

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,
BY THE
Post Printing and Publishing Company,
AT THEIR OFFICES,
761 CRAIG STREET, - - MONTREAL.

TERMS:
By Mail.....\$1.50 per annum in advance
Delivered in City.....\$2.00 " " " "
Single copies.....5 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES:
10 cents per line first insertion.
5 " " for every subsequent insertion.

CONTRACT RATES.
1 Year.....\$1.50 per line.
Months.....1.00 " "
3 Months.....50 " "
[Advertisements with cuts or large type,
50 per cent on these rates.]

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. Less.
Ecclesi. xlv. 10-15; Gosp. Luke xii. 1-8;
Last Gosp. Luke xv. 1-10.
MONDAY, 27.—Sacred Heart of Jesus (June
24).
TUESDAY, 28.—St. Ignace, Bishop and Martyr.
Vigil of SS. Peter and Paul. Bp.
Brute, Vincennes, died, 1839; Bp. St.
Palais (same sex) died, 1877.
WEDNESDAY, 29.—SS. Peter and Paul, Apostles.
Cons. Bp. Krautbauer, Green Bay,
1875.

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 popula-
tion 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 com-
plete vindication, not only of Dr. Sullivan's
ability, but of his thorough honesty of pur-
pose.

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 ex-
penditure. We have engaged the famous
James Redpath as our Irish corres-
pondent, 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 sub-
scriptions, accounts for which have been sent
out this week.

THE London Times and its imitators sug-
gest 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, some-
thing 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 corres-
pondents 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 fortress
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 *cassus 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-

tack 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 na-
tion is hardly compensated for by the pos-
session of Tunis, especially when it is
considered that before long she may be en-
gaged 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 some-
what 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 Pres-
byterian luminary and believes in John Calvin
almost as firmly as he does in good living and
easy circumstances. He referred to his Aus-
tralian 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 as-
sertion with that of another reverend gen-
tleman who put down the number of
French Canadian Protestants as a few thou-
sands. 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 Evangelical
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. Mis-
sionaries, indeed!

The terrible nineteenth of June has come
and has gone, and the earth swings as
smoothly on its axis as before. Even Pro-
fessor Grimmer, if he has not committed
suicide, is still alive, though perhaps dis-
gusted at the non-fulfillment of his grim prophecy.
Now that we feel pretty safe after the con-
junction of the planets, it is 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, es-
pecially 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 pro-
fessors and astrologers who play upon the sys-
tems 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 al-
armist 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 pun-
ishment.

THERE seems to be a lull in Irish affairs at
present. The Land Bill is dragging its slow
length through committee, and notwith-
standing that some progress has been made
late, 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 farm-
ers in Ireland—those who should be most in-
terested—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 Buckshot Forster at
their head, are winning imperishable laurels
each day, defeating Tim Kennedy here, van-
quishing 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 haggard of Tim Maloney they would
transpose the famous saying, and exclaim in
admiration, "this is war, but it is not mag-
nificent." And so say we all. There are now

