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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, AUG. 31.

CATHOLIC CALENDAR For September, 1881.

THURSDAY, 1.—Office of the Blessed Sacrament. FRIDAY, 2.—St. Stephen, King and Confessor. SATURDAY, 3.—Office of the Immaculate Conception. SUNDAY, 4.—Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost. Epist. Gal. III. 16-22; Gosp. Luke XVII. 11-19. Bp. De Neckere, New Orleans, died, 1833. MONDAY, 5.—St. Lawrence Justinian, Bishop and Confessor. TUESDAY, 6.—Feria. Cons. Bp. Heiss, La Crosse, 1868. WEDNESDAY, 7.—Feria.

MR. RICHARD WALSH, Richmond street Charlottetown, P. E. I., is agent for this paper and is duly authorized to collect all amounts due, and to enroll new subscribers.

We take this opportunity of sincerely thanking our readers for the generous support they have accorded the TRUE WITNESS during the past twelve months, and especially those of our subscribers who have so promptly responded to our call. We would again remind our friends, especially those in the agricultural districts, that the small amounts they owe make a large sum in the aggregate, which if collected would be most acceptable to us at the present juncture, when we are expending considerable sums in improvements. We need scarcely tell them that our subscription rates are lower than those of any other paper of like nature on this continent, and that the profit derived by the proprietors on them are very small indeed. We therefore urge our friends, agents and subscribers to further activity in the good cause of faith and fatherland, as well as helping us on our journey onwards, so that we may be more useful in our mission and we especially hope our recalcitrant subscribers will take this hint to pay up.

Those who care a solitary threnos about their lives, and whose pleasure or business compels them to sail the salt seas after the 30th September will do well to take the Gulon Line. O'DONOVAN ROSS IS THE AGENT.

AYOUB KHAN'S victory has not given him Cabul. His forces are rapidly diminishing, while those of the defeated Ameer are increasing, and it is Herat and not Cabul which is in danger. If Ayoub retreats Candahar will have to be abandoned.

"Vox," a correspondent of the Witness, recommends that the 29th of September be named by the Government as a day of thanksgiving. He says this day will please all parties, as it is a Catholic holy day. The idea is not a bad one. The 29th will also be Thanksgiving Day in the United States.

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY denies entertaining any intention of forming a new Irish party. "It is well; there are enough and to spare of Irish parties already. At all events the great praise bestowed upon him by the English press for his favorable consideration of the Land Bill has killed all his chances, if he ever had any."

The harvest prospects in England are of the gloomiest, and in Ireland they are not much better. Land in the former country is falling every day, almost in value, and farms by the thousand are deserted. It is, one should think, a bad time for a duty on foreign breadstuffs, and yet that is what the landlords are agitating for. The reason is obvious.

MR. T. M. HEALY, the national member for gallant Wexford, has challenged Mr. Herbert Gladstone, the son of the great chatter-box, but the cable thinks the Englishman will refuse to fight on account "of his well known religious principles." It is a pity that his religious principles do not prevent him insulting people as well as giving them satisfaction.

MR. PARNELL is carrying the war into Carthage. In North Durham there is, by his advice, an alliance between the Home Rulers and Conservatives, and the probabilities are that a Home Ruler will be elected for Tyrone with the aid of the Conservative vote against Dickson, the Coercionist candidate. The Rev. Mr. Bylett, a Unitarian minister, is Parnell's candidate.

The English Liberals must feel a melancholy sorrow in reading Mr. Parnell's advice to the electors of Durham. After all the Liberals have done for Ireland, Parnell tells the Irishmen of Durham either to vote for the Tory or stay away from the polls. It is true they passed a Coercion Act, balked the people and put their leaders in prison, where they now are praying, doubtless, for the per-

manence of the British constitution, but have they not passed a Land Bill? It is said that Gladstone and Salisbury met half way for fear lest—in case of a general election—the Irish should hold the balance of power; but if the casual elections result in the return of Conservatives at the rate they have gone since April last year, that consummation, most devoutly to be prayed against, will arrive in any case.

The elections in France, Spain and Portugal are now so nearly over that the final result can be safely conjectured. In France the Republicans have carried all before them; in Spain the Liberals have gained the day, and in Portugal the Conservative or National party, the Republicans having only carried a few constituencies. Gambetta was elected for one constituency in France by a narrow majority, and, although at first claiming two, he has found it necessary to give up the second.

