

dare not permit the English people to become acquainted with. Dr. Paton has exceeded himself especially by doing his best to whitewash the most infamous scoundrels that, possibly the three kingdoms have ever produced, and whose hideous career was fostered in the shelter of that object of his veneration, Dublin Castle, by his silence or his carefully weighed allusions, and had he himself or the authorities who control the paper he writes for belonged to the gang, their reputation could not have received more tender usage at his hands. Mr. Cowen, however, told his audience that Ireland could not be ignored, and that the best that could be done to maintain the prejudices prevailing concerning her was to present the British public with false intelligence:—"There was, he said, much similarity in the histories of Ireland and Egypt. Our troubles in Egypt were transient; in Ireland they were ubiquitous and abysmal. Reference to Ireland, he said, is like throwing oil on a blazing brazier—adding to the accumulated stores of reciprocal satisfaction. We despairingly try to thrust her out of sight or to overlook her. But she will neither be forgotten nor ignored. She haunts us as Banquo's ghost did Macbeth. Official chroniclers parade, with a serenity that nothing ruffles, long arrays of figures to show that rents have been lowered and that evictions have been diminished; that crime has decreased, and exports increased. Very consoling information, no doubt, to everyone but the landlords. These tables recall the anecdote of an Irish farmer who one day asked a Tory friend, 'What does Dr. Cooke Taylor do?' 'He is a statistician to the Castle,' was the reply. 'And what is a statistician?' rejoined the querist. 'A man who is paid for inventing facts for the use of the Whigs.' (Laughter and cheers.) If the returns were so reassuring, why did the Castle authorities cling so convulsively to coercion? Was it from preference or from fear?" It is probably, we for our part may reply, from both combined, for the tyrant certainly loves to oppress and ill-treat, and as he certainly does he fear the objects of his brutality. He knows what he has deserved, and the impression that justice may at length prevail is one that he cannot get rid of. Even for him there is a conscience that induces cowardice. Mr. Cowen goes on to vindicate the Irish people from the charge of a mere materialism that well-meaning people, but people understanding human nature somewhat grossly, have brought against them. He gives its due place to sentiment, which has had such a great part in the history of the world. And have we not seen its influence acting here of late in our own hemisphere, where, if anywhere, nothing of the kind might be expected to find a place? What, for example, led the Sydney contingent to the Soudan. One man, as we are told, indeed, went from Balmain, "not to war but to peace," for he fled from a scolding wife. Others went to escape their creditors, and we are not prepared to say that sentiment did not in some degree enter even into the motives of these exceptions, especially those of the matrimonial refugee. But, as a rule, patriotism and the warlike spirit were the guiding influences. Let us, however, hear Mr. Cowen. "Sydney Smith once gave characteristic expression to the average middle-class conception of Irish requirements. He defined the object of the Government to be the securing for the people of roast pork, potatoes, claret, a stout constable, an honest justice, and a clear highway. (Loud laughter.) But the sentiment that quickened the heart of many an exile of Erin was the same that nerved the arm of Tell, the arm of Bruce, that constituted to-day a more effective defence of England than all her wealth and her ships, all her fortifications and her arsenals. It was the living fibre that died last in every true man. It was because we misconceived the Irish in the same fashion as Sydney Smith had misconceived them that all our efforts at reconciliation had failed. The Irish wanted something more. Every nation, he said, in concluding this part of his subject, has its ideas. Greece typified beauty, Rome force, the Saxon is practical, the Celt is imaginative. But the existence of these diversities need create no intestine antipathies and dissent. If a legitimate outlet is furnished for their manifestations, they will lend picturesqueness and strength to the greater nationality which should cover all.—But since sentiment, as we have seen, binds the empire together, the conclusion is reached and there is no longer room for argument.—The Queen the Parliament, the whole Kingdom, has acknowledged its existence with admiration in relation to these colonies of ours, and, if it has ennobled our colonists, why should it have a different effect upon Irishmen?—Mr. Cowen concluded his allusions to Ireland by a plea for better government.—"We have tried in Ireland," he said, "with sad and discouraging results, the harshest form of administration. Our method has been a word and a blow—the blow usually first. Suppose we try the softer forces of gentleness, generosity and courtesy. This is not an original suggestion, certainly. It is as old as Christianity. But amid all our plans we have not attempted it yet in Ireland. Nations, like men, easily forgive injuries, but insult and distrust inflame their hatred and perpetuate their resentment. And what can be more insulting and distrustful than the systematic exclusion of all Irishmen from positions of trust and authority in their own country? They regard such exclusion as a badge of conquest, a stigma of degradation, and they wince under it and resent it. Would Englishmen not do the same? How long would they submit to be ostracised from the confidence, honours, and emolu-

