

"In paper's last letter," Mr. Frederick Darrell had said this:

"One of their great financial crises, they tell me, is approaching in New York, involving many failures and immense loss. One of the most deeply involved, it is said, will be James Stuart. I have heard he is threatened with ruin. Let us hope, however, this may be exaggerated. Once I find it would be a fine thing, a brilliant idea if my Edith married James Stuart's son. How much better Providence has arranged! Once more, my dearest daughter, congratulate you on the brilliant vista opening before you. Your step-mother, who desires her love, never wears of spreading the wings of the bride of a great English baronet."

Mrs. Darrell's straight black brows met in a frowning line as she perused this parenthetical and pious epistle. The next instant it was torn into minute atoms, and scattered to the four winds of heaven.

There seemed to be some foundation for the news. Letters without end kept coming to Mr. Stuart; little boys bearing the omnibus orange envelopes of the telegraph company came almost daily to Poywza-place. After the letters and cable messages the gloom on Mr. Stuart's face deepened and darkened. He lost sleep, he lost appetite; and great and secret fear seemed to be preying upon him. What was it? His family noticed it, and enquired about his health. He rebuffed them impatiently; he was quite well—he wanted to be let alone—why the unaccountable-to-ears-polite need they badger him with questions? They held their peace and let him alone. That it in any way concerned commercial failure they never dreamed; to them the wealth of the husband and father was something illimitable—a golden river flowing from the golden ocean. That ruin could approach them never entered their wildest dreams.

He had gone to Edith one day and offered her a thousand dollar cheque.

"For your tresspass, my dear," he said. "I don't expect to give you—what I would give you, if—"

Edith gulped and passed. Things have changed with me lately. You will accept this, Edith—it will at least buy you a wedding-dress."

She had shrunk back and refused—not proudly or angrily—very humbly, but very firmly. From Charles's father she could never take a farthing now.

"I thank you all the same; you have given me more already than I deserve or can ever repay. I cannot take this—Sir Victor O'Gorman takes me as I am—poor, penniless. Lady Helena will give me a white silk dress and let me be married in. For the rest, after my wedding day, whatever my life may lack, it will not lack respect."

He had replaced his cheque in his pocket-book, inwardly thankful, perhaps, that it had not been accepted. The day was past when a thousand dollars would have been but as a drop in the ocean to him.

The time of departure was fixed at length; and the moment it was fixed, Tris flew upstairs, and into Edith's room, with the news.

"Oh, let us be joyful," sang Miss Stuart, ruzing in palm time up and down the room; "we're off at last, the day after tomorrow, Dithy; so go pack up at once. It's been very jolly, and all that, down here, for the past few weeks, and you've had a good time, I know; but I, for one, will be glad to hear the bustle and din of city life once more. One grows tired doing the pastoral land tooral—mean truly rural—and craves for shops, and daylight, and glitter, and crowds of human beings once more. Our rooms are taken at Langham's, Edie; and that blessed darling, Captain Hammond, goes with us. Lady Foris, Lady Gwendoline, and Lady Laura are coming also, and I mean to plunge headlong into the giddy whirl of dissipation and mingle with the bloated aristocracy. Why don't you laugh? What are you looking so sulky about?"

"Am I looking sulky?" Edith said, with a faint smile, "I don't feel sulky. I sincerely hope you may enjoy yourself even more than you anticipate."

"Oh—you do!" said Tris, opening her eyes; "and how about yourself—don't you expect to enjoy yourself at all?"

"I would, no doubt, only—I am not going."

"Not going?" Thunderstruck, Tris repeats the words.

"No; it has been decided that I remain here. You won't miss me, Tris, you have Captain Hammond, don't you?"

"Captain Hammond may go hang himself. I want you, and you I mean to have. Let us sit down and reason this thing out. Now, what new crochets has got into your head? May I ask what your ladyship elect means to do?"

"To remain quietly here until—until—you know."

"Oh, I know," with indescribable scorn; "until you are raised to the sublime dignity of baronet's wife. And you mean to mope away your existence down here for the next two months listening to love-making you don't care that about. Oh, no need to fire up; I know how much you care about it. And I say you shant. Why, you are fading away to a shadow now under it. You shall come up to London with us and recuperate. Charles shall take you everywhere."

