



VOL. XXX.—NO. 33. MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, 1880. TERMS: \$1.50 per annum in advance.

THE OLD HOMETOWN. Those pointers to yonder old homestead so loved...

And not one family in fifty that make it over taste the article they make. (Applause.) A million pounds worth—\$3,000,000 worth—of fish...

has increased one-half in population since 1841. Scotland has increased one-half. Most of the nations of Europe have increased somewhat in that proportion since that time—thirty-three years—for the last census was taken in 1871.

wealth of their soil exported from every great shipping port, and that which they ought to eat carried out in the form of rent to men whose lungs were never swelled once by an Irish breeze, and who never stepped foot on Irish soil. (Applause.)

SCOTCH NEWS. In his report for the last quarter of 1879 the Registrar of the Scotch parish of Glenelg says "No entry has been made in the marriage register for the year now ended."

LORD ABERDEEN AND HIS TENANTRY. Lord Aberdeen has issued the following circular to his tenants:—"Dear Sir,—You are doubtless aware that the preliminary steps necessary for obtaining the authority of Parliament for the Udry and Metlic Railway have been accomplished, and you may naturally wish to hear of the further progress of the measure."

"THE CAUSE OF IRELAND." A SPLENDID ADDRESS BY WENDELL PHILLIPS TO A GREAT AUDIENCE.

On Sunday evening last, the great orator, Wendell Phillips, delivered the following eloquent address in Boston Music Hall to an audience of at least four thousand people. The Mayor of Boston, Hon. F. O. Prince, presided. A niece of Thomas Davis, Miss Annie Osborne Davis, read one of Davis's poems, which was received with applause.

that has been the great question in civil affairs of Great Britain for more than one hundred years. As long back as the days of Chatham, and coming down through all the administrations since, to Gladstone and Disraeli, it is the question that has been the rock ahead, that has puzzled statesmen and confounded parties, and proved the lasting element of bitterness and peril to the English State. You may imagine that Ireland has some peculiar crime, that there is something singular and exceptional in the character of her people and the nature of her parties.

and not one family in fifty that make it over taste the article they make. (Applause.) A million pounds worth—\$3,000,000 worth—of fish are eaten in England. Five million dollars' worth of other fish from the waters of Ireland go to that very market. It would be no very great suffering if it was an exchange; if, as when wheat from some out of this Boston harbor, iron or some other comes back, because we should only then choose our market, part with what we did not want, and receive that which we did!

that link the continent to the seaboard, and they were furnished largely by the German and Irish people (great applause.) Many of them have gone down unhonored to their graves; but their work remains, and to-day, by virtue of that work, the prairies of Illinois, and the still vaster wheat region of Dakota and Montana, are brought by rail and steamer alongside of every harbor to Liverpool, and the farmer of Yorkshire and Lancashire is put close at hand with the competition of innumerable acres of the great West.

Mr. Phillips said, "Never rest till your land is a copy of France, (applause), until, instead of 8,000 owners of twenty million acres, there are at least a million owners, and every farmer has in his own hands the means of providing his bread. (Applause.) If your noble farmers and the aristocracy quit the land and shelter themselves in Berlin and London, thank God you are rid of them. (Applause.) They never added anything to the character nor to the strength of Ireland. Her strength is the industry and loyalty, the courage of 15,000,000 of Irish blood (applause), two-thirds here in America and one-third at home (applause)—never separated. Make her cause as much yours, as if, in the providence of God, she were loosed from her foundations. Oh! would to God she were—and were here in the waters of Massachusetts Bay. (Thunder of applause.)"

ARRIVAL OF THE ALLAN LINE STEAMER MANITOBA. Some attention has naturally been attracted to the Allan Line steamer Manitoba, which was reported to have lost her propeller in mid-Atlantic while on the voyage from Boston to the Clyde about ten days ago, and was then known to be making for her destination under canvas. The Manitoba, under command of Captain McDougall, left Boston on the 5th ult. with a general cargo of produce and a number of live cattle. About the end of the month the Anchor-Line steamer Asavria, which arrived at Barrow from New York, reported having passed the Manitoba about 150 miles off the Fastnet proceeding under canvas, and subsequently she was reported at anchor about 30 miles south of Queenstown, awaiting assistance. On Monday Capt. Crawford, of the Clyde Shipping Company's steamer Rathlin, which arrived at Greenock, reported having passed the Manitoba below Ailsa Craig at 6 a.m. in tow. The Clyde Shipping Company's steamer Conqueror was dispatched to assist her, and during the evening the crippled steamer arrived at the Tall of the Bank—all well.

Stronger than armies, more permanent in its results than cannon, O'Connell persisted in appealing to the moral sense of his age. The omnipotence of public opinion forced the emperor of China to back down from the cruel modes of punishment recently decreed against rebels. It is not anything too much in praise of O'Connell to say that he first showed the breadth and fathomed the depth of this great power (Applause.) He is in his grave. Thirteen years have passed away since God took him to his reward, and yet his great successor on the banks of the Mississippi draws into his right hand the helm of the sympathy of 50,000,000 of people, and Parnell goes home to Europe fourfold stronger than when he left her shores (Loud cheer.) He stands on the floor of the House of Commons a very different man, with the hearts of 10,000,000 of American Irishmen behind him. (Applause.) O'Connell may claim that this victory is his, for, as my lord Bacon, three hundred years in his grave, may lay one hand on the telegraph and the other on the steam engine, and say, "O'Connell may say of that grand wave that reaches almost to the Pacific, and will yet awe England into submission, 'This victory is mine, for I taught you the method and I gave you the tools.' (Applause.)"

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