

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE POST:—It is very strange that Mr. Kirwan has failed to please the Catholic Irish clergy either in Ireland or in America. I foresee grave disasters for the future of Irish nationalism if the illustrious but ill-appreciated patriot who has descended to the level of provincial existence, with its crude social status and the discomforts of clownish equality. The sublime self-immolation of the good gentleman renders it inexplicable why he should have failed from his "heart's fond devotion" to bury himself in the wilds of Canada. Surely patriotism has its legitimate ambition, and what a chance was missed for the formation of a tinted or neutral Irish national party, which might have played a London drawing-room—the role of Concillor, by a flourish of Protestant blood, and an out-fighting of Protestant blood, in the Saxon lair! I am sure all will admit that Parnell had a narrow escape from missing fame. It is a little luminous that backs out of a system that it may not interfere with the rays of a rival sun.

Mr. Kirwan tells us that "Father Reynolds, of St. Mel's, Longford," threatened to give him "six feet two of Longford soil." What of that? My dear Kirwan, are there not better men than you or I resting in Longford soil? There are saints and scholars; holy men and patriotic patriots; brave men and blaspheinous blasphemers; and the hallowed women, whose sacred dust hallow the soil of Longford. Why did you object to Longford soil; "six feet two" of glorious blood? Surely, the drop of a "Protestant blood" I borrow your own expression, mind, did not frighten you from mingling, at peace, with the bones of saints and sages? I think "Father Reynolds, of St. Mel's, Longford," made you a very generous offer, indeed, both as to space and locality. You will get plenty of room in America, but you'll not get the same quality of ashes, believe me. I am very glad you have mentioned Father Reynolds' kindly invitation, because it brings out, at last, a collateral fact, of which, I opine, the world has hitherto been unhappily ignorant, viz: that Mr. Kirwan elected John Martin for Longford.

Mr. Kirwan talks of "my rights as an Irishman." The term "rights" is very indefinite and must take its special significance from the special idiosyncrasies of the individual. As a general rule, however, we may say that, to offer advice where it is not asked for, can hardly come under the head of "my rights," or anybody else's. There is a musty old adage which Mr. Kirwan would do well to remember; "Ne intras in consilium antiquum rectoris," which may be interpreted "Don't offer an opinion till it is asked for." I hardly think the Irish Protestants of Montreal have selected Mr. Kirwan as their horn-blowing herald at the gates of St. Patrick's Society, neither am I advised of any extraordinary mission the gentleman has received from the Irishmen of Montreal to be their guide, philosopher and friend—the Mentor of the Celtic Ulysses—their dragoman or interpreter on Irish or any other questions. I rather suspect he has evolved the whole business out of the hazy depths of his own inner consciousness, so to speak. While thoroughly appreciating his philanthropic motives, I am gravely apprehensive that the Catholic Irishmen of Montreal may not be inclined to accept his championship with any excessive enthusiasm. I speak, of course, as in duty bound, modestly, fearing that my thirty-eight years or so on Canadian soil, are not to be compared with the large, and let me add, unsatisfactory experience of a gentleman who has spoken in "Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, Ottawa and Kingston." Of course, again, I make due allowance for the capacity of the eye of genius, which "in a fine frenzy rolling" absorbs a city and its history as you would swallow an oyster.

Mr. Kirwan need not fear advice from me as to "faith and morals." On ne donne pas de la médecine aux mourants. He can find better advisers than I in Bleury, Mallesonneuve or St. Alexander streets.

The course which Mr. Kirwan saw fit to follow, with respect to his Fenian alarmist letters to the Evangelical, Catholic-hating, proselytizing, *Courier*, *the Witness*, was reproached by every honest Catholic Irishman in the country. The object intended was too transparent to deceive any man with the brains of an owl. He does not suspect the danger caused by his Quixotic escapade. He would have seen it, had not indignation been smothered with laughter at a self-styled "Irish Catholic patriot" pulling chestnuts for the delectation of the Protestant monkey, and making a "right about face" for "commercial" purposes. None laughed louder than sensible Protestants at Mr. Kirwan's loyal heroics, and it was "Love's Labor Lost" for there was not a single man in Canada who had the slightest faith in the sincerity of the writer. The whimsical attack on imaginary Fenians would have been better suited to the columns of a *Longue Pointe* journal than to the pages of the *Witness*, bad as it is. But, Jervais, 13th Satire, explains the mystery, when speaking of those who are always ready to do valiant lip-service on any side of a question:

"Atque . . . intrepide quicumque aliorum tangunt."