She saw her wince—yes, that was where the vital place lay. Miss Stuart ran on:

"The idea of living under the same roof for two mortal months with the young man you are going to marry? You're a great stickler for etiquette—I hope you don't call that etiquette! Nobody ever heard of such a thing. I'm not sure but that it would be immoral. Of course, there's Lady Helena to play propriety, and there's the improvements at Cath-ran Royals to amuse you, and there's Sir Victor's endless 'loving' to edify you, but still I say you shall come. You started with us, and you shall stay with us—you belong to us, not to him, until the nuptial knot is tied. I wouldn't give a fig for London without you. I should die of the d'ials in a week."

"What, Tris—with Captain Hammond?"

"O, Edie, do come!"

"I can't, Tris." She turned away with an impatient sigh. "I have promised. Sir Victor wishes it, Lady Helena wishes it. It is impossible."

"And Edith Darrell wishes it. Oh, say it out, Edith," Tris retorted bitterly. "Your faults are many, but few of the truth used not to be among them. You have promised. Is it that they are afraid to trust you out of their sight?"

"Let us alone, Tris, I am tired and sick. I can't bear it."

She laid her face down upon her arm—fired, as she said—slept, soul and body. Every fibre of her heart was longing to go with them—to be with him while she might, treason or no to Sir Victor; but if could not be. Tris stood and looked at her, pale with anger.

"I will let you alone, Miss Darrell. More—I will let you alone for the remainder of your life. All the past has been bad enough. Your deceit to me, your heartlessness to Charles—this is the last drop in the cup. You throw us over when you have served

your turn for newer, grander friends—it is only the way of the world, and what one might expect from Miss Edith Darrell. But I didn't expect it—I didn't think ingratitude was among your failings. I was a fool," cried Tris, with a burst. "I always was a fool and always will be. But I'll be fooled by you no longer. Stay here, Miss Darrell, and when we say good-bye day after tomorrow, it shall be good-bye for ever."

And then Miss Stuart, very red in the face, very flashing in the eyes, bounced out of the room, and Edith was left alone.

Only another friend lost for ever. Well, she had Sir Victor O'Gorman left—he must suffice for all now.

All that day and most of the next she kept her room. It was no falsehood to say she was ill—she was. Shelly upon her bed, her dark eyes open, her hands clasped over her head, looking blankly before her. To-morrow they must part, and after to-morrow—but her mind gave it up; she could not look beyond.

She was downstairs when to-morrow came to say farewell. The white wrapper she wore was not whiter than her face. Mr. Stuart shook hands in a nervous, hurried sort of way that had grown habitual to him of late. Mrs. Stuart kissed her fondly, Miss Stuart just touched her lips formally to her cheek, and Mr. Charles Stuart held her cold fingers for two seconds in his warm clasp, looked with his own easy, pleasant smile, straight into her eyes, and said good-bye precisely as he said it to Lady Helena. Then it was all over; they were gone; the wheels that bore them away crashed over the gravel. Edith Darrell felt as though they were crashing over her heart.

That night the Stuarts were established in elegant apartments at Langham's Hotel.

But alas for the frailty of human hopes! "The splendid time" Tris so confidently looked forward to never came. The very morning after their arrival came one of the boys in uniform with another sinister orange envelope for the head of the family. The head of the family chanced to be alone in his dressing-room. He took it with trembling hand and bloodshot eyes, and tore it open. A moment after there was a horrible cry like nothing human, then a heavy fall.

(To be continued.)

**THE OLD RELIABLE.**

The remedy that has stood the test of time is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Almost infallible to cure dysentery, cholera morbus, and all manner of fluxes, choice cramps, cholera infantum, and every form of summer complaints.

**THE SPANISH ROYAL FAMILY.**

Madrid, August 4.—King Alfonso with Christina and the rest of the royal family leave La Granja on Saturday for the Province of Staander. On the northern coast the King and Queen purpose visiting the shrine of Pilyao, the Cave of Navadonga, and the historic cities of Santiago and Lema. The main object of the trip is, however, the inspection of the arsenal of Ferrol and the harbor of Vigo, where considerable improvements have been and are to be made. The new Cabinet proposes to devote several hundred thousand dollars towards strengthening these two places. Eleven vessels are now being built in Spain and six more are ordered in foreign dock-yards, to form a fast, powerfully armed squadron of cruisers for colonial waters. The royal family will return to Madrid about the end of this month, and early in September they will receive the visit of the King of Portugal, who, with King Alfonso, is to inaugurate the new railroad line between the two kingdoms in the Valley of the Doroero.

