

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXXV.—NO. 33.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1885.

PRICE—FIVE CENTS.

PEEL IN THE PILLORY.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN'S CRUSHING PHILIPPIC.

The Phoenix Park Demonstration Against the English Speaker.

Under a general shower of sunshine, the population of Dublin debouched on Sunday from the broad thoroughfares that open into the Phoenix Park. On great occasions, when the country throbs with profound feelings, the heart of Ireland responds to the National pulse. Since the eloquence of George Henry Moore thrilled 300,000 people at Cabra, there has not been so vast an assembly of citizens as gathered in the spacious arena known as the Nine Acres, to condemn the arbitrary action of Peel, the English Speaker, in expelling Mr. William O'Brien from the House of Commons. The Lord Mayor of Dublin presided, and after the formal preliminary proceeding, Mr. O'Brien came to the front of the platform, and was greeted with an extraordinary demonstration, waving of hats, and cheering that lasted for minutes.

O'Brien's Speech.

Follow-countrymen, he said, I am in despair of only one thing to-day, and that is of sending my weak voice to one-tenth of the enormous gathering here in the Park to-day (applause). I don't know whether you are aware that you are all guilty of a high breach of privilege (laughter) in daring to cough at the decision of the Speaker of the English House of Commons (groans, laughter, and cheers). (A Voice—He is not the first fool that sat in that chair.) (Hear, hear.) You are guilty as gross a disregard of the authority of the chair as an Irish member is now when he ventures to say "hear, hear," without asking his leave (laughter). Only with us could we manage to produce this whole, mighty, and gigantic gathering at the bar of the House of Commons (cheers). It might help Englishmen to understand that when they strike a blow at the most insignificant representative of the Irish people (no, no), there are millions of faithful Irish hearts that feel the blow, and who are only burning for an opportunity of returning it (loud cheers).

The Clericalists in a Pickle.

However, a great many things have happened since last Tuesday night, and I venture to think that Mr. Speaker Peel (groans) and his brute majority (groans) have other fish to fry just now (laughter), besides committing a hundred thousand citizens for contempt, with the Lord Mayor at their head (laughter). I think that since last Tuesday night it is the Ministry themselves that have got suspended (laughter and cheers), and, according to all appearance, for a very much longer period than I have (laughter). If it were a mere question of vengeance with us, our vengeance might well be sated by the amount of triumph that went up from the Irish Party in the House of Commons on Friday night (cheers), when their own, as I believe, sealed the fate and somnolent the death knell of the disgraced and ruined Ministry of coercion (loud cheers). In fact, I should have thought that if you were to pass any expression of opinion with regard to the Speaker to-day that cheerily would perhaps injure you to make it a vote of confidence rather than a vote of censure (laughter). Because at this moment Mr. Speaker Peel (groans and cries of "To— with him") is much more in need of comfort and consolation than I can pretend to be (laughter), and I venture to think that by the time our friends Mr. Sexton (cheers) and Mr. Healy (renewed cheering) have "reasoned out the case" with him (laughter) I venture to think he will be a still fitter object for your Christian compassion.

A Sham Exposed.

Of course the treatment that the representatives of Ireland have been receiving in the House of Commons is about as bad and as unfair and as scandalous as it could possibly be, it sometimes makes our blood boil, as apparently it sometimes makes yours (hear, hear). But for my part I have not the slightest personal objection that the representatives of Ireland should be treated in the English House of Commons as foreigners and enemies. On the contrary, it serves to expose to the world the sham of pretending that Ireland is governed by constitutional methods (hear, hear). It serves to remind us of the truth that was so often insisted upon by John Dillon—that they hate us, and that we hate them in return. (Cheers.) You may be quite sure that the nations of Europe are watching the foreign and domestic relations of England pretty closely just now (hear, hear)—you may be sure that they learn from events like the events of last week that here in the heart of the British Empire is a nation of Irishmen, with several millions of men all over the globe, whose relations with England are simply the relations of civil war tempered by the scarcity of firearms (loud cheers). (A Voice—A cheer for the Mahdi that has them—loud cheers). Mr. O'Brien—That is a far more awkward lesson for England than for us to teach the statesmen of Russia and of Germany and of France (cheers).

