

JAMES REDPATH

What He Saw in and Knows of Ireland, BEFORE

An Audience the Largest ever Gathered Together in Montreal.

If any further evidence was wanting to show the profound interest taken by the citizens of Montreal in the land war which Ireland it was furnished last night week. Nordheim's Hall has a large seating capacity, at present agitating the length and breadth of but it was fully called into requisition, and many were compelled to stand. A large number of ladies were also present, thus proving that they took a deep interest in Irish politics as their countrywomen in Ireland took a prominent part. On the platform were seated Messrs. P. Carroll, the President of the local branch of the Land League, J. C. Fleming, J. P. Whelan, F. A. Quinn, C. J. Doherty, Wm. Brown, J. B. Lonsdale, B. Wall, A portrait of Parnell occupied a prominent position on the wall at the back of the stage. Mr. P. CARROLL, the President of the Land League in Montreal, on taking the chair addressed the meeting. It was his duty, it was a pleasure to him to introduce to them a gentleman, who but a short time ago was a stranger to Ireland and to her people. But having visited the green isle and witnessed its sorrowful condition, he was led to sympathize with his suffering fellow creatures and to champion their cause before the whole world, and that gentleman was Mr. James Redpath who was now a thorough-going Irishman. (Tremendous cheering.) The Montreal branch of the Land League thought it well and necessary to bring all the light possible to bear upon public opinion and thus enable all Canadians to assist their fellow subjects in Ireland. Now no man could throw so much light on the question and tell the story of Ireland better than James Redpath, the famous exponent of Ireland's wants and demands, and whom he now introduced to them.

Mr. REDPATH advanced amid a perfect storm of applause, which lasted fully four minutes. He made several attempts to begin his lecture but was interrupted each time by the enthusiastic cheering and waving of hats and handkerchiefs. Finally the audience fell into deep silence when Mr. REDPATH said that he thanked them with all his heart for their enthusiastic welcome and magnificent reception. He could assure them that he did not look upon it as due or given to himself personally, but took it as an expression of good will and proof of the exuberance of the gratitude which is lavished on every man who sincerely strives to lighten the load of Ireland's sufferings. He also received their welcome because it told him that he was among friends. He came to Canada with a bad cold and it seemed he had also unfortunately brought a severe one to them. Bringing coals to Canada seemed to him like bringing coals to Newcastle. On going the rounds of their fine city to-day he found that they had a poet in their midst and that his services were at the command of the Land League; how he came to know that was by gazing at the posters announcing his lecture, and which no other, but a poet with a brilliant imagination could have drawn up. He was described thereon as no uncommon orator, but he must tell them at once that he was not, for how could he when he never made a speech for 20 years before he went to Ireland last summer; but to go and see Ireland would not only fill one's heart with pity and sorrow—it would make the least able man grow eloquent, ay, it would make even Balaam's ass to speak and protest. Well, in all the wide world there was no land in which one meets with so much sorrow and so much misery as in Ireland. Now, when England was asked the cause of this sorrow and poverty she returned a most brutal answer. But before proceeding he wished to offer an explanation, when he said England he did not mean the English people, but he meant the Government and the ruling classes. He entertained the most tender feelings towards the Scotch and English people, for he could not forget that the blood of those people ran in his veins. But upon the English Government and the English ruling classes he looked with disgust. He had no sentiments towards them but those of a just and founded hatred, and he could never show any good will towards these ruling classes, for they did not deserve it. What then was England's answer to this query? She replied that the poverty of Ireland was brought on by the people of Ireland themselves because they were Catholics, and were lazy, because they were addicted to drink and were extravagant (groans). Now, these charges against the Irish people have been made by the most brilliant and distinguished defenders of England's rule in Ireland. But if they asked him what the cause of the sorrow and poverty of the people was, he would tell them quite differently, for he was more disinterested and knew more about the facts of the case. The cause was none other than the system of the Land Tenure, brought into Ireland 500 years ago, and which has since been backed and supported by all the forces of the British Government. All know what Macaulay the greatest English historian, except Carlyle, had written in one of his works. He said that if one passed from the Protestant province to a Catholic province, he simply went from a higher to a lower degree of civilization. Was that statement of the historian founded on fact? Well, he would tell them what he thought of it. In the first place, they should remember that he was a Scotch Presbyterian himself, a fact which did not prevent him from reading that famous passage of Macaulay's. He could not possibly see how religion could influence the fertility of the soil; he could not see that the simple act of hearing Mass could hinder the growth of potatoes, or how Calvinism could make them sound and plentiful. He was once a farmer in his youth, and he always labored under the impression that a ton of manure was the most effective stimulant for raising potatoes on every soil, even on that of Ireland, and that a sufficient quantity of guano would produce a more healthy effect on the crops than if the whole five points of Calvinism were thrown into the land of any Catholic province. (Laughter and applause.)

