

IRELAND'S WRONGS

As Described by an American Gentleman Who Has Traveled Extensively in That Country.

Almost Incredible Cruelty Practiced Upon Poor Tenants.

No Such a Human Being as a Good Landlord Known in Ireland.

A Description of How the Peasantry are Treated.

Special Correspondence Chicago Tribune.

DUBLIN, July 19.—I saw in Sackville street the other day a tall, swarthy gentleman who was making himself unconsciously conspicuous by wearing a soft felt hat—the sacred emblem of our nationality abroad. I could not decide from his looks whether he was a westerner or a southerner, and so I made his acquaintance, and found that both guesses were correct; that he was Capt. Bell, of Dixon, Ill., who had been a sharpshooter in our army, while his father had been a brigadier-general in the southern army. He is a man of education and intelligence, and I learned that, like myself, he had been both a journalist and lecturer at home. He has been in Ireland two months, traveling about all the time, mostly on jaunting-cars, in the south and southwest.

He came to Ireland as I came first, and all English deputations confess that they came—with a very scant supply of sympathy for the political uprisings of the Irish people, and with the feeling that while the Irish might have some wrongs, their English rulers were probably in no way responsible for them. But, like the rest of us, the scales have fallen from his eyes.

"What do you think of Irish landlordism," I asked, "and English rule in Ireland now?"

"I think injustice," he replied, "is a very mild name for it—

THE WHOLE THING IS BASED ON CRIME.

I could not believe that any people would endure such wrongs patiently. Talk about the clamor, the discontent, the impetuosity of the Irish;—it is no people on earth could be more submissive under such atrocious tyranny. These people, the real peasantry, are on the verge of starvation. None of them ever pretend to taste meat, or use their own butter or eggs, or any other marketable produce that they raise. Their food is sour milk and potatoes. Their huts are worse than the huts of Hottentots, and their clothes—well, they are just a little better than our first parents', yet these poor creatures are villified, both at home and abroad, because they dare even to complain!

"How about the lawlessness in Ireland,—what counties have you seen most of it in?"

"Well," replied Capt. Bell, "I've been pretty well through the Counties of Cork, Kerry, Waterford, Limerick, Clare, Tipperary, Galway and Roscommon, and I only saw one act of violence on the part of the people,—I only saw the finale of it, to speak—and to offset it, I saw what certainly regarded as a deliberate effort on the part of the government troops to incite an insurrection, and such a provocation would have been sure to lead to the annihilation of the troops in any part of America.

Nowhere is life and property held more sacred. I felt as safe among those wild mountains of Western Ireland as on my own farm near Dixon, Ill. Every reported crime or outrage, whether true or bogus, and whether its cause is not only grossly exaggerated but attributed to political disaffection. If a careless boy shies a pebble at a window treason must be lurking about. If an old woman drops a stone from a window on a policeman the district must be proclaimed! If a drunken brawler gets into a row with a neighbor, in a personal difficulty, the country is overrun with troops, and some land-leaguers must be marched to prison."

"What was the act of violence that you saw?"

"I was at Blarney village, near Blarney castle. I was walking out from Cork to see the castle, and I was quite near the village when I saw laboring men running down from the fields to the roads, and heard shouts from the direction of the village; and then I saw a man running, or rather pacing—as near as he could get; he seemed tired out, and he was stark naked, with the exception of one stock on his left foot. He was covered with blood and dirt. As he passed me he was panting, and looked frightened to death—his look of terror reminded me of pictures of the dethroned fiends in Milton. He passed in silence.

"I went on to the village and found that he was a process server. He had used his power, they said, in a very insolent way, and suddenly

THE EXASPERATED WOMEN ATTACKED HIM;

literally tore his clothes from him, and then whipped him with furse. He was surrounded by hundreds of furious women. The men took no part; they just stood aloof and shouted and laughed at the women. I understood afterwards that the landlord compromised with those tenants."

"What about the troops?"

