

MR. DILLON'S REMARKABLE SPEECH AT TIPPERARY.

At the magnificent meeting held at Rossmore (County Tipperary) on Sunday, Mr. John Dillon, M.P., delivered a stirring, powerful, and eloquent speech. He met with a most cordial reception, the people cheering for prolonged periods and waving their hats in the air. Mr. Dillon said—Nationalists of Tipperary, I must commence by giving my warmest thanks to Canon Ryan for the words of welcome he spoke to me to-day on visiting this parish. And to you, amongst whom I may claim to have many old-time friends, for the welcome you have given me after twenty-four years of absence, for I think it is twenty-four years this year since last I stood upon a platform in this parish. That I should find after all the years that have rolled over us, and after all the contentions that have divided some of us, that here to-day in this old county, this glorious old county, which I once represented, I still have friends, and lots of them; is, I can assure you, the greatest possible encouragement and comfort that can be given to an Irish politician in these troublesome days. This great meeting has been called for the purpose of planting in this parish, and in the parishes around it, the organization which you have heard alluded to in the resolutions which you have just passed, the organization of the United Irish League. I like the name, and I like its programme. There is nothing that the Irish people require to-day more than to be united, and now after 100 years have rolled over us, since that great organization, the United Irish Society, carried the banner of Irish liberty nearer to success than it was ever carried before or since, may it be, and I trust it will be, the mission of this organization, which you are assembled here to-day to support and to spread, to unite the people of Ireland, and send a message of hope to the scattered children of the Gael, who will be at your back the very moment you are united. If you are united, I affirm with confidence, that there is no power to-day that can stand successfully in your path.

The United Irish League has had many critics, as all great organizations, all great movements have in their infancy, but, while it has many critics, it has no rivals, for I know of no other organization to-day in this country which offers to the people a platform on which they can stand and advocate shoulder to shoulder their right to live in the land of their fathers. I ask those who find fault with the United Irish League what do they propose to put in its place, and I think that they ought to be moderate and cautious in their criticisms until they are prepared to come before the persecuted people of this country and offer them some other policy, and some other platform from which they can defeat their enemies. It is stated that the United Irish League, is a purely Connaught movement. Well, many good things have come from the Province of Connaught, and it always seemed to me to be one of the most striking cases of poetic justice in all history that the Land League should have come out of Connaught, to which province, as an alternative to hell, the remnants of the old Celtic race, which had survived a hundred years of famine, fire, and the sword, were invited to betake themselves 250 years ago by Oliver Cromwell. But is it only a Connaught movement? The idea, at first, no doubt, took most vigorous root in Connaught, because there the soil is most crying and the suffering most acute. But the idea is fruitful and is genuinely National in its application, that the land of a country was intended by Providence for the use of the people of the country, and that it is lying in the face of the law of God and of Nature that the people should be driven from that land in order that it might feed more bullocks for the markets of a stranger, and produce more rent for alien land owners. And while in Connaught the question of the repopulation of the grass ranches takes prominent place inevitably, and as a consequence of the circumstances of that province, here in Tipperary and throughout the whole of Ireland the question of the ownership of their farms and of the reduction of the rents they have to pay is a question of vital importance, and it is a National question in the widest possible sense.

Many years ago it was said that those who own the land of a country, own the country, and the root and source of all the miseries and oppressions of the Irish nation has been the confiscation of the soil of Ireland and the reduction of the nation to a serfdom in the land of their fathers. Talk of the Ulster

