T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., ON "IRISH BLACKGUARDS."

SPEAKING at Strabane recently, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P. for Galway, in the course of a long and eloquent speech said: Who, and what gave you the Land Act? Was it Gladstone? was it Bright? was it Hartington, or Buckshot Foster? (Groans.) You know very well what names should be on the back of the bill. I will tell you the names that should be on the back of it. First of all Michael Davitt (cheers); secondly, Charles Stewart Parnell (cheers); thirdly, John Dillon (cheers): and I tell you what it is, the Ulster Liberal members, the English Government, the English Press, and the English people know as well as I do that it was these three men got you a Land Bill. (Cheers.) And it was not the leaders alone that got you this Land Bill—it was the courage, the constancy, the fidelity, it was the principle animating the Irish tenant-farmers. (Cheers.) Well, don't you think you could get a little more if you would try?

A Voice: Yes, through you.

Mr. O'Connor: Don't say through me. You must do it through yourselves. You are getting a chance to-day. (Cheers.) You have no right to expect us to waste the best years of our lives in your service if you are not willing to show your appreciation by being true to your country and your own interests. Now about this Land Bill. Englishmen are very much disgusted with the Irish members—I mean what they call the Parnallite lot. They say, "How different are these men from the former Irish members. Why, twenty or thirty years ago we had Irish gentlemen in Parliament, but now we have nothing but Parnallites, Obstructionists, and the like." Well now about twenty years ago there was what is called a respectable Irish party in the House of Commons. They did not give the Government any trouble; they did not make 125 speeches against the Coercion Bill, they did not want night sittings, they did nothing that was not in the mildest language—they were a thoroughly genteel party. One was John Sadlier and the other James Sadlier, and the third Edmond O'Flaherty, and the fourth William Keogh. (Groans.) Those were the days when they had Irish gentlemen in Parliament truly. (Laughter.) John Sadlier first committed forgery and then poisoned himself. James Sadlier forged and had to be kicked out of the House of Commons. Edmond O'Flaherty robbed, and then fled to the United States. William Keogh (groans) was nearly as bad as the rest, and being a "respectable" gentlemen the Government placed him on the bench. (Groans.) I don't know whether you would like to go back to that state of things. (Never.) I don't know whether you want a respectable or gentlemanly party of suicide forgers, or robbers, or wish rather to put up with those "blackguards" like Parnell, Healy and myself. (Cheers for Parnell.)

MASSACRE OF MISSIONARIES.

WE have waited a considerable time for additional information in reference to the massacre of Protestant missionaries and their wives in New Guinea, the intelligence of which reached London in May last.

It appears that four members of the London Missionary Society were, on the occasion to which we refer, killed by the natives at Kato, in the district of Port Moresby, Hulu.

While regretting as deeply as any the fate of these unhappy men, we see no harm in seeking for the fullest particulars in connection with this sad event; our experience of the habitual conduct of Protestant missionaries justifies such an inquiry, while, at the same time, if they shall be proved to have acted more like hostile invaders than preachers of the Gospel, their terrible fate will serve as a warning to others not altogether unnecessary.

Leaving out (for want of information) all reference to the massacre of May last, it cannot be denied that the missioner who is sent out to the heathen, by the various sects of Protestantism in America, Germany and England, acts, almost without exception, more as a colonist, a speculator, a money-maker, than as the bearer of good tidings to those who sit in the darkness of idolatry. Frequently he takes up the position of hostility, and shows himself more familiar with the Martini rifle than with the contents of his much-boasted Bible.

Of course, no sooner does he act so than he sinks down at once to the rank of a pirate, and takes his chance as such, either by enriching himself with ill-gotten booty or paying for his temerity with his life. But under no conceivable aspect of his case can the fate of such a man be esteemed martyrdom. The question would be too absurd even to propound.

State papers and other official formal reports have long ago proved the mischief effected among the savage tribes by the missionary agents of heresy. The heathen is exceedingly shrewd in his own way—he soon learns the difference between the Catholic priest with his portable altar and cross and the "gentleman in black" with his eight-chamber revolver; and he acts accordingly.

In the *Times* of March 3rd appeared the report of the Blantyre Mission, upon which the commissioner appointed gave evidence as follows:

"The real gravamen of all that had been alleged against the missionaries was excessive severity in punishment of the natives—cruelty appeared in two distinct cases. . . . In the latter case the man died (from being flogged) the same day. The recall was recommended of the Rev. Duff Macdonald. . . . Mr Chirnside's pamphlet was, unhappily, more nearly a statement of facts than they had hoped to find it. Mr. Chirnside had written in a sensational manner, but as to the execution of one man and the floggings inflicted, they regretted to say he was, in their opinion, substantially correct."

We all remember the Rev. Mr. Brown who, in 1878, bagged his New Britons with as much gusto as an English sportsman counts his dead grouse.

