had been absent from the Conference of members, the inauguration of the Grattan memorial, and the late magnificent meeting, in the Rotundo. His (Mr. Butt's) reason for reading this explanation was, that some of his friends had drawn conclusions from the absence of a member from the Conference which were not justified by facts. What he wished to say a few words on, was the manner in which the English papers generally had received, he could scarcely say the resolutions, but the line of action which had been agreed on at the Conference. No secret had been made what that line of action would be. There was nothing new in it, because, when he addressed his constituents at Limerick in October, knowing very well the sentiments of his colleagues, he undertook, he would not say to speak for them, but to speak in a way which he would not have done if he was not quite sure of their concurrence, and indicate the line of action which the Home Rule party would take in the coming session. He was happy to say that, without a dissentient voice, they had substantially resolved on carrying out the policy which he had indicated in his address to his constituents. He would read some extracts from a printed pamphlet containing a report of his address to show what that policy was. After pointing out the complaints made by the Irish people with regard to the system of government under which the Union placed them, he said:— "Now, let me ask you, how are these complaints met by Englishmen? They say that 'we have the same laws as England, and I am persuaded that even now—after the coercion debate of last session—the majority of Englishmen actually believe that we have. And again, we are told that Irish members have only to propose the measures

which our country needs, and they will be passed. Mr. Bright said if he were one of thirty Irish members determined to press the wants of their country on the Imperial Parliament, he would carry all the good measures he required for Ireland. Two years ago in the House of Commons I instanced the difference in the corporate privileges in England and Ireland as an argument for Home Rule. Mr. Gladstone, in reply to me, said—"Why does not the member for Limerick, instead of complaining of this, bring in a measure to dress it, and see if this House will refuse to do Ireland justice in this respect?" He did not know that in two preceding years I had done the very thing he said I ought to have done, and that in two successive years my proposal to equalise municipal privileges in the two countries had been defeated by the opposition of his own Irish Government? There are many, very many, English members, both Conservative and Liberal, who have said to men publicly and privately—"We cannot support you in your demand for Home Rule, but we will vote with you for any measure that will place Ireland on a perfect equality with England." Well, I believe that they never can do this until we have in Ireland the same Parliamentary institutions that England has. But I believe also that we will do right in bringing these matters to a test, in trying how far Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Bright will aid us in obtaining for Ireland the same Parliamentary and municipal franchise that England has; in really giving to the Irish occupier that security of tenure which the Land Bill has failed effectually to confer. We must lay bare before the House of Commons the whole system of Irish government. We must expose by repeated discussion, as we did on the Coercion Bill, the unconstitutional character of that government. We ought to make it plain to the mind and conscience of the English people, and to the whole of the civilised world, that we are not living under the same laws or the same system of government that prevails in England—we ought to demand the same franchises and the same privileges that England enjoys; and we ought, following the advice of Mr. Bright, submit to Parliament the measures which we believe to be necessary for the country.

He had seen with very great regret that in a report of his speech at the Rotundo meeting he had been represented as using disparaging expressions in association with the name of Mr. Bright. All he could say was that he had never meant it. He could not speak of Mr. Bright with disrespect, and he meant to say no more than that he thought we might, from Mr. Bright's antecedents expect him to support us in our demand for the same constitutional—aye, and the same self-government which he had so powerfully advocated in the case of England, and of every nation in the world, except Ireland (hear, hear). He (Mr. Butt) in the address which he had just quoted, summed up what might be expected to be the future policy of the Home Rule party in the following few words:—"We must make a general and sustained assault along the whole line of misgovernment and oppression; we must throw upon the upholders of the Union the task of defending, in all its details, the system which is the result of English aggression and mismanagement of our affairs." (Loud applause.) He would read one passage more—"We must frame and submit to Parliament the measures of internal improvement which those who call themselves the Government of Ireland ought to introduce and do not. We may not—we will not, be able to bring all, or it may be, many of those measures to the test of a discussion, but even in introducing them we will show the deficiencies of English legislation and the impossibility of an English Parliament having time to attend to the pressing wants of Irish legislation. I believe that we may succeed in carrying out many things that will be of use to Ireland. It is not easy to say how far English statesmen may go in the hope of depriving us of arguments for Home Rule. But when we fail we will at all events have done our duty; we will believe we have enlisted a large amount of English sympathy on our side." The policy which he had thus sketched out had been since received, and it was manifest, would be endorsed by the whole Home Rule party, and had been received by the English Press with very strong comments. On the whole there was not much to complain of in those comments, but there was one which was certainly of an extraordinary character. It was said that the Home Rulers had announced a policy of obstruction. They had announced no such thing. An attempt merely to obstruct the public business of the country would not be one likely to bring any credit to the National cause of Ireland, even if they could practice it for a little time, and he did not think they could. But it was a different thing to say "we have measures that our country needs; you have neglected legislation for us; you have left the wrongs of Ireland unredressed; and if even to touch those wrongs requires us to submit a number of measures that surely is not our fault." (Applause.) There was not one of the measures which the Home Rule members would endeavour, as far as they could, to press upon the Parliament that was not justified by a pressing necessity for the wants of Ireland (hear, hear, and applause). The charge of obstruction, therefore, was utterly unfounded. The *Pall Mall Gazette* of Saturday last paid the Home Rule party the compliment of a small notice, and in an article not very intelligible it said that all those measures which the Irish members were speaking of proposing could not be passed in one session, and, therefore, that none of them ought to be passed, because there would still be a grievance behind (applause and laughter). Of course, even if all were passed, there would still be a grievance behind until the great and fruitful grievance of all was suppressed, namely—the great ups trees was out down, namely—alien legislation in Ireland (loud applause). Those newspapers might be asked were we to submit to a different Parliamentary franchise to what was the law in England? Were we to be content that while in Liverpool every householder had his vote only one out of ten or twenty in Dublin enjoyed the privilege? After pointing out various inequalities between the municipal privileges of England and Ireland, which have already formed the subject of public comment in this country, Mr. Butt said the *Times* newspaper had not, indeed, charged the Home Rulers with a policy of obstruction, but he had in his hands an extract from the *Times*, written when, two years ago, he (Mr. Butt) brought forward his bill on this subject of municipal privileges in Ireland. The *Times* condemned the Conservative Government for opposing it. In consequence of that article Sir Michael Hicks Beach gave his assent to the bill, and the defeat of that bill was not accomplished in England (hear, hear). Let people talk as they would, there was an intriguing party in Dublin and in Ireland whose policy was hatred and distrust of the people (hear, hear)—he was not speaking of the great men of the Conservative party—and until those intriguers were crushed, and political power taken out of their hands, there was no excuse for Englishmen in their conduct to this country (applause). That bill passed the House of Commons with the assent of the Government, but though all the Ministers voted for it in the House of Lords, it was thrown out by the Upper House. "Was he to be deemed factious or obstructive if he brought forward that bill again and pressed it on the attention of Parliament?" (Hear, hear.) There were many other questions which he might refer to deeply affecting the feelings and interests of the Irish people which it would be "the duty of the Irish members to bring forward." What did those English critics want? As long as the Irish party confined themselves to Home Rule the English papers said—"Oh! you are not practical; it is all declamation!" What is the use of talk-