

Old Letters.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

AGRICULTURE.—This week I bid adieu to Mr. William Evans and his writings of 1837. I wish to reproduce some remarks of his that appear in the very last letter, or chapter that he wrote for publication; they are of general interest, especially in as far as they touch upon a spirit of inter-racial harmony which should prevail in a country like this. As the works are out of print long years since I have no hesitation in claiming for these contributions, at least, the merit of rarity. The following are merely extracts from that last contribution:—

"We know that wealth consists in having abundance of what we desire or want; and much is attainable by those who will have due energy, and know how to apply it. Surrounding, or rather connected, as we are with nations that are advancing rapidly in improvement, we must go with them in the same race, or else we must be inevitably retrograding. It is not sufficient for a country to maintain the same degree of industry from generation to generation, without making some effort to advance or improve it. There is a sort of energy in attempting to obtain, that is not to be found in those who are only exerting themselves to keep, of which it is difficult to explain the cause, but of which the existence is very certain. The intelligence and industry of every people ought to go on constantly increasing, or it will be impossible to prevent them from retrograding if they are connected with, or in the neighborhood of countries that are advancing in industry and intelligence. It is this conviction that has urged me to offer these letters, and I hope they will not give offence in any quarter, as in truth none is intended. As to my entering in this subject, I do so, as an agriculturalist permanently settled with my family in this country, interested in its prosperity, and anxious to see the class to which I belong fitted to assume that station in society from which they can only be debarred through want of a useful education. If I have failed to prove to them that judicious instruction is necessary for them, and calculated to enable them to increase vastly their means of enjoyment and happiness in this life, I will regret it extremely, and hope sincerely that some person more competent may take up the subject.

"I am neither employed to write or paid for it, or am I interested in recommending to agriculturalists what would not benefit them. Though I owe my birth to another country, and have all the attachment that I ought to have to the land of my fathers, yet I am in heart and feeling so much a true Canadian as to prefer the interests of the country of my adoption, if I am capable to comprehend what they are, to that of all others. And this, I think, should be the feeling of all whose home is fixed permanently in Canada, and all may entertain them without disgrace to themselves, or prejudice to the countries of their origins.

"And as union and good feeling are most essential to our prosperity, it may not be amiss to enquire what is it that should create jealousy or ill-feeling between the agricultural class in Canada? That some should be French, and others English, and still others Irish, or Scotch in origin, is not a justifiable cause that unwisely distinctions, jealousies, and national prejudices should continually be kept up between the inhabitants of the same country. I do not attribute blame to any one, but I will say that the existence of jealousies and prejudices must be against the interest of every farmer in the country? Do they exist in the United States? A country we admire, and that is entitled to our admiration, and where the population are of as mixed origin as in Canada? No; and in any country where they are permitted to exist there is no hope of improvement of prosperity. Were we all properly instructed, both morally and intellectually, I will say nothing of the most essential, that is religiously, national prejudices would be no longer felt. No part of the population would assume a superiority over another part, or wish to obtain unjust or exclusive privileges, on account of origin, or any other cause, but what they might be entitled to by their superior intelligence and good conduct in every station of life. I deny that the well-instructed, who are permanently settled in Canada, can entertain national origin prejudices, because they must be aware how extremely detrimental they would be to the best interests of the country and, therefore, it would be inconsistent with reason to suppose that they could entertain them. No portion of the class I address should allow themselves to believe that they can have interests separate from other portions of the same class. It is by union, a useful education, and a perfect knowledge of their profession, and all matters directly or indirectly connected with it, that they can be prosperous and happy and able to assume their proper station in this community and then hold it respectfully and firmly against all opposition. This is, indeed, my candid opinion, and I offer it in all sincerity."

