

if he had something else in view besides mere charity. And it does take considerable engineering in my mind that I may bring myself to believe that Mr Hutchins and the Morris Board of Trade tried to be entirely just and impartial when Graceville is blamed for the freezing of young Malone, who was frozen within a few miles of Morris before he had ever seen Graceville, and for whose cure in Morris a Morris hotel-keeper and a Morris doctor charged me 23dols. I make no issue, I must here say, against the people of Morris in general, many of whom, I am assured, understand well the situation. I am speaking only of Mr. Hutchins and his friends.

The public will, I trust, give me credit for desiring to have, at the very first outburst of alarm a true knowledge of the facts. I wished no whitewashing I appointed at once two gentlemen to investigate matters—Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Hodges—the one to control the report of the other, both seeing things together, assisting one another with mutual observations and explanations I regret to say, that I have not yet received Mr. Hodges' report. A dispatch to the *Pioneer Press* and a discourse before the St. Paul Chamber of Commerce—Mr. Hodges having gone to Big Stone at the request of neither the *Pioneer Press* nor of the Chamber—I cannot consider as the report which I had reason to expect from him. But I am perfectly satisfied of the truthfulness in every particular of the letter of Mr. O'Brien, and of the report of the Graceville committee organised at his suggestion.

No uneasiness is to be felt as to the future wants of these families. I will provide for them, even doing in the future more than my judgment will allow me, but compelled to do so to avoid outcries and investigations. The management of these people will be henceforward a difficult task, as they are now convinced that all they have to do to force me into their views will be to send word to their good friend, Col. Dunlap, to their other friend, Mr. Hutchins of Morris, when investigating committees and car-loads of provisions will be at once started out. However, I will do my best amid opposition, to make them good citizens.

The Connemara families are twenty-four in number. Around Graceville are four hundred other Catholic families, mostly Irish, and I beg the public, when Graceville is mentioned, to remember the latter rather than the former. There are not in Minnesota to-day settlers more thrifty, more sober, more self-reliant and intelligent, more prosperous, for the time they are in the country, than our Graceville colonists, and nowhere for its size is there a prettier and a livelier village than Graceville itself. The land of the colony is the best in the State, and with the advantage now offered to it by the completion of the Morris and Brown's Valley road—which runs right through it—this colony gives every promise of ranking first among all the country districts of the State for wealth, social comforts, and moral worth. In the atmosphere of Graceville the Connemara families will very soon be changed into excellent colonists.

JOHN IRELAND.

St. Paul, December 21, 1880.

## General News.

The reform of Irish land tenure is popular in Scotland, and there is not only a disposition to slur over the difficulties of the task, but to ignore the gravity of the present situation in Ireland.—*Times*.

Amongst some school board summonses heard at Lambeth lately, was one which caused no little surprise in court. The father of a boy about 10 years of age was summoned for the non-attendance of the child at school. The superintendent said the child seemed utterly to put the parents at defiance. The father produced a large hammer and trowel, and said "these are things the boy throws at his mother, and he has done so more than once. On one occasion, when he threw the trowel, it just escaped striking her, and stuck in a door. Mr. Chance asked the child if this was true, but he refused to give any reply. The father added that the boy said to his mother, "I'll blooming well settle you." Mr. Chance warned him if he absented himself again he would be sent to an industrial school.

The etching of Mr. Oules's portrait of Cardinal Newman is to be M. Rajon's *capo d' opera*. It promises to be one of the finest things of the kind ever produced—a Catholic gentleman, in the abundance of his admiration for the great Oratorian, having arranged that at least one thousand guineas should be spent upon the reproduction of the most noteworthy portrait of his eminence that has been painted.

A special clause has been inserted in the deed of sale of the Villa Eugénie, at Biarritz, which binds the purchasers, under heavy penalties, to celebrate memorial Masses in the private chapel of the villa on the anniversaries of the deaths of Louis Napoleon and his son.

The *Liverpool Post* hears that a subscription set on foot by wealthy English and French Catholics to support the religious Orders expelled from France is making considerable progress. The Duke of Norfolk and the Marquis of Bute have each put down their names for £1000, and the Duke de Bisaccia, formerly French Ambassador here, has subscribed 25,000 francs. Altogether about £40,000 have been subscribed to the fund, which has been less than a month before the public.

The trial of Mr. Healy, M.P., and Mr. Walsh took place on Wednesday, December 15, at the Cork Assizes. They were charged with attempting to intimidate a farmer named Manning, near Bantry, to give up possession of a holding, from which a former tenant had been evicted. Manning, however, declared that it was advice, and not menace which was used towards him. The jury, after an hour's deliberation, acquitted the prisoners.

