

FRIDAY, APRIL 16.]

THE STATE OF IRELAND. IMPORTANCE OF THE LAND QUESTION.

LAND - OWNERS - LAND-PIRATES - LAND-VAMPIRES.

AN EVICTION SCENE DESCRIBED.

Mr. James Redpath, the special correspondent of the New York Tribune, whose letters from Ireland are written in a fair, impartial spirit, writing from Athlone, says:

It is never more than ten minutes from famine to landlordism. Whatever may be his politics or his creed, every Irishman, when you to speak to him about the distress in Ireland, is sure to introduce the question of land tenure. It underlies every other topic; it crops out everywhere.

Landlords in Ireland have no more resemblance to landlords in America, than autocracy bears to democracy; and yet, because they are called by the same name, the average fair dealings of the American landlord has been made an efficient shield against the honest and deserved assaults by Mr. Farnell on the Irish landlords.

The truth is that there are very few landlords in Ireland. There are land-owners, land-pirates, land-vampires—but America, even in the South western States, in Mississippi, for example, or Louisiana, has no class and few individual examples of the landlords in Ireland.

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...banners bore the strange device: "Eman- culate the white slave by buying out the felonious landlord!" The men were decently dressed—not quite so well as on St. Patrick's day at home—but still there were very few ragged peasants in the crowd. On its outskirts, as if feeling that they lagged superfluous on the scene, were a few aged men with knee-breeches and the old-time dress. And their faces told of a mental decay, of a weary life. The young men are bright and intelligent; there is hope in Young Ireland. Half a dozen speakers addressed the audience. It was an out-of-doors assembly. All over Ireland Sunday is the popular day for political gatherings. The leading idea incidentally mentioned was to refuse to lease farms from which honest tenants had been unjustly evicted. The people were urged to do nothing unlawful, but to combine to refuse to lease, and if any stranger leased the farm to punish him with social ostracism. Some speakers pleaded for a land system by which tenants would be protected in their rights; others, that the Government should buy the land and sell it on easy terms to the tenants; while Mr. Davitt did not hesitate to take the same ground towards landlords in Ireland that Garrison held towards slaveholders in America. A New York journal incidentally mentioned, although it was praised for its liberality in contributing to the relief fund, was denounced for its libels against the former class. The leaders of the Land Leaguers have not yet fixed on a policy, but they are creating public opinion, and leave for the present out of the discussion the precise methods by which tenant rights or peasant proprietorship can be secured. It is significant as indicating how widely spread and profound the sentiment against the present feudal system of land tenure in Ireland is, that of the large number of Catholic priests to whom I wrote for information about the famine, the majority of them mentioned the land laws as one of the chief causes of it.

AN ARMED FORCE AT HAND. There was one feature of this indignation meeting that aroused my indignation more even than the eviction of Malachi Kelly. As soon as we entered the jaunty car at the railroad station to drive across to Ballytrophy, a country magistrate jumped into another car and follows us.

"He will have his soldiers there!" said Mr. Davitt, with a fierce expression. "They think they can overawe me, but it only exasperates me." Now Mr. Davitt had served seven years at hard labor in an English jail—for some of those years at the infamous Dartmoor prison—and although it was proven that he was convicted by perjury, he was not honorably discharged, but discharged on a ticket-of-leave, which can be revoked at any hour, and if it had been revoked he would have seven years more to serve. And yet I have nowhere met a more earnest or self-sacrificing or a sincerer man. It does seem as if England might have other uses for such men! At the meeting, close on the outskirts, there was a squad of soldiers—the constabulary are armed men, under military discipline. There was no pretence that they were needed there to preserve order, for every body there was of one mind. These troops were there simply to overawe the people. The best proof that the Irish have found that they are a great race is to be found not in the annual of their barbarous kings and yawning barons, nor even in their more modern and really illustrious authors and orators, but in the fact that after centuries of such insults and the most hideous wrongs, they still boldly assert the inextinguishable spirit of their nationality, and are making rapid progress in tolerance and intelligence.

A TENANT EVICTED. Before I left Dublin to attend the indignation meeting at Ballytrophy I read a letter from a Roman Catholic priest in a neighboring county, Caran. It was dated February 19. However sad may be the tidings I may have to tell of famine in the West, I cannot believe that there will be any greater illustration of depict man's cruelty to man.

