

## NOTES FROM PARIS.

(From the *Nation*.)

FRENCHMEN are fully persuaded that Ireland is soon to have a Parliament of her own, and the best writers maintain that it is not only the duty of England to give her one, but also that it is *dans son intérêt*. The letter of Sir Charles Duffy, which has been read and commented on here, confirms them in their conviction. Mr. Herbert Gladstone's statement in favour of such a measure has not passed unseen, either, and good articles are being written to-day on this subject.

It is no longer possible to disregard public opinion abroad, for the time has come when the rights of nations cannot be set aside with impunity. *Les nations sont solidaires les unes avec les autres* is at last a truth. What is said in France and in other Continental countries on the Irish and other important questions is therefore important, and I shall make it my duty to give extracts on the subject from the leading papers. To-day I give an extract from an article by the academician, John Lemoine, who was so often unjust to Ireland, on a subject that, thank God, does not concern our country, except in as much as it does the nation by which she is governed. M. Lemoine says:—"We beg to reassure our readers. We have no intention of returning to the narrations given by the English paper the name of which has become for some days a kind of persecution for the public here. The *scandales de Londres*, as they are called, have stunned the people in the streets of all the large cities in the world; it is only in the town in which they originated that they are put under a bushel—concealed, in fact. This is a very curious example of that spirit of discipline which characterises English formalism, and of that conspiracy of silence organised in a Press that is accustomed to say everything, and to publish it with unlimited liberty. The journals of all parties have established a sort of *cordon sanitaire* around the audacious paper that dared to lift up *le vètement le plus intime de la pudeur nationale*, and to show *la fameuse blancheur d'Albion* to the profane eyes of foreigners. We are inclined to think that morality is for very little in this reserve. The English are less offended and less humiliated by the thing itself than by the publicity given to it. It is for them an affair of wounded vanity, of *pruderie* taken in the fact—*en flagrant delit*. They well know they have foul linen, but they wash it *en famille*. This is a sentiment we cannot entirely blame, but when people have the conscience of their own infirmities they should not at every moment thank God that they are not like the others."

After entering further into the subject the ex-admirer of England and everything English says:

"The movement may become a dangerous one, but it ought not to have been treated with the systematic silence in which the wealthy Press wanted to hide it. Respectable people committed perhaps a grave imprudence in organising and persisting in this conspiracy of silence. It will be thought that they are concerned in the affair."

This, from John Lemoine, is hard hitting; but since the war he has been losing gradually his admiration for the nation he so often praised to the skies, and has sometimes gone even so far as to do justice to Irish patriotism. He is not the only remarkable writer brought round to a just cause by facts.

At the "*concours*" of the Conservatory a young girl, still in her teens, has astonished and charmed the whole audience and the judges themselves; Her singing of the part of Ophelia in Ambroise Thomas' opera of "*Hamlet*" (he was one of the judges) was fully equal if not superior to anything heard on the stage. She is declared to be a *star de la première grandeur*—a future Patti, or, rather, Malibian. Of course the first prize was granted to her. She glories in the name of Moore, and hails from the country of the national poet.

We have had murders too horrible to relate this week. Marchand, it is said, will be executed this week in the interior of the Roquette prison. Yesterday Forgeand was executed at Bordeaux. He walked to the scaffold deploring the infamy cast on his family, but affirming that there was no premeditation in the murder he committed. Pel, the watchmaker, is to be tried again, but this time only for cremating his servant. Pickpockets are spending their holidays in Paris, and are doing a lively trade among the innocent foreigners and sight-seers wandering about the city. A regular collection of English novels and other works are now to be found in the prisons, with a few religious works for the benefit of the light-handed people, who, nine out of ten, are of British origin, with now and then a poor Irishman paying his debt for having fallen into bad company.

J. P. L.

## "A SHAM AND A SWINDLE."

MR. MICHAEL DAVITT, in company with Mr. John O'Connor, M.P., attended an enthusiastic demonstration held under the auspices of the National League at Lismore, near Kantuik, on Sunday. Mr. Daniel McCabe, Ballynaquirk, occupied the chair, and resolutions in favour of Irish popular rights were passed. In the course of his speech in support of these resolutions Mr. Davitt made the following references to the Land Purchase Bill introduced by Lord Ashburne in the House of Lords on Friday week. We (*Nation*, July 25) quote from the *Freeman*:—

