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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

A PATRIOTIC SPEECH

Delivered by Cardinal Logue at Donegal.

His Theme Was the Existing System of Administration and Its Defects—Home Rule the Only Hope for the Old Land—A Spirited Declaration of Confidence that Under Its Sway It Would Be the Dawn of a New Era of Prosperity and Peace.

On Saturday evening, says the Dublin Freeman of September 25, his Eminence Cardinal Logue reached Donegal, the town of the Masters, with the object of delivering a charity sermon in the parish church of Clar. The people, once it was known for certain that his Eminence was to be amongst them, determined to mark the occasion by every token of reverent affection and popular esteem in their power to bestow, and on Saturday evening the Cardinal, in once again coming in person amongst his kinsfolk, received what truly may be described as a royal reception. The enthusiasm was unbounded. At Strabane Junction his Eminence was met by Mgr. Hugh M'Fadden, and was accompanied by Mgr. M'Namee, Omsagh, and Very Rev. Canon M'Cartan. On reaching Stranorlar, the Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell and Rev. Wm. Sheridan, Adm. joined the train, and thence the party proceeded to Donegal town. Here was such a welcome in waiting for his Eminence and for his prelate associate, Dr. O'Donnell, as only the warm-hearted and devoted Celtic population know how to give. The immense concourse cheered again and again, and after some time a procession of carriages headed by bands proceeded to the residence of the parish priest, the venerable and beloved Monsignor M'Fadden. The presentation of addresses from the clergy and people then became the order of the evening, and to these his Eminence's severally replied. Replying to that of the Red Hugh Branch of the Irish National Federation, His Eminence said:—

My dear friends, there is just one remark which I think it well to make when receiving this address, and indeed I should have made it with regard to other addresses. I have had no opportunity beforehand of receiving the kind expressions which would be conveyed in these addresses, and I may say some foolish things, speaking as I do on the spur of the moment (no, no). I am not afraid of saying foolish things when there is a question of religious interests, because I am accustomed to speak about them, and with regard to ordinary matters of business I have fair warning, but as to starting a person to speak on the subject of patriotism on the evening of a fast day, when he is well worn down beforehand, when from the very fact of his brain being worn down by the fast, his brain is likely to be a little excited. I think it is a very dangerous thing to reply to an address such as that which Mr. Boyce has just read. A person may lose himself and I really believe that if there was any danger of losing ourselves it would be under the circumstances in which we find ourselves in Ireland at present. Mr. Boyce very kindly said with his colleagues in the address that I always took a deep interest in the welfare of the country, and if I did not take such an interest in the country I would not only be unworthy to be Bishop or priest, but I would be unworthy to be a Christian. I believe it is a real Christian duty for every one

TO LOVE THE COUNTRY THAT GAVE HIM BIRTH, and to labour for its welfare as long as he can. Any little thing I have ever been able to do for the good of the country, acting indeed more through others than taking any immediate part myself, it has been a delight to me to do it, but the present state of Ireland, Mr. Boyce and friends, is a very discouraging thing. As a great Irishman once said at a similar crisis when he left the country, "Ireland was on the dissecting table," and I think Ireland is on the dissecting table at the present day, and very much through her own fault. There are circumstances over which we have no control of course. We have no control in making or unmaking Governments, at least latterly, and hence we are not responsible for any faults of commission which the present Government may give rise to; but taking the state of the country in every respect, retaining the state of division among the people which leaves them completely at the mercy of the enemy of Ireland, and the

want of sympathy on the part of our governors, I do not believe Ireland was ever in a more desperate state than she is at present. That is one of the foolish things I was afraid to say, but I think it is the truth, and hence listening to the very flattering address read by Mr. Boyce this thing came before my mind. I believe I am surrounded by Catholics and surrounded by good earnest Irishmen, and I may say with my dear friends that we are ruled now not by the Queen of England, nor the Ministry of England, but we are ruled by