in the Transvaal. We have heard recently much of their grievances, and now a war has been declared to remedy those grievances. But the Irish race have been for three hundred years Ulsterers in their own country, suffering from grievances incomparably greater than any which the Ulsterers in the Transvaal state have ever had to complain of. And now, after twenty years' experience of public life, I am as much convinced now as I was when I first joined the Land League in 1879, that when you strike at landlordism in Ireland you strike at the tap-root of that poison-tree—the rule of the stranger—which has cursed and blighted National life for three centuries. But we live in strange times. Lately we have been told that there is no land question now in Ireland. According to some authorities the whole question was settled finally by the great Land Act of 1896, and yet I cannot see in what respect the great bulk of the Irish farmers have been bettered by that Act. Again, another set of political physicians who undertook to settle Ireland's troubles through the agency of a round table and a recess committee, evolve the most interesting doctrine that it really mattered little what rent a farmer had to pay in Ireland. "Set up a creamery," say these gentlemen, "and a co-operative store, and the land question is solved." According to them the true cause of the agrarian troubles in Ireland was not landlordism or excessive rents, but ignorance and incapacity on the part of the farmers, and that if the farmers are properly instructed the produce of Ireland could be more than doubled, and the rents would be found to be of little consequence. That is a very dangerous doctrine to preach at a time when rents are being fixed, and when I saw it preached by some of the chief organizers of the Recess Committee and of the Agricultural Organization Society I felt that the department charged with the fixing of rents and the agents of the landlords would not be long in availing themselves of these statements. And I had not long to wait for proof of the accuracy of my forecast, for before the Fry Commission witness after witness was asked by the counsel for the landlords whether it was not true that owing to the co-operative societies, the prices of manure and the general cost of production had been reduced; and I have not the smallest doubt upon my mind that at the present moment many, if not all, the Commissioners settling rents are influenced in their judgment by these considerations. Great things are promised to us from the new department set up by Mr. Balfour last session, and of which Mr. Horace Plunkett has been appointed Vice-President. But when I saw the dogged obstinacy with which Mr. Gerald Balfour resisted every proposal tending to give the people any real voice in the control of the new department I was led to expect that it will be animated with the same evil spirit which has characterized all Castle departments in the past, and that it will be more concerned in trying to carry out Mr. Horace Plunkett's policy of disintegrating Irish life of politics, which means National politics, of course, and in bolstering up the rotten fabric of Dublin Castle Government than in improving the methods of Irish agriculture. And here let me say a word as to the methods of Irish agriculture. It has become a fashion with some of the prophets of the Agricultural Organization Society to run down Irish farming and declare that the poverty of Ireland is mainly due to the incapacity of the farmers. But is it true that Irish farmers as a class are so wretchedly ignorant and incompetent? I am no expert in these matters, and I do not profess to speak with authority. But I do not believe that it is true. I believe that when compared with English farmers, and making due allowance for the different conditions as regards capital, assistance from landlords, etc., the Irish farmer is on the average quite as good as the English farmer, if not better; and he must certainly have fought a better battle against agricultural depression, although obtaining less concessions from his landlord than the English farmer has obtained from his.

In spite then of the Agricultural Organization Society, and in spite of all those who declare that the land question has been settled in Ireland, I hold that the land question is not settled, and that it lies at the root of and is inextricably bound up with the National question, because so long as the people of this country are at the mercy of landlordism the influence of the landlord class will be used, as it always has been used since the confiscations, to beat

down and paralyze any national movement and to support and bolster up the Castle and all its rotten machinery of government. Are you satisfied with the present proceeding of the Land Courts? Is there a farmer in Ireland who has confidence in the Land Commission as now managed? Is it not like every other department of Government in Ireland, pucked in the interest of the minority and of the landlords? And what hope, what chance is there for one Irish tenant farmer to get justice from such a tribunal? The only effective remedy for this condition of things is to abolish landlordism, root and branch, with all its machinery—agents, landlords, attorneys, writs, processes, eviction-made-easy notices, and ejectments, and to establish firmly every farmer as the owner of his farm, and ever laborer in a decent house and an acre of land at a reasonable rent, and in a position of independence. That was the original programme of the Irish League, which in '79 and '80 was denounced as confiscation and communism and since then has been accepted in principle by successive governments. But when this great settlement comes to be made it will be essential, in my judgment, that the price at which the land of Ireland is to be transferred must be fixed by some impartial tribunal, and not by such a packed and one-sided body as the present Land Commission. We have a warning on this point in the proceedings connected with the 40th section of the Land Act of '96, which had it been decently administered, would have been turned into a machinery for raising the price of land and robbing the liberties of the people. So far as I can make out, Judge Ross and the Land Commission between them are compelling tenants in many cases to buy their holdings for their full market value as they stand, and so pay for all their improvements. He that as it may, it is clear that the only chance for the people of obtaining their farms at a reasonable price will be the existence of a really powerful organization to protect their interests and counteract the constant, steady, and well-organized pressure exercised by the landlords' combination in all the machinery of Government in this country.

