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IRENE THE FOUNDLING;

Or, The Slave's Revenge.

By the Author of 'The Banker of Bedford.'

CHAPTER I.

IN THE STAGE-COACH AND AT THE INN.

Thick, misty clouds overcast the sky; peals of thunder in the distance came rolling nearer and nearer, until they burst into one prolonged roar just above a lumbering old stage-coach slowly making its way over the muddy roads of a Virginia post route, the driver incessantly cracking his long whip over the backs of his jaded horses, and urging them, with shouts and exclamations, to accelerate their speed.

This scene occurs in what is now West Virginia. It is west of the mountain range, but where, on every hand, are frowning precipices, deep gorges and swift-flowing torrents. On the right, the jagged headlands are crowned with huge old bowlers, just peeping out from the thicket of evergreens and creeping vines which surround them. Although not called mountains, it is a country whose picturesque heights and umbrageous valleys would excite a degree of enthusiasm in the bosom of a lover of the beautiful in those lonely valleys, almost hidden in their leafy groves, was the home of many an old Virginia aristocrat. The great, gnarled oak standing upon the verge of some miniature precipice, and glooming sullenly through the misty rain, seems but part of some pictured scene. Far in the distance, faintly penciled against the misty sky, rise headlands to what seems an enormous height, about them a dark mass of clouds, like some giant's garment, caught upon the peaks and blown about at the will of the wind. It envelops and conceals the highest peaks, leaving the imagination to add to the belief in their stupendous height.

It has been raining all day, and the driver of the stage-coach is anxious to reach his destination. "Set up! If we don't get to Lander's Hill before dark, I be hand if we don't stick ere for the night," he exclaimed.

The stage-coach moves slowly along, and the shafts of evening are closing in. Six or seven passengers are seated within, and are about as comfortable as stage-coach travelers could be. There is but a single lady among them, and the chivalric spirit of the Southron has assigned to her the most comfortable place in the coach. We are interested in but one of these travelers, a man about forty-five or fifty years of age, something over medium size, whose appearance stamped him as a well-to-do Virginia planter. His face was smooth-shaven, and his hair, once dark, was silvered with the flight of years. He was a handsome face, and a pleasant one to look upon; there was something pleasing and attractive about its expression, and the mild gray eyes burned with no ambitious designs of fiery passions; his dress was plain gray homespun, commonly worn as the travelling dress of a Southerner at the time of which we write. His hat was of the finest silk, broad-brimmed and low-crowned, such as Southern planters invariably wore. Though unostentatious in manner, he was evidently a man accustomed to the manifold comforts of Southern life. He was, moreover, a man accustomed to looking at to the sides of a question, and arriving at conclusions without bias or prejudice. His frame was a fine type of manhood, and his muscular arms showed him possessed of more than an ordinary degree of strength.

This man alone of all the passengers maintained a silent and thoughtful mood as the coach passed on its way. A constant conversation was kept up by the other passengers on the weather, the roads, the journey, its termination, and last, but not least, the politics of the day. However, when the gentleman whom we have more particularly described, and now introduce to our readers as George W. Tompkins, of Virginia, sat moody and silent, and seemingly utterly oblivious of the discomforts within or the gloomy prospect without, his fellow-passengers were continually talking, and continually jostling against him, without rousing Mr. Tompkins from his reverie.

His mind was clouded by a horror that made him careless of present surroundings. He looked weary and weary, more so than any of the other passengers, and occasionally, when the coach rolled over smooth ground, he would lean back in his seat and close his eyes. No sooner done, however, than a thousand fantastic shapes would glide before his mental vision, that seemed to take delight in annoying him. Whenever he became unconscious to his real surroundings, shrieks seemed to sound in his ear, and he seemed to hear the cry:

"Search, search, search! Your task's not over, your task's not over!"

"And where shall I search?" he mentally asked.

"Ah, where?" the voice wailed.

Then the planter would rouse himself, and glance at the passengers and out of the window in the endeavor to keep his mind free from the annoyances. For a few moments he would succeed, but days and nights of exertion, horror and excitement were telling upon him; once more he would succumb and once more the fantastic shadows thronged about him, and the voice, mingling strangely with the grating roar of the coach's wheels, snatched at his ears.

"Search, search, search! Your task's not over! Your task's not over!"

"Where shall I search?"

"Ah, where?"

"You don't seem to be well, friend," remarked a fellow-traveler, observing the startled and restless manner of Mr. Tompkins.

"Yes, I am well; that is—no, I am not; I am somewhat wearied," Mr. Tompkins answered.

"So are we all," rejoined the passenger. "This journey has been enough to wear out men of iron, and the prospects for the night are far from cheering."

"I had expected to reach home to-night," said the planter, "but I shall fall by a good dozen miles."

hat the stage-coach came to a very sudden stop.

The driver, pressing his face to the aperture at the top of the coach, cried out:

"Here we are at Lander's Hill, and I be hand if the horses are able to drag ye all up. They 're completely fagged out, so I guess ye men folks 'd hev to hoof it to the top, an' occasionally give us a push, or we'll stick here until mornin'."

"How far is it to where we can stop over to-night?" asked the passenger, who had endeavored to draw Mr. Tompkins into conversation.

"After we get on top of the hill it's only about three miles to Jerry Lycan's inn, where we'll stop for the night, an' it's down a hill 'most all the way," replied the driver.

With much grumbling and many imprecations on the heads of the managers of the stage line, the passengers clamored out of the coach. A long, muddy hill, in places quite steep, lay before them. It was nearly a mile to the top, and portions of the road were scarcely passable even in good weather.

"These are public roads in Virginia!" exclaimed one gentleman, as he alighted in the mud. "We can't have railroads to every place, as a fellow-traveler, evidently a Virginian; but you will find our soil good."

"Yes, good for sticking purposes," said the first speaker, trying to snake some of the mud from his boots; "I never saw soil with greater adhesive qualities."

"Now look 'ee," said the driver, "we'll hev some purty smart jogs, where the horses 'll not be able to pull up, and you'll hev to put your shoulders agin the coach an' give us a push."

"May I be blessed!" ejaculated the Southerner. "They are not even content to make us walk, but want us to draw the coach."

"Better to do that an' hev a coach at the top to ride in than to walk three miles," said the driver.

After allowing his horses a brief rest, the driver cracked his whip and the lumbering coach moved on, the passengers slowly plodding along behind. None seemed pleased with the prospect of a walk up the long, muddy hill, but the grumbling Southerner manifested a more decided repugnance than either of the others.

"This is worse than wading through Carolina swamps waist deep," he exclaimed, as he trudged along, dragging his weary feet and mud-freighted boots after him.

