



FATHER BURKE.

THE GREAT DOMINICAN IN LIVERPOOL.

The Church in its Relation to Irish Character.

SPLENDID ORATION.

The Very Rev. T. N. Burke, O.P., on Tuesday (Oct. 5) delivered a lecture at the League Hall, Liverpool, in aid of All Souls' Schools, Collingwood street. The subject was "the Catholic Church in its relation to the Irish Character." The evening was cold, wet, and dreary, and the streets, owing to the continuous rain, were covered with slush; yet the hall was crowded—a fact which clearly evidences the wonderful popularity of the great Dominican orator in Liverpool. On the motion of the Rev. M. Boggan the chair was taken by Mr. John Yates, and there were also present the Very Rev. Canon Harnett, (Buckingham), the Very Rev. Dean Kelly, the Revs R Caffrey, Francis J Soden, T Finegan, E Scott, J Irish, T Boylan, M Purcell, M Rea, W O'Reilly, Martin Ryan, R O'Keane, D Lyons, J Burke, M Kennedy, R Kennedy, Michael Ryan, J Kelly, P McNamee, B Davison, T Donnelly, S J; J Owens, S J; P Hassan, S J; E D Ross, OSB; J A Worden, OSB; J P Hall, OSB; F B Hutchison, OSB; O Burnis, OSB; Gaughren, O M I; J O'Donnell, J Buckley, D Sommer, D D; J P Wall, E Lynch, J Lennon, F Bonte, M O'Callaghan, J Nixon, T Tobin, J Dorran, J Aylward, W Rossett, and L Cosgrave; Captain Burke, Drs Bligh, Clarke and Canavan; Messrs F Kirby, M Hughes, J J Fitzpatrick, L Connolly, J Yates, B Hennin, P D Garton, O Rice, H Fox, J Byrne, F J McAdam, B McPolen, B Kane, J W Swiney and J Waldron.

Mr. Yates, in introducing the lecturer said he felt proud of the honor conferred on him in enabling him to sit beside a gentleman of world-wide renown. He did not intend to say one word in Father Burke's favor, because he felt incompetent to say anything that would adequately describe his merits. Father Burke, on rising to address the assemblage was received with repeated rounds of the heartiest applause. It was, he said, so long since he had had the privilege, or indeed the strength, to address so large an audience, that he now felt a certain sensation—he did not know what name to give it; he supposed he should not call it modesty because he was an Irishman (laughter and applause). Two things, however, encouraged him to overcome a certain twinge of nervousness to which he was formerly a stranger, but which unfortunately, latterly he sometimes felt. The first thing was that he was addressing an audience of his own kith and kin, flesh and blood (applause), and although it had been his privilege, as a Catholic priest, to speak in foreign lands, and to foreign peoples, yet there was somewhere deep in the recesses of his heart a drop of that heart's blood that was never so moved as when he had the happiness of seeing around him his own people and the children of his own soil (applause). The second reason, or argument—to forget himself or any little nervousness that he might naturally feel after a long sickness and a long and enforced retirement—was the glorious theme which he had come there, no matter how feeble, to discuss with them and to put before them that evening. It was a magnificent theme. It was enough to quicken the pulse of any man who had an idea in his mind or one of love in his heart. It was the character, the national features, the peculiar individuality of a whole people who, by the circumstances of time and fortune, had been developed into more than a nation—into a race, a great race that took its place not merely in this corner or that of the world, but amongst the great peoples, the great races, the mother peoples of the world, and that was the Irish race (applause)—a people who had spread themselves, who had been spread, driven to the farthest ends of the earth, but who yet had carried wherever their foot had trodden those peculiar individualizing characteristics that formed their national character (applause). It was to discuss the leading features of that national character, to try to bring them to their very source, to discover wherein that source lay, to try to lead them to their very highest source, namely, to the influences of the national religion, that he was before them that evening. As an Irishman he was not ashamed to speak of the national features of the Irish people; as a priest he was happy to be able to trace the most beautiful traits of that national character through the influences of that Divine religion for which Irishmen had lived, and for which Irishmen were known to battle, and to die during fourteen hundred years (applause). He would, perhaps, be met at the outset by the objection, that there were no such things as an Irish Catholic National character, or distinctive national features amongst the Irish race. "It is all both. You are just the same as any other people. Not a bit of difference between you and anybody else" (laughter). He would ask was there a human animal on two feet walking on the face of the earth that was more easily known and more clearly distinguished than an Irishman (loud laughter). "Six and twenty years ago—when he was quite