Which I freely render: "And boldly crook the knee at any altar." The satirist further observes: "Nil preter nubes . . . adorant." They have but one deity—the vapors of their own minds.

As to the Fenian invasion of Canada, let this be a sufficient reply to a covert sneer: I went personally to some of their meetings, and showed them that, on moral grounds, any attack on Canada, in time of peace with England, was utterly indefensible. They listened to me when they returned. They were brave, gallant fellows, pure in their motives, and loving Ireland with manhood's love. They were misled by a few blatant "patriots," who deserted them when danger threatened; they were moved by the bitter passion of national hate; they never reflected a moment on the morality of their act; they were sincere, and ready to die for poor old suffering Ireland. Their hearts swelled within them as they remembered the dear dust of parents and kindred driven to untimely graves by the infamous Government of England. They saw, with the vivid vision of mournful love, the white, ghastly path formed of the hapless bones of the poor exiles of Erin. They heard, in the silence of memory, the dying moan of a mother, a father, a sister, a brother, a wife, a child; they heard the lash of the work-house master as it fell upon the virgin form that chose to die rather than yield to lust; they heard the scream of a wife, a sister, a daughter, vainly struggling against the brute force of the English sailor; they saw the emigrant ship again and again turned away from the American coast in order that Irish maidens, body and soul, they wished to destroy the daughters of our people—those dear children whose confession to the Priest had, at that moment of God-accursed outrage, been rather a tale of modest virtue than an admission of sin. In the strong, hot, affectionate hearts of Irish-

men those awful memories lingered, and, can any man—except a professional patriot—blame my countrymen, if they forget for a moment, the voice of their church, and rushed madly upon the ensign of the tyrant and murderer? I say, openly, I blame not their motives, but the direction of the attack. I am not ashamed of them either as Catholics or Irishmen, for when passion subverted they listened to the entreaties of that church of God, which is, and ever has been, the conscience of civilization.

And, in the face of that past history, which justified the madness, though it could not excuse the means of vengeance, up starts a "patriot," and throws his little egg shell of mud upon a sacred rage, excited by the memories of such anguish as I have described. Do Catholic Irish patriots clap a red coat on their backs, and plant the Union Jack, the blood-stained emblem of the vile Saxon ruler, over their heads the moment they arrive in America? Do Catholic Irish patriots attempt to make friends of the Mammon of iniquity by boasting ostentatiously of their "Protestant blood," whatever kind of liquid that may be? Do Catholic Irish patriots blow hot and cold, according as the "commercial" instincts of their employers dictate? Do Catholic Irish patriots send forth an uncertain sound when religion or country is discussed?

Mr. Kirwan's wild assertions, which, in no respect, are a reply to my former criticism, lead me to exclaim after Horace, with an alteration.

"Te flagrantis atrox hora camicula letigit."

"The dog days have been too much for you," sir. I spoke of the St. Patrick's Society as Catholic and Irish. I knew well what I was writing, and, if my perspicuity of intelligence or my reading required a critic, I should hardly look to Mr. Kirwan for direction. He says, he spoke of the society not being "national." I was perfectly aware when I wrote "Irish" that the exceedingly superficial gentleman would walk into the trap which, I confess, I deliberately laid for him. Pray, tell me, sir, is Ireland a Catholic nation or not? And are you ready to put the descendants of Cromwellians, Williamites, Hessians, mercenaries and Hanoverian traitors on the same level with the Catholic people of Ireland? A few Protestant Irishmen have been true patriots, but does that alter the fact that the Protestant element in Ireland, as a body, has ever been the bitterest foe of that Catholic Irish nation? Whenever England wanted to do a dirty job against the Catholic Irish nation, did she not find her readiest and most pliant tools among the Protestant garrison of Ireland, and do not those aliens hold to-day by robbery and confiscation, the lands of the Catholic Irish people? Are not, then, the terms Catholic Irish and National synonymous? Suppose the few hundred thousand Irishmen in England should deny the St. George's Society to be national, because Irishmen's sons, born in England, were not admitted, would you bawl out that they were in the right? You would get laughed at for your pains, and deservedly so. If Mr. Kirwan used such an argument in England, he would find, as Virgil says, some old woman—

"Spargens rore levi, et remota felicitis olive, lustrans."

