

as well give it to the Secretary as any one else. Hear what Mr. Chapleau says in his evidence:—

"When I returned from Washington, how—ever, he (Macdonald) told me he would see that his firm should pay me \$4,000, which I regarded as an expression of the exuberant feelings of a contractor at having secured a large contract, causing him to profess to scatter promises, the probability or possibility of the fulfilment of which he had probably never considered at all. Some months later, when I received a cheque for \$500 from him, there was no explanation of what it was for."

One should think not. Where is the need of explanation between friends? Beautiful simplicity on both sides. Tender reciprocity of feeling! But why did not Mr. Macdonald come to this office with the money, or to the Daily Witness office, or even give it to Mr. Mackintosh, who is almost legally, at all events officially, entitled to all little sums lying around loose on account of railway contracts?

There is yet another gentleman who was profuse in his scattering of money, a Mr. Mowbray of New York, and by a singular coincidence on whom of all the world should he scatter it but on Mr. Chapleau, Secretary of the Public Works Department? This singular coincidence—or is it a coincidence—causes us to believe in animal magnetism and electric currents of air and all that philosophical kind of thing, for how otherwise can we account for the fact of men coming from different points of the compass to shower money on the head of one particular, fortunate, individual? If Mr. Chapleau was a pious Pagan, and if Jupiter still held sway on high Olympus, the mystery would be easily explained, for we have all heard of the king and father of the gods visiting Danae in the shape of a shower of gold. But alas, Mr. Chapleau is a good Christian, who thinks Jupiter had never any existence except that conferred on him by Hesiod and Homer and Virgil, heathen poets and sinners that they were, who knew nothing of section B, or even of explosives for excavating rock. Mr. Mowbray gave the Secretary \$30 a month for sending him a newspaper clipping occasionally. But listen to the evidence:—

"I think the conversation I had with Mr. Mowbray occurred about a month or six weeks before sections A and B were advertised; I could not say when his payments began; they continued for two months; I think I only received two remittances, as near as I can remember—I mean that I received about \$60; although I did not take interest enough in the matter to see Mr. Mowbray did see the contractors; I never saw him after the contracts were let; I never had any correspondence with Mr. Mowbray after the letting of the contracts; I sent him only one clipping from a newspaper; this was before his first remittance to me; cannot say why he sent me a second remittance; I had performed no service between the two, but he told me that if I had no objection to that service; that it was worth a good deal of money to him to know in time as he had to travel over a good deal of the United States, and could not know what was going on here."

He did not know why he received the second remittance. Was ever witnessed such marvellous, such astounding innocence? No, never, or at least hardly ever. After reading this one is inclined to apply the words of Henry Grattan, in his panegyric on Pitt: "The Secretary stood alone; modern degeneracy had not reached him." Let us weep.

As our readers will see in another part of this issue we have opened our columns for a fund towards the Land League. We shall say no more than that it is the most important organization gotten up for Ireland since its history began. Forward!

The Toronto Globe of the 28th says editorially:—

In the court at Ballinrobe, Ireland, a case was recently heard which illustrates very well the grievances of the Irish peasantry. Two poor farmers who were unable to pay the excessive rent demanded by their landlord emigrated to America last year. Before leaving they demanded payment for their improvements, and the landlord offered them £5. They refused the sum, whereupon two members of the Land League took the farm, gave the retreating tenants as much as would take them to America, and became possessed of the improvements. The two recently refused to pay the excessive rent demanded by the landlord, and he brought an ejectment for non-payment. The Land Leaguers immediately took action to recover the value of the improvements made by their predecessors, and the Court awarded them £24. The landlord had in fact attempted to rob the men who made the improvements of £29, and they being penniless were unable to take action against him on their own account. When such things can be done in Ireland it does not need a reference to the land agitation to explain agrarian outrages. The peasants are in fact grossly outraged by the landlords in innumerable instances, the law does not protect them, and they seek a wild revenge.

It would therefore seem that this much-abused Land League is good for something.

Personal.

