



A LETTER FROM IRELAND.

From Our Own Correspondent.

CARMOD'S HOTEL, ENNIS, October 22.

A fine old town is Ennis, in ancient Thomond, now the County of Clare. I came into it this morning, from Ballan, in the County of Cork. The journey was, on the whole, through fine country. Through the County of Cork to Charleville, passing the towns Doneraile and Ballyvaughan, changed cars at Charleville to those of the Waterford & Limerick Company. After waiting on the platform for an hour of a very cold morning, so cold indeed, that a Yankee tourist who was walking up and down to keep himself warm, declared he would rather have twenty below zero in the States than a raw Irish fog. We got into the train, and shortly after were rattling through the County of Limerick to the City of the Violated Treaty. Passing Patrick's Wall, Door, and Croom, which gave a war-cry to the great Norman Irish house of Fitzgerald, one of their principal castles being at Adare while another was at Croom. Consequently "Croom Aboo!" as Croom to Victory, became the Gullinnee battle-cry, as "Lamb Dear Aboo!" as Red Hand to Victory, did of the northern O'Neills. It was pleasant to see in the fields gangs of men and women digging and picking potatoes, while in the patch belonging to the cottier, would be the man, his wife and children, all busy saving the new seed which this year, wherever the new seed was planted, are very prolific. I am sorry it is not so with the produce of the old seed which, in some places, were especially in Connacht, was largely used, and has not yielded even as well as last year. Gliding into the old-fashioned station at Limerick, I came out of the train and had a run round to get some breakfast, as the train for Ennis did not start out till eleven o'clock, I was accommodated at a little hotel outside the station, but as I had some time to wait, I swallowed up my coffee, and bread and butter, and had a look through the famous old city, the headquarters of the days of Irish independence, the Munster O'Brien's, but more celebrated for the famous defence against the Williamite army in 1691. Limerick has a population of about forty thousand being a decrease of about seven thousand in thirty years. The city may be said to comprise four principal streets running east, north, south and west, and crossing each other in about the center of the town. The river Shannon is crossed by two bridges called respectively Wellesley bridge, and Thomond bridge, Wellesley bridge being comparatively a wooden structure, while the other bears evidence of greater antiquity. At the city end of Thomond bridge is a castle founded by King John, on the site of a much older one, the castle being now used as a militia barracks. On the county of Clare end is the famous treaty stone upon which the Irish hero Patrick Sarsfield *Ohra Dhavon Erin*, Earl of Lucan, on behalf of the Irish, and DeGinkle, Earl of Athlone, on behalf of the Williamites, signed the treaty by which the city surrendered with the honours of war, eighteen thousand men sailing away with Sarsfield to the sunny land of France, and two thousand taking their stand under the colours of England. Those wild geese afterward under Sarsfield met at Neerminden William and his army, and gave him a taste of what they did at Limerick. In every period of history women distinguished themselves in the hour of danger, and death. Whether as nurses in hospital, or in the deadly breach. Judith slew Holofernes, and saved the Jewish nation of her husband Margaret of Anjou headed the English army and took prisoner David Bruce, king of Scotland, at the hard-fought Battle of the Standard. Jean of Arc headed the chivalry of France, and drove out the English invaders. Jenny Heatfield crossed the Alleghanies in winter to convey information to the American General Green of an intended attack by Lord Rawdon in the revolutionary war. The Scottish heroine, Flora Macdonald, saved the life of Charles Stuart when ten thousand pounds was set on his head by the Butcher of Culloden; but among the whole of these heroines the women of Limerick take a foremost place, the beautiful Mary Lynch heading them to assist the garrison in hurling back the Williamite attack made by ten thousand men. As I crossed Thomond Bridge I thought of that dreadful day when William at all hazards determined to capture the city, and for that purpose rained upon it red hot shot until a breach was made in the wall, and then into that breach sent three columns of men to be annihilated by the heroic defenders. While the fighting was going on a body of five hundred Williamites gained a certain point, and De Lausanne ordered that the number should be allowed to increase. The defenders just kept them at bay, and finally withdrew. William's eye shone with delight. The English colors waved on the wall, and even a cheer was given for victory. A throb of the earth—a heave—a mine is sprung, and the bodies of five hundred Williamites strew the ground. Those who escaped fled in dismay. William orders to lead another attack in person but the troops refuse and William departs for England a beaten man. How all this passed through my brain as it stood in the streets of the heroic old city by the Shannon. One way or another there is a very tidy trade, carried on, and altogether Limerick is in a comparatively flourishing condition. On the walls there were large posters inviting the people to a public meeting to organize for the purpose of giving to Charles Stuart Parnell a grand reception on the occasion of his visit, to accept the freedom of the city which the corporation decided to confer upon him, thus showing that the patriotism of Limerick still lives. Eleven o'clock arriving I had to leave for Ennis by