To Know Them is to Detest Them.

There is another reason why the Irish people need not be at all dissatisfied at the maltreatment that their representatives receive in the English House of Commons. It makes us all the better Irish Nationalists. English caresses and blandishments are much more dangerous than their abuse or their suspensions (hear, hear). It is easy enough to purchase the compliments of Englishmen, but I don't know how the Irish cause was ever very much the better of English compliments (hear, hear). It used to be supposed long ago that the Irish people only required to have a little more intercourse with their English rulers—that, in fact, to know them was to love them (laughter). Well, I only wish we could pass every able-bodied man in Ireland, through a course of service in

the English House of Commons under the present conditions. I believe that they would return charged with a more intense hatred of England and of English rule than they could from reading all the histories of the past wrongs and sorrows of our race (hear, hear). I must say there are about half-a-dozen Englishmen in the House of Commons for whom I, and I believe every member of the Irish Party, have a deep and sincere respect (cries of "Cowan," and, indeed, as he is now, I would rather think, beyond the power of either helping or hurting us, I must say that I myself have no hesitation in placing Mr. Gladstone first on that list of men whose personal character and intellect, and I would say tenderness for Ireland, are conspicuous. But every hour I spend in the House convinces me more that men of that description are only as rain-drops in the ocean of English cant and ignorance and anti-Irish prejudice and stolid self-sufficiency that overflows the English House of Commons when they come to deal with Irish matters. To know the Englishmen and Scotchmen who govern us is to detest and to despise them—it is to chafe under their bungling tyranny and under their still more offensive patronage.

Brental Bullets.

You cannot sit opposite those men without feeling that, though there are only a few yards dividing us across the floor of the House, the two races are separated by a gulf so deep and so wide that the Irish heart would rather claim kinship with the Russian, or the German, or the Arab of the desert (loud cheers), and the British ruling classes have exactly the same feeling with regard to us. You should hear their calls upon an occasion like last Tuesday night to know what skin-deep in them. Their civilization is only skin-deep. You have only to scratch the Briton to find the bully (cheers). The English House of Commons are the most tolerant body of men in all the world so long as you agree with them (laughter); but the moment you say or do anything that conflicts with their interests or the opinions of Englishmen, they have the toleration that a tiger has for his prey.

A Mob Parliament.

These men cannot for the life of them conceive why Irish members, representing the oppressed of Ireland, should behave different from Englishmen, representing the wealth and fat contentment of England. What maddened them more than anything else is that we keep strictly within our rights under their own constitution. It is they who are violating their own laws and breaking their own constitution while they silence and suspend us (cheers). Every man of them is so thoroughly well fixed in the event of last Tuesday night the Irish Party were perfectly right and the Speaker hopelessly in the wrong. They knew perfectly well that they have degraded their own Parliament to a sort of Blackwood's Vigilance Committee—that they have made their Speaker a sort of Judge Lynch; and the mob Parliament of England is now merely a mob that executes its midnight decrees (applause). Well, that is not our fault. It is we that are standing upon the laws of their own constitution. The English constitution was one framed to give free voice to the grievances of the people, and to make Government as impossible as long as that people were oppressed (hear, hear). That constitution is sacred in England. And why? Because England is free and contented. It causes scenes and troubles and heartburnings to the representatives of Ireland. And why? Because they represent a people who are coerced, misgoverned, and enslaved—because the Irish people have at last found representatives who are not afraid to make that fact felt, and disagreeably felt, by their tyrants (prolonged cheering). When that shoe pinched Englishmen themselves—when they themselves were misgoverned, and their members of parliament insulted, arraigned, and suspended, as yours are now, they were not very mealy-mouthed about their mode of procedure.

What Cromwell Did.

