

A POWERFUL LETTER.

ULSTER'S MISTAKE.

Too Previous—A Rebellion at Half Cock
—Elect of Orange Orgies on English
Opinion—The Project to Assassinate Mr. Gladstone.

LONDON, April 29.—In a letter some time ago on the subject of obstruction I ventured to say that the Tories had spoiled their great obstruction campaign by delivering their fire too soon. They had been led on to commit this serious error in tactics by the rather wily policy of the "Old Parliamentary Hand," Mr. Gladstone, like Bre'r Rabbit, lay low; he tempted them by his meekness, and on they came blazing away, wasting all their powder on a line of skirmishers so to speak, and finding themselves short of ammunition and in a bad military position when they came up with the main body. To drop metaphor, they brought obstruction into discredit by revealing its nakedness too plainly, and that before they had come to close quarters with the Home Rule Bill; so that now Mr. Gladstone has only to raise the cry "obstruction" and the country looking on agrees that he has reason to complain and is ready to back him up.

Well, what the opponents of Home Rule have done for the obstruction branch of their campaign they have now—without any decoying from a wily enemy, but simply out of the inherent stupidity and blood-thirstiness of their own forces—managed to do for the other branch of it, to wit the Ulster rebellion and general incitement-to-violence branch. Again they have been "too previous." The Orange roughs of Belfast, instead of waiting until the Home Rule Bill was passed and then rising in a dignified rebellion against the Irish government, have at once begun to translate the inflammatory oratory which has been addressed to them by the Balfours, the Salisburys and the Churchills into their own peculiar style of action, and the counterpart of the Orangemen, among the English population, excited by the same oratory, have been attempting the assassination of Mr. Gladstone.

The day after the Home Rule Bill was carried, the Orange workmen at Harland & Wolff's great ship-building works made a brutal attack upon the small minority of their Catholic fellow-workmen, drove them with a fire of paving-stones and rivets from the works, and began an orgy of typical Orange savagery which has not concluded yet. They went on the war-path, in a word. They looted Catholic houses, especially public houses. Having tapped the barrels of one of the latter and rolled the porter into the streets, they set fire to the premises and danced around the blaze, cursing the Pope and shouting "God save the Queen!" The Orange squaws (if I may so put it) followed the example of their braves and drove the Catholic mill-girls from their work, pulling out handfuls of their hair and stoning the police who strove to prevent them. They cursed the Pope during this process and they cursed Mr. Gladstone, and loud and shrill they raised cheers for the Queen and Mr. Balfour. The Queen's name on these occasions enjoys a notoriety which must be anything but gratifying to so highly respectable a monarch. At one moment it is the loyal battle-cry of a roaring Orange rowdy rushing on for Papist gore and whiskey; at the next it figures in an appalling threat, by the same gentleman, to kick the Crown of England into the Boyne, if its wearer dares to send any of her red coats to balk him of his rightful prey. The weather being hot for the time of the year, this sort of thing is still (as I write) going on in "The Athens of the North," and as yet it is not safe for the Catholic workmen or mill girls to return to their employment.

It would be difficult to convey to you the impression this astounding and totally unexpected object lesson has made on the English mind—which, by the way, was just in the right state of receptivity for such an illustration. It has been said that we never truly understand our words until we have lived them; sorrow is an empty name to one who has never lost what he has loved. The English people have not lived through Orangeism as the Irish people have done, and the word, as it has been used throughout this controversy, has conveyed to their minds but

