

in name—and half-ashamed of being that same, if the truth were known.

**UNMITIGATED DISGRACE** THE manner in which evidence is procured, and convictions are obtained in Ireland has been of late revealed in more cases than one, and the revelations made have been infinitely discreditable. Their effect, indeed, must be to make the law, and the officials engaged in administering it more suspected than ever, or, perhaps, not so much suspected, as fully known to be corrupt and infamous. From the Lord Lieutenant who is the highest representative of Government in Ireland down to the sub-constable who is the lowest—and verily no character can well be lower than that of the policeman in Ireland who thoroughly acquires the spirit of his trade, and enters with zest into all its requirements. Informer, bully, spy, and whatever else is basest among humanity enter into his calling, and from the agreeable and elevating occupation of pig-driving which serves to employ him in times of peace to that of bludgeoning, shooting, or bayoneting the people to whom he himself has once belonged, in times of disturbance, all the duties connected with his office are degrading. We speak of the policeman who takes willingly and contentedly to his calling. Some who adopt it escape in disgust at the earliest opportunity, and some less fortunate are obliged by circumstances to continue in leading a life against which all that is manly in them revolts. We have, then, heard the testimony borne by the unhappy men Philbin and Casey touching the manner in which the unprincipled Crown Prosecutor Bolton drove them into swearing away the life and liberty of innocent men.—Not that we desire to excuse the wretched fellows themselves in the least degree, for what man worthy of the name could be driven even by the fear of death into the commission of murder? But the revelation made betrays the manner in which informers are procured, and reflects endless disgrace on those who employ such means, as well as utterly discrediting the justice so brought about. Another case of a somewhat similar kind is that in which a man named Thomas Finnerty, the father of Patrick Finnerty accused in company of four others of a murder committed at Craughwell in November 1881, complains of the attempt made to draw his son into turning informer and betraying to death or servitude for life the men arrested with him. Finnerty who in a letter to the Dublin *Freeman* points out the falsehood of the solicitor-general's reply to Mr. Healy in Parliament, asserting that the prisoners had offered to plead guilty to a charge of conspiracy to murder—says that his son had been offered a large sum of money together with his liberty if he would consent to give incriminating evidence against his companions which, however he refused to do. The writer further states that the suggestion of pleading guilty to a charge of conspiracy to murder had been made, not by the prisoners but by the Crown, which, on the disagreement of the jury that sat during the first trial, offered to withdraw the capital charge on such conditions.—Conditions, however, which innocent men, says Thomas Finnerty would not accept—and he challenges the solicitor-general to publish the correspondence that took place in the matter. The third case, we notice is that at Tubbercurry where certain members of the police force interested themselves in obtaining the evidence to suit them of a drunken man—and in order that he should testify more to their desires made him still more drunk. The device was a particularly base one, and its features were coarse and brutal, as we should, however, naturally expect to find in connection with men occupying one of the most degraded situations in the whole world—that of members of the Irish constabulary, sunk to the level of their calling. Taking them all in all, then, the revelations made of late concerning the course of justice in Ireland have been exceedingly disgraceful, and must tend strongly to confirm the suspicions already entertained by the people.

**THE DANGER THICKENS.** WHATEVER may be the real intentions of Germany with regard to the establishment of a colonial empire, there can be no doubt whatever that France is very much in earnest in her determination to acquire such an empire for herself. What she has done in Tonquin and some of the neighbouring states we know, and now a warning comes from the correspondent of the *Times* at Bangkok that timely action on the part of England can alone prevent her from eventually annexing Siam. The annexation of Cambodia has paved the way for the re-opening of the question as to the position of the provinces of Batambong and Korat, declared in 1866 to belong to Siam, but concerning a French claim to which signs already begin to manifest themselves. The French, moreover, have proposed to the Siamese Government, which fears to offend them, the establishment of a line of steamers between Saigon and Bangkok, although no trade whatever exists to require such an establishment—and Siam understands what all this means, and is in consequence extremely uneasy. If Russia, then, is approaching India on one side, France is building up an empire on another, and, as the correspondent to whom we have alluded says, danger may follow in the not distant future. In the meantime in India itself the native Press is

