

The Irish Troubles.

It is sad to think of the misery endured by the Irish people for many generations, and sadder still to think that, after all that has been done to mitigate or remove the evil under which they labour, they are, to-day, in as deplorable a state as they ever were. Of course, we know it is the fashion of the time to lay the responsibility of all this on the land system of the country. It is not Parnell and his co-agitators alone who charge the sin of all this suffering on the landlords. Ever and anon we find the same sentiment cropping up in leading articles and paragraphs, in both American and Canadian newspapers. But the land system in Ireland, whatever may be its faults, is substantially the same as that which exists both in England and Scotland; and yet, neither of those have been kept in the chronic state of discontent and rebellion which has, unhappily, so long existed in the Island of the Saints. There is not so much dissimilarity in these countries, that we should not expect the same causes to produce the same effects in them all. But, while England and Scotland have enjoyed a large measure of prosperity and contentment, Ireland has had neither. Her people, as a rule, have been miserably poor; in fact, so much so as to be frequently on the verge of actual starvation, from which they have only been kept by the charity of others.

We are told, however, that the landlords in Ireland are not Irishmen; that they were not the original owners of the soil; that they got the land into their possession by confiscation and spoliation; and that they were placed over the Irish people for the purpose of alienating them from the Catholic faith and making Protestants of them. All this may be substantially true; and there may be a great deal in these facts to make the blood of the patriotic Irish student of history boil in his veins; but, after all, the events of three centuries ago can scarcely account for the misery of to-day. The landlords of England are not Englishmen. The followers of William the Conqueror who divided the country among them, and made slaves of the people, did not prevent England from rising. The Norman is the owner of the land to-day, but the Saxon and the Celt, whom he reduced to serfdom, eight hundred years ago, shows more largely than he does to-day both in wealth and political power. It is true that in England we do occasionally hear something about the tenure of land; but it is generally discussed in a calm and philosophical spirit; and, though there are political and social philosophers who believe the English land system ought to be reformed, nobody clamours for the summary ejection of the landlords as a means of curing either the real or imaginary ills of the country.

The question with which we are brought face to face in this agitation which is going on in Ireland at the present time is, whether there is any such thing as property in land? And, if so, has the owner of the land a right to deal with it just as with any other sort of property; does the doctrine of Free Trade, which is, that every man has a right to buy in the cheapest market and to sell in the dearest, apply to this as well as to everything else? These are questions, however, which we do not propose at present to discuss. Assuming that the gigantic act of spoliation which, apparently, the Irish Land League is seeking to bring about, had become an accomplished fact; and that every landlord in Ireland was sent packing, would that make the Irish a prosperous, contented, and happy people? Could the little farmer, with his miserable patch of ground—often not more than an acre or two—even though he owned it, in fee simple, ever be anything but miserably poor? After all the nonsense which has been talked and written about the eviction of tenants, the fact is, that in nine cases out of ten, we suspect their forcible removal from the overburdened soil, which is no longer able to sustain them, would be the very best thing that could be done for them. One of two things is essential to the prosperity of Ireland, either that it be relieved of its surplus population, or that industries be started on a sufficient scale to give employment to the millions who cannot find it in the cultivation of the land. No country can ever be prosperous that depends upon the cultivation of the land alone. If manufactures had been fostered in Ireland as they have been in England and Scotland the probability is that it would have been in a very different position from what it is to-day.

As to the land agitation with all its revolting attendants of murder and arson, and every other form of outrage, whatever

may be its immediate result, we are satisfied it will afford no considerable measure of permanent relief. Poor Ireland has suffered much from many physicians already, and we fear there is now suffering in store for her under the unskilful and blundering treatment of Parnell, Dillon and Co. Every lover of humanity will hope and pray that the evils with which she is threatened may be avoided, but it must be confessed the outlook at present is gloomy and distressing.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

If brooms are wet in boiling suds once a week they will become very tough, will not cut a carpet, will last much longer, and always sweep like a new broom.

COCONUT POUND CAKE.—One pound of cocoanut grated; one pound of white sugar, one-fourth pound butter, six eggs, six tablespoonfuls of sifted flour, and one glass of brandy.

YEAST.—Boil a handful of hops, tied in a thin cloth, in a gallon of water for half an hour; then take them out and add to the water in which they were boiled, four grated potatoes, two large spoonfuls of salt and the same quantity of sugar stirred together in about a pint of cold water. Boil ten or fifteen minutes, or until the potatoes are done. When partly cold add some yeast to start it.

