

THE LATE FATHER FEA DI BRUNO.

A few days ago there passed away in Rome a notable person, one who has left his mark in a special manner on the Church in England, the Rector-General of the Pious Society of the Missions, the Very Rev. Father FEA DI BRUNO, known wherever the English tongue is spoken as the author of Catholic Belief, published by the firm of Burns and Oates, a book that has reached a circulation of over half a million, and is even now being translated into several foreign languages. Father FEA DI BRUNO was born at Alessandria in 1814, the second son of the Marchese FEA DI BRUNO, the head of a noble family of Piedmont. He studied at the University of Turin, and there took his degree of D. D. Ordained in 1838, he spent three more years in studying theology, and during that time occupied himself also in preaching retreats and visiting the prisons. Just at this time Vincent Pallotti was beginning in a small and humble way his foundation of the Pious Society of the Missions, and Father FEA DI BRUNO became one of the first disciples of this venerable servant of God. When Father Pallotti was asked by Cardinal Wiseman to send one of his sons to England Father FEA DI BRUNO was selected. He remained some time with Father Faber, and when the latter joined the Oratorians, he took up his abode at the Sardinian Chapel in Lincoln's Inn, whence he went forth to preach and give missions in all parts of London and its neighborhood. From the Sardinian Chapel he retired to Kensal Town, and there he started the mission at Highgate, where he hired a small house and established the first Catholic school in that part of the metropolis. On Sunday afternoons he would preach in the garden regardless of the stones thrown at him by the "Popery" roughs, though these assaults were often so violent as to compel him to retire into the house, where on one occasion his assailants barricaded him in, and he remained a prisoner until released by some friends. On another occasion the mob broke into the house and threw the furniture, books, and vestments out of the windows. Father FEA DI BRUNO was the first founder of the Mission at Barnet, and here he held his well known controversy with Dr. Cumming, and he was also at various times connected with the Missions at Baldwin's Gardens, Bunhill Row, and Mellor Street. But his greatest achievement lives in St. Peter's Italian Church, Hatton Garden, which is served by his own Community. For years he travelled all over the continent, suffering untold hardships and even imprisonment while collecting funds for his work; but he ultimately succeeded in raising over £4,000, with which this now flourishing mission was begun. Some years ago he was appointed Rector-General of his Community, and here his long and strenuous labors in the long and toilsome journey he undertook in the United States, as well as in South America, where he established many houses of the Pious Society; and at the time of his death he was busied with establishing another in the Congo Territory. Only last year he made a voyage to the United States, and in South America he returned to Rome in failing health, and though he frequently declared his death to be close at hand, he came at last very suddenly and unexpectedly by his children. On the Saturday he had a stroke of paralysis, and Thursday following he passed away, fortified by the last Sacraments and with the special blessing of the Holy Father.—London Weekly Register.

THE JOHNSTOWN DISASTER.

A MIRACLE. The associated press despatches furnish the following in regard to a miracle said to have occurred in connection with the terrible accident at Johnstown: The miracle, as it is called, that happened at the Cambria Hotel, in Johnstown, Pa., caused a tremendous sensation. A large number of persons, and, to put it mildly, the circumstances were really remarkable. May devotions were in progress on Friday night when the water descended on Cambria City. The church was filled with people, and when the congregation hastened to get out of the way, they succeeded as far as escaping from the interior is concerned, and in a few moments the water reaching fifteen feet up the sides and swirling around the corners furiously. The building was wrecked, the beams were torn out, and outside, was fairly dismantled. Yesterday morning, when an entrance was forced through the blocked doorway, the ruin appeared to be complete. One objectionable had escaped the water's wrath. The statue of the Blessed Virgin that had been decorated because of May devotions was as unscathed as the day it was made. The flowers, the wreaths, the lace veil, were undisturbed and unsoiled. Not a wrinkle was observable in its outlines. The marks on the wall showed that around the statue, which is three feet high, the surface of the water had risen to a height of fifteen feet, while the statue had been saved from all contact with the liquid. Every one that has seen the statue and its surroundings is miraculously convinced that the accident was a miraculous one, and even to the most skeptical the affair savors of the supernatural. There are about thirty Catholic priests and nuns here. The Sisters are devoting themselves to the care of the sick and injured in the hospitals, while the priests are doing anything and everything, making themselves generally useful. Bishop Phelan, who reached here on Sunday evening returned to Pittsburgh on the 3 o'clock train yesterday. He organized the Catholic forces in this neighborhood and all are devoting themselves to hard work assiduously.

Messrs. Parker & Laird of Hillsdale, writes: Our Mr. Laird having occasion to visit Scotland, and knowing the excellent qualities of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, concluded to take some with him, and the result has been very astonishing. We may say that in several instances it has effected cures when ailments had been pronounced incurable by eminent practitioners.

THE NEW PLANTATION SCHEME.