The coach had not proceeded more than a dozen rods when it came to one of the "jogs" in the hill alluded to by the driver. "Now help here, or we'll stick sure. Git up!" cried the driver, and the poor, tired horses nerved themselves for the extra effort required of them. The ascent here was both steep and slippery, and it required the united strength of horses and passengers to pass over the place.

Here the passengers discovered the prodigious strength which lay in the broad shoulders of Mr. Tompkins. Not a murmur had escaped his lips when required to walk up the hill, and he was the first to place his shoulder to the wheel to push the coach over the difficult passage. To still further increase the discomfort of their position they were thoroughly drenched by a passing shower which overtook them before they reach the summit of the hill. Here they again climbed into the coach, and resumed their seats, were whirled along through the gathering darkness toward the inn.

Old Jerry Lycan stood on the long porch of his old-fashioned Virginia tavern, and peered down the road through the gloom. It had been dark but a few moments. The old man's ears caught the sound of wheels coming down the road, and he knew the stage was not far off.

"The roads are just awful," said the landlord, "and no wonder it is belted."

The night was intensely dark; not a star was to be seen in the sky; an occasional flash of lightning momentarily lit up surrounding objects, only to render the blackness more complete. Far down the road the old man's eyes caught a glimpse of the coach-light's bobbing up and down as the ponderous vehicle oscillated over the rough roads. Approaching slowly, like a weary thing of life, the ominous stage at last appeared, made visible only by its own lamps, which the driver had lighted. The splashing of six horses along the miry roads and the dull rolling of the huge wheels made the vehicle heard long before it was seen.

"Tude haint no outside passengers to-night," said the landlord, seeing that the top seats of the coach were vacant. "Spose nobody'll want to ride out in the rain."

"Here ye are at Lycan's inn," called out the driver to the inmates of the coach as he reined in his weary horses in front of the roadside tavern.

Uncle Jerry as he was called, with his old, perforated tin lantern, came to open the stage door and show his guests into the house. The stage, the driver, tossing the reins to the stable-boy, climbed down from his lofty perch, and went into the bar-room to get "something hot" to warm his benumbed body.

The landlord brought the wet and weary men into the room, where a great fire was blazing, and promised that supper should be ready by the time they were dry. The Southerner declared that he was much too dry within, though he was dripping wet without. Uncle Jerry smiling invited him into the bar-room. The Southerner needed no second invitation, and soon returned, saying that Virginia inns were not so bad after all.

The lady had been shown to a private apartment, while the gentlemen were attempting to dry their clothing by the fire in the public room. The Southerner, who had been in much better humor since his visit to the bar, seemed now to look very philosophically upon his soaking and other inconveniences of travel.

Our planter, Mr. Tompkins, sat in front of the pile of blazing logs, gazing at the bright, panoramic pictures constantly forming there. Sleeping or waking, darkness of the stage-coach and in those glowing embers, he saw but one picture, and its horrors were constantly haunting his mind.

The other guests talked and laughed while their soaked clothes were drying, but Mr. Tompkins was silent, whether sitting or standing. Almost before their clothes were dry supper was announced, and they all repaired to the long, low dining room and seated themselves at the table. The supper, plain and substantial, was just suited to the needs of the hungry guests.

The evening was over, they returned to the sitting room. The Southerner had lit a cigar, and kept up a constant flow of conversation.

ber of good men on the border who find it impossible to keep niggers at all."

"Perhaps they are not good masters," said Mr. Tompkins.

"They were the best of masters, and they lost their niggers, though they guarded them with watchful overseers and bloodhounds."

"But do you think that a good master needs to guard his slaves with armed overseers and dogs?" said Mr. Tompkins.

"Of course," the Carolinian answered; "how else would you keep the black rascals in subjection? Are we not located almost every week by reports of some of their outrages? Saunas and canebreaks have become the haunts of runaway blacks, who, having murdered their master, seek to wreak vengeance on innocent children or women."

Mr. Tompkins started at these assertions, as though he felt a pang at his heart.

"My friend, what you say is true, too true," he said; "but is the master always blameless? The negro possesses feelings, and even a beast may be goaded to madness. Is it not an unrighteous system which is crushing and outraging our beloved country?"

"What system?"

"Slavery."

"Why, sir, you are a singular slaveholder," cried the Southerner. "Are you going to turn a Martin Van Buren and join the Free-soilers?"

"There is a great deal in that question, sir, outside of politics. I believe in slavery, else I would not own a slave; but if our slaves are to be treated as animals, it were better if the institution were abolished."

"How would you treat them?"

"Discharge the overseers, to begin with. I am sure, you would fail."

"The plan has succeeded well on my plantation," said Mr. Tompkins, "and I do not own a single negro who would not die for me."

Here were met two men, both believing in the institution of human slavery, but carrying out its principles, how differently! The one with cool Northern blood and kindly feelings, advocating a humane mode of ruling the helpless being in his power. The other, representing the extreme type of refined cruelty and oppression. The mind of the one grew more and more in harmony with the idea of abolition, while the other came to hate, with all the fierceness of his Southern heart, the idea of universal freedom, became willing, even, to strike at that flag which had failed to protect his interests and his opinions.

The date at which we write was directly after the election and inauguration of Taylor as President of the United States. The opposition to human slavery had steadily been gaining ground, regardless of taunts and sneers, and the ranks of the Abolitionists were hourly on the increase. Slavery was peevishly a selfish institution. It is folly to say that only men born and reared in the South could be numbered among the upholders of this "peculiar institution," for many Northern men went South and purchased plantations and slaves, and in 1861 many of these enlisted on the Confederate side, and fought under the Confederate flag, not from principle, but from self-interest.

Mr. Tompkins, who was Northern born, believed in slavery simply because he owned slaves, and not from any well defined principle. Even now the same conflict that later convulsed the Nation was raging in his heart—the conflict between self-interest and the right. Press and pulpit, the lecturer's rostrum and the novelist's pen, had almost wrought out the doom of slavery, when the politician took up the stormy dispute.

The discussion in the Virginia inn was warm but friendly, the Carolinian declaring that God and Nature had ordained the negro for slavery; that his diet should be the ash-cake, his stimulant the whip, his reward for obedience a blanket and a hut, his punishment for rebellion chains and death. Doubtless his passion over-reached his judgment in the heat of argument, and his brain, perhaps, was not so cool since his visit to the bar-room.

"My dear sir," Mr. Tompkins finally said, hoping to end the discussion, which was drawing to them the attention of all, "the whole you suggest will, I fear, plunge our whole country into trouble. You men are torn rulers, and history has never shown one successful who ruled by harsh measures only. Admitting that a negro is not a rational being, kindness with a beast can accomplish more than harshness. It is cruel masters who make runaway slaves. The parting of parent and child, husband and wife, torn ruthlessly asunder, never to see each other again, will make even a negro furious. I fear, sir, that slavery is a bad institution, but it is firmly established among us, and I see no way at present to get rid of it."