While he was in Ireland he was always interviewing people, and when he was about to take his departure a certain priest said to him that he was glad he (Redpath) was going to leave the country, for if he remained much longer there would not be any information left. Last winter he was interviewing everybody, particularly the landlords, but to be frank he did not interview so many of the latter last summer. And why? Because they had all stayed up to the question themselves as soon as they found out who he was. (Laughter.) He would tell the exact truth about Ireland, and that would be the strangest thing at

all in America, because lies about the condition of the former country were being flashed daily across the cable and they were not sweetened by their passage through the salt water of the Atlantic.

To commence at the beginning of this land question he would have to go back to the time of Henry VIII. When that king wanted a change of heart—no, he meant a sweatheart—(Laughter) he applied to the Pope for permission to satisfy his desire, and when it was refused he set up housekeeping on his own account. Well, that was only a question of morals. But Henry determined not only to force his new religion upon England, but also upon Ireland. The war between England and Ireland up to that time had been simply a war between the Irish and the English settlers. The Irish were not then a nation, as they recognized no central authority, and, therefore, the Danes and other invaders found it comparatively easy to conquer a part of the island, but never the whole of it. (Cheers.) In fact, Ireland had never been completely conquered, and was not now. (Loud cheers, and a voice—no and never will.) But Henry determined to plant or colonize the northern counties under his control, and, with the generosity of kings when giving away what was not their own, gave large estates to various noblemen. His plan, however, for the Protestantizing of the country did not succeed very well. Then Elizabeth came, and made presents of large tracts of land to all her sweethearts, but she met with no greater success. Then James, who like all Scotchmen was very practical, tried his hand. He confiscated the estates held by the families enriched by Henry and Elizabeth, and gave them to other English and Scotch noblemen. Well, things went on for a few years without any change, but James meant business, and intended to make the country Protestant as far as he could. He tried another plan. It was not a nice thing to be a landlord in Ireland according to all accounts, and yet, during last year, only one landlord had been shot there in spite of all the lies. It appears that the Irish, in James' time, were not able to shoot the landlords, as they all lived in London, occasionally shot the English and Scotch tenants, and in order to keep those people in the country, the landowners were compelled to give them the same rights as were enjoyed by the people of England. Then came the "Three F's," viz, Fixity of Tenure, Fair Rents, and Free Sale, and these existed in Ulster since that time, but never in any other part of Ireland, and all efforts to extend those privileges all over had been denounced as communistic and vigorously crushed. Gladstone and Bright (applause) had tried—honestly tried—in 1869, to extend part of the privileges of the Ulster tenure to the rest of Ireland, but the land bill they introduced was a failure. Did they know why Parnell and his associates did not join Gladstone in this measure? Well, it was for the reason that up to last summer the bill was dead letter because the tenants were too poor to go to law with their landlords on any disputed point, and again all the magistrates had been appointed on account of partizan services, and of course their services were afterwards further given to their class, the landlords, for all the magistrates were landlords. Appointment for partizan services in Ireland meant the same thing as appointment through "ring" influence in New York.

