

# The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE  
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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 5, 1881.

The people of Cornwall have nobly re-  
sponded to our appeal for aid to the Land  
League by sending us the handsome sum of  
\$83.50. We are aware that it is not easy at  
all times to call men together and obtain  
money from them, nor is it easy to get one  
man to take the initiative. When this is  
done, however, success follows, as in the case  
of St. Edwards and Cornwall, for the people are  
never backward in responding to calls made  
in behalf of Ireland in their troubles. We  
sincerely thank Mr. McNairy and his gener-  
ous friends for their subscriptions. We hope  
other localities will follow the good ex-  
ample, and we also hope this is the last time  
the fertile island of Erin will require assist-  
ance from her friends abroad.

THE "PILOT" Company of Boston has just  
published a new and complete edition of the  
poems of John Boyle O'Reilly, one of the  
greatest poets of America, and certainly a  
man of original genius. O'Reilly engaged in  
the Fenian conspiracy, was tried, found  
guilty, and sent to western Australia as a  
convict, where he composed some of the most  
beautiful poems in modern literature. John  
Boyle O'Reilly is now editor of the Boston  
Pilot, to which he has given new life; he is  
an orator of a high order, and what is better,  
he is an honest man and a sincere; univer-  
sally admired and esteemed. He has been  
able, from the high position and the confi-  
dence reposed in him by his countrymen in  
this continent, to do more good for the cause  
of his native country than perhaps any other  
man in the United States. *Wm. O'Reilly.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the desperate efforts of  
the Castle authorities in Dublin, Parnell and  
his friends have a chance of a fair trial, a  
thing which has never been had in Dublin  
before by political offenders. In the State  
Trials of 1844 the jury was so dexterously  
manipulated that not a solitary Catholic was  
sworn, but affairs are not so bad at present.  
Out of nine ballots, to complete the jury, drawn  
yesterday in Dublin, eight were Catholics,  
which we presume must have made the  
Attorney-General stare and think a Jesuit  
was concealed in the ballot box. Something  
like a fair trial may now be expected, and an  
acquittal is almost certain. It is the opinion  
of the most eminent jurists that the Govern-  
ment have made a terrible blunder in institut-  
ing proceedings against the Traversers in the  
first instance, as they have not committed  
any act which is not sanctioned by the con-  
stitution.

THE Boers have adopted at last some of  
the means to ensure success. They have  
fired taken up arms against the power which  
deprived them of their independence, and  
while flushed with a certain amount of suc-  
cess and holding the arms in their hands  
they have offered to reason the matter out  
with the British, and show them how  
unjust they have been. Holland, sturdy  
little Holland, the conqueror of the ocean  
and the Spaniard, comes forward in their be-  
half and asks the British Government to deal  
fairly with her children in South Africa, and  
as Gladstone is prime minister the chances  
are in favor of a satisfactory answer. It is,  
however, good for the Boers—namely Glad-  
stone and British fair play—that the Trans-  
vaal does not lie a hundred miles or so to the  
west of dear old England or the unfortunate  
Boers might find nine flying columns traver-

ing their country and a British Attorney-  
General proving with all his rasping elo-  
quence that Paul Kruger was a knave and a  
communist.

THE blue-eyed, placid, philosophical Teuton  
about whom we hear so much is not the un-  
aggressive creature he is represented. The  
Germans, despite the enormous indemnity  
they exacted from France ten years ago, are  
none the richer to-day, and they wonder where  
on earth all the millions have gone. They  
are beginning to suspect that the great bulk  
of them has gone into the pockets of the  
Jews, and they are angry because such is the  
fact. Was it not our "Fritz" and our Red  
Prince, and our spectacled military genius,  
Von Moltke, who conquered at Gravelotte,  
Werth and Mars-la-Duc, and envigorated and  
captured Paris? And did we lose one hun-  
dred thousand and odd men to enrich the  
Jews? It is something like this they ask  
themselves, and the answer is not satisfac-  
tory. We really cannot imagine what those  
good Germans are driving at in their crusade  
against the children of Israel, as they surely  
do not intend resorting to the methods of  
their ancestors, and taking away their cash  
by force. Bismarck does not seem to be more  
averse to the Jewish persecution than he was  
to the persecution of the Catholics, though he  
does not take such a leading part in the per-  
formance.