In the midst of cries of distress around me, writes the Rev. Joseph Flood, the parish priest, "in the Cavan portion of my parish, while Protestants and Catholics here as elsewhere are struggling to keep together the body and soul of the victims of this year's visitation, I was hurried off to the Meade portion, no less distressed, to witness a scene—the first in my life—of heart-rending nature. It was the case of a family of five, of ages varying from eighty to two years.

At twelve o'clock to-day, in the midst of a drizzling rain, when ever men's lips are busy discussing how relief can be carried to this home, and to that, an impartial spectator presented itself through a quiet part of the parish of King's Court, by a carriage containing Mr. Hussey, J. R., son of the agent of the estate of Lord Gormanstown. Behind and before the carriage came about a dozen of outsiders, with a resident magistrate, an inspector of police, about forty of her majesty's forces, the sheriff, and some dozen of rapacious-looking drivers and grippers as I ever laid my eyes upon.

There is dead silence at the halt before the first doomed door. The silence was broken by myself addressing the agent, craving to let the poor people in again after the vindication of law, when, to my disgust but not to my dismay, one of the crowd is observed by me taking notes. The sheriff formally asks: "Have you the rent?" The trembling answer is: "My God! how could I have the whole rent—and such a rent, on such a soil, in such a year as this?" "Get out!" is the word, and right heartily the grippers set to work. The dung-hill is flung the scanty furniture, bed and bedding—a search is made for pig or goat, and forthwith they share the fate of the evicted master; the door is nailed, and the imposing army marches on to the next holding till every house has been visited and every soul set forth. At this moment there is a downpour of rain on that miserable furniture, and an old man whose generations have passed their simple lives in that house is sitting on a stove outside, with his head buried in his hands, thinking of the eighty-three years gone by. And are those tenants to blame? No! It is on the records of this parish that they were about the most simple-minded, hard-working, honest, and virtu-

ous. Their only guilt is this, that an 'agreement' with my Lord Gormanstown, some five years ago, defrauding them of any claim under the Land Act, and involving an intolerable rise of rent, together with the common misfortunes of the country these few years past, and this in particular, has left them unable to pay the rent—the half, the nine-tenths of the rent would not be accepted. Priests joined the poor tenantry in petitioning again and again. No answer was given but, "Have you the whole rent? Have you the law expenses? If not, out you go."

Hundreds of such cases occur in Ireland. They explain the apparently vindictive feeling of the peasantry and other leaders, like Mr. Parnell, for example, and Mr. Davitt, to the landlords as a class. The two classes are hostile at every point, and the existing famine has intensified their mutual antagonism.

AN EMINENT PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER ON IRELAND.

The Rev. Howard Crosby, Chancellor of the New York University and pastor of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, spoke at an Irish Relief entertainment given under the management of a Committee of the Irish Home Rule Club in New York. The following extract from his address has a ring that is creditable to the speaker.

Of all the titles that our land possesses, there is none more precious, perhaps, than that of which it boasts—"the refuge of the oppressed." It is with pride and joy that we recognize in this our country, the present out of the discussion the precise methods by which tenant rights or peasant proprietorship can be secured. It is significant as indicating how widely spread and profound the sentiment against the present feudal system of land tenure in Ireland is, that of the large number of Catholic priests to whom I wrote for information about the famine, the majority of them mentioned the land laws as one of the chief causes of it.

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in Tennessee about five years ago. These two men are the best and most talented of the crew; because half demented, most talented because urged on by a frenzy which clothes itself in beautiful imagery and now and then dons the motley of science. Both McNamara and Quinn were educated in this State, the former at the Barren, in Perry County; the latter at Cape Girardeau. They never should have been ordained. McNamara was silly, but priests; Quinn was wilfully erratic and took discipline with impatience.

The half dozen reproaches who swear by these leaders are base vagabonds, who have lost both the instinct and manner of their order, and whose rakish exterior defeats all attempts at imposition. The poor servant girls turn from them with doubling scorn. As a last resort they are trying to fleece the preacher—they are not last long. If they can keep out of the Tombs for six months they will succeed in rasing enough money from their pious dupes to enable them to torture the priests of the country for a year to come.—Western Watchman.

AN ANECDOTE OF MARSHAL SOULT.