The scheme for evicting Catholic tenants in the south of Ireland, from the houses which they have built, and their improvements, and planting Protestants in their stead, is going bravely on. There is only one little difficulty in the way. Captain Bullock announces that this new plan of conquering the Home Rulers only wants some money to make it a complete success. A paltry sum will finish the job, only £40,000. To get this he thus appeals through the columns of the Times to Coercionists in general. "In fighting the great Unionist campaign we spend large sums in organizations, in electioneering, in police and military forces. The war is long and ineluctable, and a constant drain on our resources. Instead of carrying on the contest in this desultory fashion it is not better generalship for us all to make a determined effort now, and by raising this £40,000 now terminate the struggle and drain once for all! "To ensure the result only £40,000 are now required. There seems no good reason why a moderate rate of interest should not be paid on the loan which has for security the tenants' holdings, and ultimately the capital will be returned in full. However that may be in its commercial aspect, £40,000 seems a small amount for the country to raise to achieve such an important political result. Only £40,000 more are needed. The Unionists, being a majority of the United Kingdom, must number nineteen or twenty millions. They include in their ranks a very large proportion of the educated and the wealthy. If amongst these £40,000 cannot be raised for such an object, a sum subscribed by the other side as a mere gift to Mr. Parnell, it would be becoming for the richest nation in the world to cease boasting of its wealth and for the English people to cease airing their patriotism on platforms. "It is estimated that £40,000 would cover the difference between the landlords and tenants on the estates on which the "Plan of Campaign" is now being carried on, the estates on which alone the new plantation is to be effected; and it certainly cannot be supposed that even with this sum there can be a complete displacement effected. Thus the promoters of the new movement virtually admit that it is more costly to landlords themselves to get new tenants with all the inducement of stepping into houses which have been built by the present occupants, than to do justice to those who have built the houses and otherwise improved the farms by the sweat of their brow. "If a bonus of £40,000 is needed in order to induce new tenants to accept these holdings, why should not the present occupants be the first considered? The avowal that this is required is of itself sufficient evidence that the demand for lower rents is based on the strictest justice, as it proves that the present rents are far above what any tenant can make out of the property. The tenants, however, may console themselves with the reflection that the present plans of Lord Massarene and Messrs. Russell and Bullock must necessarily end in failure. If they succeeded they would be an indictment to a repetition of all the species of agrarian outrage which have been committed in the past, but they must result in failure on the fact that Protestant tenants will be as unable as the present Catholic tenants to pay more than a fair rent. Prudence and justice alike condemn the entire new plantation movement.

PENNIES FOR THE PLATE.

"One can never go to church but he is bothered about money." This is the sort of thing you hear a thousand times over in the course of the year. It is always said particularly by the speakers at many men's people so well dressed and well fed and comfortable looking that you conclude they do not suffer much by what they are bothered out of. There is nothing very much meaner than a mean critic of a good man. There is no nobler specimen of humankind than the hard-working Catholic priest, whose whole life is a career of self-sacrifice. All the joys and pleasures that attach to life he foregoes. Lonely, save for the consolations God bestows, he gives himself with all the earnestness of his heart and all his strength of mind and body to the service of the Church; nor does he look reward as his family preference or any reward save that which is not of this world. And how does he serve the Church? By laboring all his life through to make us better men and women. In our hearts and minds he finds the field for his efforts. We realize the faults of his culture, and our children realize them, and the laborer, what is his wage? A consciousness of duty done and some times the consolation which abides in the thought that he owes the gratitude of some he has striven for, and for whom, were the need to arise, he would lay down everything, even his life. Every one of us knows that this is the simple truth. Now a parish is a bit of machinery that requires a lot of lubricating. The church, the schools, the poor, the sick, and even the priest's baker are wheels and shafts whose bearings cannot be kept from squeaking unless the momentary oil-can be used. If a man works for us, we must supply him with materials. When a priest is directing a parish, he is running our machine. Surely, then, we are bound to supply him means to prevent it breaking down. To this end he needs the oil of our good will and sympathy; but he also requires the lubricating power which lies in dollars and cents. There is nothing sordid of our duty to extend to him. When the parish priest asks money, it is not for his behalf, but to promote the interests of the parish. That is a very pitiable individual which wars against its own welfare by resenting such an appeal. But it is a very common character. It can be met waiting near the church door on Sunday after Mass, when a collection has been asked—self-satisfied, pompous, generally with an ample supply of cuffs and collar, full of elegance touching "how it is always the money question." Such are just the people who rarely drop anything but pennies into the plate; but if occasionally they give a dollar or so towards a special work, they do so with as much

flourish as if it were at least ten or twenty. They are indeed the mean critics. Then, let us all give with a good heart toward our church, according to each one's means, be they large or small. In this respect the Church leaves us absolute freedom, so that all are free to exercise their own judgment in the matter.—From the Lamp.

LATEST CATHOLIC NEWS.

Denver is building a Catholic cathedral which will cost \$300,000. A Provincial Council was recently held in Cincinnati, which was attended by all the Bishops of the Province, Archbishop Eller presiding. Mr. J. W. Hellman has presented \$20,000 to the Bishop of Los Angeles towards the erection of a new orphan asylum which will be under charge of the Sisters of Charity.

