

Never was there a poorer plea. Duped by a man known to everyone in Ireland as a cheat and a hired slanderer! Mr. Houston duped by a man whom he was employing in the construction of lying pamphlets. Dr. Maguire duped by a colleague and collaborator. No, Pigott was known to the whole gang; or if he was not known, only those were ignorant of his character who wished to remain ignorant of it, and who were content to publish, propagate, and repeat by the murderous libels on Mr. Farnell and his colleagues.

They are criminals, all of them who helped in the plot, criminals of the blackest colour; and if justice were done they should be in the dock for their foul attempt at moral assassination.

They did not believe Pigott if they knew him, and if they did not know him they were the willing accomplices of a deed of infamy.

Only one defence can be urged for them. They are the inheritors of a tradition, the imitators of a long line of predecessors. Their weapon was not their own invention. It was only a keener, more poisonous, but fortunately more brittle development of a weapon by which every Irishman who has ever stood up for his country's liberties has been attacked.

The lie has been the main prop in the structure of the alien tyranny. What the tyrants will substitute for it we do not know. The truth will kill them. And now, more than ever, there is a chance for the truth.

The scales have fallen from the eyes of the British people. Every man that wishes to see Ireland as it is has now his chance. He can, if his heart takes to the truth, act with the feeling that he is face to face with a nation foully traduced by those whose interests depend upon the separation of the peoples, he is confronted with the fact, that the *Times*, which gave vitality to the great lie, stands now before the world as the confessed paymaster of forgers. He must be aware that the same authority is responsible for most of his beliefs and prejudices about Ireland. Surely with these things stirring his conscience, the least reparation he can make is to seek to know Ireland as it is.

If he should come to seek and know, he will find a very different Ireland from that which the putrid fancies of her slanderers have given to his imagination. He will find Ireland to be not a nation of cut-throats, cattle-houglers, and robbers; a nation of mid-night plotters, with an assassin and a liar for its leader; but a nation cruelly opposed and foully wronged; weighed down with a multitude of evils which those that speak and act in England's name have created; wronged beyond all by those who have tried to filch its good name; poor through oppression; weak through suffering; doomed, as far as they could doom it, by its governors to ignorance, yet capable of producing devoted, gifted, and courageous sons to brave and check the oppressor; able, too, in its weakness, by loyalty and steadfastness, to vindicate its cause; and led in its success by a leader who prompted by his sympathy with justice and right to trample down the barriers of class prejudice and to take his stand by a harassed people, has thus become the target for the paid ruffians of class and privilege.

This is the truth that lies now in the plain way of the English public. They cannot miss it. And with the generous impulse which belongs to all democracies, and which is the very justification of the rule of the people, they will hasten to undo the wrongs that have been in transaction behind the clouds raised by the forgers, liars, cheats, and their abettors.

As for the Irish people they exult in the glorious triumph of their leaders. They are strengthened, too, in their determination to carry on the battle against the gang who are not only tyrants but foul conspirators as well. But not less are they confirmed in their readiness to accept the friendship of the English nation, which has also been the victim of this long-enduring system of lying and slandering. That system has now, by God's providence, been confounded, to the common good and mutual harmony of those nations that have been separated by a secular and bloody quarrel, by which no man has profited but the Pigotts, the Walters, and the Smiths.

## DEAD!

So the tragic element has come in at last, as it always does in the Irish drama! Never does any great incident in Irish history close without exacting life. Sooner or later the Fate-claim the victim, and there is a smudge of blood on every page in Irish history. If the special Commission had closed without murder, suicide, or execution, it would have been an exception without precedent. As it is, the rule remains unbroken, and the suicide of Richard Pigott at Marid rounds off the story of the forged letters in accordance with the grim tradition of Irish life. When Talbot, the informer, was shot, Richard Pigott wrote: "The odious character of the murdered man, and his unparalleled duplicity caused many moderate politicians to look upon his fate as an example of political justice which was not out of harmony with the fitness of things." The same verdict will probably be passed upon the wretched man who is now again, to use one of his own phrases, "face to face with a Judge more merciful and forgiving than he found on earth." Probably those to whom Richard Pigott is merely a name will dismiss the news with a satisfactory "serve him right." But to those of us who saw the man day after day in the witness box, to whom he is as real and living a human being as any of our acquaintance, the report of that revolver shot wakens a sombre memory. There was something terrible about the sight of Pigott at bay, confronted with the spectres of all his half-forgotten sins rising up to confront him before the sight of all men. It was like an authentic prefiguring of the Day of Judgment, when "whats'ever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light, and that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the house-tops." For twenty long years that man, with the resourceful cunning of a fox, and with no more moral scruple than a rat, had fought a desperate and losing battle. And there, between the Comman-Johns and Sir Charles Russell, he stood fast in the deadly toils, the long struggle closing in utter and irremediable ruin, his name a by-word and a reproach, and his memory a stench in the nostrils of a nation.—*Pall Mall Gazette*

## JOHN DILLON IN AUSTRALIA.

(Sydney *Freeman's Journal*, April 20.)

