

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE... PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY... AT THEIR OFFICES...

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 12.

CATHOLIC CALENDAR

For October, 1881. THURSDAY, 13.—St. Edward, King, of England, Confessor. Con. Abp. Porelli, Chianello, 1833.

We do not like being obliged to call frequently upon our subscribers to pay up their subscriptions, but we sometimes find it necessary to do so. Remember that our fault is the forgetfulness of the highest of those of our friends and patrons who do not seem to realize what a number of names the True Witness bears on its subscription rolls, what an immense sum they owe us in the aggregate, though small to each individual, and what good its possession would enable the proprietors to do in the field of Catholic journalism if it were placed at their disposal at once, promptly and cheerfully.

We would remind them also that the True Witness gives facilities to which few other journals can afford; that in regard to its news and literature it is second to none on the Continent, and in cheapness stands alone. There is no other Catholic paper in America with half the pretensions of the True Witness which sells for \$1.50 a year.

GENERAL FRENDEGAST, the newly appointed Governor-General of Cuba, is, as his name implies, of Irish, and not as the cablegram says, of Scottish descent. There are in the Spanish army upwards of a hundred field and general officers bearing Irish names, including seven O'Donnells, seven O'Reillys, five Frendegasts, five Blakes and two Sarsfields.

The appeal of THE POST has been promptly responded to by Father James and Simon Loneragan, of St. Bridget's Parish, both, we believe, graduates of St. Therese. The good work of reconstruction only needed a beginning, and now that the first step has been taken in advance, there need be no fear that others will follow, and that St. Therese will rise Phoenix-like from its ashes, chiefly through the exertions of those who look lovingly to it as their Alma Mater.

The British, to believe their organs, are far more anxious about the poor natives in the Transvaal than about their own prestige. This can be easily proved very soon, for it appears that John Dunn, a land-grabber and chief under their protection, has needlessly slaughtered four hundred men, women and children of the unfortunate Zulu tribe. If they punish John—say hang him—we shall all believe in their professions of sincerity as regards their desire for protecting the Kafres of the Transvaal from the tyranny of the Boers.

This drawing for the grand lottery prizes in connection with the De LaSalle Institute of Toronto will take place in that city on November the 22nd. It is well known that Brother Arnold, whose name is so revered in Canada, is making strenuous exertions to extend the usefulness of the Institution which he has been mainly instrumental in bringing into existence, and with that object has resorted to a grand lottery. It is an enter-

prise, that deserves the cordial and generous support of all the Catholics of Canada, and we have no doubt it will be given for the sake of Catholic education. Upwards of two hundred valuable prizes will be drawn, some of them of a most substantial nature. The tickets are but fifty cents each.

One of the effects of the hugging of the Emperors at Dantzig is beginning to be seen. The Journal de St. Petersburg, the official organ of the Czar, says pretty plainly that the possession of Egypt is not exclusively English, or even an Anglo-French question, and that it is too closely connected with the general eastern *sic ut* to allow any Government to settle it on its own authority. We can imagine what a ripple this pronouncement will cause in European diplomatic circles and what a number of notes and queries will pass and re-pass before it is finally settled. The Russian may argue that if the English have a right to seize Egypt, why should they not lay hands upon Constantinople, which lies in as direct a route to Bokhara as does Cairo to Lahore and Delhi? And the position of the Russians is as logical as force can make it, which is the best argument that any of the great civilizers can put forth. This declaration of the Journal carries with it peculiar significance at the present time when a party is organizing itself in Egypt and calling for a national guard to defend Alexandria and the coast against invaders. It looks as if there was to be another conference of the Great Powers, not to re-arrange the map of Europe this time, but the map of Africa, and maps generally all round. The three Emperors will it, and their beholds have more force than the three tailors of Tooley street. No one will venture to laugh, for instance, if the Czar, the Kaiser and the Emperor issue a manifesto beginning, "We, the armies of Europe," &c.