On a certain day in the year 1820, a diligence, left the city of Paris for Marseilles, with the passengers—a priest, a young officer and an old man with a gray beard. The priest soon occupied himself with the recitation of his breviary; the young officer passed the time in humming, and the old man was immersed in profound meditation. Finally, the young officer, tired of humming, and disposed to enjoy himself at the expense of the priest, began to assail him with sarcastic remarks on prayer, the blessed Virgin, and similar subjects. The priest at first answered in a calm and dignified manner, becoming heated, and fearing it might end in a breach of charity, he politely requested the officer to permit him to continue his devotions. His tormentor then began to sing an impious revolution-ary song, but failing to disturb the good priest, he became even more insolent, and abusive than before.

The old man who had listened attentively, now broke silence, and reproving the officer, entreated him to have regard for the glorious uniform he wore and not disgrace it by such shameful and unbecoming conduct. The young officer received this reproof with scorn, and mockingly replied: "If you were not so old I would ask for your impudence at the point of the sword." The old man calmly handed him his cane upon which the same officer read the honored and illustrious name of "Marshal Soult."

Changing color and trembling with fear, the humbly sought pardon both from the marshal and the priest, which was generously accorded him. He had received a lesson, however, which he never forgot, and he always kept in mind the words which Marshal Soult addressed to him: "In my long career, which has not been without glory, I never repented having protected, defended, and respected the priest, the aged and the weak."

Eighteen years ago, in the sad infancy days of 1848, in the suburb of St. Anthony, two victims gloriously gave up their lives: General Duvivier and Mons. Affre—the officer and the priest of the diligence of 1820—the one a martyr of duty, the other, of charity.

HAPPY HOMES.

Let it be our object to multiply the number of virtues and happy homes. The domestic is the seed-plot of a noble and flourishing commonwealth. All laws and all agencies to be deprecated which increase the difficulty of diffusing through every rank the refined and holy influences which are cherished by the domestic affections. Reckless speculation among capitalists, disturbing the steady and uniform course of employment, and its sure counter-part, impulsive and deplorable among workmen—are the deadliest foes of the household virtues. In few small a compass lie all the elements of man's truest happiness if society were only conducted in a rational and moderate spirit, and its members of every class could be restrained from various indulgence and pursuit of phantoms. A marriage contracted with thoughtfulness, and cemented by a pure and faithful love, when a fixed position is gained in the world, and a small fund has been accumulated—hard work and frugal habits at the command, and the possibility of domestic life, to meet in time the possible demands of the future family—dwelling comfortably furnished, clean, bright, salubrious, and sweet—children well trained, and early sent to school, a small collection of good books on the shelves, a few blossoming plants in the window, some well-selected engravings on the walls, a piano, it may be a violin or a flute, to accompany the family concert; home made happy in the evening by cheerful tasks and mutual improvement, exchanged at times for conversation of friend and neighbor of kindred taste and congenial manners—these are conditions of existence within the reach of every one who will seek them—resources of the purest happiness, lost to thousands, because a wrong direction is given to their tastes and energies, and they roam abroad in pursuit of interest and enjoyment which they might create in rich abundance at home. This is no romantic visionary picture. It is a sober, accessible, possible, such as even now, under the pressure of many adverse circumstances, is realized in the homes of not a few workmen who have learned the art of extracting competence from narrow means, and maintaining genuine respectability in an humble station.

THE HERMIT AND THE PRIEST.

A certain priest was accustomed to come to the cell of a hermit who lived in the wilderness, to celebrate Mass, and to administer to him the Blessed Sacrament; but at length it happened that the self-sympathetic hermit, who had been upon him to doze, and transforms himself into his own mistress, making most passionate court to his own dear perfection, and worshipping his own image. All his upper stories are crammed with masses of spongy substances, occupying much space, as feathers and cotton will support spaces better than things of more compact and solid proportion.—Baltimore.

A GOOD RULE.

A certain khan of Tartary, travelling with his nobles, was met by a dervish, who cried with a loud voice: "Whoever will give me a hundred pieces of gold, I will give him a good advice." The khan ordered the sum to be given, upon which the dervish said: "Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end."

The courtiers, hearing this plain sentence, smiled, and said with a sneer: "The dervish is well paid for his maxim." But the khan was so well pleased with the answer that he ordered it to be written in gold letters in several parts of his palace, and engraved on all his plate.

Not long after, the khan's surgeon was bribed to kill him with a poisoned lancet, at the time he bled him. One day, when the khan's arm was bound, and the fatal lancet in the hand of the surgeon, the latter read on the basin: "Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end."