The landlords had it no longer their own way, for the laws which were in any manner favorable to the tenants were no longer a dead letter; the Land League had brought them to life and to work out their object. It was the first step towards catching the landlords by the throat and strangling their power. The tenants could now very often bring the landlord to terms; because as soon as a tenant had a case which came under any of the resurrected laws, the Land League took it under its protection and placed it in the hands of the best Dublin lawyers, and victory was the invariably result in favor of the tenant. (Great applause and cheers for the Land League.) The Boston press lately told the public that they were about to "boycott" the lawyers in Ireland. Well, what was the truth of it? He would just explain it to them in a few words: In Ireland, it must be remembered, that the Government had the power of appointing to all offices, which, by the way, were quite numerous. It was in the gift of the Government to have an office for every four barristers. In the United States, which seemed to bear the reputation of being the home of office seekers, things were not so bad; in fact, there was only one office for every 100. But in Ireland the prospects were much brighter for the lawyers; it was one chance out of four. Now, the result of this was that the whole four wanted that chance, and that they never could get it if they ever attempted to once defend a tenant against the landlord; so the tenant was always helpless in the halls of justice when he stood against a landlord. But now the revenge of the Irish tenant was fast coming round; he would "boycott" the lawyer if his eloquence was ever made to ring in favor of the defence of a landlord. (Deafening applause.) This was the work of the Land League (cheers) and he could say that since the time of their glorious St. Patrick, never had Ireland had witnessed such an astounding miracle as that of seeing the Irish lawyers compelled to obey the law. (Laughter and great applause.) To return to the religious aspect of the question, he would say that the object of James, and Charles and Cromwell and Elizabeth to make the Provinces of Ireland Protestant had never been attained, and that Protestantism had fallen back into Ulster. There they were two counties, one Protestant, the other Catholic, and situated side by side; they were equally prosperous, the Mass in the one did not hurt the growth of the potatoes, nor did Calvinism in the other confer any exceptional benefits on the crops. (Laughter.) Now, that demonstrated to a fine point that the religious question did not in the least affect the state of Ireland or the condition of its people. (Great applause.) In the east of Ireland there was to be found the most beautiful country in all Europe; there was no land more fertile nor grounds better suited for grazing purposes. Before 1847 it was densely populated, but during and after the famine the peasants were driven out of their homes and farms and exiled all over the world. (Hisses and groans.) The landlords consolidated those holdings and made of them large grazing farms; they rented them to well-to-do farmers who managed to pay exorbitant rents, and at the same time live comfortably, as the beef and mutton which they raised always commanded a good price in the English markets. But they forgot that those Irish tenants who had been driven across the seas brought with them that activity and intelligence which, finding a fair field in America and Australia, have turned the tide of events. (Applause.) It was their cattle and produce which were now filling the markets of the world, and especially those of England, and were driving out those of the Irish graziers; so, that those very farmers who grabbed the small holdings of the poor evicted tenants of 1847, could not now pay the rent and were fast sinking into the depths of poverty.

Bence Jones, who left the country for his country's good, did perhaps spend \$25,000 in improving his property as was stated. The Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Ardilaun and many others, did the same. They all spent money in improving their property. Now wasn't it a shame, cried the newspapers, to drive such good landlords from the country. But probably the papers were in ignorance of the fact that the only money spent by these landlords was in improving that part of their property that they reserved for themselves, but never one shilling did they expend on the land worked by the tenants. Last summer the Marquis of Lansdowne did a very charitable act. He offered to borrow money from the Government and loan it to the tenants. This was done by the worst landlord in Ireland. Well, he borrowed and loaned the money—borrowed it at 1 per cent from the Government, and loaned it at 5 per cent to the tenants. (Hisses.) Irish landlordism at its worst could be seen in the West of Ireland, and by the West he meant that part of the island formed by an imaginary line drawn direct from Londonderry to Kerry. This was, perhaps, during the summer, the most beautiful country in the world, not even excepting the Highlands of Scotland. But this same country, if seen in the winter time, would appal the spectators. When Cromwell for a time completed the conquest of Ireland, he drove the whole of the Irish race to the wilds of Connaught, giving them their choice of that Province or the place with the sultry climate. (Laughter.) But the people were generally fanatical Catholics, and they chose Connaught, saying to Cromwell, "No, we have seen you once, we don't like you, and we don't want to see you again." (Great laughter.) To do Cromwell justice, when he drove the Irish west of the Shannon, he left them there, and did not further drive them to the Atlantic and across it like those did who came after him. When it came down to a gentleman named William—whose other name was Orange—he was a battle at the Boyne, and then he went down to Limerick. But Limerick was in charge of the best captain in the world, and William didn't win so much there as did at the Boyne. However, he made a solemn treaty, and before the ink was dry upon the paper he shamefully broke it, broke it as soon as the Irish were disarmed. (Hisses.) It was an infamous act, and he could not see why the English held themselves responsible for the doings of that Dutchman, and insult the Irish by putting a statue to his memory in College Green.