No settlements of the Irish land question will be satisfactory or bring peace or contentment to this country which leaves out the just claims of the Irish laborers. And I would say to the laborers that they should make their voice heard, put their programme clearly forward, take care that their demands should be distinct, reasonable, and practical, and I venture to suggest to them that the sure plan of obtaining their rights is by throwing themselves heartily into the general National movement, as they did in the Land League when, for the first time in the modern history of Ireland, some real steps were taken to improve the miserable condition of the Irish laborers, and by insisting that a fair and ample measure of reform for the laborers of Ireland should form an integral part of the National programme. The United Irish League may have originated in Connaught, but it is not longer confined to that province. In this great county there are, I believe, at the present moment upwards of twenty working branches of the League, and the organization is spreading rapidly in Ulster and in Leinster, and in my judgment, it will spread more widely still, because its programme is one which recommends it to earnest Nationalists in every part of Ireland. The foremost plank in that programme is the assertion of the national right of Ireland to govern herself, and to abolish forever the Government of the stranger in this island, and as a means to that end, and indeed as an inseparable part of that principle, to restore the land of the country to the people of Ireland, to abolish and utterly sweep away the accursed institution of alien landlordism, which, since it was first planted on us by the confiscators of the seventeenth century, has poisoned the well-springs of our national life and assailed our people with every form of calamity and suffering. There is another reason why, in my opinion, the United Irish League will spread more and more widely as time goes on. Wherever the League has taken root it has exercised a marvellously healing and uniting influence on the Nationalists of the district. I could give you by dozens the names of districts where for nine years Nationalists had been divided into hostile camps full of bitterness and ready at any moment to fly at each other's throats, to the infinite and inexpressible joy of the London "Times," the land-grabbers, bailiffs,

and all the gang who suck the life-blood of Ireland when she is divided and helpless. And in these very districts a branch of the United League is established, and in a short time the contentions and animosities of the past nine years have disappeared. Nationalists of all shades of opinion as regards past controversies find themselves working harmoniously together again in perfect accord as to the future, and in perfect agreement that the least said about the immediate past the better. The proof of the pudding is the eating, and it is this last characteristic of the League and its work which will, I believe, ensure its rapid spread throughout the Irish race, more even than any point in its programme. It is the effect which it has had wherever it has appeared in exorcising the demon of disunion and drawing Nationalists together, and the marvellous resurrection of the National spirit and National enthusiasm which has immediately resulted from its beneficent work—it is these ascertained results of the work of the League which will be accepted by the Irish race as the marks and signs of a genuine national movement, and will ensure for it a great future.

And the union which has been sought by the United Irish League, and which has been affected by it in so many districts, is a real and not a sham union; it is a union not depending on artificial arrangements between individuals, which might break down at any moment when the temperament of some individuals goes wrong, but a union growing naturally from the passionate desire of a united and self-respecting people, with foundations deeply laid in an organized nation, and which will last so long as those foundations are unshaken.

THE INTELLECTUAL FUTURE OF CATHOLICISM.

Last week we gave a summary of Mr. W. H. Mallock's article in the "Nineteenth Century" on the above subject. We then stated that we would criticize in this issue, some of the details of that writer's contribution. Since then we have read a short paragraph in the "Ave Maria" which seems to cover, in a few lines, the ground we had intended going over. The Notre Dame publication says: "In the 'Nineteenth Century,' Mr. W. H. Mallock, repeats his expressed conviction that 'if the Christian religion holds its own at all in the face of secular knowledge, it is the Christian religion as embodied in the Church of Rome, and not any form of Protestantism, that will survive in the intellectual contest.' Mr. Mallock is forever repeating that, once the first principles of any revealed religion are admitted, there is no halting place short of Rome for a logical mind. He himself seems not to profit by his conviction, but he has done yeoman's service in propagating it among many others who have followed the leading of the kindly light."

