

^{Dyff}
51 St. Mary's Road

Bradford

Sept. 3, 1886.

My dear honoured Teacher

I telegraphed today
asking: "Can you lecture
in Bradford before sailing?"

I hope earnestly you can.

Our Bradford Town
Mission, whose Report for

1885 I am sending you,
tries to have in each year

one or two men of note,
who are thoroughly interested

in the Christianisation of
the great multitudes in
these towns & cities, to come

and lecture - on any
topic they, the lecturers,

may choose. They do this
in the hope of moving
the more comfortable
classes to feel that the
leaders in all walks
of life care most of all
for the Kingdom of God,
that it come especially
when it seems least
cared for. The Committee asked
me to invite you. They met yesterday.

I need not suggest topics
you know well, and best,
what to speak of - life
and its need.

Any date will be
suitable. Even a Sunday
evening service it might

be; held, say, after the
dismissal of the con-
gregations, as in similar
cases before with excel-
lent results

I sorrowed heavily when
you were here last that
Broford did not hear
you.

As you know we are
just 2.20^{hrs} ^{min} by fast train
from Liverpool.

Heard I say that if you
can come, which many
friends will be eager to
have you their guest
it will be blessing as

well as keen pleasure to
have you stay under
our roof. Mrs. Duff hopes
for this, for altho' she
was long invalid she
is now again well.

Dr. Johnson's visit to
us was delightful.

Hoping for reply at your
convenience I remain

Ever your grateful and
devoted pupil

Arch'd Duff.

Now Ready, Sewed, Price Sixpence.

EVENTS IN AN IRISH COUNTRY HOUSE IN 1880.

By ÉTOILE.

JOHN HEYWOOD, PUBLISHER, MANCHESTER AND LONDON.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The author of this book must be congratulated on the very successful manner in which he has combined suggestive political facts with the pleasing fancies of fiction in a short sketch of life in Ireland in 1880. . . . The author makes some scathing remarks about the results of disestablishment in Ireland. The Irish character is mercilessly held up to the light, and a keen, although necessarily not a wide, survey is taken of the political situation."—*Manchester Courier*, 26th March, 1886.

"A charming little publication from the pen of 'Etoile.' The author, whose *nom de plume* has been seen in some of our best monthlies, is a writer of more than average power, and tells his tale with an amount of simple energy and clearness of diction which completely charms the reader. There is, however, in the *brochure* something more than a mere tale, though that is interesting and piquant. He has a thorough acquaintance with the Irish question in all its bearings, and the discussions on this subject which take place between 'Col. Wentworth' and 'Walter Strange, M.P.,' are always interesting and full of information. . . . The style throughout is crisp and clear, and there is such a combination of fact and fancy that the work is well worthy an attentive perusal."—*Bolton Chronicle*, 27th March, 1886.

"The author tells us that this story, published anonymously, is by one 'whose writings have for twenty-five years, under his own name, been favourably received.' The scene is laid at a country-house in the North of Ireland, and the incidents are apparently designed to illustrate the state of the country from a landowner's point of view. It is a rambling sort of story, and the extremely slight plot is without novelty."—*Manchester City News*, 3rd April, 1886.

"This is a story which has already caused some sensation in political circles. It is published anonymously, but the author is evidently no novice. Humour and pathos are admirably blended, and it can confidently be recommended for perusal, affording as it does both instruction and amusement."—*Buxton Chronicle*, 10th April, 1886.

"As the author himself admits, this work is certainly wanting in continuity of interest, containing as it does conversations on Irish politics (apparently from a Conservative point of view) which have little or no connection with the story. The heroine of the tale, which is a sketch of life in an Irish country-house, is a young girl fresh from an English 'finishing' school, fortunate in the attentions of more than one admirer. . . . However, the story ends happily for all concerned."—*Literary World*, 23rd April, 1885.

"A semi-political fiction, illustrative of life in the sister country in the year named, and conveys a scathing denunciation of Liberal policy in Ireland, as exemplified by its disastrous results. The sketches of character are very good, particularly that of the heroine, Gladys Simpson. . . . 'Etoile' writes in a fresh and graceful style, and his work is eminently readable."—*Southport Visiter*, 22nd April, 1886.

