

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE
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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22.

CATHOLIC CALENDAR

For June, 1881.
THURSDAY, 23.—Octave of Corpus Christi.
Vigil of St. John Baptist.
FRIDAY, 24.—Nativity of St. John Baptist.
SATURDAY, 25.—St. William, Abbot.
SUNDAY, 26.—Third Sunday after Pentecost.
SS. John and Paul, Martyrs.
Ecclesi. xlv. 10-15; Gosp. Luke xii. 1-8;
Last Gosp. Luke xv. 1-10.
MONDAY, 27.—Sacred Heart of Jesus (June 24).

THE CENSUS RETURNS are not yet published, but from information that has leaked out it is learned that, notwithstanding the exodus, Canada will have gained a million in population since 1871.

AFTER a lengthened session of the Ontario Medical Council, at Toronto, the plucked students who complained of Dr. Sullivan, of Kingston, anatomical examiner, requested permission to withdraw their charges. The result of the discussion was a full and complete vindication, not only of Dr. Sullivan's ability, but of his thorough honesty of purpose.

WE beg to inform the subscribers both to THE POST and TRUE WITNESS that we are now making an effort to improve both papers to such an extent as will involve a heavy expenditure. We have engaged the famous James Redpath as our Irish correspondent, and we are negotiating with an Irish M. P. to act as our correspondent in London in order to have the Irish side of the great struggle presented to our readers. We trust that our subscribers will in turn appreciate our efforts to give them the worth of their money and show such appreciation by promptly and cheerfully paying up their subscriptions, accounts for which have been sent out this week.

THE London Times and its imitators suggest that the best way to cure the resistance to evictions in Ireland would be for once to allow the mob to assemble, and then to make an example of them with musketry, something like Brigadier-General Napoleon's Whiff of Grape-shot. It says in effect that a few hundred of the people should be slaughtered, and then when all is quiet a little justice might be meted out. Singularly enough the same panacea was recommended for the Boers by the Times and Telegraph this time last year. "First," said they, "show them the majesty of Britain, and then fling them some kind of a government." This advice was acted upon, and the result is known; the majesty of Britain went down in the dust of South Africa.

FOR the hundredth and first time we are cabled that the power of the Land League is waning. It used to be that Mr. Parnell had broken the Irish party into pieces by his obstreperous conduct, or that the Pope had severely condemned the Land agitation, but now it is that the Land League has collapsed. And this too in the face of the fact that the Orangemen of the North have joined the ranks in large numbers and cheer for Davitt instead of King William. It is as hard as it is disagreeable for English correspondents to tell the truth about Ireland. For a whole week we heard little through the cable except the movements of an army in the direction of Quinlan's castle, and now we discover by the mail that the famous fortalice is nothing but a heap of ruins, whose only defenders were the owls and the bats, except one old crazy woman who had taken up her abode there and shook her crutch at the Guards who came to disturb her.

THE quarrel between France and Italy is becoming very serious and bitter. If Italy felt that she could cope with France in the field, she would no doubt have made the seizure of Tunis a casus belli, but she was wise enough to realize that as between France and herself she would have little chance. Italy has been fortunate in seizing opportunities for purposes of unification, but she has never dared to contend single-handed against one of the great powers. She got roughly handled by land and by sea in her contest with Austria in 1866, though that power was then engaged in her short, terrific struggle with Prussia, but nevertheless she obtained Venetia as a reward for her alliance, just as seven years before she obtained Lombardy by French assistance. She would certainly at-

taek France to-morrow if she saw her in difficulties, and she will keep Tunis in her gizzard for a long time to come. It was all the same imprudent of France to offend Italy so deeply; the hatred of a growing nation is hardly compensated for by the possession of Tunis, especially when it is considered that before long she may be engaged in a death struggle with Germany for the recovery of what is infinitely dearer to her than an African Province. Still French statesmen are not fools, and it may be that France may some day cede Tunis to Italy as the price of her assistance against Germany. Whatever understanding may exist between the French and Italian Governments, the riots at Marseilles show the hatred between the nationalities, though it does seem somewhat odd that the Italians of that city should not be able to exercise more self-restraint, seeing that they are enjoying the hospitality of France, and that after all Tunis has not belonged to Italy since the time of Belisarius.

