

LETTER FROM IRELAND.

ADVENTURES OF SIR MYLES O'REGAN.

Mr. Editor:—Tired, sleepy, cold and hungry as I was, I had enough evil in my nature to feel glad at having some member of the human race on whom I could wreak my vengeance for the injuries I had suffered, and why not Lord Smallbrains, when I could not lay hold of Mr. Parnell? I am aware that one should be cautious how one touches a live lord, whose person should be sacred from any but his peers. When I was a little boy my impression of a lord was that he was the model of perfection, physically as well as mentally. I thought that every lord was six feet in height, at least, that his eyes were bright and luminous, his features cast in a Grecian mould, that he could run swifter, ride more gracefully, fight more fiercely than any common man, and that he knew everything, including all the languages. As I grew up I had reason to modify my opinion, the few lords I came across being as much like other folks as possible. I saw an earl one time who carried a hump round with him on his back, a marquise who had but one eye, and I heard a duke deliver an agricultural speech, with about the same fluency as a respectable hog. I have also seen lords so dead drunk that they knew not whether they stood on their heads or feet, but nevertheless I could never, until I came in contact with Smallbrains, entirely divest myself of the idea that their persons were sacred, and that they possessed a few, at least, of the attributes of the Grand Lios of Tibbet. Smallbrains was a short, stout individual with bow legs, small gooseberry eyes, weak-looking hair, erratic purple-spotted nose, shuffling gait, and thick niterance. Nature never cut him out for a genius, and were it not that he is the proprietor of 75,000 acres of land in Limerick and Kerry Counties, neither he nor could imagine what he could do for hash. He could not sell newspapers, because his voice is not clear enough; he could not run messages because his legs are not adapted for locomotion, and his face is decidedly against him in the way of making money.

The three yells which issued from our throats in succession awoke three distinct echoes from the distant mountains and then all was profoundly silent as before, except the gibbering of Smallbrains and his apologies. Snookson said nothing; he was too terrified, but his teeth chattered like dice in a well shaken box. I felt that I was master of the situation, and as revenge was in my heart I resolved to do something terrible, if not on my Boycotters then on those who fell into my power. Assuming a deep sepulchral voice I thus addressed my lord and Snookson:—

"Men of the mountain mist, kneel down, clasp each other by the right hand and swear solemnly by my Dominions that you will tell the whole truth, for if you do not my invisible assistants will carry you down below like a flash of lightning. You commence, you little man with the bow legs."

"Please your Satanic Majesty I do not understand you, do you mean that I shall have to confess my sins?"

"Exactly, make a clean breast of them."

"To commence with—I wrote lies to Dublin Castle, wherein I stated outrages were as common in Limerick as blackberries, knowing it to be a lie. I created my friend Lord Puffindant out of seven hundred pounds at cards last winter. I poisoned Captain Hunter's mare before the Curragh races so that my horse would win. I seduced—"

"Never mind your filthy nastiness. Even I—the devil—cannot stand that. Proceed."

"I doubled and then trebled the rents on my estate, and evicted the tenants who refused to pay, I maligned my countrymen in Paris and other European cities, and when one of them kicked me down stairs I hired an Italian bravo to Venice to shoot him."

"And did he do it?"

"No, faith, it was he shot the bravo. I ran away with Colonel Bearskin's wife."

"Confound you, do you think I have no modesty because I am a devil? Hump! Go on, but stay, my time is too precious to waste on your atrocities. Now tell me of the good acts you have performed, if any?"

"Let me see, your majesty; I have such a treacherous memory. I drank the Queen's health on all occasions. I never get drunk."

"What, never?"

"Well, hardly ever, except five or six nights in the week. I also drank the health of the Prince of Wales. I gave an actress a diamond necklace, and I think, but am not sure, that I gave an old woman a copper once in Pall Mall."

"What, a good copper?"

"A brand new copper, your majesty," answered Smallbrains in as triumphant a tone as his crest-fallen condition would permit, "fresh from the mint. I remember also giving instructions on a certain Christmas Eve to my agent here to distribute a stone of meal among the poor, and would have given a mangy sheep if it had not died, although I know mutton is not good for the people. It makes them proud and fat. I intended discharging my rascally agent last year, but—"

"There, that will do. I have a notion your ideas of morality are somewhat mixed, and I do not want to hear of your good intentions. My place is paved with them. Come forward, Snookson, and make confession."