I remember upon one occasion in English history they held the Speaker down in his chair by main force, and I also remember that their friend Cromwell (groans) one time took up the mace and cleared the whole House of Commons in a run (laughter). I wonder what would Mr. Speaker Peel say to these disorderly interruptions if Cromwell had the misfortune to be member for Mallow? I wonder if the struggles of these old English patriots—whom they ought to be ashamed now to recall—men like Holles, and Pym, and Hampden, had been put down in their day as disorderly interruptions by Speakers like Peel, where would the liberties of England be to-day (hear, hear)? We are only applying to the case of Ireland the lesson of their own English constitutional history, and that is what maddens them (applause). It is not the business of Mr. Peel, or the business of the representatives of the Irish people, to make the Speaker's cushion soft for him. It is not their business to make the English House of Commons a pleasant lounge. Their business, and their perfectly constitutional business, is to make the place ring with Irish discontent, and to wage eternal and unquenchable war with the tyrants of the Irish people (prolonged applause). The English may howl until they are black in the face, but if they find that sort of thing disagreeable for them, they have two remedies, and two remedies alone. They must either suppress the representatives of Ireland altogether and make up their minds to rule us for evermore with the naked sword—and the sword is sometimes a double-edged weapon—or else they will have to give us a Parliament of our own (applause), in which the will and the wants of the Irish people shall have full and free expression—in which their aspirations shall find satisfaction and contentment, and prosperity and freedom.

The Prince Trick.

It won't do for them to insult and badger the representatives of the Irish people to day, and to send over to us the Prince and Princess of Wales—loud groans and hisses, and cries of "Let them stay at home!"—to

amuse us with their glass beads and their trinkets as if we were a nation of niggers. I don't want to say anything unnecessarily ungracious about the Prince of Wales. By all accounts he is a good fellow enough for a Prince (laughter). I should be sorry that the Irish people should treat an English Prince as discontentedly as the English Parliament treats the representatives of the Irish people (cheers). But those who are sending over the Prince of Wales imagine that they will purify and qualify Dublin Castle—(loud groans)—by sprinkling a little Royal Comedy's fluid over them (much laughter). If they imagine that they can lay Myles Joyce's ghost the first moment that the sun of Royal concession begins to shine upon us—if they imagine that they can make the democracy of Ireland swear from the path they have been treading, and from the leaders in whom they have confidence, back to the old slavish days of dancing and boxing and cringing at the Castle, they are much mistaken. I venture to believe that in this glorious assemblage of the citizens of Dublin the days of Royal tomfoolery in Ireland have gone, and gone for ever (cheers). Let there be no mistake or misapprehension about the matter. The Irish people would not stand it (cheers). They have not been covered by the Crimes Act—(no, no)—and they are not in the least likely to be reduced by lollypops of that description (cheers and laughter). I don't know who asked the Prince of Wales or what brings him. I only know that the only things the citizens of Dublin owe to him are the broken heads they received in their own park here upon the last occasion when his Royal Highness and Earl Spencer—(loud and continued groaning)—were enjoying themselves in the Viceregal Lodge. We know that a young gentleman of that family came to Dublin last year. The Lord Mayor of the time and the citizens of Dublin showed that they knew how to be perfectly civil to a stranger; and I am perfectly certain that the worthy Lord Mayor, who is at the head of this great demonstration to-day—(cheers)—will prove himself (much cheering)—just as equal to the emergency when it arises (cheers).

What to Show the Prince.

If the Prince of Wales want to know the truth about Ireland, do not delude him with any false pretence of a prosperity that does not exist, or of a loyalty that you do not feel (cheers). Show him, in your decaying streets and in your ruined industries, what English rule has done for the capital of Ireland; show him, in your empty silent thoroughfares, how emigration has drained away our life-blood; show him that the Irish people are everywhere within the walls of Dublin Castle—(hear, hear)—and every hour in the bodies of its officials (cheers). Show him that the capital of Ireland has ceased to place its trust in princes—as ceased to beg for alms or to shrink from frowns. Show him that Dublin stinks all her energies and all her hopes for the future in the noisier ambition of being the centre and capital of a self-respecting, self-sufficient, and self-governing Irish nation (loud cheers). If you do that the Prince of Wales will respect you the more, and will carry away a more wholesome impression about Ireland than if every man listening to me were to shout for him as enthusiastically as if he were expecting a knight-hood (derisive cheers).

Why He Comes.