THE General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church was held in Kingston this week. The Reverend Mr. Chiniquy turned up on the platform, for that great man is now a Presbyterian luminary and believes in John Calvin almost as firmly as he does in good living and easy circumstances. He referred to his Australian mission, but he overlooked that part of it wherein he told the guileless people of the antipodes that his preaching had caused the Cathedral of Notre Dame to be deserted, for, master of theological statistics and all as he is, he could hardly reconcile the assertion with that of another reverend gentleman who put down the number of French Canadian Protestants as a few thousands. Mr. Chiniquy's excuse for preferring to operate in the United States to Canada was very lame; his anxiety to save their precious souls will not hold water with any one who has read Mr. Court's pamphlet and remembers that the Evangelization clique, Mr. Chiniquy at the head, were far more anxious to save money. Indeed the missionary business is altogether a money making stock company, set in motion to afford a living, without hard work, to several clerical young gentlemen and colporteurs. We have often asked, and we ask again, why it is those missionaries do not go among the heathen, for surely they will acknowledge the French Canadians are at least Christians. Is it because their precious lives would be endangered or that they could not bring their wives along, and the creature comforts of which they are so proverbially fond. Missionaries, indeed!

The terrible nineteenth of June has come and has gone, and the earth swings as smoothly on its axis as before. Even Professor Glimmer, if he has not committed suicide, is still alive, though perhaps disgusted at the non-fulfillment of his grim prophecy. Now that we feel pretty safe after the conjunction of the planets, it were useless to deny that a good many ignorant people, who are prone to believe in Mother Shipton and her commentators, were a good deal frightened during the hours that elapsed from Saturday at midnight until three o'clock on Sunday morning, and we can almost excuse the terror of Ottawa's enlightened citizens when they felt a shock of earthquake half an hour before the time when the world was to go into smash. It is a positive fact that hundreds, perhaps thousands, of ordinarily sensible people, especially females, living in this good city of Montreal, refused to go to bed on Saturday night, lest they should be caught napping, until the dreaded hour passed by, and that consequently breakfast was late in a number of houses on Sunday morning. But what is to be done with those astronomers and professors and astrologers who play upon the systems of nervous people? What are our splendid lunatic asylums for if not to take charge of those moon-struck idiots who because they have learned enough to find out that certain planets will occupy a certain relative position towards our earth and the sun, at a certain time, indulge in alarmist prophecies and drive foolish people as crazy as themselves? We would suggest that when next the "prophets" go in for predictions the authorities seize hold of them, and then if at the hour and minute specified their predictions are found to be false their heads be at once struck off as an example and a warning to future humbugs. This may seem bloodthirsty, but look at the numbers of people they drive into asylums for the insane, and then conscientiously name a lighter punishment.

THERE seems to be a lull in Irish affairs at present. The Land Bill is dragging its slow length through committee, and notwithstanding that some progress has been made lately, it will not be ready for emasculation or death at the hands of the Lords until near the close of the parliamentary session, which generally takes place early in August. The Bill has lost all interest for the tenant farmers in Ireland—those who should be most interested—for every day's light thrown upon it shows it up all the more clearly for the sham it is. Meanwhile the British army, horse, foot and artillery, guards and Royal Irish Constabulary, with Bucksfoot Forster at their head, are winning imperishable laurels each day, defeating Tim Kennedy here, vanquishing the Widow Flannery there, and throwing down the cabins of the peasantry everywhere. The French are reported to have said, alluding to the British cavalry charge at Balaklava, "this is magnificent, but it is not war," but if they witnessed the charge of the bold Hussars over the haggart of Tim Maloney they would transpose the famous saying, and exclaim in admiration, "this is war, but it is not magnificent." And so say we all. There are now

