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VOL. XXXI.—NO. 51.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1881.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE LAND WAR IN IRELAND

THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT

The LAND BILL

Passed the Commons.

Irish Members Enter Their Last Protest

The Evictions!!

The "SUSPECTS."

Parnell Demands Their Release

AND IS SUSPENDED!!!

LONDON, July 28.—While the Committee report on the Land Bill was being considered, Mr. Parnell moved to add to Clause 4, a proviso that whenever action for rent is pending at the same time as an application of fixing judicial rent, the former be suspended until the latter is determined.

The Attorney-General for Ireland assented to the principle of the amendment. Mr. Gladstone said the Government was considering the best form of introducing an amendment limiting the power of staying action only so far as to prevent the sale of a tenancy, and providing that the clause should apply to every case where this form of action is brought.

The Solicitor-General for Ireland suggested that the amendment would come better on clause 53, whereupon Mr. Parnell moved an addition to clause 53, providing that whenever within six months after the passing of the Bill action for debts brought or pending against a tenant, before or after the application to fix judicial rent, the Court should have power to stay the sale under any writ of Execution of Tenancy, until the termination of the proceedings on application. Carried, 209 to 76.

LONDON, July 29.—The Irish Land Bill came up for the final third reading and passage in the House of Commons this afternoon. The House was filled and the scene dramatic. Lord Randolph Churchill moved his resolution condemning the bill, and made a long speech. Mr. Gladstone replied, thanking the Opposition for not supporting Lord Churchill's motion. Mr. Gladstone made no attempt to conceal his satisfaction over the success of the measure.

Gladstone ridiculed Churchill and powerfully justified the Bill. He said it would be unbecoming in him to eulogize the measure, but the attacks against it were such as did not necessitate its defence.

A desultory discussion was continued by the Extremists amidst the evident impatience of the House. The Bill was finally read a third time and passed by 220 to 14, the majority being exclusively Conservatives.

The majority of the Conservatives and some Parliaments, including Parnell, abstaining from voting.

In the House of Lords to-night the Bill was read a first time, and its second reading fixed for Monday.

LONDON, July 30.—Parnell, Biggar, Healy, Redmond, Arthur O'Connor, Leamy and T. P. O'Connor, Home Rulers, quitted the House of Commons before the division was taken on the third reading of the Land Bill last night.

DUBLIN, July 28.—At a meeting of the Land League to-night, Redpath delivered a violent speech, in which he characterized Harcourt's statement that John Devoy was the agent of the League, as a deliberate lie, and alluded to John Bright as a renegade. He only opposed the Fenian schemes in America, because he did not see how it was possible to conquer England by revolution at present. Redpath concluded by calling Harcourt a liar, a slanderer, and a coward, and forger an infamous Quaker.

It is understood that owing to the unsettled state of Ireland, it has been decided to maintain the military establishments at their present strength some time longer.

Mr. John A. Blake, Liberal and Home Rule member of Parliament for Waterford County, has reproduced in pamphlet form a series of letters contributed to the Dublin Freeman's Journal upon the probable effect of American agricultural competition upon the value of land in Great Britain and Ireland. The writer gathered his facts during recent extensive travels in the United States and British America. Mr. Blake expresses the opinion that rent and land must by the year 1882 be reduced in value one-third.

During the recess of Parliament, a Convention of delegates from each branch of the Land League in Great Britain will be held in London, Justice McCarthy presiding, for the purpose of determining the future policy of the League, in the event of the Land Bill passing.

At a meeting of the Darlington, Durham County, Branch of the Land League to-day, a

letter from Mr. Parnell was read calling attention to the danger in which Ireland is placed by the forcible state of feeling in England towards Ireland, by the large powers in the hands of the Executive, and the complete immunity from legal check or punishment enjoyed by agents of the Government when they choose to break the law.

Official returns submitted to-day show that the number of families evicted from their homes in Ireland during the three months ending June 20, was 1,065. This means that about 7,000 men, women and children have been turned out of their homes; 592 of these families have been re-admitted to homes as tenants or caretakers, with the right of tenure, and liable to be turned out again at any moment and without any notice.

Parnell, with seven other members of the extreme Irish party, abstained from voting because they claimed to be uncertain as to the working of the measure, and were unwilling to accept the responsibility of approving the bill which depends for its success on the action of the Land Commission. As no resolution to abstain from voting had been adopted by the Irish party each member acted as seemed best to him.

The last hours of the bill in the House were stormy. Healy declared the Irish people had no cause to be grateful to Gladstone, for the owed the bill to the Land League organization. This produced considerable confusion and disorder. Joseph Cowen also declared the credit of passing the bill belonged to the Land agitation pointing out that agrarian legislation had no place in the Ministerial programme until the Land agitation compelled Ministers to deal with Land Reform.

During his speech it was almost impossible to hear him, and soon afterwards a division was allowed to be taken. On entering the House from the division lobby, Gladstone received an enthusiastic ovation from the Liberals and a portion of the Irish members, and for several minutes after he had resumed his seat, the House rang with cheers, repeated again and again.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

SECOND READING OF THE LAND BILL.

LONDON, August 1.—There was a numerous attendance at the House of Lords to-day for the second reading of the Land Bill. All the leaders were present except Granville, who is indisposed.

Lord Carlisle, formerly Sir Chichester Fortescue and ex-Secretary for Ireland, moved the second reading of the Irish Land Bill. On this motion a debate began, which is still proceeding, but the impression prevails that the debate will not be very protracted, and that the bill, substantially unaltered, will go back to the Commons in time for final passage before the 12th of August.

Salisbury severely criticized the Land Bill. He said that according to the bill the landlords could not even select a site for cottages. He became a sort of mortgagee of his own estate, with uncertain security; a sort of head agent for the Land Commission, which had a bias hostile to the landlords' interest. Salisbury agrees to the bill under the circumstances, but will stand by amendments providing for a clear definition of "Fair Rent," for the exemption of estates managed on the English system, and tenancies of over £100 yearly from the operation of the bill, and for the maintenance of the inviolability of leases.

It is expected that the debate will be concluded to-night, and that the bill will pass the second reading as modified by the Committee.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

PARNELL DEMANDS THE RELEASE OF THE SUSPECTS AND IS SUSPENDED—THE LORDS DENOUNCE THE LAND BILL AS REVOLUTIONARY.

Mr. Parnell was named for offensive language and disregarding the authority of the Chair by persisting, despite the Speaker's ruling, in raising the question of the Irish political prisoners.

Mr. Gladstone moved his suspension for the remainder of the sitting.

Mr. Parnell interrupted Mr. Gladstone, saying he would not go through the farce of waiting for a vote, as the Speaker interfered with the freedom of discussion. He then quitted the House.

The motion for his suspension was carried by 132 to 14.

The Marquis of Lansdowne (Liberal) said he regarded the bill as an attempt to quell agrarian aggression by the indiscriminate concession of proprietary rights.

The Marquis of Waterford (Conservative) said the bill was one of confiscation without compensation. The whole history of the bill showed it was really an answer to the Land League agitation. He hoped the House would very considerably amend the bill.

the House of Commons yesterday, the majority of his followers consulted with him. It was decided the English and Scotch as well as the Irish votes in Supply shall be questioned, on the ground that they affect Irishmen resident in Great Britain.

The House last night passed by 111 to 12, the motion giving precedence to Government business over all other business until the close of the session. The principal business will be that of supply.

Mr. Gladstone has intimated that the Irish members will be able to raise the question of arrests under the Coercion Act in the discussion of the appropriation bill for Irish expenses.

Mr. Parnell was not satisfied with this postponement of the question; hence the scene when Parnell was suspended.

At a meeting of a hundred Conservative Peers, at the Marquis of Salisbury's residence, yesterday, the amendments to the Land bill suggested by Salisbury were unanimously agreed to, in addition to these already stated. They include one providing for examination and revision, after six years, of the duties and the constitution of the Land Court.

PRIESTS FOR THE INDIANS.

RESPECT JAMES O'CONNOR'S NEW WORK.

From the Philadelphia Times.

A movement for the more vigorous pursuit of the work of Christianizing the Indians and the better support of Indian missions and schools has recently been inaugurated by several distinguished ecclesiastics of the Roman Catholic Church. Right Rev. James O'Connor of Nebraska, who is well known as the founder of two successful Catholic colonies in Greeley County, Nebraska, is one of the most active of the clergymen engaged in the undertaking. Bishop O'Connor delivered several lectures in this city explanatory of his colonization scheme. He will be remembered by Catholics as a tall, slender gentleman, of indomitable will, plain of speech, and with the head of a sage and the artlessness of a child.

He has lived in the West for several years, and was consecrated Bishop of Nebraska in 1876. He is thoroughly conversant with the intricacies of Indian questions. He is now in the East for the purpose of consulting with the Bishop in this part of the country as to the best method of furthering the work in hand.

He was called on yesterday at the residence of the Most Rev. Archbishop Wood, by a reporter for the Times and said that the outlook for success is very gratifying. "The Indian policy with respect to religion pursued by the last two Administrations," said the reverend gentleman, "were altogether opposed to the spirit of the country. The reservations were parcelled out to the various denominations, and no clergyman was admitted into any reservation that had not already been set apart for those of his faith. By this arrangement some 50,000 Catholic Indians were lost to the Catholic Church. I regarded the arrangement as unjust and absurd, and to test the question, I ordered one of the priests under my charge to enter a non-Catholic reservation. He did so, and was promptly ordered off. The agent telegraphed to Washington for information, and was told that what he had done was right. I told the priest to come back beyond the Nebraska line and wait until he could see Secretary Schurz who was shortly expected out there. When Mr. Schurz came the priest told him of the matter. The Secretary replied that he was quite in accord with the agent's action and made the astonishing declaration that the time had not yet come for granting liberty of conscience to the Indian."

President Garfield will, I understand, reverse the policy of the preceding Administrations, and allow the clergymen to give the aborigines an opportunity of embracing whatever religion impresses them as being the true one. The action is to be taken, I am told, at the request of the Presbyterians. As we are likely to have the 50,000 Indians from whom we have been separated restored we must prepare for them as well as for others who may wish to enter the church.