"Tipping him a dipper of scalding water." Kitchens born in an oven are not loaves of bread, and all the "Half-Sir" pretension in the world will never make an Irishman out of Brother Vernon or a Nationalist of my lord apostate O'Brien of Inchiquin or any other treacherous renegade, although I know full well the redeeming offset of gallant Smith O'Brien. Those alone are real Irishmen who have suffered steadfastly for faith and fatherland during the long, dark centuries of the past. A fellow feeling, we are told, makes us kind, so I do not wonder at Mr. Kirwan's excessive participation over his Protestant proteges. It is true they scorn his ridiculous advocacy, but his noble *liberality* will open many a door which may only be passed by milk-and-water Irish snobs, the "waw-waw" offspring of the unprincipled *Shonens* and ambitious bog-trotters, who bent their ignoble backs for the Saxon brand, and whose desperate fight for social recognition by the old Norman robber families of England has filled the world with laughter and scorn. There is a good deal of swaggering Irish pretension in America, whose real ancestor may be traced to a bare-legged, shifty old, waiting at the gates of the "big house" for his pitiful modicum of skim-milk or butter-milk.

"When I was wanted by the Catholics of this city," exclaims Mr. Kirwan, "I was there!" or words to that effect. What did the Catholics of Montreal want you for, Sir? To save the poor, trembling, frightened creatures, their wives and children, I suppose. Now, Mr. Kirwan—now, Mr. Kirwan, my friend, don't you really think that such talk is "rather steep," as my fellow-citizens across the lines would say? I do not deny that you are a great warrior. It is true I have never heard of any battle in which you appeared either as commandant or combatant, but I should like to have Moltke's or William Thompson's opinion (as clever a general as Moltke) about the matter. Xenophon wrote his "Anabasis." Caesar wrote his "Bellum Gallicum." Napoleon dictated to Las Cases, Wellington had his Napier, and Mr. Kirwan gave to the world and posterity *La Compagnie Irlandaise*. When I picked up the book—"Now," says I to myself, "we shall learn why D'Amelot de Paladine was enabled to send Von der Tann whirling out of Orleans!" Alas! I waded through a few hundred pages of bellicose "opinions," and finally—just at the end of the last page—stumbled upon a few German and French killed and wounded, three or four miles from the field of battle. Nevertheless, *honor ad honor*; one of the *Compagnie* was wounded on the perilous occasion by a spent ball—and it was not the leader. Such dreadful experiences, I doubt not, inspired the unfortunate Catholic Irishmen of Montreal with such confidence as the Greeks felt when Achilles shook off the "dumps" and raged around Troy's fated walls. Mr. Kirwan says he is modest; certainly, I admit the claim as to his achievements on the bloody field of Mars; he was as modest there as a violet and as harmless. There was hardly as much danger in such campaigning as there is in sitting, for hours, by the bed-side of the small-pox or typhoid sufferer, and having the odor of death in one's nostrils for a week afterwards. Mr. Kirwan thinks otherwise; it is one of his "rights," I presume.

The fiery gentleman loudly avers that he will "accept any hand that will help the good cause." Now, is he not a little inconsistent in this matter? The Fenians thought that an attack on Canada might involve the United States in a war with Great Britain. Their sole object was "to help the good cause." Would Mr. Kirwan, in the face of his *Witness* effusions, accept a Fenian "hand" "to help the good cause?" Will he clap hands with Communists, Socialists, Nihilists, or any other beasts of prey, in order to help the "good cause?" Would he ally "the good cause" with the Atheistic Revolution? If he would, then the exotic loyalty of his Fenian letter demands revival. If he would not, then, what does he mean by saying he "would accept any hand that will help the good cause?"

The assertion is worthy of those youth, mentioned by Silius Italicus.

"Mediam, sentiu, cum buccina, noctem dividenda."

In other words, those youth who alarm the midnight chimes with the uproarious chorus of "We want good honest morning."

Mr. Kirwan kindly hints that "the man who would deny to a Protestant Irishman the same rights as he expects for himself is not worthy of having the control of any man's destiny."

