

## JAMES REDPATH ON IRELAND.

(From the Boston Pilot.)

LAST week, when in New York, we received an unexpected call at an hotel from our friend James Redpath, who had just returned from Ireland. We spent most of the day together, reviving memories of old friends and old times here, and of the old country which he had so recently seen. Mr. Redpath said that the *New York Tribune* had the most important of his letters to publish yet, as they had been delayed by the press of other news, and that the letters to be published will be chiefly the record of his personal observations in the West of Ireland. We wished to engage him to write for the *Pilot*, a series of articles on Ireland, but he said he did not feel at liberty to do so without Mr. Whitelaw Reid's consent, and as the editor of the *Tribune* had already consented to let him write a short series of articles in the *Independent*, he did not care to ask another favour of the same sort so soon again.

"I think," he said, "the *Tribune* has behaved quite handsomely. Mr. Reid, when I was ready to start for Ireland, gave me very brief instructions: 'First find the facts and report them!' and I did that; and I have been told, since I came home, that my facts and the theories I expressed conflicted with the position that the *Tribune* had previously taken. Most editors would have thrown their correspondent's letters into the waste basket in such circumstances. But I tell you Boyle, no honest American, with any warm blood in his veins, could take any other position than I have taken after he was once brought face to face with the facts in Ireland. The *Tribune* has published in the old times, I think, hundreds of columns from me denouncing the slaveholders, and the landlords of Ireland are just as bad a lot as ever the worst of our southern slaveholders were. There are two words that mean entirely different things in Ireland and America—*landlord* and *Protestant*. I have expressed my opinions about Irish landlords in the *Tribune*, and I shall express my opinion of Irish Protestants in the *Independent*. All I met reminded me of what Clarendon said more than two hundred years since in his history of the Civil Wars in England: 'The religion of the Scotch consists of hating the Pope or "the Papists," I have forgotten which. It's the same thing in Scotch, though!'

"Well, do you know, I was a little fellow then, about 12, and my father was a Scotch Presbyterian, and somehow that sentence stuck in my memory until it worked all the Scotch Presbyterianism out of me—for I lived to see that it was true yet.

"Nearly all the Irish Protestants I met—I was not in Ulster and may have met bad samples of the Orangemen—but all I met, educated or ignorant, always spoke of the Catholics as the slaveholders and their friends used to speak of the negro. I thought all my old enthusiasm had cooled off; but I was in a chronic state of combat from the time I landed until I left Ireland. I was in a state of moral Donnybrook Fair all the time!

"I remember one day I was dining in the Shelburne Hotel and met Mr. Hepworth. I was telling him of the scenes I had seen in County Mayo. A man opposite us asked me if I had been in Ulster. I said no. Well, he said, you will find things different there, sir! 'We are a different people.'

"'Oh yes,' said Mr. Hepworth: 'You are a different race and a different religion.'

"'Yes,' I added, I was brought up to believe in Scotland and England when I was a boy, at the time of the famine of '48, that the Irish were poor because they were lazy and Catholics. But I got rid of that notion in America.

"'How is it,' I asked the Orangeman, 'that you fellows, with your different race and different religion, don't get along any better, man for man, in America than the Irish Catholics as soon as both of you have a fair field and no favours? I have seen the Irish in almost every State in the Union, and I have noticed that with us it isn't the Irish Protestant or the Irish Catholic that succeeds; it is the man with the best education and most industry—it isn't a question of belief at all. When I saw that I had to believe that the old theory I had been taught was faulty somehow.' The man asked me what I attributed the difference to? I told him *land tenure*: 'In Ulster they had tenant-right and in the Catholic provinces of the West the tenants had had no rights that the landlords felt bound to respect.' That's the whole of it, O'Reilly.

Now, I went over to Ireland prejudiced against Mr. Parnell and his followers—not much, but just a little. If I had found the facts against him, I would have reported them without fear or favour. You need not thank me for writing letters that have pleased the Irish in America. I never thought of pleasing anybody, but just to tell honestly what I saw. I was utterly confounded at the proof I met at every step, and on every hand of the utter heartlessness of the great landed proprietors.

"Look here: let me read you a note from my diary. I meant to put it into an article, but I have so much material that you can copy it if you like":—

The Irish in America can never be thoroughly understood until you have seen them at home. And they improve on acquaintance. They are truly a warm-hearted and generous people, at least every American will find them so; although, possibly, their hereditary hatred of the rule of England may conceal their good qualities from British travellers. Wherever I have gone, among priests or peasants agitators or tradespeople, I have found that the one word that opened every Irish heart and home was the name of America. I have received more invitations to visit Irish homes than I could accept in a year. The two traits that are not pleasant in the eyes of Americans in the character of the Irish in America are their clannishness and their entire willingness to make a law. But one sees here that but for these traits the Irish race would have been crushed generations ago. It is not political tyranny only that they have been obliged to endure, and the insulting domination of an alien creed, but the despotism of the lords of the soil—the most merciless, the most arbitrary, the most degrading system of irresponsible rule that exists in any country professing to be free. Every landlord

is a local Plantagenet, without the fear of the nobility before his eyes that softened the rigor of royal rule in pre-Cromwellian times; for the landlord is the noble, and the Crown supports his exactions. If the Irish Catholics had not been quarrelsome and clannish—if they had not always been ready with a knock down blow and had not hung together, they would have been all knocked down or hanged separately.

