

NEWS FROM IRELAND.

Dublin. Arrangements have been made for the establishment of a new National Club in Dublin.

Bernard Daly, Esq., J. P., died on May 11th, at Haslebrook, Kilmagee road, Tereure, county Dublin. Mr. Daly was the proprietor of the distillery in Tullamore, a very wealthy employer, distinguished by his integrity, generosity and hospitality.

Wexford. A meeting of immense magnitude was held on May 8, in New Ross, to support the National cause and protest against the Coercion Bill. The gathering was held in the centre of the town, and many thousands assembled, not only from the neighborhood, but from Kilkenny, Carlow and Wexford, to meet Mr. Redmond, M. P., and Mr. Leamy, who drove over from Enniscorthy, a distance of over twenty miles, in company with the Rev. Dr. Dillon, to take part in the demonstration. The proceedings were most enthusiastic.

Kildare. The beautiful new church, Clane, was the scene of a very interesting ceremony on May 10th. Miss Alice Mary, in recognition of the late Mr. W. M. Skerries, Dublin, received the white veil.

On May 10th, the very pretty residence, known as Fosterstown, standing on 47 acres of land, and subject to £130 annual rent, a yearly tenancy was sold by public auction in the Court-house, Trim, by order of the official assignee, in the matter of Thomas F. Fay, a bankrupt. There was a large attendance, and the competition was very keen. Eventually the hammer fell to the bid of Mr. Andrew James, of Clonburn, Trim, for the sum of seven hundred and sixty pounds.

Cork. The fear of the invincible "Plan" is generally said to be the cause of reducing many landlords in the Mitchelstown district to the favorable consideration of the tenants' terms, but it cannot however, be said that any influence operated on Mr. Robertson's decision in granting his tenancy an unprecedented abatement. Mr. Robertson, who resides at Rosepark, county Dublin, holds an extensive property in the neighborhood of Glanworth, and his dealings with the tenants were at all times of the most amicable and happy character. Since the depression first attacked the farming interest he has been the most liberal and generous amongst all local landowners in his concessions. On the last half year the tenants were remitted 33 1/2 per cent. On the 7th of May, Mr. Robertson communicated to the tenants that he would allow on the half-year's rent 50 per cent. This reduction is almost equal to an entire remission of rent on other properties in the neighborhood.

We regret to learn that Very Rev. Mgr. Sheehan, P. P., V. G. of Cork, is seriously ill, suffering from a severe bronchial affection and general bodily weakness. On Sunday, May 8th, the prayers of the faithful for his recovery were requested at St. Patrick's of which church he is the parish priest. The Rutagh estate, over which Mr. Adair is agent, is one of those on which the "Plan of Campaign" was adopted. In fact, these tenants were in Ireland to raise the banner of the invincible "Plan." At the commencement, Mr. Adair would give no abatement. After some parley, he would give 10 per cent, and later he would give 15 per cent to two tenants only. Ultimately he would give 15 per cent all round. But there was no surrender from the tenants. At length, Mr. O'Grady, the landlord, advanced to 20 per cent, which, on the advice of the "General," though in Kilmaham, the tenants accepted. But here another hitch occurred, as he thought on this abatement to get a year's rent, to which the tenants objected. After a few letters between him and the Very Rev. Canon Scully, on the part of the tenants, he gladly accepted the half year's rent, and he wanted to get a guarantee that 20 per cent would be taken when the tenants are paying the other gale. Lord Fermoy, at the bare mention of the "Plan," gave 30 per cent. Mr. Brecken came next, and after long watching and waiting, gave 30 and 30 per cent; and now Mr. O'Grady gives 20 per cent.

Kerry. On the 12th of May at Castleland, a landlord named Marshall became his own bailiff. He left his residence, Ballinerry House, near Miltown, about two o'clock in the morning, accompanied by two English gentlemen, who were his visitors, and a number of police, who seized the cattle of five of his tenants who would not pay his rent. On the 6th and 7th of May, a party of bailiffs, escorted by about forty police, evicted a man, Dr. Corbett, a tenant of Lord Omagh's estate, near Listowel, over which Mr. George Sandes is the agent. In Kerry, at present, it appears that the penalty for indulging in the pious and patriotic aspiration, "God save Ireland!" is £2. Such is the decision of Messrs. Cecil Roche, Samuel M. Hussey and Captain Massey, justices of quorum and stricgeri and what not in the county.

