

MONSIGNOR DARBOY.

THE HORRORS SURROUNDING HIS IMPRISONMENT AND DEATH.

From Scribner's Magazine.

After an insurrection of seventy-one days, such as had never been known in the annals of civilization, Paris was finally delivered, Sunday, May 28, 1871. The reign of the Commune of Paris, pursuing its career of murder, destruction, and terror, went out finally in blood and flame. Its almost incredible enormities—the massacre of the archbishop, and the commission of countless other murders of persons who refused to join in this fiendish work; its horrible and well-organized plans of incendiarism, intended to destroy the entire city, and resulting in the destruction of so many great monuments of Paris—are crimes which must excite eternal execration.

Of one of these my position gave me a special knowledge, and I shall now return to speak of it at greater length.

It was from the fact that I was the only foreign minister who remained in Paris during the days of the Commune that I was brought into relations with the Archbishop of Paris. Up to that time I had known him only by general reputation, and as a man eminently beloved by all who knew him, sincerely devoted to the interests of his Church, and distinguished for his benevolence and kindness of heart. When I heard of his arrest by the Commune, on one of the first days of April, I considered it one of the most threatening events that had taken place. Yet it was hardly possible to suppose that any injury could come to a man like the Archbishop Darbois.

The bloodthirsty Raoul Rigault had signalled his brutality, after reaching almost supreme power in the Commune, by ordering this arrest. The order was in these words: "Order the arrest of citizen Darbois (George), calling himself Archbishop of Paris," and on the 4th of April the archbishop was arrested at his residence. The agents of the Commune told him that they arrested him simply as a "hostage;" that they wished to treat him with all the respect due to his rank, and that he would be permitted to have his servant with him. They transported him from his residence to the prefecture of police in his own carriage, but when once in prison, instead of receiving the respect due to his rank, he was treated like a criminal. He was soon removed from the prison of the prefecture of police to the prison of Mazas in an ordinary prison carriage. No sooner was he in his cell than his isolation became complete. He received no news, he heard nothing from the outside, and saw no persons, not even his fellow-prisoners.

Shut up as he was in his dreary cell, forbidden communication with any person, it should not be wondered at that I temporarily lost sight of him in the whirl of the terrible events then passing in Paris. But on the 18th of April the Pope's nuncio, Flavio Chigi, wrote me a confidential communication, asking me to receive kindly four ecclesiastical canons of the Metropolitan Church of Paris, who would come to me to claim my protection in favor of their archbishop from the insurgents; and he asked to be permitted to join his prayers to those of the good canons, and to assure me of his great gratitude for all that I thought I might do in endeavoring, at least, to prevent any danger coming to the life of Mgr. Darbois. This communication was brought to me by the canons, and they made a very strong appeal.

Visiting Versailles on the 22nd of April, I called upon the Pope's nuncio to talk with him in relation to the situation. The outrage in arresting this most devout and excellent man and confining him (au secret) in prison, was not only a crime, it was a great insult, particularly in the Catholic world. I fully sympathized with the nuncio and the gentleman who had addressed me in respect to it, and had no hesitation in telling the nuncio that I was at his disposal to do everything in my power, of course unofficially, to secure the release of the archbishop. I assumed that I should only be conforming to the policy of my government, as illustrated in like circumstances, by complying with the request in the hope that I might be able to ameliorate the condition of the prisoner. I returned from Versailles to Paris on the evening of the 23d of April, fully determined to act in the matter. The first thing I did after reaching my house was to send a messenger to Gen. Cluseret, the Commune's minister of war, to make an appointment to see him at ten o'clock the next morning (Sunday). My messenger returned, saying that he had found Cluseret, and had treated him very kindly, and had asked him to request me to call upon him at the ministry of war at that hour. Taking with me my private secretary, I reached the ministry of war promptly at the time named, where I found Cluseret occupying a desk which had previously been occupied by the regular minister of war of the government. I had known him quite well, and he received me very kindly. I then stated to him the object of my visit, saying that I did not visit him in my diplomatic capacity, but simply as a private individual, in the interest of good feeling and humanity, to see if it were not possible to have the archbishop released from prison. I said that the incarceration of such a man, under the pretext of holding him as a hostage was an outrage, and that the Commune, in its own interest, should at once release him. He answered that it was not a matter within his jurisdiction, and however much he would like to see the archbishop released, he thought, in consideration of the state of affairs then in Paris, it would be useless to take any steps in that direction. The people would never permit the release; and if he (Cluseret) should attempt to intervene in his behalf, it would not only render the situation of the prisoner more deplorable, but it would be fatal to him (Cluseret). Indeed I very much doubted myself whether the Commune would dare, in consideration of the excited state of feeling at the moment, to release the archbishop; but I told Gen. Cluseret that I must see him and ascertain his real situation, the condition of his health, and whether he was in want of anything. He replied that he could see no objection to that, but said that it was necessary to get a permission from the procurer of the Commune, Raoul Rigault, and suggested that he