The Infanta Eulalia will shortly be married to an Austrian archduke, brother of Queen Christina. The princess Eulalia is barely seventeen, and her betrothed is still beardless.

**WHAT'S IN A NAME?**

The virtue of most of the patent medicines with which the market is flooded lies in the name, but the virtues of Burdock Blood Bitters lie in the fact that they cleanse the blood of impurities, and cure dyspepsia, biliousness and indigestion. Price \$1.00, trial bottle 10 cents.

**FROM BEDFORD, QUE.**

MISTRESS BROWNING CARE.

Bedford, Que., August 3.—A party of five from Bedford started on a fishing expedition to Pike River. It is supposed they drank freely and got intoxicated. Two of the party went out in a boat to get home, the other three remaining on shore. They were gone some little time, when one of those on shore called for those that went in the boat. When he called he saw but one man in the boat, who appeared to be sleeping. The man on shore called several times, and finally the man seemed to awake and was for the shore. The party who called asked where the missing man, Orris, was, and he replied that he had gone home, and he then said, "I have a log or a dead man on my line," and, on pulling the object on shore, it proved to be the man Orris, who went out with him. A party from Bedford, on learning of the accident, went down to the place to hear the particulars of the sad affair. They there found the unfortunate man lying, and, on examination, it was found that he had a very severe cut on the lips. The body is awaiting the Coroner's inquest.

**NO GOOD PREACHING.**

No man can do a good job of work, preach a good sermon, try a law suit well, doctor a patient, or write a good article when he feels miserable and dull, with sluggish brain and unsteady nerves, and none should make the attempt in such a condition when it can be so easily and cheaply removed by a little Hop Bitters.—*Albany Times.*

**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.**—Weary of Life. Derangement of the liver is one of the most efficient causes of dangerous diseases and the most prolific of those melancholy forebodings which are worse than death itself. A few doses of these noted Pills act magically in dispelling low spirits and repelling the covert attacks made on the nerves by excessive heat, impure atmosphere, over-indulgence, or exhaustive excitement. The most shattered constitution may derive benefit from Holloway's Pills, which will regulate disordered action, brace the nerves, increase the energy of the intellectual faculties and revive the falling memory. By attentively studying the instructions of taking these Pills, and obediently putting them in practice, the most despondent will soon feel confident of a perfect recovery.

**GENERAL BOURKE ON INFERNAL MACHINES.**

Gen. Bourke, one of the trustees of the Sirkmishing Fund, is reported as saying: "I don't know much about Crowe. He don't amount to much. What is the use of immortalizing such an idiot? I have no sympathy with the infernal machine men; I want to have nothing to do with them."

A WESTERNER IN IRELAND.

What he has Seen in his Travels.

LETTER FROM JAS. REDPATH

DUBLIN, July 13, 1881.

The English Delegation from the Democratic Federation more than confirm, in their public speeches, the pro-Raphaelite reports of the Northumberland and Durham Miners; but as some of them seem, to the unregenerated eye, to be protesting too much love for the Irish for the amount of service they are rendering them, and to founder of popularity than hard work, I shall pass them by with one remark only—that it illustrates the hypocrisy and cowardice of Gladstone's dealings with Ireland that he has arrested one priest only out of hundreds who have spoken as boldly, and even more boldly, than Father Sheehy, while he has imprisoned every earnest advocate of peasant proprietorship who has given him the slightest pretext; that he has not dared to seize a Bishop or Archbishop although several bishops have spoken as seditionously (which, in Ireland, under an English "Liberal" administration, means as truthfully), as the incarcerated Stawarts; and, furthermore, that not one of the Stawarts now in jail in any part of Ireland has ever uttered such treasonable opinions and denounced the administration in such unguarded words as those roving Englishmen, now and recently in this country, Gladstone and Bright are afraid of English constituencies, for they know that the arrest of representative Englishmen, even of the working classes, would tear off their "Liberal" masks before the eyes of the English people, and reveal the fact that a "Liberal" in office does not differ from a Tory excepting in his brogue. So these Englishmen defy Quaker Forster's buckshot policy with impunity.

