



VOL. XXXI.—NO. 50.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1881.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE LAND WAR

IN IRELAND!!

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

THE LAND BILL.

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the House of Lords there I be one propos- ing to increase the number of Commissioners to five.

Mr. Mundella, announce that arrangements were being made for a commission to inquire into and make a very full report upon the spread of technical knowledge among those engaged in important industries of Europe.

LONDON, July 23.—The Times announces that a proposal is on foot among the Liberal members of Parliament to appeal to Mr. Gladstone to consider the propriety of advising the Queen to discharge the suspects under the Coercion Act on the occasion of the Royal assent being given to the Land Bill.

DUBLIN, July 24.—The juryman at Cork told Justice Barry that they would attach no weight to the evidence of the police, and as, in nine agrarian cases out of ten, police are the only witnesses, it was manifestly impossible to secure a conviction.

The announcement that Edmund Leamy would be appointed Home Rule whip in the House of Commons to succeed Captain Nolan is untrue. No appointment will be made until the next session of Parliament.

At the Land League demonstration to-day ten branches of the League, 20 horsemen and many trades' unions were in the procession, which numbered 3,000 persons.

LONDON, July 25.—Mr. Parnell has placed several amendments to report on the Land Bill on the paper. He will move that the emigration clause be eliminated.

LONDON, July 25.—Sir M. Hicks Beach moved a vote of censure in relation to the course of the Government in the Transvaal. He said the Opposition refrained from ever questioning the Government on the subject, because they believed the policy announced in the Queen's speech would be carried out, but when they discovered that the policy was reversed they considered it necessary to afford the earliest opportunity for ministerial explanation.

Mr. Rathbone (Liberal) moved an amendment that the House believing the continuance of war in the Transvaal would not have advanced the honour or interests of England, approves of the steps taken by the Government to effect a peaceful settlement, and feels confident that every care will be taken to guard the interest of natives, etc.

Mr. Chamberlin, President of the Board of Trade, defended the Government in a long speech.

Mr. Gladstone made a powerful speech, and argued that to vindicate the Queen's authority and the honour of England was not by the shedding of blood or the acquiring of territory.

Sir Stafford Northcote maintained that the Cabinet had weakened British prestige.

Sir M. H. Beach's motion was then put and lost by a vote of 314 to 207.

Sir William Harcourt said the report of the discovery of infernal machines in Liverpool was correct, six machines having been discovered on one vessel. He believed the conspiracies were connected with avowed projects of the Fenian press in America.

Replying to a question relative to the Revolutionary Congress, he said: "With opinions, however extravagant and wicked, the Government has no authority to deal if they are not associated with crime."

FROM ST. JOHN N. B. THE ACADIAN CONVENTION. ST. JOHN N. B., July 21.—This is a gala day for Memramcook, being the day for the opening of the Acadian Convention.

At four p. m. the Convention was inaugurated in the square to the left of the College, Hon. P. A. Landry, the President, giving the opening address. Sir Hector Langevin followed, speaking nearly an hour.

AT WIMBLEDON. WIMBLEDON CAMP, July 22.—A shooting match has been arranged for to-morrow between six Canadian and six British marksmen selected from the teams which participated in the competition for the Eicho Shield, under the captaincy of Earl Brownlow.

THOMAS ROBINSON, Farnham Centre, P. Q., writes:—I have been afflicted with Rheumatism for the last ten years, and have tried many remedies without any relief. I got a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eucalyptic Oil, and found it gave me instant relief, and since then have had no attack. I would recommend it to all."

William J. Delahanty, a clog dancer, was arrested yesterday in New York, evidently insane.

THE TRAGEDY OF TYPES.

BY ERRATIC ENRIQUE.

Tom Tripod was an editor. Who boasted of his skill, But whose effusions, printers said, Were only fit to "kill."

He likewise bragged of family rank, With bold, unblushing face, Till Slug, the foreman, snickered out, "This minion's lower case!"

Now Tripod loved a lovely love, A maiden, without guile, Who, when he asked her to be his, Replied: "Well, I should smile!"

And so she did upon his suit, Of store-clothes, newly bought With double column, display ad., By wholesale dealer, sought.

So they were wed and duly went Upon a bridal trip, White Slug, at home, to fill the "form," With shears began to clip.

And when he had enough of "mail," As seized a paper with, To write a leader "leader" on The mysteries of grub.

