

An Indictment of the House of Lords

Mr. John Redmond, M.P., in the course of his speech in the House of Commons on the motion of the Prime Minister to go into committee to consider the relations between the two Houses of Parliament, said:—What has been the experience of Ireland at the hands of the House of Lords during the last century? In 1792 or 1793 the Irish House of Lords passed almost unanimously great measures which were the commencement of Catholic Emancipation. Again and again, however, the English House of Lords rejected measures of Emancipation sent up from this House. Three times Emancipation passed through the House of Commons, but was rejected by the House of Lords; and when finally carried Lord Macaulay said in 1829 that the concession which had been refused to justice was reluctantly granted through fear of civil war. The history of the tithe war in Ireland is in itself, from the Irish point of view, a further indictment of the House of Lords. It meant practically civil war in Ireland and wholesale suffering and misery. Five Tithes Bills were rejected by the House of Lords. In the matter of the franchise, too, the case was worse in Ireland than in Great Britain. The Catholic Emancipation Bill was passed only on condition that the whole class of forty-shilling freeholders should be swept away. As a result of the Reform Bill of 1832, in 1839 only 5 per cent. of the adult males in Ireland were allowed to have the vote, whereas 19 per cent. of the adult males in England had the vote. The House of Lords insisted that the Commons should not make the same extension of rights to Ireland as to England. Municipal reform was dealt with in like manner by the House of Lords so far as Ireland was concerned. And what about the Irish land question? If the Prime Minister wants an indictment against the House of Lords, that is a question for which the Lords are primarily responsible, because it was a question which affected them, their social position, and their pockets. The Lords maintained up to recently a system which I heard the Leader of the Opposition describe in this House as a land system which had every fault of every land system which had ever existed in the world. Is that not an indictment against the House of Lords? Then the Leader of the Opposition talked of deadlocks. The Bills sent up to the Lords by this House could be counted by scores. They never passed one of them without mutilating it and taking everything of value out of it. In a great many cases they rejected it altogether. By reason of their rejection of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill, the Lords were directly responsible for all the misery, crime, bloodshed, and disorder which followed in the wake of the revolutionary land movement which then, and then only, sprang into real life in Ireland.

St. Patrick's Day in America

Mr. Benedict Fitzpatrick, writing from Hotel Astor, New York, on St. Patrick's Day, says:—From all over America comes the news that the celebrations in honor of St. Patrick surpass any ever held before. Chicago buried itself in green to greet President Taft, who joined in the Irish parade on his way to the Irish Fellowship Club, where he is the guest to-day. This afternoon 50,000 Irishmen marched along the wonderful Fifth Avenue through New York, mounted and on foot, in military formation, every man in black slouched hat, white gloves, and badge; spruce, neat, and speckless, with thousands of green flags flying, a hundred bands playing, and a quarter of a million sight-seers cheering. This St. Patrick's Day parade has been improving in number and quality every year. I saw a great number of priests mounted and on foot, and wearing sashes. It was a great spectacle—almost thrilling to an Irishman. Some of the day's journals came out in green, and the *Herald* hailed our people as 'America's ruling race.' From Buenos Aires, where there is a wealthy and enormously influential Irish colony, come reports of wonderful goings on in honor of the day. How is it that these scattered colonies of Irishmen, who rule wherever they are as much as a fourth of the population, are not linked in common action, when the need arises, for Faith and fatherland? There is an opportunity here for an organising genius as for an historian capable of celebrating the wonderful work the race, in its renaissance, is doing throughout the world. I have had occasion lately to see the work our Irish priests in America are doing to keep alive a devotion to the cradle of our race. They understand, as I fear many priests in England do not understand, how Ireland and the Catholic religion are entwined in the hearts of our people, mutually supporting and mutually dependent. For weeks beforehand our priests here simply spend themselves in preparing for St. Patrick's Day. Never was there a closer, more loving union between pastors and people. And I really begin to believe that the unquenchable spirit of our race is to be the instrument that will win America to the Faith.

A lawyer once, who caught a cold,
Was soon called to the 'Bar,'
Where liquor by the 'case' was sold.
Old Scotch, as well Three Star;
His stay was 'brief,' 'I won't, I'm sure,
Touch this whatever it "costs";
I'll take some Woods' Great Peppermint Cure,
And defy this Winter's frosts!

People We Hear About

On Good Friday the King of Spain graciously pardoned twenty-three prisoners who were condemned to death.

