

the English people, only in so far as they endorse and sustain despotism and injustice, and a firm conviction has gained hold on the public mind of Ireland that the English press, taking its cue from the Castle faction in Ireland, is responsible for the bad blood and embitterment that divide two such noble peoples. Irishmen are always ready to acknowledge the good qualities of Englishmen and in this new world men of Irish and men of English origin may be daily found co-operating heartily and generously with each other in promoting the best interests of the countries of which they are citizens. The hatreds and discords of the past will, we feel assured, be wiped away when, through the impending modifications of the relations of the two countries, Ireland will be once more invested with the right of self-government.

THE CHINESE MUST GO.

The people of the Pacific coast may in the end be driven to take the law into their own hands in the matter of driving out the Chinese. The governments of Ottawa and of Washington should long ago have taken energetic steps to rid the country of this pest. It is a disgrace to civilization that these barbarians should be permitted to make homes in a Christian land, robbing the laborer of his hire, and demoralizing the youth of the country by the example of vices hitherto unknown—or so completely held in restraint, as to be afraid to show their hideous forms to the public gaze. We learn from the *Pilot* that a committee of the supervisors of San Francisco lately made a thorough investigation of Chinatown, and that the report rendered gives a shocking picture of this cancer spot on Californian civilization. In that portion of the city there are thirty thousand degraded heathens, who, huddled together in squalid dens, governed by private tribunals of their own, or using, when more convenient, those of the city and state to enforce their secret decisions, practicing the most shameless immorality, with a hideous system of female slavery—defiling and corrupting all with whom they come in contact—constitute a class of population whose very presence is a perpetual injury to the white laborers, and a menace to the entire community. Municipal statutes are openly violated, the greedy white landlord permitting the tenants to herd together like cattle. Everywhere throughout Chinatown disease and vice reign supreme. In answer to the question, what is to be done, the Committee answers:

"Compel the Chinamen, by municipal laws which are not only enacted, but enforced, to live like our own race; prevent them from burrowing and crowding together like vermin; enforce cleanliness in mode of life; break up opium dens and gambling hells; restrict the number of inhabitants in any given block in the city; enforce upon this people, so far as may be possible, by every legitimate method that can be devised, a code of living that shall approach as nearly as possible that of the ordinary white laborer; take away from the Chinaman by such methods as these the largest possible part of the profit of his earnings as they accrue now from his present mode of life, and thus exhaust every effort to bring him to the level of the white laborer, and, at the same time, at present, fearfully handicapped American laborer, and California, or San Francisco, at least—will soon cease to be attractive as a place of abode, and a less profitable field of labor for the Chinaman than it is at present. Scatter them by such a policy as is at the disposal of the States, and let other states take home to themselves the full measure of the extent of the curse of Chinese immigration when they shall have felt the evil as we feel it here."

Rather than submit to such regulations the Chinese would leave the city, as leave they must, we believe, eventually. They have friends and even advocates among the selfish and hard-hearted money-getters and money-grabbers to be found in San Francisco as elsewhere, who profit by their presence to refuse just pay to the white laborer, and to extort from those wretched barbarians exorbitant rents for the dens they occupy. Our hearty sympathy is with the white population of the Pacific in their struggle for self-protection. The first duty of a nation to itself is self-preservation. The fulfillment of this duty cannot be attained by either Canada or the United States till the Chinese curse is effaced. We have room in America for all men save such as those who pollute the sacred soil of our continent by crimes and profanations that cry to heaven for vengeance.

SILVER JUBILEE.

The silver jubilee of the Rev. Father Gerard, P.P. of Belle River, in this diocese, was worthily celebrated at that place on the 2nd inst. His Lordship the Bishop, Mgr. Bruyere, V. G., and a large number of the clergy of the diocese were in attendance to testify their esteem for Father Gerard and their appreciation of his sacerdotal virtues. A full report of the celebration will appear in our next issue. Meantime, we wish Father Gerard many happy years in the holy ministry.

