

The Time and Witness

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THE STATUE OF CLAY.

"Make me a statue," said the King.
"Of marble, white as snow,
It must be pure enough to stand
Before my throne at my right hand.
The niche is waiting. Go!"

The sculptor heard the King's command
And went upon his way;
He had no marble; but he went,
With willing mind and high intent,
To mould his thoughts in clay.

Day after day he wrought the clay,
But knew not what he wrought;
He sought the help of heart and brain,
But could not make the riddle plain—
It lay beyond his thought.

To-day the statue seemed to grow—
To-morrow it stood still—
The third day it went well again,
Thus year by year in joy and pain
He served his master's will.

At last his lifelong task was done:
It was a fateful day;
He took his statue to the King,
And trembled like a guilty thing,
Because it was but clay.

"Where is my statue?" asked the King.
"Here, lord," the sculptor said.
"But I commanded marble." "True;
I had not that—that would cost I do
But mould in clay instead?"

"Thou shalt not unrewarded go,
Since thou hast done thy best.
Thy statue shall acceptance win:
It shall be as it should have been,
For I will do the rest."

He touched the statue, and it changed;
The clay falls off, and lo!
A marble shape before him stands,
The perfect work of heavenly hands,
An angel, pure as snow.

KNOCK.

Visions and Miracles Last Week Seen
and Testified to by a Citizen—A Parent
Raised From a Dying Bed—Sight Restored—An American With a Paralyzed
Side Completely Cured.

(From the *Monter News*.)

These wonderful and glorious miracles which are vouchsafed to the faithful who flock in myriads to the holy shrine at Knock—and which are fraught with such blessings to hundreds, are at length beginning to be accepted by those who do not believe in the manifestation of heavenly beings in this world, or only when the fact can no longer be doubted. The cures miraculously witnessed, and the parties who are the happy recipients of these blessings are swelling to thousands. They are confined to no class of nationality, as visitors from other lands have witnessed the heavenly favors, and the opulent as well as numbers in the humbler walks of life, all bear testimony to the one fact—they have been cured, they have seen the heavenly visions. The latest miraculous cures in connection with this city are as wonderful as those which have been recorded in your pages some short time since. A religious young resident, whose sight was almost gone, and who had expended a large sum of money in London and elsewhere in the vain effort to effect a cure, at last repaired to Knock—after hearing of the wonderful cures in cases like his own—and, after having been there for some time, performing the required devotions with implicit faith that if it were the will of Heaven he would be cured, what was his joy and gratitude to find his sight gradually restored, and after a short time longer fully recovered. But, in connection with him, more wonderful mercies were still further exemplified. When he had been some time in Limerick after his return, his mother was laid on a dying bed, with no hope of restoration. He immediately returned to Knock to supplicate merciful intercession for his dying parent, and deep and hearty were his prayers, which were not in vain, for his parent was restored again to health. It was while thus engaged in supplication for his mother that the Blessed Virgin appeared to numbers in the chapel, clad in robes of white, with gold stars studing her mantle. Amongst those in the thronged edifice was a young clerical student, about to be ordained for the priesthood, and who chanced to kneel next the young man, and also an American suffering from paralysis of the right side. The student asked him "if he saw anything," he replied "No," and then the young student told him to pray. After a short time elapsed he again addressed him in the same words, but received the same answer, and again the same command was "to pray." The young student asked him again the third time and received the sorrowful answer, "I do not," and then, grief overwhelming him, he burst forth with the exclamation, "Oh, my God, am I, then, so great a sinner?" but the young student told him with a loud voice "to pray," and the congregation taking it up as if addressed to them, prayer resounded in a most audible and fervid manner throughout the church. Then amidst a sudden silence, a beautiful star was seen to cross by the stained glass window and gradually descend till it rested near the banner lately presented by the Confraternity of Limerick, and almost immediately the vision of the Blessed Virgin was seen. This was the cause of a startling effect on the part of the congregation, for the American was suddenly seen to rise and attempt to rush through the congregation to where the Blessed Virgin rested near the banner, perfectly restored to the use of his side. Numerous other instances could be enumerated of the Divine favor and mercy bestowed on those who visited Knock.