"The Tory Government introduce what they are pleased to call a Land Purchase Bill for the purpose of facilitating the purchase of holdings by the farmers of Ireland. I declare that such a bill is on the face of it a sham and a swindle, and that its real title, if honestly expressed, would be a Landlord Relief Bill (cheers and laughter). What is it really the landlords want to do? Lord Ashburne, their spokesman, in the House of Lords the other night, told a sympathetic assembly of landlords that there were something like 1,200 estates in Ireland in the hands of receivers—in other words, that there were about 1,200 bankrupt landlords in this happy land of ours (hear, hear, and laughter). This was letting the cat out of the bag with a vengeance (renewed laughter). This was letting the cat out of the

bag with a vengeance (renewed laughter), and in the next breath he declared that all the Tory Government would ask from the Treasury would be the sum of five millions of money with which to make 600,000 tenant-farmers the owners of their farms in Ireland. Well, I need scarcely tell an intelligent audience like this that the five million pounds would go a very little way in so gigantic an undertaking as that. But five millions can do this—if they only get them they could relieve the 1,200 bankrupt landlords and enable them once more to go to Monte Carlo and other delightful places on the Continent. Of course, being the party in power, they have the keys of the Imperial Exchequer. This little landlord relief bill will be passed, and the five million pounds will be at the disposal of the bankrupt landlords, but on this condition only, that the tenant-farmers having holdings upon those bankrupt estates will be hothouses or idiots enough to fall into the trap and become the indispensable machinery by which five million pounds will be put down far deep in the pockets of the bankrupt landlords. I don't know but there may be such omadhauns amongst the tenant-farmers of Ireland who may give way to temptation, but if they should do so I will tell them what will happen—they will be making a bargain that will tie them down for forty-nine years to a judicial rackrent. They will have to pay this money not to the landlord that can be brought to his senses in Ireland, but to the English Government that will give no abatement whatever or listen to the popular voice of the country (hear, hear). But long before these forty-nine years come and go, long before a fourth of that time goes along with the past, I predict from this platform here to-day that there will be no vestige of landlordism left in Ireland (cheers); there will be no idle class fattening upon an industrious people, there will be no aristocracy with its headquarters in Dublin Castle ruling and ruining this lovely land of ours; long before then the men who toil and spin, the workers of Ireland, will have the management of their own affairs (cheers); and across amongst our thick-headed English neighbours over the way we will find a similar state of affairs (hear, hear). We will find the democracy having the reins of power, and with the people having, the reins of Government in their hands, and with the people having the management of their own affairs, depend upon it the landlords of those three countries will receive very little compensation (loud cheers). If the landlords or landlord Tory party were honestly inclined to the tenant farmers of Ireland what should they do in view of the position which the farmers will occupy next winter? They would recognise this—that it would be simply impossible for the Irish farmer to pay rent next November, and keep his family and crop his land until next year (hear, hear). In fact, there is no such thing as rent produced in Ireland this year, and consequently, what does not exist, or what has not been brought forth from the soil, cannot in justice be given to the landlords; and, therefore, if the landlord Tory party want to show themselves more your friends than their opponents let them recognise this fact and do an act of justice to the tenant farmers of Ireland which will cost them something out of their pockets, and then we may believe in their sincerity (applause).

## THE FAILURE OF THE CAP-IN-HAND POLICY.

DURING the last ten days his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. McEvilly, Archbishop of Tuam has been paying a visit to several of the chief towns in his diocese. On Saturday last he was the recipient of a magnificent reception at the hands of the people of Westport. Amongst the addresses presented to him was one from the priests of the deanery and another from the Westport Temperance Sodality. In acknowledging these addresses his Grace delivered an eloquent speech, from which we (*Nation*, August 1st), take the following:—

In a short time the misrepresentation, or unrepresentation—if I may be allowed to coin a term—with which your country has been afflicted for some time past in the Imperial Parliament can be set aside by your own free and independent suffrages: and it will be in your own power to select trusty and upright men, who, acting in concert with the Irish party, through whom alone we can expect the restoration of our long-denied rights, will co-operate in bringing about so desirable a consummation (applause). It will be my pleasurable duty in the future, as it has been in the past, to the extent of my humble ability, to co-operate with the clergy and people in securing and perpetuating a full measure of sound secular combined with religious education. We are still overweighted in the race of educational competition. We are not properly or fairly represented on any of the boards to which are committed the guidance and management of educational interests, whether university, intermediate, or primary. Until this grievance is redressed, both as regards number and representative qualification for trustworthiness, I will not hesitate to declare in all truth that we are shamefully treated. Some sanctimonious gentlemen have been horrified, or affected to be horrified when they found that the Irish bishops had committed the care of educational legislation to Mr. Parnell and the Irish party. I should wish to ask this question. For years we have been cap-in-hand, presenting petitions to Parliament, viceroys, etc. What did we get? A very polite reply—we were quietly bowed out from the council chamber and no more. Then, following the example of the old man and the apple-stealing boy, when flinging polite words and flinging tufts of grass had failed, we tried what virtue there was in stoves (applause). Recently there were disquieting rumours, I believe, in this country, and in Rome, too, about fancied attempts to sacrifice the liberties of the Irish Church for foreign advantages. We Irish bishops estimated such rumours at their proper value. We now know the result, and we all rejoice at the strong bond of union with which we are blessed in the great, learned, and distinguished dignitary whom the Pope has appointed to rule the primatial see of Dublin (applause). The Holy Father has deigned to give his blessing to all our legitimate efforts.

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