in the British and Irish bastilles over one hundred "disolute characters and village ruffians," but the agitation goes on all the same, with this difference, that more crime accompanies it on account of the absence of those who held a restraining influence. The Right Honorable Bucksfoot has thrown off the mask altogether, and he now goes around bellowing like a mad bull, and is also like a bull, baited and badgered in the Commons by the wicked Irish members until he lashes his sides with his tail, or, at least, would do so if possessed of that useful appendage. The agitation is now extending to Scotland, and there is little doubt that England will feel its effect before the year is out. The British land system, according to Mr. Shaw Lefevre is a failure, but it is a pity that it was reserved for American competition to open the eyes of British statesmen to the fact. A farmer can no longer pay rent and live. It should now be the earnest desire of the thorough land reformer that the peers throw out the bill so that an agitation will be inaugurated abolishing landlordism altogether from off the earth. It is to be hoped the Duke of Argyll and the Marquis of Salisbury will hold out, and not like the valiant Bob Acres allow their courage to ooze through their fingers' ends at the last moment.

THE POWER OF PUBLIC PLUNDER.

IT is not alone Wendell Phillips or Henry George who, as great social reformers, are sounding the warning of the coming conflict between labor and capital, and prophesying that the opposing forces will not wait long before they come into collision. One cannot take up a magazine, either American or English, without finding an article treating on the great question, written by some profound thinker, who anxiously suggests a compromise before it is too late. Some of those magazine articles are written by their authors in a spirit of hope, others in a despairing tone, but all agree that they are hearing the edge of a precipice at a rapid rate and that, strange to say, it is the Government which seem least interested. It is true that the British Government is making a half-hearted effort to patch up, or cover over the differences which exist between landlords and tenants, who are capitalists and laborers, but with such an excruciating regard for what it considers vested interests and class privileges that it is doubtful if it will satisfy either of the parties. Most of the writers we refer to predict that it is on this continent the struggle will begin, and that the time will be the second year of the next great depression, not that the American laboring classes are worse off than those of Europe, but that they are more intelligent. They possess knowledge, and knowledge is power. They read the papers and scientific periodicals, and they realize that force is on their side, although the billions are on the other, and that if they unite and apply this force properly they are sure to win.

In the June number of the North American Review appears an article from the pen of Mr. James Parton, a writer of acknowledged power, which, although it does not treat directly on the great social problem, draws a graphic picture of its surrounding conditions and the fearful power which money has obtained over the social and political life of the United States. He points to the fact that the millionaires and monopolists are the actual rulers of the United States, and that the President, the Senate, and the House of Representatives are their humble servants to command. At the last general election it was the more generous party which won, and not the more popular. Had Tilden and English been more liberal and tapped their bar's New York and Indiana would have gone Democratic, and so President Gafield, although ostensibly elected by votes, owes his position in reality to the almighty dollar. In future three or four wealthy railroad corporations will decide the Presidential contests, as they at present decide Senatorial and Gubernatorial contests. Syndicates and corporations have almost every State in the Union by the throat—very soon there will be no exception. Such men as Jones and Fair are no more fit to be Senators than Cardinals, but yet have they made their way into that illustrious body by sheer force of money. Look at Senator Sessions, a few days ago coolly and deliberately approach Bradley, a member of the New York Legislature, and hand him an envelope enclosing \$3,000. For what? Why, that he might vote for the half-bred candidate for the Senate instead of the stalwart. Perhaps, Bradley was honest—though honesty in a New York State politician is rare, perhaps considering the prosperous times, he thought the amount too small, but the question is how many members received envelopes and kept silent? The parties empowered to bribe have unlimited resources evidently; there are any amount of Corporations in New York and other States who would cheerfully tax themselves to the extent of hundreds of thousands to sustain the present obliging administration. Bribery is everywhere, and America contains thousands of Boss Tweeds. There is never a year that some great scandal does not come to light, but how many of them lie concealed, buried away 'neath the consciences of honorable Senators and Congressmen? Horace Walpole said that every man had his price, from a duke down (or rather up) to a hod carrier, and the saying is equally true of the great Republic of the present day. The rich are growing richer and the poor becoming poorer, as Mr. Henry George says, and corruption is eating the vitals out of the State. The cure for all this, Mr. Parton contends, is to induce the great men of the Republic to enter public life by giving them larger salaries, and placing them above want and temptation, thus depriving