This news from Ireland is not sensational,  
but it is important. The army of occupation  
is divided into nine flying columns, which  
will scour the island in all directions, look-  
ing for an enemy, each column trailing its  
coat in the mud of January and implying it  
would like some desperate Fenian or Land  
Leaguer to tread on the garment. It is not  
the first time or the second time in history a  
British Government has managed to make a  
British army ridiculous, and we can easily  
imagine the disgust the heroes of Afghanistan  
and South Africa must feel in roaming  
free lance-like round a country to protect the  
landlords and prevent "boycotting." It is  
reported that Parnell and the other Traver-  
sers who are members of Parliament will take  
their places in the House on its opening, as  
their presence in the Courts will not be  
absolutely necessary. It is true that the  
Queen's writ demands their appearance in the  
Court of Queen's Bench, Dublin, but then it  
is equally true that the Queen's proclamation  
summons them to Westminster and as loyal  
subjects obey the latest order to Westmin-  
ster they will go accordingly. For the rest,  
Gladstone keeps as close as a clam, and all  
the rumors and guesses of newspapers on the  
proposed land measures are guesses and  
rumors—nothing more.

## SOMETHING ABOUT LEADERS.

In THE POST of the 18th instant, we had  
something about leaders in commenting on  
the telegram sent to the *Globe* by its Montreal  
correspondent, but, we did not exhaust the  
subject. It seems the impression prevails  
abroad that the Irish of Montreal must have  
a set of acknowledged leaders or they would  
be utterly helpless. It also seems that there  
is among the Irish of Montreal a class of  
men who think they are the natural leaders  
of the Irish element. It is truly surprising  
how many leaders are given us, and how few  
the other nationalities of Montreal can  
manage to get along with. We can safely  
assert, for instance, that if at a meeting con-  
vened for the purpose of nominating a Mayor,  
a gentleman stepped forward and guaranteed  
the support of any one element, let us say  
the Scotch, he would be laughed at for his  
presumption. And yet this thing has  
been done at late meetings on behalf of  
the Irish and we believe no man laughed  
except it might have been in his sleeve.  
What after all constitutes a leader? Is it  
wealth, or birth, or chest, or is it superior  
intellect? If it is wealth then should the  
Jews be rulers of the world, for we are in-  
formed they are the wealthiest people. And  
if it is wealth we should like to know the  
amount each leader is worth so that we may  
govern ourselves in our behavior according  
to their means and be careful not to render  
the same amount of respect and leadership to  
the man worth \$10,000 as to the man worth  
\$100,000. All other things being equal the  
man with a large stake in the country should  
be preferred as a leader to him that has not,  
but if the poorer candidate for honors or lead-  
ership—always supposing we require leaders  
at all—be superior in intellect, honesty,  
integrity or general ability he is best entitled  
to the honors which are going. This special  
leadership among the Irish population would  
not so much matter if it did not bring us  
into contempt, and deserved contempt if it  
be tolerated any longer. Why the Irish  
should be saddled with self-appointed chief-  
tains more than other nationalities is a  
mystery we cannot very well solve except it  
be that they are a good natured people who  
think it a pity to check a *soi-disant* leader  
rising to his proper level. We would not be  
understood as implying that in all communi-  
ties there must not be a class of men who  
take a prominent part in public affairs, it is  
a necessity; but then we suggest they should  
be men enjoying the confidence of the people  
on account of superior worth and abili-  
ties, above all they should not be self-  
appointed. If the Irish people take a  
certain course apart from the action of their  
fellow-citizens in matters not local or Cana-  
dian it is in general sympathy with the  
movements of their brethren at home, as, for  
instance, in the present land agitation, and it  
appears to us in such a time the leaders of  
the Irish people should prove themselves by  
joining the movement and directing it, for in  
other respects, and so far as our local interests  
are concerned, we are as one with the En-  
glish, Scotch, French and Germans. We, like  
them, are interested in our city finances, in

the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and in other  
matters that affect the prosperity of Montreal  
or the Dominion of Canada. It is only on  
questions of sentiment we diverge. Now, if  
it was Scotland which was agitating so  
fiercely for a land reform, there is not a son  
of auld Scotia in our midst who would,  
no matter how high his social standing,  
be either ashamed or afraid to respond  
to her call for sympathy and assistance. The  
so-called leading Irishmen hold back, but of  
that we do not complain; what we do com-  
plain of is that they push themselves forward  
as Irish leaders when there are no Irish in-  
terests at stake, and hang back when there  
are, which is, to say the least of it, very sin-  
gular.