a youth, he might say—he spent four years—the first years of his priesthood—in England, and no one ever yet saw his face, or heard him open his mouth and speak one word without instantly turning round and saying, either good-naturedly or ill-naturedly, "Sir, you are an Irishman" (laughter). There was no mistaking it, the Almighty had branded it upon his face (laughter). He had put it upon every member of his body; He had, he hoped, imprinted it upon his soul; and certainly He had put it upon his tongue (laughter). Every nation, every great people, every people who deserved the name of a nation had its own national characteristics; and how easily they were known, and how perfectly distinguishable one from the other! For instance, take the ordinary Englishman and Frenchman, and put them side by side, and see how different they were. The Englishman was mainly and undemonstrative; he might feel ever so deeply, but he despised the idea of letting his feelings appear. When you touched a Frenchman he at once showed it. If you made the least joke he burst out laughing as if he never got leave to laugh before (cheers). If you touched him upon what he called susceptibility, it would seem as if you had put the greatest affront on him, whereas you might have simply jested. Again, let them take the Englishman and the Irishman; how different they were! One was so calm, collected, cold—so faithful to his own character; the other so impulsive, so quick of eye, so easily roused to flame with anger, so easily touched with pity and compassion, with a hand so ready to resent a blow or an injury, and a heart so capable the next moment of being cast down into the depths of sorrow for the blow that was given. And so in a thousand points we differed from each other as nation differed from nation. Nor should we despise or dislike those who thus differed from us. There was much that was admirable in the character of each nation; even in the very points in which we differed from one another there was much to admire, and nothing or very little to despise. No one who had studied the history of the world and of its peoples, and no one who had used his eyes with ordinary diligence in the experience of life would deny that there were certain very pronounced peculiar and distinct characteristics about the Irish people in which they differed from other nations, and which stamped upon them their national character. What, then, were these? When they had seen what some of them were, they should endeavour to find out whence they came to them or how they were fostered; how they grew from being mere notions or ideas into principles, from being principles, into habits of life, from being habits of life into the very nature so that they could not, even if they would, put them away from them. He held that one of the first distinguishing features of the Irish character was a certain power of realizing unseen things, of living for things that they had not seen, of making sacrifices for them, and loving them, and of realizing them as if they had seen them with their eyes and touched them with their hands. He found wherever he met an Irishman that he could touch him nearer, to his hearts core and rouse him to greater indignation or sorrow upon an argument regarding something unseen than if he were to lay before him the nearest and dearest instances of material life (applause). No matter how long he may have abandoned his native land and lived amongst strangers, the truth still remained, as told very lately by a distinguished historian, that the Irishman was born to be, not a materialist, but a believer in the unseen (applause). He never yet met a countryman of his that he was not able, for instance, to fall into a conversation with him about the devil (laughter). Neither of them saw the devil, and yet they entered in perfect seriousness into a consideration of him—the unfortunate wretch that was once raised so high—the first of God's angels—and was now so fallen through disobedience. He never met an Irishman that he could not speak to him about God, yet neither of them saw God. "The average Irishman would enter the first Catholic church he met, and kneel down before the altar, realizing as fully and as perfectly as if he had held in his hands the Lord God who was present in the hidden mystery of the Eucharist (applause). Now, this faculty of realizing the unseen, this faculty of Divine faith, was one of the leading features of the Irish character; and he was deeply sorry to say it was becoming every day a more distinctive feature in the Irish character, inasmuch as many more were every day losing, more and more their hold upon the supernatural and the unseen. Materialism, unwillingness, the apparent incapacity, to believe in anything more cannot see, seemed to be one of the growing evils of our age. He remembered reading some time ago how a French chaplain, speaking to a soldier, said to him in kindness, "My son, do you ever say a prayer at all, or do anything for your soul?" "Soul," said the other; "what do you mean?" "Oh! I mean," answered the clergyman, "the image of God that is in you." "Nonsense, man," said the soldier; "I have no soul, I never saw it." "And tell me, my son," replied the priest, "have you a heart?" "Oh, yes, yes," "Did you ever see it?" (laughter). "Have you brains in your head?" "Certainly." "Did you ever see them?" (laughter). "Out of this faculty of realizing the unseen arose two things to which he invited their attention briefly: First the excrecence, or growth—the over-growth—which came to any people who had this faculty. There was a tendency to grow or rather over-grow, into superstition. When a man was able easily to realize the truth of a thing that he has never seen, he had within him a faculty which might grow into superstition. And hence it was that Ireland, from time immemorial, was full of fables and phloges (laughter). And if a great tuft of grass was seen in a meadow, not only the children who were foolish, but also the old men and women would tell you that "the good people were dancing there" (laughter). If a child