Mr. Gladstone spread himself out immensely at Leeds on Friday, in presence of a demonstration that almost rivaled some of the grandest of those of Mr. Parnell in Ireland. Nothing was lacking to make the Leeds demonstration equal that of Cork, but the earnestness of the people. By what can be judged from the synopsis of the speech delivered by the English Premier he does not undervalue the Irish leader, on the contrary he looks upon him as a more formidable rival than he does upon either Salisbury or Northcote. He adopts the good old English fashion of praising dead Irishmen in order that he may attack the living, and lauds O'Connell to the skies that his onslaught upon Parnell may have the more force. He looks upon Parnell as, what he undoubtedly is, a formidable foe to foreign domination in Ireland, or any domination which keeps a fair and fertile land in poverty and degradation. In times to come we shall, no doubt, hear the successor of Mr. Gladstone praising Parnell and comparing him and his colleagues to the Irish leaders of the next generation, much to their disadvantage. O'Connell was a thousand times taunted with being a beggarman, and compared unfavorably with the men of '98, who at least had the courage to fight. It is hard to please some people. What is certain is that in a hundred years from now the name of Parnell shall occupy a much larger and more luminous space in history than Gladstone's, though it is now covered with such an amount of filth by a venial press.

FRANCE and England are creeping closer together, almost in spite of themselves, for mutual shelter against the alliance of the three mighty emperors of Eastern and Central Europe. If left to themselves it is not improbable they would come to blows over Egypt, but in presence of a common danger they become the half-hearted allies they were during the Napoleonic regime. It was all very well to carp and snarl at each other before the alliance was completed, but when they found that even Egypt was not outside of the questions the Emperors might take cognizance of they made haste with what grace they could to come to an understanding. The Emperors control two millions of soldiers, and there must be no humberging in future; they can deal with the Eastern question without the assistance of the Western powers, and have a potential say in Egypt. No one knows this better than the present Khedive, His Highness Prince Tewfik, who since the meeting at Dantzig, has assumed quite an independent tone. One of his generals threatens to blow up the Suez Canal lock if a hostile force approaches it, and others of them express a desire for complete independence. It is thought Turkey is at the bottom of the military revolt, but if so the Sultan need hope for no benefit from it, seeing that Constantinople is threatened by the alliance. A monarch who cannot defend his dominions proper should have little to say about dependencies. The Egyptian Kaleidoscope is continuously shifting and presenting a new set of figures, and some fine morning it may surprise us with a sight of armies engaged in deadly strife which will be the advanced skirmish of a general war.

HAYREN, the man who killed his fellow-convict, SALTER, in the St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary, was yesterday found guilty of wilful murder by the jury and sentenced by the Judge to be hanged on the 9th day of next December. The verdict and the sentence will surprise no one. It was as clearly established a case of murder as could well be imagined. The defence did not deny it, but put forth the plea of insanity, which, however, did not have its effect on the jury, although the evidence of Dr. Howard, an expert in diseases of the brain or mind, went strongly towards sustaining Mr. Curran's plea. But then doctors differ, and Drs. Cameron and Bobillard swore Hayren was

not insane, but that he was very wicked, and morally depraved, a man in fact who would do anything to obtain revenge for a real or fancied wrong. No doubt there is a good deal to be said on both sides. The fact that Hayren planned the murder and sharpened the knife that he might accomplish his fell purpose, does not prove that he was insane, for it is well known that men who had been mad for years and treated for the most violent kind of insanity in lunatic asylums, have planned and carried out the most difficult enterprises, including escapes and assassinations, with a cunning which gave evidence of the highest order of the powers of combination. Coroners' juries make it a practice of giving such verdicts as "deceased committed suicide whilst laboring under temporary insanity"; thinking, doubtless, that no sane person would make away with his life, and they are partly right in their deductions. The same may be said of men who commit murder, whether on the spur of the moment or after careful preparation with malice aforethought, but then society must be protected and such exhibitions of insanity made a capital offence. This, at all events, seems to be the opinion of Judge Monk, and few will cavil at his decision.