It is intended to replace the Jesuits' college of Detroit by a magnificent new stone-fronted building three stories high with a frontage of 266 feet. The cost of the new structure will be \$100,000. The Duke of Norfolk recently laid the foundation stone of a new Catholic church at Wareham, England. The church will be a handsome Gothic structure, under charge of the Passionist Fathers.

The Very Rev. A. Van de Vyver, V. G. of the diocese of Richmond, has been appointed bishop of that See, by the Holy Father, to succeed Bishop Keane, the Rector of the new Catholic University at Washington. The Russian agent, Mr. Iwolski, has lately renewed negotiations with the Cardinal Secretary of State of the Vatican. It is expected that one of the results will be the extension of an amnesty to the exiled Bishop of Wilna.

The Dominican Nuns are about to establish a convent at Ayr in Scotland. The order was established in Ayr before the Reformation, but this is their first establishment since the Reformation, so called. One of the most devoted members of the Sisters of Charity in Kingston died recently in the House of Providence in that city, Sister Melania. She was twenty-two years of age. Her loss is deeply felt in the community. May she rest in peace.

A parochial school is to be erected in Orange, diocese of Newark, N. J., at a cost of \$50,000. It is intended that the school shall be in every respect a model structure, and all modern improvements to secure the comfort of the children will be adopted in its erection. Catholic pilgrims to the Holy Land are contributing towards the rebuilding of the Church and Convent of the Transfiguration on Mount Tabor. Owing to the cheapness of labor, the cost will not exceed \$25,000, of which sum \$18,000 have already been contributed.

The whole Catholic population of New England, by the latest data is, in Maine, 70,000; New Hampshire, 50,000; Vermont, 100,000; Massachusetts, 715,000; Rhode Island, 150,000; Connecticut, 175,000; a total of 1,248,000, in a population of 4,000,000 in 1880.

Bishop Marty, of Dakota, has been officially appointed by the Interior Department as one of the Chippewa Commissioners. The Chippewa Reservation comprises 36 townships, 3 miles North-West from St. Paul. There are there 5,939 Indians, of whom 2,950 are Catholics.

The Toronto Globe, in answer to a correspondent, places the number of Catholics in the world at 150,000,000. Twenty-five years ago the Civita Cattolica made an estimate founded on official statistics furnished by the diocese of the world, and the number reached over 205,000,000. The increase since then making the number now up to at least 240,000,000 or 250,000,000.

The many admirers of Rev. Arnold Damen, S. J., who preached so many successful retreats through Canada as well as the United States, will regret to learn that he was stricken with paralysis recently at Evanston, Wyoming Territory. He is far advanced in years, as he celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his admission to the Jesuit order in November 1837.

A few years ago the whole of the property of Napoleon III. at Biarritz was sold unreservedly by the Basque Parliament, with the sole exception of the Imperial chapel, which has remained the property of the Imperial family. This chapel is situated at Biarritz. In reference to the express desire of the Emperor, the chapel has lately been put into repair at a cost of some £500.

There are 23,580 precious manuscripts in the Vatican library. Among them the most valued is the celebrated Codex Vaticanus, the oldest manuscript copy of the New Testament extant, with the exception of the Codex Sinaiticus, which was discovered by Dr. Tischendorf in the Convent of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai in 1859. Both of these manuscripts belong to the beginning of the fourth century.

Archbishop Seghers did a grand apostolic work on the west coast of Vancouver Island while in charge of that diocese. On his first visit he baptized 881 children, and put the coast under charge of four priests who devoted themselves to the task of converting the savages. One of these priests, Father Brabant, was attacked by a savage chief and almost mortally wounded, and left for dead by the woods. Father Brabant still bears the marks on his person, but he is laboring yet in his arduous work.

The De Pere (Wis.) Standard, a Dutch journal, says: "Although the Protestant religion had been for a long time the established religion of Holland, and the Catholic Church had always been persecuted, still the number of vocations to the priesthood in that country far exceeds the demand." The Protestant Churches cannot find candidates to fill their vacant parishes which now number 370. If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Gares' Worm Exterminator; safe, sure, and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

TOLERATION.

United Ireland, June 8. There is too much toleration of evil, too little intolerance. It is no ordinary political struggle we are engaged in. Our opponents don't rely on force or reason. Their arguments are the stone cell, the plank bed, the prison skilly, the crow-bar, the petroleum can, and the battering ram. Are we to be hindered from at least speaking out boldly in reply and calling men and things by their true names? This is no time for meek tongued moderation. There is no since for the lukewarm in a struggle like this. The innate courtesy of the Irish people stands in their way—"It cannot be but we are pigeon-livered and lack gall to make oppression bitter."