Dr. Washington Gladden, a Protestant clergyman of some note, writes in the last issue of the *New York Independent*: "It is the glory of the Roman Catholic Church that it is the church of the common people; it has always been so, in Europe as well as in America."

THE GROWTH OF THE FRENCH RACE.

The growth of the French race in America is one of the most remarkable of the social and political phenomena which this continent presents to view. From a speech delivered by the Hon. Mr. Royal in Montreal in 1884 we glean several important facts relative to this abnormal but healthy growth of the Franco-Canadian race. Mr. Royal tells us that in 1880 the French population of Quebec was 1,073,320, out of a total of 1,357,027; that of Ontario, 102,763, out of a total of 1,923,228; that of New Brunswick, 56,635, out of 321,233; Nova Scotia, 41,219, out of 440,572; Prince Edward Island, 10,751, out of 108,891; Manitoba, 9,919, out of 55,954; the Territories, 2,896, out of 54,446; British Columbia, 916, out of 49,450. In other words, the total French population of Canada was, in 1880, 1,298,929, out of a total of 4,324,810—considerably more than a fourth. Outside of the Province of Quebec there are in the Dominion nearly 300,000 persons of French origin, while the number of inhabitants of French origin in the United States cannot fall short of 500,000,000—making in all on the continent of North America nearly 2,000,000 persons of French descent. These figures are truly phenomenal when we consider the small beginnings whence this vast population sprang. There could not have been at the time of the conquest of French North America more than 80,000 persons of French origin in all that vast region. Emigration from France to America has since that time done little to increase the French population, and yet that feeble and scattered 80,000 of little more than a century ago has since grown into a nation of two millions of men. Mr. Royal gives some interesting figures concerning the educational standing of the French race in Canada. He says that in 1880, out of 85 institutions for higher education in the Dominion, with 5,943 students, Quebec claims 44, with 4,425 students, or nearly four-fifths of the whole number. In Ontario there are but 15 such institutions, with 874 students. There were in the same year in all Canada 274 boarding schools for young ladies, of which there were 186 in Quebec, and 44 in Ontario. In Quebec these institutions had in attendance 10,101 pupils, in Ontario 1,711—while the whole number of pupils for the Dominion was 13,064. Out of a total of 85 houses of charity, hospitals, refuges and asylums Quebec has 32, Ontario 31, leaving 22 to the other provinces.

These figures are of a most gratifying character and prove that the growth and standing of the French race in this Dominion are of a solid character.

If we turn to France the spectacle is not so gratifying. Population there is at a stand-still and the private vices superinduced by a cold and selfish infidelity are working with might and main against its growth. We were much struck with an article in the *New York Sun* some time ago wherein the writer discussed the views of two eminent French publicists on the tendencies of French Democracy. The first is M. Edmond Scherer and the second M. Paul Bourget. The writer in the *Sun*, dealing with M. Bourget's "Essays in Contemporary Psychology," gives us in brief the views of that eminent writer:

M. Bourget examines a poet, Baudelaire; a historian, M. Renan; a novelist, Gustave Flaubert; a philosopher, M. Taine; a composite artist, Stendhal, in whom the critic and the imaginative writer are closely united: and in these five great Frenchmen he discovers the same disgusted philosophy of universal man, the same degraded and depraved in the first, subtletized and sublimated in the second, reasoned and furious in the third, reasoned, also, but resigned, in the fourth; sombre, but more courageous, in the last. M. Bourget asks what is the meaning of this formidable nausea of the most magnificent intellects in presence of the vain efforts of life. He has, in civilizing himself, really done nothing but complicate his barbarism and refine his misery!

