The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1885. VOL. XV—NO. 2

NEW DRY GOODS.

PERKINS & STERNS

ARE fully equipped for this season's trade. Large stock, well bought, and will be sold cheap.

Staple Department.

Flannels, Winceys, Cloths.	Grey Cottons, White Cottons, Print Cottons.	Dress Goods, Seal Cloths, Shirtings.

Millinery Department.

Trimmed Bonnets, Trimmed Hats, Plush Hoods.	Plush Hats, Straw Hats, Felt Hats.	Ribbons, Feathers, Flowers.

Silk Department.

SILKS, very best makes, and very cheap,
SATINS, newest shades, and priced low,
VELVETS, all colors, and good value,
PLUSH, newest shades, and extra cheap.

Household Goods Department.

Tapestry Carpet,	Oil Cloths, 1 to 4 yds. wide,
Brussels Carpet,	Linoleums, 1 to 4 yds. wide,
Wool Carpets,	Mattings, ¾ and 1 yd. wide,
Rugs and Mats, &c., &c.	Blankets, &c., &c.

Large Stock of Linens, Woolens and Fancy Goods.

People from city and country will do well to see our goods before purchasing.

PERKINS & STERNS.

Charlottetown, September 30, 1885.

REUBEN TUPLIN & CO.

ARE NOW OFFERING THEIR

NEW FALL GOODS,

which, for Variety, Quality and Value, surpass anything before offered consisting of

DRESS GOODS,

IN CASHMERES, SOLIELS AND BERBER CLOTHS,

Dress and Ulster Cloths, Mohair Cloakings, &c.

Tweeds, Worsteds, Flannels, Shirts and Drawers, &c., &c.

TEA, SUGAR AND MOLASSES at bottom figures.

Our **CROOKERY** is without doubt the Best ever offered, and the Prices the Lowest.

Oats, Butter, Eggs, Hides and Pelts, and all Farm Produce bought, and the Highest Market Price paid.

REUBEN TUPLIN & CO.

London House, Kensington, Sept. 9, 1885.

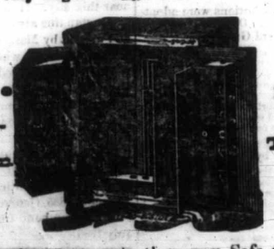
Morris & Ireland's

NEW IMPROVED

Eight Flange Fire-proof Safes!

The only Eight Flange Safe in the World.

Always preserve their contents in Fires.



Over Eighty Thousand in use.

Contains more improvements than any Safe made, such as

THE PATENT INSIDE BOLT WORK,

More secure from Burglars than any other Fire-proof Safe, and no expense in repairing Bolts and Locks.

Patent Hinged Cap,
Four-Wheel Locks,
Inside Iron Linings,
Solid Angle Corners.

These Safes are now being sold in these Provinces in large numbers, and give the greatest satisfaction, being the most highly finished, best made, and cheapest first-class Safe ever produced.

These celebrated Safes had the champion record in the great Boston Fire, and since that time great and important improvements have been made.

Before giving your order to any other concern, send for prices and descriptive Catalogue.

JOSEPH JACOBS, General Agent.
MORRIS & IRELAND, Boston, Mass.

Nov. 5, 1884—1y

STANLEY BROS.,

Brown's Block, Opposite Market House,

Are now opening Millinery Goods, Dress Goods, Mourning Goods, Mantle Cloths, Ulster Cloths, Jersey Cloths, Straw Hats, Shapes and Felt Hats, Gloves, Hosiery, etc.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT. LOW PRICES.

White, Grey and Print Cottons, Wincies, Towels, Towellings, Cretonnes, Pillow Cottons and Sheetings, very cheap.

A LARGE STOCK OF

Grey Flannels & Fleecy Cottons,

AT EXTRAORDINARY LOW PRICES.

STANLEY BROS.

Brown's Block, Charlottetown, Sept. 30, 1885.

New Fall Goods.