On recalling to memory the various places throughout the world, that it has pleased Heaven to so greatly favor and bless, the fact stands plain, for what the humblest persons, and most out of the way, and seemingly the most desolate places, have seen and been selected. In the 14th century, it is recorded that the Blessed Virgin appeared to some poor shepherds while in the act of tending their flock. These humble

people lived close to the Pyrenees, at a place called Batharram. They were a class of peasantry who were always remarkable for their honest devotion—and the result of the vision of the Blessed Virgin was that a church was afterwards erected there and a pilgrimage established, and though it passed through some very severe trials it stands to the present time, a monument of that most remarkable and blessed period. Again we find that the Blessed Virgin appeared at the French side of the Pyrenees, to a person of most humble position in life, and later still—at Lourdes—to humble and innocent children; and now, glory to God on high, poor Ireland is made the honored repository wherein shall dwell the humble but exalted sanctuary of Knock, which will still further prove to scoffers that the Almighty watches over the destinies of the Irish people as He has ever done, and to show to those whose only God is wealth that He will otherwise comfort our countrymen in their hour of sorrow and suffering.

A respectable native of Limerick who, having had relations with a religious community in another county, was obliged to return for the restoration of health to his own, visited Knock during the past week, and beheld a blind man, a native of Tipperary, recover his sight whilst making the rounds of the Stations of the Cross within the Church. The afflicted man was led about by an assistant, from Station to Station, and at the eighth, whilst offering up the appropriate prayers, he appeared to be struck with sudden emotion, and he suddenly uttered an exclamation, indicating that his vision was restored. He threw out his arms as if to reach objects before him, and seemed fascinated, remaining rooted to the spot, entranced, as he afterwards stated, by the vision of the Blessed Virgin, whom he beheld encompassed with a halo. The man manifested the perfect restoration of his sight, dispensing with his guide and walking about like other persons as if he had never been suffering from blindness. A woman who had lost the use of one of her lower limbs, whilst beseeching relief through the intercession of the Blessed Lady, and making the devotions of the Stations of the Cross, felt life returning to the painful limb, an artificial support to which it was connected falling away and enabling her to plant her foot on the ground, and walk with a little difficulty. This she was convinced would cease after a few other visits to the sanctified scene of mercy and relief. The Limerick man himself went with crutches to Knock, disabled by rheumatism, and entered his house on his return carrying only a hand stick, and evidently renovated in bodily constitution; his face bearing a complexion, and his manner manifesting the freshness of health. The commercial representative of an enterprising and successful Limerick trader, some time after the Divine Apparition first became manifest, saw a disabled man recover the power of one of his limbs within the church, and was a witness to his restoration, from the moment when he felt a creeping sensation proceeding through the withered member, portion of which had lost flesh and sunk to the bone, until it acquired the healthy proportions of its fellow member, and the man could walk *pedibus suis*. Numbers of English and other Protestants of both sexes are amongst the pilgrims, and they perform the same acts and breathe the same prayers, if they do not entertain the same implicit faith as the Catholic thousands whose discarded crutches and other contrivances of aid to decrepitude are increasing enormously.

CURES ATTRIBUTED TO THE CEMENT OF KNOCK CHAPEL.

(From the *Tuan News*.)