—Ottawa is to have a paper factory.
—Sarah Bernhardt is coming to Montreal.
—The Hon. Mr. Baby has left the Cabinet for the Bench.
—Mr. D. Sullivan, Hon. Mr. Scott's assailant, was fined \$5,000.
—A. M. Sullivan, M.P., is retained for the defence of the Land League.
—Mr. Vennor prophesies very fine weather after the first week in November.
—It is reported in Ottawa that the Princess Louise will not return to Canada this winter.
—The prosecution of Healy has been abandoned by the British Government. Some one else besides Parnell's secretary has blundered.
—Lord Rowton, formerly Montague Corry, is still private secretary to Lord Beaconsfield. He is a rich man, and it is supposed will be the ex-Premier's heir.

We are happy to be able to state that the Rev. Father Martin's cure of St. Charles, is considerably better.—*Quebec Telegraph.*

Sir Myles O'Regan in Ireland.

By Cable to the "True Witness."

Mr. Editor.—Although I am safely landed in Ireland, and one should not abuse the bridge that carries him across, yet I may affirm without being deemed ungrateful that the Allan Line is not what it is puffed up in the papers. The individual who (or which) occupied my berth in the "Polynesian," in the previous voyage, must either have been a hog or have carried loved pork, for the smell of it nearly killed your humble correspondent before he reached Liverpool, and even now, after changing my clothes and throwing an armor-plated ulster over all, the perfume still exhalates from me to such a degree that my aristocratic friends give me as wide a berth as I wish I had given that of the Allans and their infernal line. The ship is not at all as clean or as trim-looking as the pictures you see of it in the Montreal *Gazette* and *Herald*, nor nearly so upright on the waters, and as for the hash, I confess to you Mrs. Gushington's boarding house in Ottawa could turn out better. I suppose your readers will set me down as a grumbler after this, and say even hanging would not satisfy me, but I can't help that; everyone grumbles more or less, and the renowned master of the Allan Line himself grumbled considerably in 1873 when his money was scattered so profusely and so unprofitably in that charter business. I arrived at Queenstown on the first of November, and once more feasted my eyes on the green hills of Erin. Haulbowline and Spike Island lay frowning in front of me, while everything else smiled in beauty. The scene reminded me of Byron's famous lines

"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand."

The only difference being that it was a fortress and a prison between which I stood, or sailed in order to get into the Cove of Cork, lately called Queenstown through a piece of impudent stupidity. But the fates decided I should not land in Queenstown. We were boarded by a custom house officer, who told us the most alarming news in a beautiful English accent, "Vy," said he, "gentlemen, the country is up in arms, and the corpses of the landlords are strewn the mountain side. No respectable man is safe for a moment except he wears a suit of chain armor, and if you don't believe me here is a copy of the Dublin *Express*, the most intensely loil paper in Ireland." This was news indeed, and decided me, as I was now a landlord, and as my life was of value to my unfortunate country, to proceed to Liverpool and take precautions which would prevent the gory corpse of Sir Myles O'Regan being strewn along the mountain, or any other side, for the matter of that. It is certainly a great hardship that, just as I have come into my title and estates, disturbances against life and property should become rife. But it is my usual luck, and I would not be a bit surprised if my thieving old uncle (God rest his soul) died through mere spite at this crisis to place his heir in difficulties.

I therefore put up with the smell of Sir Hugh's pork for another eighteen hours, and landed in Liverpool safe and sound the next morning. The excitement in this maritime refuge was fearful. Half the people were reading the newspapers and the other half swearing at the Government for not submerging the island of Ireland in blood. One flaming advertisement on the dead walls which took my eye, before I was ten minutes on shore, ran as follows:—

"ARMOR-PLATED ULSTER COATS FURNISHED TO IRISH LANDLORDS AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICES BY HOBNAIS & CO., QUEEN STREET."

"Ha!" thought I, "here is a new branch of industry which I must patronize at once." I went straight to Hobnais and asked for an ulster in a low voice.