would go with me himself to see the latter at the prefecture of police. We at once descended the gilded staircase into the courtyard, where we found his splendid coupe and driver in livery awaiting us. He invited me to take a seat with him in his coupe, while my secretary followed in my own.

In reaching the apartment occupied by Rigault we had to traverse the crooked and dirty alleys of the horrid old prison of the prefecture, all filled with the brigand National Guard. Recognizing the minister of war, they saluted him with the touch of the kepi, and we passed unmolested. Demanding to see Rigault, though it was now eleven o'clock, we were told that he was not yet up, and my private secretary and myself were then ushered into the magnificent salon of the prefecture to wait until Cluseret should have had an interview with the procurer of the Commune in bed. While we were waiting we saw the servants preparing for the midday breakfast in the beautiful dining hall adjoining the salon. I should think the table was set for at least thirty covers and it presented that elegant appearance which belongs to the second breakfast in all well-to-do households in Paris. It was fully a half hour before Cluseret returned and he brought with him a document all in the handwriting of Rigault containing the desired permission.

Armed with this unquestionable authority my private secretary and myself immediately started for the prison of Mazas, where we were admitted without difficulty, and treated with every consideration by the guardians. Their callous hearts seemed to have softened toward the archbishop, and they appeared glad to welcome us as his friends. As a special favor we were permitted to enter into his gloomy and naked little cell. He had been in prison more than two weeks, and had seen no person except the jailers, and he was utterly ignorant of what had been done during his imprisonment. He seemed delighted to see me, and I was deeply touched by the appearance of the venerable prelate. With his slender person, his form somewhat bent, his long beard (for he apparently had not been shaved since his confinement), his eyes haggard with illness, he could not have failed to make the most indifferent observer. I told him what the object of my visit was, and he at once entered upon an explanation of his situation. I was struck with his cheerful spirit, and captivated with his interesting conversation. He was one of the most charming and agreeable of men, and was beloved alike by the rich and the poor. His life had been one of acts of charity and benevolence, and was particularly distinguished for his liberal and Catholic spirit. The cruelty of his position and precedence of his coming fate had not changed the sweetness of his disposition nor the serenity of his temper. No words of bitterness or reproach for his persecutors escaped his lips, but he seemed to breathe rather to make excuses for the people of Paris, to whom he had been allied by so many ties during his whole life. He said he was patiently awaiting the logic of events, and praying that Providence might find a solution to the terrible troubles in Paris without the further shedding of blood, and he added, in a tone of melancholy, "The accents of his life will never be effaced from my memory."

"I have no fear of death; it costs but little to die; I am ready. That which distresses me is the fear of what will come to the other prisoners—the drunken men, the cries of death, the knife, the hatchet, the bayonet."

I found him confined in a cell about six feet by ten, possibly by twelve, which had the ordinary furniture of the Mazas prison—a wooden chair, a small wooden table, and a prison-bed. The cell was lighted by one small window. As a political prisoner, he was permitted to have his food brought to him from outside of the prison. From my conversation with him, and from all I saw, and from all I knew in respect to the Commune, I could not conceive from myself the real danger that he was in, and I hoped more and more strongly that I might be instrumental in saving him from the fate that seemed to threaten him.