The latter part of this sentence partakes of a more than usual confusion of ideas, for which Mr. Kirwan is somewhat conspicuous. The personal insult I pass over; ignorance in an offender excites only magnanimity in the offended. Man's destiny is in no other hands but God's and His own. Exterior influences may guide, modify and inform; to Heaven alone belongs the issue. As to the first part of this extraordinary sentence, I would ask Mr. Kirwan—"Are not Orangemen 'Protestant Irishmen' and did you not oppose, as I did, their walking on the 12th of July in Montreal?" They claimed the liberty to parade as a "right," can one, then, who is so tenderly sensitive touching the "rights" of Protestant Irishmen, consistently pretend, in the face of his avowed "principles," that he would prevent Orangemen walking in Montreal on the 12th? But, enough, I love Ireland better than any barrack-room swaggerer that ever paraded the scarlet finery of Ireland's relentless foe. Not Protestant, but Catholic Ireland, is a nation for me. All Ireland's glories are Catholic; all her misfortunes, Saxon or Protestant. I want the Ireland of St. Patrick, of the Holy Eucharist, of the Beads, of the Cross, of Rome, of God. As the mind broods over the ages gone, it sees, rising above the fantastic clouds of Eastern philosophy, the massive grandeur of Egyptian genius, sombre, dark and mysterious, like the sphynx and pyramids that give testimony of dead centuries by the banks of the mighty Nile. And it seems, too, the problem of human destiny, marked out in the rough in Egypt, seized by the bright intelligence of Greece, assimilated into its lofty soul and given back to earth a form where all was formless, a grace where all was graceless, a beauty where all was repulsive; the victory and crown of Hellenic genius. Just as Plinius transformed the uncouth ugliness of Egyptian granite into the airy beauty and exquisite proportions of Psyche; so, the intelligence of Greece elevated and ennobled the crude philosophy of the Gentile world, and enlarged the capacity of human reason. Those teeming isles of the Archipelago—like emeralds set in silver—seem like pages of Destiny's history, narrating the death of the formless and void, and the birth of human light and beauty.

So appear to me the mysteries of God, spoken by St. Patrick to the Irish nation. The darkness of formless Paganism lay heavy upon Erin; deep in the valleys and groves the Druid knife was lifted above the rude stone and the bleeding victim. The degradation of the Nile was unknown to the dwellers by the Liffey and the Shannon, but they stood upon the same dark plane of traditional error, unsuspecting and unbleeding the heavenly dawn that was rising in the East. Higher, sublimer, infinitely more beautiful than the proudest achievements of Greece, the transformation that St. Patrick worked was supernatural and divine. Not by the exquisite harmony of graceful marble; not by the subtle power of the splendid philosophy; not by the sweet echoes of cithare or harp was the heart and mind of Erin touched, but by the power of Him who enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world. And that apostolic voice of Patrick was Catholic and Roman; and the glories which the Catholic Irish nation achieved were born of Catholicity; and the spirit of chastity, which breathed upon the cradle of Christian Erin, was the handmaid of Catholic faith and love; and all the magnificent history of faithful Ireland which we love, is Catholic, and, if Ireland's freedom demand the sacrifice of one little of the old Catholic, loving and humble spirit of her people, then may the Great God hold her in chains until His solemn hour of judgment shall crown the sorrows and sufferings of the best, the bravest, the holiest, the most Catholic of nations.

FATHER GRAHAM.

AFFAIRS IN THE TRANSVAAL.

WHAT THE BOERS THINK OF THE SITUATION.

A correspondent sends us the following:—"The native question is now the only one which may still seriously embarrass the Commission. If, as the anti-Boer agitators assert, there exists a league between all the Kaffir tribes to overrun the Transvaal the moment the British withdraw, then it becomes a very serious question whether they are justified in so withdrawing and leaving several thousands of British subjects who took up their abode there on the faith of England's representations that she would protect them, to be at the mercy of Zulus and Swazis, or whatever natives may come against them. Recently twelve Indunas, or head men, arrived at Newcastle as delegates from the Swazi chief to the British Commissioners. They state that the Boers are wintering their flocks in Swazi territory and refuse to move out. They have told the Swazi chief that they have beaten the power which subdued his tribe and the Zulus, and that now they are all powerful and will take what land they will. The Indunas wish to know the intentions of the British government, and have instructions to tell the Commissioners that if they cannot make the Boers withdraw, the Swazis will themselves rise and sweep every Boer out of the eastern portion of the Transvaal. The Indunas are disappointed at finding no one to receive them, and say that now they must return at once to their King, as he will not wait for them to go on to Pretoria. Unless steps are taken immediately to pacify them there will be an outbreak within the month. If the ball is once set rolling by such a powerful tribe as the Swazis no one can tell where it will stop. There are many desperate Englishmen who are only too ready to stir up further fighting at any price, and if the Kaffirs now rise against Boer rule they will not be without many white men to lead them. One Englishman whose wife died from want of nourishment during the siege of Potchefstroom, and whose lands and stock are lost to him, is now in Natal trying to induce young fellows to join him in an expedition he intends making at the head of a large body of Kaffirs, both to revenge his wife's death and recover the property which the British Government is powerless to restore. Of course no armed body of men would ever be allowed by the Natal Government to either meet together or proceed openly to join the natives in any rising that may take place, but no Government can prevent men going singly and joining either side they like when once the Transvaal has ceased to be protected by Britain.