the Limerick and Alhewry Railroad. Crossing the Shannon we ran through the historic places of six mile bridge; Newmarket on Fergus, and Clare Castle. The country along the road is very picturesque, Cahormoyle, formerly the home of Smith O'Brien and the seat of Lord Inchiquin, another of the O'Brien family being to the left and visible from the train. Reaching Ennis, from where O'Connell was returned to parliament, not as member for the town, but for the County of Clare, the spot upon which he stood is now marked by a column surmounted by a heroic figure of the great orator and patriot, and at the foot of this monument Lysaght Finnigan, now member for the city on the Sunday before my arrival addressed his constituents. The monument to the liberator is entirely due to the exertions of Michael Cosidine, now an old man and I am sorry to say a poor one, but it is to a large extent the old story:

Bitter indeed is the patriot's meed  
CELESTIO-CANADIAN.

PRIEST HUNTING IN FRANCE

(From the London Globe.)

Paris, Saturday evening.—More than a week ago registered letters were sent to all the prefects and commissaries of police in the departments, but the postmasters were ordered not to deliver them until they had received further instructions by telegraph. It was known that the large square envelopes, sealed with the seal of the Ministry of the Interior, contained the order for the immediate closing of the religious houses which belonged to orders unrecognized by law, and for the expulsion of all foreign priests. No one thought that these instructions would have been put in force. Society believed that the Government would hesitate before commencing a second series of persecutions, the more so as all the unrecognized communities had been formally dissolved and the convents or monasteries had been registered under the name of one or two persons, or kept open as houses of retreat belonging to certain private gentlemen, friends of the Church. The clergy were quite persuaded that for the moment at least there was nothing to apprehend, and they regretted to find that the precautions they had taken to shut out the police and compel them to break lock and bar before obtaining admission to their cloisters, and completing their work of sacrilege, would prove to have been unnecessary. It may be remarked *en passant* that none of the religious communities coming within the category against which the decrees have been directed have ever taken any part in politics; they have exclusively devoted themselves to educational pursuits and to comforting the penitents who came to them in the hope of gaining fresh knowledge from men who, shut up in their cells away from the influence of the outer world, gave their whole time to study, and saw things through the mirror of their minds in holy simplicity, unalloyed by worldly considerations. No one knocked at the door of the monastery in vain, the sick were visited, the necessitous were relieved, and these men, who had made a vow of eternal poverty, and devoted themselves to relieving the sufferings of their fellow-creatures, could at times minister efficaciously unto a mind diseased. The Barefooted Carmelites in the Rue de la Pompe, at Passy, never anticipated that they would be among the first to be driven away in obedience to the will of M. Jules Ferry, and with the connivance of others who fear that the influence of the Church may prevent their plans from being successfully matured. When M. Clement and Dulac entered the chapel of the Carmelites mass was being celebrated, but the congregation was visibly moved, for it was reported that the street was occupied by the police, and that the monastery and chapel had been surrounded. The priest continued to celebrate the Mass, and at its conclusion, as he turned to descend the steps of the altar, M. Clement and Dulac, the Commissaries of Police, opened their coats to show their official scarfs, and followed him into the vestry, gaining admission with him into the cloisters. He managed to elude his followers by taking a short turn to the right, but the two commissaries, determined not to be outwitted, laid hands on a passing monk and compelled him to conduct them to the chapter room, where Father Albert, the Superior, was sitting in solemn conclave, discussing the interests of the order with several provincial deputations who had come to advise as to the line of conduct they should follow in the event of the decrees being executed. Brother Elias, who had been obliged to conduct the two unwelcome visitors, obtained admission to the chapter room, and was followed by the two commissaries, whose arrival created some amount of confusion. The prior rose from his seat, and the monks drew their cowls over their faces. Father Albert asked how the intruders had presumed to violate the privacy of his domicile, and M. Dulac at once read the orders he had received, formally advising the Superior that the order was dissolved, and that the convent would have to be evacuated! then and there. M. Clement then asked if there were not two priests of foreign nationality among the fathers, and said that he had an order for their immediate expulsion from France. Father Albert replied that two visitors were certainly under his roof, but they had retired to their cells, and under the circumstances, since they were his guests, he must decline to ask them to quit their retreat when the hospitality he had accorded them was about to be denied. Father Albert then turned towards his silent companions and told them that Providence in its wisdom, had chosen to inflict another severe trial upon them, and exhorted them to take courage and continue that united moral resistance which was compatible with the dignity of the Church under the present circumstances. He then dismissed his colleagues to their cells, but the commissaries declined to let them go unless they

