

THE KENMARE EVICTIONS.

SOLDIERS AND CONSTABULARY ASSISTING IN THE SERVICE OF PROCESSORS. DUBLIN, Jan. 12, 1885.—Full particulars of the evictions on the estate of Lord Kenmare, who was Lord Chamberlain under Mr. Gladstone, and at whose seat the Prince of Wales stayed last summer, have reached here. In consequence of the badness of the times the tenants found it impossible to pay the rents of their holding. Several months ago they demanded a reduction of thirty per cent, which was refused, and in consequence the tenants paid no rents.

Yesterday a large force of military and constabulary, under the command of the resident magistrate of the Killarney district, proceeded to Fanamore to enable the sub-sheriff to carry out the evictions. The sheriff had refused to carry out the proceedings unless he was afforded an extraordinary force for his protection. Accordingly the police, with a hundred light infantry, all fully armed, accompanied him. The whole cavalry marched to the residence of a tenant, William Daly, of Dromrage, and attracted great attention as they went along.

A CROWD COLLECTS. The morning was bitterly cold. The ground was frozen hard and covered with white frost, while in the distance the lofty snow clad mountains completed the wintry aspect of the scene. Notwithstanding the early hour the police and military had not set out far from the railway station when the people began to assemble in large numbers. Men, women and children hurried from far and near across the ice-bound fields, so that the formidable force escorting the sub-sheriff was soon followed by a great crowd headed by women with their hands on their heads, and themselves with their hands on their hips, giving defiant cheers and generally indulging in sarcastic remarks. Parties were despatched to all parts to give intelligence, and horns could be heard blowing in various directions.

CLARING THE HOUSE. Arriving at Daly's, the tenant, bewildered at the imposing force, in reply to the Sheriff stated he was able to pay the amount required, £79—one year's rent, due last September—and the Sheriff set his bailiffs immediately to work. They cleared out of the house all the furniture, which was removed to the yard, and the wife and family of ten young children had to seek shelter in an out-house, the thermometer showing five degrees of frost. It was pitiful in the extreme to witness their condition.

An enormous crowd had now assembled, who hoisted, hissed and groaned at the police and bailiffs vehemently. The military were kept standing at arms two fields away from the house. After turning out the family the bailiffs were struck by a stone. The party then left amidst a storm of groans and hisses.

READING THE RIOT ACT. On the road thirteen police were ordered to prevent the crowd from following, but this was of no avail as the crowd took to the fields, many running forward and gaining a place in front of the whole force. Further on the road another attempt was made to prevent the crowd following, but failed. After going some distance, as the police allege, stones were thrown and Mr. MacDonnell, in command, then read the riot act, giving the people one hour to disperse in, but the crowd still followed, shouting and groaning and vigorously denouncing Lord Kenmare.

On arriving at the next house (McMahon's) the party were about to evict the tenant when he showed a letter from the landlord's representative accepting a half year's rent and half the costs. This ended the first day. On the following day the same force proceeded to carry out in a similar manner other evictions. The Sheriff holds 1000 ejectment processes, which, if fully carried out, will have the effect in one locality of clearing one entire township. The vast majority of Lord Kenmare's tenants are in an impoverished state, and great destitution prevails, especially among the laboring classes. These evictions were determined upon by the Loyal League, which has decided upon an active campaign.

AFRAID TO MEET THEM. THE SECRETARY OF STATE HAS NO DESIRE TO MEET HIS OPPONENTS. The Secretary of State has finally decided to meet his constituents at St. Jerome on the 20th inst. to defend his course during recent and other political events. As soon as the date was fixed, Messrs. Girouard, Desjardins, Beaulieu and Bergeron wrote to Mr. Chapleau with the object of ascertaining whether they would be permitted to attend the meeting and discuss these questions. He has sent the following letter in reply:—

OTTAWA, Jan. 9, 1885. Messrs. D. Girouard, A. Desjardins, Louis Beaulieu and J. S. H. Bergeron, Montreal. Gentlemen,—I have received your communication of yesterday, which reads as follows: "Please inform us if announced meeting in St. Jerome is to be public and open to all, and what day it will be held."

