

for crime," he went on to say, "Ireland can reply that, relatively to population, she has less crime than England. In my opinion, the rejection of this Bill is even more needed by England than by Ireland. For Ireland it is a question of suffering, and she knows how to suffer; for England it is a question of shame and dishonour, and to cast away shame and dishonour is the first business of a great nation."

THE correspondent of the *Times*, to whom we have VAIN THREATS, already referred, attempts to frighten the Pope, or those persons through whom he hopes to influence the Pope, by threatening the anger of the landed proprietors of Italy, who, he says, are the most friendly of Italian classes towards the Church, against the Holy See should the cause of the Irish tenants be favoured by it.—If, however, the Pope were to be a respecter of persons, and were to consider rather the advantages to be gained by pleasing parties than the interests of right and justice, it would evidently be much more wise of him to take a step which would tend to conciliate the masses in general than one to please a limited class. The strength of the Church lies in the people, and this is fully proved by several notable examples on both sides—the Church being strong where the body of the people are Catholic, and weak where the contrary obtains. The Pope, however, must first consider the justice of the cause, and it certainly cannot enter into his duties to base religion on injustice. Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, moreover, has given us a case in point, and reminded us how, in a struggle, that in some degree resembled that now taking place in Ireland, between landlords and their tenants in the Campagna the Holy See supported the latter. We have no doubt whatever that the sequel will prove that neither bribes nor threats can move the Holy Father to take part with the enemies of Ireland in working her destruction.

Modern Society referring to a revision of the Kafir ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE, Bible that has just been made by a missionary at King William's Town after eighteen years labour, professes to entertain some doubts as to the results arrived at:—"But certain it is," says our contemporary, "that the missionary, when he first attempts to preach to savages in their native tongue, must commit some very funny blunders. While civilised nations know so little of one another's speech, that a Frenchman preaching to an English congregation can say, 'Yes, my brethren, how true it is that we are all cucumbers of the ground,' what a terrible hash the newly-fledged apostle arriving on a foreign shore must make of the message he is sent out to deliver! In fact, it is not at all improbable that the broad grin, so distinctive of the sons of Africa, is but a facial development caused by listening to the comic comments of the missionary who has picked up a smattering of their outlandish gibberish."

PEOPLE who delight in mystery are just now much A PROPHECY, interested by a couple of predictions that concern the Emperor of Germany. It is said that some years before the war with France, as the King of Prussia was one day visiting a forest near Baden-Baden with some friends he was accosted by a Gipsy woman, who, not knowing him to be the king, insisted upon telling his fortune, and on seeing his hand declared that she read there great victories, a great crown, and a life of ninety-six years, to terminate in a time, or after a time, of heavy sorrows. Many years afterwards it is further related, there appeared at the Emperor's Court a young lady of rank, and remarkable for her beauty, who also was rather feared because of her reputed gift of second sight. And they say that one evening at a Court entertainment the Emperor in a pleasant mood extended his hand to her, and asked what she saw there, to which she, having never heard of the Gipsy at Baden-Baden replied, "I see a life of ninety-six years."—The ninety years are completed and it remains to be proved what the six that are now entered upon may produce.

THE SENTIMENTS OF "BONA FIDE" AMERICANS. A PERSON rushing through America, and perhaps, rushing so fast as in his hurry to have dropped all recollections of the gratitude which he himself certainly owes to Irishmen elsewhere, sends to our contemporary the Dunedin *Evening Star*, the assurance given him by one Mr. A.—, whom he describes as a very nice person indeed, and just married to his own entire satisfaction, and that of this running correspondent—"that the Irish are in reality almost detested by *bona fide* Americans." He hastens on to inform us that Mr. B.— the minister of a fashionable Presbyterian church in New York, is even more decided than Mr. A.— in his condemnation of them.—We shall not, however, delay to comment on the especial amiability with which the average John Bull, having done all he could in a bullying and brutal manner to drive the Irish people out of their own country, is always glad to follow them to those lands in which they have taken refuge that he may if possible have an opportunity there of stabbing