The Prince of Wales, you may be quite sure, is not coming over here to enjoy the scenery or to enquire after your health (cheers). He is coming here because he wants something from you. English princes are always very condescending to Ireland at periods when England is in hot water (hear, hear, and cheers). There is not a corner of the world to-day, from the frontiers of India to the deserts of the Soudan—(cheers)—in which the Government and the trade of England are not confronted by their foes; and whether you have a change of Ministry or not, England's difficulties are not in the least likely to diminish. The present Ministry have neither courage enough to make war or honesty enough to let it alone—(cheers)—and if Lord Salisbury should succeed them—well, he had quite rashness enough to plunge England into some tremendous war without either the genius or the resources to get her out of them (cheers). The time has come when the Irish people may occupy the same position between England and her foes as the Irish Party occupy every night between the rival English parties in the House of Commons (cheers).

What We Should Do.

The policy of the Irish people, as it is the policy of the Irish party, is, to stick to their seats, and to keep their minds to themselves until the last moment (cheers). If English statesmen want to change that attitude in time, if they want to turn a nation of rebels into a nation of allies (hear, hear) they will have to send over the Prince of Wales (groans) upon some more important and radical business than dancing or conferring knight-hoods (hear, hear, and laughter). They will have to send him over the kick Earl Spencer out to begin with (cheers), to level Dublin Castle to the earth (hear, hear), to empty their jails, as Mr. Sexton has suggested, of their political prisoners, to disarm their police, to stop their coercion, and to change the whole administration of the country, root and branch; and they will have to assemble the representatives of the Irish people in a place where there will be no longer English Speakers or an English majority to flout and silence them (cheers)—in a free Parliament of the Irish nation in our old Senate House in College-green (loud and continued cheering).

THE PRINCE AT CORK.

CORK, March 20.—The town council this evening decided not to present an address to the Prince and Princess of Wales. At another meeting held by loyalists a committee was formed to present an address to the royal visitors. The Mayor has announced that he will take no notice of the Prince.

FIGHTING THE ARABS.

GENERAL GRAHAM'S ATTACK ON OSMAN DIGNA—THE RESULT AT ONE TIME DOUBTFUL—THE ROYAL IRISH LANCERS SAVE THE DAY.

STAKIM, March 20.—A five hours' battle was fought, and Osman Digna's position finally captured. The Arab losses were very great. LONDON, March 20.—General Graham telegraphs details of the engagement between the British forces and the rebels in the vicinity of Hasheen to-day: The British moved from the camp at 6.15 a.m. On reaching the first hill, at 8.30, it was found that the enemy had retired and occupied another hill, a mile and a quarter distant. After a short halt, the Berkshire regiment and the marines cleared the hills, the Indian contingent and Guards supporting. The enemy were driven off the ridge, and were charged by the Indian hussars in the bush. The cavalry then retired toward the Guards. Many of the enemy passed the Guards at the foot of the hill and made for the hill west of Hasheen. In the valley these were checked by the Royal Horse artillery, while other parties moving round our left were engaged in the bush by the Irish Lancers. A zebra with four entrenched posts at the foot of the hill commanding it was formed. The advanced troops will return to camp, leaving the East Surrey regiment with two Krupp guns and four Gardiners and supplies at the entrenched position. Two officers and two men of the British and five Sepoys were killed and twenty-six men of the British and one officer and ten men of the Indian contingent were wounded. The number of rebels is estimated at four thousand. The rebel loss is heavy. The Arabs carried off all their dead and wounded. The Arabs maintained a steady rifle fire, retiring slowly from each position and avoiding close quarters.