Mr. Edison, who draws £1200 a week from moving pictures, hopes to visit England in a year or so, and see the country from a motor-car.

The centenary of the birth of Sir Samuel Ferguson, the famous Ulster poet, was celebrated in Belfast and Dublin on March 10. Mr. Alfred Percival Graves, the well known litterateur, delivered an address on Ferguson and his work in Belfast.

A feature of the Federal elections (says the *Southern Cross*) is the number of young men returned. Two of the Victorian successful candidates for the House of Representatives are members of the Catholic Young Men's Society—Mr. Parker J. Maloney, who won Indi in such sterling fashion, and Mr. J. Scullin, who so soundly defeated Dr. J. G. Wilson for Corangamite. Mr. Frank Brennan, another brilliant young C.Y.M.S. member, ran Sir John Quick unpleasantly close at Bendigo.

The health of Queen Maria Pia of Portugal again gives cause for concern, and King Manuel, a devoted grandson, is as much with her as his duties permit. Her Majesty never really recovered from the shock of the double tragedy two years ago, and even yet the names of King Carlos and the Crown Prince Louis cannot be mentioned in her presence. Queen Maria Pia is a sister of the late King Humbert of Italy, and married King Louis of Portugal when she was still some days on the junior side of her fifteenth birthday.

Mr. Kettle, the Nationalist M.P. whose speech on Tariff Reform aroused much interest in the House recently, is the son of a distinguished Irish politician of whom Parnell thought a very great deal, a fact which gives point to the following story. Mr. Kettle and Dr. Tanner were once addressing by-election meetings at Carlow. They were speaking within a short distance of each other, and Mr. Kettle, who had been doing some strenuous campaigning, had become so husky that he could scarcely be heard by his audience. 'Ah,' exclaimed Dr. Tanner, who observed the rival orator's plight, 'Parnell's Kettle has lost his spout!'

In private life (writes Mr. F. Cruise O'Brien in the *Dublin Leader*) Mr. Redmond impresses one with the ample manner, the generous and spacious ways which one loves to associate with Athens. To me there has always seemed to be something of Greek evenness about him, of Greek abhorrence of extremes. And then with what courtesy he bears himself; his smile of disagreement with one makes one almost want to change one's opinion in the instant; when he rules one out of order he does it as gracefully as if he were making one a presentation. And one feels as it he were, too! He has the large tolerance, the genial bonhomie of the polished man of the world. One feels that he understands and allows for one's different point of view if one disagrees with him, and that he would be delighted were one to agree with him. He is a man who loves the quiet life above all, but who is not afraid of the smoke of battle when it must be battle. A man, in fine, who is the last to seek, and the last to leave the field.

To one who has followed the writings of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and who has watched his great political fight in the Irish and Catholic interests, the anticipation of seeing him in the flesh and hearing his voice was very great. Would he disappoint or confirm those pleasant conceptions which had been formed through the medium of parliamentary reports, succinct and penetrating reviews, and meditative and philosophic writings, in which latter he invariably appeared as the great apologist. His first appearance gave one the impression of 'bigness,' which was accentuated by a tendency to embonpoint. Large-boned and heavy-limbed, his walk brought to mind the many descriptions of the great American President, Abraham Lincoln. But there the likeness ended. With a face essentially Irish, wearing his sixty odd years well, 'T.P.' would always be taken for what he was proud to proclaim himself—a son of Erin. But it was the voice that made the deepest and most lasting impression. At times low, soft, and clear, the cultured language flowing freely and easily, so modulated that as it rose and fell its cadenced volume reached and held all who listened. Then came a change. As the spirit of the speaker entered into the heart of his subject the words flowed quick, free, and strong; fact upon fact was piled up, cases of intrigue and deceit exposed, and instances of chicanery denounced and condemned. Another change, and in penetrating, soul-stirring language he depicted the hard, grim lives of many thousands of workers. Then to the other extreme, where, with humor in words and gestures, the foibles of 'my Lords' ran the gamut of scathing criticism. As the trained voice (with its slight accent, begotten of boyhood's day in old Athlone) expounded with the brilliance of genius the various points of his discourse, the listener could understand partially the dominating influence which commands success. The Irish cause is fortunate in its leaders, of whom 'T.P.' is one of the greatest. He has given unstintingly to it time, labor, and intellect, and, in his own words, his epitaph might be written—'He did his best.'

For all complaints of the Throat, Lungs, or Bronchial Tubes, TUSSICURA is the sovereign remedy.