I saw in Sackville-street the other day a tall, swarthy gentleman who was making himself unconsciously conspicuous by wearing a soft felt hat—the sacred emblem of our nationality abroad. I could not decide from his looks whether he was a Westerner or Southerner, and so I made his acquaintance, and found that both guesses were correct: that he was Captain Bell, of Dixon, Illinois, who had been a sharpshooter in our army, while his father had been a Brigadier-General in the Southern army. He is a man of like mind and intelligence, and I learned that, like myself, he had been both a journalist and lecturer at home. He has been in Ireland two months, travelling about all the time, mostly on jaunting cars in the south and southwest. He came to Ireland as I came at first, and as all the English deputations confess that they came—with a very scant supply of sympathy for the political uprisings of the Irish people, and with the feeling that while the Irish might have some wrongs, their English rulers were probably in no way responsible for them. But, like the rest of us, the scales have fallen from his eyes.

"What do you think of Irish landlordism?" I asked, "and English rule in Ireland now?"

"I think injustice," he replied, "is a very mild name for it—the whole thing is based on crime. I could not believe that any people would endure such wrongs patiently. Talk about the clamor, the discontent, the impetuosity of the Irish:—it is, no people on earth could be more submissive under such atrocious tyranny. These people, the real peasantry, are on the verge of starvation. None of them ever pretend to taste meat, or use their own butter or eggs, or any other marketable produce they may raise. Their food is sour milk and potatoes. Their huts are worse than the huts of the hotentots, and their clothes—well they are just a little better than our first parents, yet these poor creatures are vilified, both at home and abroad, because they dare even to complain!"

"How about the lawlessness in Ireland?"

"Well," replied Captain Bell, "I've been pretty well through the Counties of Cork, Kerry, Waterford, Limerick, Clare, Tipperary, Galway, and Roscommon, and I only saw one act of violence on the part of the people—I only saw the finale of it, so to speak—and to offset it, I saw what I certainly regarded as a deliberate effort on the part of the Government troops to incite an insurrection, and such a provocation would have been sure to lead to the annihilation of the troops in any part of America. There is no reign of terror in Ireland. Nowhere is life and property held more sacred. I felt as safe among these wild mountains of western Ireland as on my own farm near Dixon, Illinois. Every reported crime or outrage, whether true or bogus, and whatever its cause, is not only grossly exaggerated, but attributed to political disaffection. If a carless boy shies a pebble at a window treason must be lurking about! If an old woman drops a stone from a window on a policeman the district must be proclaimed! If a drunken brawler gets into a row with a neighbour, in a personal difficulty, the country is overrun with troops, and some Land Leagues must be marched to prison."

"What was the act of violence you saw?"

"I was at Blarney village, near Blarney Castle. I was walking out from Cork to see the castle, and I was quite near the village when I saw a man running down from the fields to the road, and heard shouts from the direction of the village; and then I saw a man running, or rather peeing—as near as he could get; he seemed tired out, and he was stark naked with the exception of one sock on his left foot! He was covered with blood and dirt. As he passed me he was panting and looked frightened to death—his look of terror reminded me of pictures of the dethroned fends in Milton. He passed in silence.

"I went out to the village and found that he was a process server. He had used his power, they said, in a very insolent way, and suddenly the exasperated woman attacked him, literally tore his clothes from him, and then whipped him with furs. He was surrounded by hundreds of furious women. The men took no part; they just stood aloof and snatched and laughed at the women. I understood afterwards that the landlord compromised with those tenants."

"What about the troops?"

"A Land League meeting was advertised to be held at Millstreet, a town of 7,000 inhabitants, about 30 or 40 miles from Cork. There had been no outrages in that district and there was no pretence that there was any danger of an outbreak. Yet the British Government, under Mr. Forster's advice, arbitrarily prohibited the meeting two days before, or proclaimed it as they call suppressing free speech in Ireland. The country people, of course, did not hear of the proclamation, and 20,000 or more came in. The streets were packed. The leaders did not intend to hold the meeting, and both the people, and the military, and the police officers understood it. Yet, without asking the people to disperse, or without asking the leaders to tell them

to go home quietly, a company of 52 dragoons, armed with sabres, carbines and revolvers, supported on both sides by companies of regular infantry, came from within the walled enclosure of the barracks, rode and marched into the centre of the crowd in the most insolent fashion, and formed in line of battle in the thickest part of the dense throng. It seemed to be deliberately intended to provoke the people. But the people understood it, and not a hiss was heard nor an excoise given for a massacre. But the scowling faces of the people revealed their thoughts clearly enough."