After seizing Col. Baker's old Zereba on the first hills, the troops advanced through a pass, debouching upon a wide plain enclosed by every hills of volcanic formation, and found the enemy on a hill to the left. The sound of musketry then began. The enemy soon retired with the intention of cutting the British rear. The Bengal cavalry stepped out to checkmate this move and a desperate fight ensued. The cavalry retired in order to allow the infantry to send a volley among the scattered enemy. The Arabs again closed up and pursued the cavalry around the hill, where they were met by the Guards drawn up in square. The Arabs charged the square with a yell, but in face of the withering fire were unable to approach nearer than within twenty yards of the line of bayonets. The Guards were perfectly cool, joking among themselves until the moment of the charge. The cavalry reformed and cleared and scattered the rebels, who had been reinforced. The rebels still showed admirable courage, but appeared bewildered. The British followed the fleeing Arabs, pouring a hot fire at every point and never allowing them time to concentrate. By noon all the hills had been cleared and occupied by the British. The rebels still, however, contested the ground inch by inch. Our attack was sattered and irregular with the British fusillade in all directions, and the artillery shelling the enemy from various positions. At one o'clock the country appeared clear of rebels and the British were about to withdraw to the heights when a number of the enemy appeared and firing was renewed. In the encounter with the Bengal cavalry the Arabs pursued their old tactics of lying down, then springing up suddenly and hamstringing the British horses. The Arabs are unequalled as skirmishers and in bush fighting. The Guards captured a wounded chief of the rebels who were withdrawing to their fortified positions in the hills the rebels swarmed round, concealing themselves in the bushes, making the progress of the British difficult. incessant firing was maintained until the troops reached the open plain and fortified ridge at three o'clock, greatly exhausted with the long engagement under the blazing sun. The aim of the enemy was bad or the British losses would have been much heavier. The troops were not maddened on the return march to Stakim. The total loss of the British was eleven killed and forty-nine wounded.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT

of the battle near Hasheen to-day says there was a hot engagement for a few hours during which the British cavalry charged repeatedly upon the Arabs while the machine guns were worked with deadly effect. Great bravery was displayed on both sides. The Arab loss in killed and wounded is estimated at six hundred. The British lost forty. The Arabs displayed desperate bravery. The Arabs drove them from the hills and forced them to retire to the plains. Then the Indian troops charged upon the Arabs' position but were outflanked and an unsuspected body of Arabs succeeded in getting behind their lines. The Indians found themselves between two fires and fled. During the retreat they were closely pressed by the Arabs, who hamstringed the horses and speared the riders. The Bengalees fell back in confusion upon the English infantry and Guards, who had been formed in a hollow square, and the square leisurely retired while the Arabs were yelling that they had regained their lost position. At this juncture the artillery came to the rescue, and a brisk fire of small shot from the machine guns and shells from the Krupp field pieces drove the Arabs from their position. The marines maintained steady firing throughout the engagement, but the honors of the day are probably due to the Irish Lancers, who changed the side of battle by a desperate charge and retrieved the fortunes of Graham's command when they seemed almost hopeless.

THE RESULT OF THE FIGHT.

LONDON, March 21.—General Graham telegraphs to Lord Wolseley that the result of the operations has been to establish a strong position commanding the Hasheen valley and

protecting the right flank and line communication in ensuring operations against Tama.

PARTICIPANTS OF THE ENCOUNTER NEAR HASHEEN—THE BRITISH FORMATION BROKEN—THE ONSLAUGHT OF THE REBELS.

STAKIM, March 21.—The British lost twenty-one killed in yesterday's engagement, including seventeen Indians, and forty-two wounded, including sixteen Indians. The troops in the zereba at Hasheen this morning shelled and dispersed the rebels collected on the adjacent hills. The whole force, except the Guards, will advance at daybreak to-morrow for the purpose of constructing zerebas at points seven or eight miles from the camp. The Berkshire regiment and marines will be left to garrison the zerebas, the remainder of the troops returning to Stakim at night. Gen. Graham in his report of yesterday's fight says: All portions of the force worked admirably and gallantly on very difficult ground covered with high thorn bushes and occupied by an agile and determined enemy, showing that the troops are able to master the Arabs in any position. Gen. Graham has received the pipe line apparatus to furnish his army with a full water supply during the march to Berber. He will start on Tuesday to make the permanent advance necessary to secure such occupation of the country as will permit of the construction of the railway between Stakim and Berber.

AN ARAB SURPRISE.