—AT—

L. E. PROWSE'S.

Every Department well filled with a choice selection of

English, Canadian and American Goods,

Bought at closest figures for Cash, will be sold as Cheap as any in the city.

$7,000 WORTH OF CLOTHING,

A great part of which was bought at less than Half Price.

JUST LOOK!

Good Coats, regular price $6.00, $8.00, $10.00, and $12.00, now $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00 and $4 00. Good Vests, from 75 cents up. Good Tweed Pants, from 90 cents to $4.25. Overcoats at $3.00, $4.00 and $5.00, less than regular price.

Do not fail to see those Goods, as this is the greatest slaughter ever put on the market.

L. E. PROWSE,
Sign of the Big Hat, 74 Queen Street.

Charlottetown, Sept. 30, 1885.

SEWING MACHINES.

The CHEAPEST PLACE to buy

—IS AT—

MILLER BROTHERS,

QUEEN STREET.

No less than **Twenty Different Varieties** to select from, selling at prices that will defy competition.

Call and see our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

MILLER BROTHERS,

Dealers in Sewing Machines, Pianos & Organs.

October 7, 1885.

"WATERWORKS NECESSITATES SEWERAGE."

OWING to the apathy of the Council the sanitary condition of the city is not likely to be improved for years to come. In view of this fact, we have ordered a large stock of

REDDIN'S DRUG STORE, CAMERON BLOCK.

Drugs & Chemicals

to combat with all prevailing diseases.

Eno's Fruit Salt,	Carbolic Disinfectants,
Hop Bitters,	Chloride of Lime,
B. Blood Bitters,	Thym Cresol,
Fellows' Syrup.	Insect Powder.

We invite attention of Physicians to our

FINE STOCK OF TRUSSES.

Dispensing a Specialty.

D. O'M. REDDIN, Jr.

Charlottetown, September 23, 1885.

Have You Heard It? Heard What?

That W. P. Colwill has the Largest, the Cheapest, the Best Assortment of Crockeryware ever offered in Charlottetown.

If you want a Cheap Lamp,	Assorted Glass, China and Earthenware,
If you want a Cheap Teapot,	If you want any of the above-mentioned Goods, all of which I have just imported direct from England,
If you want a Cheap Tea Set,	If you want the best Iron Stone China made by Thomas Furnival & Sons, you will get them all Cheap at
If you want a Cheap Dinner Set,	
If you want a Cheap Chamber Set,	
If you want a Cheap Glass Table Set,	
If you want the Cheapest China,	
If you want the Cheapest lot of	

W. P. COLWILL'S.

Charlottetown, Sept. 23, 1885—3m

H. D. JOHNSON, M. D., C. M.,
(McGILL UNIVERSITY),
ELDON, BELFAST.
OFFICE:—Former residence of Dr. McSwain.
October 21, 1885—6i

JOHN A. MACDONALD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
OFFICE:
Newson's Building, Opposite New Post Office.
Charlottetown, Oct. 7, 1885—1y

CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER.

MOON'S CHANGES.

New Moon 8th day, 4h., 59m., p. m.
First Quarter 14th day, 5h., 47m., p. m.
Full Moon 22nd day, 5h., 27m., a. m.
Last Quarter 28th day, 9h., 45m., p.m.

D M	Day of Week.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	Moon Rises.	Moon Sets.
		h. m.	h. m.	morn	after'n
1	Sun	6 47	4 41	0 37	2 21
2	Mon	48	39	1 48	2 54
3	Tues	50	38	2 56	3 24
4	Wed	51	36	4 6	3 55
5	Thur	53	35	5 13	4 26
6	Fri	54	34	6 19	4 59
7	Sat	56	32	7 22	5 35
8	Sun	57	31	8 22	6 14
9	Mon	58	29	9 17	6 57
10	Tues	7 0	28	10 8	7 44
11	Wed	1	27	10 53	8 35
12	Thur	3	26	11 33	9 28
13	Fri	4	25	aft. 9	10 24
14	Sat	6	24	0 40	11 22
15	Sun	7	22	1 10	morn
16	Mon	8	21	1 37	0 21
17	Tues	10	20	2 5	1 22
18	Wed	11	19	2 33	2 26
19	Thur	13	19	3 3	3 31
20	Fri	14	18	3 37	4 39
21	Sat	16	17	4 16	5 49
22	Sun	17	16	5 3	7 0
23	Mon	18	15	5 58	8 7
24	Tues	20	14	6 57	9 15
25	Wed	21	13	8 4	10 14
26	Thur	22	13	9 16	11 6
27	Fri	24	12	10 28	11 58
28	Sat	25	11	11 39	aft. 25
29	Sun	26	11	morn	0 56
30	Mon	7 28	4 10	0 48	1 29