MR. PARNELL scored a point against the English Premier when he said that his white about there being no moral force behind the Government in Ireland was an admission that English Government had failed in Ireland. The very essence of Government is that it rest upon the love and affection of the people, but this is wanting in Ireland where it is sustained by physical force. Canada may be taken as an example of what a free and benevolent Government should be. There is here no army to terrorize the people; there is no military police force to superintend evictions and gall the people; there is no class magistracy; no spy system; no appearance of foreign domination, and yet the country is profoundly quiet. The people make their own laws, and naturally enough respect and abide by them. But in Ireland the reverse obtains, the pyramid stands on its apex, which is the army, and if this were withdrawn down would fall the structure. The moral support of the Irish people is withheld from the British Government because they have nothing to do with its creation, and because it has always oppressed them and still oppresses them. In the eyes of the Irish it is a foreign government which should be boycotted, since it is too powerful to be overthrown. It would be impossible to boycott the Canadian police, bailiffs, process-servers or other officials simply because the people know they are doing their duty by protecting them and upholding the law, while in Ireland the case is different. There is a world of difference between the two countries, and yet what is wrong in Canada cannot be right in Ireland. The truth is that Gladstone has gone as far as his opinions will permit him, and he is angry that the movement will not stop at his bidding, which is as absurd as the command of King Canute to order the waves of the sea to cease advancing. Other things besides water find their level, a fact which Mr. Gladstone does not seem to realize.

ARTEMUS WARD mentions the case of the editor of the "Buglehorn of Liberty," who would have been only too happy to go to the war and wade in secess gore, but that he had to stay at home and announce in his paper every week that the Government were about making a vigorous effort to crush the rebellion. So in like manner certain journals on this side of the Atlantic think it their duty to declare, at least once a week, that Parnell is making a fool of himself, and that "his influence with the Irish people is declining." Among these journals is the Montreal Herald. We wonder how long does it take for the influence of a man like Parnell to decline. Since Mr. Parnell appeared before the world's gaze four years ago his influence has been declining so rapidly that he is to-day the recognized head not only of the Irish people in Ireland, but of the twenty and odd millions of the Irish race throughout the world. There is no name at this moment which can thrill the Irish heart as much as his. He is the Moses who is to bring the Irish people out of the house of bondage. The Herald and its Conservative rival the Gazette are out with editorials this morning on the Irish question, laying great stress on the recommendation of the Catholic bishops that the Land Act should have a fair trial. They seem to think that if the Act obtains a fair trial Parnell and the Land League will resolve themselves into their original elements, and sink into that obscurity from which they should never have emerged. It is truly marvellous and touching what an affection these journals entertain for the Catholic bishops of Ireland since they issued their late manifesto. They would imply that there is an antagonism between them and Mr. Parnell, that is to say between the Irish bishops and the Irish people. But this is not so. The convention accepted Parnell's resolutions, which resolutions neither condemned nor accepted the Land Act, and which convention truly represented the Irish nation, north and south, east and west. The best proof that the Land Act has not been condemned without trial lies in the announcement of Mr. Parnell that four hundred test cases should be submitted to the Land Court, and that the act would sink or swim with the judgments. Surely this is nothing but right and proper. There is no use in falling into obstacles over an act of Parliament simply because it is such before it has been tried and not found wanting. Will our contemporaries, Whig and Tory, please to recollect how loud-

ly Bright and Gladstone cackled over the act of 1870, and how sorrowfully they afterwards confessed it was a miserable failure? But even if such a calamity occurred as a "difference of opinion" between the Irish hierarchy and the Irish people it would not be the first time, and neither would it be the first time in which the people were instinctively in the right. There was, the question of the veto, for instance, which was accepted as a compromise by the Irish bishops, but rejected by the people led by the immortal O'Connell, a devout Catholic and as profound a respecter of the clergy as ever lived. The Irish bishops are a conservative body; they would hasten slowly on the path of national regeneration; they place the question of education far above the land, or even the national question, and they are right from their standpoint. But if Ireland had a national Parliament the demands of the Irish hierarchy would be granted without cavil or without the insults heaped upon them by a foreign Parliament. The Times, not many years ago, called the Irish clergy suppliant ruffians, and we have not heard that either the Gazette or Herald was energetic in their defence.

If our contemporaries would bear this one fact in their minds their task would be far easier whether abusing Mr. Parnell or lauding the Irish Bishops, which fact is that the land question is only a secondary one, that what Parnell took off his coat for was an Irish Parliament; that the Irish heart is firmly set on that idea, and that nothing, not even a hundred flying columns and a thousand land bills, can turn it aside from its purpose.

STE. THERESE.