## THE SYNDICATE AGREEMENT.

The campaign against the agreement be-  
tween the Government and the Syndicate was  
fairly opened yesterday in London by the  
Honorable Mr. Blake, leader of the Opposi-  
tion. Since we last wrote on this subject  
a considerable change seems to have taken  
place in public opinion, and the more the  
contract is examined and criticized, the less  
the people like it. In times of great excite-  
ment, when politicians in and out of Parlia-  
ment range themselves in ironclad fashion  
under their party banners intent upon follow-  
ing their leaders, right or wrong, the country  
looks eagerly to the independent newspapers  
for an expression of opinion, not caring to  
trust mere partisans who have firmly made  
up their minds to vote the straight  
ticket. It is those independent news-  
papers which often save a Government  
from taking a fatal plunge which may  
end in disaster to themselves and ruin to the  
nation, which they think they are serving  
in advocating certain measures. It must be  
said in the present crisis, that both inde-  
pendent politicians and independent journals  
are taking a decided stand against the Syn-  
dicate agreement. They have become  
alarmed at what they consider the magnitude  
of the intended sacrifice, and are trying to  
prevent it if possible. Now as the *Post* is a  
thoroughly independent journal, bound to no  
party, controlled by no clique or Syndicate,  
we think it becomes us to raise our voices  
with our confreres, if not for an abrogation of  
the contract, at least for such a modification  
of it as will place the Canadian Pacific Rail-  
road, since it has to be built, in safer hands  
than those of the Syndicate absolutely, for  
after a careful perusal of the Government's  
agreement with the Syndicate, we can arrive at  
no other conclusion than that under  
the present scheme the future of  
the Northwest directly, and of Canada indi-  
rectly, will be placed at the mercy of a few  
irresponsible men, who are foreigners, with  
one or two exceptions. There are a score of  
important objections that might be advanced  
against the scheme as it exists, but we shall  
at present confine ourselves to the two or  
three which are most deserving of attention,  
but which we have not seen fully discussed  
by the public press.

In all former contracts entered into by the  
Government with tenderers for public works  
it has been the invariable practice to impose  
stringent conditions on the contractors, so  
that the Government would remain masters  
of the situation. The successful tenderer had  
to make a deposit of five per cent on the  
value of his contract, and had to furnish two  
good and solvent securities. If after awhile  
the Government saw that the work was not  
progressing to their satisfaction they were  
empowered, on twenty-four hours' notice, to  
take over the work from the contractors and  
complete it themselves at the expense of the  
contractor, when, if there was a balance in his  
favor, it was paid him; but, if against him,  
then the securities were liable to be sued for  
the amount. In fact the contractor was at  
the mercy of the Government, and found it in  
his interest to stand on good terms with  
them, as we have remarked, being masters  
of the situation, and very properly so.  
But in this great undertaking of the Canadian  
Pacific railroad what do we see? We see the  
Government, for some inexplicable reason,  
surrendering all their privileges into the  
hands of a Syndicate who have nothing to  
lose and everything to gain by the transac-  
tion. We see them placing the country, of  
which they are but the servants, at the feet  
of a few men who are not even citizens.  
We see them reversing the order of  
things, and making the contractors the mas-  
ters and the country the servant. There is  
absolutely no security given, for a million of  
dollars in such an immense transaction is a  
mere bagatelle. Here is a Syndicate, com-  
posed of obscure third-rate commercial men,  
who come forward and say, "Give us all the  
road you have constructed, value for \$30,-  
000,000, give us a bonus of \$25,000,000 more,  
give us a land grant worth \$50,000,000 (or  
even say half the amount), and we shall build  
your railroad," and here on the other hand  
stand a government which says cheerfully  
"we will." This means that the Government  
will run all the risks, and the Syndicate reap  
all the profits. A good way to look at this  
one-sided bargain would be to take an indi-  
vidual member of the Government—say  
Sir Charles Tupper—and suppose that  
he wants to have a palatial mansion erected  
in Ottawa. Well, suppose a builder came to  
Sir Charles and said, "you require a mansion  
erected which will cost \$50,000; now I un-  
dertake to erect it for that sum. I will de-  
posit \$500, (one per cent of the amount) with  
you as a guarantee, and you will pay me as I  
go along, you will give me as soon as I re-  
quire it the sum of \$12,500 in cash, endorsed  
notes for about twice as much more, and as  
I perceive some former contractor has  
already got through one-fourth of the work  
you will also hand that over to me." "What,"  
would cry Sir Charles, indignantly, "and all  
for \$500 security! Why, how do I know but  
you may run away when you get hold of the