was wasting away under some disease, the mother would be easily persuaded that it was not her child at all that was there (laughter), that her child being a beautiful baby, "the good people" got so fond of him that they took him away and left this sickly child in his place (laughter). He granted that these were superstitions, and that it was a pity they should exist, but what harm was there in them. He did not want to vindicate these customs on theological grounds, but if they led to the violation of no law of God or man, and brought no degradation to those that indulged in them, what harm did they do? When the Irish mother rocked the cradle of her child, and kissed his lips, and was full of joy, because she thought it was the angels who were whispering into the child's ear (applause). Could anything be more beautiful than that superstition, if he could call it a superstition. And why should not God's angels whisper into the ear of that child, who was regenerated by baptism, and as dear to God as any angel that bowed before His throne in Heaven? It was not all superstition because it had underlying it the grand and beautiful realization of an unseen creature of God. Another effect of this faculty—this Irish faculty of realizing the unseen was that everyone, no doubt, admitted to be a glorious, distinctive characteristic of the Irish people, namely, that when they left home, and went thousands of miles away to foreign lands and foreign continents, although mountain ranges and deep oceans might lie between them and the old father and mother that they left behind them at home; although climate might be changed, and language itself different, yet, after years and years of exile and of separation, those whom they had left upon the green sod in Ireland were present to their mind and to their hearts as on the day when they left them waiting at the railway station (applause). He had seen the old man and the old woman in the small towns and villages going into the flour merchant's, or the meat merchant's, or the grocer's, and running up their little accounts a pound or two pounds, without having a farthing in the world. How did they get the credit? The man behind the counter knew that on such a day or in such a month, Patsy's letter was to come home from Brooklyn or New York—Patsy who left Ireland, perhaps, twelve years before—Patsy who married in America and had a houseful of children. Some time ago an Irish exile wrote to him, "Do you remember me? We were at school together."

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WAS IT A PLOT.

The answer of the Chief Secretary for Ireland to Sir Stafford Northcote, in reference to the quality of the weapons with which Mr. Boyd's assailants were armed, naturally provoked inquiry as to the object of the late Government in supplying arms indiscriminately to all who chose to buy them. "I believe some of the rifles were sold before we came into office," said Mr. Forster dryly to the leader of Opposition, "but I have stopped the sale since; is there anything unreasonable in the enquiry, why were these rifles scattered broadcast in the first instance, and why, if it was judicious to scatter them, was the sale stopped? Thousands of those rifles and bayonets were sold at Chester at the low price of 2s. 6d. each, and again we naturally ask why? We know that antecedent to the union, not only was every facility afforded, but every provocation was employed to bring about a premature rebellion. Was it in contemplation to renew the scenes of '98 by placing weapons into the hands of a people going to desperation by wrong and suffering—who might rise in self-defence to be swept away by a superior and stronger force? The constitutional cry of the Irish people for justice was beginning to be heard throughout the civilized world, and the oligarchy of England shrank from the gaze of a public opinion which was being riveted on the wrongs of Ireland. The legal agitation which is being carried on unabated the bandages from the wounds of the country and exposed them in such a manner that some means should be had recourse to so as to smother the people's demand for justice. No more expeditious way could this be had than by inciting the people to acts of lawlessness. Whether this may be the inference deducible from the fact that arms were sold with the cognizance and at the behest of the Government can be only a matter for conjecture, but that deeper and more desperate plots have been laid, history but too faithfully records. Doubtless the matter will be sifted in the proper quarter, so that we may dismiss the subject for the present. That the people will carry on the agitation within the strict limits of the law, and avoid anything which could militate against the grand object for which the land war is being waged—the rooting of the people in the soil—we have not the least doubt. Truth and justice are on the side of the people—a promise is in the distance. The hope that brightens the spirits of a famishing people in their hour of trial is brightening into a glorious reality.—Westford People.

The English Government intends completely to evacuate Afghanistan, and totally abandon the country to the Afghans. The British troops will be withdrawn and marched into India. Cabul will be handed over to the Ameer, Abdurrahman, who will be made Governor of the city and of the district surrounding it. The Walf, Sher Ali, will be placed in Candahar as Governor to the town and adjacent country.