gave a formal promise that they would not barricade their doors. They declined to make any promise whatever, and each monk was therefore accompanied to his cell. It was a strange sight to see the monks, accompanied by a policeman marching behind the Abbot in solemn procession through the cloisters, singing the 68th Psalm. As each cell was reached the Superior gave the kiss of peace to the brother, and then the door closed on him. Two cells were found closed. A demand for admission was refused, and the police were told force would have to be encountered by force. The doors were at once broken open, and a Spanish and a Belgian visitor were dragged out by the police, with rather more than "gentle violence." When the few minutes granted by M. Clement had expired, and the last prayers had been said, the police were surprised to find that the Fathers refused to leave their cells. The two commissaries were not inclined to lose time or banly words; they ordered their men to lay hands on the recalcitrant Churchmen and push them out and their orders were carried out to the letter. The monks were pushed along the cloisters through the chapel, and out into the street, one of them obtaining an instant's grace to enable him to remove the consecrated wafer from the high altar. A crowd had gathered in the street. The scene almost defies description. There was not one single hostile shout or cry, but there was hardly a dry eye, and as the Superior was thrust forth, and his colleagues gathered round him to receive his parting benediction, numbers of people sank on their knees. Carriages were in waiting for some of the Fathers, who were driven off to the houses of the neighboring city, while the Duchesse de Madrid offered her arm to one Carmelite, and led him to her carriage, and the poor people vied with each other in endeavoring to persuade some of the monks to accept the shelter their humble roof could afford them. Seals were placed on the doors of the chapel and of the monastery, only a lay brother being permitted to remain to look after the place, and watch over the interests of individuals whose privacy of domicile has been illegally violated by brute force. A similar scene took place in the Rue Moncaup at the monastery of the Benedictine Fathers, most of whom being aliens offered no resistance, but the people who had gathered outside the convent were particularly demonstrative and divided into two camps, so that the police had some difficulty in maintaining order. An energetic protest was entered against the proceedings, and M. Riant, a member of the Paris Municipal Council, told the police they had rendered themselves liable to a criminal prosecution, a remark M. Clement received with a smile of contempt. The sealed instructions of the Government were opened yesterday morning in the provinces, and at once acted upon. Things were not so calm and tranquil as in Paris. The authorities, determined to make a great show of Republicanism, carried out their instructions in a most truculent manner, and had the clerical party accepted the challenge thrown down to them by their opponents, some serious disturbances might have occurred. In some of the more radical districts, such as Toulouse, great difficulty was experienced in preventing the crowd, which followed the police and the authorities singing the "Marseillaise" and "Carra," from wrecking the chapels and monasteries which were visited. The utmost brutality was used to expel the monks who clung to their cells, and at Toulouse the Carmelites had to run the gauntlet of a pitiless, furious crowd of ruffians, who insulted them and followed them to the bridge which spans the Garonne, where stones were thrown at the priests, and cries of "Down them! Fling them into the river!" might have been acted on had not the police come up and persuaded the victims of the degraded mob to take refuge in a building close by. M. Jules Ferry and his colleagues, M. Constans, have determined to carry out their plans to the bitter end. The Church must either submit to them or be persecuted. The result will be that those who have only been lukewarm will rally round those who are persecuted. The religious party will become stronger and stronger every day, as it always has done under adversity, and the time will come when France will be treated to a repetition of the war of La Vendee, undertaken to vindicate liberty of conscience by those who do not believe in the Goddess of Reason.