The Archbishop of Baltimore, who is the President of the Indian Catholic Mission Bureau, will send a circular-letter to all the Catholic Bishops in the country asking their opinion as to the best plan of proceeding to accomplish the object desired. It is likely either that each church in the country will pay a certain amount each year, or that the mission will be maintained together by individual subscriptions. In either case it is believed that all the money required can be obtained."

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Good digestion.—Holloway's Pills are universally acknowledged to be the safest, speediest, and best corrective for indigestion; loss of appetite, acidity, flatulency, and nausea are a few of the inconveniences which are remedied with ease by these purifying Pills. They strike at the root of all abdominal ailments, they excite in the stomach a proper secretion of gastric juice, and regulate the action of the liver, promoting in that organ a copious supply of pure, wholesome bile, so necessary for digestion. These Pills remove all distention and obstruction, and from their harmless composition, are peculiarly well adapted for delicate persons and young children; whilst casting out impurities, these excellent Pills strengthen the system and give muscular tone.

The doctors pronounce Boyton, a prisoner under the Coercion Act, in a dangerous state of health. His eyesight has greatly failed.

Parnell will decide whether or not a Home Rule manifesto be addressed to Irishmen in all parts of the world, protesting against secret attempts on English lives and property.

Farmers upon the estate of one McNamara, in Bedfordshire, have received letters threatening them with death if they pay rent. McNamara is also threatened with death by anonymous persons.

SKIRMISHERS

AND THE SKIRMISHING FUND.

Torpedoes and Infernal Machines.

WHAT SEVERAL SKIRMISHERS SAY ABOUT THE AFFAIR.

(N. Y. Star.)

Who shipped the infernal machines on board the Boston steamers for Liverpool is the question which yesterday agitated the minds of the steamship agents, the British Government officials and the public generally and members of the Skirmishing Fund in particular.

The mysterious torpedo ram which was constructed by Delamater & Co., for which John P. Holland, and which is still in this harbor, has also aroused the public curiosity and made many persons imagine that an ocean voyage would be anything but safe at this time under the British flag. With a view of learning something definite about these things, a Star reporter visited the great skirmisher, J. O'Donovan Rossa, at the office of his paper, the United Irishman. He was in good humor and also talkative.

After preliminary matters had been gone over, the Star reporter asked why the machines were sent over. Rossa said he knew the man who sent them, but would not, for obvious reasons tell his name.

Why did he send them? "To make money. He is a member in good standing of the Skirmishing Fund, and the job was put up first to get these machines on board, all possibility of their exploding being guarded against; then this man proposed letters to the British Consul, and after introducing himself, offered to betray the awful secret for a good reward."

"Yes, sir; he got, I'm told, \$10,000, and the British Government were in great glee over getting at the bottom of the plot, and promised him, as soon as matters developed fully, \$10,000 more."

"Has he got the additional sum?" "Oh, no; the British, after seizing the machines the other side and making inquiries, found they were sold badly, and all they have for their \$10,000 are the few machines, worth about \$50 apiece, and my billheads."

"This, then, is the true story of the whole mysterious affair?" "The whole truth, and I don't think the British Consul will see the man who gave him the information for false representations. We propose, you see, to fight the British with our own money, if we can, and this is a nice, easy way of getting hold of it."

"What do you know about the mysterious torpedo ram of which so much has been said?" "I know a good deal, and one thing I know is that the ram, or torpedo-boat, is no good. She is, in fact, a dead failure."

"How do you make that out? The Delamaters and Mr. Holland speak differently." "I cannot help that. It is all bosh. I know Mr. Holland very well."

"Is he a member of the Skirmishing Fund?" "No; but when I was connected with that fund I first introduced him in connection with the torpedo-boat."

"What was it to be used for?" "Different purposes; principally, in case England got involved in war, to attack and destroy her commerce."

"Why was she not used?" "Because the opportunity didn't arise, and because she is no good."

"But why is she brought into such notice now?" "Oh, that's easy to explain. You see there is to be a meeting of the Skirmishing Fund Trustees shortly, as some people doubt whether there is any Skirmishing Fund left, and as it may be very difficult or unpleasant to explain where all the money has gone to there is nothing like having a good excuse."

"How; do you mean that most of the fund has been spent?" "That's just it. I think it has been invested in something or other, and it will be very handy to charge it all to the ram, and then, of course, it is sought to make her out a formidable boat so that the people who subscribed their money would get some show for it."

"You are not connected with the Skirmishing fund now, are you?" "No, sir, and I don't think there is any Fund to be connected with. I am connected, though, with the United Irishmen's Society, and funds are coming in every day."

The Star man next visited the British Consul's office, but that official being out, the Vice-Consul was seen. When asked if \$10,000 had been paid to any man who furnished information about the shipping of the infernal machines from Boston, he answered very emphatically: "There is not the slightest truth in the statement."

"But Mr. Rossa has said that he knows of the man, and that the machines were shipped solely for the purpose of extracting money from the British Government, and that the man came to this office pretending to be an informer, and that you were taken in by him?" "Purely imaginary, sir," answered the Vice-Consul; "an emanation of Rossa's brain. There is, as I say, not one word of truth in the statement."

"Do you propose making this an international case if the shipper is discovered?" "Yes, I do." "I cannot answer that. We really have no information to give on the matter, and neither can we divulge what measures are being taken to discover the criminals."

General Thomas F. Burke, one of the Trustees of the Skirmishing Fund, was next visited, and was in his usual affable mood.

"General, has the Skirmishing Fund anything to do with the torpedo ram?" "I cannot answer that. I don't know much about it."

"O'Donovan Rossa says that the torpedo-boat is a failure?" "He knows nothing whatever about her," was the answer. "But he also says that she is now sought to be made out a grand success, so that the Trustees of the Skirmishing Fund, at a meeting to be held, may have some means of accounting for the disappearance of the money."

"He lies. Now, I don't want to say anything about O'Donovan Rossa, or, as some people call him, O'Donovan Basha, but I will say that he knows nothing whatever about this torpedo-boat."

"How about the fund?" "The fund is all right and has not disappeared, but Rossa has been talking in this way about it over since he ceased to be connected with it, and since we refused to advance him \$5,000 out of it. He said he wanted the \$5,000 for himself and Crowe to do some terrible work with. We asked him to show us the plans of operation, and that if necessary we would advance him \$10,000 or \$20,000, but he refused, and said that Crowe had all the plans."

"Don't you think Rossa really a terrible fellow, and that he intends blowing up England?" "Bosh! Do you know what Michael Davitt said of Rossa? Why, he said he hadnt courage enough to set fire to a haystack. No, sir, he is all talk, and is what you might call 'loaky.' I would as soon tell anything that was to be done to a Scotland Yard detective as to him."

"What do you think, General, about the dynamite machines?" "Some infernal lumbag; they were never sent by a friend of Ireland. The thing is too ridiculous to think of."

"It is stated that the Home Rule members of Parliament intend issuing a manifesto denouncing any such means of warfare. What effect would that have on the Land League here?" "The Home Rulers have nothing to do with it, neither has the Land League. It is none of their business, and they had better keep their hands off."

Doctor W. B. Wallace, the President of the Land League of New York, was next visited, and said that the idea of any Irish patriot in his right mind waging war on passenger vessels was too absurd to think of. He looked on the whole business as a stupid plot of the Government to throw discredit and contempt on the Irish cause.

England always is indifferent when the other is so fresh. The Mason and Slidell case is too green in the minds of the people to make an international case out of this."

"You remember how the English fleet interfered and prevented the Neapolitan gunboats from firing on Garibaldi and his insurgents when passing from Sicily to the mainland?" "There is one thing that needs to be spoken of in this country, and that is the attempt of England to dominate public opinion and exert an influence in the affairs of this country. She seems to think that the Irish people when they come here to live should forget the causes that drove them here and say nothing harsh of England." When asked his opinion as to the proposed manifesto by the Home Rulers on the dynamite question, Dr. Wallace said: "I think it is much better to treat the matter with silent contempt. The purpose of the Land League is not to manifesto whenever the British Government plays a hoax. The Land League, of course, does not wage war on emigrant and passenger ships, nor does any Irishman; that is left for Englishmen to do. Some members of the Land League, of course, believe in aggressive measures against England; but I don't think blowing up ships with their own countrymen, and perhaps friends, on board is one of the measures."

"Do you think Mr. Parnell will approve of or issue the manifesto?" "I do not; and further, I don't believe that it is at all within the province or scope of the Land League. We are not a society for protecting Britain's interests nor a body-guard for the lives of British statesmen, but are organized for the purpose of securing the least of the many concessions that England will have to grant to Ireland."

A MYSTERIOUS TORPEDO BOAT.

NEW YORK, July 28.—A long account is published in the Sun to-day of a mysterious submarine torpedo boat, which has been built at the Delamater Iron Works for John P. Holland, an Irishman, who lives in Colden street, Newark, N. J., and was formerly a teacher in a Roman Catholic school at Paterson, N. J. It is said that Mr. Holland has worked on the boat, begun two years ago, from plans which he furnished, and, refusing to divulge the names of the capitalists who backed him, he made weekly payments to the firm in Treasury notes. At one time the supply of funds was interrupted, and work was suspended, but afterward it was carried on as before. Mr. Holland refused to tell for whose use the craft was intended, but it is suspected that it is designed for the operations of the Fenians. The boat was finished last April and taken to Hoboken, whence it was recently removed to a point near Fort Hamilton. It is 31 feet in length, all over, is six feet six inches in diameter shaped like a cigar; is driven by a screw propelled by a petroleum oil engine, and is made of riveted iron plates tested to stand 300 pounds pressure to the square inch. The boat is alleged to be a perfect success, having been easily and swiftly propelled under water for an hour or more at a time. There is room inside it for four men and the appliances for working a torpedo. Dr. William Carroll, of Philadelphia, said to be a trustee of the Irish "Skirmishing Fund," is alleged to have supplied a part of the \$10,000 which it cost to construct the boat. When questioned on the subject yesterday, he refused to give any information.

SCOTCH NEWS.

The North British Railway Tay Bridge Bill was read a third time in the House of Lords on Monday and passed.

The Admiralty have decided to sell the Ironclad Black Prince built by Messrs Napier & Company, on the Clyde.

On 5th of July the s.s. Stettin, from Copenhagen, and the s.s. Berlin, from Hamburg, arrived at Leith with 53 and 45 emigrants respectively, en route for America.