A SMALL CLIQUE IN A CORNER OF THE NORTH OF IRELAND

who rejoice in the name of the Loyal Association of Orangemen. That is one reason why I say that Ireland is in a desperate state at present. No matter what measure is proposed for the welfare of the people and the good of the country, and taken up even in faith with the best intentions in the world by the members of the present Ministry, one tap on the Orange drum is sufficient—(A Voice—Yes)—to have the measure put into the background. I need not give instances, but the very first act of the present government was to put their foot upon a measure which was very necessary in the towns of Ireland—a bill which was brought in to give suffrage to the great body of the people in the towns of Ireland. Then, again, another measure was spoken of—a measure which had been acknowledged on all hands—at least acknowledged by all thinking and sensible people—as being a measure of justice to the Catholics of Ireland—that is, a good system of university education which would enable the young men of Ireland to work their way in the world and not be mere hewers of wood and drawers of water as they have been forced to be in the past. As I said,

ONE TAP OF THE ORANGE DRUM

was enough to put it in the background. Then you are promised an amended Local Government Bill for the next session of Parliament. I would not venture to prophesy, but judging from the past I believe that that measure you will not see passed in the next session of Parliament. Some of the ruling minority in this country would be busy, and immediately you will have the tap of the Orange drum again, and the Ministry will throw it aside. Now we have a very discouraging state of things in the country at present, and I must say that for that state of things we are ourselves to a great extent responsible. Instead of holding together united for the welfare of the country you have one party flying in one direction and another party flying in another direction, and a third party flying in the third, and if it be not the will of Providence watching over us instead of three parties you will soon have half a dozen, and while that goes on there is no hope for Ireland, and that is the very thing that makes me say that we are in a hopeless condition at present. Well, now, Mr. Boyce, there is one thing I know, I know it of old, and I know it now—that there is a spirit living among the people here in Donegal, a spirit living here among the people in the town of Donegal (cheers).

THE SPIRIT OF LOVE OF COUNTRY,

the spirit of patriotism, and the spirit of devotion to the interests of the country, and as long as that spirit lives the cause is not altogether hopeless (loud cheers). Hence though I think it would be wrong for me to say what party is in fault, or is not, I believe that the members of the National Federation here, and those who are connected with you, are animated by the old spirit (hear, hear)—by the spirit which, when I was your Bishop here, and when there was no division, animated you, by the spirit which your present Bishop is exerting himself to foster among the people—animated by the spirit of patriotism; and so long as the spirit of patriotism lasts we may have clouds on the horizon from time to time, but the cause will never die (loud cheers). I believe from those instances I have given you, and from many other instances I have been observing for years, that there is one remedy, and one remedy only, for the wrongs of Ireland—one means, and one means only, of regenerating Ireland, and that is to leave us to ourselves (cheers)—give the destinies of the country into our own hands (cheers). We may spoil them, perhaps, but if we spoil them we shall have no one to blame. I do not believe we will spoil them (cheers). Notwithstanding all that has been said of substitutions for the great measure that has been looked forward to with hope by the people of Ireland for numbers of years, notwithstanding all the substitutes that have been suggested for this great measure of Home Rule, I believe that the only hope for Ireland, that the only chance of Ireland's miseries being remedied and for Ireland's future being made triumphant and successful, is that

WE SHOULD HAVE HOME RULE IN IRELAND.

We have seen what the promises of killing Home Rule by kindness have come to—the kindness is very hard to find. It is told of an old philosopher in Greece that he was seeing through the market place in broad noonday with a lamp burning, and some person who thought he was a fool asked him why he was going about with a lamp, and he said he was looking about with his lamp for an honest man. Well, I think if you had the lamp of Diogenes at the present time to search out this great kindness which was to kill Home Rule in Ireland it would be more likely for Diogenes to find his honest man than for you to find that kindness (cheers). Hence, my dear friends, I have very little confidence in this matter of killing Home Rule by kindness. Let them give us Home Rule first and kill it afterwards (cheers), and I believe that if everyone worked as hard and with such singleness of purpose, and with as great a devotion in the cause as Mr. Boyce and the members of the

