

This concluded all the evidence in these enquires. It now remains with the commissioner, Major Keddell, to forward the depositions, together with any recommendation of his own, to the Minister of Justice in order to settle matters.

IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE.

A MEETING of the Greymouth Branch was held in St. Joseph's school-room, July 5th, 1885, Mr. James O'Brien, President, in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. Letter from Mrs. A. M. Sullivan read. Resolved that the letter be received.

The President, then, recounted the evidence given before Major Keddell, commissioner at Hokitika, thereby putting the League and the Government to considerable expense, as he (the President) was ready to admit before the Commissioner in Greymouth the principal point the Sergeant-Major wanted to prove in Hokitika. He also stated that the Commissioner went fully into the case, that there was voluminous evidence taken, and that he had not the slightest doubt but that the League would be fully vindicated by the Commission.

Considerable expense having been incurred in this case it was resolved on the motion of Mr. M. Philips, seconded by Mr. T. P. O'Donnell, "That the several branches of the League and other places on the Coast be communicated with and requested to contribute a share of the expenses."

Resolved that a copy of the minutes of this meeting and also a copy of the evidence taken before the Commissioner in the case of the League against O'Grady be forwarded to the TABLET for insertion.

Mr. Jas. O'Brien, President, proposed, and Mr. M. Biordan, Treasurer, seconded:—"That a vote of thanks be returned to Mr. Michael Hannan, solicitor, for the very able manner in which he conducted the case of the Irish National League against Sergeant-Major O'Grady."

After some subscriptions were handed in and one member proposed, the meeting adjourned.

JAMES CREAGH, Hon. Sec.

The following is a copy of Mrs. Sullivan's letter:—

10 Mountjoy place, Dublin, May 13, 1885.

Dear Sir,—My brother-in-law, Mr. T. D. Sullivan, forwarded to me here from London the Resolution of Condolence sent by the delegates of the various branches of the I. N. League in the Grey Valley to me. I beg of you to return to one and all my sincere thanks for their kind sympathy to me and my children in our terrible loss.

Mr. Sullivan was well known in public life, but his private life was, if possible, more beautiful, for he had a wonderful love for children, and consequently showed great affection for his own. I am sure he prays for them and their kind friends.

I am, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

F. G. SULLIVAN.

James O'Brien, Esq., Greymouth.

RETURN OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL FROM ROME.

(*Dublin Freeman*, June 6.)

ON Wednesday evening as the clock bell in the Town Hall struck five the mail steamer Munster, having on board the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel and Aruly, rounded the East Pier. A large crowd of Kingstown and Dublin people had assembled on Carlisle Pier, and a number of flags and bann-flags lent an additional air of attraction to the scene. Groups of on-lookers had taken possession of almost every point of vantage in the vicinity of the harbour. The balcony at the railway, the green bank in front of the Yacht Club, the roof of the Boat Club, and the railways were alive with expectant faces. As the Munster came alongside the jetty a ringing cheer arose from those assembled on the wharf, and, a gangway having been expeditiously run in, a large and representative deputation went on board to welcome his Grace, and congratulate him on his safe return.

Cheer after cheer arose from the crowd congregated on the pier as the Archbishop, with Archdeacon Kinnane, P.P., and followed by the gentlemen of the deputation, ascended the gangway and stepped on the wharf.

The party then proceeded to the Royal Marine Hotel, a large crowd following and cheering at intervals, one person from the body of the crowd calling out, "What will your Grace do, with Errington!" at which there was a general laugh.

In the evening, at eight o'clock, there was a public meeting in the Town Hall—Mr. P. McDonald in the chair. His Grace was in attendance, and addresses were read:—

His Grace who, on rising, was most enthusiastically cheered, in reply, said—Mr. Chairman, ladies, and gentlemen, after the very long and tiresome journey that I have just completed, and the great anxiety that attached to the very weighty deliberations I was engaged in, in common with the other Irish bishops in Rome, you will be considerate enough, I am sure, to accept from me this evening a formal acknowledgement, which I most proudly and sincerely make to you for your very beautiful and flattering address, and of the expression also of my thankfulness for it. It is not the first time that the people of Kingstown and of this district have complimented me so. On this very night two years I returned from Rome, as I returned to-day, after a memorable mission and after the issue of a certain document, of which we shall speak but little to-night, and you, the people of Kingstown, met me on the beach below and received me with that enthusiasm worthy of true Irishmen, and initiated that long and striking series of addresses which commenced in Kingstown and terminated only in the Cathedral Church of Thurles. I am one of those who believe in these addresses. I think that addresses such as this are most useful and instructive.