The other guests at Jerry Lycan's inn had gathered in groups of two and three, and were listening silently to the different views of these two upholders of slavery; for there were factions in those days among the slavery men. The landlord had entered the room, and, being a politician himself, drank in the discussion with deepest interest.

Just as the argument was at its height the outer door of the inn opened and a boy, wild-eyed, but handsome, entered. A glance at the strangely wild eyes and disheveled hair convinced all present that he was insane. He was about twelve years of age, with a slender figure and a well-shaped head, but some great shock had unseated his reason. His mania was of a mild, harmless type. Walking directly up to Mr. Tompkins, he said:

"Have you seen my father? You look very much like my father, but I know he has not yet come into Egypt."

The voice was so plaintive and sad that it touched at once the hearts of all, and happily put an end to the conversation.

"Who is your father?" asked Mr. Tompkins.

"Jacob is my father. I am his favorite son. My brothers sold me a slave into Egypt, and told my father I had been slain by wild beasts. Have you seen my father?"

way. He is of some respectable family, for he has been well educated, and I fancy it's too much book learning that has turned the boy's head. He talks of Plato and Socrates and Aristotle, and all the ancient philologists, and his familiarity with historical events shows him to have been a student; but he always imagines that he is Joseph."

"Where does he live?" asked Mr. Tompkins.

"Oh, he stays here at the inn, and shows no disposition to leave. He makes himself useful by helping the stable-boy and carries in fuel, imagining himself a servant of the high priest."

"Has he lucid intervals?" asked Mr. Tompkins.

"No, not what could be called lucid intervals. Once he said to a girl in the kitchen that it was books that made his head dizzy, and said something of a home a great ways off, from which he had fled to escape great violence. They hoped then to clear up the mystery, but the next moment his mind wandered again and he was Joseph sold into Egypt, bewailing his father Jacob and his brother Benjamin."

"What is his name?" asked Mr. Tompkins.

"We can't get any other name than Joseph, and the boys here call him Crazy Joe."

"His malady may be curable; have you consulted a physician about it?" inquired the Carolinian, who was very much interested in the strange case.

"Yes, sir; a doctor from the State Lunatic Asylum was here day before yesterday, but he pronounced him incurable."

"Could not the doctor tell how long he had been in this condition?" asked Mr. Tompkins.

"Not with certainty, but thought it only a few weeks or months. He said he had probably escaped from his guard and ran away."

At this moment the subject of conversation rose from the low stool and looked about with a vacant stare.

"Do you want to go home to your parents?" Mr. Tompkins asked.

"When the famine is sore in the land they will come for you, run away?"

"My brothers sold me to the merchants with their camels. They made my father believe I was killed, and brought me here and sold me; but I know it is written that my brother Benjamin will come and bring my father to me."

"Is it not written that Jacob did go down into Egypt with his whole family, and that he wept on Joseph's neck, and said he was willing to die?" said Mr. Tompkins, to lead him out of this strange hallucination.

"Yes, yes—oh, yes!" the boy cried, eagerly.

"Did not Moses deliver the children of Israel from bondage long after Jacob's death?"

"I remember now that he did," said Joe.

"Then how can you be Joseph, when he died three or four thousand years ago?"

"The boy reflected a moment, and then said: 'Who can I be, if I am not Joseph?'"

"Some one who imagines himself Joseph," said Mr. Tompkins. "Now, try to think who you really are and where you came from."

"I am not Socrates, for he drank the hemlock and died, nor am I Julius Cæsar, for he was killed by Brutus," the poor fanatic replied.

"Try to think what was your father's name," persisted Mr. Tompkins, hoping to discover something.

"My father's name was Jacob, and I was sold a slave into Egypt by my brothers; but there must be something wrong; my father must be dead."

wealthy Georgia planter. Mr. Tompkins had met her first in Atlanta, where he was spending the winter with a classmate, both having graduated at Yale the year before.

Their meeting grew into intimacy, from intimacy it ripened into love. Shortly after the marriage of his daughter, her only child, the planter exchanged his property for more extensive possessions in Virginia, but he never occupied this new home. He and his wife were in New Orleans, when the dread malarial yellow-fever, seized upon them; and they died before their daughter or her husband could go to them.

Mr. Tompkins, a man who had always been opposed to slavery, thus found himself the owner of a large plantation in Virginia, and more than a hundred slaves. There seemed to be no other alternative, and he accepted the situation, and tried, by being a humane master, to conciliate his wounded conscience for being a master at all.

He and his only-brother, Henry, had inherited a large and valuable property from their father, in their native State. His brother, like himself, had gone South and married a planter's daughter, and become a large slave-holder. He was a far different man from his brother. Naturally overbearing and cruel, he seemed to possess none of the other's kindness of heart or cool, dispassionate reason. He was a hard task-master, and no "fire-eating" Southerner ever exercised his power more remorselessly than he, and no one hated the Abolition party more cordially. But it is not with Henry Tompkins we have to deal at present.

It was near noon the day after the travelers reached Jerry Lycan's inn. Mrs. Tompkins sat on the piazza, looking down the road that led to the village. She was one of those Southern beauties who attract at a first glance; her eyes large and dark, and brilliant; her hair soft and glossy, like waves of lustrous silk. Of medium height, though not quite so slender as when younger, her form was faultless. Her cheek had the olive tint of the South, and as she reclined with indolent grace in her easy chair, one little foot restlessly tapping the carpet on which it rested, she looked a very queen.

The Tompkins mansion was the grandest for many miles around, and the whole plantation bore evidence of the taste and judgment of its owner. There seemed to be nothing, from the crystal fountain splashing in front of the white-pillared dwelling to the vast fields of corn, wheat and tobacco stretching far into the beauty of the place.

On the north were barns, immense and well filled granaries and stables. Then came tobacco houses, covering acres of ground. One would hardly have suspected the plain, unpretentious Mr. Tompkins as being the possessor of all this wealth. But his house held his greatest treasures—two bright little boys, aged respectively nine and seven years.

Abner, the elder, had bright blue eyes and the clear Saxon complexion of his father, Oleah, the younger, was of the same dark Southern type as his mother. They were two such children as even a Roman mother might have been proud to call her jewels. Bright and affectionate, they yielded a quick obedience to their parents, and—a remarkable thing for boys—were always in perfect accord.

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" cried Oleah, following close after his brother, and quite as much excited.

"Well, what is the matter?" the mother asked, with a smile.

"It's coming! it's coming! it's coming!" cried Oleah.

"He's coming! he's coming!" shouted Abner.

"Who is coming?" asked the mother.

