

## "YOUNG IRELAND."

(BY C. G. DUFFY.)

In misery a nation's woe lies sleeping,  
Not all the hearts  
A cry of freedom from the far West sweeping,  
And through the years  
She dimly sees her ransomed children reaping  
The hard-won harvest of her blood and tears.

Alone her leaders stand; and for this token—  
"Their hand is red."  
Lo! on their hearts a people's grief has broken,  
And bowed their heads,  
And unto them a people's shame has spoken—  
The shame, the glory, of a people's dead.

The gave the death-word to the foe—the warning—  
He would not heed;  
Mocked at their curses, and with light words  
scorning,  
Scoffed at their hate and weakness, till the  
morning  
Broke on their desperation and their deed.

"Who shall shall die?" with blood for blood  
atoning,  
So let them fall,  
And mingle with a nation's moaning  
The bugle's call.  
They may not see their country's glad out-  
pouring,  
Though they shall taste the sharpness of her  
thrill.

England, forget the red wounds which are dy-  
ing  
The raiment of her  
Gather the stones on fields war-wasted lying  
To cast at them;  
Forget the blood of slaughtered thousands  
crying  
For vengeance on thee. Then mayst thou  
condemn.

They fall in darkness, looking to each other  
Alone for aid,  
Accused, condemned! Behold them, O my  
Mother!  
They fall betrayed,  
'Stricken for thy sake, O fair land, our Mother!—  
For thy sake exiled, dying, undimmed.

And she, the disinherited of nations—  
She shall not  
The bleeding hands that wrought her pure  
foundations,  
Upon the sunbeams? When new generations  
Crown them with laurels, lo! their eyes are  
wet.

So let them fall; with shattered hopes and  
shaken,  
Thus it must be,  
Fear not, O England! they will not awaken  
But through their land lies desolate, forsaken,  
Jerusalem which is above is free.

—Dublin Nation.

## A DONEGAL ISLAND.

## The Legends and Landlords of Tory.

## LETTER FROM JAMES REDPATH.

To the Editor of The Post:

GORTADOCK, DONEGAL, August 28, 1881.

I left Miss Ethnea Ballor in her inaccessi-  
ble tower on the summit of Tor-more wonder-  
ing who these creatures whose faces instead of  
being smooth were covered with hair—these  
men. Her father was sad at the same time  
because he coveted and could not steal  
MacKineely's cow. He meant mischief.

But what is a curragh. Before I saw one I  
learned that they were from Lord George  
Hill, the late philanthropic landlord of  
Gweedore.

The natives of the islands along these  
coasts," he wrote, "are very fearless boatmen,  
and skilful in their own way. There is a  
very ancient and simple kind of substitute  
for a boat called a curragh in general use.  
They are very neatly and ingeniously made.  
In building them a flat oval frame or gun-  
wale with holes at regular distances from  
which the ribs are to start is laid down in  
the first instance and secured to the ground.  
The ribs, which consist of stout willows, are  
planted in the gunwale holes, and the sides  
are basket-work for about six inches wide  
above the flooring, as a skirting all round.  
The ribs (being intertwined at their junction)  
are crossed by transverse laths, extending from  
stem to stem, and which are lashed together  
where they crossed each other with cords made  
of horse hair. The frame is therefore very  
strong and elastic. It is then 'skinned'  
with a hide of tanned canvas. A very good  
one that would last for four years period may  
be made at a cost of thirty shillings. Seven  
score of willows are required and a man  
would make one entirely, including skin-  
ning and tarring, in four days. There is no  
beam or seat in a curragh, but the crew sit  
down on the floor, and must remain there  
perfectly steady, as a very little lateral mo-  
tion, there being no keel, would capsize them.  
Short paddles are used to propel them,  
and when one person only works a  
curragh he kneels at the bow, and with al-  
ternate strokes from side to side guides the  
frail barque."