"Did you hear of any landlord outrages?"

"I consider all the evictions as landlord outrages. In every county I have travelled in I have heard tales of the cruelty and oppression of landlords which seem incredible; that I would not have believed if I had heard them in America; and that I would not have believed even here, if it had not been for the tangible evidences of ruin and poverty that lie scattered over the whole country."

"Give me an illustration or two?"

"Well, take Bence Jones, who had been described as a martyr in England, and who has written a book in defence of the landlords. I heard so many stories of his cruelty that I wonder how he has ever been allowed to live at all. I will give you one, told by Mr. Hurley, at Clonakilly. One peasant family had occupied a farm near Clonakilly for several generations. During the last famine the old people died of hardship and starvation. Before the surviving son was allowed to keep the little farm he had to pay a heavy fine—as the Irish call a bonus—Bence Jones, every year towards the relief fund in the name of the famine, or towards the relief of the tenants in any way. This poor fellow had to sell his little farm stock to pay this fine. He had a grown sister and two little orphan children, a brother and sister, I think, to support. These tender children yielded to the want and hardship of their lot, and sickened and died. During their sickness Bence Jones craftily asked the son how much it cost to support these children. The tenant said £10 a year. As soon as the children died Bence Jones raised the rent of the little farm £10 per annum, as he claimed that by their death the profits of the tenant would be increased to that amount.

"That's a sample," continued the captain; "it is the deliberate policy of the Irish landlords to allow the tenant just enough to keep soul and body together—but to keep him too poor to educate his children, too poor to organize, too poor to fight, and too poor to run away!"

"Bence Jones' rents were all very high?"

"Yes, very high. Mr. Hurley, who told me this story, said that it took all the profits of his farm and a portion of the profits of shop to pay his rent."

"Why do the peasants pay such rents?"

"They have no where else in God's world to go if they are turned out. Evictions mean death or starvation. Men like Hurley keep their farms even when they have a business, because their ancestors have always lived on them, and they hope by-and-bye to own them, I suppose."

Land Lansdowne in Kerry is another Irish landlord, like Bence Jones, who has posed as a good landlord. Did you see any of his tenants?"

"I travelled extensively in Kerry," said Captain Bell, "and I saw a good many of his tenants. While some of them spoke of him as a good landlord, I saw a great many cases of hardship and even cruelty."

"What did they mean by Lansdowne being a good landlord?"

"I find in Ireland, everywhere, that if the landlord simply allows them to live and doesn't evict them, the tenants talk of him as a good landlord. I have gone through the estates of these men who are called good landlords, and I have fully made up my mind that there is no such thing as a good landlord in Ireland. I found Lansdowne's rents to be very high—out of all proportion to the productive capacity of the land. The intelligent people I met in Kerry charge him not only with giving nothing to the relief of his tenants during the famine, but with making money out of the Government advances."

I omit Captain Bell's statement of Lansdowne's methods of turning Government advances intended for the tenant to his own personal use, as I explained in an elaborate article published last summer in the *New York Tribune*. These letters were republished in the Counties Kerry and Mayo, and neither Lansdowne nor his agent Tranchard deny their accuracy, although Lord Lansdowne, by tricky worthy of a Toom's lawyer, undertook to impeach the statements of my first letter, which related to his infamous father and grandfather, by pretending that I wrote them about himself.

"I remember," continued Captain Bell, "when in the mountain districts between Bantry and Kenmare, I was denouncing the wrongs of the peasantry that I had seen. The two young English gentlemen on the car with me were defending the landlords. They denied, with the usual arrogance of Englishmen, that such wrongs existed. I pointed to a miserable level on the mountain side as a specimen of the wretchedness of the people. The Englishmen said of course there was no rent paid for that I challenged them to go up with me. We stopped the car and ascended. The cabin was so low that we had to stoop to get in; the door was not over four and a half feet high; there was no chimney—only a hole in the thatch; the floor was the earth; there were a few chickens and ducks in the dark cabin; for it had no window; it was wretched beyond my power to describe. I asked the woman if she paid any rent. She said indeed she did; that she had enriched her little plot of ground by carrying manure up the mountain side on her back, 'but now,' she said, bursting into tears, 'I have to leave it, as they've raised the rent and I cannot pay it.' She said she was one of Lord Lansdowne's tenants. The Englishmen went back in silence, greatly moved, and made no further defence of the Irish landlords."

