

AN EVICTION CASE.

(Abridged from the *Cork Examiner*.)

An inquest was held on Wednesday week in the courthouse, Castleisland, into the circumstances attending the death of John Horan, a boy of seven years, who died, it is alleged, from cruelty at the hands of Edmond Browne, senr., and Edmond Browne, junr., who put out by force Mrs. Horan and her family on the 28th September. The greatest interest was manifested in the proceedings, the courthouse being densely crowded by anxious spectators.

The first witness examined was Honora Horan, mother of the deceased, who resided at Addrville, near Scartaglen; her son died on the 10th December; he was sick about nine weeks; she remembered the day Edmond Browne and his son came to her house and put her out by force; the deceased was then in bed, and had the appearance of crying; the Brownes put her out by force; her child John got frightened, and after that day he used to rave through his sleep; he was ill for four weeks before his death and took no food; Dr. Harrold attended him.

Edmond Browne, junr., who tendered himself for examination, deposed—I recollect the day my father and myself put out Mrs Horan; it was on Tuesday, the 28th September; I helped my father in putting out Mrs. Horan; we dragged her out of the bedroom, taking a hold of her by each arm; we took her from the room, through the kitchen into the yard; I heard Mrs. Horan complain of being squeezed by us while we were removing her; as far as I could see she was not hurt; I heard her scream, and when I did I let her go; that was in the yard; she took a stone to strike me; I did not see my father do anything to hurt her; my father was the legal owner of the house and place; my father is tenant to Sir Maurice O'Connell, and we were advised by Daniel Moynahan the bailiff on the estate.

Dr. Hugh Brosnan, examined, deposed—I was called to see the deceased, being doing temporary duty for Dr. Harrold; that was early in November, but I do not know the exact date; on looking at the child I found him quite pale and apathetic, and considerably emaciated; the child did not seem to mind my examining him; I examined his chest and heart; the action of the heart was quick but feeble; there was no organic disease; relying on what the mother told me—that the child had no appetite—I came to the conclusion that the child got such a shock that he was not able to digest his food; all what I saw of the child would have been produced by a shock; in this case it was my opinion that there was a shock; he heard the mother say the child was a healthy child till he was frightened.

Cornor—Is there any other cause that would produce the same appearance? Yes; improper food might.

Mr. O'Connor—Did the other children present a healthy appearance? Yes.

The jury, after three-quarters of an hour's deliberation, found a verdict of manslaughter against Browne and his son, who were committed for trial to the assizes.

The verdict was received with applause in court.

"CRIME" IN IRELAND.

(London *Universer*, Dec. 18.)

We have been dosed to nausea of late with narratives of crime in Ireland. The London papers were short of "copy," and they seized on every little scrap of news which came across the Channel with the greed of a hungry cat pouncing on a mouse. If the notorious case of Lawson against Labouchere, or some spicy disclosure of obscene scandal in the Divorce Court came on for hearing, or if the House of Commons were holding its debates, we should not have heard a tittle of these "terrible tales." They came as a God-send to the despairing sub-editor. He is not a scrupulous man. His consuming ambition is to prepare his wares for the market—to have a catching line on his bill of contents. The edition must be sold, even though the character of a nation be maligned.

Pat being unpopular at the moment, on the shoulders of Pat the burden of public indignation must fall. He is striving for rights out of which he has been too long choused, and bullied, and coerced. The anger of a naturally fair-minded people must be turned against him by elaborate reports, prominently printed, of mock turpitude and manufactured outrages.

An English labourer places dynamite on a railway track; an English chemist distributes tools for procuring abortion at cheap rates to suit customers, an English nurse poisons a patient, an English mechanic outrages and murders the child of his benefactor, an English husband attempts to murder his wife with a poker, and, missing his aim, brains the baby at her breast. But these are mere insignificant crimes—these we are accustomed to—such as we may be prepared to meet in the ordinary course of civilised life. They occurred in England. What we want is something happening in Ireland.