\$25,000. No, thank you, I cannot do that, as  
I am not a fool!" Now, why should the Gov-  
ernment, of which Sir Charles is a member,  
accept an offer for the country which none of  
them, individually, would accept in his own  
private affairs? There are great inducements  
held out in the future by the Syndicate, such  
as a strong tide of immigration, which will  
settle the Northwest and develop its resources,  
but the future is in the hands of God only.  
It has not come yet, and it is our present duty  
to deal with tangible facts and figures.  
One of those facts is, that, instead  
of the Government ruling the Syndicate,  
it is the Syndicate which is ruling  
the Government. The Government  
is prepared to give the Syndicate all those  
millions and then place itself at its disposal  
as its servant—to build a railroad for it across  
the continent—which shall be the Syndicate's  
for ever; in a word, to abdicate its functions  
and let a monopoly rule, or at all events make  
an enormous fortune whether it finishes the  
road or not. It can leave off at any time  
after pocketing the best part of the bonus and  
leave its beggarly security in the hands of the  
Government. What guarantee have we that  
when the Syndicate completes the smiling  
prairie section, which can be done at the rate of  
\$5,000 a mile, it will not leave off? Nothing,  
but a million dollars, or one per cent of the  
amount of the contract. It seems almost in-  
credible, but it is a fact, nevertheless.  
We ask our readers where is the  
proper place to put a man of business who  
would enter into such an agreement; and we  
anticipate their answer: a lunatic asylum.  
The Government give bonds, lands, completed  
railroad sections, an immense money grant  
and what do they get in return from the  
Syndicate? A million dollar guarantee! We  
doubt if the country is prepared to make such  
a tremendous sacrifice, we doubt if Parlia-  
ment will sanction the agreement, we hope  
not. Still it need not be altogether rejected.  
It can be modified and made useful. Let the  
same customs prevail as in other contracts;  
let the Syndicate deposit five per cent, and  
give proper securities; let the Government  
have such control that they can regulate  
matters for the benefit of the country; let a  
clause be inserted giving the country control  
of the road after a certain time; in a word let  
the agreement be so modified that the Syn-  
dicate and Government change places, and let  
each perform its own proper functions.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

DR. HEPPWORTH'S RECENT LECTURE  
IN NEW YORK CRITICIZED.

