

The most amusing comments on the departure of Messrs. John Dillon and William O'Brien are contained in the London correspondence of the *Daily Express* published the day after it was officially announced that they had safely reached the French coast: "The two fugitives are now certainly clear away, but for all that the police are untiring in their search." That is very good to begin with. There is a charming picture of the activity and intelligence (especially intelligence) of the Irish police, who are "untiring in their search" for men in this country whom the *Express* correspondent and all the world, except the police, know are certainly away in France. There is better to follow. We read: "The English and Irish detectives in France, it seems, are also on the alert, but, according to a Paris newspaper, when they asked for information as to the departure of steamers for America they were sharply repulsed. 'Find out,' was the curt answer of the Havre police. Of course, the French authorities regard Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon as mere political refugees. No doubt, however, it has been, or will be, immediately represented to the French authorities that the runaways are accused of offences under the criminal law, and that they acknowledged this fact by giving bail and by submitting to trial. Under these circumstances it is difficult to understand the action of the Paris and Cherbourg police." When we last heard from the *Express* office the whole literary and editorial staff were still vainly endeavouring "to understand the action of the Cherbourg and Paris police." Having concentrated their great intellects on the problem, let us hope they will solve it in time.

The attempts of the breeders of emergency cattle to get their beasts off their hands are becoming desperate. Large numbers of the stock are being shipped to England, but there they have mostly to be slaughtered and sold as dead meat. Hence the losses on this branch of the emergency game must be tremendous; and the thing is going on week after week. We have been informed that a number of the emergency beasts from the evicted lands of Luggacurran and Murroe arrived in Dublin for sale on the market there on Thursday morning, October 23, but we have reason to believe that Dublin is getting no better a place for their disposal than Saiford, Hanley, Wakefield, or any other. Two men have been arrested on board the Milford boat on a charge of following a lot of evicted cattle from the fairs of Hanley, the notorious Tipperary grabber; and they will probably be tried for conspiracy and sentenced as a matter of course. But this will not by any means enhance the value of emergency beef or mutton. Other men have gone to gaol before for this, and still the market is failing for this class of beast. We have some interesting information bearing on this subject, and the mode in which the derelict farmers are stocked, which we hope to publish next week, as we have no space to spare for it in the present issue.

The Government promptly made a magistrate of the disreputable, insolent Tener, whom, when all else failed, the Most Noble the Marquis of Clanricarde appointed to do the work of a bum-bailiff (not agent). Mr. Tener does not permit his magisterial authority "to fust unused," nor is he by any means fastidious in employing it to promote his own or his master's interests. When there is a Nationalist opponent of Clanricarde to be hurt or a Clanricarde emergency man to be saved, Clanricarde's agent is always on the bench ready "to do his duty," as the phrase runs. Two of his drunken emergency men were proved, on absolutely uncontradicted evidence of police and civilian, to have discharged their revolvers after two evicted tenants of Clanricarde who were passing along the road. Their own master, Mr. Tener, sat on the bench, and, with the concurrence of accommodating a removable Hickson, dismissed the accused emergency men to renew their interrupted whisky-drinking and revolver practice without a stain on their respective characters. Strange, with such ornaments on it, the Petty Sessions bench does not command the respect of the people of Ireland.

The "Forger" was at its old game when it misrepresented the tenour of the interview which Mr. John Dillon, stretching courtesy to its limits, accorded to its interviewer in Paris. The interviewer is reported to have addressed to Mr. Dillon the insolent question—"Have you renounced the dynamite policy?" and Mr. Dillon to have responded without repudiating the atrocious suggestion that he ever adopted it. The text of Mr. Dillon's reply, which is published in the "Forger," is the plainest proof that no such question was ever put or answered:—"Yes," he is reported to have answered to whatever question was asked, "ever since Mr. Gladstone's speeches, that has happily been renounced. We are well aware that it alienated the sympathy of the civilised world, and we always considered the dynamitard party our greatest enemy and obstacle." This, from a man who, if the reports were correct, would, by implication at least, have confessed in the same breath that he was himself a member of the dynamitard party which he always considered his greatest obstacle. Mr. Dillon has promptly repudiated the absurd misrepresentation, though repudiation was hardly needed. But the nonsensical question—nonsensical in itself and in conjunction with the context—needless to say, found a prominent place, not merely in the report, but in the leader of the "Forger." No weapon is too dirty or dull for that vile journal to use against Irish Nationalist leaders.

A portion of the Mount of Olives has been bought by Mr. Gray Hill, a lawyer of Liverpool, England.

The Census Bureau announces that the population of the United States is 62,180,540. The increase in the decade according to these figures is 12,324,757, and the percentage of increase since 1880 is 24.57. Between 1870 and 1880 the percentage of increase was 30.08.

MYERS AND Co., Dentists, Octagon, corner of George street. The guarantee highest class work at moderate fees. Their artificial teeth gives general satisfaction, and the fact of them supplying a temporary denture while the gums are healing does away with the inconvenience of being months without teeth. They manufacture a single artificial tooth for Ten Shillings, and sets equally moderate. The administration of nitrous oxide gas is also a great boon to those needing the extraction of a tooth. Read.—[ADVT.]