"Your Satanic Majesty, I have told ten thousand lies. I have rack-rented the tenants right and left, and when a sum of money was given by the dear Duchess of Marlborough to be divided among the poor, I divided it among myself and my family instead."

"Oh, Snookson," interrupted Smallbrains, "how could you—"

"Silence! not another word or off you go. Go on, admirable, excellent man."

"Oh, cheated Lord Smallbrains out of three thousand pounds, which I rack-rented out of the tenants, but rendered no account of."

"Oh, Snookson, you villain—"

"Silence, idiot. Go on, Snookson."

"I shot the Widow Bryan's horse, because it trespassed on my property. I got three men convicted and sentenced to a year in jail for stealing turnips, though I knew them to be innocent, but, then, they were Fenians. I have written a hundred bogus threatening letters to myself and others. I evicted three hundred and seven tenants in my time, one-third of whom died of hunger and cold."

"Oh, come to an end, rascal; say, have you ever done anything good?"

"No, your Most Gracious Majesty, I am happy to say I never performed a good act in my life."

"Well, now listen: you two are such desperate rascals that I could, were I so minded, take one of you under each arm, and make off with you, you know where. It is Snookson who has saved you both; Snookson who has been to me such a true and faithful viceroy. I will therefore spare you, but you must receive some punishment for giving away that copper to the old woman in Pall Mall. I therefore direct that you pitch into each other for a quarter of an hour, and if I find you are acting or shamming—but I won't threaten—beware!"

And so they did pitch like two tigers, while I,

gentle reader, slipped outside the door in the darkness. They fought, they tore, they yelled, they swore, and when I found their ferocity, or enthusiasm, cooling I tapped three times outside, when they renewed the combat with unabated ardor, the wrongs each had endured at the hands of the other adding to the vindictiveness of both.

"And so, you thief and ruffian," Lord Smallbrains would growl, "you robbed me of £3,000, eh; take that."

"And, you idiot, you dream of dismissing your faithful Snookson did you; take that, and that, and that."

How the combat ended I know not, or if they carried out the agreement as regards the quarter of an hour's duration, but a horrified reader would read the following in the London Times of next day:—

DRIFFING INTO ANARCHY.

TERRIBLE OUTRAGE NEAR THE CITY OF LIMERICK.

DUBLIN, Dec. 2.

As the Viscount Smallbrains and his agent, Obadiah S. Snookson, Esq., J.P., were riding from Limerick to Kilmallock last night they were surrounded by about one hundred masked men, who dismounted and then subjected them to terrible treatment. The gentlemen, especially Lord Smallbrains, who is famous for his personal courage, defended themselves for a long time; but what could they do against such desperate odds? The mark of death were plainly discernible in his lordship's ears, and Mr. Snookson's nose is frightfully disfigured. Indeed their faces were cut and bruised in a most atrocious manner, and it is believed the brutal treatment has affected their minds, for when questioned by the police, who found them lying exhausted in a barn belonging to a farmer named O'Reilly, they spoke incoherently of the devil and gave other signs that their brains had been injured. This latest outrage of the Land Leaguers is all the more extraordinary as Lord Smallbrains is one of the most generous and popular landlords in Munster, and the tenants themselves acknowledge that Mr. Snookson is a model agent. It was only last year that the tenants on Lord Smallbrains's estates in Kerry presented Mr. Snookson with a magnificent service of silver on the occasion of his return from the continent, where he had been travelling for the good of his health. The police are on the alert, and four companies of dragoons have been sent to the scene of the disturbance."

Mr. Editor, I must leave off here, as my letter is becoming too long. I sincerely wish you and the readers of The Post a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Very sincerely,

MYLES O'REGAN.

Limerick, Dec. 5, 1880.

PERSONAL.

Grant's regular income is \$7,000 a year. The New York Herald is a larceous newspaper.

James Gordon Bennett has been appointed Master of an English pack of hounds.

Mr. Darwin has written a new book entitled, "The Movements of Plants."

Critical Boston does not gush towards Sara Bernhardt half as much as New York.

Captain Dacey, one of the rescued of Manchester, died at Worcester, Mass., last week.

Mr. Wm. Casey, of Kilmount, Ontario, is 102 years of age, and can read without spectacles.

Captain Carey, of Zulul war notoriety, has joined the Land Transport service, which is non-combatant.

A matter worth noting:—The Ladies Land League, organized in New York only a few weeks ago by Miss Fanny Parnell, has already been the means of raising over \$1,000. Good for the ladies.