Every member of the London Irish Volunteers was a sprig of Shamrock at the Windsor Review.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

Canon Ridgway is dead.

Archbishop Taschereau has completed his pastoral tour.

Bishop Racine, of Chicoutimi, will hold an ordination service at Lévis on Sunday.

Admiral Dahlgren's widow is erecting a Catholic Chapel on South Mountain, Md.

France, Austria, Spain, and Portugal are now the only States sending Embassies to the Pope.

Bishop Duhamel warns parents against allowing their children to roam the streets after nightfall.

The Rev. Father Beaudouin, S.J., is preaching the retreat to the reverend ladies of the Ursuline Convent, Quebec.

FATHER WELAN, of Ottawa, arrived in town on Saturday, and left the same evening for his diocese in excellent health.

The Vatican library at Rome, founded by Pope Nicholas V. in 1446, contains 150,000 volumes and 40,000 manuscripts.

Cardinal Guibert, Archbishop of Paris, has written to the Pope condoling with him for the insults to the remains of Pius IX.

The death is announced of the Most Rev. Daniel McCarthy, D.D., Roman Catholic Bishop of Kerry. He was consecrated August 25, 1878.

The Archbishop of Tunis, who is an Italian, has been requested to resign, and the French Archbishop of Algeria has been appointed in his place.

The Rev. Emile Dione, of St. Anne's College, has been appointed Vicar at St. Jean de Chailions, in the room of Mr. Dechenes, who returns to St. Anne's College.

The Rev. Dr. W. H. Grant, of Charlotte-town, P. E. I., Victor Charland and M. Durene will be ordained on the 31st, at St. Joseph de Lévis, by Mgr. D. Racine, of Chicoutimi.

His Lordship Bishop Laflèche arrived in town yesterday from Woonsocket, R.I., where he attended the dedication of a new French Canadian church. His Lordship left for Three Rivers by the evening train.

It is not easy to obtain accurate returns of the religious persuasions of the people of the United States as yet, but it is estimated that Catholics number over seven millions. Judging from the increase in the Catholic clergy we should imagine that since 1871 the Catholics have increased 50 per cent. The following figures may be taken as accurate:—

Year.	Priests.	Increase.
1872	4,192	—
1873	4,412	220
1874	4,770	358
1875	4,870	100
1876	5,077	207
1877	5,297	220
1878	5,548	251
1879	5,770	222
1880	6,057	287
1881	6,430	373

The Archbishop of Cashel finds that the revised version of his view of the Scriptural declaration that he who fills the earth should first partake of its fruits, and he directs the attention of some of his assailants to the new translation—for their benefit:—

THE PALACE, THURSDAY, JUNE 14.

Sir,—Will you allow me to remind you of a short, but sharp, correspondence which appeared in your columns some months ago between me and certain English Biblical scholars, in reference to the meaning of St. Paul's words to Timothy, second epistle, second chap, sixth verse:—"The husbandman that laboreth must first partake of the fruits." The learned gentlemen who undertook to lecture and enlighten me at that time, I hope, do me now the favor of looking into the Revised Version of the New Testament, just issued from the press, and read there the rendering of the Greek text in question. Here it is:—"The husbandman that laboreth must be the first to partake of the fruits." This fact speaks for itself. It speaks also in no uncertain way for me, inasmuch as it proves to be literally true what I said in a former letter, namely, that "my so-called critics have displayed their own ignorance, while flattering themselves no doubt, that they were exposing mine." I remain, sir, your faithful servant.