He then attacked the county judge, The parson and his flock, And gave the governor special fits, And hit the mayor a knock.

He called the rival papers all The names he could invent, Then out his "takes" and told the boys He didn't care a cent.

They set them all, and such a roar, As greeted Tripod's name, Was equal to a blizzard blast, Or fall of the Vendome.

The slandered judge with cowhide slung, The parson stormed like mad, While Mayor and Council hinted strong He'd seen his last town ad.

Poor Tripod was completely floored, And wore a doleful mien, Out like a guilty, talented thing, Cringed at the slanders of Slug.

But Tom forgave him graciously, And drank off the bitter cup, Resolved no more to go abroad, And now is right side up.

LAST ORATION OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

RUSSIA AND IRELAND.

Ireland is another touchstone which reveals to us how absurdly we masquerade in democratic trappings while, as Emerson says, we have gone to seed in Tory distrust of the people; false to every duty which as oldest born of Democratic institutions, we owe to the oppressed, and careless of the lesson every such movement may be made in keeping public thought clear, keen and fresh as to principles which are the essence of our civilization, the groundwork of all education in republics.

Sydney Smith said: "The moment Ireland is mentioned, the English seem to bid adieu to common sense, and to act with the barbarity of tyrants, and the fatuity of idiots; and Byron called England's union with Ireland 'the union of the shark with his prey.'"

Bentham's conclusion, from a survey of 500 years of European history, was, "Only by making the ruling few uneasy can the oppressed many obtain a particle of relief."

Edmund Burke—Burke, the noblest figure in the parliamentary history of the last hundred years, greater than Cicero in the senate and almost Plato in the academy—Burke affirmed a century ago, "Ireland has learnt at last that justice is to be had from England only when demanded at the sword's point." And a century later, or last year, Gladstone himself proclaimed in a public address in Scotland, "England never concedes anything to Ireland, except when moved to do so by fear."

When we remember these admissions we ought to clap our hands at every fresh Irish "outrage," as a narrow press styles it, aware that it is only a far-off echo of the honest shots that rattled against the Old State house, on the 5th March, 1770, and of the war whoop that made the tiny spire of the Old South tremble when Boston rioters emptied the three India tea ships into the sea; welcome evidence of living force and rare intelligence in the victim, and a sign that the day of deliverance draws each hour nearer.

Cease ringing endless changes of eulogy on the men who made North's Boston Port Bill a failure, while every leading journal sends daily over the water wishes for the success of Gladstone's copy of the bill for Ireland.

If all rightful government rests on consent,—if as the French say, you "can do almost anything with a bayonet except sit on it," be at least consistent, and denounce the man who covers Ireland with regiments to hold up a despotism which within twenty months he has contested, rest wholly upon fear.

Then note the scorn and disgust with which we gather up our garments about us and disown the Sam Adams and William Prescott, the George Washington and John Brown of St. Petersburg, the spiritual descendants, the living representatives of those who make our history worth anything in the world's annals—the nihilists.

utterly vile, made up only of heartless oppressors and contented slaves. Every line in our history, every interest of civilization bids us rejoice when the tyrant grows pale and the slave rebellious. We cannot but pity the suffering of any human being, however richly deserved. But such pity must confuse our moral sense. Humanity gains, Chatham rejoiced when our fathers rebelled. For every single reason they alleged, Russia counts 100, each one ten times bitterer than any Hancock or Adams could give. Sam Johnson's standing toast in Oxford port was, "Success to the first insurrection of slaves in Jamaica," a sentiment Southey echoed. "Eschew cant," said the old moralist. But of all the cant that are created in this canting world, though the cant of piety may be the worst, the cant of Americans bewailing Russian nihilism is the most disgusting. I know what reform needs, and all it needs in a land where discussion is free, the press untrammelled, and where public halls protect debate. There, as Emerson says, "the tender and poetic youth dreams to-day, and conjures up with inarticulate speech, is to-morrow the vociferated result of public opinion, and the day after is the charter of nations." Lieber said in 1870: "Bismarck proclaims to-day in the Diet the very principles for which we were hunted and exiled fifty years ago." Submit to risk your daily bread, expect social ostracism, count on a mob now and then, be in earnest, don't equivocate, don't expect to don't retreat a single inch, and you will finally be heard. No matter how long and weary the waiting, at last

Ever the truth comes uppermost, And ever is justice done, For humankind sways onward Where to-day the martyr stands, On the morrow crouches Judas With the silver in his hands.