In closing, in fact in his very last lives, Mr. Evans tells of all the books that might be had, that are within the reach and the means of the farmer, and gives a clear-cut list of them. Then he concludes with this final paragraph:—

"Many of the books I have enumerated may, perhaps, be objected to, but I think not reasonably by those who speak the English language. I would earnestly hope, that at no distant period, the English language will be taught in all the schools, as well as the French, as it is highly necessary it should be understood by all, in consequence of our population being constituted as they are—our connection with Britain, and neighborhood with Upper Canada and the United States. I also most fervently hope that in our English schools the French may be taught. Not going beyond the subject in hand I may say that in the French language there are abundance of excellent works from which selection can be made for the use of schools and libraries. This selection I have not included in my list as I prefer to leave it to those who understand the language much better than I do. My knowledge of it is just sufficiently limited to make me feel the absolute need of it, and sufficiently extensive to make me appreciate it. I have now brought my treatise to a conclusion, and I sincerely hope it may be a means of producing good and of promoting the welfare of those for whom it was written and of the whole community."

When we consider that this work was undertaken and written by an Irish farmer's lad, a settler in Canada, and away back in 1837, and that he, personally, made a magnificent success of farming, by applying his own sage precepts in the practice, we must conclude that the country would be all the richer for the possession of more such settlers from the Old World.

POPE HONORS PHYSICIAN.

Pius X., in order to show his appreciation of the services Prof. Lapponi rendered to the late Pontiff during his last illness, last week, conferred on him the title of Comendatore. His Holiness accompanied the announcement of the honor with a very flattering letter to the doctor, and insisted on personally bestowing the title, saying to Dr. Lapponi:

"My predecessor had many peaceful years to thank you for."

"May Your Holiness have as many," replied the doctor.

"Well, I do not know that I would echo that wish," said Pope Pius with a smile.

TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.

The latest step in the temperance war in Indiana was the organization of the Civic League of Columbus, the specified object of which is to compel the absolute enforcement of all city and state laws, with special attention at present to saloons. The organization starts with fifty representative voters from all walks of life, with a number of leading manufacturers at the head. A strong defense fund was subscribed and active work will begin at once.

THE CONCORDAT.

The Paris "Eclair" publishes the opinions of a number of French Bishops on the subject of the Concordat. They are practically unanimous in the view that its denunciation would be a misfortune both for the Church and for the Republic.

JOINED THE CHURCH.

English papers announce that Rev. Mr. Webb, formerly curate of Chesham, Kent, has been received into the Catholic Church.

Emigration From Ireland.

Some remarks were made in our daily press this week concerning the increase in the emigration of people from Ireland. It was said that since Mr. Devlin resigned his office, in eight months, more people have emigrated from Ireland than in two years previous. Certain people have blamed Mr. Devlin for this, and said that he only sought to prevent the people from emigrating, instead of encouraging them. The truth is that Mr. Devlin played the part of a friend to Canada and a friend to Ireland. He sought to direct the current of emigration to Canada and away from Australia and the United States; but only such emigration as would in any way and in any case have taken place. This suggests to our mind an article written by Mr. Richard J. Kelly, B.L., in the "London New Ireland" newspaper, on the "Evil Effects of Emigration on Ireland." We cannot reproduce the entire letter, but a few extracts will show the trend of it, and we believe that it contains a very fair appreciation of the case. It is thus that Mr. Kelly introduces the subject:—

"One of the most serious and urgent problems in the complex Irish question is that of emigration, whether it is regarded from an Irish or from an imperial standpoint. We see going on before our eyes a steady decline of the once vigorous Celtic population of Ireland, an actual depopulation of a race, which facts should give the rulers who assume to govern them food for grave reflection. Day by day the Irish are leaving their native land until at the present moment, in consequence of the exodus, the remaining population is reduced to such a condition as to alarm and dismay most persons who give the matter any consideration. The figures illustrative of this terrible clearing out of the Celt are indeed sadly suggestive statistics. We find them given as follows: Left Ireland from 1861 to

1860	1,163,418
Left Ireland from 1861 to	
1870	849,836
Left Ireland from 1871 to	
1880	623,938
Left Ireland from 1881 to	
1900	433,526

Total in fifty years ... 3,841,419

The gradual decrease, in each decade, will be noted; and we are under the impression that the new Irish Land Bill will be greatly instrumental in reducing it still more and retaining at home thousands of Irish people who would, otherwise, be forced to leave their native land. The benefits of the measure may be seen, by way of contrast, when we contemplate the fearful effects of the governmental system heretofore in operation. To quote again from Mr. Kelly, who writes, of course, at a time prior to any idea of such legislation. He says:—

"No country in the world furnishes a similar state of things. In half a century the pick of the Irish population emigrated—as many left in that period as are to be found in Ireland to-day. It is an awful picture, and it supplies an emphatic condemnation of the system of government that permits or encourages it."