Guinness, the brewer, who is now a lord, has built a palace in the county Galway, which he terms Ashford Castle. A newspaper man says:—"What a scene burst upon me, as I walked around the edifice and viewed the grounds laid out within the last year! Ashford

Castle has certainly an appearance of newness, which, to the lover of antiquity is possibly a little painful. It is, however, superbly beautiful for all that. Built of huge polished flint, on the lines of the best modelled castles, with large towers and keep, and of magnificent dimensions, still, the building was not all. The surrounding scenery was what struck me most. Facing one side of the castle, stretching out as far as the eye could reach, ran the grand Loch Corrib, decorated with tiny islands covered with trees, and bearing upon its bosom waves of no despicable size; while close at hand, running through a piece of landscape not to be surpassed in any part of England, were the brightest of trout and salmon streams, over which graceful little bridges sprang, and by the side of which frowned a grim old ruined abbey covered with ivy and moss. Anything fairer or more enchanting it would be difficult to conceive, and could I have shaken off the idea that the place was besieged—as I had been told—I should have felt that it was a very paradise."

A Liverpool Catholic contemporary says:—"Another of these curious contrasts is afforded by the Boycott family. The now notorious Protestant martyr of Mayo, the hero of Oranmore all the world over, is the son of a lady who may be ranked among the most devout converts to the Catholic Church. In Paris, where she lived for many years, she was known for her zeal in the cause of the clericals, and her saloon, which was a favourite resort for Catholic society, was honoured by the presence of Cardinal Manning, whenever he visited the brilliant capital. Nor is Mrs. Digby Boycott the only member of her family belonging to the Church. Her faith is shared by Mr. and Mrs. Essex Digby Boycott, the Comtesse Geraldine Digby Boycott and Madame Mabel Digby Boycott, the latter having left the world for the cloister.

Diabolical murders continue to be frequent in England. At Macclesfield, on *Christmas night*, a man named Stanway, after quarrelling with his paramour, pushed a red-hot poker into her body while she lay asleep! On Monday night the wretched woman died. Had a landlord in Ireland been the victim of this terrible crime what a howl would have been raised for coercion! But the atrocity is perpetrated in England, and it evokes not a word of comment from the coercionists!—*Nation*.

The inquest on Kavanagh has been held. When he was brought out he begged one of the bailiffs not to put him out of the house but to shoot him, as he could not bear to leave. He cried bitterly and complained that after being fifty years in Earl Fitzwilliam's employ he should be turned into the road to die.

It was announced at the meeting of the Killeagh Land League (says the *Cork Herald*) that the Protestant Dean of Cloyne had not only signed a memorial to Captain Smith Barry from his tenants asking that their rents should be reduced to Griffith's valuation, but added a statement of his own, that he considered that Griffith's valuation was sufficient as rent for all the land in the locality.

An extraordinary occurrence has taken place in the vicinity of Castleblakeney, county Galway. Some 700 farmers assembled where a tenant farmer was recently evicted, and commenced building a house on the land from which he had been turned away. A number of masons, carpenters, and thatchers commenced working at midnight, and by six o'clock in the morning the house was finished, after which the tenant was reinstated in the holding. A large force of police attended, but did not interfere with the work. Subsequently a meeting was held, at which the people attended in large numbers. The following resolutions were passed:—"That, as we believe Ireland can never be prosperous until every vestige of landlordism is swept from Ireland, we hereby pledge ourselves to support Mr. Parnell in his just and noble struggle against the worst landlordism that has ever cursed any nation." "That, despite the arrest of the men who returned the widow Dempsey, we, in public meeting assembled, assure the British Government that so long as they encourage landlords in their evil work of eviction we will work energetically until every vestige of British rule is swept from the land."

Many of our readers will still remember the stately figures and fine faces of two German nobleman who sojourned for a few days in our city in August, 1875, as visitors to the great O'Connell Centenary celebration. One was a young man, the Baron von Wendt; the other, the Count von Schmissing-Kerssenbrock, was far advanced in years. Both had a warm feeling for the Irish people, and frequently during their visit expressed the deep gratification which the good qualities of our countrymen and their enthusiastic devotion to the memory of O'Connell caused them. Both men had themselves given pledges of their own steadfastness, having undergone periods of imprisonment for resistance to the iniquitous legislation by which the Prussian Government attempted to enslave the Catholic Church. We regret to learn that the good Count's voice will no more be heard in defence of a righteous cause in the Landtag at Berlin, where he sat as member for Coblenz, a serious illness having ended in his death a few days ago, in his 75th year. The Rhineland loses in him an excellent man, most charitable to the poor, and a prompt and eager advocate to help forward every good project.—*Freeman*.

The Parnell Defence Fund grows apace. It will be seen that we elsewhere acknowledge the receipt of the great sum of £346, the fruit of a single day's collection. The sum includes £100 from Ennisecorbly, £20 from Ballytore, £101 from Carrick-on-Suir, £41 from Canon Walsh, county of Cork and so on. It is plain that the defence will not be starved, and that the people of Ireland will show that they are determined that there shall be a fair trial. At the same time, we would remind the country that it has been stated that £10,000 will be required for the defence, and that one-half that sum has not yet come in, putting together the Land League Fund and the "Freeman" Fund. Only four weeks will now elapse between the time of meeting and the first day of the trial, and we now finally urge the people to pour in their money to help in fighting a battle which is their own battle, and vindicating a cause which is their own cause.—*Freeman*, Dec. 4.

George Lyman Ostrander, aged 26 years, was lately shot dead by his brother, Henry Ostrander, at their home, near Camden, New York. Henry was of a jealous disposition, and the sight of their little sister caressing George led to the crime.