INSTEAD of handling the question of Protection v. Free Trade on its merits as regards Canada, our "leading" papers are at great pains to write it up and down as it concerns England, as if there was any analogy between the two countries. What is play to England may be death to Canada. England is one of the great workshops of the world, and as such free trade benefits her largely, whereas Canada is but toddling onward in swaddling clothes, and requires being guided and protected. When we have Manchester and Birmingham it will be time enough to talk of free trade, and not till then. To use a homely but vulgar proverb, which applies to nations as well as individuals, "one man's meat may be another man's poison."

THERE has been a grand review of the English volunteers, under the eye of the Queen, at Aldershot; also, another review of the Scotch volunteers, under the eye of the Queen, at Edinburgh, but as Her Majesty has only two eyes, there has been no review of the Irish volunteers. We wish Her Most Gracious Majesty had three eyes. The last grand review of the Irish volunteers was held in Dublin in 1787.

WE would be giving the Americans too much credit for humanity and philanthropy did we suppose the news of the anticipated harvests in England do not give them a little pleasure. The English harvest is almost ruined, and, except the weather henceforth continues favorable, it will be destroyed root and crop. But, as the New York Herald suggestively remarks, thank God, we have lots of grain in America, and our English customers have any amount of gold wherewith to purchase it. This succession of bad harvests in England must have some result as regards legislation, or English agriculture will have been a thing of the past. It would, therefore, seem as if nature was allying herself with the democracy to ruin British landlords.

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY is not quite so popular in England this week. His stock is falling, although, as a set-off against Mr. Parnell, his utterances, except the seditious portion of them, are still favorably received. The cablegram says:—

"Sir Gavan Duffy left London for Ireland on Friday. His advice recommending the Irish to accept the Land Bill is warmly endorsed by the English press, which fails, however, to see the necessity of Duffy's slightly seditious suggestion 'that the price of peace in Ireland is the concession of not only their own Government, their own Parliament, but their own military and naval forces and their own distinguishing flag.'"

Sir Charles reads the Irish heart pretty well, though he has been twenty-six years at the antipodes.

FOR the hundred and first time Mr. Parnell has snuffed himself out of political existence, or as the latest reports have it, effaced himself. Notwithstanding, however, that he is such an utter nonentity the Whig Government are ridiculously anxious about his movements. He is troubling their souls in North Durham, where a thousand Irish voters are prepared to obey his behests, and in Tyrone where himself and the Reverend Mr. Bylett are bound to defeat the Whig candidate. It is amusing the amount of trouble the Government take in trying to show that Parnell's influence is gone. He is expected to cross the Atlantic immediately after the Dublin Convention, and behold two lords, Dunraven and Donoughmore are also to visit America and act as a counterpoise to the teachings of the Irish leader. It is a great pity the other Dun (Dreary) is not with the noble peers; "it is one of those things no fellow can understand."

If all the reports be true—or even half of them—which we hear relative to French enterprise in this Province of Quebec, we shall soon be flooded with French money and become prosperous in spite of ourselves. A French Syndicate is to purchase the Q. M. O. & O. Railroad; a French company will cut the tunnel under the St. Lawrence; the French Government will go halves with us in opening up a trade with Brazil, in running a line of steamers between Montreal and Bourdeaux; French gold will light Canadian cities with electricity, and in a word French capital—of which there is a surplus in la belle France—is to help us out of all our commercial and financial difficulties. According as England withdraws her assistance and sympathy France steps in to take her place, at least in so far as Quebec is concerned, and few in Canada will grumble at such a state of things. We have the resources; what we require is capital to develop them, and it matters not much whether it comes, though a good many would prefer it came from England. But let us take the goods the gods provide us.

IRISH MEMBERS.