DR. P. CONROY,
Physician and Surgeon,
Great George Street,
CHARLOTTETOWN.
Feb. 13, 1884—1y

DR. S. R. JENKINS,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office at Residence of Dr. Jenkins,
PRINCE STREET.
Charlottetown, Jan. 28, 1885—1y

SULLIVAN & McNEILL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Solicitors in Chancery,
NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.
OFFICES—O'Halloran's Building Great George Street, Charlottetown.
☞ Money to Loan.
W. W. SULLIVAN, Q.C. | CHAS. B. MACNEILL.
jan17 1884

WARREN LELAND,
whom everybody knows as the successful manager of the
Largest Hotel Enterprises
of America, says that while a passenger from New York on board a ship going around Cape Horn, in the early days of emigration to California, he learned that one of the officers of [illegible] was afflicted, during the voyage, of an obstinate disease by the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Since then Mr. LELAND has recommended AYER'S SARSAPARILLA in many similar cases, and he has never yet heard of its failure to effect a radical cure.

Some years ago one of Mr. LELAND'S farm laborers bruised his leg. Owing to the bad state of his blood, an ugly scrofulous swelling or lump appeared on the injured limb. Horrible itching of the skin, with burning and darting pains through the lump, made life almost intolerable. The leg became enormously enlarged, and running ulcers formed, discharging great quantities of extremely offensive matter. No treatment was of any avail until the man, by Mr. LELAND'S direction, was supplied with AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, which allayed the pain and irritation, healed the sores, removed the swelling, and completely restored the limb to use.

Mr. LELAND has personally used

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

for Rheumatism, with entire success; and, after careful observation, declares that, in his belief, there is no medicine in the world equal to it for the cure of Liver Disorders, Gout, the effects of high living, Salt Rheum, Sores, Eruptions, and all the various forms of blood diseases.

We have Mr. LELAND'S permission to invite al who may desire further evidence in regard to the extraordinary curative powers of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to see him personally either at his mammoth Ocean Hotel, Long Branch, or at the popular Leland Hotel, Broadway, 37th and 38th Streets, New York.

Mr. LELAND'S extensive knowledge of the good done by this unequalled eradicator of blood poisons enables him to give inquirers such valuable information.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

THE
North British & Mercantile
FIRE AND LIFE
INSURANCE COMP'Y,
OF EDINBURGH AND LONDON.
ESTABLISHED IN 1809.

Subscribed Capital,	$9,733,432.00
Fid up Capital,	1,216,667.00

Transacts every description of Fire, Life, and Annuity Business on the most favorable terms.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.—Insurances may be effected at the lowest current rates.

Insurance upon Public and Private Buildings effected on especially favorable terms.

G. W. DeBLOIS,
General Agent for P. E. Island.
Office, No. 35 Water St., Charlottetown.
December 17, 1884. 1y

M. HENNESSY,
Furniture Dealer,
No 35 Great George St., Charlottetown.
All kinds of Furniture made to order at the lowest rates.
☞ Undertaking attended to in all its branches, either in town or country cheaper than ever. Caskets and Coffins of latest styles, always on hand.
Charlottetown, March 19, 1884—1y

GEORGE M. HARRIS,
Auctioneer,
—AND—
COMMISSION MERCHANT
Office and Salesroom nextdoor to A. A. McLeod's Store, Queen Street.
Charlottetown, Sept. 29, 1885.