Far in front the cross stands ready, And the crackling ignis burns, Who did but keep the mob of yesterday In silent awe return. To gather up the scattered ashes Into history's golden urn.

In such a land he is doubly and trebly guilty who, except in some extreme case, disturbs the sober rule of law and order. But such is not Russia. In Russia, there is no press, no debate, no explanation of what government does, no remonstrance allowed, no agitation of public issues,—dead silence, like that which reigns at the summit of Mount Blanc, freezes the whole empire,—long ago described as a "desolatoric tempest by assassination."

Meanwhile, such despotism has unsettled the brains of the ruling race, as unbridled power doubtless made some of the twelve Cæsars insane—a madman, sporting with the lives and comfort of 100,000,000 of men.

The young girl whispers in her mother's ear, under a ceiled roof her pity for a brother knouted and dragged half dead into exile for his opinions. The next week she is stripped naked and flogged to death in the public square; no inquiry, no explanation, no trial, no protest,—one dead, uniform silence, the law of the tyrant,—where is there ground for any hope of peaceful change? Where the fulcrum upon which you can plant any possible lever? Machiavel's sorry picture of poor human nature would be fulsome flattery if men could keep still under such oppression.

No, no; in such a land dynamite and the dagger are not only proper substitutes for Pancoast Hall and the Daily Advertiser. Anything that will make the madman quake in his bedchamber, and rouse his victims into reckless and desperate resistance.

This is the only view an American, the child of 1620 and 1776, can take of Nihilism,—any other unsettles and perplexes the ethics of our civilization.

Born within sight of Bunker Hill, in a commonwealth which adopts the motto of Algernon Sydney, *sub libertate quietum*, (except no place without liberty) son of Harvard whose first pledge was "Truth," citizen of a republic based on the claim that no government is rightful unless resting on the consent of the people, and which assumes to lead in asserting the rights of humanity, I at least can say nothing else, and nothing less; no, not if every tiny Cambridge roof were a devil holding my words.

I shall bow to any rebuke from those who hold Christianity to command entire non-resistance. But criticism from any other quarter is only that nauseous hypocrisy which, stung by three-penny tea tax, piles Bunker Hill with granite and statues, prating the while of patriotism and broad-swords, while like another Pecoskiff, recommends a century of dumb submission, and entire non-resistance to the Russians, who, for a hundred years have seen their sons by thousands dragged to death or exile, no one knows which, in this worse than Venetian mystery of police, and their maidens flogged to death in the market place, and who share the same fate if they presume to ask the reason why. "It is unfortunate," says Jefferson, "that the efforts of mankind to secure the freedom of what they have been deprived should be accompanied with violence and even with crime, but while we weep over the means, we must pray for the end." Pray fearlessly for such ends; there is no risk. "Men are all Tories by nature," says Arnold, "when tolerably well off; only monstrous injustice and atrocious cruelty can rouse them." Some talk of the rashness of the uneducated classes. Alas! ignorance is far oftener obstinate than rash. Against one French revolution—the scatecrow of the ages—weigh Asia, "carved in stone," and a thousand years of Europe, with her half-dozen nations meted out and trodden down, to be the dull and contented footstools of princes and kings.

The customs of a thousand years ago are the sheet anchor of the passing generation, so deeply buried, so fixed, that the most violent efforts of the maddest fanatic can drag it but a hair's breadth.

Before the war Americans were where the crowd in that terrible hall of Bibles which Beckford painted for us—each man with his hand pressed on the incredible sore of his bosom, and pledged not to speak of it,—com-

pared with other lands, we were intellectually and morally a nation of cowards.

At last that disgraceful seal of slave complicity is broken. Let us inaugurate a new departure, recognize that we are aloft on the current of Niagara—eternal vigilance the condition of our safety—that we are irrevocably pledged to the world not to go back to bolts and bars—could not if we would, and would not if we could. Never again be ours the fastidious scholarship that shrinks from rude contact with the masses. Very pleasant it is to sit high up in the world's theatre and criticize the ungraceful struggles of the gladiators, shrug one's shoulders at the actors' harsh cries, and let everyone know that but for "this villainous salpêtre, you would yourself have been a soldier." But Bacon says: "In the theatre of man's life, God and His angels only should be lookers-on."