the political corner grocers and saloon keepers of their influence, and purifying politics. He points to France, where for four centuries no member of the government was found guilty of speculation, forgetting that the French are no better paid than the Americans, and in his zeal for the proud intellectuals who will not enter public life for fear of losing their virtue, he wanders off from the forty-nine million laborers and their coming conflict with the million capitalists.

THE ENGLISH LAND MOVEMENT.

ALMOST every mail confirms our opinions that the English land question is assuming such large proportions that it will be the next great problem which will present itself for solution to the Imperial Parliament. The intelligent English correspondents of the American papers, but more particularly of the New York Sun and the New York World, have of late given this question their special attention, and the conclusion one arrives at after reading their letters is that a great revolution is impending. American competition has ruined the English as well as the Irish agriculturist who has to pay rents, and if the former has not like the latter struck for reduction of rents it is because he has large centres of industry to fly to. But, indeed, it is not necessary that he should agitate for such reduction, as the landlords are only too happy to offer him the use of the land on the easiest terms and give him every encouragement, besides, to stay and cultivate the soil. But no, he cannot even do that; he cannot pay any rent and live,—at least any that the owner could accept and also live, so as a consequence a large proportion of the farms in the agricultural counties are deserted, and in a year hence it may be that appalling agricultural statistics will be furnished us. A great change is evidently necessary, and a great change will be made. The hour and the man has arrived, Mr. Joseph Arch is once more to the front, and this time his figure as an agitator is bigger and more threatening. He writes to the prime minister for an assimilation of the county and borough franchise, a measure which will admit an immense number of agricultural laborers within the pale of the constitution and give the aristocracy what they themselves facetiously term "a new batch of masters." Mr. Gladstone courteously replies to Mr. Arch (he is not replying to an Irish agitator) that the assimilation asked for will form the piece de resistance of next session's work. Mr. Arch also requires that the law of entail and primogeniture be abolished, that their shall be free trade in lands, that the Anglican Church be disestablished, he wants in fact a great many things which will most assuredly be given him, and for demanding which many generations of Irishmen have been branded as demagogues and agitators, if not rebels and traitors. The English tenant farmers and laborers are now demanding in a quieter, but not less threatening way, what their Irish fellow-subjects have demanded so angrily under the pressure of great suffering. But what is surprising is that Mr. Gladstone, in his courteous answer to Mr. Joseph Arch, does not suggest a penance in the shape of emigration of the distressed agriculturists. He dares not; the proposition would be met with a howl of indignation from the half-million unionists Mr. Arch has under his control. The English aristocracy were after all, wise (and right in their own way) in so fiercely resisting the disestablishment of the Irish Church and concessions to the tenant farmers, knowing that if granted they would have to meet the same demands coming from a quarter to which they could oppose less resistance. Like causes produce like effects, and Mr. Gladstone's little axe at the root of the Upas tree struck a blow which made aristocracy totter upon its pedestal. It is tottering yet, and its fall cannot be much longer delayed.