The permission given me by Raoul Rigault to see the archbishop, which has been referred to, having been annulled by a general order to revoke all permissions given to anybody to see any prisoner, I was obliged to procure another special permit for this purpose. On the 18th of May, therefore, I sent my private secretary to Raoul Rigault to obtain such permit. He reported to me that he found Rigault very much indisposed to give what I desired; but he insisted so strongly that Rigault finally sat down, and with his own hand, wrote a permission.

This is a cynical and characteristic document, and there are no words wasted. Mr. McKean was my private secretary. I was not designated as minister of the United States, but styled "Citizen Washburne," and the archbishop is simply described as the "prisoner (detenu) Darbois." The permit, of course, enabled me to enter freely. I no longer changed that I hardly knew him. Great numbers of the good people of Paris were passing through the palace to look for the last time upon him who was so endeared to them by his benevolent acts, his kindly disposition, and his consideration for the poor and the lowly. In all the six or seven interviews I had with him in prison, except the last, I always found him cheerful, and sometimes even gay, and never uttering a word of complaint. No man could be with him without being captivated by his cheerful disposition, his Christian spirit, and interesting conversation. He was learned, accomplished and eloquent; and, above all, he was good. In his religious and political sentiments he was most liberal. He met his fate with the firmness of a Christian martyr, and any one who knew him could not but join in a tribute of sincere mourning. For myself, I can never think of him without being overwhelmed with emotions that I am scarcely able to express.

His funeral, and that of the other victims massacred with him, took place at the Church of Notre Dame, in Paris, June 7, 1871. The National Assembly at Versailles, worthily interpreting the sentiments of all France, decided that the interment should take place at the expense of the public treasury. Great preparations were made for the funeral

of the Martyrs of Henry's reign whose names occur in the recent Decree of Beatification were led to execution; John Larke, the friend and parish priest of Blessed Thomas More, and Rector of Chelsea. With him on March 7th, 1844, suffered Blessed German Gardiner, a relative of Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and a zealous upholder of the supremacy of the Vicar of Christ. It is needless to tell in detail the story of their trial, so disgracefully unjust, so painfully an English was it in every particular. Suffice it to say they were condemned, refused to batten their faith in obedience to Henry's law and died martyrs for the unity of the Church and the supremacy of Rome.

The particulars of what followed I learned later, when, on June 5, after the downfall of the Commune, I visited the prison. The days of Tuesday and Wednesday, the 23d and 24th of May, were anxious days at La Roquette, but there were no very striking incidents. About six o'clock on Wednesday evening a detachment of forty of the National Guard, belonging to the "Vengeurs de la Republique," as they were called, arrived at the prison, with a captain, first and second lieutenants, a commissaire of police, and two civil delegates. They all wore bright red scarfs. Entering the office of the jailer, these civil delegates demanded of the director of the prison the release of the hostages, saying that they were commanded to do so. The director, at once refused to deliver up the prisoners, saying that he would not consent to such a massacre of men confided to his care without more formal orders. A long dispute thereupon arose, which finally ended by the director's giving consent to deliver up six victims who had been especially designated. The men awaited the decision impatiently in the court, and the six martyrs were called. The President Bonjean, occupying cell No. 1, was the first; the Abbe Deguerry, occupying cell No. 4, was the second, and the last called was Mgr. Darbois, Archbishop of Paris, who occupied cell No. 23. The doors of the cells were then opened by the officer of the prison, and the victims were all ordered to leave. They descended, going to the foot of the stairs, calm and unmoved, and before they had a few words—the last on earth. Never was there a more mournful cortege, nor one calculated to awaken sadder emotions. Mgr. Darbois, though weak and enfeebled by disease, gave his arm to Chief Justice Bonjean, and the venerable man, so well known in all Paris, Abbe Deguerry, leaned upon the arms of the chief justice, and they went to the National Guards and others had gathered around the door of the prison as the victims went out, and they heaped upon them the vilest epithets to an extent that aroused the indignation of a sub-lieutenant, who commanded silence, saying to them, "That which comes to these persons will come to us to-morrow!" And a man in a blouse added, "Men who go to meet death ought not to be insulted; none but cowards will insult the unfortunate!"