Clare. The relieving officer of the Kilrush Union has been served with notices of wholesale evictions to take place immediately on Captain Vandeleur's estate near Kilrush. The first batch includes twenty families of about 150 human beings.

Limerick. The newly appointed Bishop of Sale, in the ecclesiastical Province of Melbourne, evicted a man, Dr. Corbett, a tenant of Lord Omagh's estate, near Listowel, over which Mr. George Sandes is the agent.

On May 11, a magnificent demonstration was held under the auspices of the Protestant Home Rule Association, Killybegs, in the heart of Derry. The campaign has now been inaugurated, and success seems to wait on the Protestant Home Rule Association; Mr. Bowman, the local secretary in Belfast, and Mr. James Johnston, who has been in the forefront of the organization since its establishment, travelled from Belfast to Killybegs, and secured a very enthusiastic reception. The chair was taken shortly after their arrival, and round the platform, which was erected in the spacious square, many thousands of people assembled. During the entire proceedings, the greatest unanimity and enthusiasm prevailed, and one looking at the great gathering of men could come to but one conclusion, and that is that although Mr. Lee does sit in Parliament for South Derry, the electors of that constituency are true as steel to the National cause, and though differences

eviction is for non payment of rent, and as Michael Lane is a member of the City Branch of the National League, it has been arranged to hold a demonstration over the rent. Mr. Lane has received notice that the eviction will be carried out at once. He is indebted to the landlord only in a year's rent and costs, and his case has been warmly taken up by the local branches of the National League.

Tipperary. On the evening of May 9th, acting on private information, Sergeant Calliton, four constables from Tipperary, proceeded to Ardara, near the town of Tipperary, and at the rear of the house of a farmer, named Edmond Finnin, found a private still in full working order. On the premises were four large barrels, containing some sixty gallons of fermented wash, which the sergeant destroyed. The police seized the still, worm, etc., and brought them to town. Finnin himself was not at home. Some two years ago a like seizure was made, when the same person was fined £6.

Waterford. On Sunday, May 8th, largely attended meeting of the National League was held at Browne's Cross, Knockmore, for the purpose of exposing the bank conduct of the Hon. Mr. Moore-Smyth, of Ballinacorney, who has lately served a number of his tenants with writs for rent, which it need hardly be stated they have found it impossible to meet during these times of unparalleled depression. Mr. Pat'k Walsh, V. G., Lismore Board of Guardians, occupied the chair.

Antrim. The Protestant Home Rulers are evincing commendable energy. A series of anti-coercion demonstrations—some of which have been already held—has been arranged for Ulster by the patriotic association which gives the West Brits so much annoyance, and from these the best results for the National cause may be expected. A meeting was held on May 11, at Toomburidge, county Antrim, where resolutions protesting against the infamous measure now exclusively engaging the attention of the British Parliament, were passed, and congratulations showered on the Irish leaders for their devotion to the cause of their fellow-countrymen, the blessed work of uniting North and South in opposition to foreign tyranny is begun in earnest.

One of the most saintly and distinguished priests of the Irish Church, the Rev. James McGough, P. P., Ballinacorney, died on May 7. He had attained the ripe old age of 83, and was over 60 years on the mission. Educated in Kilmacduagh, he successfully occupied the curacies of Calson, Moy, Do. sghmore, Kildress, Lissan, and Ardree, in the year 1848 was appointed pastor of Ballinacorney. He wrote several theological treatises, the best known of which is "A Controversial Epistle addressed to Irish Catholics at home and abroad." His works display great erudition and research, great earnestness and close reasoning. His health had been declining for the last nine months.

Armagh. The Orange revolver men are again being encouraged to violence and aggression by the minions of the Gaelic. The Protestant Home Rulers of Armagh proposed holding a patriotic demonstration on May 10th, as they had—yet, at all events—a right to do; but Head Orange man Peel, a firebrand orator of that neighborhood, having summoned his warriors to assemble in counter demonstration, Messrs. Cullen and Hamilton, R. M.'s, proclaimed both meetings as likely to endanger the public peace. This may seem a trifling pretext for proceeding, but in reality it is an abatement of Orange truncheon, and a plain intendment to the brethren to endeavor on all occasions to prevent their political opponents from exercising the right of public meeting. Indeed, it is an old trick with the lodgers to get up or pretend to get up counter-demonstrations in order that National meetings may be suppressed, and the Gaelic folk have always been only too happy to take part in it. This outrageous trucking to Orange intolerance they endeavor to hide behind a pretended anxiety for the preservation of the peace, but the sham no longer tends to deceive anyone. It is to be hoped that the Protestant Nationalists of the North will not permit the little understanding between the Gaelic and the lodge masters to stand in the way of raising their voices in patriotic protest against the attempted destruction of whatever liberty is left Irishmen.