The following letter from Montreal has been sent to us for insertion:—
MONTREAL, March 28, 1880.
DEAREST COUSIN KATE—A few weeks ago I was the happy recipient of your very welcome letter, which contained the very precious relic from "Knock Chapel." Believe me, words are inadequate to express my thanks, and the more I think of your kindly act the more I feel that I will forever remain under great obligation to you. Though Mr. P. J. M.—had already favored us by sending some of the "cement," still yours also I received with great delight and put both together. Numbers that have since heard of it have come to obtain a small portion of it, and rest assured we give it very sparingly. If I should hear of any cures effected by it I will let you know. Now for the good news. Really I feel hurried until you know all, as I think you too feel anxious. Pa is ever so much better; you may imagine how well when he has been going out every day during the past three weeks. Notwithstanding the disagreeableness of rainy and snowy weather, he still continues to do the same. He is the great subject of conversation, as no person ever expected to see him well enough to leave his room. How good the "Almighty" has been to us; I am afraid we will hardly ever be able to pay our debt of gratitude. I will tell you as completely as possible about the prodigious cure. Exactly three weeks on Monday last (the 23rd), a letter came from Mr. M.—to Pa, to his great astonishment he found enclosed a small quantity of "cement." Such a strange feeling came over him; it is much easier imagined than described. Growing quite nervous he exclaimed, "My children, this is sent to cure me." Not even waiting until he would read his letter, he put it (the "cement") into a vial, and filling it with holy water, he got the best way he could on his knees, and drinking a small quantity of it, invoked our "Blessed Mother" to grant him relief. (I declare, Kate dear, as I speak of it myself, a strange feeling overcomes me.) The remainder of that day he passed unusually well, but on account of having taken morphia a few hours before, we did not mention anything about it outside the family. Accordingly, he slept that night bright and so far, he suffers nothing in comparison to what he has heretofore.

fore. If this case should only have lasted for one week it is a miracle, as during five months he did not know what it was to be free from pain for two hours in succession. Now, I have one great favor to ask you, and I am almost sure if it will be in your power you will grant it. It is that if you should again visit Knock you will think of us far away, and after offering in our behalf one little act of thanksgiving, you will then say one "Hail Mary" for my particular intention. I trust I have not overtaxed you, so I ask your forgiveness.
Yours affectionately,
NORA.

THE IRISH FAMINE.

Kills of the Land System—Starvation in the West of Ireland—The Stolen Estates of Catholics—Mr. Redpath's Lecture.

James Redpath, the correspondent whose letters to the *Tribune* on the Irish famine were read with great interest, lectured lately in New York, in the Cooper Institute, to a large audience. He first gave a detailed statement of the actual distress existing in each county, and described incidents that had come under his own observation of the greatest destitution and misery. Many of the audience were visibly affected. He denounced the land laws, the exaction of the land-owners, and the negligence of the English Government. The only remedy, he said, lay in the abolition of these laws. He spoke for nearly two hours, and was listened to with deep attention and frequently applauded, any sentiment antagonistic to the English Government being received with especial enthusiasm.

THE INTRODUCTION AND THE LECTURE.

Congressman S. S. Cox was called upon to preside over the Cooper Institute meeting to hear James Redpath's lecture on Ireland.

Mr. Redpath, who was greeted with hearty cheers, said: "One day, about three months ago, I was riding in an Irish jaunting-car in the parish of Islandaddy, in the County Mayo. His companion was the Rev. Father O'Malley, who had been parish priest of that place for more than twenty years. Here and there, on both sides of the road, I saw—as you see everywhere in the West of Ireland—the ruins of little cabins that once had been the happy homes of a hardy and hard-working and hospitable peasantry. I turned to Father O'Malley and asked him: 'Have there been many evictions in your parish?' 'Yes,' said the old man; 'when I was a young priest there were 1,800 families in this parish; but—his face grew sad and his voice quivered with emotion as he added—there are only 600 families now.' 'Well,' I said, 'where are the missing 1,200 families?' 'They have been driven out,' he answered, 'by lamine and the landlords.'"

"Famine and the landlords" if this answer had been made by one of the Irish agitators—Mr. Parnell, for example, or Michael Davitt—(cheers)—I should have regarded the phrase as an excellent bit of rhetorical art, as a skillful coupling of two evils: not necessarily mated, and I should have smiled at the forced verbal marriage, and then have thought no more about it. But the words impressed me profoundly by coming from the lips of this old priest, the cadet of an old Irish family, and a man of the most conservative temperament. For the Catholic Church is probably the most potent conservative force of modern society. It teaches its adherents to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and never needlessly arrays itself against the civil power. Yet I found that in Ireland wherever there was famine the Catholic priests did not hesitate to say, both in private and in public, that the primary cause of Irish destitution were

THE EXACTIONS OF THE LANDLORDS.