When they arrived in the court of La Roquette darkness had already come on, and it was necessary to get lanterns to conduct the victims to the high walls which surrounded the court. Nothing shook the firmness of these men when they were thus marched to assassination. The archbishop was the coolest and firmest, because the greatest. He shook each one by the hand and gave him his last benediction. When they arrived at the place where they were to be shot, the victims were all placed against the high walls of the prison of La Roquette. The archbishop was placed at the head of the line, and the fiends who murdered him scratched with their knives a cross upon the stone in the wall at the very place where his head must have touched it at the moment they fired their fatal shots. He did not fall at the first volley, but stood erect, calm and unmoved, and before the other discharges came which launched him into eternity, he crossed himself three times upon his forehead. The other victims all fell together. The marks of the bullets after they had passed through their bodies were distinctly visible. The archbishop was afterward mutilated and his abdomen cut open.

At the removal to Pere Lachaise, which was but a few squares off, where they were thrown into a common ditch (from which, however, they were happily rescued before decomposition had taken place.)

On returning from La Roquette I came by the palace of the archbishop, where his body was lying in state. It was so changed that I hardly knew him. Great numbers of the good people of Paris were passing through the palace to look for the last time upon him who was so endeared to them by his benevolent acts, his kindly disposition, and his consideration for the poor and the lowly. In all the six or seven interviews I had with him in prison, except the last, I always found him cheerful, and sometimes even gay, and never uttering a word of complaint. No man could be with him without being captivated by his cheerful disposition, his Christian spirit, and interesting conversation. He was learned, accomplished and eloquent; and, above all, he was good. In his religious and political sentiments he was most liberal. He met his fate with the firmness of a Christian martyr, and any one who knew him could not but join in a tribute of sincere mourning. For myself, I can never think of him without being overwhelmed with emotions that I am scarcely able to express.

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ceremonies, and it was one of the most emotional and imposing funeral services that I ever attended.

ALLELUIA!