"'Etoile' has cleverly succeeded in connecting an interesting romance with a powerful political lesson. The sketches of character are rough but sufficient, and the truth of what the story teaches compensates for many flaws. We can safely advise everyone who desires to realise the facts of the pitiful social condition of Ireland within the past few years to read this narrative and study its exposures."—*Court and Society Review*, 29th April, 1886.

"A small volume combining the features of a sensational story with a political sketch. The work contains pleasing descriptions of character, and should meet with much approval."—*Blackpool and Fleetwood Gazette and News*, 7th May, 1886.

"The author depicts the trials as well as the social amenities which mark life at Bally-Donard House, in the North of Ireland. Here dwells an Irish baronet, Sir Henry Simpson, and his family, and here are received some visitors. There is talk about the social and political situation of Ireland, whose needs are indicated from the practical rather than the sentimental standpoint. . . . Of course there is a love element in the story, the hero of which is successful in his suit. A phase of the murderous operations of the League is also exhibited, but in this case it is the would-be murderer who meets with his death, and not the little girl he had intended for a victim. There is a good deal of excitement in the chase after the assassin, and in the death struggle between him and the military hero of the tale."—*Liverpool Courier*, 12th May, 1886.

"A short sketch of life in Ireland, full of pleasing fancies of fiction of a charming nature. In the somewhat less than 50 pages of which the book consists, humour and pathos are artistically blended. At the present time the graphic delineation of Irish life and character will be prized. The results of disestablishment in that country are also described."—*Rhyl Journal*, 15th May, 1886.

"An interesting little narrative, of about fifty pages, destined to illustrate some Irish affairs. The story centres round a young lady, and the opinions are introduced in a casual manner in conversation. The disestablishment of the Irish Church comes in for a share of attention, and among other things the work of the 'moonlighters' is sought to be laid on the right shoulders, namely, the Irish Americans. . . . 'Etoile' may with safety aim higher as a writer."—*Liverpool Daily Albion*, 26th May, 1866.

"The story is a very interesting one, and depicts in a natural way Irish life as it impressed itself upon the author during a visit to one of the ancient families of the sister isle. The description is illustrative of the many dark deeds which have brought disgrace upon that fair land, committed by the scum of America, who play upon the credulity of the Irish peasantry, and take advantage of their generous hospitality and their strange dislike to deliver the perpetrators of such deeds into the hands of justice. The object of the author has evidently been to expose the true political condition of Ireland and the disastrous effect that that condition has upon its social life. The point raised as to the deportment of malcontents, in accordance with Guernsey law, seems well worthy of consideration, and has received corroboration from Lord Salisbury in a recent proposal to send 1,000,000 Irishmen to settle in the fertile plains of Manitoba, through which the Pacific Railway passes. The narrative contains many allusions to Chester and the Principality."—*Chester Courant*, 26th May, 1886.

"A short politico-romantic tale by an author whose writings have been before the public for the last 25 years. . . . The whole plot is constructed from the dangers surrounding the life of a landlord's agent in the days of the Land League terrorism and agitation; and a gallant colonel who renders signal service in running to earth and shooting the would-be assassin of the child daughter of his host (the landlord's agent) finds a sufficient reward for his daring in gaining the love of the intended victim's elder sister. The style of the story is bright and light, and the work should not fail to serve the double purpose of passing a pleasant hour and affording instruction on the current vicissitudes in the lives of the representatives of landed proprietors in Ireland."—*Kilkenny Moderator and Leinster Advertiser*, 15th May, 1886.