One thing the cable never tires of reiterating is that the present leaders of the Irish people are demagogues who would not wish their constituents to be satisfied with a bill under any circumstances, lest the ground would be cut from under their feet. A despatch this morning says "not one out of every ten of them has a patch of land." So that is the secret, is it. Well, it is a consolation to know that they have brains. But, speaking argumentatively, what good have these members done for Ireland who owned very large patches, the crowd, for instance, who were routed so ignominiously at the last general elections, and who will soon disappear from politics altogether? They gambled at Baden-Baden and Monaco; they attended a few weeks of the Parliamentary session in London, and then, if they had money enough left, returned to the roulette table, and if they had not went on their knees to the Ministers and begged for a place or a pension. The present Irish members are, without exception, the most brilliant, as they are the honestest, body of legislators who ever sat in Parliament. Not one of them has ever asked for a place; if they did ask the Ministers would be only too glad to comply with their demands, would almost go down on their knees to ask them to ask. They include such men as Justin McCarthy, author of "A History of our own Times," T. P. O'Connor, whose famous "Life of Lord Beaconsfield" led to the fall of that individual; Arthur O'Connor, who surrendered a place to serve his country; O'Kelly, O'Donnell, the Sullivans, and other men of literary genius; they include men of wealth and men of acres, who would reflect credit on any country in the world. But it is said by way of reproach they are paid for their Parliamentary services. This is not true, but if the Land League were flourishing enough to pay them, all the better. The members of most Legislatures are paid for their services, as why should they not? The English members are not directly, but those of them attached to the party in power take particular care they are paid indirectly, be they Whig or Tory. The Irish party is not attached to any party, and hence have to forego place and power, and lose their time and means besides, in trying to lift their country from the position of a British Province. We must be prepared for lies by cable so long as it is in the possession of the "other" party. We must remember the pretty fable of the wolf and the lamb drinking at the same fountain, and we must hope for the time when the fangs of the former animal shall have been extracted.

OUR readers cannot fail to observe what an extraordinary number of persons, calling themselves priests, there is going about the country at present, collecting money for all manner of things, but especially, churches. It is hardly possible to pick up a paper without seeing a warning against these miserable frauds. There are no less than three of them travelling in the Maritime Provinces at present, fleeing charitable Catholics. The times are good and these impostors find it profitable to assume a guise and a virtue which they have not. But these soi-disant priests are harmless compared with others who go in for something sensational as well as lucrative. The example of Pere Chiniquy is not lost on others of his class. His shameless impudence has encouraged a number who, like him, have been expelled from the Church for grossly immoral conduct or incurable habits of intemperance. These gentry are not satisfied with their new and untrammelled position. Life is fresh to them, but it is also hard, for they are not willing to enter the ranks of industry and adapt themselves to their new circumstances. They find the easiest way to make a living is to turn round and abuse the Catholic Church. In this way they can always attract a crowd. Of this class is a silenced priest of the name of Vincent F. de Longe, late of Windsor, Ont., but born in Montreal. This man is, according to the Detroit Post and Tribune, going about the country telling the most romantic stories, not to say marvellous. He is under the protection of the Orangemen, for if not his life would not be worth an hour's purchase. He renounced Romanism at Windsor (so he says), was kidnapped by Fathers de Rochs and Ouellette and Dean Wagner, taken by them to an Irish settlement, next imprisoned in the Church of St. Joseph, but escaped and is now lecturing. They always do lecture. But that story is utterly common-place when the next is told. The tortures heaped upon Father Fitzpatrick, of Maidstone, who also renounced the errors of popery were appalling. Father Fitzpatrick was brought here to Montreal, according to the romances, and tried for heresy. He was then placed in the vaults of the "Black Nunnery" (a most diabolical but appropriate name), caged and his tongue cut out! Father Vincent himself was tortured also, but in a less degree. We may add, in conclusion, that the Detroit paper says Father Vincent is suffering from overwork and nervous excitement, which indeed looks like truth, as well as that the Priests of Windsor say the story is unworthy of credence, and a vile fabrication. It is, however, good enough to furnish a sensation for the newspapers, and a victim for fanatics.

A NEW name has arisen in Israel. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy returned from Australia last year and now poses as a leader of the Irish people. During his sojourn at the antipodes he made a fortune, and was created a Knight of St. Michael and St. George. He left Ireland, as he himself expressed it "a corpse on the dissecting table," which means

to say that he despaired of his country; and after an absence of twenty-six years returned, with a fortune in one hand and a title in the other, to find the corpse a particularly healthy one, galvanized into life by the exertions of Mr. Parnell and his colleagues. While other men, who did not despair, were suffering in British prisons and from British oppression the dear Charles was gathering in the shekels in a most cheerful manner, and he is now attempting to step in and take advantage of their successful efforts. Parnell will, of course, stand aside and let the illustrious exile pass to the front, an admiration to all beholders, and a staunch admirer of British institutions. He approves of the Land Bill, perhaps it was his presence brought it to pass, and we have no doubt he will now settle all differences between the sister Kingdoms. Still it is possible the people of Ireland may have something to say to the new leader and his modest pretensions.