To the Editor of THE POST AND TRUE WITNESS.  
DEAR SIR,—No doubt you have gleaned  
from your exchanges, that the Rev. Dr. Hep-  
worth, a member of the *Herald* Distribution  
Committee, recently lectured here on the late  
famine in Ireland and the future prospects of  
the country. Attracted by the subject, I  
wended my way to Steinway Hall, though  
with certain misgivings that my time could  
be more profitably and pleasantly spent else-  
where. An exceedingly large audience  
filled the hall to overflowing, and the plat-  
form was crowded by what I suppose must be  
called the *elite* of New York society; fashion  
was there, but as I was in a far corner  
from the stage, I am not so certain as to  
certain as to the beauty, but as  
we used to say long ago of the preposi-  
tion "that" in our Latin exercises, "it is to be  
understood." The Rev. Dr. Hepworth was  
introduced by a fine portly gentleman, an  
excellent chairman in appearance, who made  
the pantomimic movements of the lips usual  
on such occasions, and then doubtless to his  
own satisfaction and that of the audience,  
took the chair. The Rev. lecturer advanced  
to the desk. His appearance had nothing  
resembling about it, but if I had the same  
trouble as he had, in preventing my forelock  
from getting into the corner of my eye, I  
should feel inclined to be irreverent. It  
seems to me, the clerical and literary gentle-  
men of America cultivate a long forelock,  
with all the affection a Chinaman has for his  
pigtail. It is apparently the index of genius  
in this enterprising country, and I am sure if  
honest, good-hearted Alfred Perry were down  
here, he would be the guest of a dozen high-  
toned literary clubs. I suppose this sort of  
thing is what they call *aesthetics*. Dr. Hep-  
worth does not palaver for a half hour before  
handling his subject; he goes in for it right  
off. Said he, "I was over in the little Ger-  
man town of Darmstadt in the hope of  
"gaining some much-needed repose." No  
doubt. Few can estimate at its proper  
value the soul-wearying task of preparing a  
weekly sermon on nothing in particular, and  
everything in general, to awaken a select con-  
gregation to a sense of their duties in sup-  
porting a pastor in a manner conformable to  
the dignity of an aristocratic branch of the  
Christian Church. It is very true that the  
Rev. Mr. Hepworth receives an annual salary  
sufficient to keep a dozen Roman Catholic  
priests in clover for twelve months, but the  
latter gentlemen have a subject to talk about,  
and are perfectly satisfied their hearers re-  
ceive their teachings as the word of God.  
Dr. Hepworth, on the contrary, knows  
very well that if his sermon does  
not suit, his employers will tell him so.  
Constructing a barrel with proper materials  
is easy enough when you know how to do it,  
but to make a new barrel to an old bung-hole  
is rather a more difficult operation. The  
Doctor was right, he had good reason to be  
fatigued, and I sympathize with him very  
much. Well, he had hardly settled himself  
comfortably at his hotel when a friend called  
on him. He did not say what they took,  
leaving it to be understood. The friend  
handed him a telegram from James Gordon  
Bennett asking him to accept the nomination  
(New York political phrases have got the  
better of me) of Distributor of the *Herald*  
Relief Fund, and if agreeable to go on to  
Paris immediately to receive instructions  
from Mr. Bennett, that pious young man being  
then in the very congenial French Capital.  
Well, to make a long story short,  
Dr. Hepworth soon found himself  
in delightful and dirty Dublin, where  
he was introduced to the Most Rev.  
Dr. McCabe, Archbishop of Dublin. "I  
found the Archbishop," said the lecturer,  
"over and above his Romanism and his Catho-  
licism, a Christian and a gentleman." Shade  
of Calvin! Ghost of Luther! Royal Spirit of  
Bluff King Hall! Ethereal gizzard of John  
Knox! denizens of that region where the  
longed for refrigerator shall be no more! I  
heard ye the admission of this Reformed  
minister, that an Archbishop of the Roman  
Catholic Church can be at the same time a  
gentleman and a Christian? As for me, my

ideas become a confused kaleidoscopic vision,  
of which "mushroom," "bread" and "cheek"  
and "Rev. Dr. Hepworth" were the salient  
points.