The khan, observing his confusion, inquired the reason; the surgeon fell prostrate, confessed the whole affair, and was hanged, and the conspirators were put to death.

The khan, turning to his courtiers, who had heard the advice with disdain, told them that the counsel could not be too highly valued which had saved a khan's life.

HOME EDUCATION.

RULES THAT PARENTS SHOULD TEACH AND FOLLOW.

- The following rules are worthy of being printed in gold and placed in a conspicuous place in every household: 1. From your children's earliest infancy inculcate the necessity of instant obedience. 2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean what you say. 3. Never promise them anything unless you are quite sure you can give what you say. 4. If you tell a child to do something show him how to do it, and see that it is done. 5. Always punish your child for willfully disobeying you, but never punish in anger. 6. Never let them perceive that they vex you or make you lose your self-composure. If they give way to petulance or ill-temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct. 7. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effective than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed. 8. Never give your children anything because they cry for it. 9. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden under the same circumstances, at another. 10. Teach that the only sure way and easy way to appear good is to be good. 11. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth. 12. Never allow tale-bearing. 13. Teach them self-denial, not self-indulgence of an angry and resentful spirit.

BETTER THOUGHTS.

Everything good in man leans on something higher. The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken. There is in every human countenance either a history or a prophecy. As large a demand is made on our faith by nature as can be made by miracles. Return equity and justice for evil done to you, and pay goodness for goodness. In the birth of Christ humanity felt the first pulsation of the fatherly heart of God. The faith which looks forward is far richer than the experience which looks backward. No principle is more noble, as there is none more holy, than that of a true obedience. Man is the jewel of God, who has created this material world to keep His treasure in.—Theodore Parker.

The poor old negro preacher was more than half right when he said: "Breedin', if we could all see into our own hearts as God does, it would mos' skeer us to death." It is just as much the nature of some people to be peevish and fretful as it is for others to be good-natured. A philosopher has said, not only quaintly but truly, that it is more creditable for some men to be only half decent than for others to be saintly. You will not be sorry for hearing before judging, for thinking before speaking, for holding an angry tongue, for stopping the car to a tale-bearer, for disbelieving the ill-reports, for being kind to the distressed, for being patient towards everybody, for doing good to all men, for asking pardon for all wrongs, for speaking evil of no one, for being courteous to all.

The beginnings of every work of God are weak, but the results are invincibly strong. The roots of all trees are at first mere slender filaments, or rather a sort of pulp which solidifies; nevertheless, from them are produced those huge trees, those oaks, of which are constructed vast buildings, ships and machines. That is a beautiful custom in old-fashioned Catholic families, which leads them to dedicate the rooms in their homes to particular Saints, every room having in it a picture of the servant of God who is especially honored there and by whose name it is known.

A man once took a piece of white cloth to a dyer, to have it dyed black. He was so well pleased with the result that after a time he went back to him with a piece of black cloth, and asked to have it dyed white. But the dyer, answering, "A piece of cloth is like a man's reputation; it can be dyed black, but you cannot make it white again."

Be careful that you do not commend yourself. It is a sign that your reputation is small and sinking if your own tongue must praise you. Let your own tongue especially when your superiors or strangers are present, let you betray your own weakness and rob yourself of the opportunity which you might otherwise have had to gain knowledge, wisdom, and experience by hearing those whom you esteemed by your own impertinent talking.—St. Matthew Hale.

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will effect it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles with the just fear of God, even the love of our fellowmen, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity.—W. L. Channing.

Some poorly instructed Catholics, who last year failed to go to communion at Easter, and consequently knew they were living in mortal sin, have thought that their guilt has put them out of the Church, and that therefore it did not matter whether or not they stayed away from Mass, fasted during Lent, or obeyed other commandments, and, acting under this misconception, they have added sin to sin.

Every good act, says Mohammed, is charity. Your smiling in your brother's face is charity; an exhortation of your fellow-man to virtuous deeds is equal to alms-giving; putting a wanderer on the right road is charity, and removing thorns and stones and other obstructions from the road is charity. A man's true riches hereafter is the good he does to his fellowmen. When he dies people say, "What property has he left behind?" But the angels who examine him in the grave ask him, "What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?"

Those young persons whose chryses proceeds from an undue self-consciousness may be benefited by the following remark of Sydney Smyth: "I was once very shy, but it was not long before I made two useful discoveries—first, that all mankind were not solely employed in observing me—a belief that all mankind have-and, next, that shamming was of no use; that the world was very clear-sighted, and estimated a man at his just value. This cured me, and I determined to be natural and let the world find me out."