Count Gleichen has almost completed the bust of Beaconsfield for the club named after the illustrious statesman. It is a wonderful likeness, and by the Queen's wish the bust is a replica of the one done by Count Gleichen for her Majesty.

The New York Sun suggests that the Shah of Persia and General Grant have the freedom of the city of London conferred upon them, and as the privilege carries with it the right to go into the retail trade without being taxed it would be an excellent thing if the two Emperors availed themselves of it.

CANADIAN NEWS.

A clock company is to be started in Hamilton, with a capital of \$50,000.

The cold weather has caused a suspension of operations on the Beauce gold mines.

Hay-pressing for export is being carried on vigorously at Stirling. Some 500 tons will be shipped this winter.

The Grand Trunk has received at Belleville a first shipment of 500 tons of Nova Scotia coal, for use on the road.

The Quebec Mercury says there are over one thousand licensed medical practitioners in the Province of Quebec, which is a fraction over one doctor to every hundred of the population.

A curling match, between the Lorne club, Welland, and the Argyle club, Thorold, yesterday, and resulted in a victory for the Thorold men by eighteen points.

There was received at the Warkworth cheese factory for the season of 1880, 2,256,446 pounds of milk, making 217,037 pounds of cheese, which sold for \$25,222, making the average for standard cow \$33.54.

Two farmers, named respectively Berkwith and Kelly, quarrelled and fought at Belleville, on Saturday, and the latter stabbed his antagonist with a pocket knife, inflicting an ugly wound in the back. They were arrested, and liberated on bail.

Another case of brutal treatment is heard of in the vicinity of St. Catharines. This time it is one of the orphan children brought to this country by Miss Rye. She says she was treated worse than an iron rod or poker, and never permitted to go out. The names of the parties are withheld for the present.

There died last week at the town of Niagara the oldest ferryman in Canada, perhaps in America. For nearly three-quarters of a century Mr. Ralph Clench, eldest son of the late Col. Clench, has been lessee of the ferry between the town of Niagara and Youngstown. At one period the deceased kept a drug store in Niagara, and was connected by blood or marriage with many of the old families of the Niagara and Gore districts.

A serious case of lead poisoning has been discovered at Fitzroy about 40 miles from Ottawa in the family of Mrs. Hodgins. In tracing up the origin of the poisoning the doctor found it in the well. The piston was raised and extracted, and on the valve was found a large piece of lead that had been nailed on by the pump-fixer to keep the lid in its proper place. A silver spoon was also found in the pump, perfectly black and thickly coated from the effects of the lead.

PARNELL TO THE RESCUE.

Hail to the heroes of our land!
Hail to the brave PARNELL's brave band—
Hail valiant sons of valiant sires,
All hail ye heroes of our land!
Stand by the standard of the free,
And still PARNELL your watchword be.
When doom must fall, though ere we strong,
The grim Battle of the Field!
That curst Bastille whose story tells
Of dead deeds—deeds black as hell—
Whose shadow has been known to fall,
For ages like a funeral pall,
On Ireland's peasant and soil,
Blasting the fruits of honest toil!
Myriad the homes that young hopes flushed,
Its ruthless tyranny has crushed—
And myriad, too, the nameless graves
His hate has filled with pauper slaves,
While myriad slaves in sunlit rills still
Survive to curse its vengeful will!
Where can we turn the wide world o'er—
To what rude wild or savage shore,
That we'll not lose some sickening trace
Of widowed Erin's exiled race?
In bleaching bones of refugees
Who feared less danger and disease
In single combats with hosts of prey
Than that Bastille's more dreaded way?
Then, shame on scribbles who plead the cause
Of a nation's life and soul—
Who advocate a living curse,
Horrid as Egypt's plagues, and worse!
Who'd keep a land that Nature blest
With all the gifts that she possessed—
Where peace and plenty all should know—
The scene of famine, strife and woe!
Shame on such advocates who shame
On men so noble as to die!
At setting Erin's lovely isle
A thing for strangers to revile—
A leper amongst the nations deemed.
Abhorred by some—by more esteemed,
Her people robbed and beggared, too,
To pamper and enrich the few!
But spite of Boycott and such villainy,
We'll see the welcome dawn
Of Freedom's sun securely rise
In Erin's too long clouded skies—
And true prosperity and peace—
Her toiling millions just reward—
Supplant strife, famine and the sword!
W. O. PARNELL.

Montreal, December, 1880.

IRELAND'S GRIEVOUS WOES.