FEDERATION HERE IN DONEGAL, have been working since I knew them to promote this old cause of Home Rule, it would be sure to succeed. (A voice—"Three cheers for him.") (Cheers.) And please God it will succeed (cheers) it is said that the darkest hour is that before the dawn and I think we have had dark hours enough in Ireland, and this is one of them, and it will pass over, and when it has passed it will leave untouched the old spirit of patriotism that has kept Irish Nationality alive through centuries of persecution, and will keep it alive to the end till it is crowned by the great boon which you are longing for, the boon of restoring to Ireland at least some real form of Nationality. I do not mean that I am anxious for taking Ireland, as some Yankee in the days of the Home Rule agitation proposed to do, to fasten grapplers to her and tow her half way across the Atlantic. I do not want separation of that kind. I think the experience of the world and the present day goes to show that if we had, as they have in Canada and the Australian Colonies, and the other English Colonies, if we had the right of managing our affairs we would be better off. I do not think we are completely incorrigible. I do not think that we have, as Mr. Gladstone once said, a double dose of original sin. Indeed, I think we are capable of regeneration and I think it is to be brought about by giving us control of our own affairs, and then, Mr. Boyce, we would hear nothing about robbery, as we have been robbed. If we had our own affairs in our own hands and if we squandered the wealth of the country we were squandering our own wealth, whereas it appears we are being robbed against our will—the wealth of the country being drawn away and extorted not merely from a country that could bear it, but from misery, and being spent in objects with which we can have very little sympathy, and in which we have very little interest. I think, therefore, that if every person were to work as well as the members of our federation are working here for the good of the country, with singleness of purpose and purity of intention, if they were to

WORK TOGETHER SHOULDER TO SHOULDER, notwithstanding the little damp that has come upon us lately, that time is not far distant when our cause would give promise of a brighter future than it does at present. I entered upon this matter in great hesitancy, because when I speak on political matters I am generally liable to say something that is found with, but whether I said anything that is worthy of fault finding this evening or not (A voice, "No, no.") I said what I believed—what I firmly believe. Generally speaking I would prefer not to enter upon these matters at all, because I am not a politician. I am only a very poor specimen of an amateur politician. I have higher interests to look after, but next to those I think the interests of the country is a thing which every person should have at heart. All I can say is that if the people band themselves together, and work in the future as they have done in the past, whatever little help I may give them, as far as I am concerned, I will not throw cold water on them (loud cheers).

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Father Cassidy next read an address in Irish from the Donegal Gaelic League. Cardinal Logue, replying in Gaelic, expressed his delight at the progress of the movement for the restoration of the Irish language. The Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell also delivered an address, and the proceedings for the night shortly afterwards closed.

Catholic Sociability.

The Ave Maria, referring to a subject which has been frequently discussed in the circles of Catholics, has this to say:

The complaint is often made that Catholics are painfully wanting in sociability, and that people may kneel together in our churches for years without ever coming to know one another. It is a curious fact that a prominent Presbyterian divine has just stigmatized our sociability as the cause of the failure of the Protestant churches. "The sooner we come back to the idea of the church as a place for religious worship, and not as a place for social recognition and mutual acquaintance," says Dr. Witherspoon, "the sooner will the non-church-goers come to feel at home, and to come and go as they now do in business houses and places of popular amusement."

Brother Witherspoon is right. Sociability in itself has nothing to do with religion; however, every pastor knows how much depends on maintaining sociability and "keeping the young people together." If there were less nobility and social aloofness among Catholics, there would be fewer mixed marriages.

Our great and most difficult duty, as social beings, is to derive constant aid from society without taking its yoke.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

The Sway of the Catholic Reading Circle.

An Interesting Outline of the Advantages to be Derived From Association With the Organization—Some Things for Catholic Women to Read

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT. PHILADELPHIA, October 4, 1897.