In reply, I have the honor of informing you that in keeping with the promise I made my electors of Terrebonne County, I have made arrangements to meet them on January 20th, at St. Jerome. I called this meeting for the purpose of giving my electors, whom I have not visited since my election in 1882, the explanations which I may deem necessary on the important questions which have interested the country for three years, and at the same time to discuss the matters relating more particularly to the County of Terrebonne. It is not my intention to invite public men who are hostile to me to erect a tribune in the midst of a meeting which I have convened, with the special object which I have indicated, and which would not be attained if this meeting was to degenerate into a political controversy or a contradictory discussion, of which parliament is the natural ground.

Not having deemed it proper to interfere in the demonstration which you made in the county a few weeks ago, against the execution of Louis Riel, I claim the right of opposing myself to outside intervention in the meeting organized by me with my electors. You will admit, I am sure, that the practice followed in such cases, by all prominent political men, in countries where the Parliamentary regime dominates, is, after all, the most logical and prudent, and it is the one which I intend following at the meeting of the 20th inst.

I leave the honor to be, Gentlemen, Your humble servant, (Signed) J. A. CHAPLEAU.

SEDITIONOUS LOYALISM.

THE ORANGE MEN THREATEN THE GOVERNMENT—THE "FIBROUS" OPPOSITIONS OF HOME RULE.

LONDON, Jan. 12.—Major Sanderson, the Orange member of Parliament, is again at his post. Speaking on Friday at Lurgan, he said, in the course of a long address, the Irish Roman Catholic Celts were characterized by an unchangeableness which the British Government did not seem to understand. "What they were two hundred years ago they were to-day." The normal condition of the Irish rebel was to be continually in hot water, and his ultimate end was to be murdered or to be murdered. A home parliament, with Mr. Parnell as Prime Minister, would mean permitted murder, and with such power invested in the National League the Protestants of Ireland would be treated as their ancestors were in 1841 and 1848.

They would not accept any guarantee from the Parnellite party, and if a Dublin parliament was granted, Irish loyalists, with arms in their own hands, would ask the reason why. They did not fear a Fenian army advancing so far as the confines of Ulster. What they did fear was the concession of home rule by England, and unless they were content to sit down and have their throats cut they must stand up and fight.

THREATENING THE GOVERNMENT. Ulster loyalist members could turn out the government. This they did not want to do, and it would be the last thing they would do, but if the government did not support Irish law, they would find no fiercer opponents in the House of Commons.

He was followed by his colleague, Colonel Waring, member for North Down, whose family has long been known for extreme Orange views. Colonel Waring concluded his speech thus:— "We can only appeal to England that she shall not desert her Protestant colonies in the hour of need. But if we are to be cut off, let it be done with our hands untied, and then we will give a good account of ourselves. Under home rule we should find ourselves under a condition of persecution as great as when the Tyrconnell ruled the land, and such a time as this we should not allow ourselves to converse with anything but our graves subjects. He knew he owed this deference to her in her present situation.

"I hope I have not caused you pain, Miss Raymond," he said, sitting not far away from her chair. "Oh, no, Doctor, but I wish to tell you that I have a great trouble."

"Can I help you?" "I hope so."

"In what way?" "I would like to speak confidentially."

"Do so, without any fear."

"Nerving herself to the task, she drew a long breath, and moved her chair involuntarily nearer to the doctor. His heart beat quicker. He hoped to hear it disclosed to him that she was free to hear his declaration of love for her."

"Do you know the family who occupied this house?" said Angelina. Her voice trembled. "Before Mr. Beauvais bought it," asked the doctor. "I think so."

"Yes, very well; a Mr. Dubois, who sold out and went to India."

WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY?

An American Tale of Real Life.

BY RHODA E. WHITE.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

Now that Isabelle was better, Angelina was left a little more to look at her own situation. Till now, by the advice of Captain and Mrs. Hart, she had forced herself to make no further inquiries respecting her mother's death than had been made by the Captain before his second voyage, which was satisfactory so far as the registered certificate of her burial in the church ground; nothing more was ascertained for her. Now it occurred to Angelina that it might be that Dr. Fleury could give her some information. She made up her mind to ask him some questions. It happened one afternoon that Isabelle slept more than Angelina thought healthful, and when the doctor called she was going to awaken her. The doctor objected. "That sleep, Miss Raymond, is nature's help to cure her brain. Let her sleep day or night as she seems inclined to do. I see that the disease is disappearing like the mist that rises in the valley and rolls up in clouds on the mountain sides. I am greatly pleased, we owe much to your care. I am too old and too experienced to give all the credit of the healing power to the doctors and nurses. God bless their care when He gives a longer life to the patient. He gave us life, and He can take it when He wills." George Herbert says, "God healtheth, but the physician gets the thanks!"