In the upper classes M. Bourget finds the ravages of the malady of pessimism very great. The symptoms are skepticism, melancholy, irony, ennui, discouragement, lassitude, want of prejudices, want of convictions, over-refinement, dilettantism, indifference. The displacement of the social forces condemns to inaction, in politics, a certain number of superior minds who are thrown back upon themselves, and, following the example of Taine and Renan, who, disdained by the electors, have become themselves disdainful, they watch with aristocratic contempt the manoeuvres of the vulgar crowd.

M. Bourget's ideas seem to be that democracy, with its mania for education and its instinctive hatred of superiority, tends to produce an ever-increasing number of individuals unfitted for the labors of common life, or, in other words, that it is the preface of decadence.

For in the organism of society it is necessary that all the component organisms or individuals should work with energy, but with subordinate energy, in order that the total organism may work well. If the energy of the subordinate organisms becomes independent, the result is anarchy, which produces the decadence of the whole. The social organism enters upon a period of decadence as soon as individual life is exaggerated under the influence of acquired well-being and heredity. This theory of decadence is constantly returning in M.

Bourget's ingenious pages. He dwells on it with evident pleasure; he would probably be proud to style himself a decadent. The exquisite science of decadence, the refinement of sensibility, the supreme intellectual culture of the decadent makes him a poor citizen, it is true, and a poor artisan of his country's greatness. M. Bourget remarks:

"A German chief of the second century was more capable of invading the empire than a patrician of Rome was capable of defending it; but the erudite and delicate Roman, curious and disabused, such as we know the emperor Hadrian, the amateur Caesar of Tibur, represented a richer treasure of human decadence is that they have no sorrow, and that they are always crushed by barbarism. But is it not the fatal lot of all that is exquisite and rare to fall before brutality? We are right to avow a falling of that kind, and to prefer the defeat of decadent Athens to the triumph of the violent Macedonian."

It is regrettable that M. Bourget's studies were not pursued to their legitimate conclusion. It is not, to our mind, democracy of itself that is to be held responsible for the present state of French society—it is democracy without religion. Society must of necessity be disturbed by the moral disorders of its members, no matter how secret these disorders may be, for the body suffers in its members. When many members suffer, the body, that is, the commonwealth, feels it all the more acutely. If the disorders continue the social fabric must perish. There can be no healthy growth of population in France till its wounds are probed, cleansed and healed, and the dead members cut off. This can only be brought about by a live and lasting Catholic revival in that country. This we have long hoped for, and trust its advent may not be longer delayed.

AN ORANGE OUTBURST.

On the 12th of August last the anniversary of what is termed "the relief of Derry" was celebrated by a large gathering of Orangemen at that place. Among those present were, besides the "brethren" of Derry and adjacent towns and counties, Bro. J. W. Parkhill, Grand Master of the Orangemen of British North America; Bro. Major White, Grand Master of Ontario West; Bro. William Johnston, Grand Master of Ontario East. After "divine service" and a sermon of the usual inflammatory character in the cathedral, an edifice, by the way, stolen from the Catholics by rapacious ancestors of the "Prentice Boys," there was a meeting in the Memorial Hall, at which Bro. Parkhill belched forth in the fragmentary English and the ruffianly verbiage peculiarly his own, the hatred of Popery that fills his heart. The name of Parkhill is not unknown to fame, however unsavory that fame may be, in the political world of Canada. W. J. Parkhill is a worthy son of a worthy country. He hails from South Simcoe. Need we say more? From South Simcoe does this conquering hero come, from South Simcoe, sordid in the brutality and filth of Orangism, the darkest spot on the map of this fair country. South Simcoe at one time inflicted on the people and Parliament of Ontario, the outrage of sending to the latter body, Mr. W. J. Parkhill as its representative. In the Legislature he stood pre eminent for a savage disregard of all Parliamentary rules, and a total ignorance of every dictate of gentlemanly propriety. To the surprise of the House of Assembly of Ontario, he one time rose to move a motion of want of confidence in the government, but investigation proved that the motion had been written for him by another member. The discovery was received with great merriment—and Parkhill subsided into a bearish torpidity from which he never emerged during the subsequent years of his legislative life. Upon the ignominious expulsion of the ill-starred Merrick from the position, the Orangemen of Canada bestowed their faded crown on Parkhill. The Derry *Sentinel* gives, not a verbatim of Parkhill's address to the Prentice Boys, but a polished report thereof. According to the *Sentinel*, the Grand Master thus addressed and belied the land that gives him a home and protection:

"Although he was not going to ask them to emigrate from a country where they were so greatly needed, yet what he would say was, that if they did think of settling west, they must come to Canada, where the same Protestant and Orange flag floated over their heads, and where the same Protestant feelings prevailed as in their own land, in preference to the United States. As evidence of this feeling he referred to the fact that Canada recently offered a regiment to England; and although it was not required, yet the Government had obtained from Canada a number of boatmen. (Cheers.) He might mention that two-thirds of the volunteers in Canada were Protestants. It was a noticeable circumstance that wherever the Protestants were in the ascendant there was peace and quiet, and an absence of rebellion, but wherever the Jesuit priests had sway there was rebellion amongst the Indian half-breeds. It was the same all over the universe. (Hear, hear.) Wherever Protestantism and Orangism went hand-in-hand there they would find loyalty to the old country and loyalty to the old flag. (Cheers.) They had Apprentice Boys in Canada—although not very old Apprentice Boys. They had true blues and young Britons; and altogether they had organizations for training up the young in Canada in the principles of Orangism

from they were twelve years of age. In conclusion, he had to thank the Orangemen of Ireland for the welcome they had accorded him on his return to Ireland. He would return to his adopted country and tell them of the love that still exists between Canada and Ireland. They were one in heart, one in upholding the Orange and Protestant banner. He trusted God would bless them, and that they would go on and prosper, and that victory would crown their efforts." (Cheers.)

If two-thirds of the volunteers of Canada are Protestants, Catholics know the reason why. For years the militia department gave little or no encouragement to Catholics to join the force, and its selection of the officers of the various corps was in such close accordance with the wishes and suggestions of the Orange leaders that few, if any Catholics, in Ontario especially, cared to join the force. Mr. Parkhill had of course a fling at the Jesuits. Our readers need not be told that there is not a Jesuit in the whole North-West, but, thanks to the far-seeing policy of His Grace of St. Boniface, that country will soon be blessed by the presence of a colony of these devoted men. Neither need our friends be informed that the rebellion in the North-West had not been so easily overcome but for the co-operation of the priests with the civil and military authorities of the Dominion in its suppression. Mr. Parkhill makes allusion to the Nile boatmen—evidently forgetful of the fact that the majority of those brave fellows were Catholics. Loyal as he thinks he is—with "not a single Catholic within ten miles around him"—a fact that his savagery proclaims, he kept far away himself from Batoche and the Nile. In times of trouble Bro. Parkhill may always be relied on to show manifest symptoms of back-ache, or foot-ache, like one of his renowned predecessors in the representation of South Simcoe, the late lamented Thos. Ferguson. The worst enemies of Canada are men like John White and Senator Clemons, who sow the seeds of discord at home, and Parkhill and other Orange emissaries who belie and blacken the fame of Canada abroad.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

In Admiral Porter's novel, which we noticed at length last week, we are given to understand that a priest said Mass before breakfast. A singular thing noticeable in this novel is the false idea that the author has of convent life. We showed some of his most absurd blunders last week. "Myra," one of his personages, goes into a convent, but before going, takes an "eternal farewell" of her mother! We all know—and Admiral Porter ought to know—that even strangers are admitted into convents. George May, another creation of our American Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., who "sticks fast to his desk," coolly talks of putting his sister into a convent! As if anybody that chooses could get a "lettre de cachet," and throw anybody else into "eternal seclusion." A Lady Superior has not as much power as even a modern Admiral on board his own ship. As the narrative is garnished with "pink hearts in convents," etc! It does not seem to occur to the Admiral that it would be strange for young ladies to enter a convent for the mere purpose of "pinning." If the Admiral only knew it, there is less "pinning" in convents than anywhere else. There is—although our Protestant friends will not believe it—more cheerfulness in convents than in gaisety.