a very imperfect, nebulous and remote idea—a very different idea from that of the Irish people, who have seen the Orangeman in the flesh in all his war-paint; who have witnessed him going forth with his drums and revolvers and paving-stones when the annual rabid season came round; who have seen on the approach of every Twelfth of July, the train-loads of extra police drafted from every barracks in the South of Ireland to save the land marks of civilization in Ulster, while its superior of population was running amuck. People in England took either of two views about the Ulstermen—perhaps in some instances took a little of both views. Either they smiled, with Saxon stolidity and common-sense at the gasconading of warriors who swore to line the ditches, but who, they knew perfectly well, were far more likely to line an arm-chair or a feather-bed when the time for action came; or else they regarded the Ulstermen as in the main far too respectable and law-abiding a class of people to be in any way represented by the foolish talk of their politicians. People here judged of the Ulstermen by the specimens they saw. They were accustomed to Colonel Sanderson, whom they had rated as cross between a buffoon and a poltroon an amusing creature who made comical speeches and swore to die on the field of battle, but who having one day challenged Mr. Willie Redmond to meet him in the lobby, ran away when that gentleman (about half the Colonel's weight) promptly took him at his word. They were accustomed to Mr. Johnston of Ballykilbeg, the most amiable of fire-eaters, whom the Nationalist members love who was Mr. Biggar's deadly enemy and yet the bosom friend who signed Joe's will, of whom Mr. Sexton said the other day, that if an Irish member saw him in a battle he would take him in his arms and carry him out of it to a safe place. And they were accustomed to Messrs. Harland & Wolff, great ship-builders, who they knew would concern themselves about nothing else but minding number-one. Thus the talk about rebellion and the spirit of Belfast, and all the rest of it seemed to their ears mere idle words. They tolerated rather passively Lord Salisbury's and Mr. Balfour's reckless incitements to these people, because they did not believe these incitements could produce any result. All of a sudden however, there comes this outbreak in Belfast to show them what these incitements really mean—to show them the one and only result which it is in their power to produce. With a single lurid flash the reality of the Ulster question is laid bare before their gaze. They see it to be a squalid, shameful and brutal reality—startlingly squalid, startlingly brutal. They see that this Ulster, whose superiority to the rest of Ireland in wealth, education and everything else they have heard vaunted from a thousand platforms, contains in its heart a state of things which is a disgrace to nineteenth century civilization. The Orangeman they perceive to be a savage and a tyrant, the survival of an age long passed away. He resembles the fanatical Jew-baiter of the Middle Ages, and Belfast in one respect is like a particularly barbarous mediaeval city whose Catholic quarter is a sort of Ghetto. Religious liberty and toleration may exist in other parts of the British Dominion; they do not exist in those parts of Ulster where Orangeism is supreme. The English people have learned in one week that the minority in Ulster who require protection are not the Protestant but the Catholic minority. The Orangeman will indeed fight as Lord Randolph Churchill promised for him, but his mode of fighting is that of the Apache Indian; his "rebellion" is ghost-dancing; the liberty for which he howls is liberty to tyrannize and to pillage. In one word Ulster is a hideous anachronism, and the knowledge of the truth about it furnishes a new and great argument for Home Rule—the argument that national self-government will put an end to its barbarous ascendancy. Such is the net impression produced upon the public opinion of England by this Ulster rebellion which has gone off at half-cock. Another sentiment produced is profound indignation at the conduct of those English statesmen, the mischievous significance of whose reckless speeches is now for the first time realized. Only three

days before the Belfast "Korroborree" Lord Salisbury was saying in a public speech that the Ulstermen would be very poor creatures if they did not beat down the local Nationalist police. The connection between this utterance and the fact that three days later the Ulstermen, with screw, bolt, rivet and paving-stone, were doing their utmost to beat down the police, has been seized upon and pointed out in every direction. The same with all the other incendiary speeches. The desperate efforts of those orators now to undo the mischief they have done, to throw water on the flames they have lit, only excite disgust and derision.

A striking pendant to this whole campaign of reckless language is the case of the fanatic who fired at Mr. Gladstone's house. I ought to point out that Mr. Gladstone personally comes in for an amount of denunciation which exceeds both in intensity and quantity that which is bestowed upon Home Rule itself. It takes every form, verse and prose. Here is a specimen of verse from one of the latest leaflets issued which is not without a certain grotesque humor mingled with its ferocity:—

THE DOOM OF THE G. O. M.

When the G. O. M. goes down to his doom
He will ride in a fiery chariot,
And sit in state on a red-hot plate
Between Satan and Judas Iscariot.
Says the Devil, "We're rather full, you see,
But I'll do the best I can:
I'll let Ananias and Judas go free,
And take in the Grand Old Man."
Gone from the cares of office,
Gone from the head of affairs,
Gone in the head they tell us,
Gone whither no one cares,
Gone not to join the angels,
Gone whither none can tell,
Gone, let us hope, to heaven—
There are devils enough in hell.

It appears that the fanatic who fired the shot in Downing Street, had been working himself up with the aid of such literature as this. He had made up his mind to assassinate Mr. Gladstone, and he had been fortifying his conscience with the utterances of the Tory and Liberal-Unionist party leaders. When arrested he handed up to the inspector a document which he said was his justification—recalling very curiously in this circumstance the example of Guiteau, who pleaded the denunciations of Garfield, Conkling and others as the explanation of what he had done. Here is an extract from the *apologia* of the Downing Street desperado. It is a very noteworthy document:—

"William Henry Townsend, 17 Hyde-road, Sheffield. The reason why, April 22, 1893. Second Reading of the Irish Home Rule Bill, passed by Gladstone's Government, with their full majority of 43, including that cur Saunderson. Always talking, appears not to have made a single convert, ergo, it is now time for action. What was the use of the Ulster fellows howling and calling out 'Traitor'? That won't upset the bill. There is such a thing as wilful murder. Yet it might be nothing of the kind. Simply and purely justifiable homicide. And now to prove it. What says Sir Henry James, one of the cleverest lawyers of the land, and yet one of the kindest of men? See Gladstone's speech last night. What says Colonel Saunderson?"