"Lor bless you, Sir, my Lord, you 'ave no cause for alarm in this ere shop. We are all perfectly loyal, and 'ate the Irish murthering beggars as would strew the mountain side with your noble carcasses. Come here Stiggins, you lazy scoundrel, at once, and take 'is lordship's measure. Going to Dublin to-day, my Lord?"

I was placed in the gentlemanly hands of Stiggins, who took my measure in a few minutes. While he was putting the tape round my limbs I had a little time to study the English character. I observed that strewing the mountain side was a favorite expression, taken most likely from the latest issue of the *Daily Telegraph*, and also that no matter how frank and free John Bull is to his equals and how brutally insolent to his inferiors, he is ready to clean the boots of a lord with his monstache, while as for a "dook," he worships, he adores, the ground which he honors with his footsteps.

"And so, Mr. Stiggins, there is trouble in Ireland?"

"Trouble, your lordship's excellency, there is sanguinary bloodshed. The habroquoines of that patristically benighted land are wallowing in—in—in gore, sir, your grace. See all them gentlemen getting measured through the shop; well, they are Irish dooks and markies getting ready for the wars."

"Your master seems to be doing a good business?"

"Yes sir, curse—I mean bless his little 'art. Mr. Hobnais, his sympathies air all with the landlords, and many a time he sits down and cries over their misfortunes. We are very busy just now, your lordship's honor, on account of the absence of our foreman, who took sick on account of the shooting of Lord Mountmorres. It was frightful to see him threaten the wild Irish. He discharged three of them at once, because he suspected they were Fenians. He as a 'under 'art, he as."

"I should think so, and where is he now, sick I suppose with emotion?"

"Well no, your grace. His wife is a weary himperent woman, and she waxed him so that he caved in her head with a poker, and he's now in jail waiting his trial. But master is doing half he can to liberate him."

After a little while Stiggins brought me an ulster, lined with chain mail. It was awfully heavy when I put it on.

"Look here, Mr. Hobnais, you are asking a handsome price for this coat, but will you guarantee it to be bullet proof before I pay you?"

"Certainly, my lord, certainly. Hif hany haccident 'appens your lordship, I shall be responsible."

That's all very well, but your responsibility would not avail much if my body was strewn along the mountain side, and a dozen bullet holes in it. Now, I propose, as a test of your good faith, that you put it on and allow me to fire a few shots at you with this revolver."

The face of Mr. Hobnais lengthened visibly at this proposal.

"Well, you see my lord, that I have a wife and seven small children, and I was told in my infancy, that a contact with

stiletto is peculiarly made. But, and his face brightened, come here Stiggins you blockhead, and let this gentleman practise on you."

This both Stiggins and myself declined, and I paid for the Ulster and left the shop to get dinner. While driving to my hotel I wondered why it was that no Irish rebel had ever entertained the idea of settling matters once for all by throwing an army of fifteen or twenty thousand men into England. The people become so crazy with fear that a conquest would be easy. They are not accustomed to invasion. If I have read the story right they became an easy prey to every half decently organized force that landed on the shores. The Romans conquered them, the Saxons conquered them, the Norman-French subdued them in one battle, Prince Louis of France brought an army over in the time of Steven, and would have once more effected a conquest but for his conscientious scruples! Richmond's French Army vanquished Richard at Bosworth Field, and William's Dutchmen subjugated England in 1688. Even poor Charles Edward penetrated to the heart of the country in 1745, and if he had taken the advice of Sullivan and his Irish officers and marched on London, would have seen the Hanoverian rats flying in all directions. They are a people easily subdued though they fight well enough in otherlands, or rather, the Scotch and Irish do it for them.

The trip from Liverpool to Dublin was short and sombre. The majority of my fellow cabin passengers wore ulster coats like myself, and like me also they seemed distrustful, seldom sitting down, for obvious reasons, but sitting to and fro like so many uneasy spirits, or like the lords as described by T. P. O'Connor, now and then throwing furious glances under their ulsters from which I concluded they were landlords intent on visiting their estates to raise the wind. Most of them seemed acquainted with one another, but none of them knew me, as a matter of course, and I felt that I was an object of suspicion. I cast about in my mind what I should do under these disagreeable circumstances and concluded my best plan was to discover myself to my fellow conspirator—I mean my brother landlords, and explain my position. With this object in view I approached a small, fat gentleman, who amused himself looking over the bulwarks and tapped him on the shoulder, saying: "Excuse the liberty, sir, of a stranger who would speak a few words in your ear."