PEASANT PROPRIETORS.

The Statist has an article on the practicability of establishing peasant proprietorship in Ireland, and says:—Money in abundance has been advanced in various ways to Irish landlords and others for purposes of secondary benefit to Ireland, and there has been much loss. It is surely time to try whether an advance for a primary object which the Irish people desire and which is needed to cure a discrepancy which has lasted for centuries between the laws of Ireland and the usages and ideas of the people will not be more successful. We must urge, then, that a measure to appropriate a large part of the land of Ireland, giving a fair price to the landlords, and to settle thereon a peasant proprietor, is both immediately necessary and easily practicable. It is a measure worth some risks of loss, but no loss is really probable. It must be a bold and thorough measure, affecting a large transfer at once, while the Commissioners to be appointed should have most ample powers, and the local authorities should also be so constituted as to give the whole Irish people an interest in the success of the work. Of course it would be a corollary of such a measure that the Commissioners would have power to give indefeasible titles and that cheap and easy system of land transfer should be established. But Ireland, we hope, will not be the only part of the United Kingdom which will get the benefit of the last measure.

IRELAND.

A Crisis Approaching.

IS IT A CIVIL WAR?

Troops Marching on Boycott's Farm.

[LATEST NEWS BY TELEGRAPH.]

LONDON, November 9.—The state of affairs in Ireland has at last stirred up the Government to definite and aggressive action. The Channel Squadron is sailing for Queenstown to-day, and is prepared to land 3,000 men if required. The despatch of this morning, stating that the Hussars and troops from Curragh camp would be sent to the scene of the Boycott troubles, has excited spirited comment by the Irish press.

LONDON, November 9.—It is stated that Mr. Gladstone has written a letter in which he calls the obstruction offered by successive British Governments to land reform in Ireland a "mournful, discreditable record."

LONDON, November 9.—One thousand troops have left for Boycott's farm. Numbers of people are flocking from all directions to the scene. Special trains are arriving at Claremorris with soldiers. A collision is considered imminent.

TORONTO, November 9.—By special to the Mail from the New York Herald bureau: London, November 7.—There can be little doubt that the popular sentiment of Ireland is thoroughly aroused. Reports come from all parts of the country bringing tidings of the acts which mark the influence of the Land League. Mr. John O'Callaghan, Secretary of the Waterford branch of that organization, was forcibly reinstated by a hundred armed and masked men on a farm from which he had been evicted at Newton on the property of Sir Henry Barrow. He was forced to swear on his bended knees that he would not give up the farm. A great sensation was thereby caused in the district.

A Woodland telegram says that a number of armed men went to the house of Mr. Allen, a land agent, and fired several shots into the window, nearly succeeding in wounding Allen, who immediately took his departure from the town under guard of the police. Notices were posted on the gates warning Allen not to attempt to collect rent on his master's property.

THE IRISH AT HOME AND ABROAD.

An Irish Chief in New Zealand.

The Rev. Pius Davino in his lectures on "The Irish at Home and Abroad," which he has been delivering in England, tells some home truths and good stories about us, from which we extract the following: In the United States he came across two specimens of the Irish character—one that he liked and the other that he did not like. The one he liked was the one who kept that which was good and honorable and threw away that which was worthless. The States were the country above all others for the development of individual energy; there all were on the same level, and a man might begin by delving in a trench and rise to be a president. There was no such thing as "caste" or "descendants." Men there might be one day rolling in their carriage, and next day become bankrupts and turn clerks in an hotel, and their former friends, instead of avoiding them, would shake hands with them and live in that hotel just because they were clerks there. While he had seen.