These canvas and basket-work canoes are  
common in Tory, and appear to have been in  
use along this coast for more than 3,000 years.  
They are about 9 feet long, 3 feet wide, and 2  
feet deep. Lord George says that "it is a  
wonderful sight to watch a curragh go to  
the islands through a surf on a rocky beach where  
no other boat could land in safety." But it  
requires great skill to manage them. Yet the  
people have been known to bring their cattle  
from the islands in these little boats. The  
creature, when thus shipped, is thrown down,  
its legs tied, lifted into the curragh, laid on  
its back, fastened with ropes so that it can-  
not struggle, and then both boat and boat are  
carried into the water.

But to go back a few thousand years, and  
tell about Ethnea and her awful fate.  
MacKineely was the lord this very parish  
of Tullybeg at that period. I can't quite  
fix the date, but a handful of centuries more  
less is of no sort of consequence in Irish  
pagan history. MacKineely's cow was coveted  
by all his neighbors. It is written that  
"she was so laciferous," that her fame spread  
far and wide, and that Ballor of the Mighty  
Blows and Evil Eye declared that "his am-  
bition could never be satisfied until he got  
possession of that most valuable cow."

MacKineely's elder brother was a smith.  
His forge was at Drumahaire, in the parish  
of Rath Finn—or "the Ridge of the Fire"—  
still so called as a witness to the truth of the  
story. His name was Gaidia. One day Mac-  
Kineely went to his brother's forge to have  
some work done. MacKineely was like our  
American Mary of the Little Lamb, for every-  
where MacKineely went the cow was sure to  
go. He would not trust her out of his sight.  
But he handed her halter to his second bro-  
ther, MacSamthainn, who happened to  
be near the forge as he went  
in to see that his elder brother steered  
and shaped his sword rightly. Ballor

saw his chance. He instantly took  
the form of a little red-headed boy, and came  
up to MacSamthainn, and told him that he  
had just heard his brothers say in the forge  
that they would make MacSamthainn's  
sword of iron, and use all the steel he had  
brought to fashion swords for MacKineely.

MacSamthainn was furious. He swore by  
all the powers above and below that his  
brothers should be punished for their rascality.  
He would show them that they  
couldn't humbug him. Not any. By the  
Scotch, no!

"Hold this cow, my little red-headed  
friend," said the angry MacSamthainn to  
Ballor.  
Ballor eagerly caught hold of the halter.  
As soon as MacSamthainn went into the  
forge, Ballor "with the rapidity of lightning,"  
it is said, neither more nor less, "carried off  
the cow to Tory Island." When MacKineely  
saw the cow, he saw Ballor with his  
cow in the middle of the Sound of Tory.  
The Sound is there yet to authenticate this story,  
and a still stronger corroboration is the fact  
that the place where Ballor dragged in the  
cow by the tail, at Tory Island, is called to  
this hour Port-na-Glaise, or Cow Har-  
bour.

MacKineely was in despair. The only  
remedy that suggested itself to his distracted  
mind at the moment was to give his too  
credulous brother a thrashing. He so did,  
and it is written, that he did so "with im-  
punity." Then, he went to the priest of  
those days—a hoary Druid—who had a lonely  
habitation in this parish. The Druid told  
him that he would never get back his lost  
brother, his laciferous Glas Galvlen, as long as  
Ballor lived; because, to keep her, Ballor would  
never again close his Evil Eye, but keep it  
constantly cocked (if I may say so), to  
"petrify every man that should venture to  
get near her."

Discouraged by the Druid, MacKineely  
called to his aid his Leanan-sidhe, or familiar  
spirit, or, as we say in America, his "con-  
trolling influence." Her name was (and may  
be yet) "Biorge of the Mountain." Biorge  
told him that she would enable him to kill  
Ballor. Her remedy was that MacKineely  
should become the son-in-law of Ballor—and  
as Ballor's prejudices would have made it  
useless for Miss Biorge to remark, "ask my  
papa," that this and other formalities of wooing  
could be dispensed with.

The Biorge dressed MacKineely in lady's  
garments, and then, as we are told, by one of  
the O'Dugans of Tory Island, "she waded  
him on the wings of the storm across the  
sound to the airy top of Tor-more, and there,  
knocking at the door of the tower, demanded  
admission for a noble lady whom she had  
rescued from the cruel hands of a tyrant who  
had attempted to carry her off by force from  
the protection of her people." The twelve  
matrons feared the banshee, and admitted  
her and MacKineely. The banshee then  
caused a deep sleep to fall on those ladies—  
but not on Ethnea and MacKineely. They  
fell in love with each other at once.