This is exactly what had puzzled us; we could not make out how a man of Mr. Mallock's education and acquirements could possibly reason as he does, and remain outside the Catholic fold. The only explanation that seems at all plausible is that he is not a believer in any Christian doctrine, for he always covers himself with the doubt-inspiring supposition—if there be any truth in Christian revelation. If he has gone on for twenty years formulating the same principles and never stopping over the Rubicon of Truth, nor ever accepting that which he seems to so perfectly understand, we can only conclude that, faith being a gift, a special grace of God, he has not received, or else has not responded to such super-natural favor. Under such circumstances we need not trouble ourselves with his slight mistakes or his graver errors of doctrine. What we had intended writing has been written by hundreds before us, and only when the occasion calls for a repetition of those arguments do we deem it well to make use of them. We thought, on a first reading, that Mr. Mallock's article furnished an appropriate occasion; but now that it vanishes in the light of information concerning his peculiarities of theory and idea, we may drop the subject, and simply express the hope that some day he may have the good fortune to put into practice that which he so admirably preaches.

THE ITALIAN CATHOLICS.

Archbishop Corriciani has taken a practical step towards providing priests for the many thousands of Italian Catholics residing in his jurisdiction. He has made the study of the Italian language obligatory upon all theological students of his archdiocese. With four years' study of Italian, these seminarians ought to be competent, when ordained, to hear confessions and preach in that language.—Sunday Democrat.

ECHOES OF THE WAR.

The reverses that befell Methuen and Gatacre effectually dispelled any illusion that the war in South Africa is not a serious one, for a feeling of grim determination has taken the place of light hearted assurance writes the London correspondent of the New York Herald.

This is particularly noticeable in clubs, where many vacant chairs testify to the great number of members who are now at the front. One does not hear to-day talk of when the British troops will enter Bloemfontein and Pretoria, but it is now, "When will Buller be able to relieve Ladysmith?" or "What are the probabilities that Methuen will be able to resume his advance?"

Another topic of conversation is the tremendous number of fatalities among the officers. The name of this is well known. Many a discussion is waged as to whether the officers at the front were right or wrong in refusing to remove all the little marks that distinguish them from their men.

Notwithstanding the fact that both officers and men are dressed in khaki the keen eyed Boer sharpshooters have no difficulty in picking out the former by means of their shiny buttons, stars, sword hilts and pipe-clayed belts and straps.

While the officer is thus making a shining mark, so as to speak, the ordinary "Tommy" goes to the other extreme. He washes his buttons, water bottles, in fact everything that can be so treated, in thick mud paste. The result is that on the velvet the "Tommys" are practically invisible, and at a little distance look as like as peas in a pod.

A retired army officer says there are several reasons that prompt officers to act in this manner.

In the first place, he said, it is a tradition of the officers who fear that should they dress without any distinctive marks their men would imagine that they were afraid and lose confidence in them, which everyone knows, would render a regiment perfectly valueless. The English soldier, as a rule, will follow his officer anywhere, but should the latter show a disinclination to go forward "Tommy" would be very apt to start reasoning instead of moving.

The question of the bullets used by the British and Boers again gives food for talk. The Lancet to-day, in a leader upon the effects of four different kinds of bullets says that the Mark II. bullet, which is employed in the present campaign is more destructive than the Mauser steel mounted bullet, but each inflicts only small wounds. The dum dum and Mark IV. are of far greater destruction. Against a civilized foe we can use mark II. or the Mauser with the knowledge that we are doing as little damage as is consistent with our object of firing at all, but with savage races the bullet must be unprotected at the tip, so it may spread. For this the dum dum bullet is very suitable.

With regard to surgical treatment, these small bore bullet wounds may be said to be flesh wounds. The wound made by either the Mark II. or the Mauser steel mounted bullet will in general heal quickly, but in cases where the bone has been hit amputation is frequently necessary. There is very little scope for brain surgery, except in cases of spent bullets.

The London correspondent of a leading American daily journal says: Pathetic scenes are almost daily enacted at the War Office in the eagerness of hoping for news that does not come or the fear of the news that comes. Crowds, chiefly women, assemble daily.