COCONUT PUDDING.—Take half a pound desiccated cocoanuts and two thick slices of bread; put them to soak in a quart of milk for two or three hours; then add an ounce of butter, two ounces of sugar, the yolks of four eggs, and a saltspoonful of salt, beat the whites to a stiff froth; add them to your pudding, and bake in a hot oven for three-quarters of an hour. Serve hot.

ANGEL'S FOOD.—Take half a box of gelatine and one pint of milk, and put it on the fire, and, when the gelatine is entirely dissolved, add the yolks of three eggs, well beaten, and four tablespoonfuls of white sugar; let it boil a few minutes, then remove from the fire and stir in lightly the whites, beaten to a stiff froth. Flavor with vanilla, and pour into molds to cool.

SPONGE CAKE.—Twelve eggs, their weight in granulated sugar, and the same of flour. Beat the yolks of the eggs and the sugar well together; beat the whites to a stiff froth; sift the flour very lightly; add a teaspoonful of the beaten white of egg and one of the flour alternately till all is used; then add the grated rind and juice of a lemon. Put a well-greased paper in a tin baking-pan and bake the cake in it in a very hot oven; if it is getting too brown on top, cover with a piece of letter paper.

TEA ROLLS.—Half a cake of compressed yeast in three half-pints of lukewarm water, add a quart of sifted flour, and mix well to a thick batter. Let it stand six or seven hours in a moderately warm place till well risen. Then add two eggs, an ounce of butter, four ounces of sugar, and a tablespoonful of salt; add flour, (about a pint,) and work well with hands till it is a soft dough. Make into rolls; put them in the pans they are to be baked in, and set near the stove to rise; as soon as they rise, bake in a quick oven.

The Opium Habit.

According to reports made at the recent meeting of the American Missionary Association, the labors of American missionaries have of late been reasonably successful. The mission in Burmah is a novelty, being self-supporting. In China the opium habit has proved the greatest foe to Christianity, and is met at every turn. As to the vast field of India, it is "yielding a glorious harvest. The years spent in patient preparation of the soil and in seed sowing have not been spent in vain. The results of many years seemed small, but it is well to remember that the seed of the Gospel, when faithfully scattered, will surely germinate sooner or later." In Turkey "a few of the Moslems are diligent readers of the Bible, but the day has not yet come when the Gospel can be preached to them openly. New Churches have been organized the past year, new schools opened, native pastors ordained, and many converts received." In Japan "results have appeared promptly in response to effort, and many societies have been attracted to this on account of its great promise. Several new missions have been established within two or three years, and stations are being opened in various parts of the empire." The African field is being occupied as rapidly as possible, and there is declared to be no reason for discouragement in that quarter.

A Woman Farmer.

One of the most enthusiastic admirers of Gen. Hancock in Ulster county, New York, is Miss Libbie Schoonmaker, whose career as a farmer, stock raiser, and school teacher has made her notorious in that part of the state. Miss Schoonmaker, who is a woman about 35 years of age, is a striking example of what a woman with a will of her own can do toward getting along in the world. Fourteen years ago, at the death of her father, Johannes Schoonmaker, she inherited a large estate, consisting principally of farming property, heavily encumbered with debt. It was the old homestead, and Miss Schoonmaker could not bear the idea of seeing it pass into the hands of strangers, and was determined that it should not. Although then only 24 years old, and with no more practical knowledge of life than an ordinary country lass, she assumed sole charge of the estate, determined to clear of debt. Having an old mother 62 years of age, a half sister, also helpless from old age, the two orphan children of a deceased brother, and a brother in the last stages of consumption, to provide for, this made her task doubly hard. A little experience taught Miss Schoonmaker that it was impossible to support her large family and keep up the interest arising from the heavy indebtedness of the estate from the resources of the farm. She accordingly began to devise some method of increasing her income, and decided upon school teaching. She was engaged to teach in her own neighborhood at the modest sum of \$3 per month. In this, as in everything else, she showed remarkable tact, and her salary in a short time was raised to \$40 per month. She has continued school teaching ever since, overseeing and directing the work of her farm, night and morning, and during summer vacations going into the harvest field with the farm hands to pitch the hay, rake, bind, etc. She has earned from teaching school over \$3,500, paid off the debt of the old homestead, and besides greatly improved the property. Besides teaching and raising corn and grain, she has been an extensive stock-raiser. As a farmer she has no superior in this section. Her wheat crop averaged this year forty-two bushels to the acre, the largest yield in the county.

In personal appearance Miss Schoonmaker is tall, with a robust, but comingly form, and a pleasing, intelligent countenance. She is exceedingly kindhearted and generous, and will spend her last cent for the benefit of a needy friend or acquaintance. A short time ago she learned that a brother-in-law living in Pennsylvania was in destitute circumstances. She went to him and found him helpless from an incurable disease, with a family depending upon him. "Ben," she said, "what can I do for you?" "Nothing Libbie," was the reply. "You have your hands full already. We will have to go to the county house, I suppose." "Never, Ben, as long as I live. Come and enjoy the comforts of the old homestead with me. I will keep you and your family as long as you live."