THE LAND WAR IN IRELAND.

GREAT DEMONSTRATION IN CORK.

Parnell the Leader of the Irish Nation.

TRIBUTES FROM ALL PARTS.

RESOLVE TO OUST THE LANDLORDS.

We abridge as follows the Dublin Freeman correspondent's report of the Cork demonstration of Sunday, 3rd October:—English and Continental pressmen swarmed in Cork to-day, and their universal verdict was that they never beheld such a torrent of enthusiasm. Before Mr. Parnell arrived at Blarney at one o'clock he travelled from Thurles by the American mail, accompanied by Messrs. T. P. O'Connor, M.P.; T. D. Sullivan, M.P.; W. H. O'Sullivan, M.P.; and P. Egan. The train pulled up by special arrangement to give Mr. Parnell an opportunity of alighting there. The station and its precincts were crowded with city and country folk, immense processions of cars stretched along the roads, and masses of horsemen covered the neighboring fields. Mr. Parnell's first greeting was the presentation to him of a beautiful bouquet on behalf of the farmers' wives of the county of Cork by half a dozen comely representatives of the class. Outside the station a remarkable and painful incident occurred, Mr. Parnell was conducted to a carriage in which Mr. E. Farrell, the chairman of the Cork branch of the Land League, and Mr. S. R. Heffernan, a prominent member of that body, were to accompany him. Messrs. John O'Brien and Timothy Cronin, the latter the secretary and the former a member of the Land League, all took their seats. No sooner were they seated than a body of young men surrounded the carriage, and while expressing the utmost good will for Mr. Parnell, prominently demanded that Messrs. O'Brien and Cronin should quit the carriage. These gentlemen it appears, were the proposer and seconder of a resolution passed by the Cork Land League (and afterwards rescinded) condemning in rather emphatic terms the recent aid for arms on board the steamship Juno at the Passage docks. After some altercation, the demand was complied with, and the carriage containing Mr. Parnell, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. Farrell, Mr. Heffernan, and Mr. O'Hea, solicitor, rolled on amidst cheers towards the village of Blarney. Messrs. O'Brien and Cronin were subsequently compelled to leave several carriages into which they had gotten, the object of their assailants being to compel them to walk. Eventually a compromise was concluded, by which Messrs. O'Brien and Cronin were allowed to proceed by a car. Mr. Cronin stated that he knows most of the men who attacked him, and that he will have them prosecuted. He stated also that the Nationalists were eventually overawed by a gathering of countrymen. At the village of Blarney, Mr. Parnell was met by the members of his election committee in Cork—Messrs. Daniel Ryan, T. C.; Terence McSwiney, T. C.; George Barry, T. C.; Alderman Dwyer, Thomas Tracey, T. C.; Thomas Gaddell, T. C.; John Kin, Paul Madden, Robert Barrington, and John B. Roche, who presented him with an address, of which the following are the more important passages:—

"We believe that we only give expression to the feelings of the vast majority of our fellow-citizens in tendering you our grateful thanks for the high honor conferred on us by your election to sit for Cork. It was with feelings of pride and exultation we learned that you had been selected for the leadership of the Irish Parliamentary party. We regret that a section of the Home Rulers, disregarding the decision of the majority, fanned themselves on the Government side, thus losing their distinctive character amidst the ranks of the English Liberals. We cannot conclude without expressing our admiration of the statesmanlike qualities you displayed during the late session. We were glad to see that you did not lose sight of the national question—the right of Ireland to her own Parliament, of which eighty years ago she was basely deprived, and nothing short of the restoration of which can ever make her sons contented and prosperous. We greet you as the regenerator of the Irish people, and we pray God you may be spared to do battle for the rights of our down-trodden country till your efforts shall at length be crowned with a great and glorious victory."

Mr. Parnell, in reply, said he felt deeply touched by their kindness in coming to meet him. He accepted their address as a proof that he still possessed the confidence of Cork. His words were cheered to the echo. An enormous procession of carriages and cars now stretched away for fully three miles to the city, closed by a magnificent body of a thousand farmers on horseback. The whole country side literally rose and poured themselves around the carriage of their hero. Already, before the city bounds were touched, while the whole beautiful city lay outspread in its woodland cradle underneath Prayer Hill, the crowd and the enthusiasm were marvellous, but this was coldness and solitude compared with what was coming. A monster city procession had been mustering its mighty strength all the morning on the Great Western road. At the borough boundary the Mayor of Cork (the Right Worshipful Patrick Kennedy) and the members of the Corporation, in their red and black robes, were there to welcome Mr. Parnell. The Corporation had agreed by special resolution to pay him this extraordinary mark of honor. In a scene of wild enthusiasm the carriages crushed on

through furling thousands of people until a halt could be called on Wellington-bridge. Here the Mayor, who was surrounded by his officers and the emblems of municipal dignity, and accompanied by Alderman Daly, M. P., and some fifteen aldermen and councillors, in their robes, presented the address of welcome from the Corporation. The following are the more important passages of the address:—