The destruction by fire of the noble College of Ste. Therese is a great misfortune, may more, it is a national calamity, and as such it should be considered with a view to its possible re-construction. It is the Alma Mater of some of the most distinguished men in the Province, including Lieut-Governor Robitaille and the Hon. Mr. Chapleau. The efforts made by Mr. O'Meara, Deputy City Clerk of Montreal, at the fire were a labor of love, for he too is a graduate of Ste. Therese, as are numbers of other prominent men of all nationalities, not only in Canada, but in the United States. Ste Therese was almost a free institution board and education were given at a minimum cost, the college authorities made no profit and saved no money, and the consequence is a dead loss by the ravages of fire. The loss is estimated at nearly two hundred thousand dollars, the insurance is only forty thousand; and as we have implied there is no reserve fund. It is the general opinion that something should be done in the premises; a voice is only wanting to rouse the people to the extent of their loss and to the necessity of making it good. A hundred thousand dollars will rebuild Ste. Therese, and this is not too large a sum for the Province, even without outside assistance, to subscribe. The Lieut-Governor has already offered his aid; so has the Hon. Mr. Chapleau, and so have many others; but to meet the requirements of the case there must be an organized effort. Why, for instance, should not the Lieut-Governor organize a central committee with power to form sub-committees throughout the province, who would collect money to rebuild Ste. Therese? The times are good; the harvest is bounteous, and if the Government of Quebec is poor the Province is not. There are a thousand men in Montreal alone who could give twenty-five dollars each; the balance might be collected from the farmers, merchants and professional people throughout the Province. As for THE POST, it is both anxious and willing to assist, both in money or space in any movement that may be initiated towards the reconstruction of such a noble educational monument as the College of Ste. Therese. Who will begin?

MONOPOLY.

THE Honorable John Kelly, chief of the Tammany Hall wing of the New York Democracy, has declared against monopoly, and if the astounding figures he furnishes in his speech are correct it is high time steps should be taken to break it down before it crushes the industries of the great Republic. Mr. Kelly, as acknowledged by all parties, even by his bitterest enemies, is a thoroughly honest man, and a clever, and who knows perfectly well what he is saying, and is, besides, the kind of man who, if he is supported, will think as little of destroying monopoly as he destroyed Boss Tweed, when that audacious knave was in high power in New York. According to Mr. Kelly there are numbers of monopolies chief among them being the land monopoly, the railroad monopoly and the telegraph monopoly, and as Canada has already succumbed to all three in a measure, a few of Mr. Kelly's figures may be of interest to the readers of THE POST.

It appears that from 1862 to 1871 the United States voted away to corporations the enormous quantity of one hundred and seventy-five million acres of the finest land in the Union, or 293,000 square miles, an area equal to Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio and Indiana. The Union and Central Pacific Railroads received the lion's share of this immense territory, but there were few members of the corrupt congress who voted the land that did not receive large sums of money. Grant was President in those days, and the General is to-day a millionaire. Immense fortunes have been realized by private individuals out of this plunder from the nation. The St. Paul and Sioux City Railway received in 1864 a grant from

the National Government of 400,000 acres of the best farming land of the country. At present it is said that the President and nearly every Director owns a large farm of the road, and receive special reduced freights on their produce. This is disastrous to the small farmer, and is forcing him to sell out his small farm to the owner of thousands of acres. This is the case through all the West. If these lands had not been given away to these railroad companies, emigrants could purchase them for a dollar an acre, whereas now they have to pay a large price to the corporations. These men are tillers of the soil and enrich the land by their labor. The prosperity of the country is due to the labor of the people. These corporations have become immensely wealthy. They run the judiciary. The papers tell us that many of these men, 25 years ago, had not five dollars in their pockets. One was a clerk in a river county. He must have been a sagacious clerk. He took possession of one of the railroads, and he made millions of dollars out of the road; and the capital of Erie was increased \$55,000,000. Said Mr. Kelly in his speech:—"A gentleman said to me to-day: How much are these men worth? Why, Jay Gould at least \$75,000,000; Gairret, \$10,000,000; the late Thomas A. Scott, who not so many years ago, was not worth \$5,000, left at his death \$20,000,000. Did he make it legitimately? I hope he did; but he had to answer to a higher tribunal. The Central Pacific was built by O. P. Huntington, Lieutenant-Governor of Stanford and a Mr. Crocker. Stanford is now worth \$40,000,000; Huntington \$30,000,000, and the widow of Crocker, \$25,000,000. They now want to take the twelve miles of land on each side of the track given them by the Government and liquidate the second mortgage by selling these lands (given by the Government) to the Government at \$3.50 per acre. They owe the Government \$2,500,000. Will you get it back? Not unless you send good men to Congress and put good men on the bench. Gould, Scott, Keene, Vanderbilt, and dozens of others whose names are kept continually before the public by capitalist newspapers, have grown so immensely wealthy on the national plunder that to-day they almost own the Republic; they control State Legislatures, railroads, steamboat companies and river navigation, telegraph lines, newspapers, and have a firm hold on Congress.