Next day there were thirteen matrons in the  
Tower of Ballor.

MacKineely was taken back by the same  
route—the first air-line on record in Tory  
Island.

There were three sons born in the Tower of  
Ballor. Grandpa Ballor was furious, but he  
was equal to the emergency. "Drown them,"  
he said; and his unkind suggestion was  
adopted. The three little Irish boys were  
dressed up in a sheet that was fastened by a  
rope or pin. As the boatmen were rowing to  
a wharfe into which Ballor had ordered  
them to be cast, the ship fell out of  
the sheet, and one of the children  
dropped into the harbour, and seemed to  
sink. The other two boys were secured  
and drowned in the wharfe. This harbor  
is still called Port-na-dalg, or the harbor of  
the Pin. But the boy who fell into the harbor  
was not drowned. The banshee waited the  
child across the sound, and delivered him to  
his father, and MacKineely sent his boy to his  
brother Gaidia, who taught him his trade of  
smith—then regarded not as a menial calling,  
but as one of the learned professions. Indeed,  
did not the old Irish goddess *Brigit*, the  
goddess of the poets, declare and show by her  
acts that she did not regard it as beneath her  
dignity to provide over the smiths as well as  
over the poets? Which, since first I read it,  
has caused me to regard that ancient goddess  
as a most sensible old party.

A Druid told Ballor that MacKineely was  
the father of the three boys whom he had  
ordered to be drowned. Ballor called his  
men together, and landed at Ballycoonal  
(two miles from where I write), now the pro-  
perty of a gentleman with whose son I spent  
last evening. I mention these facts to con-  
firm what otherwise modern scepticism might  
regard as mere legends. Ballor seized Mac-  
Kineely. One of his fierce followers grasped  
MacKineely's hair, another his hands, another,  
still, his feet—and then they laid his head  
across a large white stone. "With one blow  
of his ponderous sword," Ballor cut off,  
"clear," the head of his presumptuous son-in-  
law.

That stone is a conspicuous landmark. It  
is a large block of quartz—half a ton in  
weight—and it has red streaks in it. The  
crimson veins are said to be the blood of  
MacKineely. In 1874 it was placed on a  
pillar sixteen feet high by the predecessor of  
the present landlord, Mr. Olphert.

Ballor now fancied that he could defy the  
Fates. He made frequent visits to the  
mauland, and one of his favorite haunts was  
the forge of Gaidia. He saw his grandchild,  
not knowing his origin, and became greatly  
attached to him. This young MacKineely  
had the habit of visiting the O'Glas-na-Neely,  
and coming back "with a sullen brow which  
nothing could smooth." And it ended, and so  
ended Ballor's life—thus:

"One day Ballor came to the forge to get  
some work done, and it happened that  
Gaidia was from home upon some private  
business, so that all the work of that day was  
to be executed by his young foster-son in  
the course of the day Ballor happened to men-  
tion with pride his conquest of MacKineely,  
but to his own great misfortune, for the young  
smith watched his opportunity, and, taking a  
glowing rod from the furnace, thrust it  
through the back of his head and out  
through the other side of his head—thus  
avenging the death of his father, slaying his  
grandfather, and executing the decree of Fate  
which nothing could avert."

This is only one of the traditions of Tory  
Island.

The people there still believe in fairies, and  
no man nor woman on the island could be in-  
duced to go out alone after dark for fear of  
them. It is an error to suppose that the  
fairies have been evicted from Ireland, and I  
trust that they will long survive the land-  
lords. The old woman, who was our guide at  
Tara's Hill said "God save the listeners!"  
whenever I mentioned the name of "the good  
people." It is a sort of spell, I be-  
lieve. She had never seen a fairy  
herself, but she knew people who had  
seen them. The old man who showed us  
the mound where "the Croppies"  
slain in '98 were buried on Tara's Hill,  
declared that on the night of the famous  
meeting of O'Connell there, he had been  
whisked about by the fairies, and could not  
escape from them until he turned his cap out.

side in. The man who went with us to the  
site of the grave of the last of the Pagan  
Kings of Ireland—a very intelligent fellow—  
told of a neighbor who died after he had lis-  
tened to the uncanny strains of fairy music  
in a mound less than a mile away. Canon  
Bourke showed so sceptical a spirit as he  
heard these stories, that I felt it a consola-  
tion duty to threaten to report him to his  
bishop for seeking to undermine the simple  
faith of the people.