T. W. CROKE, Archbishop of Cashel.

—St. John Freeman.

TWO NEW BISHOPS.

THE DIOCESE OF NEWARK DIVIDED.—FATHER O'FARRELL BISHOP OF TRENTON.

A cable despatch to the New York *Freeman's Journal* announces that the diocese of Newark has been divided, and the Rev. W. M. Wigge, the pastor of St. Vincent's, in Madison, has been appointed a Bishop. A new diocese has been erected called the Diocese of Trenton, and the Rev. M. J. O'Farrell, pastor of St. Peter's Church, Barclay street, this city, has been appointed Bishop of Trenton.

Father O'Farrell has been connected with St. Peter's since 1869. He began as assistant, and was made pastor in 1873. He was born in 1832 at Limerick, and belongs to a family that has given many sons to the Church. He began his studies at the All-Hallows Missionary College in 1848, and completed them at the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris, and received deacon's orders. He was ordained priest in 1855. He occupied the chair of dogmatic theology at St. Sulpice for one year. Then he went to Montreal, and was for several years one of the theological faculty in the seminary of that city. From Montreal he came to New York, where he has been specially distinguished for his zeal in behalf of Roman Catholic schools.

PRESENTATION.

OF THE CATHOLIC TEMPERANCE UNION OF HALIFAX TO ANCHORSMITH HANNAH.

(From the Recorder.)

Yesterday (27th June) the members of the Catholic Temperance Union assembled in the basement of St. Mary's Cathedral, for the purpose of presenting the following address to His Grace the Archbishop.

To the Most Rev. Michael Hannan Archbishop of Halifax:

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,—

We, the Catholic Temperance Union of Nova Scotia, are sincerely glad of the opportunity now afforded us of heartily welcoming you on your safe return from your first visit to our Holy Father, and of expressing our appreciation of the great zeal, laborious application and extensive knowledge of the spiritual wants of your flock, which has marked your career as Priest, Doctor and Archbishop.

It gives us great pleasure and satisfaction to know that you have been foremost in all our great and important religious and educational movements, and it must therefore be a pleasing task to your Grace, who takes such an interest in the cause of temperance, to know that the various societies forming our Union are increasing in membership, spreading abroad their principles, strengthening the weak, reclaiming the erring, relieving the sick, and reverently and becomingly burying the dead. We trust we have highly appreciated the assistance which you and your faithful priests

have afforded in directing our Christian zeal in these matters.

We again bid you welcome most heartily, and hope that your Grace may be long spared to occupy the exalted position of head of the church in this Archdiocese, and continuing in good health exercise its functions for the greater glory of God and the salvation of souls, in the earnest prayer of a Catholic Temperance Union of Nova Scotia.

Signed on behalf of the various societies forming our Union:

DANIEL LYNDON, St. Mary's H. C. T. A. & B. Society.

JAMES HOPWELL, St. Patrick's H. C. T. A. & B. Society.

HENRY DELLOUIS, St. Joseph's H. C. T. A. & B. Society.

JAMES O'DONNELL, St. Mary's Young Men's Society.

THOMAS MCGILVER, Secretary Union Board.

Halifax June 26th, 1881.

His Grace replied in a few well-chosen words in which he thanked them for their kind address, and wished them every success in their undertaking, and was glad to see the Catholic Temperance Union in such a flourishing condition. His Grace also stated that he met the Rev. Father Highbottom (the founder of the Society) in Ireland.

The address was enclosed in an elegant maple wood frame and was beautifully executed by Mr. Morrissey, a member of the Union.

MR. THOMAS WHITE EXPLAINS.

To the Editor of the *Cardwell Sentinel*.

DEAR SIR,—I notice that you have been good enough to protest against my being held responsible for acts attributed to my brother in connection with the recent Allan dinner. The facts of the case will, I think, convince your readers that there is no ground for the tempest in a tea pot which has been raised over this matter.

They are as follows:—

Five gentlemen, of whom my brother was not one, issued a circular asking a number of gentlemen to meet to consider the question of tendering a dinner to Sir Hugh Allan and Mr. Andrew Allan, on the occasion of the first visit of the Patriarch to this port. Mr. Richard White attended the meeting, and as it was not known whether the Messrs. Allan would accept a dinner he advised that the gentlemen who had issued the circular should be a committee to wait upon them, and in the event of their accepting to take the necessary steps to carry out the project.