We say it advisedly—since the night the first disastrous returns of the General Election poured in at the latter end of June there has come no moment of such hope and high heartedness for the Irish people as now fires the veins of our countrymen and of our British allies. A diabolical Coercion Bill is bearing down upon us. True, all who stand in its way—be it even the most venerable and mighty British statesman of the century—are trampled under the hooves of the Tory majority as by a pack of bulldozers. All this at the first blush looks very awful. It is in reality our strength and our sheet-anchor. With a mild Coercion Bill plausibly insinuated through the House of Commons, the Tory majority might have pattered along for an indefinite time, making their misgovernment of Ireland as arbitrary as they choose, but keeping a snug brother to the world. But the intemperate ferocity of Mr. Balfour's Bill, contrasted with the grotesque inadequacy of his case for it, and the unbearable insolence with which all English as well as Irish opposition to it is being thrust aside, have done more than years of platform education could do to open Englishmen's eyes to the horrors of the abyss into which they certain being cut and kicked. The man who would follow Mr. Balfour must not only be prepared to murder Irish liberties in the wantonness of brute strength, he must not stop at insulting Mr. Gladstone's grey hairs, and bundling the whole Liberal Party, with all its ancient and superb traditions, out of the House of Commons whenever a mob of jerrying Tory striplings, flushed with insolence or wine, find their opposition irksome. That is what the unheard of outrages and indignities heaped upon her Majesty's Opposition and upon its illustrious chief on Friday night come to. It is no longer for Englishmen a platonic question of tyranny in Ireland; it is one of an outrageous and intolerable invasion of their own freedom of opinion in their own Parliament House, and in the person of their most venerated leaders—an invasion far more daring and insulting than that which cost King Charles his head. This was the one thing wanting to bind the democracy of the two countries together by a sense of common and unendurable wrong. The result is that, if all the omens are not false, the mouthed reformation of Tory arrogance which surges through the Liberal newspapers and the speeches of Liberal members of Parliament; the myriad signs of the turn of the popular tide from the increased Gladstonian majority at elections to the fierce determination with which Mr. Chamberlain is hounded and his brother-rene-gades hooded wherever they raise their voices—all betoken that the battle is about to be transferred from the House of Commons to a field where the unlikened insolence of the Tory bulldozers, the malice of Mr. Chamberlain, and the acerbity of Mr. Speaker Peill will have a dread reckoning to render. By the time the June roses are in bloom the issue which the last General Election was to have set at rest for ever will be again submitted to the judgment of England, this time with every nerve of English Liberalism straining on our side and with every motive that distinguishes men from brutes operating to overthrow the dominating Tory despotism which, not content with manacled Ireland, is fastening still more galling fetters round the limbs of the free Parliament of England. These being the circumstances in England, our own people are facing the future, not merely without flinching, but with joyous and abounding confidence in their own strength and in the fidelity of their British allies. Mr. Parnell on Friday night uttered one of those appeals to the patience and sense of our people whose simple grandeur has something of the effect of gold stalling a stormy sea. Our leader's solemn words will be engraven deeply on every Irish heart. Our people will not be stung to folly. They will not sully Mr. Gladstone's hands. They are not in the least cowed, or even perturbed. The spirit of the country never ran half so high or bright. We speak in full knowledge when we say that there was no moment since the Loughrea raid when victory on the Campaign estates was more absolutely secure. We have the very best reason to know that the Hon. Mr. Balfour Bryan, whose surrender on the Grangeville estate we record to-day, is only the first of a number of landlords who, having waited to see every weapon in the legal arsenal tried in turn against the Plan of Campaign, are craving for prompt and peaceful compromises with the Campaigners. There is not the smallest danger of the Irish people losing either heart or head. They have kept, and will keep, "within the bounds of legality and reason," and within these bounds they await bloody Balfour's Coercion Bill as lunacy as they pursued the Prince of Saxe-Weimar's proclamation.—United Ireland.