The Reading Circle's have already commenced with us, and the members are coming together with a good deal of enthusiasm and interest, even in the case of those who were not present at the sessions of the Summer Schools. The first meetings were interesting in many ways, for the summer outings in any direction had more to them than formerly. With minds awakened to much without the ordinary and commonplace daily routine of the present, and prepared to accept such associations and allusions as belong to the past, travelling and sight seeing take on many aspects that were not theirs a decade ago. The members of the Circles who have been abroad during the holidays bring to them a new element of wider views than the "home tours" provide, particularly as many have ties with the Old World not yet—nor ever!—to be severed. Of course, no work of any kind was accomplished at the first meeting, but the plans were presented and discussed so that an idea of the work to be done in the future is too early to decide as yet as to the regular course in all cases, but this will certainly be a more vivid and vivifying year than those already filled and mastered. The members have been diligent and patient with very heavy and far off subjects and are now coming into a wider and less difficult heritage. The difference in our city since the Reading Circle's began is very marked and very encouraging. The originators and helpers of that movement deserve the hearty esteem and the most encouraging assistance of every Catholic and every intelligent person, Catholic or non-Catholic. They were the

FIRST TO OPEN THE WAY INTO PATHS so many longed to tread and could not unless the gate even when they found it. Now, with the impetus of knowing how to "read up" and to note their thoughts on such readings, the acquirement of any particular, the perfecting of any special period or feature of a period has no longer any terrors for the student. It will become more and more necessary as the Circles advance that they should have ready access to the best journals and periodicals that are devoted to the treatment of such systems of study. The Catholic Reading Circle Review is of great assistance, for it is prepared for the use of those who are working in the line of the Summer Schools and Reading Circles with great care and perfectly disinterested devotion to the cause. There are, therefore, no fads nor fancies, but the broad, clear views of honest thinkers. Some who are simply read and find it "heavy" or "dry," but, then, it is meant for students for those who are really desirous of improving, and they will not—should not—object to heaviness or dryness, since there is seldom solidity without a little of both. Heaviness and dryness are generally parts of the mind, not the book. The intelligent and diligent master both by application, and reap the reward of their victory by the ability to see clearly into the depths of learning. To the indolent, the best thoughts are "heavy" because they require the lifting of the sluggish mind to a plane higher than can be reached without effort. Every Reading Circle would do well to form bands of four or six, each band to subscribe for the Reading Circle Review (the one Mr. Mosher so ably edits I am sure), for that will not be a heavy tax upon any one, and each will have an opportunity to get all that the monthly number offers within the month. I once spent a week with a friend in a very

SPLENDID AND THOROUGH INSTITUTION, where there were a large number of assistants, teachers and directors. The arrangement adopted for the use of the monthlies and quarterlies, which were all sent to them, was one that would suit admirably for the bands of a Reading Circle. On the back of each periodical was a printed slip of names—those of the inmates. Opposite to each name was the date when the periodical was due at the room of that individual, and it must be sent on that day to that room. To make this explanation perfectly clear, let us imagine that the Reading Circle Review is subscribed for by Miss A., Miss B., Miss C. and Miss D. together. It is due at Miss A.'s house on the first of each month. She reads it or not, as suits her, but on the 8th she must send it to Miss B. without fail. Miss B. keeps it until the 15th, when she must send it to Miss C. Thus, each has one week's time at her disposal for the use of the magazine. The plan works well with several magazines "clubbed." If a club of four unite to take four magazines, each gets one of the four the first week in the month, and passes it to the next week later. At the close of the year, each of the four has one set of twelve numbers to add to her library, give away or dispose of, and if one cares more for such things than another, an arrangement can easily be made by which the old magazines become her property, as may suit all the club. There is really no comfortable

way to get at the magazines (except by regular subscription). Buying them each month as they come out is sure to "fizzle out" provokingly, and the very number that contains the very article one wants is forgotten, or delayed beyond the time when it is on the stands, or missed by a temporary absence. And to get hold of a particular number after it is off the news stands is more troublesome than one thinks. At all events, the Reading Circles ought