Referring to the decrease in marriage rates, on account of emigration he says:—

"We find by the latest returns that instead of Ireland having, as it once had, the largest birth and marriage rate, it is now behind most other countries in these respects. Thus in 1881 the number of married women between 15 and 45 years of age in Ireland was over 37 per cent. of the women living between those periods; in 1900 it had fallen to 32 per cent. Similarly the number of married men over 20 years of age was in 1881 52 per cent., while in 1901 it ran down to 45. The married people between 15 and 55 years of age in 1881 constituted 24 per cent. of the population. In forty years they declined to 21 per cent.—probably the lowest figure in Europe. In 1890 the marriages in Ireland were as 1 in every 223 of the estimated population; in 1900 as 1 in 209. In 1896 the number of registered births were as 1 in 42.4; in 1900 they ran down to as 1 in every 44 of the estimated population, the total being, in 1896, 107,641 (55,329 males, 52,312 females), and in four years later only 101,459 (52,234 males and 49,225 females). These are sadly suggestive, and reveal a condition of society which is not hopeful, to say the least. They

are the result and outcome of emigration."

In conclusion we will reproduce the closing portion of this interesting article, which runs thus:—

"It is a sad commentary upon the boasted progress of our sister countries that Ireland should to-day afford so melancholy a social condition, and that such should have been brought about by deliberate and systematic misgovernment in the past. It will take a great deal of good generous government to make up for all that, and when the English people see what their system of misrule has done in Ireland they should not now grudge any liberality in legislation that may compensate for the wrong done, and remedy some of its disastrous consequences and effect.

"England is at present naturally and anxiously looking out for some safe and convenient means of supplying her growing needs for food. Her own fields are practically idle so far as growing corn is concerned. Her communication with her colonies depends in time of war upon her control of the sea, which an accident or a combination may destroy, and then what are her hungry millions to do for food? England had in the once teeming agricultural population of Ireland, some near resource to fall back upon for her food supplies, but she allowed that agricultural population to be harried by bad laws deliberately imposed by the British Parliament. She permitted millions of Irishmen who would be food producers at home to emigrate and aid trade rivals abroad. The extent to which emigration in Ireland has, within the past few years, lessened the food production of the country, is best seen in a few figures.

"In 1881 the total extent of land under crops in Ireland was 5,195,375 acres; in 1900 they fell to 4,658,732; wheat falling from 154,000 to 53,821; barley, from 218,609 acres to 185,580 acres.

"In 1860, under cereal crops there were 1,766,477 acres; under green crops and meadow, 1,247 acres and 1,909,825 or, in all, 4,923,511.

"In 1900 there decreased by 312,230 acres—the area of land under cereal crops alone declining to 419,288 acres. All this was caused by the clearing out of the native population, and the substitution of grass for arable, of bullocks for men. The agricultural statistics of Ireland are melancholy reading, suggestive of legislative neglect and administrative indifference."

Peril of Railway Tracks

The "Evening Times," of Buffalo, N.Y., prints the following despatch from Rochester, N.Y. It tells the story of hair-breadth escape of a citizen from death.

When a man is so close to death that the shock of it turns his hair gray inside of two hours, then it is fair to suppose that he had a very narrow escape indeed. Such was the experience of Frank Hanley, of Buffalo, when he jumped from the Central Railroad tracks, saving his life by a few seconds.

Frank Hanley is a dock hand and was making his way to Buffalo. He is now at St. Mary's Hospital, recovering from the shock and from injuries he received. He tells a graphic story of his escape.

He said he was walking on the tracks near Sophia street, and the railroad yards were very busy. There was noise on every hand, and he could not hear the train which was coming along behind him. He said he felt that something was coming down upon him and, turning around, he beheld a train within a few feet of him. He did not have time to think. More by instinct than anything else, he jumped aside and the wind of the engine whirled him around, throwing him forcibly beside the track. Luckily his body fell parallel with it.