"Papa, papa, papa!" shouted both at the top of their voices. "Papa is coming down the big hill on the stage-coach."

Mrs. Tompkins was now looking for herself. Sure enough there was the great, old-fashioned stage-coach lumbering down the hill, and her husband was an outside passenger, as the sky was now clear and the sun shone warm and bright. The clumsy vehicle showed the mud stains of its long travel, and the roads in places were yet filling with water. The winding of the coachman's horse, which never failed to set the boys dancing with delight, sounded mellow and clear on the morning air.

"It's going to stop! it's going to stop!" shouted Abner, and both kept up a frantic shouting, "Whoa, whoa," to the prancing horses as they drew near the house.

It paused in front of the gate, and Mrs. Tompkins and her two boys hurried down the walk.

Mr. Tompkins' baggage had just been taken from the boot and placed inside the gate, and the stage had rolled on, as his wife and two boys came up to the traveler.

"Mamma, first, and me next," said Oleah, preparing his red lips for the expected kiss.

"And I come after Oleah," said Abner. Mr. Tompkins called to a negro boy who was near to carry the baggage to the house, and the happy group made their way to the great piazza, the two boys clinging to their father's hands and keeping up a torrent of questions. Where had he been? What had he seen? What had he brought home for them? The poor wretch, Mrs. Tompkins drew up the armchair for her tired husband.

"Rest a few minutes," she said, "and then you can take a bath and change your clothes, and you will feel quite yourself once more."

The planter took the seat, with a bright-faced child perched on each side of him.

"You were gone so long without writing that I became uneasy," said his wife, drawing her chair close to his side.

"I had a great deal to do," he answered, shaking his head sadly, "and it was terrible work, I assure you. The memory of the past three weeks, I fear, will never leave my mind."

born, could not endure the least self assertion on the part of a slave.

"I think not, my dear, though you will not argue the question. After his punishment the blacking about for a week or two, silent and sullen. Several friends cautioned him to beware of him, but Henry was headstrong and took no man's counsel. Suddenly the slave disappeared, and although the woods, swamps and cane-brakes were scoured by experienced hunters and dogs he could not be found. Three weeks had passed, and all thought of the runaway had passed from the minds of the people. Late one night the man who told me this was passing my brother's house, when he saw lines shooting about the roof and out of the windows. He gave the alarm, and roused the negroes. As he ran up the lawn toward the house a bloody ax met his view. On entering the front door my brother Henry was found lying in the hall, his skull cleft in twain. I cannot repeat all that met the man's horror-stricken gaze. They had only time to snatch away the bodies of my brother, his wife and two of the children when the roof fell in."

"And the other two children?" asked Mrs. Tompkins.

"Were evidently murdered also, but their bodies could not be found. It is supposed they were burned to ashes amid the ruins."

"Did you cause any extra search to be made?"

"I did, but it was useless. I have searched, searched, searched—mountain, plain and swamp. The rivers were dragged, the wells examined, the ruins raked, but in vain. The oldest and the youngest of the children could not be found. A skull bone was discovered among the ruins, but so burned and charred that it was impossible to tell whether it belonged to a human being or an animal. I have done everything I could think of, and yet something seems to tell me my task is not over—my task is not over."

"What has been done with the plantation?" Mrs. Tompkins asked.

"The father of my brother's wife is the administrator of the estate, and he will manage it."

"And the murderer?"

"No trace of him whatever. I seem as though, after performing his horrible deed, he must have sunk into the earth."

Mrs. Tompkins now, remembering that her husband needed a bath and a change of clothes, hurried him into the house. The recital of that horrible story had cast a shadow over her countenance, which she tried in vain to drive away, and had reawakened in Mr. Tompkins' soul a longing for revenge, though his better reason compelled him to admit that the half-breed was goaded to madness and desperation.

The day passed gloomily enough after the first joy of the husband and father's return. The next morning, just as the sun was peering over the gray peaks of the eastern mountains, and throwing floods of golden light into the valley below, dawning upon the stream of silver which wound beneath, or splintering its ineffable lances among the branches and trunks of the grand old trees surrounding the plantation, Mr. Tompkins was awakened from the dreamless sleep of exhaustion.

"What was that?" he asked of his wife.

"Both waited a moment, listening, when again the feeble wail of an infant reached their ears.

"It is a child's voice," said Mrs. Tompkins; "but why is it there?"

"Some of the negro children have strayed from the quarters; or, more likely, it is the child of one of the house servants," said Mr. Tompkins.

"The house servants have no children," answered Mrs. Tompkins, "and I have cautioned the field women not to allow their children to come here, especially in the early morning, to annoy us."

Mr. Tompkins, whose morning nap was not yet over, closed his eyes again. The melodious wail of the over-zeal, calling the slaves to the labors of the day, sounded musical in the early morning air, and seemed only to soothe the wearied master to sleep again. Foot-steps were heard upon the carpeted hallway, and then three or four light taps on the door of the bedroom.

"Who is there?" asked Mrs. Tompkins.

"It's me, missus, if you please." The door was pushed open and a dark head, wound in a red bandanna handkerchief, appeared in the opening.

"What is the matter, Dinah?" Mrs. Tompkins asked, for she saw by the woman's manner that something unusual had occurred.

Dinah was her mistress' handmaid and the children's nurse.

"If you please, missus," she said, "there is a queerest little baby on the front porch in the big clothes-basket."

"A baby!" cried the astonished Mrs. Tompkins. "Yes, ma, a white baby."

(To be continued.)

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If the Hon. James McShane is the sort of person described by the Katooh, how is it that he devotes so much of his heaviest shot against him?

The population of Ireland on the 30th of June is set down at 4,867,352. The old story of ruin and decay, resulting from landlordism, coercion and misgovernment.

In Ireland cheers are given for "the English people" at Nationalist meetings, and groans for "the English Government." This shows how the wind is blowing.

It is believed that Mr. Gladstone will accept Mr. Saxon's invitation to attend his inauguration as Lord Mayor of Dublin, New Year's Day.

COLONEL Mr. McShane manage to give the Katooh some sort of a job and shut its mouth. Brother Whites feels lonesome on account of not being able to make his usual pilgrimage to Quebec, and return with the bundle. Dogs deprived of bones are proverbially vicious.

THE Rev. Lord D. u. lasArchibald arrives in town to-day. His Lordship will sing High Mass to-morrow at St. Anthony's, when the Rev. W. J. O'Shaughnessy P.P. and Dio. Inspector, will preach.

It appears from the report of Mr. O'Brien's trial at Mitchellstown that he was arrested on the hearsay of the policemen, and not from any actual knowledge of the alleged offence.

ONE of the novel features of the railroad fight in St. Louis is the ability of the scabbers to send passengers to Buffalo for nothing, and still make a profit. This is because the round trip is 55.