"A land-league meeting was advertised to be held at Millstreet, a town of 7,000 inhabitants, about thirty or forty miles from Cork. There had been no outrages in that district, and there was no pretense that there was any danger of an outbreak. Yet the British government, under Mr. Foster's advice, arbitrarily prohibited the meeting two days before, or proclaimed it, as they call suppressing free speech in Ireland. The country people of course did not hear of the proclamation, and 20,000 or more came in. The streets were packed. The leaders did not intend to hold the meeting, and both the people and the military and the police officers understood it. Yet, without asking the people to disperse, or with-

out asking the leaders to tell them to go home quietly, a company of fifty-two dragoons, armed with sabres, carbines, and revolvers, supported on both sides by companies of regular infantry, came from within the walled inclosure of the barracks, rode and marched into the center of the crowd in the most insolent fashion, and formed in line of battle in the thickest part of the dense throng. It seemed to me to be

DELIBERATELY INTENDED TO PROVOKE THE PEOPLE.

But the people understood it, and not a hiss was heard nor an excuse given for a massacre. But the scowling faces of the people revealed their thoughts clearly enough."

"Did you hear of any landlord outrages?"

"I consider all the evictions as landlord outrages. In every county I have traveled I have heard tales of the cruelty and oppression of landlords which seem incredible; that I would not have believed if I had heard them in America; and that I would not have believed even here, if it had not been for the tangible evidences of ruin and poverty that lie scattered over the whole country."

"Give me an illustration or two."

"Well, take Bence Jones, who had been described as a martyr in England, and who has written a book in defense of the landlords. I heard so many stories of his cruelty that I wonder how he has ever been allowed to live at all. I will give you one, told by Mr. Hurley, at Clonakilty. One peasant family had occupied a farm near Clonakilty for several generations. During the last famine the old people

DIED OF HARDSHIP AND STARVATION.

Before the surviving son was allowed to keep the little farm he had to pay a heavy fine—as the Irish call it, a bonus—to Bence Jones for the privilege. Bence Jones, every one there says, did not give a penny towards the relief fund in the time of the famine, or towards the relief of the tenants in any way. This poor fellow had to sell his little farm stock to pay this fine. He had a grown sister and two little orphan children, a brother and sister, I think, to support. These tender children yielded to the want and hardship of their lot and sickened and died. During their sickness Bence Jones craftily asked the son how much it cost to support those children. The tenant said £10 a year. As soon as the children died Bence Jones raised the rent of the little farm £10 per annum, as he claimed that by their death the profits of the tenant would be increased to that amount.

"That's a sample," continued the captain; "is the deliberate policy of the Irish landlords to allow the tenant just enough to keep body and soul together,—but to keep him too poor to educate his children, too poor to organize, too poor to fight, and too poor to run away."

"Bence Jones' rents were all very high!"

"Yes, very high. Mr. Hurley, who told me this story, said that it took all the products of his farm and a portion of the profits of shop to pay his rent."

"Why do the peasants pay such rents?"

"They have nowhere else in God's world to go if they are turned out. Evictions mean death or starvation. Men like Hurley keep their farms even when they have a business, because their ancestors have always lived on them, and they hope by-and-by to own them, I suppose."

"LORD LANSOWNE, IN KERRY,"

is another Irish landlord, like Bence Jones, who has posed as a good landlord. Did you see any of his tenants?"

"I traveled extensively in Kerry," said Capt. Bell, "and I saw a good many of his tenants. While some of them spoke of him as a good landlord, I saw a great many cases of hardship and even cruelty."

"What did they mean by Lansdowne being a good landlord?"

"I find in Ireland, everywhere, that if the landlord simply allows them to live and doesn't evict them, the tenants talk of him as a good landlord. I have gone through the estates of these men who are called good landlords, and I have fully made up my mind that there is no such thing as a good landlord in Ireland. I found Lansdowne's rents to be very high—out of all proportion to the productive capacity of the land. The intelligent people I met in Kerry charge him not only with giving nothing to the relief of his tenants during the famine, but with making money out of the government advances."