ENGLAND'S DECLINE

WE presume no one—except it may be a half-crazy Anglo-Israelite—imagines for a moment that England is to be an exception among the nations, and that her great empire will last forever. England is only one of the great powers of the earth, while Rome was essentially the great world-ruling power par excellence, and yet, although her rule held sway over the civilized world—and certainly over nine-tenths of the Caucasian race—for more than half a thousand years she had ultimately to succumb when her system became rotten. Her empire, too, was all of one piece of which the imperial city was the centre. It was compact and defensible; no portion of it was cut off from immediate assistance, so far as warlike and disciplined legions, good roads, and numerous and well equipped galleys could render it. The Roman was altogether a different empire from that of Britain. England holds sway only over inferior races, such as the effeminate Hindoos and her own children whom she sent forth to colonize the possessions she had seized from France, Portugal, Holland and other countries, whose sailors had originally discovered them. When she attempted anything on the European continent she experienced ridiculous failures, except in the instance of Gibraltar which she entered like a thief in the night. Her empire is, therefore, a purely colonial one, which, for obvious reasons, will some day collapse as suddenly as a balloon which is pricked in a hundred places. It must be remembered that England obtained her vast possessions chiefly in the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries, when the nations of Europe were engaged cutting the throats of one another, and when France, her great rival, was continually at war with some continental power, and therefore not in a position to prevent England marching off with India, New France and

other places on the earth's surface which the enterprise of her Generals, Admirals, and navigators had secured.

England has now on her hands an empire which she is not able to defend. Captain Kirchohammer, a distinguished officer of the Austrian staff, has written an article in the Nineteenth Century, showing England's impotence as a military power. This article is so clear, so logical, and so incontrovertible that it has excited great attention in Europe, into most of whose languages it has been translated. Captain Kirchohammer says that at no distant day the British Empire must be limited to the United Kingdom, and he might have gone still further and lost none of his credit for prophecy if he said it would be confined to Great Britain alone, for although identical interests may keep England and Scotland together it is evidently Ireland's aspirations to be an independent Republic, looking to an American alliance. But lest Captain Kirchohammer might be deemed an enemy to England, during Gladstone's time at least, and therefore prejudiced, out comes Lord Dunsany in the same periodical with another article showing in cold blooded English that England cannot cope with a combination of European powers on the sea. An alliance for instance between France and Germany for one year would give the quietus to the British Empire. Steam has changed the conditions of naval warfare altogether. Lord Dunsany, who, let it be understood, is an Admiral in the English navy, knows what he is writing about when he says that England's fleet cannot possibly protect her colonies and India (not to speak of disaffected Ireland) against such a combination as France and Germany, or France and the United States. Nay, she could not protect her own shores, and once an army of invasion gained a footing in England the whole empire was in its grasp. Just fancy a German commander having his cold hand upon the financial heart of the world.

But suppose the British Empire did collapse to-morrow, would it be a great misfortune? Are the people of a great Empire happier than those of a small state? Quite the contrary. The two vastest empires in the world are those of England and Russia, and where else shall we seek for so much proportionate degradation, sorrow and suffering. If the sun never sets on the British Empire, neither does a famine ever cease devouring some part of its population, and Russia is almost as bad. Six millions of people perished in India some few years ago of famine and its concomitants, and more than a million in Ireland in '48, '49 and '50. Turn from them to such small States as Holland, Belgium, Portugal and Switzerland. Were Ireland independent she would be happy; so would Poland; so would other nations now absorbed by great powers.

The world will not be sorry for the fall of either the Russian or British empires. They are too unwieldy, especially the latter. Canada, England's noblest colony, should be prepared for complete independence when the crash comes. Indeed, she is now a grown nation big enough and strong enough to look out for herself. She should be ashamed of being a colony and perhaps she is. The thoughts of Canadians are tending more and more either to annexation or independence, let us hope the latter.