TO CLUB FOR THE READING CIRCLE REVIEW, because there is nothing that can quite take its place. It is a good time at the beginning of a new year of thought and eager desire after a higher mental life, and a better place in all that the world considers best, to read an admirable paper by the Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J., on "The Old Faith and the New Woman." It is a very strong and able article, one that is so fair and just, so sensible and kindly, so ready to acknowledge the "advantages" of the present when they are advantages, that the most excited and venomous of the new school cannot but accept it as a truthful and impartial view. It explains so many "worries"—as old-fashioned women would say of their anxieties—and little us out of so many little puzzles of the great "slough of despond," that it deserves to be sown broadcast throughout the land of Catholic women readers. Nothing so good, so easy to read yet so clever, so solid yet so short, has come in my way on the question. It appeared first in the American Catholic Quarterly Review for July, 1897, and has since been issued in pamphlet form at 27 Withings Alley, Phila., by the Editors of the Society of Jesus, via League Tract. At least, I suppose that anyone who would like to read it can find it under that form, as one of the pamphlets lies before me from an unknown source. Do read it, if you are interested and anxious as to the possible—but by no means probable—future for women.

SARA TRAINER SMITH.

HARVEST FAILURE.

Harold Frederic on the Situation in Ireland.

The Potato Crop in Cork—The Condition of the Fishermen.

Harold Frederic writes as follows in the London Chronicle of September 15:

The inquirer in Ireland finds always two stereotyped classes of authorities—the people who think that it is going to be a very bad winter and the people who declare that there is really no cause for apprehension whatever. For the first time in an experience of some fourteen years I find this latter class confessing to some anxiety. The most implacable optimists in Munster admit that there are grounds for nervousness. Two districts I have personally inspected within the past fortnight both in County Cork. The first is in a fairly prosperous country, of which Youghal, Middleton, Carrigtwohill and Cloynare are the principal points of population. Here, as elsewhere, the potatoes are bad, but here, under ordinary circumstances, this would be of secondary importance if the barley had been well sown. It is a brewing and malting district, and barley is its money crop. When I came away nobody was able to estimate what remnant of the crop was likely to be saved. From Canon Keller down they took the most despondent view of the calamity, however, and I see that later reports speak of the ruin as if it were complete. This, with the failure of the potatoes, will for once put East Cork in almost as bad a position as her immemorably afflicted western sister.

The little peninsula of West Carbery, which lies between Raring Water Bay and Dunmanus Bay, has a heart-rending history. Skibbereen, which stands at its island gate, possesses a horrible supremacy over all other parishes in Ireland in the matter of human deaths by starvation. Here everything, with a solitary exception, to be examined later, is worse than it has been before in fifty years. Of course, the potatoes are here the great staple food crop, and they are practically a total failure. Perhaps a fifth or a sixth part of them can be used for human eating, but even this selected fraction is of miserable quality, wet, coarse-grained and tasteless.

The explanations of this disastrous failure of the potato bear a sinister likeness to the accounts of 1847. There was an exceptionally wet spring which delayed the planting generally a month. Then, as the belated shoots came to a certain height, there came across the land a kind of blighting mist which withered the plants as it passed. Most of the mountain people speak of this as a storm or a flood which misled me at first, but it seems that they all mean the same thing—a sort of aultry and sweating mist which lay upon the field for two or more days. The exception noted above in the general disaster is that of the green crops. All over County Cork from Youghal to Glangarriff, the cabbages, turnips, mangel-wurzels and all the rest are in a most luxuriant state. I have never seen them so big and fine as to be seen before, and the roots seem to be all right as well.

What makes the outlook in this South Crookhaven district peculiarly bad is that the fishing has also failed. Ever since Baroness Burdett-Coutts gave her magnificent present of outer-boats, nets, tackle, school plant, etc., etc., to the fishing communities of Baltimore and Cape Clear, it has been growing increasingly hard for the unaided villages further west to make a living out of the sea. The Courts-aided fishermen have

been able to cripple and well-nigh stamp out the unassisted industries of their neighbours. The people on the mainland have also given up fishing. The fishing itself on this coast has been privily quered all the year. It has put no money into anybody's pocket up to the present, and promises little or nothing for the autumn.