The effect was electric. "Murder! Land League! Rory of the Hills!" shouted the little fellow, puffing and blowing like a porpoise on the deck. "Come at once, or I shall be assassinated." I was immediately surrounded and twenty revolvers pointed to my ears by those fanatical landlords.

"String him up!" shouted one.
"Riddle him with bullets!" roared another.
"Overboard with the assassin!" yelled a third.

"Gentlemen, before you proceed to exterminate let me explain. I am one of yourselves, and in proof look here" and so saying I threw back the skirts of my ulster and revealed the armour plated lining. I then showed them the letter from Mr. Murphy Backstreet—and they were completely satisfied. All their fears vanished for the time being and they confessed to me that they suspected me of being a Land League emissary, whose intention was to blow the whole of them into smithereens with dynamite when the steamer cleared Holyhead. Good feeling having been restored we all adjourned to the saloon and drank champagne, claret and other choice liquors. During the remainder of the trip our principal topic of discussion was the Land League, which was unanimously pronounced a conspiracy of Gladstone, Parnell and the devil; numerous were the devices invented for its extinction, but all agreed that there should be hanging to a considerable extent as a warning to future generations of Irishmen. Notwithstanding the confidence they manifested I observed that under the bottom of all there lurked a misgiving that the demon Parnell, who possessed a diabolical intellect, would somehow or other come out the victor, though none of them dared to express themselves to that effect. In a private conversation with one of them, the *Honorable* & *Philippus* sneaked, he informed me the scoundrels in the west did not have it all their own way, as he and a few others had, at their own proper expense, hired a dozen men to attend the meetings of the League and make judicious use of such expressions as "shoot the landlords," "give them an ounce of lead," and other phrases which interrupted the speakers and put the Government reporters on their mettle. He even hinted that the landlords knew more about the shooting of Lord Mountmorres than the rascally Government was aware of, but "rum is the word."

The landlords were the finest lot of drinking men I had ever come in contact with. My faith, how they do enjoy life. I was almost sorry when the boat arrived in Dublin and we all scattered in different directions, never to meet more, as one of them, Lord B., pathetically remarked, except "strewed along the mountain side." As for me, I put up at the Seabourne, went to bed and slept till two in the afternoon, when I awoke with a headache. I then got up, swallowed some hock and soda, and strolled through the city. I had been many times before in Dublin, but never witnessed it so quiet. Everything was going on as usual, evidently, and I saw neither horse foot, nor artillery prancing through the streets of a city in a state of siege. I accosted a policeman and asked him how things were.

"All right sir, everything as usual; foreigner, I presume, from England?"

"Foreigner from England, eh? Why, the English are not foreigners."

"Beg pardon, sir, I am not long on the force and the word is familiar here in Dublin."

"There is great slaughter in the west I believe."

"Slaughter! why the country was never so quiet, some one has been cramming you."

"Is not the mountain side then strewn with the carcasses of the landlords and bulliffs?"

The peeler looked at me closely, and then sprang his rattle, which was answered by half a dozen of his comrades in a surprising short space of time.

"Sergeant, I think this man is a lunatic. He is asking me very strange questions, and he looks like the individual the reward is out for as having escaped from the Limerick madhouse."

A little explanation sufficed for my release, Mr. Editor, and I went to my hotel, discarded my armour and took the train for Limerick.

In my next week I shall give you the result of an interview with my tenants.

Yours respectfully,

MYLES O'REGAN, BARR.

Incomparably the best means of relieving the natives to which married ladies are at times subject, is MILK or MAGNESIA, the most agreeable, prompt and wholesome pacifier of the stomach in existence. Children are also greatly benefited by it. This valuable medicine is endorsed and prescribed by the leading physicians and should be used in every family.