in the British and Irish bastions 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 Buckshot 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 ex-
tending to Scotland, and there is little doubt
that England will feel its effect before the
year is out. The British land system, accord-
ing 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 states-
men 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
villainous 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 can-
not take up a magazine, either American or
English, without finding an article treating
on the great question, written by some pro-
found thinker, who anxiously suggests a com-
promise before it is too late. Some of these
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 con-
sidered vested interests and class privileges
that it is doubtful if it will satisfy either of the
parties. Most of the writers we refer to pre-
dict 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 bil-
lions 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 ob-
tained 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 Presi-
dent Garfield, although ostensibly elected by
votes, owes his position in reality to the al-
mighty dollar. In future three or four wealthy
railroad corporations will decide the
Presidential contests, as they at present de-
cide 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
Sessoms, a few days ago coolly and deliberately
approach Bradley, a member of the New York
Legislature, and hand him an envelope en-
closing \$3,000. For what? Why, that he
might vote for the half-breed candidate for the
Senate instead of the stalwart. Perhaps,
Bradley was honest—though honesty in a New
York State politician is rare, perhaps consid-
ering 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 an
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 obnoxious administration.
Bribery is everywhere, and America con-
tains 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 con-
sciences of honorable Senators and Con-
gressmen? Horace Walpole said that
every man had his price, from a
duke down (or rather up) to a bad carrier, and
the saying is equally true of the great Re-
public 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 keep-
ers of their influence, and purifying politics.
He points to France, where for four centuries
no member of the government was found
guilty of peculation, forgetting that the French
are no better paid than the Americans, and in
his zeal for the proud intellects 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 at-
tention, and the conclusion one arrives at
after reading their letters is that a great revo-
lution 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 propor-
tion 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 big-
ger 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 la-
borers 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 primo-
geniture 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 de-
manding which many generations of Irish-
men 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 threat-
ening 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 an-
swer 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 pro-
duce like effects, and Mr. Gladstone's little
axe at the root of the Upas tree struck a blow
which made aristocracy totter upon its pedes-
tal. It is tottering yet, and its fall cannot be
much longer delayed.

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 independ-
ence 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 corres-
pondent—a lady, and a most intelligent one
—who sends on letters on the state of Ireland
that are as harrowing as any that James Red-
path himself could write, and would no doubt
be taken as gross exaggeration if they ap-
peared 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:—

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 em-
pire 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 as-
sistance, so far as warlike and disciplined
legionaries, 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
Hindoo 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 Euro-
pean continent she experienced ridicu-
lous 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 pickled 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 there-
fore 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
Kirohammer, a distinguished officer of the
Austrian staff, has written an article in the
Nineteenth Century, showing England's im-
potence 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 trans-
lated. Captain Kirohammer 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 identi-
cal 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 Kirohammer 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 in-
stance 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 disaf-
fected 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 em-
pire 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 col-
lapse to-morrow, would it be a great misfor-
tune? 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 shall we seek for so much pro-
portionate 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 Ire-
land in '48, '49 and '50. Turn from them to
such small States as Holland, Belgium, Por-
tugal and Switzerland. Were Ireland inde-
pendent 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 independ-
ence when the crash comes. Indeed, she is
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peared 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 more 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 tur-
bulence is the great oppression of all.
Want of food is bad, but want of fuel added to
it! Forty years ago renting land meant get-
ting 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 per-
son said to me the famine was worst on
respectable people, for looking for the re-
spective 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 dif-
ficulties. 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 peat 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 propor-
tion of the houses are not fit for human habi-
tation. 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
now put in became fit to gather. "I am lend-
ing 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 wait-
ing 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 con-
versation: "The people are quiet now; what
we want is for them to rise until we get the op-
portunity 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 dis-
appointed.

LETTER FROM URANUS.

OBSERVATIONS OF MYLES O'REGAN.

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
measures taken for a casque, knee-pieces and a
helmet, or imagine Principal Dawson
couching his lance and running at a Jackass.
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 War-
ricks and the Salisburys and the Talbotts re-
main 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 Merrie Eng-
land!

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 astronomers 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 Beconsfield 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 Dirittania, 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 ani-
mal 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 stores 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 19th
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, singu-
lar it may seem, is to wrap oneself well up
in the 12 o'clock edition of the *Globe*,
which is proof against heat and cold, and ut-
terly 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 in-
terest, return all the umbrellas and books I
ever borrowed, forgive those who have bor-
rowed 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
poor 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
sparrows 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 bunsars were smashed.
When I left the old country some years ago
(before I came to Lachin) the tenant used to
go to the agent with his few pounds of rent
wadded in one hand, and his hat held respect-
fully 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. Screwtight; 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 rent. The land is
ours and we'll pay no more rent. Good
morning, Mr. Screwtight; I hope your
family is well." And O'Rafferty walks out
willy nilly with his hands in his pockets, whistling "The
wearing 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, Plattsburgh, 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 will say for it that it is the
best preparation I have ever tried for rheu-
matism."