It is by a pack of mean and cowardly mercenaries Irish liberty is to be assassinated. The new Bill "for the suppression of agitation" arrais the stipendiary magistrates of Ireland with a dagger, and bids him use it. This is the principal provision of the Bill. This is its spirit and substance, the other clauses are but the outward limbs and flourishes. In the history of despotism there was never a power more absolute, more cruel, or more degrading to its victims than the power which this Bill seeks to bestow on the paid parliaments who do the dirty work of the Castle. "We propose," said the Chief Secretary, "to abolish trial by jury altogether for a certain class of offences." This means, fairly translated, "we propose to invent a new class of offences for which no jury could be asked to find a verdict of guilty." When the Government exclaims that trial by jury has broken down in Ireland their meaning is, as the Daily Express frankly acknowledges, that the old system of jury packing will no longer work, and we are to have an impartial tribunal of Castle creatures instead. They purpose destroying trial by jury because they have failed to corrupt it. It is not many months ago since we declared—Lord Fitzgerald was kind enough to recently quote our words in the House of Lords—that "our Irish jurors are the one body that stands between us and absolute and unlimited despotism." The one barrier is now to be swept away. It is no rhetorical exaggeration to say that no honest man's liberty is safe in Ireland for one hour after this Bill passes. The stipendiary magistrates, endowed with a jurisdiction as unlimited as their own ignorance and ferocious partiality. The suppression of agitation, the suppression of political combination, the suppression of the Press, the suppression of public meeting and of free speech, are all entrusted to their irresponsible authority. The Whiteboy code, passed in a moment of blind panic, has been denounced by almost every judge on the Bench for its incoherent ferocity. The judges have been compelled to strain the words from their ordinary sense to give a meaning to its clauses. Now the administration of that code is to be entrusted to a parcel of incompetent nincompoops, half a dozen or so brilliant barristers, and the credulous and disbanding half-jury (clerk) and promoted policemen, all thirsting for further promotion, and careless how they earn it. Any person who shall enter into a combination, or attend a meeting, or incite, solicit, encourage, or persuade any other person to attend a meeting or enter into a combination of which two of these stipendiary magistrates may disapprove, must go to prison for six months with hard labour. Any association which a Tory and Coercionist Lord Lieutenant considers "dangerous" becomes forthwith illegal, and is to be promptly suppressed by those obedient bloodhounds of the Bench. The Press of the country is placed at their mercy. It has been already decided by Chief Baron Fialla that the Whiteboy code has a direct application to the Press, and that a newspaper editor, as such, is criminally liable for any editor or report that appears in his columns. But under the enlarged provisions of the new general suppression Bill the decision becomes unnecessary. We venture to think that there has not appeared a single article in an Irish National journal for the last two years—in an English Radical journal—on the Irish question, in which two pliant stipendiaries acting on their instructions could not and would not, under the heading of "incite, solicit, encourage, or persuade," find the materials for a six months' sentence of the editor to the plank-bed and the tread-mill. We can gather from the past how the power will be strained. A meeting "for the furtherance of the National cause" has been already decided, so far as it is in the power of Viceroyal proclamation to decide, to be an illegal assembly. But what manner of men are these to whom this absolute power is to be entrusted? Who are they, and how are they appointed? They are of all classes in Ireland, the most slavishly subservient to the Castle, the most justly hated, distrusted, despised by the people. They have for the most part tried and failed to earn their bread in a more reputable profession, and are now content to "crum a maw and clothe a back" by the pollution of justice at the dictation of their masters. They have been appointed and are maintained for their cringing subservience. They do their duty, as Mr. Morley happily put it, to the best of their instructions. Captain Plunkett, the convicted perjurer of the Police Courts, is a man of this class. He will put pressure, always within the law, upon the landlords, and subsequently deny it on his oath. He will shoot down tenants without hesitation, according to his varying instructions. It is the day's work and the quarter's salary. Cecil Roche is another creature cast in the same mould. At the Bar he belonged to the army of the briefless. On failure of the solicitors to recognize his peculiar talents he turned instinctively to the Castle. He was an enthusiastic, an idolatrous Gladstonite so long as anything was to be gained from Gladstone, the Sub-Commissioner and was dismissed. Then he set himself to work to earn the great object of the petty placemonger in Ireland—a stipendiary magistracy. This is how he earned it. He became a paid sponger of the I.L.P.U., and distinguished himself above his fellows by the virulence of his attacks on his countrymen and his country. One classical specimen of his rhetoric is still extant—"We will fight the Nationalists," he said, "on earth and in hell, and if hell is frozen over we will fight them upon the ice." It is to these men, and men like these, it is proposed the liberties and fortunes of Irish Nationalists should be confided. The drunken and disreputable hang-ers-on of the landlords—the class who exhibit their poverty and ulcerations at the gates of Dublin Castle and crave for office as for alms—to them is to be entrusted a power which the British Constitution regards as too arduous and sacred to be wielded by the most eminent and impartial of English judges. They are, as Mr. Morley says, removable and promovable at the option of their masters. Can anyone doubt that in seal-

THE BRAVOES OF THE BENCH.

ous partisanship and savage sentences there will be a fierce race amongst them for promotion. The measure is worse than the suspension of the *habeas corpus*. The reasonable suspicion of Mr. Forster was less tyrannical than the unreasonable conviction by the stipendiary, and the penalty was lighter. The Bill as it stands is one for the punishment of the innocent and the promotion of crime.—United Ireland.