The lobbies and waiting rooms were filled with sobbing, hysterical women on the day of the publication of the Magersfontein casualties. The scene was heartrending when the official, carrying blue sheets, appeared. All the suppressed emotion burst forth in pitiful cries, as if beseeching Heaven that the bitter cup might pass by them.

The official in sympathetic tones, before fixing the list on the green baize boards, first read the lists, so that all might know as quickly as possible the best or the worst.

How the war levels all ranks was pathetically illustrated by one incident. A lady clad in costly furs and a poor starved looking little woman in a faded Tartan shawl were carried out together, fainting, into the air. The rich woman had swooned on hearing herself proclaimed a widow, and the poor one because there was no news of her dear one at all. To relieve the terrible strain for the officers the casualties are always published a day or two ahead of the rank and file.

London, Sunday.—Although no

more news of importance has come through from the front since the depressing despatch telling of General Buller's reverse, it was quite enough food for talk all day yesterday in London.

One writer giving his impressions says:—"People marvel how one general after another, and Buller last of all, allowed his troops to be drawn into such traps. What was done in the way of scouting is, of course, not known here, but it is certain that very little had been learned of the enemy's position, nor do the war balloons appear to have helped in any respect."

"The military experts here do not see how the action of Buller, from whom so much had been expected, can be defended, viewing it by the light of his despatch. But many other men think the despatch was written hurriedly, and refuse to take condemnation from his own mouth. They prefer to believe that Generals Hart and Hildyard attacked simultaneously, and that, while the former failed, the latter would probably have succeeded had not the reckless action of the commandant of artillery led to the destruction of the batteries and consequent abandonment of the attack."

"The opinion is that Gen. Buller having been taught a lesson, may try again very soon."

A despatch from London, to the New York World says:

It is acutely felt in court that this war will kill Queen Victoria. Her Majesty is more than eighty years of age, but for the first time in her long life she complains of insomnia. The repeated reverses, the heavy losses of her troops, they incessantly on the Queen's mind she cannot sleep. Her intense anxiety is more easily understood when one remembers that many of the officers commanding the troops in South Africa—or were—personally known to her Majesty and many of the troops are those who closely surrounded her.

When Sir Redvers Buller took leave of Her Majesty on his departure to take command in South Africa, he assured her the war would be difficult but would soon end. Now comes to her the news of Buller's defeat.

The information received by the War Office is filtered to the Queen through her private secretary, Sir Arthur Bigge. He receives it over a private telephone which was laid for this purpose between Windsor Castle and the War Office.

But the news thus received does not satisfy the craving nor allay the anxiety of the Queen, who knows that hundreds of English women are being made widows and thousands of English children fatherless.

The news of Buller's reverse was telephoned to Windsor on Friday night and was communicated, after dinner, to Her Majesty by her second secretary, Sir Fleetwood Edwards. Sir Arthur Bigge was in London making inquiries commanded by Her Majesty, and he remained here until this morning, in the hope that he could convey to her later and more hopeful intelligence. It was hours later before the War Office gave out Buller's report.

The despatch of a siege train from England to South Africa, is an indication that the British Government anticipates the "investment" of the Boer capital before the war is brought to a conclusion. Considerable interest, therefore, attaches to a description of the defenses of Pretoria, which according to report, are of the most modern description and formidable in their completeness, says a well known writer in an exchange.

They consist of five powerful forts and five lines of mines and enormous entrenchments with redoubts, the mines being so laid as to cover all the approaches to the principal points of defence. The centre of the system of forts lies about 1,200 yards to the westward of the northern end of Pretoria, and has a radius of something more than 7,000 yards. The centre of the city itself is only about 3,800 yards, nearly due South, from the fort on Signal Hill, which is about 400 feet above the plain on the west side of the railway to Johannesburg, and about 4,900 yards from the fort on the hill to the east of the railway, and the Aupios River running to the north. Between this fort and the river are fountains that furnish the water supply of Pretoria. The distance between the forts on either side of the railway is 2,700 yards. The railway station where the lines from Johannesburg on the south, Dolagony Bay

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