COMMERCIAL Union is gathering strength in the United States, despite reports of alleged apathy and hostility. As an indication of the interest the question is exciting at Washington, it is stated that the United States Government has directed all its consuls in this country to furnish returns of Canadian exports to the States during the past three years.

FATHER O'LEARY, who spoke at the meeting of the Irish National League at Mitchellstown, is well known in New York and the Western States. He was an ardent supporter of the no rent idea and also of the maxim, "The quickest warfare is the most humane."

NEVER was governmental dishonesty more clearly shown than in the conduct of the federal authorities towards Manitoba. They entered into a solemn compact with the Canadian Pacific Railway Company to secure it in possession of its monopoly, at the same time they jugged with the people of Manitoba so as to lead them to believe that the monopoly would be abandoned.

to insist on the fulfilment of the bond, but if the Government cannot do so, the question of compensation arises. In any case the federal authority must suffer.

The estimation in which the Evictor of Luggacurran is held in this country is shown by a fact to which the Quebec Telegraph calls attention. "It is a well known fact," says our contemporary, "that the toast of the Governor-General, on account of the adverse feeling to Lansdowne, is expunged from all banquets of our citizens. We have had some unpopular Governors in Canada, but none of them have made themselves so disagreeable to Irish tastes as the one at present here. In political life, a man will suffer at the polls who will declare that the Governor's treatment of his tenants in Ireland was fair and just, and under the circumstances it is well that as little notice as possible be taken of him. In this district the Irish people rank second in majority and can at their pleasure turn the scale in nearly all the electoral divisions. The English members in Great Britain are assisting Ireland, and we hope the day is not far distant when, through united action in Great Britain and Ireland, Gladstone will be carried triumphant to the head of Parliament. Then let us have Parnell as First Minister for Ireland, and a man after his own heart as Governor-General of Canada."

A MEMENTO of the insulting restrictions imposed upon Catholics previous to the passing of the Emancipation Act still lingers in Ireland. The Lord-Lieutenant cannot be a member of the same creed as the majority of the population. Thus the Duke of Norfolk and the Marquis of Bute or Ripon are ineligible for the post of Viceroy, albeit they are Englishmen. To elevate Irish Catholic nobles like the Earls of Fingal or Granard to the mock-throne in Dublin Castle would be an innovation unutterable. And yet the Great Powers insist that the Sultan shall appoint only Christians to be governors of his dependencies in order to content the majority! Sir Charles Gavan Duffy calls attention to this anomaly in his paper in the Contemporary. It is amusing to hear ignorant fools prate of the dangers to the faith of the minority in Ireland, while such a degrading record of intolerance as this exists on the statute book. The Lord-Lieutenant may be a fool, a debauchee, or merest of narrow-brained fanatics - as sometimes he is - but he must not be a follower of the grandest, most ancient and wide-spread of Churches.

THE HOME RULE agitation, like all previous efforts for the amelioration of the people suffering under political disabilities, is going through the same phases that overmarked the advance of reform. The Government, backed by a class, is resisting the consummation of a movement everywhere recognized as bound to triumph eventually over all obstacles. The Tories hope, by thus resisting to the bitter end, to prevent too full a measure of Home Rule being granted to Ireland. They are fighting with a view of wearing their opponents so as to make the best possible terms for themselves when the time comes that they must yield. But, as Mr. Stanhope said, they must not be allowed to "scamp the job." Home Rule must be a complete surrender to the reasonable demands made by Mr. Parnell and accepted by Mr. Gladstone.

MR. McSHANE'S enemies have overdone the thing badly in their attempt to raise a false cry against him. Their stupidity and vindictive-ness were fully exposed by the libellous report in an evening contemporary. Everybody can now see that the main spring of the attacks on Mr. McShane was disappointed personal ambition, flamed by the machinations of persons whose only desire is to embarrass the Mercier Government. We are, however, inclined to regard the statements which have appeared in the Opposition press as instructive. They serve to show us what sort of weapons these persons are inclined to employ, the extent of their ability to the them and the objects they desire to accomplish. They have shown their hand and we now know what it is worth. Mr. McShane and the Government are the stronger from this little breeze and their opponents weaker, with the added consciousness of being despised.

A STRIKING instance of the bloodthirsty fury which has seized upon the Tory-landlord class in the Old Country has been furnished by Lord Norton, who recently declared that the police ought to shoot down the leaders of the people. "Shoot the gentlemen in carriages," he said. "Shoot Labouchere." This is dangerous advice for a lord to give, not to mention the murderous intention it reveals. How indignant the Tory press would walk, how the Tory crowd would yell, were somebody to suggest the shooting of Belfast, or Lansdowne, or any one of the vile gang of evictors and coercionists who are filling Ireland with misery and bloodshed.

AFTER a trial that would have the character of a farce, were it not for the lurid back ground of murder, at Mitchellstown, William O'Brien has been liberated on bail. It is abundantly evident that he was not arrested, nor was his punishment sought, for anything he was alleged to have said in addressing his constituents. In reality, the speech for which he was nominally arrested was one of his mildest. But it was thought sufficiently strong to furnish a pretext for a brutalized magistracy, anxious to obey signals from Dublin Castle. Mr. O'Brien's real offence was his arraignment of Lansdowne before the people of Canada. This is pretty well understood, and will be remembered when the day comes for settling accounts.

No trial held at this city for many years excited so much pathetic interest as that of the old man Carroll for the killing of O'Connor. The facts and circumstances revealed at the trial need not be recapitulated here. The tragedy in itself supplies a warning which should not be forgotten. Practical joking is again shown for a thousandth time to lead to the most deplorable result. The justice of the verdict will hardly be questioned, though there is a general feeling that Carroll is not quite responsible for his actions, while his age and other circumstances justify a lenient sentence. This, however, is at the discretion of the judge, who is best fitted to estimate the facts and bearings of the case. The counsel employed by the Crown and for the de-

fence performed their duty admirably. All who heard Mr. Denis Barry address the jury on behalf of Carroll agree that he made a masterly effort. His plea was one well calculated to stir the fountains of eloquence, and certainly Mr. Barry rose to the occasion with a power and impressiveness that must have gone a great way with the jury. His arguments were arranged with superb effect, and presented in language that recalled "his best periods of forensic eloquence." We heartily congratulate Mr. Barry on the high position he has achieved by his conduct of this trial - a position which may be regarded as unsurpassed by any member of the bar engaged in criminal practice. If he did not secure an acquittal for his client, he certainly succeeded in reducing the sentence to the most lenient that could be hoped for under the circumstances.