An Argyllshire correspondent reports that large numbers of young grouse have been drowned in the nests on the moors by the heavy and continuous rains of the past fortnight.

The profits realised by the Crief Co-operative Society, after paying the necessary working expenses for the past quarter, give a dividend of 18 6d per £1 to members on purchases.

A series of conference meetings of the Latter-day Saints took place on Sunday in their hall, Watson Street. There was a large attendance of members belonging to Glasgow and district at the various diets.

The Valtos dispute in Skyo has been settled by local arbitration. A correspondent states that although the moat has been made of the matter by outside agitators, pleasant relations continue as hitherto between all concerned.

During the past month the total emigration from the Clyde numbered 4878 persons, 4058 of whom proceeded to the United States, 747 to Canada, 25 to Australia, 41 to New Zealand, and 7 to other places. The emigrants of the United States, included 2182 foreigners, chiefly Germans and Scandinavians.

Interdicts have been issued at the instance of Mr. Hopo Johnstone, of Annan, against a number of young men for playing cricket on the Ladyknowe, a piece of ground in the neighbourhood of Moffat, and fences have been erected obstructing the public from walking along the banks of the Mill burn. A large and enthusiastic meeting of the inhabitants was held in the Batis Assembly Hall on Saturday evening, at which it was stated that the ground in question had been used as a common from time immemorial, and a committee was appointed to take legal opinion on the subject, and defend the parties summoned at the Sheriff Court.

The body of the Mr. James Finlay, farmer, Carmunnock, who went missing under somewhat suspicious circumstances in February last, was recovered on Wednesday afternoon in Bogton Quarry, Cothart. Messrs Butters Bros. of Glasgow have been engaged for some weeks back in pumping the water out of the quarry, and their labours have been so far successful as to result in the recovery of the remains. The money and watch of the deceased were found upon the person, and his walking-stick in his hand, which removes all doubt as to foul play. The authorities are attending to the usual procedure in such cases.

On 6th July the remains of Private Wm. Laddy, who belonged to the 74th Highlanders, were removed from Maryhill Barracks and interred in Balbeth burying-ground with the usual military honours. The coffin was placed on a gun-carriage drawn by six horses belonging to E. Battery, Royal Artillery. Immediately in the front were a firing party of 14 men, rank and file, and the pipers of the 71st Regiment, and behind were 24 men of the 71st. The Rev. Mr. Brown, Roman Catholic clergyman, Maryhill, was in attendance, the whole being under the charge of Lieutenant Austey. Rody was 27 years of age, and was eight years in the army. He was ill in the hospital when his regiment left Maryhill on the 26th of last May. He died of consumption.

On 4th July a special meeting of the Dumbarton Town Council was held in the Council chambers for the purpose of considering the proposal by Messrs William Denny & Bro, shipbuilders, Dumbarton, to close up the Castle Road, and open a new road in its stead. The Messrs Denny wish to take the present road into their yard, along with a considerable stretch of ground at the same place. They also propose to erect a new suburb at the eastern extremity of Dumbarton which will give house accommodation for about two thousand families, and for this purpose they have purchased the grounds of Knoxland and Oatlegreen, two small estates in close proximity to their works as well as a property called the Green extending to several acres. The Messrs Denny also include in their scheme the making of a graving dock which will take in the largest vessel afloat. The committee recommended that the offer of the Messrs Denny be accepted, and that no opposition be given to the proposal to close the road. The Provost moved the adoption of the report, which being seconded, was agreed to.

At the meeting of the Town Council of Greenock Provost Campbell on the 6th July read a letter from the Secretary of State to Mr. Stewart, M. P., in reference to the laying of the foundation stone of the James Watt Dock. The letter ran as follows:— "Sir, I am directed by the Secretary of State to acquaint you, with reference to your letter of 22d ult, that he has had the honor to lay before the Queen the request of the Provost of Greenock on behalf of the community of that town, that Her Majesty would be graciously pleased to lay the foundation stone of the harbour works at Greenock. Her Majesty regrets very much that her numerous engagements will prevent her paying a visit to Greenock. I am to add that if the community desire to lay their request before the Prince of Wales, they should communicate direct to Mr. Knollys. I am, sir, your obt. ser., GORRUCK LUSKINGTON." The Provost said that they would now proceed to communicate with the Prince of Wales.

The rumor that there is likely to be trouble between American and Newfoundland fishermen, on account of the payment of £15,000 by the British Government, is altogether without foundation.

THE TRUE WITNESS FOR 1881

The True Witness has within the past year made a grand stride in circulation, and if the testimony of a large number of our subscribers is any proof, it may also claim a general improvement.

It was formerly two dollars per annum in the country and two dollars and a half in the city, but the present proprietors having taken charge of it in the hardest of times, and knowing that to many people a reduction of twenty or twenty-five per cent would mean something and would not only enable the old subscribers to retain it but new ones to enroll themselves under the reduction, they have no reason to regret it.

The True Witness is too cheap to offer premiums or "chromos" as an inducement to subscribers, even if they believed in their efficacy. It goes simply on its merits as a journal, and it is for the people to judge whether they are right or wrong.

But as we have stated we want our circulation doubled in 1881, and all we can do to encourage our agents and the public generally is to promise them that, if our efforts are seconded by our friends, this paper will be still further enlarged and improved during the coming year.

On receipt of \$1.50, the subscriber will be entitled to receive the True Witness for one year. Any one sending us the names of 5 new subscribers, at one time, with the cash, (\$1.50 each) will receive one copy free and \$1.00 cash; or 10 new names, with the cash, one copy free and \$2.50.

Our readers will oblige by informing their friends of the above very liberal inducements to subscribe for the True Witness; also by sending the name of a reliable person who will act as agent in their locality for the publishers, and sample copies will be sent on application.

We want active intelligent agents throughout Canada and the Northern and Western States of the Union, who can, by serving our interests, serve their own as well and add materially to their income without interfering with their legitimate business.

The True Witness will be mailed to clergymen, school teachers and postmasters at \$1.00 per annum in advance.

Parties getting up clubs are not obliged to confine themselves to any particular locality, but can work up their quota from different towns or districts; nor is it necessary to send all the names at once. They will fulfil all the conditions by forwarding the names and amounts until the club is completed. We have observed that our paper is, if possible, more popular with the ladies than with the other sex, and we appeal to the ladies, therefore, to use the gentle but irresistible pressure of which they are mistress in one half of our husbands, fathers, brothers and sons, though for the matter of that we will take subscriptions from themselves and their sisters and cousins as well. Rates for clubs of five or more, \$1.00 per annum in advance.

In conclusion, we thank those of our friends who have responded so promptly and so cheerfully to our call for amounts due, and request those of them who have not, to follow their example at once.

"POST" PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO. 741 CRAIG ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

AGUST.

The summer season now reaches its climax, and is prolific in developing bowel complaints. Over-indulgence in fruit, immoderate drinking of iced waters and summer beverages, in a few hours produce fatal ravages among children and adults. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the most reliable remedy for all forms of summer complaints. Safe, pleasant and prompt in its effects. All dealers keep it.

Irishmen are more numerous among the actors of America than their assumed stage names indicate. George Clark's real name is O'Neil, Frank May's is Maguire, James A. Horne's is A. Robert Bear, E. Graham's is Magee, John Thompson's is McGlorey, Henry J. Montague's is Mann, Dan Bryant's is O'Brien, Edward Leon's is Glassery, Horace Vinton's is Fargy, Wm. J. Florence's is Conlin, Barney Williams's was Fabery, Frank Little's is Kerrigan, Tony Hart's is Cannon, John E. Ince's is Mulcahy, James Peters' is Fleming, John E. Daly's is McCarty, Ernest Linden's is Hanigan, and John T. Raymond's was O'Brien until he lately had it legally changed.

EPPE'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING—

By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist any tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.

THE MUSSULMAN REVOLT.

Uncertainty and uneasiness still prevail. The World's London special says it is difficult to obtain an accurate idea of the position of affairs in Tunis and Algeria. The rule compellans correspondents of French papers to submit their letters to military censorship is still in force. The correspondence from the

rest of the instruction printed in the Paris papers, for that reason exceedingly meagre and one-sided. It is positively known, however, that the French troops who captured Sfax are unable to advance further inland. A vast stretch of country extending from Sfax inland to the boundary of the Algerian province of Constantine, and northward to Medjerda Valley, is in the hands of the rebels. Khairou, the holy city, inland from Sousse, on the Gulf of Hammamet, is the rendezvous of the Arab tribes, and there are not less than 30,000 men well armed irregular cavalry within call by the Mussulman authorities. The Arabs openly declare that the Bey betrayed the regency, and it is for them to fight for the Mussulman supremacy. The agitation in Tunis is increased by the arrival of the Tripolitan tribes, whose head men assert that France decreed the conquest of all the Barbary States and Egypt, and the Sultan called upon the followers of the Prophet to battle against the threatened spoliation. At this season of the year—and the summer is unusually hot—it will be quite impossible for any European force, no matter how strong, to attempt to penetrate the interior. The French can do nothing, therefore, but hold Sfax until reinforcements arrive. In the autumn France must either subjugate the marauding tribes or evacuate the country. The generals in Tunis have asked Governor Grevy for Algerian troops but the state of affairs there is so critical that the men cannot be spared.

ARE YOU GOING TO TRAVEL?

Don't forget a supply of that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It is a superior remedy for sea sickness, and positive cure for all bowel complaints induced by bad water, change of diet, or of climate. Whether at home or abroad, it should be kept at hand in case of emergency.

EVICTIIONS IN IRELAND.

There has been issued a return, compiled from statistics presented to the Inspector-General of the Royal Irish Constabulary, of cases of eviction which have come to the knowledge of the constabulary in the quarter ended the 30th day of June, 1881, showing the number of families evicted in each county in Ireland during the quarter, the number readmitted as tenants, and the number admitted as caretakers. From this statement it appears that in Ulster 400 families, numbering 2,028 persons, were evicted; 24 families, consisting of 121 persons, were readmitted as tenants; and 275 families, numbering 1,373 persons, were readmitted as caretakers. In Leinster 171 families, numbering 750 persons, were evicted; 12 families, consisting of 50 persons, were readmitted as tenants; and 62 families, numbering 298 persons, were admitted as caretakers. In Connaught 268 families, consisting of 1,570 persons, were evicted; three families, numbering 14 persons, were readmitted as tenants; and 118 families, numbering 718 persons, were readmitted as caretakers. In Munster, 186 families, consisting of 914 persons, were evicted; 11 families, numbering 71 persons, were readmitted as tenants; and 89 families, consisting of 507 persons, were readmitted as caretakers. The totals for the quarter are—Evicted, 1,065 families, consisting of 5,262 persons; readmitted as tenants, 50 families, consisting of 256 persons; readmitted as caretakers, 542 families, numbering 2,895 persons. This leaves 473 families, numbering 2,112 persons, who were not reinstated.