By November 1 the 500 people on Long Island will be without food for the means of procuring it. On the mainland it is not so bad as this, but it is very bad indeed. There are several thousand people in this little peninsula who will not keep alive through the winter without assistance. There is, of course, the considerable Government problem of providing seed potatoes for next spring. But there is the more urgent problem of procuring seed that famine and the Government's slow machinery can be set in motion.

Thus far I catch not a sign of what used to be called agrarian disturbance or agitation. No doubt landlordism is still on the backs of the people, but various legislative readjustments and the altered spirit of administration have between them put the burden about so that it no longer presses on open sores. There are still too many constables to be seen, but they have nothing to do but watch the weather and pray for rain to flood the trout streams for them. Even in this Glangarriff district to which I have just come, there is nothing visibly remaining of the fierce spirit I remember there in the year 1851. The potatoes here are a total failure, among the poorer farmers at least, and this is one of the poorest districts in all Ireland, but one hears not a word about "landlords" or "agents" or "rents." Later on these words may come to the top in popular speech, but at present they are not mentioned. Don't imagine from this that any notable political change has been effected. The people are Nationalists as sincerely as ever they were, and they like the system of misgovernment and muddling under which they live as little as ever they did. It is only that the abuses of this system have become temporarily obscured or abated in the people's consciousness. They are for the moment thinking of other things. An acute touch of distress in the bad districts, however, would bring the subject sharply back into their minds again. If there is not speedy help that acute touch must surely come, and with it many things that no good person will welcome.

Some Lynching Statistics.

Nine men out of ten believe that lynchings are nearly always the result of violent assaults by negroes on white women. Many with this supposition in their minds will refuse to admit that there is not something to be said in extenuation for the lynchings. The crime of indecent assault, always horrible, is rendered doubly revolting when tinged with that race feeling which exists in all parts of the United States, and especially in the South, where lynching has long been of more frequent occurrence than judicial execution.

Let us, however, look to the facts and figures of the matter. Statistics of lynchings in the United States from the beginning of the year 1897, compiled by the Telegraph, of Macon, Ga., are curiously instructive. During these eight months there were 97 reported cases of lynching, that is, at the rate of three persons lynched every week. Texas heads the list with 19; then Alabama with 12; Mississippi has 10; Georgia and Louisiana, 8 each; Tennessee, 7; Florida, 6; South Carolina, Kentucky and Arkansas, 5 each; Missouri, 3; Virginia, 2, and Arizona and Maryland, 1 each. In the North, California, Ohio, Nevada, Alaska and Illinois had one each. Since the figures were compiled, Indiana has stepped into the lists with one lynching, in which five men were victims. Of the 97 persons lynched 80 were negroes, 14 whites and 3 Indians. It will surprise nobody to see that nearly 80 per cent. of the victims are colored.

What, however, will surprise most people is the fact that only a small proportion of these eighty negroes were lynched for criminal assault. Thirty-five were killed for the crime of murder, 14 for criminal assault and 9 for attempted assault, 4 for robbery, 3 for arson, 2 for suspicion of arson, 2 for race prejudice (!), 2 for murderous assault, 2 for unknown causes (!), and 1 each for burglary, writing an insulting letter, sloping with a white woman, train wrecking, refusing to give evidence, insults, and harboring a murderer.

These figures are the strongest indictment that could be framed against lynching. It very often happens that a white murderer escapes the penalty of his crime through the address of well fed, unscrupulous and clever lawyers, through political influence or on other grounds—but the negro murderer has rarely or never these advantages, and if proved guilty before the court will almost inevitably be convicted. Therefore there is no excuse or palliation for the murder of these thirty-five men.

Nearly all the cases of criminal assault or attempted criminal assault have been based on the evidence of fact or of identity furnished by women who must in some instances have been under the influences of hysteria. The remainder of the cases do not, in any event, furnish ground for the death penalty, and should be classed in criminal statistics as murder pure and simple. Is it not high time that the law-abiding community in the States infected by lynching should insist on the punishment of the perpetrators of these outrages on justice and social order?—New York Freeman's Journal.