The Rev. lecturer stated that he found three  
relief committees in the field—the Duchess of  
Marborough Fund, the Mansion House Fund,  
and the *Herald* Fund. As the gentlemen pre-  
sented to give a statement only of what he  
saw, it is to be presumed his knowledge  
concerning the Irish Land League Fund  
was derived from evidence of a hearsay char-  
acter, and, therefore, inadmissible to his  
judicial mind. Nevertheless, the moral  
evidence, and the strong corroborative evi-  
dence of the existence of this Relief Fund is  
so plain, that I must accept the hypothesis  
that whenever Dr. Hepworth heard of the  
Relief Committee of the Land League, he  
closed his eyes, otherwise I must hold him  
guilty of a suppression of the truth, which is  
the next thing to the utterance of an untruth.  
These little idiosyncrasies are, doubtless,  
the offspring of his religious belief, the  
Doctor's creed being more negative than affirma-  
tive. The Reverend lecturer found the  
country in a state that beggars description—  
it was terrible, it was deplorable; "a hungry  
nation was begging at the world's door."  
True, every word of it, and the terrible crime,  
in all its red nakedness, lies at the door of  
that British Empire, which has no more  
obsequious toadies than that class of  
vanity-worshipping Americans of whom  
the Reverend George Hepworth is a  
very unmistakable type. I will not  
say that Dr. Hepworth is a man devoid of  
human feelings or gentleness of disposition.  
I rather think otherwise, but I look upon  
him as one of the great crowd who in these  
days consider expediency and success identi-  
cal with justice and right. Were the men  
of 1776 of a character similar to that of the  
leading men of this Republic to-day, I have  
no hesitation in saying the thirteen States  
would still be British Colonies.

Dr. Hepworth then gave his ideas as to the  
causes of Irish misery, and incidentally men-  
tioned that the Irish were converted before  
the Saxons, an observation of great truth,  
since there is but little more Christianity  
among the Anglo-Saxon masses of England  
to-day than there was among their ancestors  
in the time of Hengist and Horsa. Said the  
Doctor—"The religion introduced by St.  
Patrick was not that of the Roman Church,  
the Irish Church was independent." The  
Reverend gentleman omitted to say what  
church St. Patrick belonged to. Can he be  
claimed by the Episcopalians, the Presby-  
terians, the Congregationalists, the Indepen-  
dents, the Methodists, the Hard Shell or  
Soft Shell Baptists, the Plymouth Brethren,  
or any other of the thousand sub-divisions of  
Protestants? He could not have belonged to  
the Independent Irish Catholic Church be-  
cause all evidence shows him to have been a  
man of remarkable purity and sobriety of life.  
It is true he went about the country baptiz-  
ing the people so that if he was not a Roman  
Catholic, he must have been a Baptist. I  
will leave the Doctor to decide whether he  
was a Hard Shell or a Soft Shell, merely re-  
marking that the fact of his being a Hard  
Shell Baptist would not imply that the saint  
was a hard case. To explain why the Irish  
are such strong Roman Catholics to-day, Dr.  
Hepworth stated that Henry II. of England  
converted them at the point of the arrow.  
I was always under the impression that long  
before Henry Plantagenet was King of Eng-  
land a council was held in Ireland,  
which was attended by the Pope's legate,  
who brought the pallium to be con-  
ferred on St. Malachy, the Archbishop of  
Armagh, who afterwards died at Clairvaux,  
St. Bernard's monastery, and in the habit of  
the Cistercians. I never in my born days  
heard of a Reverend Mrs. Columbkille, or a  
Reverend Mrs. Lawrence O'Toole. Certain-  
ly historians were very careless to have omitted  
the names of these ladies. Then on the  
"ipse dixit" of the Rev. Mr. Hepworth we  
must consider the Norman warriors of Henry  
II. as the apostles of Ireland's faith, as it is  
to-day. Now I am lineally descended from  
one of those cast iron Barons, and in my  
ignorance I thought he was such an unmiti-  
gated vagabond that he could hardly  
be out of purgatory yet, if the poor old  
sinner had even the good luck to get in,  
and with filial devotion I have been praying  
for his release. Yet all this time the de-  
vout warrior was an apostle, in fact the  
member of our numerous family that  
was ever known to propagate religion of any  
kind. Forgive me ancestral shade!