The promoters of the meeting were not, however, to be led by Orange Peel's little artifices. They held their meeting in the National League Hall, which was packed choke-full. After a number of stirring speeches from Mr. Gardiner, Mr. Williamson, and D. McFarland, a manifesto to the farmers of Armagh, exhorting them to unite with their fellow-countrymen and their co-religionists in England and Scotland in relating coercion for ever and bankruptcy land legislation, was adopted and promulgated. At the same time the Orange party held a miserable hole-and-corner meeting in the Tontine Rooms, not quite two hundred persons, small boys included, being present.

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may have existed in the past, the Catholic and Protestant and Presbyterian tenants' feelings are now determined to go shoulder to shoulder, and make battle together for their common cause. A force of police was in attendance under Mr. Nagle, R. M., and Mr. Law, District Inspector, Coleraine, and a Government notice, colored a seat on the platform. The chair was taken by Mr. Kalps, Presbyterian tenant farmer. Amongst these present were Rev. James McGulgan, P. P., Killybegs; Rev. Joseph McKeefry, C. C., do; Rev. John McAllister, C. C., Killybegs; Rev. John Gibbon, C. C., Derry; Dr. Hogarty, P. L. G.; Messrs. P. Boyle, solicitor, Ballymore; S. Fullerton, Lisahally; J. Duncan, Forlomen; J. Adams, Tyrone; Wm. McIlpatrick, Drum-boly.

Galway. Judging from the sheet of eviction notices tabled in the board-room of the work-house, on May 11th, Mrs. Kirwan, of Blindwell, is about soon to enact "Currao" near home.

MY LORD LAUGHS. N. Y. Freeman's Journal. Lord Lansdowne's answer to William O'Brien's charges was a sneer and a laugh. It is easy to sneer and to laugh. Lord Lansdowne, surrounded by a crowd of "loyal" flatterers, forgets that he is on trial at the bar of public opinion; and that public opinion, which has acquitted the Parnellites of conspiring with murderers, has not acquitted him of a crime that cries to Heaven for vengeance—oppression of the poor. A sneer and a laugh will not save Lord Lansdowne from the consequences of his acts. It is the brutal and Orange way of meeting the appeals of the oppressed. But men like William O'Brien have turned the tables. They have the ear of the world. And Lord Lansdowne's laugh echoes through both hemispheres like the heartless jest of that financier of the time of the Revolution, who said: "The poor want bread? Let them eat grass." One day his head fell under the knife of the guillotine and ate dirt.

Lord Lansdowne comes of the class that would have the poor eat dirt. Happy to day, the defenders of the poor need not resort to the guillotine. Lord Lansdowne will find that privileges of his order will protect him as little in this bloodless revolution which Parnell and O'Brien are leading, as the privileges of their order protected some of the bloodiest and "nobler" oppressors in that bloodiest of revolutions at the remembrance of which the world still shudders.

Why does not Lord Lansdowne follow the advice of the Tories to the Parnellites, and force O'Brien to prove his charges? The Parnellites met the forged letter story of the Times and Sanderson with violent denial. The Governor-General of Canada laughs. He does not even deny the eviction horrors he has perpetrated. And our friends the Canadians may console themselves with the knowledge that they are ruled by a notorious and shameless robber of the poor—the man who tried to send his paupers to America, to perish or to live. It made no difference, so that he was rid of them.

Evidently Lord Lansdowne fancies that his Orange mob has made an end of O'Brien's mission. If the bullet aimed at O'Brien's head by one of Lansdowne's supporters had not missed, this noble landlord might have congratulated himself that O'Brien was at an end, too. But both O'Brien and his mission are indestructible. Lord Lansdowne compared William O'Brien to a star "shot madly from its course." And spitting, too, he is a star that falling, has set the world on fire.

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A whicker dye must be convulsed to, else, in any case, a remedy must be found, in appearance, and cheap in price. Buckingham's Dye for the whicker unites in itself all these merits. Try it.