The modern history of Ireland commenced with the year 1847, just as the modern history of America commenced with the rebellion. Previous to that year the Irish were described as frugal and improvident, but the famine had a great effect upon the national character, and the Irishman now was an entirely different creature to the Irishman of the early part of the century. They were no longer "broths of boys,"—their heads were level now. Dr. Hephworth, an American flunkey, sent over to Ireland by the New York Herald, said the Irish had not changed their habits for the last 500 years, but he (Redpath) had occasion to reprimand him in public for this misstatement. At the present time one cannot pass through a bazaar (he hoped he pronounced the word correctly) without coming upon a school full of children; they were sent for to children in Ireland. (Laughter.) They had now as good a system of education in Ireland as they had in the United States (he mentioned the United States particularly, for he knew little about Canada) and the young Irishmen of to-day were educated, and therefore would stand no nonsense. They certainly wished to form Ireland into an independent republic, but they argued that they could not fight England in the field at present, and are now the life of the Land League. (Great cheering.) They said to themselves "we want only land reform now, perhaps, legislative independence, but we may have some further remarks to make afterwards." (Applause.) At the present time there was no idea of rebellion in Ireland, except among a few of the old leaders who had been reared in other times. It was singular that not a single Scotchman—and there were many Scotch graziers in Ireland—had been fired at during all the agitation and excitement, and he accounted for it by the fact that Scotchmen generally have a sense of justice and fair play which excels even that possessed by the English which we heard so much about. In spite of the national greed Scotchmen would act honestly, as between man and man, (applause), and although they were Protestants, these graziers, they were never molested.

During the years of the famine, beginning with 1847, landlord tyranny had driven 1,500,000 persons from the country, and this act was backed and countenanced by the English Government. When 1,500,000 landlords had been driven from Ireland he would write a jeremiad, but he was not going to do that, because a few thousand had been sent about their business. An Englishman, in his hearing, had once referred sneeringly to the reign of terror in France when some 10,000 of the richer classes had perished, and pointed to that as a contrast with the conduct of landlords in Ireland, but he had answered him that 1,800,000 perished between the years 1847 and 1851 during the landlords' reign of terror, and for these figures he had the authority of an historian whose knowledge of Irish history no English historian dared to dispute, and that man was John Mitchell. (Enthusiastic cheering.)

It was the rule in the west of Ireland to raise rents as soon as the tenant made the least improvement on his holding; this was universal all over that part of the country, for there the tenant held his place at will, and the only alternative he had when he found himself unable to pay the rent, was to be ejected bag and baggage. (Groans.) He had seen horses built by tenants, who when their short leases expired had not only to pay for the ground rent but also heavy horse rent; and that was a system which should encourage the tenants to toil and work, when the fruits of their labour were lost, and alien landlords reaped the benefits. It was absurd and a shame. (Great cheering—and cries, "The Land League will abolish that system.") He then passed to the charge of extravagance laid at the door of the Irish people. In the first place if there was any extravagance, it should be at once noticed in their dress, in their mode of living, and in their habits. Well, how did the Irish people live? 2,500,000 of them were housed in the most wretched cabins, containing never more than one room and half of another. Here he gave a most graphic description of the pitiful sight of an Irish peasant's cabin, both as to its exterior and interior. The sight was one which filled his heart with sorrow and pity for the poor peasant, and with indignation and disgust for the Government that would protect and encourage such an inhuman condition. And what was the food of these poor people? The majority of them could only spare from their crops a meagre quantity of potatoes to live on the whole year round. Occasionally a little buttermilk might be an item on the bill of fare; it could not use the sweet milk, for the cream had to be