A contemporary, speaking upon this subject, tells the story of a Protestant colonial prelate who, thanking his congregation for the present of a new rifle, remarked that "in the last affair with the natives, I fired some ninety rounds, and I don't believe I missed one."

Very well then, all points considered—namely, the general bad conduct of the missioners, their utter incapacity to convert the savage nature of those in the midst of whom they venture as any merchant or speculator might—these things taken altogether, it will surprise no one that occasionally a disaster such as that announced lately from New Guinea will occur from time to time.

Let the Protestant missioner stay at home. He does not aspire to martyrdom, and to go for less than that is nothing better than a fool's errand. To die to save souls is worth the cost, but to be tomahawked over a question concerning nails, yams, blankets and tobacco is a very unequal, unsupernatural, and unsatisfactory affair indeed.

It is certain, from all that one reads upon the subject, that the people of the various savage tribes have formed a tolerably correct estimate of the men who visit them with Bibles and with blunderbusses.—*Universe.*

SHIPBUILDING ON THE CLYDE.

(From the *Dundee Advertiser.*)

THERE is, at least, one industry which, in these times of general dulness, is prosperous in a degree never reached before in times of general prosperity—we mean ship-building on the Clyde. The most casual passenger on a river steamer on the Clyde cannot fail to mark the unusual stir in the yards along its banks, while statistics show that the launches of the first five months of 1873—the highest year hitherto—have already been exceeded by the first five months of 1881 to the extent of thirteen thousand tons, and there are indications that before the close of the year the proportion in favour of this year will be even greater. The causes which have brought about such an outburst of activity in the ship-building trade are certainly worth investigating. Undoubtedly chief of all the causes of the present large ship-building is the American trade. Almost every great company engaged in the carrying trade to America is getting built on the Clyde or elsewhere vessels of a class which they never possessed before. The gigantic, yet most graceful, Servia, now approaching completion in the dock adjoining Messrs. Thomson's yard at Dalmuir, shows the scale at which the Cunard Company, have measured the requirements of the future but she, though the largest, is only one of several vessels, all larger than any they possessed before, that are now building for the Atlantic trade. The Inman Line have replied to the challenge of the Cunard Line by the City of Rome, which, though not built on the Clyde, may be mentioned here, as she certainly could not have been designed on so large a scale but for the work done on the Clyde. The Allan Line have already contributed their quota this year to the list of immense ocean steamers built on the Clyde by the Parisian, which has already proved herself fastest, as she is the finest, of steamers crossing the Atlantic to Canada; and her success has induced the rival Dominion Line to contract for a steamer on the Clyde of 5,700 tons, which may be expected to hold her own with the Parisian. The North German Line, which, but a few years ago, remodelled their line with steamers which were then thought the *ne plus ultra* of speed and accommodation, are now back again on the Clyde with the same purpose, for they, too, find that their fleet must consist of steamers of over 5,000 tons. The Servia and City of Rome will find a worthy rival in the Alaska, of the Guion Line, of 6,400 tons, whose beautiful proportions, as she sits in the stocks of the yard of Elder & Co., attract attention from all passers-by.

And while such preparations are being made for the human, not less gigantic is the scale on which vessels are being prepared for bovine passengers. Steamers of a tonnage that would not have been dreamed of for any service twenty years ago are being built for the cattle-carrying trade, and there are many indications that in future the orders for this class of vessels will be on a scale even larger still. And the American trade, though the principal, is not the only enterprise which is calling for steamers of the largest class. Two steamers of over 5,000 tons—the Rome and the Carthage—are almost ready at Greenock for the Peninsula and Oriental Company; while their great rivals to Australia, the Orient Line, are following up their success with the Orient by building for Australia a steamer even larger and faster than it; and for the Union Line to the Cape the largest vessels they have yet possessed are under construction at present on the Clyde. In whatever way we may explain the present largely increased activity of ship-building on the Clyde, it certainly indicates that ship owners are alive to the requirements of the time, and that, whenever the expansion of trade may call for additional facilities of transport, they will be ready on the most extensive scale. When we compare our position with that of America on the one hand, where the ship-building enterprise that once seemed likely to rival that of our own country is utterly dead, and with France on the other, where attempts are being made by a system of bounties to foster a sickly life, we may well be proud of our hardy home-bred shipbuildeng enterprise.

It is stated, on the authority of Mr. W. H. Shrubsole, F.G.S., of Sheerness, that a canary bird, belonging to a shepherd named Mungeam, living at Scraps Gate, near Sheerness, is able to utter words and sentences so as to be readily understood. Sometimes the bird interpolates phrases in the middle of a song, but it is heard to better advantage when it speaks, as it often does, without singing. So far as can be ascertained, there is no record of a similar ornithological accomplishment.

The experiment made so successfully in England on the 9th July, when some 50,000 volunteers were conveyed to and from Windsor, from different parts of the country, has led to the suggestion that a further experiment should be made, by transporting, say, a division in a state to take the field from Aldershot to a point on the south coast. This idea of railway drill is a good one.