pouring out torrents of the most vile abuse on their English rulers. There is no appeal made to a sense of patriotism, a feeling to whose height the Indian masses have not yet risen—if they are ever destined to reach such an elevation—but the interests that even the ullest and most degraded of the people is concerned with are those that are touched upon. The papers, in question, moreover, circulate largely among the lower orders of the nation who are ready to adopt all the opinions they put forward. They are told that the people are called rebels because they lament for having been robbed, and idle when starvation prevents them from working; that the foreigners are sucking their country dry. "Foreigners have taken possession of India and are sucking her dry. The people of India look on in a helpless manner. Their best interests are sacrificed for the benefit of the English. Over and above this, the innocent natives are insulted and killed. At every step the people send up a cry for succour, when the English whip or the English kick falls upon them. The demons are engaged, heart and soul, in violating the chastity and taking the lives of Indian females. What a heart-rending scene! It is matter of regret that the people of India do not gird up their loins to get rid of the oppression of the white men." It may be impossible, as we have been told it is, to inspire the Indian masses with a sentiment of patriotism or to evoke among them a spirit claiming manly independence. We know, however, the fierce struggle they are capable of sustaining, and the terrible deeds they can perform when a sufficient cause stirs them up, as in the case of the Sepoy rebellion, to take offensive action. At any rate it is evident that with such utterances disseminated among them, and taking full possession of their minds a very effective foundation is being laid for the work of agitation among them that it may serve French or Russian purposes—or possibly a combination of both—sooner or later to undertake. France, therefore seems bent on the acquisition of an extensive eastern empire, and her designs may well be looked upon with suspicion by England.

**THE TRUE REASON.**

THE Dublin *Notion* is surprised and evidently pained because the French Press takes the side opposed to the Irish national cause. Our contemporary, indeed, admits that correspondents naturally take their tone from the people among whom they reside, and that therefore the English correspondence of the French newspapers may well be anti-Irish, but he does not understand how editors in France who should have a knowledge of the true state of the case are also opposed to Ireland. But the Republican Press has been against us from the first, and the reason that it has been so should not be hidden from anyone who will take the trouble to consider the matter, nor should it indeed occasion much trouble to the friends of Ireland. The Continental liberty of the present day, and that moreover, which, arising in the Continent, seeks to prevail and with some chance of success throughout the world is but liberty in name. At heart it is a tyranny of the most oppressive and narrow nature, and although the excesses to which itself aspires are extreme the limits it assigns to those who are not its supporters and advocates are confined in a very strait degree. M. de Lavelaye, for example, the Belgian writer and statesman tells us in an article in the *Contemporary Review* in which he deprecates universal suffrage because it "gives unlimited power to the Church of Rome in all those countries where the Catholic faith is dominant" that M. Gambetta had given him such advice—"Do not adopt universal suffrage in your country," said M. Gambetta, "it will put you under the yoke of the Clergy."—And in this the secret and explanation of the whole thing are contained. A Catholic people must have no liberty; their faith is to be crushed, their Church overthrown, and their children are to be estranged from them, and brought up before their eyes to worship gods they never knew and that they reject with horror. Universal suffrage when it is the instrument of a tyranny that shall accomplish all this, when it is sure to be the means of accomplishing all that the men who advocate it desire to see accomplished, and of repressing or coercing all that they desire to have repressed or coerced, when it makes the masses the tools of oppressors is to be sought for, but otherwise it must be opposed. And have we not in this the principle of the most detestable tyranny that has ever existed?—Dionysius or Nero, Louis XI. or Ivan the Terrible, not one of these, nor any other tyrant, has ever refused to accord the degree of liberty necessary to the carrying out of his will.—And the advocates of your modern liberty who support it because they desire to stamp out religion, to secularise the world, to crush the Catholic people everywhere, are bitter tyrants. It is because of this that the republicans of France adopt a tone hostile to Irish nationalism.—Here is a freedom with which they have nothing in common.—There is a certain school of Catholics who are opposed to Irish nationalism because they believe it makes common cause with the revolution, and leans towards communism and nihilism. They fear it as hostile to religion, and are among its most determined opponents. But the revolutionary party know better; they recognise the national struggle for what it is in fact—a fight for liberty—as much for unrestricted right of worshipping God as for any temporal advantage.—Their sympathies must, indeed, refuse