turned into butter and the butter had to go to pay the rent. They never knew what was the taste of meat, perhaps at Easter this delicacy might be indulged in; and still these were the people whom English writers and the British Government accused of extravagance. (Groans.) Here he would take occasion to pay a well merited tribute to the Canadian people on behalf of their suffering fellow citizens in Ireland. The action of Canada during the distress of last year would be ever honored and remembered by Ireland. Among all the nations of the earth, Canada alone opened its national treasury and sent aid to a starving people. That action, coupled with the private and individual generosity of the Canadian people, kept thousands of the Irish peasants from falling victims to starvation, caused and brought on by the tyrannical exactions of Irish landlordism. (Prolonged cheering, and cries of "Down with the landlords.")

It was a sad thing to say that the only happy children in the land were occupants of the poor houses. He remembered once entering a poor cabin in the West of Ireland where he found three grown-up children and the mother with an infant on her lap. The three children, who appeared to be girls, were attired in a gown which reached to a little below their knees. On his appearance they turned from him and stood over the peat fire, and never once looked at him or allowed him to see their faces. He attributed this to the natural modesty of Irish girls, and took no further notice of it, except to mention it, when leaving, to a priest who accompanied him. "Why," said the priest, "they are not girls; they are boys who are ashamed to be seen dressed as girls." It appeared that the only article of clothing they were able to obtain was a sack which had been cut into the shape of a shirt. He had heard a good deal about Irish extravagance, and how crazy the peasants were, assuming a poverty which they did not experience, but as during his travels in Ireland he found that as a rule the people were limited to two meals a day, had butcher's meat twice a year, on Christmas and Easter, and on like rare occasions, tea. Was that extravagance? The women generally went barefooted, but when going to Mass or to a fair they carried their boots in their hands until within a quarter of a mile from the church or the fair, when they went behind a fence, washed their feet, and put on their boots. Was that extravagance? And now he would speak about the vice of drink as attributed to the Irish. According to statistics furnished to the Dublin Freeman a short time ago, the proportion of money spent yearly for liquor in England or Scotland was about twice as much as the amount spent in Ireland, while the average number of convicts imprisoned was below half in Ireland as compared with the other countries. Of crimes of violence, the proportion was six times in Scotland and 2 1/2 times in England and Wales as compared with Ireland. Of offences against morality, the proportion was 12 to 5 against Scotland. There was more money spent in Scotland with 2 1/2 millions of a population than in Ireland all the year round.

Referring again to the cabin he had mentioned as visiting, he said that he had heard the peasants always had a little room behind the outer one where they kept their luxuries hid from other eyes but their own; that he had stored away bottles of Hennessy's brandy. He observed a similar apartment in this cabin, and feeling that a taste of brandy would be acceptable at the time he asked to be admitted. Permission was granted, and what did he see in the room? The water oozing on the damp earthen floor from a badly thatched roof, a few potatoes the life of wretchedness lying in a corner, and a couple of sacks which formed the children's bed. The destitution here manifested had forced the tears from his eyes as copiously as from those of a woman.

In every civilized country, except the West of Ireland, rent is the interest of money honestly spent on money invested in property, but Irish landlords compel their tenants to make all necessary improvements and then charge him for them, and charge more than the land is worth. How, then, was the rent paid? Why, the men had to leave their own farms and go over to England to engage in the harvesting in order to raise money to pay for their holdings. A portion of the rents were also paid by the money sent from the Irish in America. A landlord once asked him why America interfered in Irish matters, and he answered because they robbed the Irish Americans. In America taxation without representation was considered and held to be tyranny, and if the landlords in Ireland did not want America represented they should not tax Americans. "But," answered the landlords, "it is the Irish and not the Americans who send the money over to Ireland." But he had nothing further to say when he (the lecturer) stated that in America the Irish were generally pretty hot Americans. The money was drawn out of American revenue, and it would pay America to sustain the Land League until the land question was settled.