RAILROAD accidents are becoming lamentably common all over, and Canada has its share. In the series reported to-day there just might as well have been hundreds of lives lost as the few chronicled, and if there have not been it is due more to good fortune than good management. If another great railroad calamity occurs the feeling against the company which runs the road will be so strong that they should take timely warning.

ALTHOUGH the agonies of the Land bill are over a few spasms are still observable, not in Ireland, but in England. The Irish seem to look upon the measure with no little amusement, but the English are very serious in their expectations of a burst of gratitude from the sister country. But there is no gratitude now-a-days. In order, however, to give comfort to the public the London papers are manufacturing resolutions of satisfaction, and are supremely happy in being able to furnish the name of one obscure Branch of the Land League, and one only—Kilfinane, in the County of Limerick—which expresses itself satisfied. It may be taken for granted there is a hitch in that one. Perhaps the Secretary or the President was induced to come forward and pronounce, but we shall see. How easy it is to give comfort to the London dailies may be gathered from their delight at the endorsement of Sir C. G. Duffy, whom the Times is pleased to call "a veteran Irish patriot." It had a different name for that great man in 1848, for if we recollect aright it used the words rebel, traitor, scoundrel, &c., in connection with him, and pronounced his imprisonment far too light. But then the times change and so do the manners, as the hackneyed Latin proverb informs us.

THE tribute paid to the professional skill of Dr. Hingston, of Montreal, should be as flattering to that gentleman as it is an honor to Canada, whose foremost surgeon he undoubtedly is. According to the Gazette Dr. Hingston was requested by the American Consul-General to go to Washington and attend the wounded President, which request the doctor naturally and modestly refused, giving as his reason that there were attendants enough already, among them being Drs. Hamilton and Agnew, men whose reputations are world-wide. We would respectfully suggest to the Governor-General and to the Government that when next they are looking round for distinguished persons on whom to bestow the honor of knighthood, they should not overlook Dr. Hingston, who, if he were fortunate enough to pursue his professional duties in England or in any other European country, would long ere this be in receipt of honors from the State. We would also remind them that in the creation of knights they seem to ignore one nationality and one only. It is true Dr. Hingston is not a politician, though we believe a loyal Conservative, but it does not follow from that that his great abilities should not receive some mark of appreciation. The Honorable John O'Connor is the Irish Catholic representative in the Cabinet, and as such it is part of his duty that the element should not be slighted. See what a clamor—and a just one—the French Canadians raised about the neglecting of Mr. (now Sir Hector) Langevin. It is melancholy to observe the deep ignoring of all kinds of ability, except political, displayed by our Governments, whether Conservative or Liberal. It is no wonder Canada does not develop many men of genius. She does not encourage them; and it is also little wonder she does produce—with few exceptions—fly to the States—the country where their talents will be appreciated and remunerated.

PROSELYTIZING EXTRAORDINARY.

WE received a circular from Liverpool by the last mail which shows a novel system of proselytizing on the part of the zealous, ever active Protestants of that great city, and as Canada is connected with it we propose to give the matter due consideration. The circular is signed by the Right Reverend Dr. O'Reilly, Catholic Bishop of Liverpool, by J. B. Aspinall, Q.C., the Recorder of Liverpool, and many other Catholic citizens of prominence. It states that for many years a system has been established in Liverpool of receiving orphan children, or children whose parents, through destitution or other causes, have been willing to give them up, and sending these children out to Canada to be adopted or placed out at work. This institution (says the circular) has been carried on in Liverpool mainly through the "Sheltering Home" in Byron street, an institution supported with great liberality by many of the wealthy merchants of Liverpool. Now this is all well enough; it is highly laudable to transport children across the Atlantic and place them in homes in Canada where a prosperous future awaits them, if they do nothing to mar their chances. But there are conditions. No matter what