I omit Capt. Bell's statement of Lansdowne's methods of turning government advances intended for the tenantry to his own personal advantage, as I explained and exposed them in an elaborate series of letters published last summer in The New York Tribune. These letters were republished in the Counties Kerry and Mayo, and neither Lansdowne nor his agent Trench dared to deny their accuracy, although Lord Lansdowne, by trickery worthy of a Tombs lawyer, undertook to impeach the statements of my first letter, which related to his infamous father and grandfather, by pretending that I wrote them about himself.

"Remember," continued Capt. Bell, "when in the mountain districts between Bantry and Kenmare, I was denouncing the wrongs of the peasantry that I had seen. The two young English gentlemen in the car with me were defending the landlords. They denied, with the usual arrogance of Englishmen, that such wrongs existed. I pointed to a miserable hovel on the mountain side as

A SPECIMEN OF THE WRETCHEDNESS OF THE PEOPLE.

The Englishmen said of course there was no rent paid for that. I challenged them to go up with me. We stopped the car and ascended. The cabin was so low that we had to stoop to get in; the door was not over four and a half feet high; there was no chimney—only a hole in the thatch; the floor was the earth; there were a few chickens and ducks in the dark cabin—for it had no window; it was wretched beyond any power to describe. I asked the woman if she paid any rent. She said indeed she did; that she had enriched her little plot of ground by carrying manure up the mountain side on her back, but now, she said, bursting into tears, 'I have to leave it, as they've raised the rent

and I cannot pay it.' She said she was one of Lord Lansdowne's tenants. The Englishmen went back in silence, greatly moved, and made no further defense of the Irish landlords."

Lord Lansdowne has recently given notice of his intention to seek to defeat Gladstone's scheme to give a few crumbs of justice to the peasantry of Ireland!

JAMES REDPATH.

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Capturing a Bear.

It will be remembered that a sad and fatal accident occurred at Madison a few years ago, by a team being frightened at a performing Frenchman and a grizzly bear, and that it cost the city a good deal of money to settle the costs. Other towns realized that they would not have any more bear performances in the streets. There was no town that was loaded for bears, after that accident, any heavier than La Crosse. The mayor, Joe Clark, was red hot, and he told the chief of police, Hatch, never to allow a man with a performing bear to come into the town. Hatch didn't want anything better than a bear fight, and he said he should smile to see a Canadian Frenchman get up a bear dance in that town, as long as he walked the streets. When the new mayor, Smiley, took the office, he had only one order to give the police, and that was to keep an eye out for bears. There was consternation in La Crosse on Tuesday, when a boy came up to the police office and said there was a man down town with a performing bear, and Hatch spit on his hands and told Pernue Clark to follow him. The bear was hitched to the hind axle of a wagon, and the owner was in a saloon taking a drink. Hatch said he would go in the saloon and capture the man, and told Pernue to bring the bear right up to the station. Pernue didn't exactly like the way the thing was divided up and he suggested that maybe he had better go in after the man, and let Hatch take the bear, as he was an old hand hunter, but Hatch said the man was a desperado, and he better surround him. So Hatch went in and got the unresisting Frenchman, and started off, telling Pernue to hurry up with the bear. Pernue is a man that, if he wanted a bear, had rather hire a man to go after it, but the eye of the chief was on him, and he walked up to the bear and took hold of the chain and said, "Come along, Mr. Bear." The bear reached up one claw and took hold of Pernue's clothes about the middle of the back and closed his claws and twisted a little and there was about a pound of coat tail and pantaloons cloth and shirt that all came off together in a wad, and with a pale faced Pernue started up toward the lockup to help Hatch hold the man. He overtook them as they arrived at the calaboose, and Hatch asked him why he didn't bring the bear, and he said he came up to find out about the Frenchman what the bear's name was. He said he never could take a bear if he didn't know its name. He put on a rubber coat to cover the place where the bear had stepped on him and by this time Sam Campbell and Dave Littlejohn, the other policemen, had arrived, and they all went down after the bear. The boys made a good deal of fun of Pernue's clothes, and Sam said the way to handle a bear was to look him right in the eye, and paralyze him. Pernue said he would let Sam paralyze the bear, but before he got him paralyzed on more than one side the bear would rip all the clothes off him. Arriving at the wagon tongue, and hold it down, and they could surround the bear. The bear was laying in the sand asleep, and they got all around him, and were just going to pounce on him, when he rose up, and the air seemed full of bears. The air seemed fairly fixed. With one paw he grabbed Campbell by the slack of the trousers, and with the other he clawed Littlejohn on the shoulder, and he ripped their clothes scandalous, while Pernue got behind a dry goods box and Hatch held to the wagon tongue. The bear stood up on his hind feet with both paws full of blue flannel clothing, and he took hold of the neck of the wagon tongue. Finally, they all got hold of the wagon and hauled it to the lockup, the bear following, and they gave the Frenchman his liberty and three dollars if he would take his bear and get of town, and the last they saw of him he was going towards Winona locked arms with the bear, laughing, and the police went to the tailor shop to see if they could get any more of their clothes than it would to get a new suit. Now they get together evenings and talk over the bear business, and Hatch asks them why they did not chloroform the bear, and use some judgment.—Peck's Sun.