The Irish National Land League

MEETING OF THE MONTREAL BRANCH

LARGE ACCESSION TO ITS STRENGTH

Stirring Addresses by Messrs. Fleming, F. A. Quinn, M. J. F. Quinn, and J. P. Whelan.

A large meeting of the Montreal Branch of the Land League was held in the St. Patrick's Hall on Sunday afternoon, the President Mr. Patrick Carroll in the chair. After the Secretary, Mr. Wall, had read the minutes of the last meeting and the correspondence which had accumulated since a large number of gentlemen came forward and enrolled their names as members amid much applause. They were at the suggestion of Mr. W. Conroy, elected en bloc.

The President then briefly explained the object of the Land League and the urgent necessity of giving it a hearty support in Canada as a means towards assisting our fellow-countrymen at home who are engaged struggling against the fatal curse of Landlordism and an iniquitous system of land laws which was a disgrace to humanity. He called upon the gentlemen present who desired to address the meeting to come forward and do so, and he concluded by congratulating the organization on its new and great accession of strength which was an augury of its future success. Amidst loud calls from the hall for Messrs. Fleming and F. A. and M. J. F. Quinn, those gentlemen spoke in the order named:—

Mr. J. C. FLEMING said:—He need scarcely say that his entire sympathies were with the Land League, and if he had not up to this attended any of the meetings it was not from lack of good-will, but because of sickness in his family. He claimed, however, that he had put forth some effort in the cause, which if it had not been of use was no fault of his. But it was never too late to mend, and he was in this hall that evening for good many who, like himself, had been brought here by the crisis in Ireland, as the bugle call summons the absent soldiers when danger is at hand, and if the greatest measure of credit was due to the men who organized this branch of the Land League, a little was also due to those who had come forward even at the eleventh hour to aid in the struggle for the regeneration of Ireland. He had heard several complaints—and they were just and reasonable complaints—against the men who in times of political excitement, or when honours and emoluments were to be gained, came forward and arrogated to themselves the leadership in public affairs, but who held themselves severely aloof when they were required to do anything for the cause of faith or fatherland. Sometimes, very often, alas, they did not see any profit in mixing themselves up in matters which they say do not concern them; sometimes they did not understand how a certain object could be achieved, and sometimes they were ashamed of being seen connected with anything Irish. It is not aristocratic. It is not according to the rules of high toned society. Why it was that it should be deemed essential to have a rich or a prominent man, or even an eloquent speaker at the head of a Land League branch, he was at a loss to understand. A man that is known to be earnest, honest and zealous, fulfil all the necessary conditions. It is work we want, not oratory, a dollar at this juncture is worth the deep flood of eloquence, and a man who can induce ten others to join the League is the kind of man we require. This idea of property representatives is one of the delusions of the age, my more, it is one of the frauds. We have inherited from our ancestors, who had it ground into them, until they recognized bricks and mortar as superior to life itself. An Englishman to-day is sentenced a year's imprisonment for killing or stealing a rabbit, while two or three months is thought punishment enough for half murdering his wife. If you want work done, properly and thoroughly you must do yourselves (hear, hear) in like manner with the land movement. So long as the Irish people sent landlords to represent them in Parliament they made no progress, simply because the landlords would never consent to forego their vast and unduly privileges, but when the people turned out the landlords and sent men with not an acre of land, but any amount of brains to represent them, behold the scene was changed, the country and Parliament were agitated and the Land League came into existence, that is to say the advanced guard of a great revolution. Parnell, Davitt, Justin, McCarthy, the O'Connors, the Sullivans and a good many others, mostly journalists working for their daily bread on Irish and English papers, are men without a tool of land (except Parnell) but stamewh and true as steel, with brilliant intellects (cheers). He would ask the meeting if this state of affairs would have been brought about if Davitt had not stepped forward, and announcing that the people should initiate the movement, for their redemption, led the way himself. Thus, it would be seen, the movement came from below. It was the people who suffered, and it was the people who acted, until after awhile the big guns came along, and now, it report be true, Lord Montague and the Earl of Bessborough are in the ranks of the League (cheers). He was aware that the few and rambling remarks he had made might be open to the charge of irrelevancy, but if they considered well they would agree with him that they apply with as much force to the Montreal branch of the League as to the parent organization in Dublin. They established their without the aid of the aristocracy; you have done your work without the aid of your local aristocracy, if he might be permitted to strain a point in giving them such a magnificent title, and if you keep working on the same lines a proportionate measure of success awaits you. And now is the time to work, now or never, for a crisis has arisen in Irish affairs the like of which has not been witnessed since the confederation of Kilkenny, if even then. The land movement contains within it both a social and political revolution. If the tillers of the soil become owners of the soil no power on earth can prevent them governing themselves, so that the success of the land scheme involves that of self-government, or more strictly speaking, an Irish Parliament in College Green (cheers). It is no ignis fatuus Parnell and his associates are pursuing, it is a practical scheme, and success is within their reach if their efforts are seconded by their countrymen at home and abroad. The landlords are thoroughly alive to this; they see their danger and are using desperate exertions to prevent it, and not only the Irish landlords but those of the three kingdoms, who are resolved to combine for their common interests. You must have an idea of the tremendous influence