To imprisonment and eviction we reply with polite remonstrance. Lord Lansdowne, for example, despoils a country side from its wretched vindictiveness and a desire to stand well with the Government. He makes humble homes desolate, in trifling instalments of thirty at a time. One's heart bleeds to read of the horrors enacted at Luggacurran. The army of invasion is encouraged to violence and outrage. The author thinks judiciously when the poor peasants are assailed. We cannot be surprised that such licence has borne evil fruit; and we read of a peasant girl ravished on the roadside by the forces of the Crown imported into the district to vindicate the law. For these horrors the Most Noble the Marquis of Lansdowne is responsible. The evictions are carried out in his name and by his authority. He has made a peaceful, smiling valley desolate. He has broken up happy homes. He has, in sheer wanton cruelty, made hundreds of fathers and mothers and poor little children miserable. Yet we must speak of him with respectful courtesy, because he is a Most Noble Marquis, and the representative in India of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. So with the brave Balfour. Few men in history have shown themselves at once so cowardly, so mean, and so cruel as this man. It drives one half mad to think of the misery this wretched creature has had the power to inflict. Under his orders poor John Mandeville was murdered in jail by his creature, Barr, more cruelly than if steel or poison were employed. When the public awoke to the iniquity of the proceeding it was suddenly discovered there was no objection to dispensing with the prison rule that forbade execution by the sword. Hundreds of brave and honest men were brought to death's door and had the seeds of fatal diseases sown in furtherance of his noble policy. William O'Brien has to escape from death to Nice and John Dillon to the Antipodes. Thousands of humbler victims have had their health broken and their lives ruined by his savagery. Not a passion or bigotry urged the brave Balfour to these excesses. For a man so blinded there might be some excuse. With him it was a mere device of political expedience. It was a cold-blooded policy to break down political agitation, to kill or conquer his political opponents by all means. With unfeeling hypocrisy, that deceived neither himself or other men, he made pretence to believe that John Dillon, Wm. O'Brien, Father McFadden, and men like them, were ordinary criminals of the rank of the pick-pocket or the burglar, and with a cowardice that fairly creaked his cruelty, he framed some lying excuse to abandon his miserable policy the moment an enlightened public indignation made it dangerous. What is he that so many thousands, infinitely more worthy than himself, should be tortured to pleasure him? He is nephew of the Prime Minister, Chief Secretary of Ireland, a lip-pant and fluent debater, and it is rude we are told, to apply rough terms to a gentleman in his position. So with the whole gang of Coercionists and evictors, and their tools, the Crown prosecutors, emergency-men, and Removables, we must be polite to them all. In society and in public we must respect their position. Neither the Packer, a quondam Catholic and Nationalist, striven hard to murder (we don't mind our words) one of the best and noblest of Catholic priests by a packed jury in due process of law, but surely a little incident of that kind should not diminish our reverence for a highly respectable gentleman who lives in Merrion-square, and is Irish Attorney-General to His Majesty. We have had about enough of this sham. These very respectable folk have trafficked too long on the patience of the Irish people. It is time the people made their power felt. The suffering must not be altogether on the people's side. In the midst of this wild saturnalia of savage injustice, while pious are clamoured against, and the good comes made desolate, the licensed criminals dare to preach moderation and morality to us. The meager instruments shelter themselves under the plea of duty. The assassin who plies his knife for pay might as well plead duty to his respectable employer. He, too, is hired to do his work effectively, and does it. There are a class of men whose conscience requires the stimulant of public loathing and contempt. It is for the people to distinguish between their friends and enemies, and draw the line sharp and clear. This is no political controversy now, but a social war waged on the side of the Coercionists and exterminators with their relentless savagery. Moderation and liberality are the virtues of a time of peace—"In six months when'll the people be, If leaders look on Revolution As by petty torments, they will be, Just social elements in solution; This mining things does well enough When war is cool down and comes to writing. But while it's making, the true stuff."

There is no time for meek tongued moderation. There is no since for the lukewarm in a struggle like this. The innate courtesy of the Irish people stands in their way—"It cannot be but we are pigeon-livered and lack gall to make oppression bitter."