He said he felt a sudden twinge of pain in his left hand and that was the last he knew until he was brought back to consciousness in the office of Dr. Reed, on Sophia street. Dr. Reed was not at home and the ambulance from St. Mary's Hospital took the man to that institution. The doctors found that the little finger of his left hand had been torn off at the first joint and the remainder of the hand was badly lacerated. There were several bad bruises on his body.

The most remarkable feature about the case is the turning of the man's hair. The doctors found that his hair was rapidly turning gray at the temples, even while he lay in the hospital, and the change was watched closely. The shock of the affair was responsible for this, and it will be some time before Hanley will be able to listen quietly to the screech of a railway whistle.

Our Boys And Girls

DESK MATES.—Dave was several weeks late in starting to school, for the family had just moved to the town. There was only one empty seat on the morning when he first appeared, and that was beside a big boy by the name of Nathan Groves. The seat beside Nathan was generally empty, if the teacher could possibly manage it. Everybody said that Nathan was the worst boy in town.

However, this morning there was no help for it; there was no place for Dave. The teacher looked at his small, rosy, new scholar, and his face said very plainly that he did not like to trust the little fellow to Nathan; that is, it said so very plainly to everybody in the room but Dave. Dave did not see that anything was wrong. He took his seat cheerfully, with a shy but thoroughly friendly smile at his new desk-mate. Nathan pretended not to see it; he knew that all the eyes in the room were on him.

Many times before recess the teacher looked over at their desk, but everything was quiet. This did not satisfy him. He was always afraid of Nathan's quiet times; they generally meant trouble ahead.

As soon as the bell rang, Dave held up his diminutive history to Nathan.

"What do those two words mean?" he said, pointing out first one and then the other. Nathan explained.

"They are as easy as anything to you, aren't they?" said Dave, admiringly. "It must be nice to understand all kinds of words just by looking at them. I thought you could tell me. But I couldn't ask in school, you know."

"Oh!" said Nathan, and he laughed; "couldn't you?"

He strolled away with his hands in his pockets, and it was not until he had reached the middle of the playground that he saw that Dave was at his heels, with his hands in his pockets.

"Hello!" said Nathan, aren't you going to play with the other youngsters?"

"I guess I'd rather stay with you," said Dave. "You see, I know you."

Nathan winked at some of the others who were standing by.

"All right. Birds of a feather flock together. Only I think you'll soon change your mind and prefer fellows of your own size, even if they aren't such kindred spirits just now."

"I guess so, when I get acquainted with them," agreed Dave, in good faith. "I say," he went on, "I brought four oranges in my lunch to give away. Do you like oranges? Shall I get them?"

It was an embarrassing question. Nathan happened to know better where those oranges were than Dave did.

"You stay here," he said briefly, after a pause. "I'll bring them. I can go faster."

He winked again, over Dave's head, before he set out, a rather shamefaced wink this time.

On the second morning Nathan was ready to find a change in the attitude of his small companion. But the same smiling good-will looked out of the blue eyes as on the day before. This was Friday. After school David said to Nathan, "Do you go to Sunday School?"

"Yes," he answered. Nathan was the scourge of the school on Sundays, even as on week days.

"May I go with you?" Dave continued. "Mother meant to take me, but she is sick. And I told her that you could do it all right. Will you?"

Nathan promised. There was nobody near to share the joke with; perhaps that was why he did not laugh now.

Two or three weeks passed. When Dave went downstairs to his classes, Nathan managed to be frankish and provoking enough to bring up his average, and distract attention very successfully from the fact that he was really well-behaved when his little desk-mate sat beside him.

But there came a morning when Dave did not appear, nor did he on the second morning. The first news was that he was sick; then that he was very ill. Then followed days of great quiet at school, when the boys gathered in groups during recess and talked in low voices of the jolly little chap who made such a warm place for himself among them. Nathan wandered from one of these groups to another and listened in silence. He gave up all pretense of mischief, and sat at his desk beside the empty place, gazing out before him, or else studying with a curious industry, to ease his mind.