THE NEW ZEALAND SAVAGES. One of the unfortunate men was a bishop, and being rather fat, it was thought that he would make a good dish for the chief, so the chief was sent for. Accordingly he came down, tattooed and done up in great style. Looking at the captive he said, "Yer reverence, maybe yer a priest," in the real vernacular. "I'm a bishop," said he. "God protect us and Ireland," rejoined the chief. "Where did you come from?" asked the bishop. "Troth, I'm an Irishman," said the tattooed man. "Are you a chief?" "Troth I am." "What brought you here?" "Well, we were shipwrecked and cast ashore, and they killed all the crew, but when they came to me I played so many queer tricks that they kept me alive, and egad I'm chief now."

IRISH WITH PLENTY OF MONEY, plenty of industry, plenty of courage, and plenty of zeal for the Church. It was astonishing how the Church spread wherever the Irish migrated to. He believed that if an Irish woman, with her hands in her fingers, got so far as the North Pole, there would be a church there in half an hour. In the time of the gold-diggings, when there was great hurry-scurrying and striving for wealth, a priest was having an open-air confession in one of the streets, and a son of Erin on the outskirts of the crowd called out, "Yer reverence, I beg your pardon. I want to tell you my confession from here, because I'm in a hurry." "Stop," says the priest, "they'll all hear you." "Hear me!" says he, "they're all worse than myself." He had met Irishmen in the Sandwich Islands, in the Fiji Islands, and even in New Zealand. He told a good story of certain parties who fell into the hands of

THE NEW ZEALAND SAVAGES. One of the unfortunate men was a bishop, and being rather fat, it was thought that he would make a good dish for the chief, so the chief was sent for. Accordingly he came down, tattooed and done up in great style. Looking at the captive he said, "Yer reverence, maybe yer a priest," in the real vernacular. "I'm a bishop," said he. "God protect us and Ireland," rejoined the chief. "Where did you come from?" asked the bishop. "Troth, I'm an Irishman," said the tattooed man. "Are you a chief?" "Troth I am." "What brought you here?" "Well, we were shipwrecked and cast ashore, and they killed all the crew, but when they came to me I played so many queer tricks that they kept me alive, and egad I'm chief now."

An extra of the *Canada Gazette*, published on Monday, contains the following appointments:—J. A. Mousseau, Montreal, to be a member of the Queen's Privy Council for Canada; J. P. R. A. Caron, Quebec, to be a member of the Queen's Privy Council for Canada; Hon. J. A. Mousseau to be President of the Council, vice Hon. L. R. Masson resigned; Hon. J. C. Aikens, late Secretary of State, to be Minister of Inland Revenue, vice Hon. L. F. G. Baly, appointed Judge of the Superior Court of the Province of Quebec; Hon. John O'Connor, late Postmaster-General, to be Secretary of State of Canada vice Hon. James Cox Aikens, appointed Minister of Inland Revenue; Hon. Sir Alexander Campbell, K.C.M.G., late Minister of Militia and Defence, to be Postmaster-General for the Dominion of Canada, vice the Hon. John O'Connor, appointed Secretary of State of Canada; Hon. J. P. R. A. Caron to be Minister of Militia and Defence, vice the Hon. Sir Alex. Campbell, K. C. M. G., appointed Postmaster-General for the Dominion of Canada.

The Montreal Branch of the Land League.

A meeting of the above organization was held on Sunday last in St. Patrick's Hall, the President, Mr. Carroll, in the chair. Notwithstanding the inclement state of the weather the attendance was large, and over sixty new members joined the League and paid in their subscriptions, among the subscribers being two ladies who were elected with enthusiasm. The programme of the League was then submitted by Mr. Francis A. Quinn, advocate, in a very eloquent address, and adopted without dissent.