Angelina looked thoughtful. The good doctor was sorry he had been so serious. The truth was he was already in love with Angelina, and dared not allow himself to converse with anything but her graves subjects. He knew he owed this deference to her in her present situation.

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"Yes, very well; a Mr. Dubois, who sold out and went to India."

"Mr. Dubois was a relative of my mother."

The doctor looked grave. "Did you hear him speak of Angelina de Barros?" inquired Angelina, scarcely able to ask the question. "The doctor hesitated."

something in his warm and good heart which she felt would help her, and oh, she needed it as the hungry need food. "But—"

"O, dear! What a dream I had," said Isabelle. "I thought my angel was being dragged away from me by old ugly Nanny."

"No, dear, no. I am here. Are you awake now?" The time had passed in such a way that Angelina did not know the sun was setting. The child had slept several hours and she had only time now to get ready for dinner in haste.

Isabelle looked brighter and happier than Angelina had seen her before, and she demanded that her angel should be in the same mood. So she had to amuse the child while Annie was helping her to dress, and to promise her a pleasant evening. How difficult the task was to poor Angelina! Like all good actions, it had a generous reward.

Dr. Fleury walked slowly and thoughtfully to the library, after leaving Angelina, and he was glad to find Mr. Beauvais had not yet come in. It left him a few moments alone to compose his mind. At the first sight of Angelina, when the interview took place in the library between the lady, Mr. Beauvais and himself, he had felt a new and strange power within him drawing him irresistibly to her. He knew from the circumstance of her accepting the situation that she must be destitute. When she answered the questions that were asked with such straightforward honesty, he saw her truthfulness and her bravery. Both were priceless virtues in a woman in his estimation. Her manner and her countenance showed the highest purity and experience of evil, and he longed from the bottom of his big heart to shield her from the arrows of misfortune that he felt would necessarily assail her. Her beauty was, in his eyes, not merely that of loveliness of form, but it was in the harmony there was between the outward and the inner nature, which omniscient ascended him.

"There is a tragedy mystery no doubt, in her life," thought the doctor. "What can it be? Why did my declaration of love for her so alarm her? She said she believed me. She did not fear that I was not honorable in my love. Why can she believe me? Why did she say 'I can never love again'? Ah, I have it now, that 'again' tells the story! She has been deceived or disappointed. Poor young girl! What a misery! What wretch calling himself a man has blighted her young life! Better if he had never been born. Will she not listen to me in time?"

Dr. Fleury loved Angelina with a depth of generosity that only great and good hearts can have in their love. He would have made her one of the happiest of women had she been free that day to promise to be his wife, he thought.

Alas, to be so near the fountain of bliss, and yet be chained to the rock of despair, that is the fate of more than Angelina Raymond!

The Hall in its splendid adornments was to its owner what Daniel Courtney found it to be after Angelina left him, and he said, "What a gilded prison I have made for myself!"

It was a fair counterpart of himself. The outward man was the gilded prison in which an inner life of shame, discontent, disappointment, and wretchedness was locked up. Mrs. Harper was his blessed angel, who kept him from utter despair. She encouraged him to hope that Angelina was still living, and would be in time found. So far, all efforts to find her had proved vain, at least so his "friends for the occasion" reported to him. He at last gave up the search, leaving the result to Divine Providence, whose will is immutable that good and evil must work out their own ends. As we gather other fruit than what we sow; grapes of thorns? If he would, I would gladly give all my wealth if it could buy for me the opportunity that I once had to amend what was wrong.

blotted out from his heart. "Yes, yes," his mother long dead seemed to whisper to his troubled soul. "Yes, yes, you are expiating sin by this suffering; by this torture you endure. Accept the punishment, and be forgiven!" This comforted him a moment; but then he asked himself, "Purs, the innocent child, like the mother, must share, to expiate my sins!" "To the third and fourth generations the sins of the parents must be visited upon the children," was the answer. Daniel shuddered at the thought, and said aloud: "My God! what can I do to avert it? Help me, help me!"

A light knock at the door, and Lubin entered the room without waiting to be told to do so. "Master Daniel," said the man, "it is near day; shall I prepare your room?" "Yes, Lubin, come."