FOR COUGHS.—Mix one teaspoonful of Perry Davis' Pain Killer in three tablespoonfuls of syrup, and take two or three teaspoonfuls of the mixture every half hour, till relief is obtained.

DYNAMITE.

WHAT THE IRISH IN LONDON THINK OF THE LATEST SENSATION.

LONDON, July 26.—The London correspondent of the New York Star cables:—"The reported finding at Liverpool of a number of infernal machines filled with dynamite, on the steamer Malta, with which to blow the 'blasted' Englishmen to atoms, was a subject of conversation among the friends of Ireland in this city yesterday. The reported finding of some of O'Donovan Rossa's bills hidden in some of the barrels in which the machines were packed served to add additional excitement.

IN ORDER TO ASCERTAIN THE VIEWS OF THE LAND LEAGUE ON THE SUBJECT, THE STAR REPORTER INTERVIEWED DR. W. B. WALLACE, PRESIDENT OF THE IRISH NATIONAL LAND LEAGUE.

"I have no hesitancy in expressing my views," said that gentleman. "I do not know of any society on this side that has for its object such a mode of procedure. The men connected with Irish affairs are very clear-headed business men and do not believe in wasting their money or time in wild-goose schemes."

"Then, I infer that you disapprove of such a method of warfare?"

"If they take it into their heads to settle matters with England in a physical way, while they may not discard the use of dynamite, or any other powerful means of destruction, they do not believe in boxing up such things and packing them in ships for the purpose of having Custom House officers in England make the discovery of them, and by creating a sensation, throw dust in the eyes of the people of Europe. There is no use in denying that there are Irish organizations in this country with ramifications in Ireland that ultimately regard physical force as the only means whereby redress of Irish grievances can be obtained from England. It may be said that every Irishman possessing a spark of patriotism or an atom of sympathy with the people of his race, would hail an opportunity for successfully dealing with England in that way; but as I said before, these men want matters done in a business-like manner, and only when every other means of doing good should be exhausted. My impression is they regard these dynamite stories that we periodically hear of from England as either the purest fabrications of English officials for English purposes, or the mad exploits of wild and Quixotic Irishmen, who seem to think that they carry the Irish race in their pockets. In reference to the present case, if we wait long enough after this sensation, we will find the proper explanation come from the proper people."

JULY.

During this month summer complaints commenced their ravages. To be forewarned is to be armed. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the best known preventative cure for all forms of bowel complaints and sickness incident to the summer season.

Mr. Irving's lease of the Lyceum, in London, will soon expire, and it is understood that it is his intention to buy up the freehold of the theatre for a sum little short of £120,000. This sum Mr. Irving will be able to pay out of the net earnings of his management.

CHARLIE STUART AND HIS SISTER

AND HIS SISTER

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.

PART II.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

"If ever you are mistress," he repeated. "Edith, my dearest, when will you be?"

"Who knows? Never, perhaps."

"Well, who can tell? I may die—you may die—something may happen. I can't realize that I ever will be. I can't think of myself as Lady Catherton."

"Edith, I command you! name the day."

"Now my dear Sir Victor—"

"Dear Victor, without the prefix; let all formally end between us. Why need we wait? You are your own mistress, I am your master; I am desperately in love—I want to be married. I will be married. There is nothing to wait for—I won't wait. Edith, shall it be this—the last of May—shall it be the first week of July?"

"No, sir; it shall not, nor the first week of August. We don't do things in this desperate sort of haste."

"But why do we delay? What is there to delay for? I shall have a brain fever if I am compelled to wait longer than August."

"Now, now, Sir Victor Catherton, August is not to be thought of. I shall not marry you for ages to come—until Lady Helena Powys gives her full and free consent."

"Lady Helena shall give her full and free consent in a week; she could not refuse me anything longer if she tried. Little tyrant! you cared for me one straw you would not object like this."

"Yes, I would. Nobody marries in this impetuous fashion. I won't hear of August. Besides, there is my engagement with Mrs. Stuart. I have promised to talk French and German all over the Continent for them this summer."

"I will furnish Mrs. Stuart a substitute with every European language at her finger-ends. Seriously, Edith, you must consider that contract an end—my promised wife can be no one's paid companion. Pardon me, but you must see this, Edith."

"I see it," she answered gravely. She had her own reasons for not wishing to accompany the Stuart family now. And, after all, why should she insist on postponing the marriage?"

"You are relenting—I see it in your face," he exclaimed impudently. "Edith! Edith! shall it be the first week in September?"

She smiled and looked at him as she had done early this eventful morning, when she had said "Yes!"

"As brain fever threatens if I refuse, I suppose you must have your way. But talk of the willfulness of women after this!"

"Then it shall be the first of September—St. Partridge Day?"

"It shall be St. Partridge Day."

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW CHARLIE TOOK IT.

Meantime the long sunny hours, that passed so pleasantly for these plighted lovers, lagged drearily enough for one young lady at Powys-place—Miss Beatrix Stuart.

She had sent for her mother and told her the news. Placid Aunt Chatty lifted her meek eyebrows and opened her dim eyes as she listened.

Sir Victor Catherton going to marry our Edith! Dear me! I am sure I thought it was you, Trixy, all the time. And Edith will be a great lady, after all. Dear me!"

That was all Mrs. Stuart had to say about it. She went back to her tatting with a serene quietude that exasperated her only daughter beyond bounds.

"I wonder if an earthquake would upset ma's equality!" thought Trixy savagely.

"Well, wait until Charlie comes! We'll see how he takes it!"

Misery loves company. If she was to suffer the pains of disappointment herself, it would be some comfort to see Charlie suffer also. And Trixy was not a bad-hearted girl either, mind—it was simply human nature.

Charlie and the captain had gone off exploring the wonders and antiquities of Chester. Edith and Sir Victor were nobody knew where. Lady Helena had a visitor, and was shut up with her. Trixy had nothing but her novel, and what were all the novels, in Mudie's library to her this bitter day?

The long red spears of the sunset were piercing the green depths of fern and brake, when the young man rode home. A servant waylaid Mr. Stuart and delivered his sister's message. She wanted to see him at once on an important business.

"Important business!" murmured Charlie, opening his eyes.

But he went promptly without waiting to change his dress.

"How do, Trixy?" he said, sauntering in. "Captain Hammond's compliments, and how is the ankle?"

He threw himself—no, Charlie never threw himself—he slowly extended his five feet eleven of manhood on the sofa, and awaited his sister's reply.

"Oh, the ankle's just the same—getting better, I suppose," Trixy answered, rather crossly. "I didn't send for you to talk about my ankle. Much you, or Captain Hammond or any one else cares whether I have an ankle at all or not."

"My dear Trixy, a young lady's ankle is always a matter of profound interest and admiration to every well-regulated masculine mind."

"Bah! Charley, you'll never guess what I have to tell?"

"My child, I don't intend to try. I have been sight-seeing, all the afternoon, interviewing cathedrals, and walls, and rows, and places, until I give you my word you might knock me down with a feather. If you have anything prying on your mind—and I see you have—out with it. Suspense is painful."

He closed his eyes, and calmly awaited the news. It came—like a bolt from a bow.

"Charlie, Sir Victor Catherton has proposed to Edith, and Edith has accepted him!"

Charlie opened his eyes, and fixed them upon her—not the faintest trace of surprise or any other earthly emotion upon his fatigued face.

"Ah—and that's your news! Poor child. After all your efforts, it's rather hard upon you. But if you expect me to be surprised you do your only brother's penetration some thing less than justice. It has been an evident case of spoons—apparent to the dullest intellect from the first. I have long outlived the tender passion myself, but in others I always regard it with a fatherly—may, let me say, even grandfatherly interest. And so they are going to love and live together through many changing years, as the poet says: 'Bless you, said Charlie, lifting his hand over his imaginary pair of lovers at his feet—'bless you, my children, and be happy!'"

And this was all! And she had thought he was in love with Edith himself! This was all—closing his eyes again as though

staring awfully terrified. It was too much for Trixy."

"O' Charlie, she burst forth, "you are such a fool!"

"Mr. Stuart rose to his feet."

"Overpowered by the involuntary homage of this assembly, I rise to—"

"You're an idiot, there!" went on Trixy: "a laxy, stupid idiot! You're in love with Edith yourself, and you could have had her if you wished, for she likes you better than Sir Victor, and then Sir Victor might have proposed to me. But no—you must go dawdling about, prowling and prancing, and let her slip through your fingers!"

"Prowling and prancing! Good Heaven! Trixy! I ask you soberly, as man to man, did you ever see me prow or prance in the whole course of my life?"

"Bah-h-h!" said Trixy, with a perfect shake of scorn in the interjection. "I've no patience with you! Get out of my room—do!"

Mr. Stuart, senior was the only one who did not take it quietly. His bile rose at once.

"Edith! Edith Darrell! Fred Darrell's penniless daughter! Beatrix Stuart have you let this young baronet slip through your fingers in this ridiculous way, after all?"

"I never let him slip—he never was in my fingers," retorted Trixy, nearly crying. "It's my usual luck. I don't want him—his a stupid noodle—that's what he is! Edith's better-looking than I am. Any one can see that with half an eye, and when I was sick on that horrid ship, she had everything her own way. I did a little too hard to be scolded in this way, with my poor sprained ankle and everything!"

"Well, there, there, child!" exclaimed Mr. Stuart testily, for he was fond of Trixy; "don't cry. There's as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. As to being better-looking than you, I don't believe a word of it. I never liked your dark complexioned women myself. You're the biggest and the best-looking young woman of the two, by George!" (Mr. Stuart's grammar was hardly up to the standard.) "There's this young fellow, Hammond—his father's a lord—rich, too, if his grandfather did make it cotton-spinning. Now, why can't you set your cap for him! When the old rooster dies, this young chap will be a lord himself, and a lord's better than a baronet, by George! Come downstairs, Trixy, and put on your stunningest gown, and see if you can't hook the military swell."