Catholic Review.

Before Archbishop Walsh is permitted by his countrymen to retire into the comparative privacy necessary for the work of organizing and directing so important a trust as that now placed upon him, they have determined to give him a welcome which will lack nothing to make it memorable. It is certain that if the Catholics of his diocese are permitted to carry out their intentions, they will make a display unprecedented in the history of the Irish Church. As that display will mark a new era of happiness for Ireland and the Church, we trust that nothing, not even the modest love of privacy of the prelate whom they wish to honor, will prevent the full outburst of gratitude and loyalty which, though largely personal, is still more largely directed to the authority which he so worthily represents.

The cable has kindly told us of the "sharp lecture" that the Holy Father gave the new Archbishop on his duties in Ireland. A more authentic authority informs us that when Cardinal Moran and Archbishop Walsh called to pay their respects to the Pope he said to them, "My thoughts have been with you this morning at the consecration and during the whole day, and I did not cease to consider in my heart the land which has merited the name of the Island of Saints, and whose fairest glories are renewed in you."

St. Louis Catholic World.

The ancient Dominican schools and monasteries of Ireland are the glory of the country. Though they are now in ruins, her people are proud of the traditions surrounding these sacred monuments of time. We were present some twenty years since at the laying of the corner-stone of a Dominican church on the very site on which stood six hundred years ago a Dominican abbey. Some of the carved stones of the old building were exhibited that day. We thought the Church was the only institution in Ireland that would so connect the present with the past, and we were proud of our faith and of the constancy of the Irish people to the Church. We read this week of a similar instance.

Catholic Columbian.

The absurdities, the down-right, ridiculous excesses, and the gushing propensities of the American people are daily illustrated. While in a distant part of the United States a murderer was receiving

bouquets in his prison cell from sentimental ladies, the honored bier of General Grant was being decked with the same lovely symbols of the heart's affections, and a few days afterwards fair hands placed a floral collar about the neck of a victorious race horse.

There are two kinds of Catholicity, many say and profess to believe:—the theoretical and the practical. The former leads to liberal Catholicism, which means Protestantism and infidelity. The latter is the genuine article and leads to eternal life.

Gounod, the famous musician, has composed a new sacred trilogy, *Mors et Vita*. The first part is a requiem, the second is a judgment, the third is on the heavenly Jerusalem. "It will perhaps be asked why," says the composer in his preface, "in the title I have placed death before life. It is because in the order of eternal things death precedes life, although in the order of temporal things life precedes death. Death is only the end of that existence which dies each day; it is only the end of a continual 'dying.' But it is the first moment, and, as it were, the birth, of that which dies no more." It is dedicated to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. Thus does the Catholic Church still continue to call out the noblest efforts of artist, and still the Papacy continues to encourage and cherish the works of the master minds.

Catholic Review.

The grand fact stares you in the face that the predominant influence of the public schools is a Protestant influence. The teachers are Protestant, the style of thought and expression is Protestant, the traditions are Protestant. Even when a majority of the children are Catholic, the atmosphere of the school is Protestant. The Catholic children are made to feel a sense of inferiority. They know their religion is not only not in favor of the authorities and superiors of the school, but it is considered low, and vulgar, and it is an intelligent, enlightened citizen. It is simply tolerated because the law requires it; but there is a subtle influence pervading the school-room that is calculated to make the Catholic child ashamed of his religion. And, then, the better the Protestant teacher the worse for the child.

Marshall, Ill., Church Progress.