this powerful oligarchy can bring to bear upon those in authority when they can prevail upon such fair minded Englishmen as Bright and Foster, Gladstone, and Fairwell, Dilke and Chamberlain, to resort to unjust repressive measures. They are about to arrest the principal Irish leaders, of that there is no doubt, and to show that, as regards Ireland, they are only powerful for mischief. Our plain and bountiful duty then, under the circumstance, is to use every legal means, to strain every nerve to assist them in the struggle for freedom. We have no longer the excuse that it is only a faction which is agitating the land movement, it is the Irish nation; the Land League represents the whole Irish people except the miserable Orange faction of the North. There are two ways in which we can assist our countrymen in this supreme crisis of their history. One by moving public opinion in their favor here in Canada and counteracting the utterances of a hostile press, and the other and chief way is by sending them money to sustain them. The Land League has up to this rendered splendid service, but they would be almost powerless were it not for the remittances from this continent and elsewhere which enable them to fight the landlords in the courts and support the tenants; you all know the results. Their enemies have the wealth of the richest aristocracy the world has ever seen to back them, while our poor countrymen have to depend upon the love and loyalty of their kith and kin throughout the world. But these are enough if they are given promptly. We in Montreal can do our share in the good work and we can set a bright example to the rest of Canada. It is not, he repeated, so much eloquence is required at present as money. One worker is worth ten speakers, and besides we do not require oratory to make us understand the situation. There is scarcely a man present in the hall to-day who has not suffered either directly or indirectly from landlordism, and if it were only selfish motives which impelled us we should act, for when Ireland at home is free and happy it gives a status to her children abroad which they do not now possess. The duty of Irishmen then, was plain, it was for every member of the league to work as hard as he could and to inoculate his friends and acquaintances with his own energy and enthusiasm; it was, finally, to bring about such a spirit in Canada as will urge the Irish people to come forward unanimously and assist men in the gap in their struggles against the most grinding tyranny of ancient or modern times—landlordism in Ireland. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. M. J. F. QUINN said:—People should not be frightened at the word revolution, it had become so common in the mouth of landlords as to be monotonous. Every act of legislation ever passed for the good of mankind had been termed revolutionary by the oligarchy and the late hare and rabbit bill was not only called revolutionary but communitic as well (applause). The English aristocracy should be the last set of people to name the terrible word when they thought fit to remember the confiscation of church property at the time of the reformation, a confiscation which laid the foundation of the fortunes of many of their great houses of the present-day and robbed the poor of their best factors. They should also be pleased to recollect the revolution of 1688, of which they are so fond of boasting (applause). It seemed to him (the speaker) that no other body of people in the world had the right to create a revolution but the British aristocracy. (laughter.) What he would like to know, were the series of confiscations in Ireland which changed the ownership of the soil, under James the 1st, Cromwell and William, but revolutions of the most radical description, (applause.) In reference to the movement going on in Ireland, he thought it was very opportune and judicious, and he hoped the repressive measures about to be introduced by the government would not have the effect of driving the Irish people into any rash acts. He cordially agreed with Mr. Fleming that a crisis had arrived in which Irishmen, and the sons of Irishmen, throughout the globe should take an active part, and render material assistance in so far as in them lay (cheers). He, for his own part, heartily sympathized with the Land League, and had no doubt it would be productive of incalculable benefits to the country, and not only to Ireland, but to the struggling democracy of the three kingdoms, perhaps, indeed, to the people of the civilized world at large (cheers). It was the duty of the meeting to put forth every effort to collect funds in this emergency for transmission to the Dublin organization, and he might add work was infinitely better than oratory under the circumstances. Mr. Quinn concluded a very eloquent speech by recommending work, energy, union and propagandism of the just ideas enunciated by Mr. Parnell, the chosen leader of the Irish people.