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The Specific Medicine is used with wonderful success. Paralytists, who have not been found within the said district, and have not voluntarily appeared in this suit, on motion of James M. Woolworth, Esq., solicitor for the said complainant, it is considered by the court and ordered that the said defendant above named be and he is hereby directed to appear and plead, answer or demur to the complainant's bill of complaint, on or before the first day of August, 1881, and that in default thereof, an order be entered in this cause, taking the said bill pro confesso.

It is further ordered by the court that twenty days before the said first day of August, 1881, a copy of this order be served upon Edward Hill, Melvin Hill, Alvin Hill, Agnes Hill, Flora Hill, John Hill, John Hill, guardian of the said defendant, wherever found, if practicable, and also upon the person or persons in possession or charge of the real property described in complainant's bill of complaint, if any there be, and that a certified copy of this order be published for four consecutive weeks in the "Omaha Bee."

(Signed) ELMER S. DUNDY, Judge.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, ss. I, Watson B. Smith, clerk of the Circuit court of the United States for the district of Nebraska, do hereby certify that the above and foregoing is a true copy of an order entered upon the journal of the proceedings of said court, in the cause therein entitled, that I have compared the same with the original copy of said order, and it is a true and correct transcript, and of the whole thereof.

(SIGNED) WATSON B. SMITH, C. JAMES M. WOOLWORTH, Solicitor for Plaintiff.

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LEGAL NOTICE. In the Circuit Court of the United States, for the District of Nebraska.

At a session of the Circuit Court of the United States, for the District of Nebraska, continued and held pursuant to adjournment, at the United States court room in the city of Omaha, on the 15th day of June, 1881, the Hon. Elmer S. Dundy being present and presiding in said court, the following among other proceedings were had and done, to-wit:

No. 63 G. Sherman W. Knevals, complainant, vs. Edward Hill, Melvin Hill, Agnes Hill, Alvin Hill, Flora Hill, John Hill, John Hill, defendants. In chancery. Order on absent defendants.

And now, on this 15th day of June, A. D. 1881, being the day of the said court, the said complainant, in and through his solicitor, James M. Woolworth, Esq., has caused to be filed in said court, a bill of complaint, the substance of which is as follows: That the said defendant above named be and he is hereby directed to appear and plead, answer or demur to the complainant's bill of complaint, on or before the first day of August, 1881, and that in default thereof, an order be entered in this cause, taking the said bill pro confesso.

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