This close connection between the criminal impulses of their followers and the speeches of the Unionist leaders has produced a great sensation here. All this makes for Home Rule tremendously. If the things were not too deplorable in themselves one might say of the effect they are producing for the Home Rule cause, "The stars in their courses are fighting against Sisera."—T. P. G. in the *Boston Pilot*.

To the Most Reverend Edward Charles Fabre, D.D., Archbishop of Montreal.

The vernal suns of twenty years have shone
Since Christ's completed priesthood on Thee pressed
The mantle of the twelve, whose shield upborne
So nobly, doth Thy Canada attest.

But fairer flowers than op'e their treasured bloom
To beam continuous of the Master's Light
Outlines shine forth amid the gentle gloom
Of shady dell, as jewels shine at night.

Thus not alone where Maple's radiant sheen
To home and kindred trains Thy pastoral star

Itself receives those blessings which, unseen,
Thou speedest to the scattered flock afar:
Like unto Him who first the gentiles taught
With lands remote Thy care is ever fraught.
Montreal, May 1, 1893.

WHAT CAN BE DONE?

When the system is overloaded with impurity, the circulation sluggish, and the stomach out of order, as is often the case in spring time, there is no remedy so efficacious as BARDOCK Blood Bitters to remove every trace of impure matter and restore perfect health.

TEMPERANCE.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

The regular monthly meeting of the St. Ann's T. A. & B. society was held Sunday in the St. Ann's hall, Ald. P. Kennedy, the first vice-president, in the chair. The Rev. Father Rionx, C.S.B., opened the meeting by prayer. A large number of new members were enrolled. Resolutions of condolence were tendered to the families of late respected members of the society, Messrs. M. Sullivan and John Quillan, who for many years were faithful and active on behalf of the society and of temperance. The society has engaged the steamer Prince of Wales for their annual excursion, which takes place on July 22nd, to Sherringham park. It is the intention of the society to make this one of the best treats of the season. An attractive programme of games has already been drawn up and approved by the society and the officers will spare no pains to make it a successful and enjoyable event. A letter was read from the Rev. J. McCallen, rev. director of St. Patrick's T. A. & B. society, suggesting that the temperance societies of Montreal should send delegates to the Temperance congress to be held in Chicago in connection with the World's fair, June 5 to 10. After discussion it was referred to the rev. director for approval.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

The regular monthly meeting of the above society was held Sunday afternoon. The rev. president of the society, Rev. J. A. McCallen, S.S., conducted the religious services held in St. Patrick's church prior to the business meeting. The Rev. Father preached a most eloquent sermon on the Mystery of the Ascension. After the sermon the pledge of total abstinence was administered to a large number. Hon. Senator Murphy presided at the business meeting. The report of the committee of management was read and approved, as were also the minutes of the previous meeting and the reports of the sick committee. An invitation for the attendance of a delegate at the Temperance congress to be held at the World's fair in June was reported. On motion of Mr. Connolly, seconded by Mr. Jas. Milloy, the matter was left in the hands of the rev. president, who will confer with the rev. directors of the St. Ann's and St. Gabriel's T. A. and B. societies as to the action to be taken. Mr. John Walsh brought forward the advisability of the society becoming affiliated with the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America. The question was discussed and approved and the secretary (Mr. Costigan) was empowered to enter into the necessary arrangements. Several new members were admitted to the benefit branch. The society will probably hold its annual picnic on Dominion day or early in July. A meeting of the committee of management was held subsequently when the various sub-committees to assist the Ladies of Charity at the annual festival in aid of the poor to be held early in June were appointed.

When you speak or even think of spring medicine, how quickly Hood's Sarsaparilla comes into your mind. Take it now.

Station-master, to suspicious-looking old lady in saloon-carriage: Are you first-class, mum? Old lady: I am, thank ye And how's yourself?

BEST EVER MADE.

DEAR SIRS,—I can highly recommend Haggard's Pectoral Balsam as the best remedy ever made for coughs and colds. I am never without it in my house. HARRY PALMER, Lorneville Ont.

OBVIOUS.—What would you do if you found yourself in a dead-lock? Why, get out of it with a skeleton key, of course.

IN A BARBER'S SHOP.—"It is pretty cold in here." Barber: "Yes, sir, it is chilly this morning." Mr. Absentminded: "If you have no objection, I'll keep on my hat while you are cutting my hair."

Lady Angelina, so proud of her popularity: Well, my dear, I assure you there is not a bell in the street that is used so much as mine. Fair Visitor: Oh, I quite believe it. I had to ring six times.

Suitor: Sir, you are undoubtedly aware of the object of my visit? Father: I believe you desire to make my daughter happy. Do you really mean it? Unquestionably. Father: Well, don't marry her, then.

NO OTHER Sarsaparilla has the merit to secure the confidence of entire communities and hold it year after year, like **HOOD'S** Sarsaparilla.