In answer to repeated calls from the meeting, Mr. John P. WHELAN said:—It was almost unnecessary for him to say a single word, as the ground had been thoroughly covered by the previous speakers. What was now required was a strong and perfect organization which would work untriflingly. It was not their duty to formulate doctrines or propound schemes for the amelioration of the condition of Ireland, but simply to follow the lead in what they embarked in, as the people in the old land, he presumed, knew best what was good for them. (applause.) In his opinion the Land League would be successful. There was nothing chimerical about it, nothing revolutionary, as Mr. Quinn had pointed out in referring to the changes effected in Prussia and Prince Edward Island (hear, hear). He meant revolutionary in the common acceptance of the term, for of course great changes would involve a partial revolution of a social and peaceful nature. He would recommend that an executive be at once appointed and that collectors be sent out to canvass the city for subscriptions, when Irishmen would give according to their means, and, indeed, men of other nationalities as well, for a change from the wicked system at present in vogue would be of benefit to England and Scotland as well as Ireland, (cheers). The movement commenced in Ireland, it is true, but that was because the shoe pinched tightest in that quarter. He agreed with the suggestion of the President, that the *True Witness* would open its columns for subscriptions in the cause which would be handed over to the Land League monthly during the crisis, and transmitted by the organization to Ireland, (cheers). He would head the list for the *True Witness* with \$50, in the hope his example might be followed by men who could better afford it (applause), and he would conclude by expressing himself full of hope in the ultimate success of the Montreal branch of the Land League, as well as in the parent organization. But recollect, we must all work (cheers).

Mr. F. A. QUINN said:—Mr. President and gentlemen—it is no ordinary considerations which have prompted me to attend this meeting and join the Land League. For many reasons, which it is unnecessary to enumerate, I have never thought it my duty to take an active part in any of the numerous national