They are useful as evidence of the people's faith in the people's Church (cheers), and of confidence in the heads of that Church; and they are instructive inasmuch as they prove, if proof were necessary, that every man who is honestly disposed to labour for the National cause in Ireland, no matter whether he is an ecclesiastic or a layman, let it be the hardworking, zealous, and long-tried rural curate, or the mighty dignitary who presides over some metropolitan or primatial seat in Ireland, if it be known of him that his heart is in the right place, that his heart beats responsive to the National aims, and that his aspirations are such as behoves the regenerator of the Irish people, there is one thing clear, that such a man will always be honoured in our land (cheers). As for me, your address gives me great and sincere pleasure, because I know that I can claim credit for nothing but good intentions (hear, hear). I would wish to lift up this old land to somewhat of its pristine grandeur. I would wish to see the soil of Ireland emancipated, I would wish to see commerce flourish, I would wish to see honest industry rewarded, I would wish to see Orange ascendancy broken down (loud and continued cheering.) I would wish to see the green flag floating once more over a prosperous people. I would wish to see the honest artisan, the hard working labourer, the industrious agriculturist rewarded for his toil. I would wish to see all classes in Ireland harmoniously working, with plenty at their board and peace in their homes, and all our people as happy in their respective conditions as they are in France or England, in Italy or elsewhere. A good deal in this direction has been already done in Ireland owing to two notable causes—first, to the union of the priests with the people (cheers); which union I tell you shall never be sundered (cheers); and in the second place to the energy, the indefatigable exertions, and uncompromising patriotism of our fine, splendid Parliamentary party (cheers). But though a great deal has been done I tell you candidly that a great deal remains to be done (hear, hear). Time will, no doubt, bring forward many things for the benefit of old Ireland. If you wish to succeed in the future, as you have partially succeeded in the past, you must be watchful in the first place, for you are dealing with a vigilant as well as with a crafty foe. You must be united as one man, and present a formidable phalanx before your adversary. You must be prepared to make sacrifices for the cause. You must be persevering in pressing your righteous demands on those who can grasp them, and above all you must be prepared not to put yourselves in the power—in the power of what are called the friends of law and order—you must be careful to do nothing that would bring discredit on the National cause, either in the eye of God or Christian civilisation. As for myself, you know that for the last two or three years, and especially since my last return from Rome, they have given me a character of being unchanged and unchangeable (cheers). Well, I am (renewed cheers). I have been with the people since the commencement of this great struggle, and long before it commenced. In my early days I was in sympathy, as the world knows, with the Irish people—thirty-five years ago and more, perhaps—for I don't like to be precise as to dates. The career I commenced, then, shall be precisely the career I shall continue to the end—fearless, I shall be unchanged and unchangeable—unaffected either by malice or misrepresentation. I shall continue always in the same course, acting on the same principles, working on the same lines, labouring for the good of the generous and patriotic people of Ireland; the earnest advocate of national liberty all the world over; the friend of every righteous cause, and the sworn enemy of oppression and tyranny (cheers). As I said in the beginning, I did not intend to address you at any length, and, as is usual with me, I have carried out my intention. And now, nothing more remains for me to do, but to thank you, as I do, from the bottom of my heart for this second demonstration which you have made in my favour, and to assure you, the people of Kingstown, that if you should either singly or collectively visit gallant Tipperary, I will be there to receive you with open arms, and reciprocate at least some portion of the kindness that you have bestowed upon me (loud cheers).

To restore nerve and brain waste, nothing equals Hop Bitters. Believe this and take none but American Co.'s See

A lady writes: "I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family for many years, and could not keep house without it. For the relief of the pains consequent upon female weaknesses and irregularities, I consider it without an equal."

Prince Bismarck took part recently in a debate in the Reichstag on Sunday observance, and in the course of his remarks said he could not admit that the English on the whole were better Christians than his own countrymen, and as for Sunday observance, there was a great deal of mere habit in it. He then went on to say:—"I must say that when I was in England I always had a painful and uncomfortable impression of the English Sunday; and I was always glad when it was over. I am sure, too, that many Englishmen had the same feeling about it, for they thought to accelerate the march of time (on that day), without witnesses, in a manner which I would rather not characterize, and were overjoyed when Monday dawned. Whoever has lived in English society will understand what I mean. On the other hand, if you go into the country around Berlin, if it does not exactly happen to be near a brewery, and look at the villages, you are pleased with the appearance of the people in their holiday garb, and thank God that we live not under the yoke of an English Sunday."

Twelve suicides in one week, where two a year was the average, throw some light on the vaunted progress made in Rome by the revolution. The statistics of the madhouse are likewise appalling. "So great is the increase of insanity," says a recent report, "that a new establishment will be required." The general causes of this sudden growth of madness are the tendencies and spirit of the age in which positivism and materialism are the rules of life and the motto of the civilised world is "let us eat and drink." Since 1870, the upsetting of the physical and moral order has reacted upon the people, whose nerves, brain, mind, and heart have been disturbed and shattered. The logic of this report is that the new order of things in Rome has driven the Romans mad, or that the intruders themselves are insane—perhaps both.