On Sunday a meeting was held at Moore, county Kildare, in aid of the Lansdowne Anti Eviction Fund. Mr. Condon, M. P., arrived early, and, accompanied by Mr. M. Minch, P. L. G., T. C., and Mr. C. Timmins, T. C., proceeded to the place of meeting, and was received with enthusiasm. The chair was taken by Mr. Thomas Orford, D. V. C., P. L. G. The Chairman briefly explained the object of the meeting. He hoped they would contribute generously to the support of the seventeen or eighteen rack-rented families who had been evicted at Luggacurran. Mr. Daniel Lalor then proposed the following resolutions:—"That we condemn in the strongest possible terms the heartless evictions which have taken place at Luggacurran, and which are a disgrace to the government of our country, more especially by a landlord who holds office himself under Mr. Balfour's Eviction Cabinet." (Cheers.) "That we pledge ourselves to support to the best of our ability those people who are fighting the battle of our country against rack-renting and evicting landlords in the Queen's County." (Hear, hear.) Mr. Richard Lalor, P. L. G., seconded the resolutions which were passed unanimously.

THE LANSDOWNE ESTATE.

Mr. Condon, M. P., in the course of a long address, said the heel of the oppressor was upon them, and he attended there to ask them to meet their oppressor as their forefathers had met theirs (applause). The time had come when the men of Ireland were called upon to defend those who had been sent from their homes for non-payment of a rent which the land did not produce, and he wanted them to say to Lansdowne and people like him that they would not tolerate such oppressions and evictions in their midst. In the county which he represented the landlords had not tried these oppressions recently. And why? Because the people of Tipperary would not tolerate them (cheers). He wanted them to meet the landlords as the people of Tipperary had met them—to offer a fair rent, reserving for themselves and families that which would support and clothe them, and if the landlords refused that they should give them nothing; they should keep the money in their pockets, and, if evicted, erect houses on the side of the roads in sight of his lands, and let no one take them (cheers).

They were threatened with a most atrocious and hellish Coercion Act, intended and devised for the purpose of extracting rack rents from the people. It was made by the landlords for landlords, and he asked the people to stand up as men and defeat the manumans of their enemies (hear, hear). They were not fighting singly now as they had been some time ago; they had the greatest leader ever England produced in Mr. Gladstone (cheers), and they had his able lieutenants, Mr. Morley and Sir William Harcourt. They had the democracy of England fighting with them, but no matter what was done for them in England and Ireland, they would not succeed unless they did their share at home (applause). The evicted tenants deserved their sympathy and support, and the meeting had been summoned for the special purpose of giving it. What was the case with the others today might be their own to-morrow, and when they failed the evicted tenants' other friends would fail themselves in their hour of trial (hear, hear). He was sure that those who were listening to him would take the lesson to heart. They had America, Canada, and Australia at their backs, then why should they not look the landlords straight in the face? Why give him anything more than a fair rent, and if he does not take it why lie down under him!

They were now entering upon the eve of one of the greatest struggles that perhaps this country ever witnessed, and as he thought it would be the last, he ventured to say it would be the fiercest they ever had. The time is near at hand when men's hearts will be tried in a crucible, and he was sure they would shrink from making any reasonable sacrifices they might be called upon to make (hear, hear). They should not pass idly resolutions at National League meetings—they should avoid crime and outrage, because crime and outrage would be only giving a case to their oppressors who were bringing in a Bill to put down crime where it did not exist, and to punish criminals where no crime had been committed (hear, hear). Was there ever such a state of affairs known in the world before? They should not, he repeated, do anything that would help those men in working up a case in Ireland and in England to show that the alliance of Mr. Gladstone with the Irish party was unworthy of Mr. Gladstone, unworthy of the English people, and unworthy of the great English democracy. If Lord Lansdowne evicted his tenants for the nonpayment of unjust rents, they would bring the war to his own door in Canada. He posed in Canada as a philanthropist and a Liberal, while he was crushing his people in Ireland; but they would not let him do it. They should stand firmly by the leaders of the Irish cause. There was a little trial and suffering before them, but it would be but a short time until they saw the green flag floating over the country, over a long suffering and noble race (loud cheers). A hearty vote of thanks was passed to the chairman, when a collection was made, and a considerable sum in aid of the "Anti Lansdowne Eviction Fund" was received.

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