The priests, who live among the people, say so; the land reformers, who spring from the ranks of the peasantry, say so; and every honest enquirer, I think, will say so; if he studies without bias the history and statistics of the Irish farmers of the present century. I shall talk to you to-night of the twin curses of Ireland—famine and the landlords. Everybody knows there is a famine in Ireland, but I do not think there is a single person in this audience who knows how severe and how widespread it is. I have personally visited several of the counties blighted by the famine, and saw with my own eyes the destitution of the peasantry, and with my own ears heard the sighs of their famished wives and children. They were the saddest days I ever spent, for never before had I seen human misery so hopeless and universal, and so profound.

CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE IN LEINSTER.

Let us begin with the least distressed province of Leinster. There is no finer country in the temperate zone. There is no natural reason why poverty should ever cast its blighting shadows about the green and fertile fields of Leinster, but even here evictions have done their perfect work. Instead of stalwart peasants you find herds of fat bullocks; and instead of bright-eyed maidens you find flocks of bleating sheep. After the famine of 1847 the men were turned out and the beasts were "drained in." The English Government favored this policy. Irishmen are rebels sometimes; but sheep are loyal always. (Laughter and applause.) There is less distress in the rural districts of Leinster, because there are fewer people there; yet the verified returns made to the Mansion House show nearly 38,000 persons in distress in its twelve counties.

\$30,000,000 yearly to 6,000 or 7,000 landlords, who do nothing but hunt a fox, or hunt the tenantry. The Government that upholds this cruel system abstracts \$35,000,000 more from the land in imperial taxation, while there is left for food, clothing, and sustenance for 5,000,000 of people, not more than \$30,000,000, or about \$10 per head yearly. If the harvest be good, the landlord luxuriates and abstracts all; if bad or scanty, he seizes on the food and cattle for the rack-rent.

A GLANCE AT ULSTER.

Leinster contains one-fourth of the population of Ireland and Ulster, to which we will now proceed, contains 480,000 more persons than Leinster. English writers and their American echoes have so constantly asserted that Ulster is always prosperous, and they have so constantly attributed that prosperity to the influence of Protestantism, that I must ask leave to expose the cruel and cowardly hypocrisy of this pretence. In doing so let me say that I am not a Catholic. The Rev. Robert Ingersoll belongs to my congregation. (Laughter and applause.) With the doctrine of the right of private judgement in its mouth political Protestantism in Ireland has persecuted the Catholics for conscience' sake for nearly three centuries. (Hisses.) The history of these persecutions is one of the saddest chapters in the annals of modern Europe. It is a history of penal laws framed in hell and executed by fiends in the name of Jesus Christ. It swept the entire gamut of crime. Its seven notes were proscriptions, perjury, confiscations, priest-huntings, hangings, massacres, and calamities. Landlordism and Protestantism play the part in the Irish history that the two chained giants that John Bunyan called Popery and Paganism play in the famous Puritan story of "Pilgrim's Progress." They curse and howl at the victims they can no longer torture. For when the progress of civilization rendered it imperative for England to extract the fangs of Protestant hate in Ireland, it began that career of calculation that has not yet closed. One reason why the Protestant province of Ulster is more prosperous than the Catholic province of Ireland is because Protestants' estates were never confiscated there, for Protestants were the receivers of the stolen estates of Catholics.

These crimes belong to the past it is true, but it is equally true that their results remain. It is not a question of spiritual things, but of temporal things; it is not what faith we hold about our home in the next world, but what hold we have on our home in this. Ulster has enjoyed a stability of tenure such as no other province has. But it is not every where in Ulster that tenant-rights are respected, for the most moderate estimate places the number in distress in that province at present at 180,000. On the sea-coast people eating the black sea-weed to keep from starving.