That morning Daniel fell asleep to dream of the gilded prison; the homage paid to him, Mrs. Harper, the sick man, Angelina and Purina coming into his weary brain, and forming weird and unnatural pictures, from the sight of which he gaily woke. Colonel Keane was his daily guest, and except Mrs. Harper, he was the only person living to whom Mr. Courtney had given his entire confidence.

"Anything new, Courtney?" he asked, laying aside his hat, and seating himself by the table in the library, where Daniel was occupied preparing some papers and letters for Mr. Harper to take to Havana. He threw down his pen, and leaning both arms on the table, looked a moment into Colonel Keane's face like one who was dreaming. "Anything new?" repeated the Colonel. "Yes, there is always something new. A new link of heavy iron is added to the chain I wear, and which I have dragged along till I am sick of life."

The Colonel put his fore finger and thumb to his lip, and looked thoughtful. He was afraid to hear what his friend had to tell of a new trouble. Daniel continued: "Mr. Harper will not live, we fear. Mrs. Harper must go with him to Cuba. The child Purina must be hidden somewhere, God knows where; and I must be the fitting opportunity discloses my secret of being her father."

"Bad, very bad—all very bad business!" replied the Colonel. "But there must be a way out of it."

"I see none," answered Daniel. "Hundreds of men would make light of a case like yours, and put a bold face on it," said the Colonel. "Yes, so could I have done two years ago; but my miserable dread of the world's opinion has kept me cowardly, and then procrastinating till the opportunity was taken from me. There is none left now."

"I do not see why you could not say that Purina is your child."

"There is no trouble in that; but I cannot say that she is my lawful child."

"Why not? You do not intend to deprive her of her birthright, surely?" "Certainly not; but how can I now protect it? I have made my will, and I have called her my lawful child Purina, but the world will not believe it. They will ask who was her mother; and if she was her lawful mother, it will ask why did I not acknowledge her to be so?"

to us all by her way of avoiding the second step towards familiarity. "We make a mistake sometimes. I have known it by paying a first compliment, when the lady made me ashamed of my boldness by her look of contempt at me. Depend on it, I did not repeat it in that quarter! And so it is that women are to blame, as well as we are, when they lose the respect of the world."

"I do not fear for Angelina," said Mr. Courtney. "I hope not; but everyone thinks she is marvellously beautiful; and if she is not religious, suppose she meets with a man she loves, now that she no longer loves you, and that he is a good man, and that he loves her, what is to prevent her from marrying him, if he believes in that thing?"

"Marrying him!" exclaimed Daniel, rising and wringing his hands. "What do you say? Angelina marry any man, when she is my wife! Impossible! I'd shoot him, if I could find him!"

"No, no, my friend, I did not say she would. I'm thinking of the necessity for our wives—our women of all classes—to be religious. We are pulling our own houses down over our heads and burying ourselves in the mire, when we do, and we are doing, disrespecting religion. I say women have ardent natures, and love is stronger with them than with us. It takes religion to keep a woman like Angelina, situated as she is now, in the right path."

While the Colonel was speaking, Daniel was pacing the room hearing all that was said, but at the same time repeating to himself inaudibly, "And I, I—will have to answer for all this. I have created all this misery. No one can be accused of it but me!"

"Colonel," said Daniel, "what can be done to save her—must she be lost?"

"I don't know what to say. From all Mrs. Harper tells me, I think Angelina is not as she thinks herself, without faith in God. Now you know I don't profess to be what you call a religious man, nor do I live up to the forms even of any creed; but, I believe in a Father in heaven, who sees my heart, and who will make me accountable for my acts. When I die I believe I shall have a better or a worse existence than I have had here, according to the way I've prepared myself for one or the other while I live. The chance in this life. This is my creed. I don't believe you need to fear for your wife, further than to pity her present misery. Misery she must have, but she brought it on herself."

"No, no," interrupted Daniel, "do not say that. It is cruel wrong to give her the blame. I am the only one to be accused. I shall plead 'guilty' before the Judgment seat of God. What else could I say?"

"You must allow, Courtney, that she acted with a rash and childish indiscretion."

"We must remember how I tried her patience and her generosity to the utmost."

"I allow it, that you did wound her terribly, and you surprise me by—well, why look back?—let us look ahead. What steamer was that on which you heard she sailed for Harve?"