

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY THE Post Printing and Publishing Company, AT THEIR OFFICES, 761 CRAIG STREET, - - MONTREAL.

TERMS: By Mail, \$1.50 per annum in advance. Delivered in City, \$2.00 " " " Single copies, 5 cents.

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 5, 1881.

This people of Cornwall have nobly responded 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 her troubles. We sincerely thank Mr. McNairy and his generous friends for their subscriptions. We hope other localities will follow the good example, and we also hope this is the last time the fertile island of Erin will require assistance 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; universally admired and esteemed. He has been able, from the high position and the confidence 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 Government have made a terrible blunder in instituting proceedings against the Traversers in the first instance, as they have not committed any act which is not sanctioned by the constitution.

The Boers have adopted at last some of the means to ensure success. They have first taken up arms against the power which deprived them of their independence, and while flushed with a certain amount of success 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 Helland, the conqueror of the ocean and the Spaniard, comes forward in their behalf 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 Gladstone and British fair play—that the Transvaal does not die a hundred miles or so to the west of dear old England or the unfortunate Boers might find nine flying columns travers-

ing their country and a British Attorney-General proving with all his rasping eloquence 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 Molke, who conquered at Gravelotte, Woerth and Mars-la-Tour, and envied and captured Paris? And did we lose one hundred thousand and odd men to enrich the Jews? It is something like this they ask themselves, and the answer is not satisfactory. 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 performance.

The 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, looking 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 Traversers 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 Westminster 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 convened 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 gift of chest, or is it superior intellect? If it is wealth then should the Jews be rulers of the world, for we are informed 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 behaviour 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 leadership—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 chieftains 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 communities 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 abilities, 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 Canadian 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 English, 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 complain of is that they push themselves forward as Irish leaders when there are no Irish interests at stake, and hang back when there are, which is, to say the least of it, very singular.

THE SYNDICATE AGREEMENT.

The campaign against the agreement between the Government and the Syndicate was fairly opened yesterday in London by the Honorable Mr. Blake, leader of the Opposition. 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 excitement, when politicians in and out of Parliament range themselves in ironclad fashion under their party banners intent upon following 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 newspapers 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 independent politicians and independent journals are taking a decided stand against the Syndicate 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 Railroad, 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 indirectly, 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 used 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 transaction. 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 masters 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, composed 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 individual 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 undertake to erect it for that sum. I will deposit \$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 require 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 Government, 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 beggary 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 incredible, 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 Parliament 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 Syndicate 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. Heppworth, 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 elsewhere. My instinctive faculties were not much astray. An exceedingly large audience filled the hall to overflowing, and the platform 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 the beauty, but as we used to say long ago of the preposition "that" in our Latin exercises, "it is to be understood." The Rev. Dr. Heppworth 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 reverend 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 gentlemen 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 highly literary clubs. I suppose this sort of thing is what they call aestheticism. Dr. Heppworth does not plaver for a half an hour before handling his subject; he goes in for it right off. Said he, "I was over in the little German 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 congregation to a sense of their duties in supporting 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. Heppworth receives an annual salary sufficient to keep a dozen Roman Catholic priests in clover for twelve months, but the latter gentleman have a subject to talk about, and are perfectly satisfied their hearers receive their teachings as the word of God. Dr. Heppworth, 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. Heppworth 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 Catholicism, 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! 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," "brass" and "cheek" and "Rev. Dr. Heppworth" were the salient points. The Rev. lecturer stated that he found three relief committees in the field—the Duchess of Marlborough Fund, the Mansion House Fund, and the Herald Fund. As the gentlemen proceeded to give a statement of what he saw, it is to be presumed his knowledge concerning the Irish Land League Fund was derived from evidence of a hearsay character, and, therefore, inadmissible to his judicial mind. Nevertheless, the moral evidence, and the strong corroborative evidence of the existence of this Relief Fund is so plain, that I must accept the hypothesis that whenever Dr. Heppworth 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 affirmative. 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 vainly-worshipping Americans of whom the Reverend George Heppworth is a very unmistakable type. I will not say that Dr. Heppworth 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 identical 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. Heppworth then gave his ideas as to the causes of Irish misery, and incidentally mentioned 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 Presbyterians, the Congregationalists, the Independents, 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 because all evidence shows him to have been a man of remarkable purity and sobriety of life. It is true he went about the country baptizing 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 remarking 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. Heppworth 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 England a council was held in Ireland, which was attended by the Pope's legate, who brought the pallium to be conferred on St. Malacai, 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 historians were very careless to have omitted the names of these ladies. Then on the "ipse dixit" of the Rev. Mr. Heppworth 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 unmitigated 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 delectable warrior was an apostle, in fact the only 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 potatoes. But how on earth do government statisticians show the export from Ireland of large quantities 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 Irish hands on this continent are, indisputably Irishmen. It is true many of the peasants who come in contact with Dr. Heppworth were poor unfortunates whose immediate ancestors had been crowded off cultivated land by the incarnate devils, known as landlords, and forced to live like digger Indians in the mountains of Connaught. These were no fair samples of the Irish farming classes, but it is sufficient if they suit the groove of Mr. Heppworth's prejudices. As a rule farming implements, such as are employed in this country, are not used in Ireland. 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 Heppworth says the ignorance of the people is beyond description. I won't 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 agriculturist 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

ave, he thanks God for His goodness during the day, and begs the Divine protection during 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. Heppworth. 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 compared 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 Heppworth, the God who redeemed you, the God who will judge you, has sanctified 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 whose minister you profess to be, and then tell us wherein is the American superior to the Irishman in the attributes of true Christian civilization. Unable any longer to lose my time listening to such trash, I made my exit from the crowded hall. I read the Doctor's final remarks, 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 Protestants, and if men like Dr. Heppworth 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 opponents of infidelity worthy of a Freeholder's consideration. Evidently, he rated weekly gastings 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 Greetings.

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 of, 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 correspondence 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 recently 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 subscribe 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 applause. 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 Sherbo of continued fighting between the Gallena and Tarnet tribes. The slaughter on both sides is very great. The prisoners were either killed immediately or put to horrible tortures.

The news from the Transvaal is of an important character this morning. Martial law has been proclaimed by the Triumvirate, Gov. Bellair, at Potchefstroom, is closely besieged 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 attempts to rouse the bloodthirsty spirit meets with but slight success. The continual departure of the troops shows that the Government 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 remaining Independent Liberals; silences the most dangerous critic on South African affairs, and secures an advocate of the Land Bill.