religion the children, or the children's parents profess, the moment they enter the "Sheltering Home" they must be Protestants; a psychological metamorphosis takes place as sudden as it is complete, and every darling child of them crosses the Atlantic with as many of the thirty-nine articles as it can bear stamped upon its little mind. We can easily believe that the majority of these children are of Catholic parentage. Liverpool has about 100,000 of an Irish Catholic population, which, for obvious reasons, furnishes the largest percentage of destitute children. Irish emigrants do not grow wealthy in a day, not even in a generation. The consequence is that these children lose their faith and nationality in Canada under their new fosterage, for we need scarcely say none of them are given out to Catholic people. Hence it is not unlikely that in the course of time we may have the male portion of them going vigorously round the streets commanding the crouples to lie down, and informing the public generally that they will "kick the Pope before them," though we do sincerely hope and believe that another decade will consign that kind of thing to the River of Lethe. The Liverpool Catholics, many of whom are wealthy, felt some time ago that this state of things reflected upon them, and rightly so, and at least a few took steps to remedy the evil. Among those few was the Reverend Father Nugent, a man whose name is now known and honored wherever the English language is spoken. He is a man of great faith and energy. He at once commenced the good work, and like the "Sheltering Home," took Canada as the field for his operations, though he is not particular as long as he can place the children he selects in Catholic families. He has already accomplished a good deal of work in this way; he has sent out thousands of children, some of them are coming in the "Circassian" due at Quebec to-morrow. But this is slow work for Father Nugent; he was not satisfied in doing things by halves, and so he resolved to cross the Atlantic and see Canada himself and what can be done. He is here now and hard at work. But he wants support and encouragement. There are thousands of Catholic families in Canada who are in a position to take his orphans, there are hundreds of Catholic Societies who could not employ themselves in a nobler task. Will they look calmly on while Irish Catholic children are denationalized and deprived of their religion, sometimes of their very names? If they do they hardly deserve the name of Catholic. Let them remember that the Protestants of Liverpool who send the children out, and the Protestants of Canada who receive them, are not to be blamed; they are merely doing what they think is right—they are showing their zeal and their charity according to their lights. But are they to have all the zeal? We repeat that the Catholic families and the Catholic societies of Canada have a duty to perform which they can discharge by assisting Father Nugent in his noble mission.

OPIMUM EATING.

THE last number of the Catholic World magazine contains a powerful article on opium eating written by D. W. Nolan, M.D., which we wish our space permitted us to copy. According to Dr. Nolan the terrible habit is ever on the increase since De Quincy wrote his confessions. A St. Louis surgeon gives it as his opinion that 10,000 persons in that city are habitual consumers of either opium or morphia, a drug with the same properties, but five times as powerful, and he states that fully four-fifths of these are women, and from a statement of the Albany Evening-Journal it appears that whereas in that city, in 1856, with a population of 57,000, only 350 lbs of opium were annually sold, and 375 grains of morphia, at the present time, with a population of 91,000, the annual sale has reached 3,500 lbs of opium and 5,500 grains of morphia, so that while the population has not doubled the sale of the soul and body destroying drug has increased more than a thousand per cent. The opium habit is not confined to any class; it is indulged in by the be-silked and be-jewelled dame as well as by the seedy tramp, though as a rule it is more prevalent among the wealthy. The man or woman who dare not drink lest he or she should lose in reputation consumes opium and morphia with impunity, in so far as exposure is concerned, for it is as odorless as it is tasteless. The habit is, in a great many cases, contracted through the first use of morphia through sickness; it gives the patient almost instantaneous relief when prescribed, but he flies to it after without consulting his doctor and gradually acquires a habit which it is found next to impossible to break off. Thousands of confirmed drunkards have been reclaimed to one opium eater, and no single instance is on record where a woman succeeded in freeing herself from his shackles, worse, as the writer in the magazine says, than the embraces of a boa constrictor. In a medicinal dose the effects of opium on a person not habituated to its use are of the most pleasing character, though, like other powerful drugs, there are persons on whom it produces unusual and unpleasant effects. A few minutes after taking an ordinary dose a tingling sensation is felt over the entire body; the heart's action has increased, the muscular system invigorated, the spirits are animated, and the intellectual faculties stimulated to an unusual extent. The eyes shine with a new-born light, the face is flushed, body and mind evincing signs of unusual excitation. The body seems to lose sensibility and weight, while the mind enjoys a continuous round of pleasure, detached from earthly cares and living in a superior world of its own. It is the human conception of Valhalla, Elysium, and the