THE Montreal Witness has an Irish correspondent—a lady, and a most intelligent one—who sends on letters on the state of Ireland that are as harrowing as any that James Redpath himself could write, and would no doubt be taken as gross exaggeration if they appeared in THE POST. She does not spare the landlords, and she tells the truth as any one can see. We clip the following extracts from her last letter:—

The fact of the matter is, and I would be false to my own conscience if I hesitated to say it, these people have been kept drained bare; the hard years reduced them to helpless poverty, and now the only remedy is to get rid of them altogether. The price of these military and police, the price of these special services rendered to unpopular landlords to aid them in grinding down these wretched people, spent to help them would far make prosperity possible to them once more. If they had a rent they could pay and live, the mill stone of arrears taken from about their necks, I believe they would become both loyal and contented. Empty stomachs, bare clothing lying hard and cold at night for poverty is trying to loyalty. The turbar nuisance is the great oppression of all. Want of food is bad, but want of fuel added to it! Forty years ago renting land meant getting a bit of bog in with the land. When there is a special charge for the privilege of cutting turf and the times hard there is much additional suffering. In the famine time people getting relief had to travel for the ticket, travel to get the meal, and then go to gather whins or heather on the hills to cook it, and the hungry children waiting all the time. A respectable person said to me the famine was worst on respectable people, for looking for the red ticket and carrying it to get meal by it was like the pains of death. Wherever I went through Leitrim I saw people, scattered here and there, gathering twigs for fuel or coming toward home with their burden of twigs on their back. I declare I thought often of the Israelites scattered through the fields of Egypt, gathering stubble instead of straw. A tenant who objects to anything, who is not properly obedient and respectful, can have the screw turned upon him about the turf as well as I have seen it. The County Leitrim, as far as I have seen it, is the poorest land I have yet seen. The people farm under difficulties. Men and boys dragging out manure in carts on their backs is a common sight. Asses—and such asses—miserable things looking as if they would need to lean against something to bray, in their straw harness that has worn off the hair, tottering blindly along with panniers filled with past or other merchandise. Small asses with large loads are the rule. A large proportion of the land would be dear at any price. A large proportion of the houses are not fit for human habitation. A lady from the country said to me that she had a poor family living by her that

had no food nor means to get it till the crop went in became fit to gather. "I am lending her what she lives on from day to day, and she is hoping to get some help in a letter from America. Sure she's in a fever watching the post office, the creature." Some of the rents are double the Government valuation; some triple on estates where they would grant no reduction. A clergyman, speaking to a Mr. Montgomery, who had reduced his rents under Land League pressure, remonstrated with him on turbary question and its injustice. The gentleman said, in the course of conversation: "The people are quiet now; what we want is for them to rise until we get the opportunity to lay the cold steel to them, and we will do it." I heard this prophetic speech just as I prepared to take the long car and bid adieu to Leitrim for Sligo.

The landlords have faith in the cold steel; it is in steel they hope for their salvation, though, it is to be hoped, they will be disappointed.

LETTER FROM URANUS.

OBSERVATIONS OF MYLES OREGAN.

MR. EDITOR.—Next to reading about Knights I love to write about them, and also about chivalry. They were glorious days when the Knights caracolled and demi-volted on their chargers and tilted and tourneyed in front of the ladies until they fell in love with them and eloped. And then, think of the suits of armour. Just fancy Sir Leonard Tilley or Sir Richard Cartwright getting their measure taken for a casque, knee-pieces and a helmet, or imagine Principal Dawson crouching his lance and running at a Jacket. Ah! the days of chivalry are gone, indeed, and it is high time the world would come to an end. Now-a-days it is only the poor devils of common soldiers who go forth to the combat, while the Warwick and the Salisbury and the Talbot remain at home; although I do believe if a bullet-proof suit of armour were invented to-morrow we would see the dukes going off to the wars once more, and the devil wouldn't stop them. We should behold that grim warrior, the Prince of Wales, and the veteran Duke of Marlborough, in the thickest of the fight with four squires holding him on his horse, shouting: St. Bucco for Merris England!