B. B. B. Stead the Test. "I tried every known remedy I could think of for rheumatism, without giving me any relief, until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters, which remedy I can highly recommend to all afflicted as I was." Henry Smith, Milverton, Ont.

Domestic Economy. As a matter of economy it will pay every household to keep a bottle of Yellow Oil on hand for accidents and emergencies, such as cuts, burns, bruises and injuries. Rheumatism, neuralgia, gully and many painful diseases treated internally and externally by it often save large medical bills.

A. Valuable Di-covery. F. P. Tanner, of Neelburg, Ont., says he has not only found B. B. B. a sure cure for dyspepsia, but he also found it to be the best medicine for regulating and invigorating the system that he has ever taken. B. B. B. is the great system regulator.

Mr. Parquetts Bollen, Ottawa, says: "I was radically cured of piles, from which I had been suffering for over two months, by the use of Thomas' Electric Oil. I used it both internally and externally, taking it in small doses before meals and on retiring to bed. In one week I was cured, and have had no trouble since. I believe it saved my life."

CONSUMPTION CURED. An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh of the Throat and Lung Affections, also of a positive and radical cure of Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested his wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free, by mail, by return of postage, a small book, giving the full particulars of this simple, safe, and reliable remedy. Name this paper, W. A. NOYES, 187 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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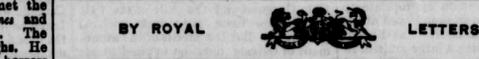
Constipation And Headache

Causes, directly or indirectly, fully one-half the sufferings which afflict mankind. It is usually induced by inactivity of the liver, and may be cured by the use of Ayer's Pills. C. A. Schomerus, Great Bend, Kansas, writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for Constiveness, with the most beneficial results." J. Windholm, Newark, N. J., writes: "Ayer's Pills cured me of chronic Constipation." Martin Koch, Huntington, Ind., writes: "Last year I suffered much from Biliousness."

And Headache. After using one box of Ayer's Pills I was quite well." C. F. Hopkins, Nevada City, Mo., writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills, and think they are the best in the world. They have cured me of Sick Headache and Neuralgia." W. L. Page, Richmond, Va., writes: "I have been a severe sufferer from Headache. Ayer's Pills afford me speedy relief." A. J. Forster, Dauphin St., Mobile, Ala., writes: "For a number of years I have been troubled with Constipation and Headache. After trying a number of so-called Liver Invigorators, without benefit, I was at last

Cured by Using Ayer's Pills. Rev. Francis B. Harlowe, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "For years I was subject to Constipation, from which I suffered increasing inconvenience, in spite of the use of medicines of various kinds. Some months ago, I began taking Ayer's Pills. They have entirely corrected the costive habit, and have vastly improved my general health." Hermann Brinnghoff, jewelry engraver, Newark, N. J., writes: "Costiveness, induced by my sedentary habits of life, at one time became chronic and exceedingly troublesome. Ayer's Pills afforded me speedy relief, and my occasional use has since kept me all right!" Ed. O. Easterly, Rockford, Ill., writes that he has been cured of chronic Constipation by the use of

Ayer's Pills. Sold by all Druggists. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.



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CAUTION. None is genuine without the Red Label, and the name of the inventor, "JOHNSTON'S," on each can. BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.

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The Marquis de Lorne and H. R. H. The Princess Louise, after testing all the exhibits in Canadian Court, purchased a handsome BELL ORGAN. Sales were made also to Right Hon. Sir Robert Bourke, Governor of Madras, Sir Robert Affleck and Lady Douglas, of Victoria, B. C. For Tone and Pleasing Design the Bell Organ maintains its supremacy as the best. Send for latest circular to

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HEALTH FOR ALL!!! HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT. THE PILLS Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless. THE OINTMENT Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal. FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, Colds, Glandular Swellings and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm. Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 78, N. OXFORD ST. (LATE 533, OXFORD ST.), LONDON, and are sold at 1s. 1/6, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 21s., and 38s. each Box of Pills, and of Ointment, by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not Oxford Street London, they are spurious.

NASAL BALM. A POSITIVE Cure For GOLD IN THE HEAD, CATARRH, HAY FEVER, &c. Pleasant, harmless, and easy to use. No Instrument required. Double required. One 50c. package Will convince. Beware of dangerous and harmful Imitations. Sent free on receipt of price. 50c. and \$1.00. FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

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(For the Catholic Record.) THE DEATH OF WAKUZA.