Across the Continent.

In order to be as good as my word, I send you these notes of travel, trusting that whosoever may read them will remember two things, one,—that the writer's object in travelling was to press on as rapidly as possible to Victoria, and the other that he missed seeing many things worthy of note, from the fact that weariness will invade even the most comfortable Pullman.

Setting out from a city, stricken as Montreal was, when I left it on the evening of the first of October, was very like going forth to force one's way through beleaguering forces. The city lights had hardly sunk behind us, when a medical gentleman walked through the cars, and announced, as he went, that without a certificate of vaccination Ontario territory was forbidden ground. By good luck I was provided with the requisite credentials, and so passed on through the first hostile line. I took breakfast in Toronto, and conversed with some old friends through the telephone for a few minutes, and then away for Sarnia. From this, or, more properly speaking, from Point Edward, we crossed Lake Huron, and entered American territory. Here I encountered the second hostile line. As we drew near to Point Edward, an American Doctor stepped on board, with a list in his hand of all the baggage, and from where it was checked. He asked me for my check, and after a reference to his list informed me that I would have to claim my trunk, open it, and spread out its contents on a clothes-line extended in an old box car., preparatory to the process of fumigation. I did as I was ordered, and for four hours kept guard over my garments in a very sulphury atmosphere. The American customs officer, on learning my calling, passed me along with a kindly fellow feeling which I appreciated. The Americans may be a go-ahead people, in the very van of all creation; but I know that when I reached their territory I had to set my watch back a full hour. The journey to Chicago was in the night, and wearied out I slept. At six o'clock in the morning breakfast was ready in the dining car, and the sleepers were roused to partake by a curious looking negro with powerful lungs. An excellent repast it was, and every possible attention was bestowed upon you by the attendants. While you breakfasted a "colored gentleman" came around and fixed in your buttonhole a nice fresh bouquet of choice flowers, so that you entered Chicago not looking like a dusty traveller, but like a gentleman of ease and fashion. Chicago was reached on the morning of the third at 8 a. m. Some hours would intervene before the train would again start, and I used them to catch a few glimpses of this great city of which I had heard so much. I sallied forth and found in every street the bustle and din of traffic. There would seem to be no idlers in Chicago. Men hurry to and fro with hasty steps—every inhabitant in fact seems to be in training for a walking match. On Wabash Avenue I treated myself to a panoramic view of the battle of Gettysburg and the siege of Paris. Both exhibitions were on a grand scale, and I enjoyed them. I then entered the street cars, which are propelled by an endless chain, and passed from street to street, catching what views I could of the best houses and shops. The buildings are elegant, and the streets wide and clean. Traffic can truly be said to roar through this busy city. The number of trains that enter and leave its depot every twenty-four hours is something portentous. What all these trains get to carry, where they carry their loads, or how they manage to find their way in safety over the network of steel rails that cross and interlace each other in every possible direction, are questions I will not attempt to solve. Out of this net-work of steel our train was threading its way at noon. Our course lay up the western shore of Lake Michigan to Milwaukee of Lager Beer celebrity. Our stay here was too short to permit me seeing the town, and, to tell the truth, I was too tired to indulge in any vain yearnings. We start for St. Paul, and after supper I lose little time in retiring to rest. Early on Sunday morning our train rolled into the elegant depot of St. Paul, a very pretty city indeed, and prettily situated on the banks of the Mississippi. As the train was not to start until the afternoon, I took up my abode for the intervening hours in the Hotel Ryan—a structure more magnificent than any that I have yet seen in the way of hotels. Sunday and all as it was, the street cars, drawn by mules, were whirling along. Tobacco shops and other stores were open, and invited trade—in fact I concluded that Sabbatarians of the rigid cast were decidedly in a minority in St. Paul. At half past ten I went to St. Paul's Cathedral, and heard High Mass. Bishop Ireland preached a very eloquent sermon. The church itself is small, and struck me as looking very poor, and not at all such as a stranger would expect to find in a city like St. Paul. The pews are old, and look as if they had seen much service. The music was, beyond cavil, good—concerted music well rendered. We had hardly left St Paul when we were in Minneapolis. It is about the same size as St. Paul, and the two places are known as the "Sister Cities."