An Address by Dr. Hepworth of the Relief

Fund Committee—The Island's Present

and Prospective Condition—Some of the

Lecturer's Comments Received with Dis-

approval—Hisses for Bright and Glad-

stone—Cheers for Parnell.

Before the doors of Steinway Hall were

thrown open last evening there was a large

crowd in front of them, and as soon as they

were opened there was crowding for places.

The front seats were quickly filled, and before

8 o'clock all the seats, including those in the

rear galleries, were filled, and in the rear

many persons stood. Many ladies were present.

Almost all the seats on the platform

were occupied. Among those there were the

Rev. Dr. Ormiston, the Rev. Dr. Taylor, the

Rev. Dr. Davis, the Rev. Dr. Bovan, Thurlow

Veel, Russell Sage, ex-Gov. Hoffman, Chan-

cancellor Crosby, E. H. Perkins, Jr., President

of the Importers' and Traders' Bank, and

James Buell. The large audience had

assembled to hear the Rev. Dr. George H.

Hepworth deliver a lecture on "The present

and Prospective Condition of Ireland." He

was one of the committee selected to distribute

the \$350,000 relief fund among the poor of

Ireland, and he had been invited upon his

return to describe his visit there. When

he entered, with ex-Mayor Wickham, he was

greeted with applause. He was introduced

by the ex-Mayor, and he began his lecture by

describing how he was met by his lecture by

the "first great famine, or is it only the

usual cry of distress?" The crop of 1877

was a great disappointment. That of 1878

was almost a total loss, and that of 1879 had

been smitten by blight. One-half the population

was without food. The banks had

closed their doors. There was almost no

money in circulation. A hungry nation

knocked at the world's doors and asked for

a crust. The world answered. He then de-

scribed how the committees having the three

funds went to work.

"That the fund that you sent to Ireland,"

he said, "saved it, is beyond a doubt. That

there was death by starvation is beyond a

peradventure. I visited the western part,

acre by acre, and I never saw such inex-

pressible suffering. I have been into hun-

drreds of families where their little all to eat

consisted of Indian meal. They had parted

with their cows. They had sold their chickens.

They had pawned the clothes of their bodies

and the clothes of the dead. They stood

almost in utter nakedness and face to face

with almost inevitable death. There were

two classes for pity. Out of 4,000,000 persons

a certain proportion must be sick, and under

the circumstances those were almost sure to

die. I was struck by the aspect of the children,

and I said to the committee: 'If we

can save one else, let us save the children.'

"Now, with these facts before you," he

continued, "are quite well equipped and

ready to approach the problem of Ireland's

present and Ireland's future. Ireland is the

sick child of the family of nations. She is

afflicted not with hypochondria, but with a

deep, functional derangement. Such a nation

we have the right to take an interest in. I am

not here to make a special plea for Ireland. I

went through Ireland as an American, noting

down the facts of my experience and obser-

vation, and I am not to give some pre-

dictions of the day to come. The position

of Ireland is an anomaly unparalleled in the

history of the world. Her social condition is

no credit to herself nor to anybody else. One

of the facts in regard to her present position

is that England has always labored under the

hallucination that what is good for England

is good for Ireland. Another fact is that

Ireland has never been thoroughly conquered.

(Applause.) I want you to accept these

criticisms with good will, for before I am

through the other side may clap too. It is

an historical fact that Ireland has never been

thoroughly conquered. Scotland was con-

quered—"

He was interrupted by the Rev. Dr.

Ormiston, who shook his finger at him.

"Wales was conquered," he continued, smil-

ing. "Ireland has never accepted the situa-

tion. (A voice from the gallery—And never

will.) And to-day there is existing between

the Englishman and the Irishman the same

feeling that existed between the North and

the South. I had not been in Ireland many

weeks before I found that the Irish people

are not, from choice, an agricultural people.

In the western part, there are no oppor-

tunities for the exercise of a diversity of

talent, especially at home. No matter what

a man's proclivities are he must be a farmer.

It is one of the greatest misfortunes of the

people. Further than this they have not the

slightest conception of agricultural science.

An Irishman is loyal to his potatoes. He

believes in the potato, good or bad. Wheat

fields are few. Corn fields are seldom met.