The official figures of the Texas prohibition canvass have just been published. The prohibition vote was 129,278, and the vote against prohibition was 221,272, giving a majority against the measure of 92,994. The total vote was 25,000 greater than that cast in the last presidential canvass, and more than 47,000 in excess of that polled at the exciting election for governor in 1886. The prohibitionists polled 27,000 more than the Republicans ever did in that State, and 64,000 more than they did last November.

THE Richmond Times, commenting on the rumored intention of the Local Government to try to fill the vacancy of Sheffield with an English-Speaking Protestant, in order to take him later on into the Cabinet with portfolio as the representative of the English-speaking Ministry, the Hon. D. A. Ross, setting, heartily approves of the idea and suggests the name of John Noyes, of Waterloo, as the man par excellence for the position. "He would carry Sheffield," says the Times, "with a rush and would do the Protestant Minority and the Province credit and honor in the Government. There are so few bright spots in the party politics these days that a suggestion of the above kind strikes a popular chord in the Eastern Townships."

WRITING to the editor of the Toronto Catholic Review, Archbishop Lynch clearly lays down the obligations of subscribers to newspapers. His letter is as follows: -

St. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, Sept. 3rd, 1887. To the Editor Catholic Weekly Review: SIR, - I have been often pained and astonished at the frequent appeals of editors and proprietors of newspapers to their subscribers, urging them to pay their just debts. Catholics, at least, cannot be unaware of their obligations in this matter, and that abolition to a penitent heartily sorry for his sins does not free him from the obligations of paying his debts. The atonement for oblivion of justice in this world will certainly be exacted in the next. The editors and proprietors of newspapers, on their part, give their time, the product of a high education, and expend their money, their money for stationery, printing and wages, to employees, and they expect and should have, in common justice, a return, oftentimes by no means adequate for their outlay. A man who will not pay for a paper he subscribes for, read, and whose contents he enjoys, is a retainer of another man's goods, and is on the level of a thief. Yours faithfully, JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH, Archbishop of Toronto.

MR. GEORGE H. SAULTS, formerly of Goderich, and in recent years connected with the press of Manitoba, has written to the editor of the Goderich Signal concerning affairs in the Prairie Province. He says: -

"In connection with my change from Winnipeg to St. Paul I may say that it was necessary for the reason that Winnipeg is a dead duck, say what they may, and will soon become petrified if the Government and C. P. R. do not let Manitoba alone. Imagine, if you can, the ridiculous figure which Manitoba is cutting to-day before the world by being hampered in the construction of a single railway sixty miles in length. And this in a country which is in the Government and C. P. R. pamphlets represented as the most desirable place on earth for the settler. The whole business is so absurd that it creates disgust, and, of course, discontent. If Manitoba is to prosper, she must be allowed to build railways wherever the people desire them. This is being done in the States, and Manitoba must do the same or suffer. On my way down I noticed railways being extended and constructed in every direction, throughout Dakota and Minnesota. I have firmly come to the conclusion that Canada is being ruined by politics. It's politics first, last and all the time."

Those who know the ground will admit the perfect truth of what is contained in this paragraph. The absurdity of the situation is forcibly stated.

PROF. GOLWIN SMITH, who recently visited the North-west territories, says: "I brought away a decided opinion that the blame of the half-breed rebellion rests mainly on the Ottawa Government. Had the Government been properly informed and served by good agents, it might have easily satisfied the claims and allayed the fears of these poor people who were naturally disquieted by the advance of a strange civilization which narrowed their hunting grounds, superseded their petty carrying trade with its railways, broke up their mode of life, and seemed to threaten their subsistence. The Government was sheltered at first by military excitement, and afterwards, censure upon it assuming a party form, by party. For want of a little timely attention eight millions had to be spent in suppressing a rebellion which put four hundred ill-armed men, between the ages of 16 and 90, in the field. The distant and party Government of Ottawa has been the bane of the North west."

SPEAKING of the appointment of a new Governor-General, the Quebec Telegraph calls attention to the fact that Lansdowne's term expires next year. "There is not much danger," the Telegraph rightly assumes, "that any extension of his term of office will be offered Lord Lansdowne, for his terrible unpopularity precludes any possibility of such an event. He is beyond any doubt the most unpopular governor-general that Canada has ever had. If the loyalty of Canadians to the crown is to be preserved, it is essentially necessary that no more Irish landlords of the Luggacurran type be sent out here as governor-general. Give us an Irishman after the style of Lord Dufferin and we shall all be satisfied. Nor do we believe there will be any more experiments in the way

of sending out members and connections of the royal family. They are not suited to our atmosphere. We are too democratic a people for any low neck dress discipline, and too sympathetic to be ruled by a persecutor of our fellow-subjects in Ireland. We breathe pretty nearly the same atmosphere as our republican neighbors to the south of us, and it is high time for Downing-street to take warning by the signs of the times. As for the Canadian opinion of Lansdowne, and for the matter of that the American opinion also, it was long ago settled by Mr. O'Brien, and the experiment of sending us the species of Irish landlord cannot be repeated with impunity."

NAILING THE COLORS. Mr. F. W. Maude, the late Secretary of the Liberal Unionist faction, made a complete statement at the Liberal and Radical demonstration in the Alexandria Palace, London, of the causes of his secession. He has gone over to the Gladstonian party, convinced by a close observation of public events that "the policy of the combination which calls itself the Unionist party is dangerously retrograde in its nature, and inconsistent with the pledges given at the general election," and he concurs with Sir George Trevelyan regarding Mr. Gladstone's concessions. He contended that no reason now exists why Radical Unionists should not renew their allegiance to the Liberal party. The concluding portion of Mr. Maude's statement is likely to be heard of again.

The time is come for plain speaking and nailing our colors to the mast. I should not be here to-day if I did not believe that the leaders of the National League were prepared to accept as a final settlement the generous measure of Home Rule that the Liberal party is willing to help them to attain. Under these circumstances, why should they not be jointly responsible with the leaders of the Liberal party for the formulation of the details of the new Home Rule scheme? Notice would do more to clear the issue to be fought out next session and to rally to our standard every citizen with a spark of democratic feeling than the conviction that the Irish policy we were fighting for would never be repudiated as the work of Saxon statesmen, and won at first, accepted as a final settlement by the representatives of the Irish people as by the Liberal party. Let the next Home Rule scheme be presented as an ultimatum to Parliament and the country on the joint responsibility of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell.