The demand creates the supply. It now transpires that a set of clever, but unscrupulous, romancers, the mongrels of journalism, have been living by fabricating outrages in Ireland and sending across reports of them for publication in the English press.

Now it is a threatening letter—any cowardly humbug with a pen and an ink-bottle, a sheet of paper and a postage stamp can make one; anon it is an attack by men with faces blacked like Christy Minstrels; on another occasion it is a shot—very likely fired at nobody out of bravado by some drunken half-sir; and again it is the blowing up of a barrack which is still intact in its masonry; or the "Boycotting" of a good landlord, who writes to say that he is cheered wherever he goes among a grateful people; or the commission of some awful turpitude in the county Clonmel, which is not to be found on any map yet produced. No matter; all is grist that comes to the greedy sub-editor's mill.

Now, what is plain, undeniable truth? Every social upheaval such as we are now witnessing in Ireland, irrespective of the country in which it takes place, is preceded by a species of disruption of the community, in which men's passions will get the better of them, and a larger proportion of offences may be expected than in more piping and peaceful times.

To take England by way of illustration, no measure of reform has been achieved without a preliminary burst of excitement. One example will be sufficient in proof. The passing of the Corn Laws was attended with such an outburst, when lordly castles were burned down, and the Duke of Wellington, who had been hailed as saviour of the country, was pelted with stones through London streets.

In Ireland, like rule has obtained. Catholic Emancipation was vouchsafed, not because of the palpable justice of the grant: but, admittedly, to avert the horrors of civil war. The abolition of the obnoxious tithes was the inevitable outcome of the massacre of Carrickshock. The present Premier has publicly owned that he would not have undertaken the abolition of the hateful and most unfair Church Establishment, where the millions had to pay for the hostile creed of the hundreds, had not his attention been compelled to it by the attack on the police van at Manchester and the explosion at the Clerkenwell Prison.

Singularly enough, in this instance, although the feelings of the Irish people are wrought up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and although they are intentionally provoked by the myrmidons of monopoly from Chief Justice May down, whenever it can be done with impunity, there is no appreciable increase of crime. There have been but five homicides, which can be traced as agrarian, since the LandLeague agitation was set on foot. The suffering people are sober and self-contained, but they have made up their minds that they have a right to live on the soil they fertilize with their sweat—that they will no longer hand over rack-rents to unkindly absentees, and that it is wrong that in an island, out of which the territorial proprietors draw fat incomes, the cultivators should have to make periodical appeals to the charity of the universe to enable them to keep body and soul together. They know that the position which they have taken up is logically invulnerable, because they feel that they are persecuted. The tight shoe chafes them, and no honeyed assurance that they are more comfortable than they think can gloze over the truth, or deaden them to the fact that their feet ache.

They have made up their minds, we repeat, and that it is which vexes the spirit of those who treat them unjustly.

I once saw in Paris a magnificent stage costume, made for Mme. Judic. On the skirt was the loveliest tablier of rich lace I ever beheld. The dress was displayed on account of that lace; and that lace was worth, perhaps, 25*f*. (5*d*ols). For it was paper, wonderfully stamped, and represented chains of fuchsias, and looked just as much a piece of real lace as a Paris diamond by night looks an old-mine gem. Parisian actresses wear that paper lace a great deal; it is tough, soft and very effective. To wear a costly lot of lace, which may be ruined in a night, when 5*d*ols. worth of lace paper looks as well, is considered the height of folly by intelligent foreigners.—*The Theatre*.

We have been favoured with a glance over a letter from Ireland, written by a gentleman who takes no interest in politics, which is saying a great deal for an Irishman, hailing from Omagh in the county of Tyrone. The following is an extract:—"The banquetters at Omagh comprised men of different creeds and all shades of politics, Tories, Whigs and Radicals were there as well as Protestants and Catholics. True it is that Parnell and the League were denounced by one section but they were upheld by another. Since then there has been a great change. Some of the most pronounced Orangemen go in for the League, as you will see by the paper I send you."—*True Witness*.

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