A run of two hours from Minneapolis and the aspect of our surroundings was completely changed. We were rushing at high speed over the "boundless prairie." Night fell, and I retired to bed. In the morning the prairies were still all around us, and our speed was greatly lessened, and the jolting incessant. On whatever side you look there is nothing but the level prairie, diversified at times by a slight rising seen away in the distance. At long intervals a house can be descried. At times you see the grass growing high and rank; again blackness surrounds you, for the prairie fires have passed along in too great a hurry it would seem to destroy completely, but slow enough to leave a blackened track. At times herds of cattle were seen away out on the plains. We also passed several lakes; one appeared as if covered with ice; but I was told that it was an alkali lake—a novelty to my eyes.

Passing through Dakota territory the weather was clear and cold, and on the morning of the sixth we were treated to a light fall of snow. We crossed the Missouri, but as we did so at nearly right angles, we saw very little of it. At many of the stations along the line I observed huge piles of buffalo bones well weather bleached. The settlers, it seems, pick these up on the ranges and bring them to the stations for transport to the bone mills of the Eastern States. At a station named Gladstone, I was standing on the platform smoking a cigarette, and watching a gang of Indians who were strutting about in their blankets, when one of them, a warrior I suppose, of regal mien, approached, and by signs gave me to understand that he would like a smoke. I at once offered him what tobacco I had in my pouch; but this modest child of the prairie refused the tobacco, unless it was enclosed in the pouch, and all handed to him. I felt a difficulty in this, and to meet him half way, rolled the tobacco in a piece of paper and presented to him. He received the gift with the courtesy of a prince, and in token of his gratitude laid his hand on his heart, solemnly bowing the while. I watched this airy gentleman, as he strutted off, and when last seen by me he was busily engaged in trying to roll the coarse cut tobacco in the Indian,

After all there is nothing of surprising interest to be met on the Prairie. The monotony palls on you after a while, and your rate of speed is of more importance than the wide expanse that you always see, or the lonely house, the herd of cattle, or the slow-moving wagon that occasionally meet the eye. At one of the stations a young fellow wearing a broad-leafed white felt hat, and leggings reaching to his knee profusely ornamented with fringes, boarded the train and took a seat in the Pullman. He was none other than a member of that historic body known as "Cow Boys," famed in stirring tales told in books that used to have "yellow kivers," and were sold at the departed Tim O'Connell's. He was a jolly being, but somewhat reticent as to life on the plains. With a little warm coaxing, however, the ice thawed, and the tales of wild adventure gushed out in a plenteous stream. Some of them were what might be called "tough," but no one called them in question. When he left he shook me warmly by the hand, and gave me a pressing invitation to visit him in his cattle ranche on the Big Range. "You can have as many horses as you wish," said he, "and I'll guarantee you a good time." The Cow Boys have the name of being rough, but kind-hearted, and they delight in having a stranger in their camp. Nothing is too good for him, and he receives every attention. I noticed a station called Custer, so named probably to commemorate what is known as the "Custer massacre," which has its scene some ten miles up the hills.

When we got into Montana and commenced to ascend the mountains our engine received an ally with six wheels, and our rate of speed was very moderate. When, however, we commenced in earnest the crossing of the Rockies, an eight-wheeled auxiliary was called in, and our pace became still slower. Here, now, I have something to describe, but the opportunity must pass for lack of power. In surrendering the position I am, I think, in a better plight than they who have undertaken the task and failed. See for yourself the magnificent passage of the Rockies, and like me, you will probably consider my silence golden, and worthy of imitation. We passed a little town named Helena, the capital of Montana. It is situated on the table land, and is 4,266 feet above the level of the sea. Some of the towns in Montana, however, stand on a much higher level. But high levels—the wildest and most picturesque mountain scenery, even when superintended by the Trois Tetons, cannot ward off weariness, and that feeling reacts on these beauties of nature, and robs them of many charms.