To imprisonment and eviction we reply with polite remonstrance. Lord Lansdowne, for example, despoils a country side from its wretched vindictiveness and a desire to stand well with the Government. He makes humble homes desolate, in trifling instalments of thirty at a time. One's heart bleeds to read of the horrors enacted at Luggacurran. The army of invasion is encouraged to violence and outrage. The author thinks judiciously when the poor peasants are assailed. We cannot be surprised that such licence has borne evil fruit; and we read of a peasant girl ravished on the roadside by the forces of the Crown imported into the district to vindicate the law. For these horrors the Most Noble the Marquis of Lansdowne is responsible. The evictions are carried out in his name and by his authority. He has made a peaceful, smiling valley desolate. He has broken up happy homes. He has, in sheer wanton cruelty, made hundreds of fathers and mothers and poor little children miserable. Yet we must speak of him with respectful courtesy, because he is a Most Noble Marquis, and the representative in India of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. So with the brave Balfour. Few men in history have shown themselves at once so cowardly, so mean, and so cruel as this man. It drives one half mad to think of the misery this wretched creature has had the power to inflict. Under his orders poor John Mandeville was murdered in jail by his creature, Barr, more cruelly than if steel or poison were employed. When the public awoke to the iniquity of the proceeding it was suddenly discovered there was no objection to dispensing with the prison rule that forbade execution by the sword. Hundreds of brave and honest men were brought to death's door and had the seeds of fatal diseases sown in furtherance of his noble policy. William O'Brien has to escape from death to Nice and John Dillon to the Antipodes. Thousands of humbler victims have had their health broken and their lives ruined by his savagery. Not a passion or bigotry urged the brave Balfour to these excesses. For a man so blinded there might be some excuse. With him it was a mere device of political expedience. It was a cold-blooded policy to break down political agitation, to kill or conquer his political opponents by all means. With unfeeling hypocrisy, that deceived neither himself or other men, he made pretence to believe that John Dillon, Wm. O'Brien, Father McFadden, and men like them, were ordinary criminals of the rank of the pick-pocket or the burglar, and with a cowardice that fairly creaked his cruelty, he framed some lying excuse to abandon his miserable policy the moment an enlightened public indignation made it dangerous. What is he that so many thousands, infinitely more worthy than himself, should be tortured to pleasure him? He is nephew of the Prime Minister, Chief Secretary of Ireland, a lip-pant and fluent debater, and it is rude we are told, to apply rough terms to a gentleman in his position. So with the whole gang of Coercionists and evictors, and their tools, the Crown prosecutors, emergency-men, and Removables, we must be polite to them all. In society and in public we must respect their position. Neither the Packer, a quondam Catholic and Nationalist, striven hard to murder (we don't mind our words) one of the best and noblest of Catholic priests by a packed jury in due process of law, but surely a little incident of that kind should not diminish our reverence for a highly respectable gentleman who lives in Merrion-square, and is Irish Attorney-General to His Majesty. We have had about enough of this sham. These very respectable folk have trafficked too long on the patience of the Irish people. It is time the people made their power felt. The suffering must not be altogether on the people's side. In the midst of this wild saturnalia of savage injustice, while pious are clamoured against, and the good comes made desolate, the licensed criminals dare to preach moderation and morality to us. The meager instruments shelter themselves under the plea of duty. The assassin who plies his knife for pay might as well plead duty to his respectable employer. He, too, is hired to do his work effectively, and does it. There are a class of men whose conscience requires the stimulant of public loathing and contempt. It is for the people to distinguish between their friends and enemies, and draw the line sharp and clear. This is no political controversy now, but a social war waged on the side of the Coercionists and exterminators with their relentless savagery. Moderation and liberality are the virtues of a time of peace—"In six months when'll the people be, If leaders look on Revolution As by petty torments, they will be, Just social elements in solution; This mining things does well enough When war is cool down and comes to writing. But while it's making, the true stuff."

There is no time for meek tongued moderation. There is no since for the lukewarm in a struggle like this. The innate courtesy of the Irish people stands in their way—"It cannot be but we are pigeon-livered and lack gall to make oppression bitter."

To imprisonment and eviction we reply with polite remonstrance. Lord Lansdowne, for example, despoils a country side from its wretched vindictiveness and a desire to stand well with the Government. He makes humble homes desolate, in trifling instalments of thirty at a time. One's heart bleeds to read of the horrors enacted at Luggacurran. The army of invasion is encouraged to violence and outrage. The author thinks judiciously when the poor peasants are assailed. We cannot be surprised that such licence has borne evil fruit; and we read of a peasant girl ravished on the roadside by the forces of the Crown imported into the district to vindicate the law. For these horrors the Most Noble the Marquis of Lansdowne is responsible. The evictions are carried out in his name and by his authority. He has made a peaceful, smiling valley desolate. He has broken up happy homes. He has, in sheer wanton cruelty, made hundreds of fathers and mothers and poor little children miserable. Yet we must speak of him with respectful courtesy, because he is a Most Noble Marquis, and the representative in India of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. So with the brave Balfour. Few men in history have shown themselves at once so cowardly, so mean, and so cruel as this man. It drives one half mad to think of the misery this wretched creature has had the power to inflict. Under his orders poor John Mandeville was murdered in jail by his creature, Barr, more cruelly than if steel or poison were employed. When the public awoke to the iniquity of the proceeding it was suddenly discovered there was no objection to dispensing with the prison rule that forbade execution by the sword. Hundreds of brave and honest men were brought to death's door and had the seeds of fatal diseases sown in furtherance of his noble policy. William O'Brien has to escape from death to Nice and John Dillon to the Antipodes. Thousands of humbler victims have had their health broken and their lives ruined by his savagery. Not a passion or bigotry urged the brave Balfour to these excesses. For a man so blinded there might be some excuse. With him it was a mere device of political expedience. It was a cold-blooded policy to break down political agitation, to kill or conquer his political opponents by all means. With unfeeling hypocrisy, that deceived neither himself or other men, he made pretence to believe that John Dillon, Wm. O'Brien, Father McFadden, and men like them, were ordinary criminals of the rank of the pick-pocket or the burglar, and with a cowardice that fairly creaked his cruelty, he framed some lying excuse to abandon his miserable policy the moment an enlightened public indignation made it dangerous. What is he that so many thousands, infinitely more worthy than himself, should be tortured to pleasure him? He is nephew of the Prime Minister, Chief Secretary of Ireland, a lip-pant and fluent debater, and it is rude we are told, to apply rough terms to a gentleman in his position. So with the whole gang of Coercionists and evictors, and their tools, the Crown prosecutors, emergency-men, and Removables, we must be polite to them all. In society and in public we must respect their position. Neither the Packer, a quondam Catholic and Nationalist, striven hard to murder (we don't mind our words) one of the best and noblest of Catholic priests by a packed jury in due process of law, but surely a little incident of that kind should not diminish our reverence for a highly respectable gentleman who lives in Merrion-square, and is Irish Attorney-General to His Majesty. We have had about enough of this sham. These very respectable folk have trafficked too long on the patience of the Irish people. It is time the people made their power felt. The suffering must not be altogether on the people's side. In the midst of this wild saturnalia of savage injustice, while pious are clamoured against, and the good comes made desolate, the licensed criminals dare to preach moderation and morality to us. The meager instruments shelter themselves under the plea of duty. The assassin who plies his knife for pay might as well plead duty to his respectable employer. He, too, is hired to do his work effectively, and does it. There are a class of men whose conscience requires the stimulant of public loathing and contempt. It is for the people to distinguish between their friends and enemies, and draw the line sharp and clear. This is no political controversy now, but a social war waged on the side of the Coercionists and exterminators with their relentless savagery. Moderation and liberality are the virtues of a time of peace—"In six months when'll the people be, If leaders look on Revolution As by petty torments, they will be, Just social elements in solution; This mining things does well enough When war is cool down and comes to writing. But while it's making, the true stuff."