and other societies which flourish in Montreal. I belong only to two societies, one English, the other French, both of a strictly literary character. There is now, however, in the state of Irish affairs a crisis, which makes it a duty incumbent upon every man with an Irish heart and Irish feelings and longings for his breast to stand forth before God and man, and take his part in the constitutional agitation now going on, an agitation which, as sure as God's sun shines upon our Mother-land, must bring to her homes prosperity, peace and happiness. The era of famines is past for Ireland, and it is Parnell and the Land League, which will, under the guidance of Heaven, create for Ireland a new golden age. The Land League wants to remedy and will remedy the state of things which have made it possible there should be a constant recurrence of terrible famines and almost every year a partial famine in a land which is naturally one of the most beautiful and fertile upon which the dew of heaven descends (cheers). There is nothing revolutionary or communitic in the scheme adopted by the Land League to bring about this happy change. Confiscation is not thought of, nor division of the wealth of the country among the undeserving or the idle. The Land League demands that he who, himself or his forefathers, have fertilized with the sweat of their brow the fields which have seen his birth, should not, at the caprice of a tyrant, be ruthlessly cast out, in the midst of winter, despite old age and illness, with loved wife and helpless children, to die, as thousands have literally died, upon the highway, of hardship and starvation. The Land League demands that in Ireland there should be established that law which is admitted in every other land, that the tenant must be compensated for his improvements within proper limitations. The Land League demands that the tenant should be aided to become the owner of the soil; that out of the taxes paid by Ireland, taxes increased tenfold because of her union with England, a portion should be advanced to tenants at low interest, to enable them to purchase church lands, waste lands, lands sold in the bankrupt courts, and lands put up for voluntary sale by private holders. Tell me, is there anything communitic or revolutionary in any of these propositions, (no, no). The Land League further demands, that should other means fail, should the gaunt spectre of famine still stalk through the land, that the universally admitted principles of expropriation with full compensation should be put into force, and that by a supreme effort the Irish people should be made free men, and not slaves, the owners of the soil upon which they tread and not aliens in their native land, (applause). Tell me, is there anything communitic in that proposition. Canada forced that principle in favor of our *concitaines* and abolished our *Seigneurs* from off the face of the earth. The last few years, has done a like work; cross the ocean, Parnell adopted the principle; look back into history, examine the laws of every country, the municipal and the civil law everywhere, the system is defended by the ablest jurists and supported by the most happy examples in practice. One country refused to listen to the voice of reason, (cheers); France would not free the serf of the soil; the work which her statesmanship would not attempt, the guillotine accomplished. Such a dire calamity, the Land League will avert, and England, in place of calumniating the League, should applaud and support its efforts. (Applause.) The Bishops and Priests are with the movement, many of them openly as members of the League, all of them in sympathy with its aims. His Lordship Dr. McCarthy, Bishop of Cloyne, and his priests in council assembled on the seventh of October last, formulated similar propositions, and demanded more, among other things, the abolition of the law of Primogeniture and Entail. His Lordship Bishop Moran, of Assory, only the other day wrote to the Secretary of the League formerly cherished, that they would be sure of his support against the League, have been blasted by that letter; and the great and glorious Apostle of Cashel, Archbishop Croke (loud cheers) has not hesitated to write to the hon. secretary of the Land League, regretting his inability to attend the banquet which the City of Cork has given to Charles Stewart Parnell. What joy it was to us all to read in a late despatch that Rome was to confer on Archbishop Croke the highest honor which the Vicar of Christ can confer, by making him a prince of the Church. Mr. Quinn then referred to the immense effort a union of Irishmen the world over would produce upon English public opinion, and referred to the letter published some years ago by John Bright, in which he stated that to grant full justice the Ministry must be dismayed. A just cause, a reasonable scheme, the support of all that is best and wisest in Ireland, the League has them all; such an opportunity was never before offered to Ireland. It is our duty to support the League; to Ireland we owe our names, a glorious history of struggle and martyrdom, and more glorious still, we owe her our grand and beautiful faith; it returns let us give liberally of our wealth, and time, and to rejoice that we too have contributed to the regeneration of the land the most tried and the most loved on the face of God's earth.

The following executive committee was then elected by resolution:—W. Conroy, P. O'Donoghue, J. B. Lane, F. A. Quinn, and John P. Whelan. It was then moved and carried that Mr. J. McCarthy and Henry O'Neill be elected collecting treasurers. It was moved by Mr. J. McManamy, seconded by Dr. Ward, that a vote of thanks be tendered to the editor of the *True Witness* for the series of able articles on the land question which has appeared in that journal since the commencement of the crisis. Carried. After other business of a routine nature had been transacted, the meeting adjourned till next Sunday, at 3 p. m. sharp.

LAND LEAGUE FUND

Subscribed on Sunday night..... \$ 36 90

TRUE WITNESS Donation..... 50 00

His Grace Archbishop Connolly, who has been confined to the Archbishop's residence for some days through indisposition, is convalescent.

A deputation waited upon His Lordship the Bishop of Ottawa, at his invitation, with reference to the school difficulty, and fully discussed the matter with him. His Lordship promised to consider their representations, and an answer is expected in a few days. Yesterday, at St. Joseph's Church, Rev. Father Sallier referred to the water as did Rev. Father Farrier at the Cathedral. Most of the children of Catholic parents attending the Model School will probably renew for this month.