Lord Lansdowne has recently given notice of his intention to seek to defeat even Gladstone's petty scheme to give a few crumbs of justice to the peasantry of Ireland!

JAMES REDPATH.

**BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS**

Cures all diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys, female complaints, nervous and general debility, and builds up the entire system when broken down by disease.

The *Daily News* says it is believed we shall give bonds of cash in liquidation of our debts to America to the extent of fifteen millions.

The *Dublin Freeman's Journal* gives prominence to a revival of the report that Forster will resign the Chief Secretaryship for Ireland after the Land Bill has received the Royal Assent.

A brilliant young speaker in a town in Ontario, lately, when speaking of the natives of Canada, called them aborigines.

Irish Mail News.

**A LAND LEAGUE FAIR.**

The *Cork Examiner* of 16th July says:—Yesterday a fair was held at Buncleskew, under the auspices of the Land League, in opposition to the usual fair held in the neighboring village of Ballinacree, the landlord of which, it is alleged, has treated his tenants harshly. The fair appears to have been a success.

**ATTEMPTED SUICIDE OF A BAILIFF.**

The correspondent of the *Freeman*, writing from Ballinacree on 16th July last, says:—A sheriff's bailiff attempted suicide by cutting his throat rather than assist at three evictions in the neighborhood.

**ABORTIVE SALE OF MEADOWING.**

The correspondent of the *Irish Times*, writing from Ennis on July 16th, says:—Yesterday about sixty acres of prime meadowing on the lands of the Craghain, the property of George Stackpoole Mahon, Esq., were offered for sale. There was a large attendance, but only three acres were sold to three different parties, at £4 an acre. Although they paid a deposit of half a sovereign they declined to take the hay. The intention was to buy the hay, because the agent, Mr. Richard Stackpoole, J.P., Edendale, had some difference with his tenants in trying to enforce payment of his rents.

**A POLICEMAN'S MISTAKE.**

The *Cork Examiner* of July 9th says:—At the Skibbereen petty sessions, yesterday, Charles O'Regan, bill poster, was summoned for assaulting the police in Skibbereen, on the 7th June last, when a party of constabulary were on their way to Ballydeob. Sub-constable Rilly, stationed in Bandon, swore that O'Regan picked up a stone in the street, and threw it in the direction of the head-constable; but three witnesses for the defence swore that O'Regan was not on the street at all at the time, and could not have thrown any stone without their seeing him. The bench dismissed the case without prejudice.

**BOYCOTTING CATTLE SEIZED FOR RENT.**

The *Express* of 18th July says:—The cattle seized for rent on the farm of John Power, Newtown, near Youghal-bridge, were driven into Duagarva on Saturday evening in charge of six bailiffs and 150 police. Captain Power, whose yard has been used as a pound, now refused to allow the cattle in. Several other persons in town were applied to by the police and sheriff for the use of their yards, but with a similar result. The cattle were kept on the street for fully an hour in charge of the police. The bailiffs were looted and groaned at by the crowd, and some stones were thrown. The cattle were at length driven to the police barrack, where they are impounded at present. The sheriff has issued a notice announcing that the boycotted cattle will be sold in the courthouse on Monday next, no other place being available for the sale. The bailiffs will proceed against some of the persons by whom stones were thrown. Proceedings will also be taken against Captain Power for refusing the use of his yard to the authorities.

**A GRAVE'S WARNING.**

The *Express* of 18th July says:—Two men were cutting hay on a farm adjacent to Lynagh on Friday, for Mr. Peter Blake, J. P., of Hollypark. The farm was lately sold by the sheriff and purchased by Mr. Blake, the landlord. On their arrival on Saturday morning they were surprised to find a grave dug, six feet long and three feet deep, in the meadow. A notice was also posted threatening the lives of the men if they continued to cut the hay. The men left, and at once communicated with the police.