them in the back. We shall content ourselves by quoting the evidence of a *bona fide* American publicly borne in America the other day, and by which Mr. A.— and Mr. B.— and Mr. H.— also, we may add for the special benefit of this flying scribe—are very effectually given the lie. The *bona fide* American to whom we allude is Senator George F. Hoare, who in addressing a great meeting held the other day in Faneuil Hall, Boston, under the presidency of the Governor of Massachusetts, for the purpose of protesting against the Coercion Bill—took the opportunity, not, indeed, of replying to such small game as the happy bridegroom Mr. A.— or the fashionable Mr. B.— or the rushing and forgetful Mr. H.— but to no less a person than Mr. Matthew Arnold who had spoken in a similar strain. "When I see these records of the experience of some English travellers," he said, "who spend a few hours or days in the parlours of our men of wealth in our great cities and in college halls, and then go home, I am tempted to wonder why, when they get so near, they don't sometimes travel in the United States; why they don't go to learn the sentiment of the American people among the men who have made the American people; why they don't go among the sources of power, among the men who work and the men who think; why they don't visit the workshops of Worcester; why they don't visit the streets of Boston around Faneuil Hall; why they don't go among the farmers of the West." "Every locality, every city and town in Massachusetts," he said again, "has its own tender and pathetic story of the heroism and the patriotism of its citizens of the Irish race. I remember when, in the very first week of the war, there went out from Worcester that gallant young company of Emmet Guards, the first company of the Irish race, whose enlistment showed that whatever party reason or prejudice might exist the heart of Irishmen was true to the flag. I remember well when the news came home of the death of some of those boys—of McConville, that natural gentleman, who, when mortally wounded at Fredericksburg, said: 'Let the flag of my country be wrapped about me when I am buried, and put a fold of it under my head, and tell my mother that I wish I had ten more lives to give to America.' When I think of the heroic patience of Sergeant Plunkett who gave both arms for the flag that he saved from dishonour amid the storm and shell of Fredericksburg, and bore his loss, as so many of you know, with a patience and courage more heroic than was required to face a battery, I have it to say that, whatever tongue may be dumb, or heart may be cold, I never will be wanting either in heart or voice to declare my sympathies, and affection, and admiration for the gallant people of Ireland. I thank God, with tears of joy and pride, that in the course of his providence, he has given me such men to be my countrymen." But, perhaps, this was only wrung from Senator Hoare by the political influence of the Irish.—And if it were, what then becomes of the worth and candour of the *bona fide* American or who need be troubled at possessing his detestation? It was not so, however, but bore the genuine ring of truth and sincerity, and, as we said, gave the lie most completely to Mr. H.— and the sympathetic and fashionable company in which he found himself, Messrs. A.— and B.—

BUT those *bona fide* Americans, who almost or DEPLORABLE FIGURES, altogether detest their Irish fellow citizens—Southern Members of Congress, who, perhaps, lament the good old days of slavery which Irishmen did so much to abolish, or fashionable ministers, whose sensational preaching falls so flat on Irish ears—are very much to be pitied. Hatred is a very bad feeling for any unfortunate man to entertain, and they bid fair to have much occasion given them for its indulgence and exercise. The Irish element in the States is a very large one already, and it must necessarily increase as time goes on. The Boston *Pilot*, for example, furnishes us with figures taken from the official census of Massachusetts for 1885—and they fully support what we say.—The total population of the State is 1,942,141, of which 865,491 are of native parentage on both sides, and 919,869 of foreign parentage on both sides—the parentage of the rest being unknown or mixed. "The Irish in Massachusetts," says the *Pilot*, "that is, those born in Ireland, number in all 556,835. This takes no account of the children of mixed parentage, or the uncounted thousands of people with Irish grandparents or remoter ancestors. The analysis of Boston shows that 67,745 of the inhabitants are of Irish birth, and 152,097 are children of Irish parents. 'The persons born in Ireland constitute 17.32 per cent. of the total persons; the fathers born in Ireland 39.56 per cent. of the total fathers; and the mothers born in Ireland 39.41 per cent. of the total mothers.' The Irish, of first or second generation, therefore, constitute 56 per cent. of the whole population of Boston (amounting to 39,0393). As there are tens of thousands of the third and fourth generations of direct Irish descent, how high would the percentage be if that element could be analyzed and added to the others?"—Our contemporary adds that Boston, nevertheless, and probably with truth, is spoken of as the most English city in the States. Really there is reason to fear that the time draws nigh when our A's and B's and H's will be in danger of being totally poisoned by their own venom.