"The author's purpose, evidently carried out with a thorough knowledge of the subject, is to trace the sources of the present deplorable condition of Ireland. Brief as is the method of treatment, we find the social misery, growing discontent, repudiation of law and justice, and wild spirit of revenge forcibly portrayed in a few vivid touches. 'Etoile' seeks neither to discover hidden secrets nor to provide heroic remedies, but arrives at the truth in a practical way. . . . Writing with far more pity than anger, 'Etoile' makes his assassins 'not Irishmen at all, but some of the scum of an Atlantic city who play upon the credulity of others.' His defence of the poorer people, however, does not hinder his pointing to various elements of mischief in active operation among the Irish; and the simple story may therefore be read with some advantage by English readers."—*London Daily Chronicle*, 14th June, 1886.

"The production from beginning to end bristles with interesting incidents; situations and events are most pleasingly pictured, and to leave the book half read would be an almost insuperable difficulty, so stylishly, attractively, thoroughly intelligently, and highly intellectually has the writer treated the 'Events in an Irish Country House.' There is a clearness of depiction exhibited which is exceedingly palatable; veritable touches of humour, now and then intermingled with the softest of pathos, pervade the work, and tell of the author's entire heartiness when narrating pleasant episodes; a healthy and agreeable tinge of English militaryism pervades the little volume, and indeed the rigidity of naturalness adhered to is as striking and pleasing as could possibly be. In the most modern and most acceptable literary style has the author presented it, and its success must be, without doubt, as certain as the rising and the setting of the sun."—*Preston Chronicle and Lancashire Advertiser*, 12th June, 1886.

"The author is a keen critic of the Irish, but a very fair and unbiassed one; does not spare, but he is generous, and, above all, hopeful. Unquestionably 'Etoile' is an Englishman, but undoubtedly, also, he has spent many a year in Ireland, or else he could not have become so well acquainted with the people and the facts. He has a happy turn of humour, which is a great charm, and we half suspect that he is indebted to the sister isle if not for the birth of that humour, at least for its rearing and its manly strength."—*Court Journal*, 19th June, 1886.

"The anonymous author of this story is to be congratulated on having successfully accomplished two objects. He has produced a remarkably vivid picture of life in an Irish landlord's house in the earlier portion of that troublous time which the country is still passing through. He has moreover given us a striking sketch of a particularly villainous, though we hope fictitious, outrage by the dynamite faction. Political and social questions, which form the main purpose of the little book, are necessarily the most prominent features. The author bears very willing testimony to the patriotic feeling which inspires all that is noblest and best in the Irish people, but he has little belief in the existence of patriotism, or indeed of any other good quality, in the breasts of agitators and Irish-American dynamitards. There are several suggestions of great interest. The author of the book thinks the Ordnance Survey may be made useful in the settlement of the land question. The survey, he points out, forms a basis for a complete registration of deeds connected with the sale, lease, mortgage, or demise of property. How far this suggestion may be of use to-day in the settlement of the Irish land difficulty it is not easy to determine, but we commend it to the notice of Her Majesty's Ministers. But it is certain that it might be utilised with advantage in the settlement of the Irish land question. Another excellent proposal is that harbours of refuge should be established on the Irish coast for the protection and stimulation of the fishing trade. The writer is severe, as every man with a spark of honour in him must be, on the miscreants who commit outrages, and a hint is thrown out as to the advisability of adopting the system which prevails in the Channel Islands and in Scotland of taking the verdict of a majority of a jury. There is some hard hitting at the blots of the Irish Church Disestablishment Act, and it is shown with much force that while every provision was made to protect the legal rights of the clergy, the rights of the laity to the services of their clergymen were ignored. Underlying the main purposes of the book—which is thus, as we have shown, of a very practical character—is a gentle current of romance which lends an interesting flavour to the narrative of the book, which may be read alike with pleasure and profit. The author's views about 'deportation' have received strong corroborative testimony from the recent speech of Lord Salisbury, who recommended the transfer of 1,000,000 Irishmen to the plains of Manitoba. The Duke of Westminster's recent correspondence with Mr. Gladstone is also a valuable testimony to the correctness of 'Etoile's' views."—*Reporter*, 17th July, 1886.

Publishers

JOHN HEYWOOD, Deansgate and Ridgefield, Manchester; and 11, Paternoster Buildings, London.

and Sole of Railway Bookstalls