"We feel that words can but inadequately express our gratitude for the ability, earnestness, and untiring devotion you have employed in the performance of your onerous duties in the Parliamentary session just closed. We proffer you our thanks for your herculean exertions in the Irish cause. We congratulate you that owing to your indefatigable zeal the injustice of the laws regulating the sale and tenure of land in Ire and has been dragged before the light of the public opinion of the civilized world, and that a question so vitally bound up with the well-being and contentment of Ireland is, thanks to your exertions, approaching a solution. We trust you may be long spared to continue your noble devotion to our country's cause, and that it shall frequently be our pleasure to welcome you to Cork, in which it is our pride to rank you as an citizen."

Mr. Parnell, who has received with tremendous enthusiasm, and some cheers for the Irish Republic, said he could not venture to express to them the feelings of pride and gratification with which he received the address they had honored him with. The corporations of Ireland maintained the last relics of local government left in Ireland, and he believed that the way in which their municipality, among others, had upheld the right of Irishmen to self-government and had shown the political capacity of Irishmen for self-government would always form a strong argument in favour of the restoration to Ireland of her national rights of self-government (cheers).

A Voice—Three cheers for rebel Cork (cheers). A Voice—The Mayor is no Parnellite. Mr. Parnell again declared he felt very deeply the high honour, almost unprecedented for a member for the city of Cork to receive (cheers).

A Voice—You are an exceptional member. Mr. Parnell—I shall always recollect the honour to the last hour of my life as one of the greatest which I ever have received or ever hope to receive (great cheering).

The city procession then began to defile. It extended for nearly two miles of solid ranks of men under magnificent trade banners, and stirred by the music of some twenty brass bands. The city trades mustered as they had never mustered in Cork within living memory. More wonderful even than the numbers and physique of the men were their admirable order and the steadiness with which they rolled forward through the endless multitudes seething around them. Mr. Parnell's carriage, which fell in after the carriages of the Corporation, was the centre of attraction when it reached the city. He was the object of little short of idolatry. Every window was packed with people, mostly ladies. Young ladies crowded even to the roofs, waving their handkerchiefs. Mr. Parnell for miles of streets had to stand up in the carriage, bowing his thanks for the thousands of marks of favour he received from the windows and roofs of the houses. As for the multitudes in the streets, their enthusiasm was at times perfectly delirious. They offered times innumerable to take the horses from under the carriage; in fact, their enthusiasm would have gone the length of flinging themselves under the horses' feet. Street after street the same wonderful spectacle was repeated. The whole population was plunged in the fever. Mr. Parnell was perfectly overwhelmed by bouquets of flowers presented by fair hands; others flourishing huge Champions potatoes on the top of sticks, in allusion to Mr. Parnell's exertions for the people. The Typographical Society presented him with a beautiful reprint on white satin of Miss Fanny Parnell's Hymn of the Land League. His whole progress, such as no public man that has ever been received in Ireland within this generation. Any computation of numbers must be an exceedingly rough guess, but considering that thousands came by excursion trains from Kerry and Waterford, and many thousands more flocked in by rail and car from every part of the county, and considering that, literally, the entire city population had descended into the streets, it was very sure to mark in saying that a hundred thousand people participated in one way or another in the demonstration. It was sunset before the huge procession rolled into the Park and swelled tumultuously around the platform. It was too late, and the feeling was too excited, for anything like formal speechmaking. Most of the speakers proposed their resolutions in dumb show, and it was only Mr. Parnell's and Mr. T. P. O'Connor's voices that rang out with any clearness over the enormous mass of men.

The following were the resolutions passed at the meeting:— That next to the loss of our national independence we believe the cause of the degradation and misery of the Irish people to be the existing system of landlordism. We therefore demand a settlement of the question on a permanent basis which will enable the tiller of the soil to become the owner thereof. That we pledge ourselves never to take a farm from which another has been unjustly evicted, or which has been surrendered for non-payment of an exorbitant rent.