"The priests are the worst," said a peasant  
woman, when she thought that I believed in  
the fairies, "they are as bad as the Protest-  
ants in not believing in the fairies."

From the windows of Father McFadden's  
house, where I now write, I can see, as I  
look up a hill, at Killalee, where during the  
present century a woman lived who used to be  
carried off by fairies at dark nights. Often  
the men turned out with torches to look af-  
ter her, and Owen Kelly of Malin, when he  
was a man of 80, solemnly told Father Mc-  
Fadden that he once rescued her on one of  
those nocturnal searches. He found her in  
the grasp of a male fairy—a little fellow  
with a red cap—who disappeared as he came  
up.

JAMES REDPATH.

## MR. JUSTICE RYAN.

We take the following from the Winnipeg  
Free Press:—

The following address shows how Mr.  
Ryan is regarded in one of the most impor-  
tant sections of the district in which he oc-  
cipated. It is the third tribute of the kind  
presented to him within the last year, Rapid  
City, Minnesota, and Shoal Lake, having  
also testified to his work and respectability  
as a private gentleman, and a public officer;  
and when the commission went to Qu'Appelle  
to "fish" for evidence, they were told by the  
Curé of the place, who voluntarily came for-  
ward, that he knew Mr. Ryan to be a con-  
scientious man; that he believed the com-  
plaints against him to be puerile and founde-  
d in hate, and that he only knew one man  
in that valley who was opposed to him, and  
that was a man whom he had compelled to  
restore a horse to an Indian, obliging him,  
also, to pay twenty-five dollars to the Indian  
for the use and abuse of said horse."

Mr. LaRoque, a merchant of Qu'Appelle,  
also stated upon the same occasion that he  
believed Mr. Ryan "to be a man of honor  
who liked the right."

It thus appears that in the District with  
which Mr. Ryan was officially connected,  
public opinion, founded upon actual observa-  
tion, is strongly in his favor.

As to his conduct and efficiency as a mem-  
ber of the North-West Council, we believe his  
colleague, Col. Richardson, addressed him a  
letter on the special service he rendered in  
shaping the ordinance for the administration  
of justice so as to adapt it to the peculiar  
wants of the Territories; and in reply to a  
charge that he was not a favorite with Gov-  
ernor Laird—the Governor wrote to him as  
follows:—

"How such a slander could have originated  
I cannot understand. I gave not nor never  
had the slightest doubt of your most perfect  
honesty, and I may say that no complaint  
has ever been made to me of your decisions.  
The fact that when you left Battleford I  
invited you on your return to come straight  
to Government House, and not stay one night  
in your tent after your arrival, shows that I  
would have no such opinion of you as a guest  
as is alleged. As a member of the North-  
West Council you have sometimes disagreed  
with me in opinion, but that was your un-  
doubted privilege, and does not, so far as I  
am aware, expose you to the censure of any  
commission or Government."

ADDRESS.

SHOAL LAKE, Province of Manitoba,

July 23rd, 1881.

To the Honorable MATTHEW RYAN:—  
We, the undersigned inhabitants of the  
settlement of Shoal Lake, having learned that  
your official connection as Stipendiary Magis-  
trate of the North-West Territories, with this  
and adjacent settlements, has ceased, because,  
as we understand, of the recent extension of  
the boundaries of the Province of Manitoba,  
avail ourselves of the earliest opportunity of  
expressing our regret at being deprived of the  
benefit of your society and services as a kind  
and amiable gentleman in private life, and  
as an honest, impartial and considerate  
Judge.

Our several years knowledge of you war-  
rants this, our public declaration, in your  
favor.