Following these pious parental counsels, Miss Trixy did assume her "stunningest" gown, and with the aid of her brother and a crutch, managed to reach the dining-room. There Lady Helena, pale and preoccupied, joined them. No allusion was made at dinner to the topic—a visible restraint was upon all.

"Old lady don't half like it," chuckled Stuart pere. "And no wonder, by George! If it was Charley I shouldn't like it myself. I must speak to Charlie after dinner—there's this Lady Gwendoline. He's got to marry the upper-crust too. Lady Gwendoline Stuart wouldn't sound bad, by George! I'm glad there's to be a baronet in the family, even if it isn't Trixy. A cousin's daughter's better than nothing."

So in the first opportunity after dinner Mr. Stuart presented his congratulations as blandly as possible to the future Lady Catherton. In the next opportunity he attacked his son on the subject of Lady Gwendoline.

"Take example by your cousin Edith, my boy," said Mr. Stuart in a large voice, standing with his hands under his coat-tails. "That girl's a credit to her father and family, by George! Look at the match she's making, without a rap to bless herself with. Now you've a fortune in prospective, young man, that would buy and sell half a dozen of these beggarly lordlings. You've youth and good looks, and good manners, or if you haven't you ought to have, and I say you shall marry a title by George! There's this Lady Gwendoline—she ain't rich, but she's an earl's daughter. Now, what's to hinder your going for her?"

Charlie looked up meekly from the depths of his chair.

"As you like it governor. In all matters matrimonial I simply consider myself as non-existent. Only this I will promise—I am ready to marry her, but not to court her. As you truthfully observe, I have youth, good looks, and good manners, but in all things appertaining to love and courtship I'm as ignorant as the child unborn. Matrimony is an ill no man can hope to escape—love-making is. As a prince in my own right, I claim that the wooing shall be done by deputy. There is her most gracious Majesty, she popped the question to the late lamented Prince Consort. Could Lady Gwendoline have any more illustrious example to follow? You settle the preliminaries. Let Lady Gwendoline do the proposing, and you may lead me the day, you please as a lamb to the slaughter."

With this reply, Mr. Stuart, senior, was forced for the present to be content and go on his way. Trixy, overhearing, looked up with interest.

"Would you marry her, Charlie?"

"Certainly, Beatrix; haven't I said so? If a man must marry, as well as Lady Gwendoline as any one else. As Dunderbury says, 'One woman is as good as another, and a good deal better.'"

"But you've never seen her."

"What difference does that make? I suppose the Prince of Wales never saw Alexandra until the matter was cut and dry. You see I love to quote lofty examples. Hammond had described her, and I should say from his description she is what Barry Cornwall would call a 'golden girl' in every thing except torture. Hammond speaks of her as though she was made of precious metals and gems. She has golden hair, 'alabaster bow, sapphire eyes, pearly teeth, and ruby nose. Or, stay—perhaps it was ruby lips and chiselled nose. Chiselled, sounds as though her olfactory organ was of marble or granite, doesn't it? And she's three-and-thirty years of age. I found that out for myself from the Peagee. It's rather an advantage, however, than otherwise, for a man's wife to be ten or twelve years the elder. You see she combines all the qualities of wife and mother in one."

And then Charlie sauntered away to the whit-table to join his father and mother and Lady Helena. He had as yet found no opportunity of speaking to Edith, and at dinner she had studiously avoided meeting his eye. Captain Hammond took his post beside Miss Stuart's invalid couch, and made himself agreeable and entertaining to that young lady.

Trixy's eyes gradually brightened, and her colour came back; she held him a willing captive by her side all the evening through. Papa Stuart from his place at the whit-table bestowed paternal approval down the long room.

A silken-hung arch separated this drawing-room from another smaller, where the piano stood. Except for two waxlights on the piano, this second drawing-room was in twilight. Edith sat at the piano, Sir Victor stood beside her. Her fingers wandered over the keys in soft, dreamy melodies; they talked in whispers when they talked at all. The

spell of a silence, more delicious than words, held the young baronet; he was hearing the speechless phase of the grand passion. That there is a speechless phase, I have been credibly assured again and again, by parties who have had experience in the matter, and certainly ought to know.

At half-past ten Lady Helena, pleading headache, rose from the whit-table, said good-night, and went away to her room. She looked ill and worn, and strangely anxious. Her nephew, awaking from his trance of bliss, and seeing her pale face, gave her his arm and assisted her up the long staircase to her room.

Mrs. Stuart, yawning very much, followed her example. Mr. Stuart went out through the open French window to smoke a last cigar. Captain Hammond and Trixy were fathoms deep in their conversation. Miss Darrell, in the inner room, stood alone, her elbow resting on the low marble mantel, her eyes fixed thoughtfully on the wall before her. The twinkle of the tapers lighted up the diamond on her hand, glowing like a miniature sun.

"You have been so completely monopolized all the evening, Dithy," said a familiar voice beside her, "that there has been no such thing as speaking a word to you. Better late than never, though, I hope."

She lifted her eyes to Charlie's face, Charlie looking as he ever looked to her; "a man of men," handsome and gallant, as though he were indeed the prince they called him. He took in his hand hanging loosely by her side, the hand that wore the ring.

"What a pretty hand you have, Edith, and how well diamonds become it. I think you were born to wear diamonds, my handsome cousin, and walk in silk attire. A magnificent, truly—a heirloom, no doubt in the Catherton family. My dear cousin, Trixy has been telling me the news. Is it necessary to say I congratulate you with all my heart?"

His face, his voice, his smile held no emotion whatever, save that of cousinly regard. His bright gray eyes looked at her with brotherly frankness, nothing more.

The colour that came so seldom, and made her lovely, rose deep to Edith's cheeks—This time the flush of anger. Her dark eyes gleamed scornfully; she drew her hand suddenly and contemptuously away.

"It is not necessary at all, Cousin Charlie. Pray don't trouble yourself—I know how you hate trouble—to run fine phrases. I don't want congratulations; I am too happy to need them."

"Yet being the correct thing to do, and knowing what a stickler you are for les convenances, Edith, you will still permit me humbly to offer them. It is a most suitable match; I congratulate Sir Victor on his excellent taste and judgment. He is the best fellow alive, and you—I will say it, though you are my cousin—will be a bride even a baronet may be proud of. I wish you both, all the happiness so suitable a match deserves."

Was this sarcasm—was it real? She could not tell, well as she understood him. His placid face, his serene eyes were as cloudless as a summer sky. Yes, he meant it, and only the other day he had told her he loved her. She could have laughed aloud—Charlie Stuart's love!

On the instant Sir Victor returned. In his secret heart the baronet was mortally jealous of Charlie. The love that Edith could not give him, he felt instinctively, had long ago been given to her handsome cousin. There was latent jealousy in his face now, as he drew near.

"Am I premature, Sir Victor, in offering my congratulations?" Charlie said, with pleasant cordiality; "if so, the fact of Edith's being my cousin, almost my sister, must excuse it. You are a fortunate man, baronet. It would be superfluous to wish you joy—you have an overplus of that article already."

Sir Victor's brow cleared. Charlie's frankness, Charlie's perfect good-humor staggered him. Had he then been mistaken after all? He stretched forth his hand and grasped that of Edith's cousin.

She turned suddenly and walked away, a passion of anger within her, flashing as she went a look of hatred—yes, absolute hatred—upon Charlie. She had brought it upon herself, she had deserved it all, but how dared he mock her with his smiles, his good wishes, when he knew, that her whole heart was in his keeping?

"It shall not be in his keeping long," she said savagely, between her set teeth. "Ingrate! More unstable than water! And I was fool enough to cry for him and myself that night at Killarney."

It was half past eleven when she went up to her room. She had studiously avoided Charlie all the remainder of the evening. She had demoted herself to her affianced with a smiling devotion that had nearly turned his brain. But the smiles and the brightness all faded away as she said good night. She tottered wearily up the stairs, pale, tired, spiritless, half her youth and beauty gone. Farther down the passage she could hear Charlie's mellow voice trolling carelessly a song:

"Did you ever have a cousin, Tom? And could that cousin sing? Sisters we have by the dozen Tom, But a cousin's a different thing."

Everyone went to bed, and to sleep perhaps, but Sir Victor Catherton. He was too happy to sleep. He lit his cigar and paced to and fro in the soft darkness, thinking of the great bliss this day had brought him, thinking over her every word and smile, thinking that the first of September would give him his darling forever. He walked beneath her window of course. She caught a glimpse of him, and with intolerant impatience extinguished her lights and shrouded herself and her wicked rebellion in darkness. His eyes strayed from hers to his aunt's farther along the same side. Yes, in her room lights still burned. Lady Helena usually kept early hours, as befitted her years and infirmities. What did she mean by "burning the midnight oil" to-night. Was that black lady from London with her still? and in what way was she mixed up with his aunt? What would they tell him to-morrow? What secret did his aunt hold? They could tell him nothing that could in the slightest influence his marriage with Edith, that he knew; but still he wondered a little what it all could be. At one the lights were still burning. He was surprised, but he would wait no longer. He waved his hand towards Miss Darrell's room, this very fargone young man. "Good-night, my love, my own," he murmured. By-ronically, and went to bed to sleep and dream of her. And no warning voice came in those dreams to tell Sir Victor Catherton it was the last perfectly happy night he would ever know.

CHAPTER XIV.

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow came, gray, and overcast. The fine weather which had lasted almost since their leaving New York showed signs of breaking up. Miss Stuart's ankle was so much better that she was able to limp down stairs at eleven a.m., to breakfast, and resume her flirtation with Captain Hammond where it had broken off last night. Miss Darrell

had a headache and did not appear. And the absence of his idol and day star, Sir Victor collapsed and ate his morning meal in silence and sadness.

Breakfast over, he walked to one of the windows, looking out at the rain, which was beginning to drift against the glass, and wondering how long he was to stay in London.

"What was he to do to kill time? It was relief when a servant came with a message from his aunt."

"My lady's compliments, Sir Victor, and will you please step upstairs at once."

"Now for the grand secret," he thought, "the skeleton in the family closet—the discovery of the mysterious woman in black."