STAKIM, March 22.—While detachments of English and Indian infantry were making a zereba seven miles southwest of Stakim to-day, they were suddenly surprised by a mob of Arabs, who had been massed and concealed in the defiles west of Hasheen. The English formed a square as quickly as possible, but the camels, mules and horses were driven back in confusion on the troops, causing a stampede, and a cloud of dust, the Arabs penetrated the south and north of the square. Meanwhile the marines and Berkshire regiments, who were on the east and west sides of the square, maintained a continuous fire, holding the enemy at bay, while a charge of cavalry and fire from the guns of the artillery at the Hasheen zereba checked the onrush of the Arabs, which at the outset threatened a serious disaster to the British. Gen. Graham reports the English losses, as far as known, as two officers and twenty-two men killed, and thirty-three men wounded. The losses of the engineers and transport corps and Indian troops are not reported. An unofficial estimate places the British killed at 21 and wounded at 42. Newly all the casualties were due to spear thrusts, received in hand to hand encounters. The Arabs got between the transport train and the zereba, speared the men of the transport corps and killed the animals. They fought savagely, refusing to give or take quarter. Gen. McNeill, who was commanding the zereba, reports vaguely that there were several thousand rebels in the fight, and that over one thousand were killed or wounded. McNeill is blamed for not taking precautions against a surprise.

The enemy led in the attack at three this morning. They were repulsed and the ground cleared by four. The damage to the transport material yesterday was immense. The Guards and artillery were sent to reinforce the besieged troops and the whole of the British force remained in the field during the night. The camels and mules were hamstringed by the Arabs. Scores of camp followers were cut up. The Arabs scattered about in the vicinity intercepting native fugitives. The appearance of the yelling Arabs was so sudden that the whole assemblage of transport animals, mixed with the natives, became panic-stricken, and surged on the zereba, making resistance hopeless. The scene was indescribable. The Arabs fired and crept in all directions among the animals. The Haddendowahs swarmed from the bush like mice and attacked the zereba fiercely on all sides. The Soudanese coolies were mistaken for enemies, and many were killed by our friends. The Berkshire regiment and marines stood firm and cool and fired volley after volley into the ranks of the enemy. The naval brigade inside the zereba also opened a hot fire. The Indian troops held their own gallantly as soon as they were able to gain close square. Eventually, being unable to stand the rattling fire, the enemy disappeared as they came. Gen. McNeill drew in all his forces and stood in arms. The Hussars brought in the wounded, though menaced by an Arab camel force which watched their movements vigilantly. The desert is dotted in every direction with runaway animals. The enemy's loss must be heavy. The camp at Stakim was prepared for a renewal of the attack but was un molested.

STAKIM, March 24.—General Graham began this evening to move his whole force from Stakim towards Tama. General McNeill's troops have left the scene of yesterday's battle and advanced a mile toward Tama, where they constructed another zereba, the enemy making no opposition. It was found impossible to occupy near the battlefield, owing to the stench from the bodies of the enemy's dead and the carcasses of the camels and horses. At day-break to-morrow Graham will resume his advance. The heat is very oppressive, and the men suffer greatly, though their bearing is cheerful and few complaints are heard, the general feeling being a desire to meet the enemy in a manner that will end the campaign in this district at once. The hostilities are evidently increasing in numbers. Osman Digna is stated to have 25,000 men at Tama, where it is expected Gen. Graham will give him battle to-morrow. It will be a pitched fight, and, in all probability, greater and more decisive than that of yesterday or Friday last.

GEN. McNEILL EXONERATED.

LONDON, March 24.—Gen. Graham telegraphs from the advanced zereba that the British position there is secure against any move of the enemy. He exoneres Gen. McNeill from blame for yesterday's heavy losses, believing that he did the best under

the circumstances. Gen. Graham says though the rebels met with a temporary success they received a severe lesson. Over 1,000 dead Arabs have been counted on the field of yesterday's battle, including many noted chiefs. A Suakin despatch says the British killed on Sunday were seven officers and sixty-three men. Many bodies of boys and women were found after the fight. On hundred and ten Arabs were killed inside the zereba. Notwithstanding Gen. Graham's despatch, much blame is laid on Gen. McNeill, and it is believed that even elementary precautions that should have been taken, and scouting expeditions, were entirely neglected. The censorship over the press reports prevents a knowledge of the exact situation.