But let us not flatter ourselves that we are free from monopoly ourselves. Enterprising Canadians (that is the proper title, we believe), who can only realize hundreds of thousands of dollars, look with envy on Jay Gould and Vanderbilt, who draw in the millions, and wish they could go and do likewise. Until the North-West presented itself, and the Pacific Railroad Bill was passed at Ottawa, they had not much chance of realizing their expectations, but now we too have a Syndicate controlling fifty million acres of land. This Syndicate has purchased a controlling influence in several Canadian newspapers, notably in two Montreal journals, which at one time never tired of abusing the Syndicate and the land monopoly, but now are as loud in praise as they were formerly in abuse. They have been purchased, and this accounts for their intense bitterness against the men who are striving to break up land monopoly in Ireland, land monopoly everywhere. No later than this morning, the morning Syndicate organ contained the following interesting editorial paragraph:—

It will interest some of our readers to learn the rates of remuneration which obtain in one of the longest settled countries of the Old World. In Sweden the earnings of blacksmiths, carpenters, bricklayers and the like range from \$3 to \$4.50 per week; labourers make from 40c to 54c per day, and domestic servants \$2.15 per month, with board and lodging.

Is this a foretaste of the rate of wages when the Syndicate will be supreme in Canada? The Hon. Mr. Blake was correct in warning the people against making another Ireland of the North-West. Monopoly is marching on with corruption for a precursor, and the worst of it is that we are having the foreign as well the native article forced upon us. Vanderbilt is slowly but surely fastening his grip on our railroads and telegraphs, and our newspapers will follow, so that in time there will be few left to raise a voice against the monster and protect the people in their rights. The democracy of New York are rising not a day too soon, and action will have to be taken in Canada also if we are not to become complete slaves to the system which is replacing feudalism.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, the great British talking machine, was unwound at Leeds on Friday last for the season. Grammatical English at the rate of six thousand words per hour were ground out of the wonderful machine to the intense amazement of all England, Ireland and Scotland, and, according to the cable, it has hardly ceased running yet. It talks by electricity, and, as Beaconsfield is dead, there is no living man known how to stop the machine, and it is greatly feared if something extraordinary does not happen, if some corrective force does not intervene, the earth will be submerged once more, not by water this time, but by a stupendous flood of eloquence.

The machine lauded O'Connell's system of agitation to the skies, but forgot to mention that the great agitator *par excellence* was once immured in a British bastille for the same, and that a man of the name of Gladstone was then a fine old Tory, who would not have been sorry to see O'Connell hanged as a great many of his countrymen had been hanged before him for seeking the rights of their country. It was all very well while the Irish indulged in lofty flights of eloquence about dead heroes—such

as Brian Boru and Malachy, who wore the collar of gold which he won from the proud invader, but when Parnell and Davitt came along and plunged into the region of practical politics, and talked of titles to land, and land robbery, generally, the things was, too, utterly preposterous. War was proclaimed against them by Lord Beaconsfield, but the machine then in opposition was merciful, and called the attention of civilization to the letter to my Lord Duke, and the machine wept at human depravity, and caused its audience to weep also. But when it came into power it passed a coercion act and a loose, shambling sort of land bill, good only for lawyers and bailiffs, and as the Irish laughed at one and did not fall down and worship the other, the machine, the machine, also, declares war and falls into the rut made by the Beaconsfield wagon from whither, it appears, neither Gods nor men can very well extricate it. Next the machine grinds out eloquence by the hour, but it is of no use.