"A great cause of Irish distress was the  
total want of agricultural knowledge, the  
"Irishman raised and would raise nothing  
"else but potatoes." The older we grow  
the more we learn. I suppose it must have  
been long potatoe stalks that I mistook for  
wheat, oats, and barley when I was in Ireland.  
I fancied I was looking on golden fields of  
grain, while all the while it was potatoe.  
But how on earth do government statisti-  
cians show the export from Ireland of large quan-  
tities of grain, while some impostors actually  
advertise Irish oatmeal for sale in this very  
city of New York. Then again the people  
know nothing about rotation of crops,  
and yet the principle is more rigidly  
observed in Ireland than in America.  
It does seem strange too, that when an Irish  
agriculturist transfers himself to Canada or to  
the United States, he finds very little to learn  
from his neighbors beyond matters pertaining  
to locality and climate. The best and most  
intelligent farm hands on this continent are,  
indisputably Irishmen. It is true many of  
the peasants who come in contact with Dr.  
Hepworth were poor unfortunates whose im-  
mediate ancestors had been crowded off cul-  
tivatable land by the incarnate devils, known  
as landlords, and forced to live like digger  
Indians in the mountains of Connought.  
These were no fair samples of the Irish  
farming classes, but it is sufficient they suit  
the groove of Mr. Hepworth's prejudices. As  
a rule farming implements, such as are em-  
ployed in this country, are not used in Ire-  
land. They are expensive, and it is useless  
to think of their being purchased by farmers  
from whom an iniquitous land system exacts  
all but what will hardly feed and clothe their  
bodies.

Doctor Hepworth says the ignorance of the  
people is beyond description. I want say  
the Doctor was telling a lie, but I must take  
the liberty of not believing him. Of course  
there are a great many characteristics of  
American civilization that the Irish peasant  
does not even dream. He is so unscientific  
that the process whereby so many Americans  
regulate the number of their offspring is  
called by the Irish peasant, *child-murder*.  
"Those whom God hath joined let no man put  
asunder" is actually taken in its literal sense  
by the Irish peasant, and he looks upon a  
Divorce Court as a machine for legalizing  
adultery. He is so far behind the age that  
he omits to interlard his conversation  
with words of blasphemy and immorality.  
When he praises a neighbor's cow he will  
say, "That's a fine cow of O'Brien's, God  
bless her!" His enlightened American  
brother agriculturalist would probably say,  
"That's a G-d-d fine 'kawk' of Deacon  
Jones!" and so on. The Irish peasant kneels  
down in the morning and asks his Creator to  
bless him and his day's work, and, again, at

eve, he thanks God for His goodness during  
the day, and begs the Divine protection dur-  
ing the night. The average American, in  
town or country, tumbles in and out of bed  
with no more idea of his duty to his Creator  
than the veriest hog. The language  
of the Irish peasant is of a kind  
that will never bring a blush to  
a modest cheek. His very thoughts are  
tinged with poetic fancy, and his intellect  
soars on the wings of faith to a height far too  
sublime for the mock philosophy of even a  
Dr. Hepworth. In a word, Reverend Sir, the  
Irish peasant whom you stigmatize as a  
monument of social ignorance, is morally  
and intellectually a king of men, when com-  
pared to the average American, whether he  
be a denizen of city or country. No doubt  
the American is a smarter man, as the term  
goes, in the science of money making, but  
that is the science which likens us most  
to the wild beasts of the forest, a merciless  
struggle for existence wherein the weak and  
the gentle are invariably victimized by the  
cunning and the strong. The God who made  
you, Doctor Hepworth, the God who redeemed  
you, the God who will judge you, has sanc-  
tified poverty and ennobled its surroundings,  
and during His thirty-three years of painful  
and laborious life, from his birth in a stable,  
to his death on the cross, poverty was the  
state of His choice, and the lowly and the  
poor the partakers of His friendship. Not  
one single word ever dropped from His  
Divine lips in contempt of poverty, or in  
the praise of riches. Judge the value of  
your material philosophy, Reverend Doctor,  
by comparison with the teachings of the God  
whom minister you profess to be, and then  
tell us wherein is the American superior to  
the Irishman in the attributes of true Chris-  
tian civilization.

Unable any longer to lose my time listen-  
ing to such trash, I made my exit from the  
crowded hall. I read the Doctor's final re-  
marks, and they were in keeping with the  
shilly-shally nonsense already criticized.  
The ignorance of the "Romish" priesthood is a  
standing insult cast at us by Protest-  
ants, and if men like Dr. Hepworth  
pass for lights of the Reformed  
Church, I have no very high idea of  
the standard of intelligence that so considers  
them. For profundity of learning and depth  
of intellect, these men are no more to be  
compared to the Roman Catholic priesthood  
than a common mud puddle to the boundless  
ocean. It was with a full knowledge of his  
words Professor Huxley declared that the  
Roman Catholic clergy were the only oppo-  
nents of infidelity worthy of a Freeholder's  
consideration. Evidently, he rated weekly  
gasbags at their proper value.