As settlers of this particular locality, we  
feel specially indebted to you for the stand  
you took, both as a Magistrate and a Mem-  
ber of the North-West Government, in behalf  
of a fellow-settler who has been arbitrarily  
most unjustly, and almost savagely ousted  
from his holding—his clear right under the  
law. Your action in this matter resulting,  
as we are happy to say it did, in final justice  
to the injured settler, entitles you to the  
lasting gratitude of present and future im-  
migrants, it having established a precedent that  
will be a standing rebuke to tyranny.

Allow us to assure you, in conclusion, Sir,  
of our best wishes for your future happiness,  
and of our desire to soon hear of you in  
some public position where your eminent  
ability and large experience may be directed  
to the benefit of the public, with whose  
well-doing we know you sympathize warmly.

We are, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

A. R. McDonald, Robert Scott, Robert  
Findlay, Donald Gunn, Peter Wray, Geo.  
Thompson, Charles Findlay, George Stev-  
enson, Nelson F. Walls, Daniel Saunders,  
Lewis Saunders, John Brodie, Frank Miller,  
John Simpson, William Brydon, William  
Gaudet, Charles Corbett, John Wilcox, John  
Bastock, Alexandra Campbell, O. H. Brown,  
A. T. Harvey, James Nicol, Hugh McLen-  
non, G. W. Westover, Archy Mc. Millan,  
Gus McDonald, William Colvin, Thomas Mar-  
tin, John McMillan, William Yee, S. B.  
Paul, George Sutherland, Andrew Gout-  
ridge, Brandon, Stephen Clement, Robert A.  
Teskey, A. Marshall, G. Chubbill, Angus  
McDonald, Donald Grant, James Robertson,  
Thomas Sheddin, James Findlay, M. W.  
Thompson, A. Thompson, A. H. Scouten, M.  
Wilton, F. J. McNaughton, Joseph H. War-  
ren, John Chambers, Henry S. Chambers,  
Lewis J. Clement, William Clement, Wil-  
liam Dixon, John McLeod, Thomas Ryan,  
Merton Wells, William Doak, Edmund A.  
Goldstone, Charles Morgan, Alexander Eng-  
lish, William Jakson, Robert English, Al-  
lan McLean, Hector McKinnon, Hugh Mc-  
Kinnon, B. F. Teskey, Peter McBain.

Mr. Ryan transmitted the following reply  
to the above address:—

WINNIPEG, 16th September, 1881.

GENTLEMEN:—Your kind and complimentary  
address, enclosed to me by one of your num-  
ber, Mr. McDonald, was received in the post  
office of this city a few hours after my arrival  
from Ottawa on Wednesday last, the 14th  
instant.

It is my duty to avail myself of the mail  
about to leave for Shoal Lake to convey my  
really heartfelt thanks for the very valuable  
testimony and the warm words of encourag-  
ment embodied in this address. In no set-

tlement of the district in which I acted as a  
magistrate am I better known than in yours.  
When there were yet few of you there I was  
there also, and witnessed with no little inter-  
est your manly struggles with difficulties now  
nearly overcome; and most pleasing is it to  
me to know that our intercourse has resulte-  
d, to such an extent, in mutual confidence  
and respect.

Your appreciation of the action taken by  
me in behalf of one of your fellow settlers  
who had been wronged, and grossly settled  
in the manner of the wrong, is also most  
gratifying. To act of my official life in the  
North-West Territories will I look back with  
most satisfaction, especially as the precedent  
thereby established "will be a standing rebuke  
to tyranny." We shall not, I apprehend, soon  
again hear of an "eviction" in the North-  
West, exceeding in bold injustice any recorded  
act of Irish landlordism.

Your good wishes for my future happiness  
are most encouraging; and should I determine  
upon becoming a permanent resident of the  
North-West, which is not improbable, I am  
sure the goodwill your words indicate may be  
relied upon to aid me in every proper pro-  
ceeding. In any case, gentlemen, believe  
me I shall ever, and with all my heart, wish  
well to the interesting and promising settle-  
ment of Shoal Lake.

MATTHEW RYAN.

## LETTER FROM QUEBEC.

(From our own Correspondent.)

QUEBEC, Sept. 28, 1881.