The woman in black was nowhere visible when he entered his aunt's apartments. Lady Helena sat alone, her face pale, her eyes heavy and red as though with weeping, but all the anger, all the excitement of yesterday-gone.

"My dear aunt," the young man said, really concerned, "I am sorry to see you looking ill. And—surely you have not been crying?"

"Sit down," his aunt replied. "Yes, I have been crying. I have had good reason to cry for many years past. I have sent for you, Victor, to tell you all at least all it is advisable to tell you at present. And before I begin, let me apologize if anything I may have said yesterday on the subject of your engagement has wounded you."

"Dear Lady Helena, between you and me there can be no talk of pardon. It was your right to object if you saw cause, and no doubt it is natural that Edith's want of birth and fortune would weigh with you. But they do not weigh with me, and I know the happiness of my life to be very near your heart. I have only to say again that that happiness lies entirely with her—that without her I should be the most miserable fellow alive—to hear you withdraw every objection and take my darling to your arms as your daughter."

She sighed heavily as she listened.

"A wifful man must have his way. You are, as you told me yesterday, your own

And she... I love her so dearly that if I lose her... Miss Darrall? I need hardly inquire whether you love her...

for you... I love her so dearly that if I lose her... Miss Darrall? I need hardly inquire whether you love her...

for you... I love her so dearly that if I lose her... Miss Darrall? I need hardly inquire whether you love her...

THE ENGLISH IN IRELAND. A BRITISH DEMOCRATIC INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE. LETTER FROM JAMES REDPATH. DUBLIN, July 11, 1881.—The history of the English in Ireland (even as told by their ablest and most eloquent apologist, James Anthony Froude), is one of the most appalling narratives of unscrupulous and continuing crime in the annals of modern times.

found a man, his wife and two sons fast springing into manhood. The dwelling was built by themselves and they also tiled some of the small patches of ground, which had been pointed out to us on the land side of the village, and every inch of the said plots they had cleared of the stones which lay piled upon their edges.

Latest Irish News by Mail. INCIDENTS OF THE LAND WAR. BEATING A BAILIFF. A correspondent writes:— On Wednesday, the 29th ult., the town of Elphin was crowded with fully 5,000 peasantry from all the Land League branches in the neighborhood.

"Does she love you?" she asked; "this

"I believe you," he replied sadly. "My dear aunt, forgive me. I believe all you have said. Can I not see her and thank her for what she has done for me?"

"I believe you," he replied sadly. "My dear aunt, forgive me. I believe all you have said. Can I not see her and thank her for what she has done for me?"

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The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY THE... 761 CRAIG STREET, - MONTREAL.

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, AUG. 3.

CATHOLIC CALENDAR

For August, 1881. THURSDAY, 4.—St. Dominic, Confessor. FRIDAY, 5.—Our Lady of Nives.

ANOTHER blow has been given to British prestige in Afghanistan. The puppet Lord Lytton set up has been met on the field of battle by the renowned Ayob Khan.

A late despatch says that Ayob Khan has entered Candahar without opposition. We can sympathize with the Jingoists in their wrath at this news.

IRISHMEN of all political ways of thinking, Fenian, Land Leaguers, Home Rulers and Castle-hacks ignore those infernal machines.

The Irish Land Bill has now passed finally through the Commons, and obtained the first reading in the House of Lords.

In the True Witness of four years ago appeared a series of letters on Irish Emigration from the pen of Mr. C. J. Shell.

to the States in preference to Canada. As we have scores of times remarked, we would like to see the Irish people stay at home.

The census, as might be expected, shows a steady increase in all the cities and counties of Canada except a few of the latter.

Montreal... 1871 1881 Incr'se. Prct. Toronto... 56,092 86,445 30,353 55%

No matter what difference of opinion may exist in Canada as to how the sum of \$100,000 granted to the Irish famine sufferers was disposed of, credit is given the donors by Mr. Patrick Egan.

It will be seen from this that the fault lies with the British Government; they would not construct piers, and so Canada's money was dedicated to that object in conjunction with the friends of the National Land League.

THE ELECTIONS IN FRANCE.

Prince Jerome Bonaparte has spoken, and demanded a plebiscite. He is the nephew of his uncle, Napoleon the Great, and the cousin of Napoleon the Third.

No one can pronounce as to the relative strength of those parties, but it would be pretty safe to estimate that among them they would poll half the electors of France.

in for the blame, and the sickle, volatile people might vote for a Bonapartist or any other factionist in their anger against those who embarked them in an inglorious campaign.

INCAPACITY OF THE CELT FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT.

There appeared in Monday's Montreal Herald, a long article taken from the International Review under the heading of "Why Ireland has been misgoverned."

It is Ireland's misfortune that within the past few years especially she has had many commentators upon her history, many—too many—critics on her condition.

The increase in the population during the decade was 680,498, against an increase of 464,197 in the preceding decade, and this growth, which is equal to 18 1/2 per cent.

The increase is only at the rate of thirteen hundred a week. An increase which the statist or any one who has watched the deaths and births of the Dominion of Canada can almost account for by natural causes alone.

DYNAMITE AND TORPEDOES.

To a good many the capture of ten "infernal machines" by the Liverpool detectives presents itself in a comical aspect, but not so to the people of England generally.

They did govern Ireland from 1782 to 1800 to such advantage that England grew alarmed for her supremacy and brought about the Legislative Union.

THE CENSUS.

The Census of the Dominion of Canada as taken on the fourth of April last, shows the following figures.

Table with 3 columns: Province, 1871, 1881. Includes Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, British Columbia and North West Territories.

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Table with 3 columns: Province, Actual increase, Per cent. Includes Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba.

From the above it will be seen that our population has increased eighteen and a half per cent during the past decade.

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that there are two sections of them, one comprised of the old party which collected the \$100,000 and effected the escape of the Fenian prisoners from Western Australia.

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within those limits. I pray God, therefore, that that may prevail. I say it truly, and I believe it, that, under the guidance of your faithful bishops and clergy in Ireland, and by the way in which, for instance, the Archbishop of Cashel has lately spoken with such great force and minuteness, there is now a power to guide and direct the association of the Land League into a safe path.

CITY AND SUBURBAN NEWS.

DR. HINGSTON has gone to Halifax for a few weeks vacation.

The monthly revenue for July of the Recorder's Court was \$1,661.45.

The St. Bridget's T. A. & B. Society have unanimously elected Mr. Thomas O'Neil to represent it at the annual convention of the Catholic Temperance Union of America.

LETTER OF THANKS. The Secretary of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club received the following letter of thanks from the American Society of Civil Engineers.

NEW YORK, July 27, 1881. Mr. Snow, Honorable Secretary Shamrock Lacrosse Club, Montreal, Canada:

SIR,—I am instructed by a vote of the American Society of Civil Engineers, assembled in convention at Montreal, to tender to you the thanks of that society for your courtesy and attention on the occasion of the visit of the society to Canada.

SHAMROCK LACROSSE CLUB. QUARTERLY MEETING.—THE REPORTS SUBMITTED.—FLOURISHING CONDITION OF THE CLUB.

The Shamrock Club held their quarterly meeting on their grounds last evening. The chair was filled by Mr. Fitzgibbon, 2nd Vice-President.

The application for the use of the grounds on the 6th of August was received from the Cornwall Island Indians, which it was decided to grant.

The Secretary and Treasurer's reports showed a balance on the 1st of April \$36, income \$1,983.44, total \$1,987.80; \$1,881.35. The large expenditure is accounted for by the fact that \$1,014.73 has been paid to clear off an old debt.

On Saturday the labour deputations had an interview with Cardinal Manning at his residence, Westminster. Having stated their views with regard to the land, the Cardinal, in reply, delivered an address, from which we take the following passages as reported in the Freeman.

I assure you that I believe that every class has a perfect freedom and right to associate and band themselves together for that which is their common interest. I have always felt, too, that what they call "trades unions" are legitimate associations to protect the common interests of the men. I have also felt—and not only felt but written and published my opinions—that the Land League operating within the limits of the law, human and Divine, is a lawful association, and I have always to every way, as those who are near me well know, regarded the Land League as a legitimate organization, and one which, so long as it does not transgress against the laws of God or man, should never have one word of discouragement from my lips.

ROUND THE WORLD

Mrs. Anna Parnell is creating enthusiasm in Ireland. ... A barber shop at Jackson, Mich., has four ...

quite an enthusiast. One of the infernal machines designed to blow up England ...

PILGRIMAGE TO ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

A SUCCESSFUL TRIP TO THE SHRINE OF THE GOOD ST. ANNE—SKETCHES OF BONNIER—VISIT TO THE MAGICIFERRE—A CHAT WITH ADMIRAL HALLIGAN.

pilgrims generally in regard to their comfort. This vote was carried with a will, as was also ...

In the case of Gerster the correspondence, so far as published, conclusively proves that ...

a magnificent bondir grand which had been engaged for her use before she left Paris.

REVIEW OF BOOKS, MAGAZINES, &c.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD FOR August contains—Retribution! If not, why not, by R. F. Farrell.

McGEE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.—The current number of McGee's Illustrated Weekly contains articles and illustrations of extraordinary interest.

ROUND THE WORLD.—(BELLFLOW, ROSE & Co., Toronto, Publishers.)—This work has been written by Chester Glass, a young advocate of London, Ont., and it is a work of which even authors of standing in the world might well be proud.

It is said that St. Louis has the politest lawyer in the country. A long and terrific roll of thunder having stopped him in the midst of an address to the jury, on resuming, he bowed and courteously said, "Gentlemen, please excuse this interruption."

A beautiful and touching sight recently occurred at Cincinnati. While a prominent belle was at the circus an elephant stepped upon her foot, and remained there until the young lady was apprised of his presence by a companion, who had it driven away.

From a Russian newspaper of the year 1878: "The ruins of the palace are still smouldering. Twenty-five nuzzles are playing on the debris. The safe cannot be taken out before to-morrow night; but it is believed that the Czar will be found uninjured."

An editor announces the death of a lady of his acquaintance, and thus touchingly adds—"In her decease the sick lost an invaluable friend. Long will she seem to stand at their bedside, as she was wont, with the balm of consolation in one hand and a cup of thubarb in the other."

Cincinnati has called itself the Paris of America; it has by other people been called the Plaster of Paris of America, and even the Paris Green of America.