Happy Hunting-Ground combined. A source of care and anxiety are forgotten for the time being, and the most pleasing but extravagant fancies are indulged in. The victim seems to walk among the stars or to flit through space at pleasure; he can understand and accomplish everything. Napoleon was but a fool to him, and Shakespeare a literary baby; but still he cares not to act, for what to him is the world and its wretched concerns? He gradually falls into a state of semi-unconsciousness, and by and-by comes the awakening, and by sickening one it is, accompanied by headache and nausea, about the same as follows the victim of a pretty long spree. The eyes lose their lustre, the cheeks become pale, the hand cold and clammy, the mental powers depressed, and, in fact, there is a strong reaction. Then the opium eater flies to the druggist as the dram drinker to the saloon. After awhile, there is no pleasure derived from its use, except the absence of pain be called such; Elysium is only for the beginner. Then it is that he makes mighty efforts to escape from the bon-constrictor; but in vain, all in vain, there is no cure for the opium eater known to science, although quacks advertise cures innumerable. After a certain period the victim breaks down and commits suicide, and an intelligent coroner's jury return a verdict of "death while in a state of temporary insanity." Perhaps they are right. There are numbers of opium eaters in Montreal. The writer of this article knows several who, if they got the gift of a gold mine, could not break from the fearful habit. Indeed, the brightest reporter we have ever had on the staff of this paper, or perhaps on any Montreal journal, was a confirmed opium eater at the early age of twenty-two! England truly has a great many crimes to answer for, but the most diabolical of all was that of forcing the opium trade down throats of the Chinese at the point of the bayonet.

THE LAND BILL.

IT is really remarkable the divergence of opinion between cable reports and mail reports concerning the Land Bill and the feelings with which it was received by the Irish people, the party most deeply interested. There should be no hesitation, however, as to which is the more trustworthy. The cable despatches go through the brains and hands of but a few men who may be prejudiced, the newspapers reflect popular opinion as in a mirror, one is something like an oligarchy, the other a democracy. To speak the plain truth the cable is lying when it says the Irish are satisfied with the Land bill. We have before us English, Irish and Scotch journals which came by Saturday's mail and we gather from the Irish portion of them that the people are dissatisfied, profoundly so, as indeed well they may. Nevertheless they refrain from giving expression to their feelings until the National Convention which meets on the 15th September has pronounced. They were from the first willing to give the bill, as amended by the Irish members, a fair trial, always provided it was framed with the view to a peasant proprietary, but now that the bill, a weak thing in itself, which issued from the brain of Mr. Gladstone, has been tampered with by the House of Landlords, they entertain nothing but feelings of hostility towards it. They consider it a bill framed in order to keep the old man of the sea permanently on their back, and they will govern themselves accordingly; they will do as Sinbad did with his old man. If Mr. Parnell's amendment had not been rejected and if the Lords had not interfered with the clause which gave the tenants compensation, for improvement, the dissatisfaction would not be so great. There have been in Ireland three bad harvests in succession, owing to which the tenants found it impossible to pay their rents. They fell into arrears, and now four-fifths of them are head over ears in debt. Mr. Parnell's amendment was intended to protect them from the vengeance of the landlords, but it was rejected contemptuously by the Peers. And now Mr. Parnell pronounces the bill a fraud. So it is, indeed, a gigantic one. An amendment of the Lords, accepted by Mr. Gladstone, which, if possible, creates still more anger than the rejection of Mr. Parnell's amendment, is that regarding improvements. It is provided, justly and fairly, that no improvements made by the tenant shall influence the settlement of a fair rent, if the tenant has been paid for such improvements by the landlord. On the suggestion of the Lords, the words "or otherwise compensated for," have been inserted. The Irish members protested loudly and vehemently against this change; because in their opinion it opened the door to the monstrous doctrine still held by many Conservatives, that the simple enjoyment for a number of years of the improvement made by the tenant himself, is sufficient compensation, and that after a lapse of a certain time, such improvements become the property of the landlord. So that this burning question of improvements is still an open one and the landlords can, as of yore, work their own sweet will. In the future, as in the past, farmers will refrain from improving their land lest the Octopus shall stretch forth its all embracing arms and seize them. The Liverpool Catholic Times, a paper famous for its moderation says of this precious Land bill:—"The Government then reconsidered their position, and after some little show of resistance, unconsciously surrendered. We heartily regret that they did so. They have left a loop-hole to landlords who may be disposed to escape from the Bill and to evict their tenants; they have filled the Irish people with distrust, and above all they have left a fruitful source of agitation behind them. It is but natural to suppose that the tenantry will see that to protect