He had occasion to leave the city on business, and when he returned he learned that the dinner was to come off, that a large committee had been appointed and that he was a member of it. That is all he had to do with the naming of the committee, and it is difficult to see how he should be held responsible for its composition.

As to the tickets to the press, if *The Post* was overlooked, he was certainly no more responsible than any other member of the committee. The Secretary, who is the managing editor of the *Herald*, was quite as responsible, indeed more so, unless he can show, which no one has pretended, that *The Post* was suggested as the recipient of a ticket and was refused.

As to the charge of bigotry, which the *Irish Canadian* evidently in ignorance of the facts, brings against Mr. Richard White, it is surely a sufficient answer when I say that his staff of reporters has seldom been without an Irish Catholic upon it, often two; that the foreman of both his news and jobbing departments are Irish Catholics, and that probably two-thirds of the men in his printing office are Irish and French Catholics. They are not employed because they are Catholics, but because they are honest, intelligent workers; but if the statements are true which have lately been made it will be admitted that they would not be employed at all.

Yours very truly,

THOS. WHITE.

MONTREAL, July 4, 1881.

LET COUNTERFEIT WEBERS ALONE.

Our attention has been called to another attempt to palm off a cheap detective piano by a blag on the name board the word WEBER. How many more such bogus trash, with forged names, the dealers who supply this instrument may have in question, but certainly the practice of counterfeiting Mr. Weber's name on a worthless piano, and then offering a liberal commission to an unscrupulous agent to recommend it to an innocent and unsuspecting family, however it may help to increase the firm's wealth, cannot add much to their respectability.

The particulars of the case, which may lead to some litigation, are briefly these:—

A respectable family of moderate means recently purchased a second-hand piano, at the stores of the New York Piano Company, and promised to call in a few days, settle for the instrument, and take it home. Not calling on the day appointed, a salesman of the Company visited the residence of the parties and found that they already had a piano. On enquiry, it was found that the lady teaching music in the family had induced the parties to ignore their first purchase from the New York Piano Co., and go with her to another piano store, where another second-hand instrument, costing nearly twice the price of the former piano, was selected and sent home. On examining this piano it was found that it had the appearance of having been recently fixed over and what appeared to be a crack in the plate, honzed over. It had also been supplied with the attractive name of WEBER, which of course enhanced its value and helped it to sell. When these circumstances were explained to the parties they ordered the instrument to be taken back, and the energetic agent who undertook to supply a good second-hand "Weber" piano for \$240, is likely to loose both commission and pupil. In the above statement the names of the parties are omitted, but they will understand who is referred to in this article, and probably take notice that the New York Piano Company will not tolerate this fostering bogus pianos on the public under the name of WEBER. And they caution the public not to be taken in by trash of this kind. There are no second-hand Weber pianos for sale in Toronto or Montreal. Those who are fortunate enough to possess them prefer keeping them, and those unable to purchase a new one had better be satisfied with some other good honest maker, and let counterfeit Webers alone.

Mr. O'Donnell writes to the *Times* claiming that the Government have virtually abandoned the emigration clause of the Land Bill by inserting the provision limiting the expenditure to £200,000, to be spread over a period of three years. But for this concession, he says, the Government could only have passed the clause after expelling all the Home Rule members.

Mr. Veal, of Ottawa, has received the contract for altering the Government workshops into premises suitable for the Supreme Court.

ROUND THE WORLD.

The Mormons are actively recruiting in the United States.

The Hon. John O'Connor has recovered from his illness.

Though President Garfield is improving, he is not yet beyond danger.

Two men were fined at Economy, Nova Scotia, recently for fishing shad on Sunday.

The English aristocrats who visit Canada assert that their sojourn cures them of freckles.

The difficulties between the Powers interested in the Tunis troubles are growing more serious.

Shiel Barry, "the versatile," is about to appear as Danny Mann in the Colleen Bawn, at the Adelphi.

Mr. Anglin will accompany Hon. Messrs. Blake and Huntington on their visit to Prince Edward Island.

Two Bulgarian Liberal leaders have been arrested for inciting revolution against the present Government.

The Empress Eugenie is very fond of the English royal family. If she were not her son might be alive to-day.

A hitch has occurred between the Boers and the Transvaal Commission which threatens a deadlock in the negotiations.