AN "HONEST CONFESSION." Whilst pursuing Mr. McShane with a sharp stick, the organ of "political exigencies" makes a ridiculous mistake in supposing that because it has succeeded in raising enough dust to blind its own eyes others cannot see. After having abused Mr. McShane, and having done all in its power to injure him, with the only apparent result of establishing him in the estimation of the public and the confidence of his colleagues, the organ mournfully admits its failure. "We 'honestly confess,'" it says, "we do not understand the situation, nor the relations which the Hon. Mr. McShane maintains towards his colleagues." Considering that the paper which makes this "honest confession" has treated Mr. McShane with studied insult and spread abroad all sorts of reports to injure him, we are driven to the conclusion that all it said was wrong, because it does not "understand the situation." But a little investigation will show that the honest confession is not very honest after all. The organ quotes L'Electeur to belittle Mr. McShane, yet in the same article, from which it quotes, we read: -

"We would like to know if the Hon. Mr. McShane has not the right to sit down to dinner as a guest, next to the Hon. Thomas McCreedy, of his brother, Mr. Robert McCreedy, the Hon. John Hearn and Mr. Hector Cameron, without this proximity being the occasion of raising a sunset against the guest. This does not prevent Mr. McShane from being one of the most active ministers who have ever been in the Ministry of Agriculture and Public Works."

The organ must have read this as well as the parts of the same article which it produces, nevertheless it "honestly confesses" that it does not understand the situation! But if it is thus obtuse out of pretence, those who know its character and objects are not so stupid. The facts, however, which show cut above all are that Mr. McShane is popular with members of both parties, and that the organ is trying to destroy his usefulness by any and all means, fair or foul.

THE LAW OF MURDER IN IRELAND.

Ireland is threatened with a repetition of the ghastly experiences of the tithe war. The Government is proceeding in a manner directly calculated to produce widespread disturbance, bloodshed and, perhaps, national calamity. Ministers have been warned by the parliamentary representatives of the people and by the hierarchy that it may become impossible for them to control men driven to madness by injustice and oppression. Red handed murderers in the guise of police are let loose upon the people. A besotted, vindictive magistracy have been endowed with unlimited power, personal liberty is abolished and neighbors cannot meet together for any purpose, social or otherwise, without running risk of being bayoneted or shot down. But when we look for a reason for this extraordinary state of affairs it is impossible to find one. Previous to the passage of the Crimes Act there was less crime in Ireland, according to population, than in any country in the civilized world. All the people could be accused of was that they had combined to improve their condition economically and political by constitutional agitation. To secure these ends they adopted such means as circumstances permitted. They demanded reform of the land laws and the restoration of their native parliament. There was nothing wrong in these demands. Nor was there anything wrong in the methods of the National League or the Plan of Campaign, for both had the approval of the clergy from the Primate down to the parish curate. Yet the whole power of the empire is exhorted to crush the people so presuming to seek justice. Officers of the law are permitted to murder the inoffensive men and boys in open daylight in the streets, and their crime is justified by government in advance of investigation. In many cases even investigation is denied. Under conditions like these, it would indeed be strange were there no retaliation. When men commit crime, even if they have law on their side, they must know that human nature is prone to revenge. It is therefore the duty of the press and the pulpit to warn them of the risks they run. Then, if they

persecute, they can only blame themselves for whatever misfortunes may follow. All history teaches that oppression produces rebellion, but when rebellion is hopeless, secret conspiracies are formed, terrorism prevails, with incendiarism and assassination. A Government which privileges so as to produce these gloomy conditions must prepare to face a fearful retribution.

UNRESTRICTED RECIPROcity.

Conservative papers opposed to unrestricted reciprocity are trying to make much of the argument that the movement is annexation in disguise. That view has been urged recently by one of the Tory organs in this city. It is somewhat remarkable, however, that this organ has not had the intended result of frightening anybody. In fact it has only led to an examination of the thing, which turns out to be very much like a pumpkin, cut to resemble a horrible man, with a penny dip inside, stuck up by a country boy on a fence to astonish the neighbors in the dark. It is like the diabolical cry, and has even ceased to amuse. Some people go so far, indeed, as to say: - "Well, suppose it does lead to annexation, what of it? Canada can take care of them selves, and will not join the States unless they find that they will benefit by so doing."

The annexation aspect of the question, however, has been ably and fully discussed at the several meetings held throughout the country to consider commercial union. Perhaps the best and most concise view of the matter was that presented by Mr. Winans at the Detroit meeting. Here are his words: -

"But it will be said in the United States that a political union between the United States and Canada would be a much greater boon, and that in order to obtain all the advantages of a free American market a political union is a necessity. This may well be doubted. Indeed, in many respects commercial union between Canada and the United States is much to be preferred to a political union in the present juncture of affairs. When the political millennium in the United States arrives, which all politicians are after, there will be a period when, if Canada desires to be admitted, it might be done for then the end could be reached entirely upsetting the political status of the whole nation. At present the admission of five millions of people into the union, whose political tendencies were unknown, would precipitate into politics such a storm of uncertainty as to completely baffle the calculations of the most astute politicians. While parties are so evenly balanced that a single speech of an inoffensive Democrat, who loved to indulge in altercation, is credited with having changed the character of an entire administration, what might not be the consequences when such unknown quantities would be introduced into the contest as the French vote of Quebec, the Quebec vote of Ontario, or the Catholic vote of all the provinces. No office-seeking politician in the United States, no calculating politician, not even the mild-minded politician believing that his country was safer with the party of his choice, would feel content with the admission of Canada into all the privileges of suffrage, or participation in the government of the country, when there is every calculation was upset and every combination destroyed. Again, the admission of Canada into the United States would involve the assumption of her public debt, which is a very heavy and increasing one. Having been largely created by expenditure for a great system of public works, and the perfection of the means of communication extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the obligations incurred would have to be adjusted, and the assets assumed in a manner entirely different from that which has grown up with the growth of each state and territory. Aside from these difficulties, so hurriedly sketched, there are numerous other considerations which make it impossible that Canada be united with advantage admitted into the political union with the United States. The chief of these objections, however, does not rest with the United States, but lies in the fact that Canada herself is strongly opposed to a political alliance."

Free trade with the continent of which our country forms a part is fast becoming an absolute necessity. The Maritime Provinces are languishing for want of it. Manitoba and the North-West must have it as they become populated. Indeed, there is a manifest impossibility of preventing free intercourse between peoples occupying a thousand miles of prairie country with nothing to divide them but an imaginary line. There is, and will be, no essential difference between them. Speaking the same language, enjoying like institutions, having common interests, and being related by blood, nothing can keep them apart. For a little while longer, till the lands now vacant are filled up, our government may be able to keep up the appearance of separation, but in a short time the smugling industry, now so extensively and successfully carried on, will defy all the customs laws and officials that can be employed, and finally result in the collapse of a system as unnatural as it is impractical.