DISTRESS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.

Let us now approach the sacred soil of Munster and Connaught. There is nothing on this earth so sacred as human sorrows. Christianity itself has been defined as the worship of sorrow. And if the definition is a true one the Holy Land of our age is the West of Ireland. Every sod there has been wet by tears. The murmur of every rippling brook there have been accompanied from time immemorial by chorus of sighs from breaking human hearts. Every breeze that has swept across their barren moors has carried with it to the tops of their bleak mountains (and I trust far beyond them) the groans and the prayers of a brave but despairing people. I have heard so much and I have seen so much of the sorrows of the West that when the memory of them rises before me, I stand appalled at the vision. If I could put the picture into words I could not utter the words. I must call witnesses less sensitive.

The local committee of the Mansion House report 232,759 in distress in Munster; and in Connaught, out of a population of 911,339, 421,750 persons are in extreme distress. The privation is widespread and appalling on every hand, and these starving and staggering peasants, when they ask for food, receive from their landlords processes of ejectment. The victims are in no way responsible for their misfortunes, as a glance at their surroundings and circumstances will plainly show.

The landlords are absentees. Few of them have reduced their rent at all, and none of them have reduced it in the ratio of the decreased productiveness of the land. The result is that among a peasantry as industrious as any people on earth, who live on meagre food than any other civilized people, who prefer to be dragged to the precipice of starvation before they will ask for relief, there are at this hour in all Ireland at least 867,000 persons who yet their only hope of seeing the next harvest sun set as they stand, at the old cabin door, on the bounty of strangers and the exiles from Erin. I have no doubt there are 1,000,000 people in hunger and rage, but I can point out, county by county, where 863,000 of them are actually living.

Last week the *London Times* predicted that the distress would diminish now, or it said that it had decreased. Don't believe it. It rejoiced when the famine of '47 swept the Irish peasantry by thousands into their graves. It has had no change of heart. The landlords would like to see the Irish expelled, even by famine or death, and the *Times* is the organ of the landlords. It is no longer the old cry of "Hell or Connaught." The English landlords, have got Connaught, and I do believe that by and by they will get Leinster. (Laughter and loud applause.) I mean that now they wish to get the Irish, out of Connaught, where they once drove them.

DUTY OF IRELAND'S FRIENDS.

What is the duty of the friends of Ireland? First, to feed the people who are starving, and after that to help them to improve their condition. (Applause.) Their condition is appalling. I find that belief prevails and is spreading among Americans that the accounts of the Irish famine have been exaggerated for political purposes. I know that not one-tenth of the truth has been told. And so, as I have already in the *Tribune*—(applause)—told a part of what I saw, I determined to-night to try to bring witnesses to confirm my testimony, so that no man should be able to pretend to believe that the distress in Ireland had been made the excuse for raising money under false pretences. By and by I hope to review and extend my own testimony. I shall then show that the scenes I have brought the political enemies of the Irish Land League to describe to you are not exceptional, but common; that the Irish peasant is neither indolent nor improvident, but the victim of laws without mercy that are mercilessly enforced; and that the misery I saw, and the sorrow and the wretchedness are the inevitable results of the premeditated policy of England in Ireland to drive out her people. (Loud applause.) The underlying cause of the famine is landlordism. The landlords have always exacted as rent every shilling that the poor tenants could pay, over and above the most meagre subsistence for their families. In the best of times the peasants can save nothing. Their cabins are meaner than the slave-cabins of the South.

Father O'Farrell, of St. Peter's Church, proposed a cordial vote of thanks to the lecturer, and spoke in high terms of Mr. Redpath's *Tribune* letters. The meeting was also addressed by John Dillon, who came to this country with Mr. Parnell.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

A Sketch of the Originator of the Land Movement.