For a long time our track lay along the bank of the Yellowstone River—a winding, shallow stream, where, I think, an angler might cast a line with good results. Within a short distance of Portland, Oregon, the train considerately stopped to give the passengers a view of a waterfall. The body of water does not appear to be large, but it falls some 800 feet into a huge rocky bowl. Seen in the morning sunlight, it resembles a sheet of molten silver. By-and-bye we reached the banks of the Columbia River. Salmon fishing is an active industry on this stream, and all along its banks are seen the boats and other appliances used in capturing the fish. At long last we crossed the river and entered Portland, Oregon. To my great satisfaction we were delayed for some time, and I used it to take a walk, the first I had been allowed with for five days. Portland, the people say, "has been boomed a lot," and now that the "boom" has ceased, the place seems dead. Crowds of Chinamen are seen on its streets, and there are some good buildings. About noon on Thursday I left Portland, and in the evening arrived at Tacoma. I at once went on board the steamer, which sailed in a short time for Victoria. During the night the Pacific behaved itself so as to justify its name; but when we got into the Straits of Fuca on Friday morning, the Pacific was highly enraged, and the passengers suffered in consequence.

The harbor of Victoria is a curious one, and you can see but little of the city until you are almost at the wharf. Properly speaking there are two harbors, an outer and an inner one. The latter is small and full of rocks, and for that reason a wharf is built in the outer harbor, where the San Francisco steamers lie; and here, beyond the Rockies, on the very boundaries of the Dominion, I encountered the third line of circumvallation drawn round the plague-stricken Montreal. An officer of Health came on board and examined all, both crew and passengers. I learned, on going on shore, that the steamer which arrived the day before us had a genuine case of small pox on board. I left Montreal on 1st October, and I am here in Victoria on the 9th. I may, perhaps, leisure permitting, send you a few notes on Victoria and its neighborhood. Meanwhile farewell.

W. C.

Bad for Landlords and Deer.

The Rev. Duncan Macgregor gives a pitiful account of the sufferings endured by the Crofters in the Highlands of Scotland. Mr. Macgregor is a Baptist minister and President of the Scottish Land League of America, which has its head-quarters at Chicago. He has just arrived from Scotland where he has spent the past three months.

"The Scottish Land League of America sent me to Scotland last August," said Mr. Macgregor to a New York *Herald* reporter "in order that I might study the condition of the Crofters and make a report thereon. I traversed the Hebrides thoroughly and delivered about fifty speeches—many of them in Gælic—to the Crofters. I found the people wretchedly poor, bitterly opposed to landlordism and drifting fast toward irreligion and disloyalty. Many of them are so poor that they cannot buy oatmeal and have to live on whelks, which they pick up on the sea-shore. They hate the deer as much as they do the landlords. There are two million acres of deer forest in Scotland, and the deer are so well protected that hitherto no Crofter has ventured to kill one of them, even though his crop may have been utterly destroyed by one of his landlord's pets. I know cases in which Crofters and their wives have remained on guard on alternate nights for the purpose of driving off the deer from their little crops. Now, however, the Crofters have sworn to kill every deer they can come across. If they can catch one trespassing they can easily surround him and drive him into the sea. "The Crofters complain that the clergy do not help them, and that however much the Queen may sympathize with them, those in authority under her have not befriended them in any way. Their families are starving and they cannot be expected to be loyal. They are resolute now, however, and determined to submit to eviction. They will not resist violence, but will rely on passive resistance. If they are sentenced to prison they will not go, but will compel the authorities to carry them there. They have clearer views on the land question than any other people in Great Britain and go to the root of the matter in their fiery Gælic speeches. Thousands of them attended a conference in Skye recently, and remained for seven hours under pouring rain listening to the various speakers. Their favorite cry is "Down with the landlords and down with the deer!" They say openly that they will not vote for anyone who does not promise to advocate their cause. Until quite recently, you know, they had no votes. I selected three men, who had suffered for the cause, as missionaries, and left them behind me to carry on the work. They all speak Gælic, and are bound to make good headway among the people. They will be paid by the Land League of America. Crofters, whose friends are in prison or who have been ill-used themselves, will also receive money from the League. A good sum of money has already been spent on organization and on the purchase of books and pamphlets.