Every year, as railways crossing the border at all available points connect this country with the general lines of continental trade and transportation, the arterial system of commerce becomes strengthened. We may fight against the inevitable for a time, for years, perhaps, but by so doing we deprive ourselves of advantages which those who shall come after us will enjoy while wondering at our stupidity and folly. Unfortunately we have a Government out of sympathy with the masses of the people on this question. And there is a well grounded fear that should the commercial question be submitted to the International Commission the Canadian representative will not urge the views that what we want is the fullest reciprocity in all things. Not in natural products alone, as some parties supposed to be intimate with ministers at Ottawa propose, but in everything. It is a gratuitous assumption to suppose our manufacturers could not hold their own were the Customs line abolished. Such a confession of weakness is a proof of unworthiness. But, supposing it to be true, what right has anyone to say that the masses of Canadians must forego their chances for prosperity and sacrifice their welfare to a few sickly manufacturers? Buffalo has not been ruined by free trade and competition with New York. How then would Toronto suffer? Boston is not falling into decay because it enjoys unrestricted reciprocity with other American cities along the Atlantic seaboard. Why then should we imagine that Halifax, St. John, Quebec or Montreal would be ruined by being placed on the same footing? If it is not more consonant with reason to believe that the removal of existing barriers to free commercial intercourse would enable our cities to share in the same general advantages, and prosperity which are enjoyed by the cities of the republic? No one, in fact, can take an unprejudiced survey of the situation without admitting the vast advantages that would accrue to both countries by unrestricted reciprocity. In Canada the only opponents to the measure are the Tory politicians and their partners - the ringsters and monopolists who have managed to obtain

the reins of government and built up a system by which they are amassing millions annually out of the people whom they have isolated and are fleeing at their leisure and to their hearts' content. It may be a very wicked thing for those who are being fleeced to seek a way of throwing off the yoke of political and commercial servitude, but they have given their master's policy a fair trial. That policy has failed notoriously. An alternative is presented, and no matter how strong the opposition may be to commercial union, it is bound to be carried in the long run. Perhaps, if it be too strongly resisted, it may develop into annexation, then good bye John.

ENGLISH SYMPATHY FOR IRELAND.

Every day evidence is accumulating of the deep and growing sympathy among the masses of Englishmen for the long oppressed people of Ireland. More particularly is this to be seen among the democracy and the working classes, but it is not confined to them by any means, for men occupying the highest positions politically and socially have taken frequent opportunities of late to express their hearty accord with the Home Rule party. From files of old country papers just to hand we will take a few extracts to show that the proposal for the settlement of the Irish question, on lines agreeable to the desires and aspirations of the Irish people, is now the great popular movement of the day throughout the three kingdoms. Thus the whole aspect of the problem has been altered, and under the leadership of Mr. Gladstone the British nation is advancing steadily to the task of righting the wrongs of Ireland by a wise measure of justice and the recognition of national claims to self-government for exclusively Irish affairs. We hear no longer the old wild cry against England. There is a discrimination now between the party of oppression in England and the party of freedom. The long disunited, mutually distrusting peoples are shaking hands across the bloody chasm, and in pursuit of a common purpose are uniting as they never united before.

Among the many outbursts of sympathy from English, Scotch and Welsh friends the most interesting is a letter from Mr. J. S. Stuart Gleennie. That gentleman points out that wherever a local branch of the National League is dissolved an Irish branch of the Celtic League could be formed. The Celtic League, it will be remembered, has for its objects - 1. To organize co-operation between the Irish, Scotch and Welsh and their Parliamentary representatives on all matters specially affecting these people either severally or collectively. 2. To make it clear to the country that the Irish, Scotch and Welsh are in their present movements fighting the battle of the whole democracy. 3. To preserve the language, literature and traditions of the Celtic people, and to promote historical and philological Celtic researches. "We shall see," says Mr. Gleennie, "whether the Government cares to suppress in Ireland the meeting of a League of which the meeting in Scotland and Wales are lawful, and have precisely the same general objects - namely, Home Rule and thoroughgoing land law reform."

When the meeting at Ballymore was proclaimed a number of largely attended meetings were held in different parts of England and Scotland to protest against that arbitrary action. Mr. Pickersgill, M.P., in addressing the Radicals of Hackney, Wick, and Dover, pointed out that the National League stood to the Irish people in the same manner as did the Radical party to the democracy of England, and there was no reason why the people should be put down in their just demands.

About the same time, and in relation to the same event, Mr. Creamer, M.P., and Mr. Ellis, M.P., spoke at a great demonstration of the anthracite miners and triplars workers of Carmarthenshire at Cwmmantân. At this meeting a resolution was unanimously adopted strongly condemning the Government for proclaiming the National League and expressing the warmest sympathy with "their Irish brethren" in the struggle for freedom and equality. Great meetings were also held at Northwich, Regent's Park, Stowly, Kensal Town, Epsom Town, Thornbury Castle, and at Hutton Hall, where the Liberals of Darlington assembled, at all of which similar resolutions were carried and the greatest enthusiasm. At these meetings members of Parliament and in some instances Protestant clergymen addressed the people on behalf of the Irish cause.

At the same time, as we learn from the London correspondent of the Dublin Freeman, indignation meetings continue to be the order of the day, and if Lord Salisbury's ears do not ring again with the vehemence of the denunciation which his policy towards Ireland has evoked his arduous organs must be very dull indeed. At Manchester, Liverpool, Bolton and elsewhere strong protests have been entered against the infatuated conduct of the Tory Government, and it needs no prophet's eye to foresee that the storm has already burst which will sweep the Government from place and power. At Scarborough, near Liverpool, at a meeting held under the presidency of Mr. G. J. Lynsey, Mr. Coombes, an English Radical, strongly denounced the Government, and it is characteristic now of these Irish meetings that Englishmen are to the forefront, and throw themselves into the thick of the fray on Ireland's side.

Mr. Stanhope, M.P., the radical brother of a Tory Minister, was present, and spoke at Ennis previous to the great meeting. Among other things he said, addressing the "men and women of Clare," in reply to an address presented to him: -

I come here as an Englishman (cheers), to ask you to receive from me a message of goodwill and friendship from the democracy of England, Scotland and Wales (renewed cheers). I thank you for that noble and generous address which you have unanimously voted to me. It contains within it what I assume to be full and just requirements of the Irish people (cheers). If that be so I here solemnly declare that these demands are not only the demands of the people, but they form an essential part of the programme of the whole British Liberal party (applause). You, men of Clare, and Irishmen throughout your great historic island, you have now to go through with this struggle as envisaged by one great circumstance, as Mr. Gladstone has termed it (cheers), which was wanting in the past - you have no longer fighting by yourselves for what you ought to have fought for, and bravely did fight for until at last you won the greatest battle of all the union, the fraternity of the whole Liberal party throughout the British Isles (cheers). This is a great victory. Let me implore you to be worthy of your glorious triumph (hear, hear). Let me beseech you, as