Like all others who have visited Quebec,  
you are doubtless aware that our streets are  
worse than if the hand of man had never  
touched them. Accidents are occurring every  
day. Recently a Mr. Rheume met with an  
injury and promptly sent to the extent of \$100, which was paid.  
The injured individual is at the same time a  
member of the City Council and actually  
Chairman of the Board of Councils. The  
city debt is something like \$400,000, and  
how to pay it is what "puzzles the Quaker."  
I fear the above incident will hardly evidence  
a desire on the part of the corporation to  
achieve so laudable an undertaking.

An amusing instance of English geographi-  
cal knowledge occurred the other day. A few  
gentlemen were enjoying the luscious  
bivalves of a popular Lower Town restaurant.  
One of the party, an Englishman, proceeded  
to dilate on the superior flavor of "the old  
country oysters you know," when a waggish  
Canadian remarked that the gulf oysters were  
good, but could not be compared to the  
Manitoba oysters. "Aw, do you tell me  
so?" remarked the unsophisticated John  
Bull. The wag appealed to a gentleman  
lately returned from the West, to corroborate  
his statement, by stating that when the  
gentleman left Manitoba the oyster season  
had not begun. The Englishman departed  
with a desire for a further acquaintance with  
the oyster fisheries of Manitoba.

The Chronicle informs us that two "Boyc-  
cotted" Irish landlords driven from their own  
country, arrived by a late steamer with the  
intention of settling in Canada. Just the  
people we want—says the Chronicle. Their  
chief merit in the eyes of the Chronicle, is  
that they have been "boycotted." Well  
Canada receives all comers, who intend to  
work on an honest living, with a welcome,  
but all who have got Irish landlordism in  
their system, had better purge themselves of  
the disease before leaving Ireland, for  
outside of Ireland, no people on earth  
would put up with it for twenty-four hours.  
However, it looks ominous to see land rob-  
bers, who have fattened on the blood and toll  
of Irish and British labor, coming hither  
and purchasing immense tracts of land intended  
by God for the people. Canada belongs to  
the people of Canada, not alone to this gen-  
eration, but to all future generations, and  
neither Government nor people has the right  
to dispose of the land to a few to the detri-  
ment of the many. It is to be hoped some  
of our representatives will sound the alarm,  
and so prevent a land monopoly from curbing  
our young country with a system of profligate  
misery and starvation to millions.

Is not the hypocritical sympathy of Eng-  
land for the Americans actually nauseating?  
While the goody goody religious papers and  
the Anglo-American organs of New York and  
Boston are parading the lying condolence of  
the British, there is not a public man in  
America who does not know that the gushing  
sympathy of the English arises from the in-  
tense respect they have got for the growing  
power and influence of the Irish Americans,  
whom they sent across the ocean with a ven-  
geance. No, bono Johnnie! the writing is  
on the wall; the enemy is at your gates, and  
God be praised the end is not far off.

DIOPHENS.

## FRAGMENTS.

The Dominion Exhibition at Halifax is  
closed.

The Russell House, Ottawa, is to be lighted  
by electricity.

The VanKoughnet murder trial is in pro-  
gress at Kingston, Ont.

San Francisco is flooded with finely ex-  
ecuted counterfeit eagles.

It is stated that next year's Dominion Ex-  
hibition will be held in Quebec.

There were 211 interments in the  
different cemeteries of Toronto last month.

"Foxhall" is backed to win an immense  
stake in the race for the Cesarewitch stakes.

Typhoid fever, prevalent in Toronto, is said  
to be due to the impurity of the city water.

Mr. Jas. Norworthy, of Belleville, has con-  
tracted to supply 140,000 ties to the Grand  
Trunk.

At the Kingston assizes, in the suit of  
Hobbs vs. Parker, the jury could not agree,  
and were discharged.

George Ruested, fireman on the tug Glad-  
iator, was drowned in the Mississippi by falling  
into the river while intoxicated.

An American has arrived at Quebec with a  
patent machine, which he thinks will solve  
the question of winter navigation.

The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western  
Railway has declared a quarterly dividend of  
1 1/2 per cent, payable on October 21st.

The steamship "Necker," which arrived at  
Southampton on Thursday, passed three tele-  
graph buoys in 44 deg. west longitude.