The following named gentlemen were appointed collectors for the different wards of the city:—Messrs. P. Wright, W. Courroy, Mr. Murray and J. B. Lane, R. Carrick, M. A. Miller, P. O'Donohue, J. Doyle, E. Ryan, J. P. Whelan, F. A. Quinn, T. T. Fatten, — Reynolds, M. Kelly, A. Kerrigan, B. Donnelly, A. Doherty, W. Kearney, J. J. Cloran, T. Hanley, J. C. Fleming, J. McArthur, P. Cunningham, M. Barnes, John Lyons, J. Tracy, J. C. Quinn — Davis, and others.

Meantime the League is growing apace. The following is the address to the people of Canada, read by Mr. F. A. Quinn at the meeting:—  
To all men of Irish race in Canada:  
To all the friends of Ireland:  
To all lovers of justice and good government:  
The Land League appeals for assistance and sympathy, in the defence of Parnell and the Irish people in their struggle for their right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The Land League desires to put an end to famines, and to ever-recurring evictions, which are a condemnation to exile or death. The trial of Parnell is the people's Land Commission, and through it will be shown all the iniquities of the Irish land system. By constitutional and legal means, the Land League demands:—  
1.—Tenants' right of sale.  
2.—Compensation for improvements in all cases.  
3.—No evictions in bad years.  
4.—Government loans to tillers of the soil at low rates of interest, with sinking fund, to improve their property and to acquire the ownership of their holdings.  
5.—Aid to purchase waste lands, Crown lands, lands sold in the bankrupt courts and lands voluntarily sold.  
6.—Expropriation of the London companies.  
7.—Total extinction of feudal ownership, with compensation to landlords.  
No confiscation, no communism; the people will pay out of their own taxes for every just right of which they may be deprived a landlord. Russia, Prussia, France, Canada, have done precisely the same thing, why not Ireland? The Land League will show uncompromising opposition to all destructive doctrines and violent language.

The Land League is not responsible for any exaggeration, in language, or ideas, displayed by speakers and writers. Every demand of the Land League is founded on justice, reason and good sense. Protestants and Catholics alike are members of the Land League.

In advising tenants not to pay rent until they shall have laid aside sufficient for the support of their families:  
In advising the tenants not to pay rent until they shall have compelled the landlords to grant them justice;  
In advising tenants and others not to hold communications with persons taking lands from which a poor man has been evicted;  
In thus excommunicating the bad landlord and the bad tenant.

The Land League is not acting in an unjust and despotic manner, but is following the dictates of expediency, prudence, and true statesmanship. In using moral means of coercion, it is adopting a species of war measure, justifiable under the circumstances. In inaugurating a gigantic strike of a whole people against bad laws and their necessary consequence—Famine. Every Irishman should join the Land League:

Because the Irish race wants to put an end to famines and to the necessity of periodically imploring for relief the world over;  
Because Parnell and his associates have sacrificed themselves for their country, and it would be a disgrace to abandon them;  
Because were Parnell to fail it would be a fatal blow to Ireland's hopes, and would lead to greater sufferings than any yet endured by her people;

Because duty to country demands it, and duty to country is almost as imperative as duty to God;  
Because the union of Irishmen throughout the world will have an immense influence on English public opinion and on the English Ministry;

Because the struggle of the Land League promises to be the last and the triumphant struggle of the Irish people;  
Every lover of fair play and good government should aid the Land League:  
Because the Land League is establishing a principal for redressing grievances, for averting rebellion and war as effective and as important as international arbitration, so much lauded in this century;  
Because it will put an end to strife in Ireland, and bring peace and good will to all classes of the community;

Because it is a gallant struggle of the Irish people in a just cause, by just means, and every generous man should sympathize in the gallantry and efforts. Irishmen join the Land League. Aid the Land League. Enroll the members of your families in its ranks. Lovers of justice, men of every race and creed, aid the Land League, rise above prejudice, be just and be generous. Irishmen throughout Canada! form Land Leagues in all the towns and cities of the Dominion.