EVACUATION OF KORTI.

KORTI, March 23.—General Wolseley has ordered the evacuation of Kortí. Typhoid fever, dysentery and sunstroke are increasing among the troops. The heat is intense. The troops will proceed to entrenched lines at Debeh, Atai and Dongola. Lord Wolseley leaves for Dongola to-morrow.

BOWING TO RUSSIA.

LONDON, March 20.—John Bull's voice to-day is not as strong for war with Russia as last week, because people are finding that Russia is not thus far in the wrong, if at all. A high liberal authority to-day, showed that England was claiming for Afghanistan a desolate district over which no Amercer ever exercised the slightest authority during the last half century nor has attempted to protest during a long period. This once Asian garden became devastated by Turcoman slave hunters "Three years ago," says this authority, "Russia, undisturbed by the Amercer, began reclaiming the district after Skobeleff's victories, and saved Badkhis from ruin as much as the Dutch farmers reclaim their land from the sea or Irish peas cut his land from the bog." Thereupon England begins to assert a merely technical right of ancient Herat's sovereigns to that soil. John Bull further discovers that Russia asks only half of the reclaimed territory, and this not as a compensation for her recent sacrifices and improvements, but because without that portion she cannot answer for the behavior of the Turcomans whom she must police." Under such circumstances John Bull, while indiscreetly regarding himself as bound to rush any grovel of the Russian bear, thinks, on second thought, that the Czar's claim is worth discussion by diplomacy or arbitration, and that military measures can only reasonably justify when Russia shall place on the table a will of arbitration or should decline to do so by the decision of the joint commission arbitrator. Notwithstanding these second thoughts, however, the Russian advance and of holding the district in question during the war. The popular belief prevails that Russia's claim is solid and worth debating and that precipitate talk or action is pointless.

REBELLION IN THE NORTH WEST.

RIEL AGAIN ON THE WARPATH—THE WINNIPEG MILITIA IN POSSESSION OF THE GOVERNMENT STORES—THE MOUNTED POLICE BARRENLY BESEGED.

TORONTO, March 23.—A special from St. Paul, Minn., dated 22nd, states that it has been learned that the status of Prince Albert is much more serious than anything which would be imagined from what has heretofore been published. No news has been received direct from Prince Albert for several days. It is stated in private advices from Winnipeg that the telegraph wires have been cut at Prince Albert, and that the operators are imprisoned by Riel. A despatch is alleged to have been sent from about fifty miles this side of Prince Albert from a person who left the place after the disturbance began. The militia in Winnipeg have received orders to hold themselves in readiness for transportation to the scene of trouble and the Northwest Police are already moving inwards from all quarters. There is said to have been fighting at Carlton, a few miles west of Prince Albert, and that the force of Northwest Police there has been shut up in barracks and are now besieged.

A Winnipeg despatch says advices from Prince Albert and Carlton show a rising of the Saskatchewan half-breeds to be a most serious affair. They have been joined by large numbers of Indians. The insurgents have taken possession of all government stores at Carlton, and have made prisoners of the officials and even threaten the fort there. Over one hundred mounted police have gone to Swift Current to the scene of the trouble. Mr. Swift Current today left this morning. The government telegraph line has been cut west of Humboldt, and messages have to be brought to that point by messenger.

WINNIPEG, March 23.—The Free Press despatch from Prince Albert says—Lonis Riel has thrown off the mask and now openly defies the Queen's authority. He says he has the half-breeds and Indians entirely under his control; that the North-West police force is a mere nothing, and that their authority shall not be respected. Depriving white settlers of their stand of arms last year has exasperated them, but they remain loyal and if given arms and ammunition they will defend themselves against Riel and uphold the Queen's authority. Several hundred men will enlist if the Government will furnish them with arms and ammunition.

TORONTO, March 23.—The special despatches from the Northwest, published in the morning papers, indicate impending trouble among the Indians and half-breeds at Prince Albert and other points. The Globe's Winnipeg special says the insurgents have taken possession of "the Government stores at Carlton and are threatening the fort."