But, talking of the end of the world, are you aware that your time has come, to-morrow will be your last day; the New York Herald and its astronomer has so pronounced it and I am here, without favor, or affection, to vouch for the accuracy of their prophecies. Mother Shipton is right—you will never see the 20th of June, and very little of the 19th. I blamed poor Beaconsfield and a few others as being the premature cause of my death, but we do not know what's good for us. I grumbled at being located in this planet, but I might have gone further and fared worse, as the Persian poet so beautifully expresses it, if it be any consolation to you to know the way in which the earth is to be destroyed, I can tell you. Mars, Jupiter, Venus, Mercury, and our own Uranus, will get in line between the Sun and Diritania, and stay there for a week, thus shutting off your supply of heat. Then the water will freeze all over your planet to the depth of seven hundred yards, and the thermometer will register seven thousand degrees below zero, which, as you are aware, has exactly the same effect on animal life as if it registered as many degrees above zero. I observe that your wealthy citizens are making immense preparations to avert the calamity for themselves by getting together great piles of fuel, and by having a large number of stoves ready to fire up when the cold snap comes. I pity their gross ignorance of science. One breath of the intense cold of the morning of the 20th will put out all the fires in the world, and, as for the furs, they will be so many sheets of ice. The only chance there is in fact, singular it may seem, is to wrap oneself well up in the 12 o'clock edition of the Gazette, which is proof against heat and cold, and utterly impervious to truth. But it is no use—you are all bound to go, for if by good (or bad) fortune you escaped the cold, in a few days after the planet I have mentioned would strike you, especially Uranus, which would come first, and kill all your old women of both sexes. If it were now living on the earth I know what I would do. I would draw all my money out of the bank and go on a charitable spree. I would clothe the naked, feed the hungry, treat every crowd I met to champagne, relieve all the churches of their debts, pay my own with compound interest, return all the umbrellas and books I ever borrowed, forgive those who have borrowed mine, start another daily paper and hand over the balance of my cash to Rev. Mr. Chiniquy, to be invested in ice for the poor brethren of South Africa; and then I should philosophically await the event with pious resignation.

From my elevated perch I can perceive that the Irish tenants are acting as if the end of the world was not at hand. Instead of making a virtue of necessity, and running to the landlords with their arrears and two gales in advance, they only scowl at the agents and open the heads of the police. A great change has come over the vagabonds. They are as haughty and as insolent as if there was no army in Ireland, and no constitution in England. I saw a ragamuffin in Limerick last week, with the sparrow flying in and out through his hat, who, turning to the crowd, exclaimed in measured accents:—"Boys, let us first scatter the police, and then smash the military." And his advice was accepted, and the heads of both police and hussars were smashed. When I left the old country some years ago (before I came to Lachine) the tenant used to go to the agent with his few pounds of rent wa'm in one hand, and his hat held respectfully in the other, and thus standing outside the window would say "your honor" the sleek knave till he had him covered all over. While now—Alas! the times are changed. Now the tenant drives up to the office, and hitching his horse to a post, walks in, saying, "Good morning, Mr. Screw-tight; fine weather, thank God," at which the Agent signs and says:—"Well, Mr. O'Rafferty, you have come to pay the rent?"

"Yes, I've come to pay Griffith's valuation, Mr. Screw-tight; divil a hapenny more." "His lordship can't accept it." "Very well; tell his lordship from me that he won't be asked any more. The land is ours and we'll pay no more rent. Good morning, Mr. Screw-tight; I hope your family is well." And O'Rafferty walks out with his hands in his pocket, whistling "The meaning of the green." No, the Irish tenants do not, evidently, believe in Mother Shipton's prophecy, except that part of it in which she says "the farmers shall pay no rent." C. A. LIVINGSTONE, FLEMINGVILLE, Ont., says: "I have much pleasure in recommending Dr. THOMAS' EUCALYPTI OIL, from having used it myself, and having sold it for some time. In my own case I would say for it that it is the best preparation I have ever tried for rheumatism."