"Sin is not taken out of man as Eve was out of Adam, by putting him to sleep." "Very beautiful," says Richter, "is the eagle when he floats with out-stretched wings aloft in the clear blue; but sublime when he plunges down through the tempest to his eyrie on the cliff, where his unfledged young ones dwell and are starving." Accept proudly the analysis of Fleber Ames: "A monarchy is a man-of-war, staunch, iron-ribbed, and resistless, when under full sail; yet a single hidden rock sends her to the bottom. Our republic is a raft hard to steer, and your feet always wet, but nothing can sink her."

If the Alps piled in cold and silence be the emblem of despotism, we joyfully take the ever-restless ocean for ours, only pure because never still. To be as good as our fathers we must be better. They silenced their fears and subdued their prejudices, inaugurating free speech and equity with no precedent on file. Europe shouted "madness," and gave us forty years for the shipwreck. With serene faith they persevered. Let us rise to their level, crush appetite and prohibit temptation, if it rots great cities. Entrench labor in sufficient bulwarks against the wealth, which, without the tenfold strength of modern incorporation, wrecked the Grecian and Roman states, and with a sterner effort still, summon women into civil life as reinforcement to our laboring ranks in the effort to make our civilization a success.

Sit not, like the figure on your silver coin, looking ever backward.

New occasions teach new duties, Time makes ancient good uncouth, They must upward, still, and onward, Who would keep abreast of truth. Lo, before us gleam the watchtowers— We ourselves must pilgrims be; Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly, Through the desperate winter sea, Nor attempt the future's portal With the past's blood-rusted key.

DON CARLOS IN FRANCE. PARIS, July 17.—The London Standard gives another reason why Don Carlos should be expelled from France. He is, from his own point of view, it says, doubtless King of Spain, although only in partibus, and as such is fully entitled to confer all the Orders of the Crown, from ancient Alcantara down to modern Isabel la Católica, upon his friends and acquaintances abroad. His free and magnificent exercise of that royal prerogative, however, does not appear to be regarded with ordinary complacency by the Madrid government, which has recently instructed its representative in Paris, Senor Fernandez Nunez, to remonstrate with the French authorities respecting certain abuses of the above character practised in that capital by the irrepressible Spanish Pretender. The matter has been laid before the Grand Council of the Legion of Honor, which, under the presidency of General Faidherbe, Governor of the Order, has resolved to institute rigorous proceedings against all French subjects who have accepted decorations from Don Carlos. This decision is stated to have aroused considerable consternation in the Faubourg Saint Germain, where His Royal Highness is reverenced as the rightful monarch of Spain. It would appear that he has of late distributed Spanish decorations somewhat lavishly among the high-born legitimists of the Faubourg, who have not only received those distinctions at his hands with grateful awe, but have accepted them freely in society. For vindicating their political convictions in this manner they now find themselves liable to be summoned before the "Police Correctionnelle," there to be certainly fined and possibly imprisoned. It is even whispered that the august prosecutor of General Boet may be called upon to answer for a breach of the existing laws, and that, being actually a resident upon French territory, he has incurred penalties which a republican government may not be disinclined to enforce upon a Bourbon Prince, the champion of legitimacy. On the whole, taking his recent experiences with the Golden Fleece into consideration, we are of opinion that Don Carlos would have done wisely to let Spanish Orders alone until his faculty for bestowing them should be founded upon some more substantial basis than divine right.

It is a mistake to suppose that Adrian the Fourth was the only English Pope. It is claimed that Clement V, John XXII, (not much any way), and Benedict VII, were all born in France, in Provinces subject to English rule. Those gens la would do anything for England.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD. WASHINGTON, July 26, 7 a. m.—Dr. Bliss says the President passed a comfortable night, resting well, sleeping at intervals up to 3 a. m. About 3 o'clock a rise in temperature was noticed, but it soon passed away, and afterwards the President obtained more rest and sleep. He is now resting quietly, pulse 98, with temperature apparently about normal.

WASHINGTON, July 26, noon.—The President is resting comfortably and is doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

THE LACROSSE MATCH.

SHAMROCK VS. MONTREAL.

The Montreal Club Win their First Victory

The Shamrock and Montreal Clubs met for the second time this season on last Saturday afternoon.