In the year 1795, a Hudson Bay Co's Factor, named MacAlpine, was sent with a party of Athabasca Indians to explore the remotest parts of the valley of the McKenzie River; and when several hundred miles north of any known habitation of man, a snow shoe track was discovered, the party examined the marks with great Astonishment at what appeared supernatural, care, and pronounced them to be the tracks of a woman of the Dogribed tribe—the track was followed for some days along the banks of the Red Deer River, and ultimately they discovered a hut in a little grove of spruce trees. A squaw was found there, and her story was as follows: Some years before she had, while on a hunting expedition, been taken prisoner by a party of Athabascas, her husband and two babies being murdered. She became the slave, and ultimately the wife of her captor; and lived long on the banks of the Lesser Slave Lake. Finally in the spring of 1800, she escaped with a canoe, and was derided many hundreds of miles of search of her people; but finding that there was no hope, she returned to her captors, and, having sworn animals for her food and dress, heroic endurance, and splendid courage, alone enabled her to escape the perils to which she had been exposed; and now, when recaptured by the enemies of her people, she was found surrounded by all the comforts known to the Indians. After telling upon the white Chief's generosity, and was brutally refused. The Indians then wrestled for her, and the victor claimed her as his slave. What followed is told in her own words, forming the subject of the following verses:

Shadows of night! Terrors of death about A slave to foes, the Arch foes of my Nation! I the poor heart that lapped the springs of Freedom. When I escaped the thraldom of my captors, When I escaped the bondage of my masters, Why did I live to be again their victim?

Long, and at peace I dwell amidst these forests; And the Good Spirit all my wants provides. Gave me the rabbits captured by my snaring. And the soft furs to warm my hut in winter; Nearer the regions of eternal winter Than any came, or ever dared before me.

Oh ye damp swamps—weep your sad fivers for me; And rest my woes, O River, on thy bosom— Mountains and winds echo my wail of sorrow. Far from my home—far from the joyous prairie; Shades of my fathers—Chieftains of my people— Hear the dark tent of night shall hide my slumber— Ere that I sink forever in the darkness— Hear the lament, the anguish of WAKUZA! From thy cold breast, O earth, I seek oblivion; Born to the earth by my dark fate's pursuit. Ere I shall pass forever into silence— Ere by my death I save the last possession. And the great gift and medicine of my honour— Leap up for once my dying tears to splendour; And thou in blazing Prophecy speak, my Spirit!

Shall the lone widow cry in vain for vengeance; Over her husband's blood, and slaughtered Widowed from home, and all that makes it a welcome place, the anguish of WAKUZA! Widowed of all good things, but of their fashion; This must needs leap up my breast of their life-blood! From cold and hunger ever was I guarded, I dwell at peace with Nature, and she loved me. When did the sun or stars or tempests harm me? Who trees or floods were waiting for to slay me? Who e'er, but coward Man, made war on woman!

Shall you dark Mountains, list, and unavailing; Shall you roll long thunders down the hidden canyons. When all the Plains shall cry aloud for vengeance. For this a woman's blood was cast upon them? Nay all the Earth shall arm her to avenge me. Nor the red lap of murder rest her children! And as I die, as ye shall see me perish; Ye too shall die, and pass into the silence; For death, not life, will avail ye. Beware—ye base renegades Athabascas! I see your bones are white beneath the sun!

I see your Nation rotting from the day-time; And such a frightful Death as yet you know not! Shall flap his wings in triumph o'er your women. So all the dead are foul upon the prairie; And all your Tribes rot down into oblivion! And thou, White Chief—because there is no pity In the cold heart, thou like yon pallid snow-drift, Shall stand no rest from tempests of affliction; And cold relentless billiards drift your life-time; Until you, yearning to the down and slumber, Shall lead in vain; for the wild wind shall mock you. And never shall you know the warmth of pity. To melt away your sorrows in the Spring-time!

Ye lough because you see I am defenceless— Because I cannot even defend myself from errors; Or garison the fortress of my virtue Against your lust! And yet your blinded fury— The very keenness of your bad desires Left me a road, a broad road to escape you! Behold, O Chief—the slave you scorn despise Behold, my authors—I the wrestler's guer— You! Have blood to seal and ratify our nuptials! (Stabs herself)

Now shall my shadow haunt ye, until vengeance Does thunder down the judgment of the Highest. An avenger on you risen Mountains— So shall your bad deeds make your souls accursed. And the Great Spirit blast you to Destruction. H. R. A. P.