## DEATH OF PROFESSOR GALBRAITH.

THE *Pilot* briefly noted, last week, the death of Professor Joseph Allen Galbraith, in Dublin, Ireland, on October 20. He was the leading Protestant Nationalist in Ireland, and the founder of an influential Home Rule party in that stronghold of Toryism, Trinity College, Dublin.

Joseph Allen Galbraith was born in November, 1818, in Dublin, and was educated under a celebrated schoolmaster, the Rev. John Sargent, who then kept a school in Donnybrook and afterwards in North George's street, which produced many men famous in their day. He entered Trinity College on November 3, 1834, as a pensioner student under the Rev. Sydney Smith, who was then a fellow of the College. He made a brilliant college career, in spite of grave difficulties consequent on his poverty. His strong point was mathematics.

After his degree, which he took at the spring commencement of 1840, Mr. Galbraith settled himself to the laborious life of a college grinder, in which occupation he gained a great reputation, and was the teacher of many well-known men. He stood for fellowship in the early summer of 1844, and gained it on the first trial, in conjunction with the late Rev. James McIvor, and the present Rev. Dr. Haughton, whose fame as a scientist is world-wide. At that period Mr. Galbraith partook of the usual strong Tory politics prevalent in Trinity College, but when there he loved to mix among the people and understand their feelings. He used to attend O'Connell's meetings in Conciliation Hall, and loved to recount his experiences of repeal life as lived in those times.

He became a clergyman of the Church of England, and showed to his Catholic countrymen a liberality none too common. He used to tell how he turned the tables on a fault-finding Provost who then ruled the college. It was then the law that certain political anniversaries, the death of King Charles I., the 5th of November, and similar anniversaries should be solemnly observed in all churches and college chapels. He omitted in his sermon, as junior dean, to notice the 5th of November and the Gunpowder Plot, and the Provost called him to account for his omission, so Mr. Galbraith determined to have his revenge. The next anniversary that came round was the 30th of January, the execution of King Charles I. This gave him his opportunity. The Provost was a notorious Whig and hanger-on of the Castle in the days when official Whigs like Lord Carlisle presided there. Such men were always Mr. Galbraith's abomination, so he selected a text which bore on the execution of Charles I., or at least which suffered itself to be twisted or turned in such a direction, and roundly denounced the Provost and all his Whig friends, and all their doings under the shadow of the King's execution. The provost never again reproved him for omitting a State Commemoration. The sermon was indeed the more pointed, and its reference the more clear, seeing that there were scarcely half-a-dozen persons present besides the Provost himself.

His life as a college professor and a scientific writer reflected honour on his race. Mr. Galbraith was eminent, too, as an actuary, and possessed a large collection of the best and most modern works and instruments needed for the intricate operations involved in actuarial calculations. He was the great authority on such questions in Trinity College, always examining on the subject of vital statistics at the Final Medical Examinations. This actuarial knowledge was open to every one, friends or opponents.

A couple of years ago the late Professor Maguire died in a sensational tragic manner, leaving his family in a destitute condition. Dr. Maguire had not hesitated in his lifetime to make attacks on Mr. Galbraith of a very extreme type on account of his politics. But the Christian charity of the man came then prominently to the front. When Dr. Maguire's quondam friends and allies hung back, and were conspicuous by their absence from the subscription lists, Mr. Galbraith contributed liberally to the fund then raised for Dr. Maguire's sisters, and undertook all the work of negotiating the purchase of an annuity for them upon the most favourable conditions.

Public interest centres, however, in his political life. We quote from an admirable sketch in the *Dublin Freeman* of the 21st ult:—

"The year 1869 brought other views and other aims as well as those that were ecclesiastical. The early autumn of that year saw the opening of the Home Rule movement. Home Rule at its inception was purely a Conservative movement. The eyes of the Conservatives were then opened to the treachery of the English Parliament as regards the Act of Union, and for the time, men like the late Sir John Barrington, the present Sir E. H. Kinahan, and numbers of clergymen who now are prominent at Primrose League meetings were ready to declare for Repeal. Men were hot then, but their heat soon cooled. Professor Galbraith, however, never changed. He adopted Home Rule views with his friend, the late Dr. Henry Mansell, of the *Mail*, and neither of them ever altered their sentiments, though Mr. Galbraith had much to suffer for the faith that was in him in social, ecclesiastical, collegiate, and Masonic circles. We do not wish to open old controversies and old sores over his grave. It is no secret, however, that he lost valuable office in Trinity College through his politics—office which he valued the more because it enabled him to reform the old-fashioned and absurd system of keeping the college accounts previously in vogue. In Masonic circles, too, he was made to pay the penalty of his consistency. He was Grand Chaplain to the Grand Lodge. Masonry boasts that it knows nothing of politics, but its treatment of this eminent Irishman proves the contrary. Year after year his election was opposed. A loyal band of friends, prominent among whom was Lord Justice Fitzgibbon, gathered round and sustained him against a bitter and unscrupulous minority who strove to displace him. But he grew tired of the contest, and at last satisfied the malcontents by retiring from the contested position."

The same paper says of him: "His heart was in the Irish cause, which for twenty years he strenuously supported, and to which he gave the weight of his influence and the prestige of his name. He was not a politician from choice or from prejudice, but as the result of mature consideration, which in time ripened into strong conviction: When the Home Rule party was formed towards the end of