MEANWHILE, Mr. Parnell, little recking the abuse either of South Britain or North Britain or West Britain for that matter, pursues the even tenor of his way and continues his triumphal entry through Ireland where he is worshipped. At Wexford he picks the machine to some purpose and calls it by its proper name. He fixes the name of plunderers on the proper parties and tells the grandsons of the '98 men that the land of Ireland has been plundered and confiscated thrice over, and that the descendant of the plunderers is now sought to be sanctioned and sustained by the same means used in exterminating the rightful proprietors, namely, bullets and bayonets and bucks.

As a matter of course the words of the mighty gospel are received as the latest gospel by the monopolists everywhere. The Montreal Herald, whilom the organ of the Quebec Liberal party, but now owned body and soul by the Syndicate, is enthusiastic for the machine. The Herald has also a monopoly to bolster. English noblemen and land grabbers generally, if we have been correctly informed, are even now buying up immense tracts of land in the Northwest, and introducing as fast as they can the system which has brought Ireland to ruin and the farmers of England and Scotland to beggary. Let us trust, however, in the enlightenment of the age to kill land monopoly in the old world and prevent it in the new.

REBUILDING OF ST. THERESE

Father James Loneragan.....\$1,000  
Father Simon Loneragan..... 100

ST. THERESE.

To the Editor of THE POST and TRUE WITNESS. MR. EDITOR,—Receive my most sincere thanks for the valuable article published in Saturday's issue on St. Therese College. As an old and grateful student of this once flourishing institution, I feel proud of your appreciation. The editor of THE POST does not overvalue education when he calls this disaster a national calamity. Education frames and shapes a people; colleges and education are linked together. Many thanks then, not only as a pupil of St. Therese, but as a lover of education and of my dear adopted country.

Your practical suggestion to come in aid of the rebuilding of the college does not surprise me. The generous offer both of money and space in your columns will be fondly remembered by the St. Therese pupils. Such an act honors a Catholic paper.

As to your demand, "Who will begin?" I answer the most indebted. St. Therese should begin.

Please accept my subscription \$100.  
SIMON LONERAGAN, Pretre.

SAD DEATH OF MR. THOS. MCCREADY.

It is our painful duty to have to chronicle a sad and terrible affliction which visited the family of Messrs. McCreedy, of this city, yesterday morning. Between the hours of seven and eight o'clock, Mr. Thomas McCreedy, the youngest brother and a member of the well-known boot and shoe firm of Messrs. James McCreedy & Co., fell from his bedroom window to the stone pavement below, a distance of some 30 feet on Richmond Square. The fall was terrible in its suddenness, and fatal in its consequences, causing almost instant death. The deceased, who had slept soundly all night, had just risen from his bed and was preparing to go to early Mass. As his room was considerably darkened by the closed blinds, he approached the window to push them open and let in the light. In accomplishing his object the weight of his body did not meet with sufficient resistance, and he lost his balance over the window sill, which is extremely low. On finding himself falling he made a desperate effort to seize one of the curtains, which he did, but unfortunately, it was not strong enough; it gave away, and his end was but the matter of a few moments. Drs. Jenkins and Wilkins were immediately summoned, but their aid was of no avail, the accident was as fatal as it was sad. One of his intimate friends just happened to be within a few feet of the awful scene at the time; he lifted the almost lifeless body and brought it into the house, where the deceased breathed his last, surrounded by his much afflicted and grieved relatives. Coroner Jones was notified, and during the course of the day visited the house and viewed the body. On learning the circumstances of the dreadful occurrence he at once decided that it would not be necessary to hold an inquest. Mr. Thomas McCreedy was quite a young man, being only 25 years of age. He was universally liked both in business and social circles. He had everything to live for, his prospects were of the brightest, but the invisible hand of Providence, guided by an inscrutable design, has suddenly made this world no more for him. We are sure that his numerous friends and acquaintances learn of his sad fate with the deepest feelings of regret and sorrow, and moreover, that his afflicted family will receive in this sorrowful hour of their bereavement the heartfelt sympathy of all.

A House of Commons return gives the number of ejectments and actions for rent in Ireland from January 1 to June 30, 1881. For non-payment of rent there were 1,955 ejectments, and 5,589 actions. There were also 857 ejectments on title.