Potato fields are met everywhere. They

have no agricultural implements, and, quot-

ing the old saying, 'Ill luck follows the

plough,' in accordance with that, he never

follows it. He has no interest in the land he

cultivates. He has no financial interest in

the country nor in the Government that rules

or misrules. He is thoroughly a serf. He

finds himself from year to year on the edge of

a famine. He stands in constant fear, and, therefore, there is not a moment when he is not ripe for revolution. He has everything to gain and nothing to lose. (Applause.) I cannot conceive of your clapping."

The Rev. Dr. Ormiston—True, but it was so quietly put.

"Ireland is doubly drained," the lecturer continued, "and a nation that is doubly drained, both of its brain and its money, is in a bad condition. Where money is made in that country it should be spent. The landed proprietors should spend his money there. But how is it? He spends his money in London, and gets all the interest he can from his estate. This is one of the reasons why the Irishman regards his landlord as his natural enemy. (Hisses.) Please don't hiss. I am here to give the facts. The landlord says: 'I have the right to live where I want to. I have another estate in England, and I can't live on both.' Therefore he mortgages the one in Ireland. Existing circumstances are not favorable to living on one's Irish estate. There is more chance of dying there. The tenant says, 'Why don't you come home?' and then in an aside, 'You'll be killed if you do.' And now allow me to make an Irish bull. If I were a resident of Ireland I would certainly live somewhere else."

"There is another bar to national prosperity. Local attachment seems to be a part of an Irishman's heart. Domestic life among the peasantry is without ambition. In America the Irishman becomes a man. At home he is a serf, downtrodden and downhearted. There has been no change in the domestic life of the peasantry for the last five hundred years. The greatest evil that saps the Irish character is the nature of the land tenure. The land tenure is the great blot. Whoever is responsible for it is responsible for nine-tenths of the present Irish suffering. The foolish Irishman makes it his excuse for murder. Until this is done away with there is no hope for the Irish people. So long as the Irish people must work, they must work with no higher ambition than to support an absentee. In the province of Ulster the farmers have long leases. They have something to hope for. They are looking forward to better their condition. In the western part the most of the farmers are tenants at will. They can be turned out without any warning. If the tenant will improve his few acres he may be compelled to pay for his own expenditure—more rent or eviction. Between him and his landlord is a bitter, intense antagonism. The Irishman thinks that every man is against him. He is brave, rash, good natured, and to the last degree turbulent. Pugnacity is his appetite. To the last degree he is ignorant, and he falls a prey to an irresponsible adventurer. When he is told that the land is his, he believes that his landlord is a robber. (A voice: He is right.) Perhaps. When he is told that he must not pay any rent at all, he betters the instruction and shoots the landlord. His weakness is that he is too loyal to ill-chosen leaders. They stand beyond the reach of the law, but if he gets a hint he goes to extremes that the English Government cannot prevent. (A voice from the upper gallery: Three cheers for Parnell!)"

"Is it not a strange condition of affairs," he continued sarcastically, "that the leaders should be at the head of the people? Why is it that Ireland has not that degree of sympathy in America that you would naturally expect? It is not that we do not think that she is right in her general demands: John Bright admits that (hisses); Gladstone admits that (hisses); Proude admits that (hisses); McCarthy admits that (hisses) and I must tell the truth. (Applause.) Ireland is right in making a resistance to the land tenure. She is right in demanding that her fair lands shall be divided, and that the farmers have a financial right in the lands they use. But unless some farmers are wiser and less impetuous, that change will be the suggestion of an Englishman, and not of an Irishman. We have resisted England to the death, and to-day we love her. (A voice from the front: You love her, but the love isn't yours.) After we won we won the respect of that country. Ireland has put herself too much outside the sympathy of nations by unworthy and useless methods in accomplishing great ends. That great people is spending its energy in driving its landlords into the sea and shooting landlords from behind stone walls. I assure you it is all wrong. The means are bad. (A voice: By no means. I say it is good.) Wait a minute. England has the right to keep Ireland as long as she can. When Ireland has the right to be free she will find no country more proud of her than England. I am sorry for Ireland. I hope the time is not far distant when Ireland, rightly directed, will use the right means to attain ends which at this moment she is only dreaming of. God pity Ireland in her misery, and God help her to reach out to larger and larger liberties."

Amid the applause as he closed were cries of "Three cheers for Parnell!" by a throng of men in the upper gallery, and in order to prevent a possible disturbance, ex-Gov. Hoffman stepped to the front of the platform and asked for attention for a few minutes. He said that it was not expected what a speaker said would meet with universal approval, but the Irish question was one that must be discussed, and could not be put down until it was settled. He therefore moved that the thanks of the audience be given to Dr. Hep