J. P. S.

## THE LAND LEAGUE.

The League Welcome to St. Patrick's Hall—  
The House of Representatives and the  
Montreal Land League—New Year Greet-  
ings.

The Montreal branch of the Irish National  
Land League held its usual weekly meeting  
in St. Patrick's Hall yesterday afternoon, Mr.  
P. Carroll, President, in the chair.

The Chairman, in opening the proceedings,  
tendered a hearty welcome to the Land  
League in the name of the St. Patrick's  
Society, of which he is an officer, and stated  
that the new St. Patrick's Hall would be  
open to the League until its object would be  
accomplished; any off, as the Irish people  
now fully knew their rights, that these rights  
were inalienable, and that eventually they  
must have them.

The Secretary then read the minutes of the  
previous meeting, as also a series of corre-  
spondence among which was the following  
letter from the Hon. W. H. Calkins in reply  
to the resolution passed at the recent mass  
meeting in Nordheimer's Hall, thanking him  
for moving the resolution of sympathy with  
Ireland in the House of Representatives at  
Washington:—

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 30, 1880.

To the President and Secretary Montreal Branch  
Land League, Canada:—

GENTLEMEN:—Your communication of Dec.  
17, with annexed resolution passed at your  
mass meeting on Dec. 16, containing highly  
complimentary notice of the resolution I re-  
cently introduced and carried through the  
House of Representatives of the American  
Congress, is at hand. I beg to assure you,  
gentlemen, and your honorable Society, that  
the sentiment contained in the resolution but  
feebly expresses my own feeling respecting  
the down-trodden people of your native land.  
I sincerely hope that the better judgment  
of humanity may control the action of the  
British Parliament, and a peaceful solution of  
the question may thereby be solved. In the  
meantime I beg to assure you that the great  
patriotic and liberty-loving conscience of the  
American people are in full sympathy and  
accord with the efforts of the Irish people  
to throw off the yoke of oppression which has  
so long galled the necks of a patient, patriotic  
and noble race. I have the honour to sub-  
scribe myself, sincerely yours,

W. H. CALKINS,  
One of the Representatives from Indiana.  
A telegram was read from the New Jersey  
Land League, sending them a New Year's  
greeting, and congratulating them on the  
success of their efforts.

These communications were read and  
received amid prolonged enthusiastic ap-  
plause.

Fourteen new members were added to the  
roll, and the receipts amounted to over \$50.

## THE TRANSVAAL.

LONDON, Dec. 31.—Sierra Leone advices  
state news has been received from Sherbro  
of continued fighting between the Gallena  
and Taret tribes. The slaughter on both  
sides is very great. The prisoners were either  
killed immediately or put to horrible tor-  
tures.

The news from the Transvaal is of an im-  
portant character this morning. Martial law  
has been proclaimed by the Triumvirate, Gov.  
Baillairat, at Potchefstroom, is closely be-  
sieged and Col. Lanyon is still at Pretoria,  
but has been summoned to surrender. The  
excitement throughout the Colony is intense,  
especially among the Dutchmen of the  
Orange Free State, and it is reported that if  
troops are sent from England to fight the  
Boers, they will make common cause with  
them. A letter from W. H. Russell ("Bull-  
Run Russell") warns the public that the  
Boers never ceased to protest unanimously  
against forcible annexation. The Jingo at-  
tempts to rouse the bloodthirsty spirit meets  
with but slight success. The continual de-  
parture of the troops shows that the Govern-  
ment is resolved to enforce authority, but the  
Boers will be assured that their grievances  
will be redressed after their submission;  
though it is not stated how the Government  
will redress the greatest grievance of all—the  
loss of liberty.

Mr. Courtney's acceptance of the Under-  
Secretary of Home Office enrolls among the  
Government supporters the ablest of the re-  
maining Independent Liberals; silences the  
most dangerous critic on South African affairs,  
and secures an advocate of the Land Bill.