Miss Schoonmaker has had many suitors for her hand, but, although naturally inclined to matrimony, she steadily refuses to marry, on the ground that her husband might in time object to be burdened with the support of the old people and her helpless brother-in-law and his family, which might cause domestic troubles. Besides, she says she has enough to do now without having to support a husband, too, which she might have to if she were to marry.

Mr. Bartlett and the Baroness.

(From the London World.)

It is now generally understood among the Baroness Burdett-Goutta's friends and near relations that she has quite resolved to carry out her intention of marrying Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, but with the proviso that the settlements shall be all on her own side, and her money (such as remains to her) safely tied up. It is also believed that the marriage will not take place till all legal difficulties with regard to the Duchess of St Alban's will are cleared up.

The number of yearling thoroughbreds from the great breeding establishments of England sold during the past year aggregated 451, the progeny of 112 sires. They realized \$9,936 guineas—a decrease in the amount paid to breeders of 4,773 guineas as compared with 1877, when 455 yearlings brought 131,666 guineas.

A London tailor has invented "the united suit," which consists of a man's complete attire in one garment.

SMILES.

OLEOMARGARINE isn't dairy maid.

CHICKENS don't have wings, but are sort of bursted-like.

What do "eating apples" eat and how do they do it?

FLOWING looks—Those of a canal—when they're opened.

You will regret to learn that the Maharajah of Jeyporo died last month.

The infants of Spain has begun to take notice, and the King has ordered a bull-fight. The child's education will begin at once.

"Do you get any holidays in your office?" asked a returned divine of a cherty-looking worker in secular walks. "Oh, yes, we get a day to get buried on."

"Never borrow trouble," said a husband to his wife. "Oh, let her borrow it if she can," exclaimed the next door neighbour; "she never returns anything you know."

The boundary line between infancy and childhood has been passed when mamma's darling can no longer take castor oil without making a face like pickled tripe.

BEACONSFIELD's new novel is to be called "Eudymion." We give the old gentleman this free notice as we hope his book will sell well and help him out, financially.

At a London bazaar recently a lady handed round her baby to be kissed at sixpence each. If it were a girl baby we would have paid the price and taken a duo bill due in sixteen years.

A BROOKLYN man sued a dentist for \$500 damages, on account of pulling the wrong tooth, and recovered \$30. The dentist, as he handed over the money, said it came out of him "like pulling teeth."

"Never marry a woman," remarked an old observer, "until you have dined her at a public restaurant. If she calls for such dishes as pork and beans, or corn beef and cabbage, your future happiness will be secure in her keeping."

A RURAL chap who witnessed the unloading of Cleopatra's Needle says he don't wonder that the dusky Queen committed suicide by taking a viper to her bosom, if she had to sew buttons on Mark Antony's pantaloons with a needle nearly seventy feet long, or make shirts for the Jew dealers of Egypt at five cents a shirt.

The British Census.

(From the London Times.)

Three acts were passed in the recent session for taking the census of the population of the United Kingdom. The first relates to Ireland (43 and 44 Vic., cap. 28). Under the direction of the Lord Lieutenant houses are to be visited on Monday, the 4th of April, and other days, as appointed, and the population on the premises on Sunday night, the 3rd of April, to be ascertained, and among the particulars to be gathered is the "religious profession" of each inmate. There are penalties for withholding or giving false information, with a proviso that no person shall be subject to such forfeiture for refusing to state his religious profession. The provision is omitted in the other statutes. The next act (cap. 37,) relates to England, and the local government board is to superintend the taking of the census. There are householder schedules to be left in the course of the week ending Saturday, April 2, and to be collected on Monday, April 4, with particulars as to all persons who were on the premises on Sunday night, April 3, with penalties for neglect or false answers. The act as to Scotland is chap. 38, and the secretary of state is to superintend the census, and penalties are to be imposed for disobedience of the directions given as to householders' schedules. In the United Kingdom the census is to be as to persons on Sunday, the 3d of April next.

ECUMENE's once lovely auburn hair is now nearly white, and her beautifully shaped face has become wan and thin.

"CHANCE cars for New York," cried the brakeman of the Great Western Railroad express at Clifton, Ont. An old man had just changed routes, but not for New York. He expired alone and uncaared for. He was over 70, had come from Council Bluffs. Thirty-three dollars in gold were found on him, together with \$245 in bills tied in an old handkerchief around his neck.