Want of early Christian training arising from the negligence of parents and other members in America than in other countries combined. The Methodists and other Protestant denominations glory in the accession to their pulpits of Irish ministers, whose parents forgot or neglected to instruct their children in the religion of their fathers. It is astonishing how many such names are lately added to the different ministries, names we never heard of before as Protestant. The change is due to the want of early training, and parents who neglect the same now, may be mortified to see their children follow the same course.

London Universe.

It is to be hoped that the Governor of Canada (the Marquis of Lansdowne) will save England from the disgrace which would result from the execution of Riel. He did no more than was done by many who have been glorified for forcibly resisting tyranny, and that tyranny was exercised towards the "Half-breeds" whom he led, there is abundant proof. England not only pardoned Papineau (the leader of the Canadian insurrection of 1838), but he rose to a high official position. As to his plea of insanity, Riel seems not to have helped it, but we think there was something in it. We add the hope that the change will not be from death to that living death—imprisonment for life—but to something more humane.

Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.

A number of Protestant exchanges are disposed to say that Monasticism, or the existence of religious Orders, though having done much good in the Middle Ages, are out of place now. This must be predicated on the ground of "our enlightened age." Knowledge so much abounds, that medieval institutions for sooth, are out of place. This is poor reasoning. Perfection in a religious life is as much to be desired now, as in the days of Christ. We have still the poor, the sick and infirm, to minister to, and console; sins abound, to the constant offence of God, and that, too, alas! too often, amongst our enlightened circles. Schools and hospitals require the services which only self-sacrifice can securely give. The truth of the matter is—our age is ruined by a pride arising from a supposed superiority of education. Thomas A. Kempis assures us that "Knowledge puffeth up." Our literary people are killed with pride. They would consider themselves, owing to a limited stock of worldly knowledge, to be exempted thereby from that meek and worshipful spirit which Holy Scripture teaches us in the inspired saying, "Vanity of vanities: All is vanity," but to know God and seek him alone. No! this "puffed up" class recalls forcibly to our mind that solemn saying of our Saviour: "You are like white sepulchres, which outwardly appear unto men beautiful, but within are full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness."

EXPELLED FRENCH DOMINICANS.

A SIGNIFICANT CEREMONY AT THE "CARMES," PARIS.

A highly interesting ceremony took place on Aug. 4th, at the church of the Carmes in the Rue de Vaugirard. Although admission was by ticket, the sacred edifice was full, the object being to celebrate the feast of the holy patriarch, St. Dominic. The dispersed brethren of the Order of Friars Preachers were present, the High Mass being sung by the Very Rev. Father Fauchon, the provincial. The panegyric of St. Dominic was preached by the Abbe Quignard, the Cure of St. Eustache. It need scarcely be said that the sons of St. Dominic and Cordeliers are doing all the good they can under the circumstances. Although their church in the Rue Jean de Beaulieu is closed, and that in the Faubourg St. Honore has been transformed into a lecture hall, the voices of the Dominicans are constantly heard in the pulpits of Paris. Everything goes to show that the

ridiculous farce of expulsion cannot be played a second time. Even M. Clemenceau in his recent speech at Alencon, although advocating strongly the separation of Church and State, declared that expulsions and persecutions of all kinds were inexpedient. It remains to be seen whether the deputy for Montmartre will take the same view of the question if the prospects of power are verified by the event. It is to be feared that he will then steer between Opportunism and Radicalism, pleasing neither. One day he will be asked to demolish and secularize the memorial Church of the Sacred Heart, whilst on the morrow he may be twitted on his imperfect observance of the Concordat. One thing that neither he nor any other French Government will be able to do, and that is to efface the influence of the children of St. Francis, St. Dominic and St. Ignatius. They will preach and practice to the end, and a moderate Republic will bring them back to their cloisters and churches.—*Paris Cor. Liverpool Catholic Times.*

SPEECH OF MR. HEALY, M. P.