Davitt was born of peasant parents, near Straide, County Mayo, in 1846—that year of trial and torture to the Irish people. While he was yet young the little home in which he was born was

TORN DOWN OVER HIS HEAD.

by that ruthless institution which has played so prominent a part in Ireland's history—the Crowbar Brigade—the executive of the landlord's will; and he, with his parents and family, were thrown upon the roadside to live or die, as they might for all the reigning power cared.

But they didn't die, unluckily for Irish landlordism, and the evicted infant lived to return to the site of his desecrated home, and in the presence of 15,000 persons denounce the law that allowed such deeds to be perpetrated. The recollection of this crime has had its effect upon Davitt's life, for on the occasion referred to, the 1st of last February, standing upon a platform erected over the ruins of his family's homestead, he said:—

Does not the scene of domestic devastation now spread before this vast meeting bear testimony to the crimes with which landlordism stands charged before God and man to-day? Can a more eloquent denunciation of an accursed law be found than what is witnessed here in this depopulated district? In the memory of many now listening to my words that peaceful little stream which meanders by the outskirts of this town, which sang back the merry voices of happy children, and wended its way through a once populous and prosperous village. Now, however, the merry sounds are gone, the busy hum of hamlet life is hushed in sad desolation, for

THE HANDS OF THE HOME-DESTRUCTORS

have been here and performed their work, leaving Straide but a name to mark the place where happy homesteads once stood, and whence an inoffensive people were driven to the four corners of the earth by the decree of Irish Landlordism. (Cheers.) How often in a strange land has my boyhood's ear drunk in the tale of outrage and wrong, and infamy perpetrated here in the name of law and in the interest of territorial fame; in listening to the accounts of famine and sorrow of deaths by landlords, of coffinless graves, of scenes

"Of highway side, where oft was seen
The wild dog and the vulture keen
Tug for the limbs and gnaw the face
Of some starved child of our Irish race."

What wonder that such laws should become hateful and when felt by personal experience of their tyranny and injustice, that a life of irreconcilable enmity to them should follow, and that, standing here on the spot where I first drew breath,

IN SIGHT OF A LEVELLED HOME.

with memories of privation and tortures crowding upon my mind, I should swear to devote the remainder of that life to the destruction of what has blasted my early years, pursued me with its vengeance through manhood, and leaves my family in exile to-day far from that Ireland which is itself wronged, robbed, and humiliated through the agency of the same accursed system. It is no little consolation to know, however, that we are here to-day doing battle against a doomed monopoly, and that the power which has so long dominated over Ireland and its people is brought to its knees at last, and on the point of being crushed forever, and I am standing to-day upon a platform erected over the ruins of my levelled home, I may yet have the satisfaction of trampling on the ruins of Irish Landlordism.

AFTER THE EVICTION.

The Davitt family left Ireland, a portion coming to America, but the parents going to England. In the factory town of Rothdale young Davitt grew up, and, like most children of such surroundings, he was early serving a master in one of the factories. Here he learned the sufferings of the factory slave, and suffered a mishap that caused the loss of his right arm, that limb being caught in the machinery and crushed.

Davitt went into the Fenian movement with all the sincerity of a man who felt that a great wrong was being perpetrated under his eyes; and that it was his duty to do all

that he could to overthrow that wrong; and it was no "due to such men as Michael Davitt that more in that direction was not accomplished.

When the call came from Ireland for men in '65, Davitt was one of the first to respond, and was not the least disheartened at the failure, as was shown by his willingness to obey a second call in leading a detachment of the 2,000 North of England men who had gathered to attack Chester Castle. When those above him countermanded their orders, and it was evident that they did not mean business, Davitt led his men back to their homes, disposing of his personal valuables to aid his less fortunate comrades.

While thus engaged he was arrested in London and sentenced to 16 years' imprisonment, being pardoned on a "ticket-of-leave" after serving seven years. During his incarceration he was subjected, like other Irish political prisoners, to systematic and cowardly ill-treatment, but his firmness of soul and his manly spirit won him friends even among the English wardens, and he was able to organize a system of communication with the outer world which lightened the burden of his captivity.