He would explain what was meant by Griffith's valuation. Sir Richard Griffith had been sent by the Government to value the land for taxation purposes, and he did his work well. Everybody knew that the less competition there is for land the lower the value decreases, and, therefore, as Sir Richard made his valuation when Ireland held a population of eight millions the rents ought to be further reduced, as she now supports but five million. Again, Sir Richard saw the farms with all improvements forgetting that it was the tenants who had made the improvements. The average rents charged all over the West of Ireland was double and sometimes five times Griffith's valuation. The Marquis of Sligo, another of those model landlords, charged his tenants for the floating seaweed which they gathered from the beach, and to which they had as much right as he had. In fact, he acknowledged that he had no claim for it, but, nevertheless, insisted that it should yield him a revenue. The poor tenant was compelled to pay for everything, no matter whether it was common property or not. He was taxed for the river, and fined if he fished in it. He was charged for the railroad which passed through his holding. At Westport the people were charged a toll for selling. It was not a market toll, for the goods were sold in the open street; it was not a tax to recompense a laborer for removing the refuse after the market people had dispersed, for the people themselves cleaned up the open space after them. There was another species of tyranny under which the people suffered, and that was duty work. In addition to paying exorbitant rents the tenants were compelled, under pain of eviction, to give three days work in the summer, and three days more in the winter, free to the landlord. He (Redpath) had, on one occasion during his sojourn in the west of Ireland, collected eighteen summonses served upon the people for neglecting to do this duty work, the penalty for which would be a fine of £5. The fines would have been paid, no doubt, if he hadn't come along, took up the summonses and returned

them to the landlords with his compliments and the information that the Land League would attend to them. (Cheers.) Lord Lansdowne, who for his exploits at Balaclava was called Lord Look-On, compelled his tenants to enter into a contract with him to work for 16 cents a day, (groans), and this act received the countenance of the Government. The Irish had never the hand of the Government except for evil, and this was the cause of their undying hatred for it. The Irishman who did not hate the English Government was not worthy the name of man. (Tremendous applause.) Referring to agrarian crimes he quoted many instances of landlord tyranny, from which there was no appeal, as the cause of this evil. The Marquis of Lansdowne would not permit one of his tenants to marry without his permission. Whoever did not believe this statement should read the history of the Irish land war. This system of slavery existed over a great part of Ireland, and was only abolished because when a young fellow could not marry the girl he wished he generally made a target of his landlord. The Land League was now the only government which could keep order in Ireland, and where crimes of violence were committed there were no branches of the League or they were yet weak in numbers or influence.

He knew something about the character of the late Lord Mountmorres, and had seen him only a short time before the fatal shot had been fired. He (the lecturer) had made a speech a day or two before, which had been quoted as reasonable. He did not know he had been speaking treason at the time, and on the next occasion tried to commit his speech to memory. Early one evening he had seen Lord Mountmorres depart to act as a spy upon the movements of the Land League. He was attended by a couple of policemen, and not policemen exactly, for the police in Ireland were soldiers. Well, at half-past eleven that same night the news came that Lord Mountmorres had been murdered. The English papers, in crying out against the killing of this landlord, said that he was a kind-hearted man who was so condescending as to speak familiarly with the common people. If any person entertained the idea that English noblemen were a superior order of beings they should once attend the House of Lords to see what asses they were. (Laughter.) It was said that Mountmorres was so kind-hearted and affable that he would attend his tenants in the character of a physician whenever they required his services, and a writer named Gibson stated that the savage nature of the people was shown by the manner in which the children danced in this good-hearted man's blood as it lay in a pool on the road-side; by the stern refusal of the women to allow the body to be carried to either one of their houses, and by the action of a band who played a dirge outside the door of Lady Mountmorres' residence. Now, what was the truth of the matter. The blood was not touched until it was washed away from the roadside by the rain. The women would not allow the body to enter their cottages because of an old superstition which led them to believe that if they sheltered the corpse of anyone who died a violent death the death of a relative would speedily follow. But what did the family of Mountmorres do when the body was finally brought to the hall. Did they carefully tend it, wash it, dress it, and lay it out in state in some large apartment? No, they simply had it carted to the coach house where it remained all night. And now he would speak about the band. The band had come down to the village to serenade the priest and himself, carrying with them the American and Irish flags. He addressed them, after which they dispersed, and were never within two miles of the Mountmorres' residence. All the statements he had made in reference to the murder and the scenes which followed he was personally cognizant of, for he was present at the time and knew all the facts. (Applause.)