Concluded on third page. A despatch from Paris says:—It is stated that the Government contemplate a compromise of the religious question. One of the chief things which detoured the male orders from applying for recognition is a stipulation in the decree requiring that the Government will, therefore, submit the religious statutes to the Council of State whose report will be considered by the Cabinet, which will then ask the Chamber to grant recognition.

Cardinal Manning is now so far restored to health that he will immediately resume the active duties of his ecclesiastical office. After a working tour in the Madlands and the North of England, he has returned to London, looking more energetic than ever.

Affairs in Ireland.

STILL MORE REINFORCEMENTS.

MR. FORSTER WAVERING?

Accession of Strength to Land League.

PARNELL BITTERLY HOSTILE

Boucicault's Play of 'O'Dowd.'

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN ENGLAND.

FEARS OF A REBELLION.

(By telegraph to Montreal Gazette.) London, October 24.—It is said that Mr. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland, swore an information to-day charging a number of prominent members of the Land League with conspiracy, and that application for their arrest will be made to the Courts early next week. The following are the gentlemen selected for prosecution:—Chas. Stewart Parnell, Joseph Biggar, Arthur O'Connor, J. J. O'Kelly, Alex. O'Sullivan, T. D. Sullivan, Mr. Egan, treasurer of the Land League; Mr. Brennan, assistant secretary; James Ledpath, Mr. Kettle, Mr. Boyton, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Daly, journalist; Mr. Harrington, journalist; Mr. Tulley, journalist. In view of the difficulty of obtaining a verdict from an Irish jury, it is said to be the intention to apply to the Queen's Bench for a change of venue, and bring the accused for trial before an English jury. The Government claims to have this power under the new Judicature Act. Its exercise would be remarked as a legal revolution in Irish politics, and would place the agitators at the mercy of the English Government. The leaders of the Land League think that if they are tried in England they will be certainly convicted. Large reinforcements of troops are being hurried into Ireland. They are to occupy commanding positions in Connaught and Munster. It is feared grave trouble may arise on the arrest of the Irish leaders. The British press is unanimous in supporting the measures which the Government propose to check the agitation. Even journals which have hitherto deprecated any extraordinary proceedings admit that some action is absolutely necessary.

The crisis of "No politics" which rose during the presentation of Mr. Boucicault's remodelled drama, "The O'Dowd," at the Adelphi Theatre on Thursday were disappointed of the majority of the audience. Indeed, since the first night the spectators have given constant and sympathetic applause to the dramatic's intentions. Political sentiments are neither unreasonable nor treasonable. Offence is taken by the critics chiefly at the bustle scenes in the County Galway, in which the Liberal candidate, the O'Dowd's son, referring to his opponent's assertion that the over-population of Ireland is the cause of her poverty and misery, says—"A few years ago Ireland had a population of eight million, now she has only five million; let us follow the other three million across the ocean, where a once thrifless people have become prosperous citizens and the backbone of a republic." "What is the reason?" is the demand. "Freedom," answers the candidate who then calls Ireland the "Cinderella of the Isles," and closes with the lines from Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" as applied to the present wretched condition of Ireland, which Mr. Boucicault attributes to absenteeism and want of peasant proprietorship. The critics abuse Mr. Boucicault indignantly for bringing politics into the drama, but the piece is likely to run. The veteran playwright was received with enthusiasm.

England's freshly disclosed reluctance to precipitate a crisis abroad results largely from the increasing gravity of the Irish difficulties. The reported intention of the Government to prosecute Irish agitators makes the situation on both sides more acute. The real purpose of the Government is still unknown, both as to whom it will prosecute or whether it will undertake any prosecution at all. Irish Americans engaged in the agitation are exasperated and defiant at the notion of any executive interference whatever. English opinion points steadily in favor of prosecuting the leaders and not the subordinates, but measures against the former become more difficult than ever when such moderates as Mr. McCarthy stand on the same platform with Mr. Parnell. Rumors of an autumn session are scarcely now heard. Mr. Forster believes himself able to deal with the seditious under existing laws, but while almost every day brings news of agrarian murders, English anger and indignation are steadily rising, and may compel the Government to display more energetic action. meantime, the more humane and intelligent Irish landlords, like Lord Lansdowne, in their efforts to ameliorate the tenants' condition, are paralyzed. English landlords are making common cause with Irish ones, regarding the principle of property, which is more than ever imperilled. Again, it is reported that the Duke of Argyll threatens to resign unless the Cabinet takes a definite line.

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