In our last issue we gave a necessarily brief report of the arrival and reception of Mr. John Dillon, M.P., at Adelaide, on Thursday, the 11th inst. Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde and Mr. John Deasy reached Australia several weeks before the hero of the Plan of Campaign, but in order that he might have the honour of opening the mission on which the three members of the Irish Parliamentary Party were despatched to the colonies by their chief, the two juniors refrained from making any public appearance till Mr. Dillon's arrival. Mr. Dillon came out to Australia in the R.M.S. *Orient*, on which steamship also came, singularly enough, the Earl of Kintore, the new Governor of South Australia, and the Irish patriot and the Tory aristocrat landed the same day at Adelaide. Adelaide has never enjoyed the reputation of being particularly strong on Home Rule, but it certainly came out in fine style in its welcome to John Dillon, for the local press assures us that his reception quite took the shine, as a demonstration, out of that of which the new Governor was the object.

Great preparations had been made to fitly welcome Mr. Dillon, and care was taken that the reception should not clash with that accorded to the Earl of Kintore. By an early train Sir Thomas Esmonde, M.P., and Mr. J. Deasy, M.P., who reached Adelaide from Melbourne early in the week, went down to Largs Bay with Mr. P. Glynn, M.P., of the South Australian House, and president of the South Australian branch of the Irish National League; Mr. W. Dixon, vice-president; Messrs. McDonald and Rose (Melbourne delegates) and Mr. P. Whelan, secretary of the reception committee. Mr. Dillon had made no preparations for landing in Adelaide, and was busily occupied in packing up. The Melbourne delegates were empowered to ask him to open his campaign in South Australia, and this Mr. Dillon at once consented to do. By 11 a.m. the steamer Adelaide, chartered by the reception committee, came alongside the ocean liner and steamed round her several times. She was crowded with visitors, who broke forth into lusty cheers as soon as they reached the *Orient*, and their hearty enthusiasm was redoubled when the famous Home Ruler appeared on deck and bowed his acknowledgments, whilst a powerful band on board played such stirring national airs as "The Wearing of the Green" and "God save Ireland." The *Orient* was soon crowded by the welcoming party, many of whom were members of Parliament and members of the Catholic clergy. About 2 o'clock the steamer Adelaide started for the port, the passengers on board the *Orient* assembling all along her decks and loudly cheering the delegates as they bore away. At Port Adelaide a huge crowd lined the steamer's wharf, and cheered again and again as they caught a sight of Mr. Dillon and his comrades. No sooner had the party stepped ashore, where carpeting was laid down to the carriages which were in waiting, than the Mayor of Port Adelaide and the Mayor of the Semaphore welcomed the delegates in a few kind words, which were suitably acknowledged by Mr. Dillon in a brilliant little speech, interrupted by enthusiastic cheers.

Mr. Dillon said: I have come here as the representative of the Irish party to appeal for our cause to the people of Australia, and I come with the most perfect confidence that when you give your attention to that cause you will coincide with me when I say that it is a just and honourable one (cheers) and I cannot fail to exercise its influence over that great Empire to which you belong and to which you are contented to belong (cheers). All we ask is that we in Ireland should stand on the same relation to the Empire as you do in Australia, and I feel confident that there is hardly a man in this great country, who, having experienced what it is to have the control of your own affairs and the administration of your own laws, whether he be an Englishman, a Scotchman, a Welshman, or an Irishman, who would wish to deny to his fellow-subjects in Ireland a mode of government which means prosperity for her as opposed to that which has made the name of Ireland a by-word for poverty, distress, and misery (loud cheers). We are willing and anxious to form a part of the British Empire, but we never will consent to do so on terms that are dishonourable to a free man (renewed cheering). We will, to the utmost of our power, oppose our rangers making our laws and administering them, and I believe that if to-morrow the same system were attempted here as we are obliged to submit to in Ireland you would find that the people here would not be so law-abiding, so peaceable, or so prosperous as they are (cheers). You are welcoming to-day a Governor who comes to represent the Crown. You can afford to do so, because the Crown does not seek to interfere with your liberties or your rights (cheers): and I question whether if he came with a policy to establish here in Adelaide a Castle system such as that which we have to bear in Ireland you would receive him so warmly (cheers). The loyalty of Australia is secure, because it is based on liberty (great cheering). We want to bask in liberty in Ireland, too; and until we have liberty and equal rights in Ireland I don't see what right anyone has to expect loyalty or respect for the law amongst us (cheers). I think it would be difficult to witness a more magnificent demonstration of the effects of our policy and teaching—a policy which has been thrown in our teeth as one of oppression and assassination, and for the purpose of sowing hatred between the people of England and Ireland—to give a more conclusive answer to this charge than to see here English and Scotch colonists coming to listen to an Irishman speaking on behalf of his people (cheers).

On arriving in Adelaide the enthusiasm of the Irishmen and others present was such that they were with difficulty prevented from taking the horses out of the carriage and dragging the patriot through the street themselves. As it was, Mr. Dillon was greeted with deafening cheers as the carriages of the reception assemblage passed along. Mr. Dillon was presented with an address beautifully illuminated, the closing sentence of which read as follows:—We welcome you as a man of hereditary patriotism, of an earnestness of conviction and strength of honest character that have won the respect of every opinion, and a leader of a movement whose end is to obtain for Ireland as the precursor of true reforms, a system of self-government: t