There is no time for meek tongued moderation. There is no since for the lukewarm in a struggle like this. The innate courtesy of the Irish people stands in their way—"It cannot be but we are pigeon-livered and lack gall to make oppression bitter."

To imprisonment and eviction we reply with polite remonstrance. Lord Lansdowne, for example, despoils a country side from its wretched vindictiveness and a desire to stand well with the Government. He makes humble homes desolate, in trifling instalments of thirty at a time. One's heart bleeds to read of the horrors enacted at Luggacurran. The army of invasion is encouraged to violence and outrage. The author thinks judiciously when the poor peasants are assailed. We cannot be surprised that such licence has borne evil fruit; and we read of a peasant girl ravished on the roadside by the forces of the Crown imported into the district to vindicate the law. For these horrors the Most Noble the Marquis of Lansdowne is responsible. The evictions are carried out in his name and by his authority. He has made a peaceful, smiling valley desolate. He has broken up happy homes. He has, in sheer wanton cruelty, made hundreds of fathers and mothers and poor little children miserable. Yet we must speak of him with respectful courtesy, because he is a Most Noble Marquis, and the representative in India of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. So with the brave Balfour. Few men in history have shown themselves at once so cowardly, so mean, and so cruel as this man. It drives one half mad to think of the misery this wretched creature has had the power to inflict. Under his orders poor John Mandeville was murdered in jail by his creature, Barr, more cruelly than if steel or poison were employed. When the public awoke to the iniquity of the proceeding it was suddenly discovered there was no objection to dispensing with the prison rule that forbade execution by the sword. Hundreds of brave and honest men were brought to death's door and had the seeds of fatal diseases sown in furtherance of his noble policy. William O'Brien has to escape from death to Nice and John Dillon to the Antipodes. Thousands of humbler victims have had their health broken and their lives ruined by his savagery. Not a passion or bigotry urged the brave Balfour to these excesses. For a man so blinded there might be some excuse. With him it was a mere device of political expedience. It was a cold-blooded policy to break down political agitation, to kill or conquer his political opponents by all means. With unfeeling hypocrisy, that deceived neither himself or other men, he made pretence to believe that John Dillon, Wm. O'Brien, Father McFadden, and men like them, were ordinary criminals of the rank of the pick-pocket or the burglar, and with a cowardice that fairly creaked his cruelty, he framed some lying excuse to abandon his miserable policy the moment an enlightened public indignation made it dangerous. What is he that so many thousands, infinitely more worthy than himself, should be tortured to pleasure him? He is nephew of the Prime Minister, Chief Secretary of Ireland, a lip-pant and fluent debater, and it is rude we are told, to apply rough terms to a gentleman in his position. So with the whole gang of Coercionists and evictors, and their tools, the Crown prosecutors, emergency-men, and Removables, we must be polite to them all. In society and in public we must respect their position. Neither the Packer, a quondam Catholic and Nationalist, striven hard to murder (we don't mind our words) one of the best and noblest of Catholic priests by a packed jury in due process of law, but surely a little incident of that kind should not diminish our reverence for a highly respectable gentleman who lives in Merrion-square, and is Irish Attorney-General to His Majesty. We have had about enough of this sham. These very respectable folk have trafficked too long on the patience of the Irish people. It is time the people made their power felt. The suffering must not be altogether on the people's side. In the midst of this wild saturnalia of savage injustice, while pious are clamoured against, and the good comes made desolate, the licensed criminals dare to preach moderation and morality to us. The meager instruments shelter themselves under the plea of duty. The assassin who plies his knife for pay might as well plead duty to his respectable employer. He, too, is hired to do his work effectively, and does it. There are a class of men whose conscience requires the stimulant of public loathing and contempt. It is for the people to distinguish between their friends and enemies, and draw the line sharp and clear. This is no political controversy now, but a social war waged on the side of the Coercionists and exterminators with their relentless savagery. Moderation and liberality are the virtues of a time of peace—"In six months when'll the people be, If leaders look on Revolution As by petty torments, they will be, Just social elements in solution; This mining things does well enough When war is cool down and comes to writing. But while it's making, the true stuff."