The match was played on the grounds of the latter club, and over three thousand people assembled to witness it. During the early part of the day the weather gave every sign of indecision, as to whether it should afford "stunne" or rain for the occasion.

It was evidently coaxed, however, to allow the sun to run its course unclouded, and it remained propitious throughout the afternoon. Towards the appointed hour for play, the grand stands were thronged with spectators; the ladies wore present in large numbers as also were our American cousins, who generally seemed to be carried away with the national game. During the previous week considerable interest had been centred in the event, and some little speculation was indulged in as to the result of the match. The Montreal Club, since their defeat by their old rivals five weeks ago, had lost no opportunity in getting into first-class condition, and their resolve was to defeat the champions, which they did. Their team was acknowledged to be the best twelve they had put together this season, their two new men, Craven and Hamilton, having proved equally worthy of their promotion. Another source of strength was in the re-acquisition of W. A. Hubbell.

On the other hand, the Shamrocks came on the field with only nine of their champion team, Hoobin, Daly and Heolan being unable to put in an appearance. The absence of these men, naturally enough, detracted considerably from the strength and cohesion of their general play, although it is not meant by this remark that their substitutes failed to display that skill and those powers of endurance which are requisite in a lacrosse man, for on the contrary, McHugh, Tucker and Myles made a splendid exhibition. Another disadvantage which they had to labor against was the stiffness and soreness which had resulted from the late Toronto match. On the whole, however, lacrosse was at its proper level on last Saturday. Scientific play, a gentlemanly contest and good feeling characterized the game throughout. There was not one foul claimed in the four games, there was no extra facing, there was no dispute of any kind, in fact, lacrosse was played as it should have been in the past, and as it should be in the future. Not one man of the twenty-four received the slightest wound, they left the field whole and entire.

SHAMROCKS.—F. Lally (goal), J. Morton, O. McHugh, T. Butler, E. Hart, C. J. Maguire, T. Farmer, P. McKeown, J. Myles, T. Meehan, J. Murphy and P. J. Tucker. Captain, M. Polan.

MONTREAL.—W. Kay (goal), G. S. Hubbell, W. Aird, George Aird, J. Craven, W. Griffin, J. Patterson, W. Hubbell, R. Summerhayes, S. Struthers, W. Hamilton and T. L. Paton. Captain, J. K. Whyte.

Referee—S. C. Stevenson. Umpires—Mr. Andrew Boyd and Ald. W. Farrell.

The Shamrocks won the toss, and chose to play down the field.

The first game was one of short duration, the rubber had visited three or four sticks when W. Hubbell, sent it through the Shamrock goal, thus scoring one for the Montrealers in less than a minute.

After a few minutes' pause, the second game was started, and was beginning to become interesting, when the ball was shot through the flags by Summerhayes, thus making it No. 2, for the Montrealers, inside of two minutes.

There was now a flutter of excitement, as it was going to be a clean sweep? The champions thought not, and they settled down to work; they made the third game a very hot one in the way of defence about the Montreal goal. The play was now brilliant; there was clever dodging, effective checking, short but rapid running, (light falls), fine over-hand shots for the Montreal goal by Murphy, who finally made a pretty bull's eye amid immense cheering and after 10 minutes' superb play.

The fourth and last game, which was not concluded till after 20 minutes' struggle, was a most exciting one; it seemed to be the most lively contested. Both teams played admirably and every nerve was strained to win the game, or the match. Paton brought the sport to an end by swiping the ball through the Shamrock goal. The result was hailed with loud applause by the large assemblage, whilst the victorious team shook hands with their opponents and gave them three ringing cheers.

DEAN STANLEY ON THE REVISED SCRIPTURES. The last published work of the Dean was a four column criticism of the revised Testament, published in the Times on Wednesday. The following are its concluding words:—

"The general flow of the sacred narrative escapes any changes which, except by a mere sparse survey, could affect a cursory perusal. Many of the changes will only be expressed by the margin, but the margin, it is evident in this translation, rises to a level much above the place assigned to it in the text of James I., and not improbably it often represents the impression of a strong and intelligent minority."

It may be asked what are the prospects of this new version taking the place of that which already exists? and to this no positive answer can as yet be given. We have never received the sanction of Parliament, Convocation or the Sovereign. It came in by use, and by use they use it, and it still holds its ground. There is no reason to doubt that if the present version should win general acceptance it will in its time supersede the old first in private houses and then by public reading in church.