ments of their native land? If Ireland is ever to be won over to settled order and contentment, her affections must be captivated, and her honourable ambition to administer her own affairs gratified. This will not be done by the renewal of the state of siege—a national humiliation that the Cabinet seem to be contemplating. There are individuals no doubt who ask for separation, but the Irish people, as a body, seek self-government. They want the same local liberties we have conceded to the colonies, and which are riveting rather than disintegrating the Empire. Union between the two countries is essential to the welfare of both. (Cheers.) But concord and amity are not incompatible with the repeal of the ill-starred Act of 1800. Home Rule might not work as well as its supporters' expect, but it is humanly impossible for it to work worse than the covenant of evil memory which was carried by bribery, and has been upheld by unconstitutional force. No people once fairly vested with legal power has shown any disposition to abuse it or to indulge in acts of reactionary vengeance. I do not believe the Irish will. (Hear, hear.)" While newspapers, then, like the *Times* and the *Saturday Review* and others of high repute, are prostituting their powers and abusing the standing they enjoy by brutalising the popular mind in England, or keeping it brutalised by the maintenance of gross, unfounded, and degrading prejudice and ignorance, it is a relief to find that their influence is in some degree being counteracted by the candour and boldness of men like Mr. Cowen, whose words it is impossible to distort, explain away, or silence.

A FISHERMAN'S TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

A GLOUCESTER (Mass.) correspondent tells this plain tale of suffering on the Grand Banks, in the *St. Paul Pioneer Press*:—

The other day I heard the story of one fisherman's fearful experience, who just missed a grave in the fog-haunted waters of the fishing banks, from his own lips. His name is Howard Blackburn. His was one of the most startling and thrilling adventures of its kind. He and Thomas Welch left the schooner *Grace L. Fears*, on Burgeo Bank, 30 miles off the Newfoundland coast, to pass a day in fishing for halibut. A snow-storm came up and, losing the schooner, they passed the night and the next day in the open dory.

Said Blackburn:—"We threw our trawls overboard and pulled to the eastward, where we thought the land lay, though how far we had no idea. As I afterward learned our course was almost parallel with the coast and we might have rowed on forever almost without reaching it. The gale increased in strength and the sea ran so high that we were in imminent danger of being swamped. We made a 'drag,' out of a trawl keg and lay head to the wind, spending our time in bailing out the boat, which was constantly being filled by the breaking waves. While rigging the 'drag' I had the great misfortune to lose my mittens overboard. There was nothing to prevent my hands from freezing and soon my fingers began to stiffen up. We had nothing to eat or drink, were half frozen and almost exhausted. Finding that I was fast losing control of my freezing fingers I seized the bars and, squeezing my fingers around the handles, I allowed them to freeze in that shape, so that I might be able to row later on, for I knew that was my only chance for life. We lived in hope that we might be picked up by some passing vessel, but we saw none, and all that day and the following night we lay at the drag. Work as hard as we could we could hardly prevent the dory from filling and sinking. The ice which formed continually and rapidly on the boat's sides and gunwales had to be broken off in order to lighten her. We took turns and the exercise kept us from freezing to death.

"Welch became discouraged at last and lay down in the bow to die. I tried to keep him up, but he became blind with the cold and would or could do nothing. I took off my socks and put them on my frozen hands, but they afforded little protection. Welch soon went mad and began thrusting his feet over the sides of the boat into the water. He kept begging for a drink of water, and about midnight I found him a frozen corpse. I tried to put on Welch's mittens, but my hands were so stiff and swollen that I could not. Seizing the baller, which was made out of a trawl keg, I worked until morning, and with the first gleam of light my courage increased. The wind had moderated slightly, so I pulled up the drag and pulled in search of land. The wisdom of having allowed my hands to freeze in a curved position was now made apparent. There was no feeling, but the friction of the handles wore away the skin and flesh like powder.

"As the light increased, to my infinite joy I saw land indistinctly in the distance and at once started for it. All day long I tugged at the oars, hungry, thirsty and worn out, and when night came on again I had not reached it. The wind had gone down, fortunately, as I have to the dory and got what rest I could that night. Early in the morning I made another attempt to reach the land in sight, but I was so weak that I did not land until sunset. It was near the mouth of a river. On landing I discovered a house, but it was deserted. I spent the dreary night in walking the floor and eating some snow I had gathered—the only thing I had had since I had left the vessel four days and four nights before. I have often wondered how I kept alive since. In the morning I found that the dory had pounded on the rocks and driven out the plug in the bottom, so that she filled with the water and sank. To lighten her I lifted out Welch's body, but being weak I dropped it and it sank in 12 feet of water. It was afterward recovered and buried.

"I fixed up the dory and started up the river in search of help. Seeing two vessels in the offing, I made for them instead, but after a hard pull the wind came up and they sailed out of sight. Now thoroughly disheartened, I returned to the house and spent the night. To shorten my story I may say that the next day—the fifth—I went up Little River, discovered three houses, found friends and was well taken care of."