On Sunday afternoon Mr. Justin McCarthy, M. P., and Mr. Healy, M. P., addressed a meeting of Irishmen in Liverpool in connection with an invitation which the former has accepted to stand as an Irish candidate for the Exchange Division of the city at the general election.

Mr. McCarthy said he was, he believed, the first Irish Nationalist candidate for an English constituency. He had spent many years of his early life in Liverpool in connection with Irish clubs and newspapers, striving to keep alive the sentiment of Irish nationality. The Irish Parliamentary Party now held in their hands the fortunes of any English Ministry, and they now began to find out what an immense number of friends the Irish Party have on both sides of the House of Commons. He denied there was any compact with the Tory party. What compact was needed to show the Tory party that Irishmen preferred the present Ministry, which had abandoned Coercion, to its predecessors? They had so far fought in absolute independence of Whigs and Tories, and on the same lines they would continue to fight. He concluded by impressing on Irishmen the necessity of union amongst themselves.

Mr. Healy, M. P., said at the present time the Irish party were being wooed by a pair of suitors, one of whom was more ardent and passionate than the other, and curiously enough this was on the eve of a general election. They had not courage to do this before. They saw lack of unity amongst the Liberal party because it had been disorganized by Mr. Parnell. If they turned to their good friends, the Tories, what remarkable unity existed amongst them. They all knew when the most distinguished, able, and most promising of Tory leaders intended to come down to Liverpool a few days ago, how he was met and obliged to remain at home, no doubt humming the couplet:

It was all very well to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me down stairs?
The lions of the Orange party in Liverpool refused to lie down in the same menagerie with the game little bantam of Woodstock (laughter). The Tory party were helplessly divided amongst themselves as to what policy they ought to put before the electors. Lord Randolph Churchill (loud applause) went for the Tory democracy. Lord Claud Hamilton (hisses and groans) thought the best thing to do was to gather into a room all the quiet, stupid, old fogies that he could and tell them about the Queen and Constitution (laughter). Lord Randolph Churchill would appeal to the broad masses of the people (hear, hear) upon whom in future the basis of the Empire in this kingdom must rest (applause). Lord Claud Hamilton could think of no better device for rallying once more the Tory party than by giving them a played out tap of the Protestant drum (renewed laughter). The two great parties in the State were going to the electors with a chasm yawning and gaping in their ranks. Where did the Irish Nationalists stand? In between them (applause) like a wedge. There was no dissension and no diatribe amongst them, for from the humblest to the highest they were determined to follow the lead of the genius whom God had sent them like another Moses (applause). He said, "Woe to the man who in this great crisis of Ireland's fortune lifted up his puny cackle against the united advice of an experienced party and a determined nation" (renewed applause). It had been the misfortune of the Irish race in past times to have too many great men, and too many people who could do things better than anything else. What they had wanted for 200 years was an honest man, and they had at last got one in the person of Mr. Parnell (applause). Their cause would win if they were united, but it might be lost by cranks who set themselves up as rulers and judges of men, and with their tinpot intelligence attempted to chime a discordant note against the great national tocsin which Mr. Parnell was clanging to the national ear (loud applause).

Resolutions repudiating any sympathy with English political parties, and promising every effort to return the Parnellite candidates, were passed with enthusiasm.

Correspondence of the Catholic Record.
FROM GODERIC.

At high Mass on Sunday last, Rev. Father Lott announced the death of one of Hullett's oldest inhabitants, Mr. Edward Tighe. Deceased had been ailing for some time, and on Friday, 28th ult., fortified by the rites of Holy Mother Church, he yielded up his soul to his Maker. The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon, and was largely attended. On Monday last High Mass was celebrated in Hullett Church for the repose of his soul. Requiescat in pace.

We were pleased to notice the return of his Honor Judge Doyle from his European trip, after an absence of about two months. The Judge was accompanied by his sister, Miss Doyle. Ireland, France, Italy and England were visited, and we are happy to state that the Judge's health has been very much improved by the voyage.