This inherited trait gives to the leader of the Irish popular party, whoever for the time he may be, an influence over his followers to which we have no parallel in our American politics. His word is law. As long as he is recognised as the leader, no man in the same party presumes to oppose his policy. Mr. Parnell, for example was as eagerly expected, and as anxiously expected as if he had been the commander of an army whose orders were to lead it to victory or death. Mr. Biggar spoke of him, in a public speech, as the "dictator of the Irish people." And so he is. There are men in his party quite as able as Mr. Parnell; but as long as he leads the column they obey him, they could not do otherwise. For in many a lowly cabin, with its floor slippery, its walls black, half of it a kitchen, and the other half a stable, I have heard barefooted women and haggard men speak of Mr. Parnell as the saviour of the Irish people. Whenever his name is mentioned in a public speech—and I have heard it mentioned in a dozen speeches before different audiences—the people cheer with a heartiness that shows that Mr. Parnell is their idol to-day.

## THE HAUNTED CZAR.

A FRENCH paper, *Le Voltaire*, of Paris, publishes in its St. Petersburg correspondence a recent incident in the life of the Czar, for which it claims entire authenticity. The incident is said to have happened at five o'clock in the morning, when all was silent in the Winter Palace. One of the servants, who stood high in his master's favor, thought he heard the Czar's voice calling him and entered the imperial bedroom. The Emperor awakened suddenly by the noise of his footsteps and not recognizing the valet in the dim light of the lamp which swung over his head, drew a revolver from under his pillow and fired. The servant fell to the floor with a groan. The room was quickly filled with watchmen, members of the household and courtiers, fearful that another attempt had been made on the Czar's life. When the truth was learned, the wounded man was taken to another room, and doctors pronounced his injury to be fatal. Efforts were made on all sides to prevent the news getting abroad, and it was generally given out among the people that the man had died by his own hand. The incident is said to have augmented the Czar's terrors. His kitchen, which for some time has been placed under strict surveillance, has now three physicians attached to it, each of them receiving 1000 roubles a month. One examines the food, the meats, vegetables, or pastry; another tastes the wines and liquors; the third superintends the making of the dishes. They are all subject to grave responsibilities. At the least illness of the Czar they run the risk of being arrested as accomplices on a charge of high treason and of being instantly banished to Siberia. The *Voltaire* carries its list of improbabilities so far as to say that the Czar has not infrequently been known to take emetics after dinner. "Have we not here," it cries, "an episode from the life of some legendary tyrant, a Dionysius of Syracuse, or an Emperor of Rome, possessed with dreams of horror?"

## CURE FOR DIPHTHERIA.

A CORRESPONDENT who has used the following remedy assures us (*Clarence Examiner*) that it is a certain cure in all cases of diphtheria:—Decoction of common sage leaf; a handful of leaves thrown into a half pint of boiling water and left to draw, richly sweetened with honey, and given by teaspoonful as warm as possible. The same preparation, with the addition of vinegar, to be used as a gargle and the steam of the sage tea inhaled by means of a funnel. A strip of flannel dipped in hot water and turpentine (say a table-spoonful of turpentine to a pint of hot water) must be applied externally with sufficient covering to keep in the steam, and castor oil or any other aperient invariably administered. This remedy has never been known to fail when used promptly on the first appearance of the disease, and was applied with success in every case twenty years ago in England by the party sending this to us. If it would be of any use, I will send the symptoms. If the sage cannot be procured, a small piece of saltpetre, about the size of a hazel nut may be put to a half pint of vinegar, and used as a gargle the outward application of the turpentine being indispensable. If the patient who is attacked be too young to gargle, the throat must be cleansed by means of a sponge tied to a quill or stick dipped in the vinegar, &c. I hope all parents will copy this out, for I have proved its efficacy in a great many cases, and by trying these simple remedies at the first appearance of diphtheria, much suffering may be prevented and perhaps death.

The "gift account" of St. Botolph Without, Bishopsgate, affords a very good instance of how charitable wealth of the City of London has been for many years squandered. According to an analysis presented to the City Parochial Charities Commission, an expenditure of £21,509 17s. 8d. is accounted for in this very remarkable manner: Management cost, £7067 2s. 8d.; entertainments, £1066 19s. 11d.; legal charges, £3327 19s. 9d.; and extraordinary unexplained items, £10,047 15s. 9d. These figures speak for themselves. One thousand pounds spent on entertainments that should have been devoted to charity would have been bad enough in all conscience, but ten thousand pounds that cannot be even explained away is worse than was expected even with regard to city charities. But the beginning of the end is evidently coming.