There are many interesting incidents connected with this portion of his life which we pass over to come to what is really the most important and the one part in which he will be best known to posterity. Some time after his release Mr. Davitt paid a visit to his sister and relatives who reside in Pennsylvania, and while here, at the solicitation of friends, gave a course of lectures, the proceeds of which went to the support of an Englishman named Wilson, who had suffered five years' imprisonment for selling arms to Davitt for Irish political purposes. His last lecture was delivered on a Sunday evening in October, 1878, in the Brooklyn Park Theatre, and that was his first utterance on the Land Question, and in it he gave forth the first intimation of his future work.

On returning to Ireland he set to work with his usual vigor, and he soon had the satisfaction of seeing the machinery of the Irish Land League in motion. At Lishtown, Co. Mayo, April 15, 1879, the "Anti-Rent" banner was first hung to the breeze, and by it stood as sponsors Davitt, Brennan, and Daly. The other Mayo and Galway demonstrations that have now passed into history, followed, and it was soon evident that the popular heart had been touched, and that Ireland was on the point of a national crisis. While still pushing on the meetings, and addressing from fifteen to thirty thousand persons regularly, Davitt was also quietly working in other directions, the success of which was

THE WINNING OF MR. PARNELL

over to the cause of Irish Land Reform, upon whose platform every Irishman, regardless of other prejudices, could unite. Mr. Parnell, who has always been a well-meaning man, who had previously thought of other methods of attaining to the manner of his connection with the agitation. To Michael Davitt's influence, he attributes it. Mr. Parnell and Davitt have proved a strong team, and they stand to-day

THE FIGHTBACKS OF THE IRISH REVOLUTION

that is engaging the attention of the world. From the very first the British Government have recognized him as the most dangerous enemy of Irish landlordism, and his arrest on the 10th of November last was not at all a surprise; in fact, the surprise was that he was not arrested before. In the Gurteen, Sligo, speech, which was the pretext for the Government's act, was one of the boldest and noblest declarations made by him, viz., that "God made the land free for all," and he believed that "rent, under any circumstances, in prosperous times or bad times, was an unjust and an immoral tax upon the industry of the people."

It was a very significant fact showing the anomalies of English law, that both Davitt and Parnell repeated, without interference in England, the very same speech delivered by the former in Gurteen, and Davitt actually improved upon the same a few months ago, in London, before the English Land Reform Convention, to thousands of cheering Englishmen.

He is a man of educated thought and wide and varied reading, as well as of practical work, and among his many accomplishments is a thorough knowledge of the Irish, French and Italian languages, while the purest English is to be found in his public utterances. Such is the man who stands at the head of the Land for the People movement, of whom says James Redpath, in his letters to the *Tribune*, speaking of Davitt's arrest, "I have nowhere met a more earnest or self-sacrificing or a sincerer man; it does seem as if England might find other uses than jail ornaments for such noble fellows." He is truly a remarkable character, fully meriting the confidence that is reposed in him by the Irish people.

HE IS A MAN OF GOOD PRESENCE, A FINE SPEAKER, AND STANDS ABOUT FIVE FEET TEN INCHES.

A RECEPTION TO MR. PARNELL.
London, May 13.—Mr. Justin McCarthy (Home Ruler), member of the House of Commons for Longford County, has been selected as Chairman of a committee formed of representatives of the Irish organizations in London, to offer a public reception to Mr. Parnell. The reception will take the form of a large public meeting in one of the metropolitan halls, at which an illuminated address will be presented to him, and subsequently he will be entertained at a public banquet.

The residence of Ralph Brooke, in Wiltshire, England, is offered for sale on account of his approaching return to Barak. The house, which is of stone, and of classic architecture, is advertised as containing four reception rooms and sixteen bedrooms. It is suitable for six horses, a carriage house, and every appurtenance essential to a well-ordered country residence. The estate, which is known as Preston House, is a little more than thirty acres in extent.