**RELIEVING A BOYCOTTED LANDLORD.**

The *Express* of same date says:—On Saturday the Emergency Committee sent a party of five laborers to cut and save the hay of Mr. Henry D. Head, J. P., of Ballyquinane, near Nenagh. In reference to the above case, the *Nenagh Guardian* says that one of the worst cases of "boycotting" which has occurred in that part of the county has taken place within the last few days. Mr. Henry D. Head, J. P., Ballyquinane, being obliged to have visited served on five of his tenants on his Barnagora property for non-payment of rent, has been subjected to the greatest persecution. Notices were extensively posted up through the district to "Boycott the tyrant!" The result has been that all his servants have left him, and that himself and his family have to perform all the menial duties necessary for his establishment, oven to milking the cows. Mr. Head has also to go about guarded by police.

**ATTACK ON A BAILIFF.**

The correspondent of the *Freeman*, writing from Limerick on 18th July, says:—Last evening, while a land bailiff named Patrick Ryan, was going home from this city to where he temporarily resides at Corbally, he was set upon by a small party of men, who beat him with sticks and stones. Ryan got a severe, rough handling, and was beaten about the head with a loaded butt. The constabulary were apprised of the outrage, and at three o'clock this morning Constable Young, of Corbally, arrested Patrick Shanny, aged 21, a small farmer's son, for being concerned in the affair. Ryan's condition is considered so critical that depositions in the case were taken this afternoon before Mr. Jerome Counihan, J. P.

**BOYCOTTING A CARGO.**

The correspondent of the *Freeman*, writing from Cork on Monday says:—A cargo of prepared timber for a new structure which is being erected by the Rev. Dr. Webster in the College road arrived this morning in Cork from England. A report went out that the timber was sent over by Mr. Bence Jones, and, the report being received as true, a determined attempt was made to boycott the cargo. The laborers engaged refused to work, and the carriers also declined to perform the service.

**RELIEVING AN EVICTED TENANT.**

The *Cork daily papers* of 19th July say:—At the weekly meeting of the Limerick Board of Guardians on Thursday Major H. M. Sandes occupied the chair. Amongst the applicants for outdoor relief was a man named Michael Broderick, who represented himself and his wife and five children as being in a very destitute condition. Chairman—Is this man the late guardian for Gainsborough electoral division? Clerk—He is, sir. After some discussion, 10s per week was allowed.

**MR. BENCE JONES' RENTS.**

A correspondent of the *Cork Examiner* says:—Young Mr. Bence Jones and his companions left for England last week, having remained about three weeks at Lisselane. The 7th of December and the 7th of July were the gale days appointed by his father for receiving the September and March rents, which were up to the present paid most punctually at his residence, or if not proceedings taken against those who

failed to do so. The young gentleman waited on the 7th of the month to receive the rents, but no one put in an appearance. They then left for England. A large number of tenants owe twelve months' rent to Mr. Bence Jones, and to them that we will accept a half year's rent.

**BOYCOTTING A LANDLORD IN LISBERRY.**

The *Cork Herald* says:—Yesterday Mr. Michael Hartigan, auctioneer, George street, held an auction of 60 acres of meadowing at Ballygarra, for Mr. Henry Croker, J.P. An attempt at a sale made on a farm from which a farmer named O'Rourke was capriciously evicted some time since, about two years ago, and this circumstance seems not to have been forgotten, as the farmers refused to buy, and the sale was almost completely "boycotted." The farm is in trust for a minor, young Mr. Croker Monck. There was but one acre of meadowing bought at yesterday's sale, and this by a smith, it is said, who had his own reason for purchasing.

"TIX QUINLAN'S CASTLE" AGAIN.

Tuesday's papers have the following:—Another military expedition visited the neighborhood of Quinlan's Castle yesterday, in order to prevent bailiffs in evicting ten tenants on the property of Colonel Hare. The force consisted of 200 men of the 9th Regiment and 200 police. There was no disturbance.

**BOYCOTTING MR. GODDARD.**

The *Cork correspondent of the Irish Times*, writing on Tuesday, says:—At the county Cork assizes yesterday, Mr. L. O'Gorman, owner of a hotel at Charleville, was placed in the dock on a charge of having refused to entertain Mr. Norris Goddard and the members of the Property Defence Association at his hotel on March 16th. The accused pleaded not guilty. After a lengthy hearing the jury disagreed and were discharged.