Some impertinent fellow writes to us and asks the pertinent question if it is necessary to have a chief and an inspector at the head of four Water Police Sergeants during the winter; wouldn't Chief Murphy suffice? That is all very fine, but what would happen Inspector Ormond?

Mr. Charles Harris, an Englishman, who is making a tour of the world, and who is at present in Ottawa, says that since he has seen the Canadian North-West he does not see how it is possible for British tenants to compete with the people of Canada, and sees nothing for it but a reduction of rents all round.

London Truth.—Dancing by daylight is not looked on with approval by the performers. Men hate it. Girls don't quite hate it, because they could not, under any circumstances, hate dancing; but they would infinitely prefer that, to their minds, enchanting exercise by any other light, be it gas, candles, stars, moon, electricity or torches. Daylight is merciless to flushed cheeks, crushed flowers and torn dresses."

THE INFERNAL MACHINES.

THE INVENTOR ARRIVED. FERRIS, Ill., August 1.—This noon at 3 P.M. E. Crowe, inventor of the infernal machines that were recently shipped to England, and which caused such a commotion throughout the country, was walking up Maine street, in this city, he was arrested by United States Marshal on an order from McVeagh, U. S. Attorney-General.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

The Spanish Ambassador at the Vatican will be instructed to convey to the Pope the deep regret of the Spanish Government at the disturbance during the removal of the remains of Pius IX.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, Spain, in a pastoral letter violently attacked the Italian people and Government, inciting all Catholics to combine and if necessary to use force and arms to restore the independence of the temporal power of the Pope in Rome.

QUENZO, August 1.—Mgr. Racine, of Chicoutimi, made the following ordinations yesterday.—Priests—Rev. Messrs. Charland, of St. Joseph de Lewis; Dufresne, of St. Saver; D. W. Grant, of Charlottetown, P. E. I. Deacons—Rev. L. S. Oron, of Lislet. Subdeacons—Rev. O. Dube, of Ste. Anne de la Pocaillere. There were about fifty priests present at the ceremony.

Rev. Father Henri Hudon, S.J., has been appointed Superior-General of the Jesuits for North America. This is the first Canadian Jesuit who occupies such a high position. He is a native of Riviere Ouelle, and studied at St. Anne's College. A number of Jesuits expelled from France have arrived in town lately.

FORTY-FOUR YEARS A BISHOP. The forty-fourth anniversary of the elevation of His Grace Archbishop Bourget to the Bishopric of Montreal was celebrated on Monday, the 25th of July. A large number of the clergy of the diocese hastened, on this joyful occasion, to the residence of His Grace at Saint Anne Recollet, to give a warm expression of their sentiments of respect and affection.

His Lordship Mgr. Laflèche, Bishop of Trois Rivières, accompanied by the Rev. M. Luc Deslattes, were among the number of the visitors, as also several priests from the neighboring dioceses. The venerable Archbishop was much affected by the kind solicitude and sincere wishes of those who called upon him. He was in excellent spirits, and enjoys perfect health.

It was then moved by Mr. Brogan, seconded by Mr. Gunning, that a vote of thanks be given to the Rev. Father Dowd, the Rev. Father Callaghan and the clergy of St. Patrick's generally for the hearty co-operation they had given St. Patrick's Temperance and Benefit Society, to which co-operation, the success of the pilgrimage was mainly due. They were replied to by Father M. Callaghan in a most eloquent speech, the Rev. gentleman taking the opportunity to remark that he had seldom seen so much zeal and devotion exhibited in any undertaking.

THE OBSEQUIES OF THE LAMENTED PARISH PRIEST OF ROXTON FALLS. The funeral services of the Rev. Mr. Larue, curé of Roxton Falls, who fell a victim to the fire which destroyed his house on Tuesday night week last, were held on the Friday following in the Parish church. The sacred edifice was crowded to its full capacity by the faithful of this Parish and a large number of mourners from the adjoining parishes came to pay their last tribute of respect and affection to the regretted deceased.

THE WEBER, STEINWAY AND GERSTER CONTROVERSY. The United States papers devote much of their space to the Gerster controversy between Weber and Steinway.

EXHIBITION.

1881. CANADA'S GRAND EXHIBITION! MONTREAL, 14th to 23rd of SEPTEMBER!

Under the Patronage of His Honor the Lieut.-Governor of the Province of Quebec. \$25,000 IN PRIZES

IT IS DIVIDED INTO THREE PRINCIPAL DEPARTMENTS: AGRICULTURAL! INDUSTRIAL! HORTICULTURAL!

OPEN TO THE WORLD! With a view of affording increased accommodation, the Exhibition Grounds have been extended, and the Buildings enlarged.

Grand Display of Horses and Cattle! Horses and Cattle will be shown in the Ring, between 2 and 5 p. m., each day commencing Friday 10th September.

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS! Among the numerous Attractions SPECIAL PRIZES

PRACTICAL WORKING DAIRY! The Committee have made arrangements for a Butter and Cheese Factory in full operation during the entire Exhibition.

Grand Military Displays. TORCHLIGHT PROCESSIONS AND FIREWORKS! In the Evening, especially designed on a scale of surpassing magnificence, eclipsing anything heretofore witnessed in Canada.

ELECTRIC LIGHT EXHIBITION! HORSE-JUMPING! Grand Athletic Tournaments!!!

FIREMEN'S COMPETITION, &c. A PROGRAMME OF ALL THE ATTRACTIONS WILL BE ISSUED AT A LATER DATE.

Increased Facilities will be provided for Reaching the Grounds, Excursions and to Issue Return Tickets at REDUCED RATES!

Intending Exhibitors should send in their entries without delay. For Prize List, Entry Forms, or any other information, apply to the undersigned. S. C. STEVENSON, Sec. Industrial Dept., 181 ST. JAMES STREET, Montreal, 6th July, 1881. GEO. LECLERC, Sec. Agr'l Dept., 68 ST. GABRIEL STREET.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DR. SULLIVAN AND "THE UNITY OF THE FAITH."

To the Editor of THE POST AND TRUE WITNESS:

Sir—I received from a friend, the other day, a copy of the Montreal Witness, containing a string of carefully prepared Evangelical prose, from the lips of one Dr. Sullivan, after the manner of your parti-colored ribbons which wool-devouring Saltimbanques draw forth from the cunning depths of their diaphragms. The Dr. is a great champion—a "Travelling Thane" in the regions of Hooker, Stillington, King James 1st, and theologians of that stamp. He is sweet and soft, very soft, and beautiful as the flowers of May, only his are rhetorical flowers with a mixed odor of assafetida and "Bouquet de Geneve." I am much amazed that so plous a creature should have exploded his bomb of fulminate of mercury theology with the thermometer up in the nineties, especially as the doctors are advising us to keep cool as possible. By my word, I think the amiable gentleman who styles himself "Bishop" should look after his sources, strident and long-resounding importation from Chicago, and implore him to get rid of the flavor of Swing, Long John, Charley Farrell, Black Jack Logan, long, short, bull, bear and wheat corner—not forgetting the hogs—species of which seem to have driven the immortal Pantagruel to mistake sensationalism for decency and common sense.

I hold this truth to be self-evident, that whenever a heretic takes the Catholic Church or her teachings for his theme, he makes—of nature have not saved him the trouble beforehand—an egregious ass of himself, with all due respect to Oxford divines, who cultivate muscle, not mortification. By the way, I have sometimes been told by Anglican ministers, my neighbors, that your Cambridge and Oxford importations are highly charged with something not at all like Air, Faure's "boxed electricity," but rather like self-conceit and an exquisite snobbishness which were redolent of "I am Sir Oracle; when I open my mouth let no provincial dog bark!" I rebuked my neighbors, and spoke of the "mawble awls" and the "barbaric lights" to which the tender exiles had been accustomed, and, moreover, I insinuated that they generally left England fearing the heavy burden of York or Canterbury (20,000 pounds a year) might chance to be hoisted on to their humble and shrinking shoulders. Queer, but the aforesaid neighbors laughed comely at my remarks. But, here I leave prolegomena and digression, contenting myself with saying that I merely notice Rev. Sullivan (iddle) D. D., as a case in point, illustrative of an immutable fact, viz: that whenever your heretic treats of things Catholic, he makes an ass of himself, except nature saves him the trouble. Let me now proceed to demonstrate my proposition.

Rev. Sullivan tells his palpitating dime-producers that "faith is a complete, organic whole,—a finality." Is there a man living, not excepting Rev. Sullivan himself, who can explain the meaning of the words just quoted? Does faith exist in finite intelligences? Is an assent of the human mind, independent of authority? Is faith subjective, or is it the body of revealed truth itself? What does he mean by "faith" being an "organic whole"? Let me borrow an illustration from nature. The liver, as a liver, is an organic whole. Is it so absolutely? I rather think not. And, will the Rev. Sullivan tell us, what are the constituents of his "organic whole"? Revealed truths, he may say. But revealed truths are the expression of the Word; to whom? to man; for what purpose? that man may humbly submit his mind and heart to the Word; and how is this done? by such an assent, and in such manner, as God commands; and what is such assent? Faith! And in what manner must this faith be expressed? Under that authority which is the sine qua non of all supernatural life here below—the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church.

On Rev. Sullivan talks of "faith" being an organic whole, a "finality," he speaks of an authority which, as in the case of every constant, he carries under his own hat. But, let us for a moment, accept Rev. Sullivan's "finality." If faith be an organic whole, a "finality," plainly revealed by God, and so simple that he who runs may read,—a thing, indeed, to be adjudicated upon by every man's "private spirit," a "judgment,"—why have so many heresies scandalized the ages past, and why do hundreds of sects, children of Protestantism, dishonor the Lord in our own times? When our divine Lord said to St. Peter, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," faith certainly became a "finality," that is, its most important expression for man was faith in the Catholic Church, which is simply, Christ speaking and teaching all ages through the oracle of his infallible Vicar on earth, Peter. But, Rev. Sullivan's "finality" is the antipodes of that of Christ, for it attempts to reduce revelation to a mere expression about which every man may have his own opinion, or "views." It is true he compounds belief with the thing to be believed, but the drift of his words throw little light on the heavy confusion of his ponderous absurdities.