A little anecdote in reference to Lady Mountmorres would not be out of place. After the killing of her husband she announced that she was prepared to settle all her bills preparatory to leaving the country. One woman, who kept a kind of general store in the village, sent in a bill for £18, but this Lady Mountmorres refused to pay on the plea that it had been allowed to run for seven years, and, therefore the Statute of Limitations rendered it unnecessary for her to settle it. Of course the news of this dishonest act spread through the district, and the people naturally refused to supply her with anything more on trust. This was the foundation for the story industriously spread in the press, that Lady Mountmorres had been "boycotted" after the death of her husband. Lord Mountmorres was said to be a man who was kindly sociable with his tenants. So he was—very sociable. In fact, he would drink with any one of his tenants if the other party would stand treat. The man was a common drunkard, and often prejudiced cases in favor of the person who sent him the best bottle of poteen. On one occasion a dispute arose between two men, and in the natural course of events the affair was referred to Lord Mountmorres in his capacity as magistrate. One of the men sent his lordship a bottle of brandy, and awaited with confidence a decision in his favor, as the gift had been accepted. His surprise could, therefore, be imagined when the suit resulted in favor of his opponent. In his vexation he related to the other how he had sent Mountmorres the usual bottle of liquor, and had on that account expected favorable judgment. "You fool," the other had replied, "you sent him a bottle, but I sent him a gallon." (Laughter and applause.)

Justice as dispensed by England in Ireland was a mere mockery. From the Lord Chief Justice down to the lowest magistrates they were but an infamous line of partisans against the people, and always ready to obey the dictates and will of partisans. The law was contaminated and justice outraged in the hands of such men as May, the Chief Justice, and Mountmorres, the debauched magistrate. In days gone by these judges of the people could judge, condemn and sentence as their unholy will dictated; (groans), but to-day what do they see? They saw the Chief Justice hissed from the Bench for justice being so very daring to express an opinion on the conduct of Parnell and the other T. v. versers. (Applause.) This, indeed, was a brilliant victory for the Land League, and was a proof that its influence and power was coextensive, if not more, with that of the Castle itself. (Tremendous cheering.) But what was the real cause of Mountmorres' death? It was simply this: This lord had an idea that he was a detective of no ordinary cast. He had become, as he supposed, thoroughly acquainted with all the arts and terms of the profession by the constant practice which was afforded him on his own estates, for he always detected the smallest violation of the rules of the estate. He was continually on the alert for such game, but finally he fell a victim to this passion of liking to pass as a detective. One night he boasted, while intoxicated, that there was not a Fœzian secret but which he had found out; all was known to him. This declaration signed his death warrant, and

placed him out of the way of ever revealing the secrets. This was the real cause of his death, and there never had been a tittle of evidence shown to the contrary or to prove that it was the doings of the Land League. (Applause.) He now had a word to say about James Anthony Froude. This writer had told more barefaced lies about Ireland than all the others put together. In the XIX Century in a most radical English organ, an article was published by this Froude, in which he stated that Lord Leitrim was killed as a timely warning to the rest of his kind, and he fearlessly traced this agrarian crime to the teachings of the present Parliamentary Party. When was James Anthony's head and memory when he penned those lines? for they were as ludicrous as they were absurd. Lord Leitrim died on the 2nd of April in 1875, and the Land League commenced to teach the people in September, 1877. It was the first time he ever heard of lectures or speeches to kill a man. 18 months after his death. (Laughter and applause.) Lord Leitrim was a landlord of the most kind; his conduct was tyrannical and criminal to a degree. He took most brutal pleasure in bringing around the ruin of Irish peasants, the daughters of his tenants. Now the modesty and chastity of the women of Ireland were world renowned and prized so highly by the people that a stain on the virtue of a woman caused her to be cast outside the pale of society. (Hear, hear.) And he begged to say that this was the most fascinating and precious trait in the character of the maidens of Ireland. This trait, the debauched Leitrim endeavored to destroy. (Hisses and groans.) But the criminal endeavor eventually cost him his life. He ruined the sister of a young man who had emigrated to the United States. When the brother heard of the shame of his sister, he was fired with a holy indignation and resolved to punish the villain who had brought so much sorrow and shame on his family and to the homes of so many of his neighbors. The young man, armed with a rifle, at once set out for Ireland and arriving on the scene of his family's misfortune, he calmly awaited the passing of Lord Leitrim on the high road and at first sight, shot him dead like a dog. He had avenged his sister's wrong. (Tremendous and prolonged applause.) The laws in Ireland did not protect the victims of landlords' crimes, and when a man got above the law he had no right to expect to reap the benefits of it. He had, therefore, no hesitation in saying that Lord Leitrim had met with his just doom, and when J. A. Froude charged Parnell with defending and encouraging assassination, he would turn around and charge Froude with defending and encouraging sedition—and of the two he would prefer to be guilty of the former. (Great applause.)