The London correspondent of the *Dublin Nation* says:—In the midst of question time on Monday last, and while the House was restless, distracted, and noisy, the Prime Minister advanced to the table and commenced to make some statement. The first few words were not distinctly heard over the buzz of conversation, but suddenly the words "Irish Land Commissioners" were audible, and a roar of "Order, order," as a call for silence, went through the assembly. Everyone bent forward eagerly, every ear was strained. He might now have spoken in a whisper. It was the great revelation of the whole debate; the names of the commissioners were to be announced. In the stillness of an anxious hush he read them out. "Mr. Sergeant O'Hagan; Mr. Edward Falconer Lytton, M. P.; and Mr. John E. Vernon." There was a deadlike silence of a moment unbroken by a single cheer. Then suddenly broke forth one of the most singular and startling demonstrations ever witnessed in the House. A roar of groans—not mere exclamations of "oh, oh," which is the strongest Parliamentary form of disapprobation, but downright groans—burst from the whole body of Irish members. What seemed most to impress the House was the manifest spontaneity of this strange outburst. It was totally unprovoked. It seemed impulsive, instinctive. No man had a moment to consult his neighbour. With a common thought, feeling, and purpose the whole body as one man groaned—groaned fiercely, vehemently—for fully three or four minutes, amidst the silent, uneasy wonderment of the House. I looked at the Prime Minister's face. It was deathly pale. He seemed utterly taken aback—completely stunned. I rarely saw such a sorrowful, woebegone expression on his countenance. Apparently he had looked for or been led to expect a burst of cheers instead of those fearful groans. Somebody had misled him. "Some one had blundered."

**SAYINGS AND DOINGS.**

Mr. Crowe, of Pooria, is surely a scare-crow.

*La Patrie* says Mr. Joseph Tasse, M. P., is furious at Mr. Frechette's success. It is then easy to put Mr. Tasse in a rage.

Mr. Phipps, who turned out the late Government, is not politically dead yet. He is now pitching into the "other fellows."

"The *New York Freeman's Journal* is grand this week. It abuses everything and everybody. Go ahead," Mr. McMaster, dear sir!"

Three officers of the Life Guards, in London, recently declined to join the ball given by that corps, because they could not afford it.

It is admitted that the "Royal Irish" received the greatest amount of approbation of all the regiments recently paraded before the Queen.

In Edinburgh a shipowner of Glasgow has accepted a tender of \$25,000 from the Caledonian Railway Company on account of injuries received in a collision in September last.

An Iowa husband on going home found his wife carousing with four men. He indignantly got the five offenders into five separate rooms, locked the doors, and then thrashed them soundly, one by one.

There is trouble in the Methodist church at Hickey Point, Ill., because cigars were sold at the Sunday school festival to small boys, several of whom indulged in their first smoke on that occasion.

A dying thief was compassionately released from the Rhode Island State prison, and sent to pass his remaining days at home in Providence; but before his death he crawled out and robbed seven houses.

A sheep dary for the manufacture of cheese has been started near Chattanooga. Sheep cheese is a popular article of food in Austria, and this enterprise, beginning with 1,000 sheep, is under the management of an Austrian.

"The gutter mud of to-day," says a medical writer, "with its deadly septic organisms, becomes the dust of to-morrow, and in respiration is deposited upon the mucous membrane of the respiratory passages of those who breathe it."

The Rev. Mr. Thompson, addressing an Orange gathering at Johnston, Scotland, on the glorious Twelfth, said:—"I have preached in Rome against the Pope. I see many men in this crowd who, if they only washed their faces, would be better looking than the Pope."

A writer in the *Dublin Review* says: "I remember seeing, a few days after the battle of Worth, a party of German infantry paraded for guard duty. One of the men had his accoutrements out of order, upon which the inspecting officer slapped his face." And yet the men thus treated want to emigrate.

A society for the Promotion of Marriage was started two years ago in Cincinnati. An inaugural picnic was given, and one of the ceremonies was the marriage of James McHugh and Belle Walker. The society died quietly soon afterward. Its memory has now been revived by the brutal murder of Mrs. McHugh by her husband.