There is no time for meek tongued moderation. There is no since for the lukewarm in a struggle like this. The innate courtesy of the Irish people stands in their way—"It cannot be but we are pigeon-livered and lack gall to make oppression bitter."

To imprisonment and eviction we reply with polite remonstrance. Lord Lansdowne, for example, despoils a country side from its wretched vindictiveness and a desire to stand well with the Government. He makes humble homes desolate, in trifling instalments of thirty at a time. One's heart bleeds to read of the horrors enacted at Luggacurran. The army of invasion is encouraged to violence and outrage. The author thinks judiciously when the poor peasants are assailed. We cannot be surprised that such licence has borne evil fruit; and we read of a peasant girl ravished on the roadside by the forces of the Crown imported into the district to vindicate the law. For these horrors the Most Noble the Marquis of Lansdowne is responsible. The evictions are carried out in his name and by his authority. He has made a peaceful, smiling valley desolate. He has broken up happy homes. He has, in sheer wanton cruelty, made hundreds of fathers and mothers and poor little children miserable. Yet we must speak of him with respectful courtesy, because he is a Most Noble Marquis, and the representative in India of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. So with the brave Balfour. Few men in history have shown themselves at once so cowardly, so mean, and so cruel as this man. It drives one half mad to think of the misery this wretched creature has had the power to inflict. Under his orders poor John Mandeville was murdered in jail by his creature, Barr, more cruelly than if steel or poison were employed. When the public awoke to the iniquity of the proceeding it was suddenly discovered there was no objection to dispensing with the prison rule that forbade execution by the sword. Hundreds of brave and honest men were brought to death's door and had the seeds of fatal diseases sown in furtherance of his noble policy. William O'Brien has to escape from death to Nice and John Dillon to the Antipodes. Thousands of humbler victims have had their health broken and their lives ruined by his savagery. Not a passion or bigotry urged the brave Balfour to these excesses. For a man so blinded there might be some excuse. With him it was a mere device of political expedience. It was a cold-blooded policy to break down political agitation, to kill or conquer his political opponents by all means. With unfeeling hypocrisy, that deceived neither himself or other men, he made pretence to believe that John Dillon, Wm. O'Brien, Father McFadden, and men like them, were ordinary criminals of the rank of the pick-pocket or the burglar, and with a cowardice that fairly creaked his cruelty, he framed some lying excuse to abandon his miserable policy the moment an enlightened public indignation made it dangerous. What is he that so many thousands, infinitely more worthy than himself, should be tortured to pleasure him? He is nephew of the Prime Minister, Chief Secretary of Ireland, a lip-pant and fluent debater, and it is rude we are told, to apply rough terms to a gentleman in his position. So with the whole gang of Coercionists and evictors, and their tools, the Crown prosecutors, emergency-men, and Removables, we must be polite to them all. In society and in public we must respect their position. Neither the Packer, a quondam Catholic and Nationalist, striven hard to murder (we don't mind our words) one of the best and noblest of Catholic priests by a packed jury in due process of law, but surely a little incident of that kind should not diminish our reverence for a highly respectable gentleman who lives in Merrion-square, and is Irish Attorney-General to His Majesty. We have had about enough of this sham. These very respectable folk have trafficked too long on the patience of the Irish people. It is time the people made their power felt. The suffering must not be altogether on the people's side. In the midst of this wild saturnalia of savage injustice, while pious are clamoured against, and the good comes made desolate, the licensed criminals dare to preach moderation and morality to us. The meager instruments shelter themselves under the plea of duty. The assassin who plies his knife for pay might as well plead duty to his respectable employer. He, too, is hired to do his work effectively, and does it. There are a class of men whose conscience requires the stimulant of public loathing and contempt. It is for the people to distinguish between their friends and enemies, and draw the line sharp and clear. This is no political controversy now, but a social war waged on the side of the Coercionists and exterminators with their relentless savagery. Moderation and liberality are the virtues of a time of peace—"In six months when'll the people be, If leaders look on Revolution As by petty torments, they will be, Just social elements in solution; This mining things does well enough When war is cool down and comes to writing. But while it's making, the true stuff."

There is no time for meek tongued moderation. There is no since for the lukewarm in a struggle like this. The innate courtesy of the Irish people stands in their way—"It cannot be but we are pigeon-livered and lack gall to make oppression bitter."