He would now tell his hearers something about Boycott and Boycotting. (Laughter.) He was driving one day with a priest between the villages of Clonbur and Ballinrobe, in the County Mayo, and as he wanted to write something about Captain Boycott, who was then coming into prominence, they took a drive past his house. Boycott was the first man the tenants had struck against. In Ireland a land agent was a much more important man than the landlord, for the latter was seldom personally known or seen by his tenants, the former was ever present to do the dirty work imposed upon him by his master. Now when a landlord in the County Mayo sent orders to his agent to put the screws on, and that agent, having a spark of manhood left, refused to do something more than ordinarily cruel and dirty, he was discharged and Captain Boycott appointed in his place, and so it had come to pass that Boycott was soon agent for a great deal of property, and in his consequent prosperity speedily acquired possession of a large estate for himself. When he came he compelled the tenants and their families to work for him at the rate of 18 pence per day for men and one shilling a day for women. But the Land League came and put spirit into them, and they refused to work for less than 26 pence per day for men, and 18 pence per day for women. (Applause.) He (the lecturer) thought that in the scale of prices proposed there was something very ungenerous, for they might as well have made it 2s 6d all round. (Laughter.) Boycott, however, said he would not submit to this dictation, and being a very determined man, took his wife, daughter, and three servants, to do the harvesting. He stood it for three whole hours. (Laughter.) There was a priest in that parish whom he would always honor, for he never failed to stand by his people no matter who was on the other side. Boycott frequently wished Father John in the place which was the opposite of Heaven. (Laughter.) By and by the tenants had visited Boycott to pay the rents, but declared they wanted a reduction. This request the agent refused peremptorily. Then the tenants, who had worked in England to pay their rents put the money back into their pockets and the landlords did not get it and have not got it yet. (Laughter and applause.) Boycott then procured a process server, and as there were 54 processes to be served, 54 guineas would have paid him well for a day's work. The landlords, who had themselves framed the laws with regard to process serving, made it unnecessary for the process to be served upon the man of the house, for he was very often absent. It was, therefore, perfectly legal if the process was served upon the woman, or nailed upon the door. English justice was a queer article sometimes. But the women had arranged a system of signalling among themselves, and when the process server made his appearance a crowd of two or three hundred women were soon collected. There were some men too, but they stood behind, as the women were quite satisfied to do all the fighting. The men could be arrested and punished for any outbreak of indignation. (Laughter.) On this occasion there had been a Mrs. Fitzmorris present, who was a very strong-minded woman, and she gave a piece—a very large piece—of her mind to the process server. After a while, however, a little girl came to the conclusion that there had been enough of talk, and thought it was time to begin the war—the Irish Land war. (Enthusiastic cheering.) She looked around for a rock, and found something else better adapted for her purpose. The cattle in that part of the country had some very bad habits, (laughter), and a cow, coming from Ballinrobe, had passed along the road and dropped something. It was either a pail or a satchel. (Great laughter.) The little girl worked her hand under it until she had it loosened, then picking it threw it in the face of a process server. He could not see for a few moments, and by the time his eyes were clear he was covered from head to foot with the same material. (Laughter.) He had passed by Father John's residence on his road home, and that priest had said he looked like a walking advertisement of local manure. (Laughter.) His wife did not know him when he returned, and it was not until he began to swallow some whiskey that she recognized him. He threatened to fulfil the mission

(Concluded on Seventh Page.)