Advices from the Aleutian Islands report the Indians suffering from a fatal epidemic, which carried off a large number of tribes.

Bookwalter, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio, thinks monarchy the best form of government for the United States.

Mr. A. J. Steele, publisher of the *Wolville, N. S. Star*, has absconded, it is said with a considerable amount of money.

The Montreals are effervescing with utterly translucent enthusiasm over the walk over on Saturday. Long may they transpire.

Nine thousand suits have been commenced against the Indianapolis & St. Louis Railway for failures to keep axes and saws with their cars.

Two more libel suits of \$100,000 each have been entered against the *Denver Tribune* by the managers of the Denver and New Orleans Railway.

The proposed independent cable to be laid from Germany to Valencia, and thence to the United States, will be laid from Baden, Prussia.

The Rev. Mr. Lizotte, who has arrived from Lake St. John, speaks of the crops in his district and throughout Lake St. John as excellent.

A number of clock-work machines and barrels of dynamite were discovered amongst the cargo of the Canadian steamer Malta at Liverpool.

Earl Hardwicke's Estates Bill to enable bankrupt trustees to pay a bankrupt's debts out of his settled estates passed the Commons on Saturday.

Sir Edward McTear has retracted his charges against McTear relative to the Erie Railway funds. He says he made the charge inadvertently.

Mr. Sidney Root, Commissioner to Canada for the International Cotton Exposition at Atlanta, Ga., is in Ottawa furthering the interests of the exhibition.

Mr. Parish, manager of the Thames Navigation Company, and who has been committed for trial in connection with the Victoria disaster, is seriously ill.

All the present and former Ministers of the Turkish Government have been summoned to meet in council to consider the best means of settling pending questions.

A fellow under the guise of a Jesuit Father has been victimizing the people of the Maritime Provinces. He is now in Halifax jail on a charge of theft.

Canvasser—"Will you give ten cents, sir, for complete pictures of the Royal family; thirteen in all?" Montreal Loyalist.—"It is too dear; they are still dearer in the old country." (Exeunt omnes.)

Lord Odo Russell, late British Minister at Berlin, having been created Baron Amthill in the peerage of the United Kingdom, has taken his seat in the House of Lords.

A despatch from Melbourne says all the difficulties connected with the Reform Bill, at Victoria, have been overcome, a compromise having been effected and the bill passed.

Seth Green says that the State Fish mission will take steps to transplant more of the striped bass into Lake Ontario, now that the success of the first experiment is known.

A young man who was placed in jail at Halifax had a bottle of liquor taken from him. He has been released, and now uses the turnkey for 25c, the alleged value of the liquor.

A Vienna despatch to the *Standard* says:—"Chimerical as it may seem, the Berlin and Vienna foreign offices are seeking to effect a political and trade alliance between France, Austria and Germany."

At a large meeting of farmers and laborers near Greengh, it was decided that farmers should give laborers who threatened to strike an increase of one shilling a week. The laborers have accepted.

Mr. Bradshaw has summoned a meeting of his supporters in Trafalgar square, London, on the evening of the 2nd of August, to make an orderly protest against his exclusion from the House of Commons.

A CENTENARIAN.—In the Gore of Argenteuil lives an old man who has just entered his 101st year. His name is McDougall; he was a sifter in a yeomanry corps engaged in the war in Ireland in '98, and he regularly every Sunday walks three miles and a half back and forward to the Episcopal Church. This is more than many a youth of twenty would do. Long live the centenarian.

WE understand that a Movement is on foot to republish, in book form, Mr. William Brown's articles on the Land Question which recently appeared in the *Irish World*. The Land League of this city has taken it up and has appointed a committee to carry it out. The book will cost only 25 cents, and the idea is to circulate it as widely as possible in the old land. Here, now, is a good work in which all friends of the land movement may cordially unite. Our fellow citizen, it is well known, has given a great deal of study to this question, and his "Land Catholicism" has excited much attention throughout Ireland, and also in the United States. Without endorsing all that may be said, we are friends to free and open discussion, believing that these great questions will never be settled without such discussions. Printed lists for subscriptions to the proposed work have been prepared, and those who wish to subscribe, or to aid in any way, can obtain information from any of the officers of the League. We ask our readers to lay hold of this movement and to help it forward as much as possible, and hope that a large edition may be got ready of a work which deserves and is sure to obtain a wide circulation.