One morning, at the opening of

school, just before prayers, Mr. Arnold announced that Dave had had a good night, and that the danger was over. Then he said, "Let us pray," without waiting to read any Bible. Nathan was glad, for he did not wish his face to be seen just then. It was a very short prayer; I think that Mr. Arnold could not trust himself to make it longer. But it seemed to Nathan that there was "more prayer" in it than in any he had ever heard; it seemed to him that he had never thanked God before in his life, and he found it good to do.

Three or four days later a note was brought to Mr. Arnold, and a few minutes before school was out he called Nathan to the platform.

"Dave has asked to see you after school," he said. "You had better go at once, and not keep him waiting."

"Dave has asked to see you after a sea of pillows. The roses were quite gone from his face, but not any of the beaming good fellowship. 'You are my first visitor,' he said; 'mother let me choose. Of course, I wanted you. You are my desk-mate.'"

Nathan laid the thin hand, which had been held out for him to shake, gently down on the counterpane, and tried to swallow the choke that was in his throat. A shade of anxiety flashed into Dave's eyes.

"They haven't given my place to anybody else, have they?"

"Oh, no," said Nathan; "no, they couldn't; it is yours."

"It's just ours together, isn't it?" said Dave, with a gay but a weak little laugh. "I'd rather sit there than anywhere. I like the other boys, too, but I like you the best. I like you a lot! And, besides, it is safer for me to sit by you."

"Safer?" echoed Nathan.

"I mean I can remember more to behave, because you expect me to be good, don't you?"

"Yes," said Nathan. It was the very truth itself; but it made him feel like a hypocrite.

"I guess once I almost died," Dave went on. "So then I asked God if he wouldn't put our seats close to each other in heaven, if that would be all right."

"But you are getting well fast," said Nathan; and he plunged into a description of school doings, which amused Dave immensely, until his mother came back and sent Nathan away.

As Nathan walked slowly down the street homeward, he said to himself, "He thinks I'm good. Nobody else does. I wonder whether I could manage to fool the rest and—and not cheat him."

Now, six months later, when Mr. Arnold hears a disturbance in his school-room, the last seat that he looks at is Nathan's—one of the results of what Nathan calls "trying to live up to Dave."—Sally Campbell, in S. S. Visitor.

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CHAPTER XXXVII

"You did; ay, the son, your reproach struck thought that you would a verbal truth, and I did I wish that you should How fearfully has Heaven for that selfish and But you were all too great for me. Go—go, you you taunt me with which was only the own shameful passion."

This painful dialogue haps would have risen to bitter tone of recrimination broken off by a renewal of the door. It was if the applicant for admission gone away in despair, and turned after a fruitless where. On opening the Cregan encountered the of Dan Dawley, who in that her presence was the ball-room; such was given to that apartment. Hardress had made to the sion of his guilt. When the chamber, Hardress momentarily more weak pared himself for bed, a old steward sent him on vants. This commission functionary discharged o to the servant's hall, by his master's desire to P who had entered some time Mrs. Cregan in the me ceded to the chamber al tioned, which she could by passing through the and winding staircase entrance. The former presen calculated to alarm and A number of soldiers, soaped and powdered musket-barrels shining li were stuck up close to the either side, like the wax the shop of a London tai gravel before the door sh a number of country peopl collected about the door, what could have brought to Castle Chute. From the the kitchen and servant's number of heads were th with faces indicative of a gree of astonishment and c

Passing through this form ray, Mrs. Cregan ascended and was admitted at the ball-room by a figure as formidable as those below terior of the room present of still more startling in table was spread in the round which were standing mer, the magistrate, Mr. Cregan, Captain Gibson, and At the farther end of the arm suspended in a cotton chief, stood a low, squallid shaped figure, his dress cov mud, and his face, which v with blood and marl, rather sive of surprise and empty than of apprehension or c

Mrs. Cregan, who recogni figure, paused for a momen vision of the most intense and then walked calmly for that air of easy dignity w would assume even when he nature was at war within power of veiling her inward gles, even to the extremity ance, made her resemble a fr sapped in the foundation, shows no symptom of a we to the very instant of des and is a ruin before the sen admiration has faded on the er's mind.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HOW THE DANGER TO THE SECRET OF HARDRESS WAS AVERTED BY THE INGENUITY OF IRISH WITNESSES.

Mr. Warner informed her that was no longer necessary that son's assistance should be