The Fair Trade campaign is being carried  
out with extraordinary vigor in England, the  
opposition of the Tories notwithstanding.

The Governor-General, on hearing of the  
death of President Garfield, at once tele-  
graphed a message of condolence to the Sec-  
retary of State.

The Customs' duties collected at the port  
of Toronto for September were \$376,483, an  
increase of \$85,325 over the corresponding  
month last year.

## THE TRUE WITNESS FOR 1881.

The True Witness has within the past  
year made an immense stride in circulation,  
and the testimony of a large number of our  
subscribers is not too flattering if it may also  
claim a stride in general improvement.

This is the age of general improvement  
and the True Witness will advance with it.  
Newspapers are starting up around us on all  
sides with more or less pretensions to public  
favor, some of them die of disease of the  
heart after a few years, while others, though  
advance in years and grow stronger as they  
advance in years and root themselves all the  
more firmly in public esteem, which in fact  
is their life. However, we may criticize  
Darwin's theory as applied to newspapers there  
is no doubt it holds good in newspaper enter-  
prises, it is the fittest which survives. The  
True Witness has survived a generation of  
men all but two years, and it is now what we  
may term an established fact.

But we want to extend its usefulness and  
its circulation still further, and we want its  
friends to assist us if they believe this jour-  
nal to be worth \$1.50 a year, and we think  
they do. We would like to impress upon  
their memories that the True Witness is  
without exception the cheapest paper of its  
class on this continent.

It was formerly two dollars per annum in  
the country and two dollars and a half in the  
city, but the present proprietors having taken  
charge of it in the hardest of times, and know-  
ing that to many poor people a reduction of  
twenty or twenty-five per cent would mean  
something and would not only enable the  
old subscribers to retain it but new ones to  
enroll themselves under the reduction, they  
have no reason to regret it. For what they lost  
one way they gained in another, and they  
assisted the introduction into Catholic  
families throughout Canada and the United  
States of a Catholic paper which would de-  
fend their religion and their rights.

The True Witness is too cheap to offer  
premiums or "chromes" as an inducement to  
subscribers, even if they believed in their  
efficacy. It goes simply on its merits as a  
journal, and it is for the people to judge  
whether they are right or wrong.

But as we have stated we want our circula-  
tion doubled in 1881, and all we can do to  
encourage our agents and the public generally  
is to promise them that, if our efforts are  
seconded by our friends, this paper will be  
still further enlarged and improved during  
the coming year.

On receipt of \$1.50, the subscriber will be  
entitled to receive the True Witness for one  
year.

Any one sending us the names of 5 new  
subscribers, at one time, with the cash, (\$1.50  
each) will receive one copy free and \$1.00  
cash; or 10 new names, with the cash, one  
copy free and \$2.50.

Our readers will oblige by informing their  
friends of the above very liberal inducements  
to subscribe for the True Witness; also by  
sending the name of a reliable person who  
will act as agent in their locality for the pub-  
lishers, and sample copies will be sent on ap-  
plication.

We want active intelligent agents through-  
out Canada and the Northern and Western  
States of the Union, who can, by serving our  
interests, serve their own as well and add  
materially to their income without inter-  
fering with their legitimate business.

The True Witness will be mailed to clergy-  
men, school teachers and postmasters at  
\$1.00 per annum in advance.

Parties getting up clubs are not obliged to  
confine themselves to any particular locality,  
but can work up their quota from different  
towns or districts; nor is it necessary to send  
all the names at once. They will fulfil all  
the conditions by forwarding the names and  
amounts until the club is completed. We  
have observed that our paper is, if possible,  
more popular with the ladies than with the  
other sex, and we appeal to the ladies, there-  
fore, to use the gentle but irresistible pres-  
sure of which they are mistresses in our be-  
half on their husbands, fathers, brothers and  
sons, though for the matter of that we will  
take subscriptions from themselves and their  
sisters and cousins as well. Rate for clubs of  
five or more, \$1.00 per annum in advance.

In conclusion, we thank those of our friends  
who have responded so promptly and so  
cheerfully to our call for amounts due, and  
request those of them who have not, to follow  
their example at once.

## "POST" PRINTING &amp; PUBLISHING CO.

741 CRAIG ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.