And, now, before proceeding further in my direct argument, I wish to digress a little, asking the forbearance of my readers for my doing so. Rev. Sullivan, with all the rest of the teachers of heresy on earth, cannot say effectively: "I believe in God." Why? Because he does not believe the Catholic Church. Who was it that solemnly said:—"He who will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican"? It was the Incarnate God. The intellectual and moral rebels against the Church are indicated by the "heathen" and "publican." The heretic says:—"I believe in God." God says:—"Unless you hear my Church, ye are heathens and publicans." The heretic replies:—"I won't hear the Church!" and the Church, the Catholic Church, the only possible Church, for by her, alone, is the grand scheme of redemption being ever carried on, in every jot and tittle of its sublime significance,—that Church is, as I said a moment ago, God speaking by the voice of infallible Peter. Therefore, when the heretic says, "I believe in God," his very status, as heretic, practically and formally amounts to this:—"I believe in God, but I do not believe in God!"

If the authority of the Catholic Church, proposing the things of faith, have not been sufficiently brought to the intelligence of reason, he might incalculably deny that authority, and nevertheless be capable of acts of Christian faith in some mysteries proposed to him, based upon other motives. Very likely, children and rustics, in exceptional cases of invincible ignorance of the authority of the Catholic Church, to whom for instance, the credibility of the Trinity or Incarnation has been sufficiently proposed, may be able to elicit an act of faith concerning those mysteries. All this may possibly be, but he who knowingly and

THE PRISONERS AT KILMAINHAM

VISIT TO THE IRISH BASTILE.

Letter from James Redpath.

To the Editor of THE POST AND TRUE WITNESS: DUBLIN, July 10, 1881.

One hundred and eighty persons have been arrested under the Coercion laws. Wherever the local Land Leagues are giving too much annoyance to the Irish landlords, the Secretary and Treasurer are seized and taken out of harm's way. When it is utterly impossible to give even the pretext of a "reasonable suspicion" that they are inciting to riot, they are arrested under the vague generality of "treasonable practices." Gladstone's government is as friendly to landlordism as the administration of Beaconsfield. Gladstone desires, as Beaconsfield would have fought, to maintain the institution. Gladstone wishes to modify it, while Beaconsfield would have tried to keep it unchanged. The Irish peasant and farmer are indifferent to the Land Bill. They understand it thoroughly. They know that it will be only another Sodom apple to them—that its effect will be to prolong the existence of a system of feudal landlordism which has kept them in wretchedness for three centuries. Americans, in studying the Irish Land Question, will fail to understand it and gravely misinterpret it, if they regard it from the point of view of business or of political science only.—If they forget that landlord and tenant in America, are not mere contracting parties, equally independent and equally dependent, meeting in a fair and open market; but that here they are hereditary enemies who for ten generations have occupied the relation of master and serf of persecuting State Religions and martyrs of the Church respectively; that all the power of the Government is still mercilessly exercised on the side of the landlord; and that both Government and landlord are regarded by the people as aliens and usurpers,—not in a sentimental or historical sense, but with a living hatred; that there is no such thing, in fact, but only in theory, as any "contract" between landlord and landholder, but that the master of the soil holds the toiler at his absolute mercy, because there is no diversity of industry in Ireland; and that, even if Mr. Parnell himself should draft a Land Bill that preserved the principle of landlordism in it, and the Government should accept it, and it should receive the Royal assent, it would not and could not benefit the peasantry, because the Irish courts are exclusively composed, and as long as the present British Constitution lasts, they must necessarily be composed of landlords; and because the judiciary of Ireland to-day is the most corrupt and partisan judiciary in Western Europe. The English Radicals are coming over here, and they are discovering the truths that I taught in America. Mr. A. F. Winks, for example, in pleading after a visit here, with an English audience, for self-government, astounded them by telling them these well known facts:—

"Mr. Winks asserted the wants of Ireland to be just laws for her people, administered justly, not as now administered by a chairman of quarter sessions and packed juries, for the Irish people had no confidence in such administration. In the year 1879 there were brought before the Land Sessions Court claims amounting to £120,000 by 363 tenant-farmers. The courts awarded them only a paltry £12,500; that is, about 10 per cent of their claims, while in all cases where landlords sued tenants the landlords were awarded 75 per cent. of the gross total of their claims. The whole official system in Ireland was rotten and corrupt. Taxation also furnished an instance of the gross inequalities arising from the legislative connection between England and Ireland, for while England paid 1 in 14 of her revenue in taxes, poor Ireland was mulcted to the extent of 1 in 8.

"Equality in matters of religion was exemplified by the facts that while the funds of Protestant Churches were protected against fraud, no security whatever existed for the funds of the Roman Catholics; and further, by the partisanship exhibited in filling up positions in the Irish civil and police services; for while 76 per cent. of the population were Roman Catholics, 80 per cent. of the highest offices in these services were filled by Protestants.

"Politics is not an abstract science. Hatreds and sentiments, race and religion are far more potent factors than logical propositions and philosophical theories. It is because Gladstone, Bright, and Forster, and the English politicians as a class, utterly ignore these more potent factors, that they have been, and always must be, rejected as worthless. Forster takes as his companions when he is here, Castle spies and Castle hirelings whose salaries depend on the existence of the present condition of society, and he sends to Kilmainham the most beloved and trusted leaders and exponents of the national sentiment; and then he grows angry because he has not succeeded as a pacifier of Ireland!

"I have spent two days in visiting 'the Suspects' in Kilmainham Jail. Do Americans know what a Suspect is? It is a man detained in jail without trial, and without accusation, there to remain until September, 1882, when, on his release, he shall have no redress. Some of the most eloquent denunciations of the French Republicans—of a century ago—that adorn the literature of what is sometimes called English Liberty relate to the Jacobin 'Law of the Suspect.' The English Coercion Laws of today arm the 'Irish Secretary'—who is always an Englishman—with precisely the same arbitrary power that the Jacobin leaders possessed from La Loi du Suspect, and with precisely the same power of lettres de cachet that enabled the old French noblesse to send innocent men whom they hated to the Bastille. Kilmainham is the Bastille of Ireland. It is an old prison of the gloomiest description. Solid stone walls, outside and inside—a jail within a jail—walls of thickness not deemed necessary now in building our modern prisons—long, low stony passage ways, and heavy bolts and massive iron doors everywhere—musty smells as you go along the stony corridors and ascend the stony stairways—silent armed red-coated sentinels in the streets and around the building—it is not a residence to be desired, even although the rules that govern it, as applied to the Suspects, are lenient enough, and although the officers are respectful to the visitors and courteous to the patriots whom they guard.

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FATHER GRAHAM ASKS IF IRELAND IS A CATHOLIC NATION OR NOT.

By that question I presume he means that as a Catholic nation her national societies should, perhaps of the same religious complexion as the majority of her people. Well, I would ask Father Graham if the Province of Québec is a Catholic Province? Proportionally it is more Catholic than Ireland, and yet the French National Society, the St. Jean Baptiste, does not close its doors to French Canadian Protestants—the St. Jean Baptiste, as we are much more Protestant than Ireland is Catholic, and yet on her fourth of July no one is asked if he is a Catholic, or a Protestant, nor were they questioned when her banner had to be carried from Rappahannock to the Missouri, from Fredericksburg to Ashtara. England is a Protestant country, yet on St. George's Day the only rivalries her sons have are the rivalries of York and Lancaster, the White and Red roses, were to typify the death of a by-gone era. We alone are sectional, and when an effort is being made to develop that sectionalism into a broader national existence, without abandoning its single principle I ever held, out comes Father Graham from remote Lochiel, and peremptorily says we must be sectional; nationality is a snare. But in Father Graham's two columns and a quarter there are many statements; here is one that contains some truth and a little argument. He says: "All Ireland's glories are Catholic; all her misfortunes are Protestant." The *moi* not *all* Father Graham. Whom? Legislative Independence? Who? Protestant volunteers, Protestants? Who? And was not Legislative Independence of a man, "Ireland's glories" which was won by Protestant Irishmen who could not present themselves at the doors of St. Patrick's society, Montreal? And who were the statesmen who labored for Catholic emancipation before O'Connell, who, but Gratian and Plunkett, and Ponsoby and Curran, and Wallace and Burroughs; none of whom dare approach the society that pins upon its programme "No Protestants need apply." And how were "Ireland's glories" treated from the time of the Catholic Henry II. to the days of the Protestant Henry VIII.? Who gave the Bull to Henry II.? What does even the hostile Cambrensian say of the "miserable" condition of the Catholic Church under Henry the invader? Who murdered O'Rourke; deposed Roderic O'Connor; slew Brian Roe O'Brien; confiscated the most of the island; murdered the chiefs of Offaly, who but English Catholic kings and English Catholic noblemen? Ireland has been persecuted by Catholics and Protestants alike, and it is time, it is more than time, to bury the hatchet for ever. Her Catholic sons have sold her in the informer's dock, as well as her Protestant sons have too often deserted her. Her glories are mostly Catholic I grant, and the tracing of her choicest works are the result of Catholic hands. As Catholic Ireland the genius of her sons shone like a beacon light from pole to pole; while the virtue of her daughters gave Christianity itself a charm and fitted virtue as the unmistakable work of God. But Ireland entire for me. Ireland of the Catholic and Ireland of the Protestant; Ireland of O'Connell and Ireland of the O'rrs. The Ireland of the North and the Ireland of the South—this is the Ireland I would like to see, and this is the Ireland for which all moderate men and true nationalists ever labor and pray.

But why continue. Father Graham has caused me to wander a good deal from the principle involved. He will do so no more. Unless he can confine himself to the issue at stake, unless he drops his personalities, unless he learns to write like a Christian clergyman and ceases to insinuate un-Christian "motives," unless he confines himself to facts and not wander through fiction, I shall take no further notice of his effusions.

When St. Patrick's Society follows the example of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club and the Land League, and open its ranks to all Irishmen, then it will be a national society, but until then, if the question is to be further discussed, I would take the liberty of advising Father Graham, although I do not pretend to the deep knowledge of classics for which the rev. gentleman is remarkable, yet, I remember the advice of Horace that the cobbler should stick to his last.

M. W. KIRWAN.

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New Advertisements. EXHIBITION! THE Montreal Horticultural Society Will hold their usual Annual Exhibition in the VICTORIA SKATING RINK, On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, 20th, 21st, 22nd and 23rd September next.

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