To imprisonment and eviction we reply with polite remonstrance. Lord Lansdowne, for example, despoils a country side from its wretched vindictiveness and a desire to stand well with the Government. He makes humble homes desolate, in trifling instalments of thirty at a time. One's heart bleeds to read of the horrors enacted at Luggacurran. The army of invasion is encouraged to violence and outrage. The author thinks judiciously when the poor peasants are assailed. We cannot be surprised that such licence has borne evil fruit; and we read of a peasant girl ravished on the roadside by the forces of the Crown imported into the district to vindicate the law. For these horrors the Most Noble the Marquis of Lansdowne is responsible. The evictions are carried out in his name and by his authority. He has made a peaceful, smiling valley desolate. He has broken up happy homes. He has, in sheer wanton cruelty, made hundreds of fathers and mothers and poor little children miserable. Yet we must speak of him with respectful courtesy, because he is a Most Noble Marquis, and the representative in India of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. So with the brave Balfour. Few men in history have shown themselves at once so cowardly, so mean, and so cruel as this man. It drives one half mad to think of the misery this wretched creature has had the power to inflict. Under his orders poor John Mandeville was murdered in jail by his creature, Barr, more cruelly than if steel or poison were employed. When the public awoke to the iniquity of the proceeding it was suddenly discovered there was no objection to dispensing with the prison rule that forbade execution by the sword. Hundreds of brave and honest men were brought to death's door and had the seeds of fatal diseases sown in furtherance of his noble policy. William O'Brien has to escape from death to Nice and John Dillon to the Antipodes. Thousands of humbler victims have had their health broken and their lives ruined by his savagery. Not a passion or bigotry urged the brave Balfour to these excesses. For a man so blinded there might be some excuse. With him it was a mere device of political expedience. It was a cold-blooded policy to break down political agitation, to kill or conquer his political opponents by all means. With unfeeling hypocrisy, that deceived neither himself or other men, he made pretence to believe that John Dillon, Wm. O'Brien, Father McFadden, and men like them, were ordinary criminals of the rank of the pick-pocket or the burglar, and with a cowardice that fairly creaked his cruelty, he framed some lying excuse to abandon his miserable policy the moment an enlightened public indignation made it dangerous. What is he that so many thousands, infinitely more worthy than himself, should be tortured to pleasure him? He is nephew of the Prime Minister, Chief Secretary of Ireland, a lip-pant and fluent debater, and it is rude we are told, to apply rough terms to a gentleman in his position. So with the whole gang of Coercionists and evictors, and their tools, the Crown prosecutors, emergency-men, and Removables, we must be polite to them all. In society and in public we must respect their position. Neither the Packer, a quondam Catholic and Nationalist, striven hard to murder (we don't mind our words) one of the best and noblest of Catholic priests by a packed jury in due process of law, but surely a little incident of that kind should not diminish our reverence for a highly respectable gentleman who lives in Merrion-square, and is Irish Attorney-General to His Majesty. We have had about enough of this sham. These very respectable folk have trafficked too long on the patience of the Irish people. It is time the people made their power felt. The suffering must not be altogether on the people's side. In the midst of this wild saturnalia of savage injustice, while pious are clamoured against, and the good comes made desolate, the licensed criminals dare to preach moderation and morality to us. The meager instruments shelter themselves under the plea of duty. The assassin who plies his knife for pay might as well plead duty to his respectable employer. He, too, is hired to do his work effectively, and does it. There are a class of men whose conscience requires the stimulant of public loathing and contempt. It is for the people to distinguish between their friends and enemies, and draw the line sharp and clear. This is no political controversy now, but a social war waged on the side of the Coercionists and exterminators with their relentless savagery. Moderation and liberality are the virtues of a time of peace—"In six months when'll the people be, If leaders look on Revolution As by petty torments, they will be, Just social elements in solution; This mining things does well enough When war is cool down and comes to writing. But while it's making, the true stuff."

There is no time for meek tongued moderation. There is no since for the lukewarm in a struggle like this. The innate courtesy of the Irish people stands in their way—"It cannot be but we are pigeon-livered and lack gall to make oppression bitter."

To imprisonment and eviction we reply with polite remonstrance. Lord Lansdowne, for example, despoils a country side from its wretched vindictiveness and a desire to stand well with the Government. He makes humble homes desolate, in trifling instalments of thirty at a time. One's heart bleeds to read of the horrors enacted at Luggacurran. The army of invasion is encouraged to violence and outrage. The author thinks judiciously when the poor peasants are assailed. We cannot be surprised that such licence has borne evil fruit; and we read of a peasant girl ravished on the roadside by the forces of the Crown imported into the district to vindicate the law. For these horrors the Most Noble the Marquis of Lansdowne is responsible. The evictions are carried out in his name and by his authority. He has made a peaceful, smiling valley desolate. He has broken up happy homes. He has, in sheer wanton cruelty, made hundreds of fathers and mothers and poor little children miserable. Yet we must speak of him with respectful courtesy, because he is a Most Noble Marquis, and the representative in India of her Most