A proud man is a fool in fermentation, swelling and boiling like a porridge-pot. He sets his feathers like an owl to swell and seem bigger than he is. He is troubled with an inflammation of self-conceit, that renders him the man of pasteboard, and a true buckram knight. He has given himself upon him to doze, and transforms himself into his own mistress, making most passionate court to his own dear perfection, and worshipping his own image. All his upper stories are crammed with masses of spongy substances, occupying much space, as feathers and cotton will support spaces better than things of more compact and solid proportion.—Baltimore.

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Some poorly instructed Catholics, who last year failed to go to communion at Easter, and consequently knew they were living in mortal sin, have thought that their guilt has put them out of the Church, and that therefore it did not matter whether or not they stayed away from Mass, fasted during Lent, or obeyed other commandments, and, acting under this misconception, they have added sin to sin.

110266 by ill-ency minds. He unda-com-ating finished on his The in- the the drivers, coned, un-ome by the ens, as Cham-ociety in France become e. His rate the country, Stat- could the at-ected by Cardinal remove on by the on of terested try, by hundred fluence, as coded, Florida, itself, or three several The wide for their their sufficient them to one but little union of these antecing worship a sentence and and France. establish- hundred speakers of the Land League—two thoroughly earnest and honest men—Messrs. Davitt and Ferguson, had been advertised to address it. I went down with them and the representative of the leading Dublin journal. The country between Cork and Dublin, excepting near the coast, gives no evidence of being an ancient and fertile land. It is singularly devoid of human habitation for a district that has been trodden by the Irish race for two thousand years. No part of our country in the North, from the Hudson to the Missouri, appears more thinly settled. Although it is called the most fertile district in Ireland, it reminds one of Daniel Webster's description of New Hampshire: "A good country to emigrate from." Messrs. Davitt and Ferguson said that it had once been densely populated, but that men and women of the old race had been driven out to give place to bullocks and sheep. Sheep are royal creatures. They don't give the English Government half the trouble that Irish folks give them. Hence, old homesteads (my companions said) have been made into sheep-walks; and the Irish cottier once reared his family the English grazier now raises his flocks. Ireland, they all contend, could comfortably support twice its present population, and hence, as they love their soil and race, they oppose what they regard as the great evil of EMANCIPATION AND LANDLORDISM.

We drove over the country for a few miles in an Irish jaunting-car. As we came near the old church at the side of which the meeting was to be held, two brass bands approached and serenaded the orators of the day. They played "Marching through Georgia." The Dublin delegation was suddenly diminished by one member (probably a Yankee journalist), who made an excuse to hide his ears. I tell you these patriotic tides in a foreign land make a fellow feel homesick! In a large room built within the churchyard boundary a lunch had been spread for the invited guests by the ejected tenant whose wrongs had called the neighborhood together. There was a side of bacon, a loaf or two of bread, and several bottles of sherry and Irish whiskey. A neat fire snuggled in the great old fire place. I shall never blame the Irish for their intemperate habits again. They have three strong excuses for it—their lot is wretched; their homes are cold; and the liquor is said to be good. I was introduced to an old farmer named Malachi Kelly. He has a wife and five children. He has borne the reputation all his life long of being an honest, temperate, and industrious man. For thirty consecutive years he has rented ninety-eight acres from Erasmus Dickson Barrows (I believe he is a baronet) and his fair tillage; the rest was mostly swamp, "not worth five shillings an acre." He paid at first \$325 per annum for the farm. He made improvements. The rent was instantly raised to \$640. The landlord solemnly agreed not to raise the rent again, and to roof the dwelling-house and to build certain out-offices. He kept neither promise. The tenant spent \$1,500 in permanent buildings in 1873. As soon as he had done so, the landlord again raised his rent to \$775. Last year, owing to the bad season, old Mr. Kelly did not pay his rent. He was summarily evicted—turned out in his old rags into the world penniless and homeless, and the buildings that he paid for became the property of the landlord. The landlord refused either to give him time or to reduce the rent.

THE PEASANTS ASSEMBLED. The Land League have determined to bring all the power of public opinion to bear, whenever an unjust eviction occurs, by calling a public meeting—at the scene of the eviction. The assemblage was 3,000 strong. There were two brass bands. There were processions with green flags and green banners. One of these