Forgotten in Gaol.

THE STORY OF AN ISLANDER'S TROUBLES.

(*From the New York Sun*).

The rector of Grace Chapel, in one of his periodical visits to Ludlow street jail, became acquainted with and deeply interested in Augustine Ralph Macdonald, generally known the "old Scotchman," who has spent the last six years of an adventurous life behind iron bars.

Mr. Macdonald is a direct descendant of a historic Scotch family. His great-grandfather, Alexander Macdonald, the Laird of Glenaladale, was among the first to join the standard of Prince Charlie. His grand-father was Capt. John Macdonald of Glenaladale, who fled from Scotland to Prince Edward Island in 1772, to escape religious persecution. Mr. Macdonald was born in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, fifty-six years ago. He went South, and became a successful trader in tobacco and cotton. Just after the capture of Vicksburg, McDonald was empowered by President Lincoln to make an arrrangement with the Confederate military authorities by which loyal citizens and neutral subjects of friendly foreign powers might buy cotton from Southern factories, and hold it without fear of destruction by either Union or Confederate armies. Mr. Macdonald succeeded in his mission. He is said to have had about forty million dollars worth of cotton transferred to him in trust in one day. He bought two million dollars worth on his own account. He placed the whole lot under the protection of the British flag. About three million dollars worth, including all of his own, was destroyed by Union troops in January, 1865.

The next events of consequence in Mr. Macdonald's life were related by Lawyer Wheeler. Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Wheeler said, was a subject of Great Britain. In 1869, while a resident of Cincinnati, he filed a petition in bankruptcy. Mr. Thomas J. Phelps was chosen his assignee. Among his assets he put in a claim of $200,000 against the Government for cotton destroyed in several Southern States. His attorney employed Hovey & Dole of Washington to assist him in prosecuting his claim. He agreed, Mr. Wheeler said, to give Messrs. Hovey & Dole one-quarter of the amount recovered. A mixed commission awarded Mr. Macdonald $200,000. Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Wheeler said, refused to pay Messrs. Hovey & Dole for their services. Hovey & Dole resorted to lawsuits to get the money. Their case was dismissed, and Mr. Macdonald received $200,000 through an order of the Court. The law firm appealed to the General Term, and the decree dismissing the case was reversed. In June, 1878, Macdonald was ordered to restore $50,000 to the Register of the Court, the receiver having been discharged. Lawyer Wheeler says that Macdonald disappeared from Washington. It was decided that he had disobeyed the order of the Court, and he was adjudged guilty of contempt. Six days were given him to restore the fund, and, on his failure to do so, his answer was stricken out. Then the fight was transferred to this district, where Mr. Macdonald was found. Hovey & Dole began an action in the Superior Court charging Macdonald with the wrongful "taking and detention" of personal property. He did not put in an answer, and he was arrested and lodged in Ludlow street jail. Mr. Wheeler said in conclusion: "Macdonald can get out of jail at any time. All we want is to know what he did with that $200,000 he received. We do not want his body, as it is of no use to us."

All that Macdonald wanted was an opportunity to defend himself, which he had neglected through ignorance of the law. He had been sufficiently punished. He would not have suffered longer imprisonment if he had been guilty of manslaughter. He would be a prisoner for life unless he were permitted to come forth and make a defence to the action. He could get his liberty; but liberty under certain circumstances would be an acknowledgment of the justice of the claim against him. Mr. Arnoux claimed that the reversal of the order of the court paying the money to him could not affect his right to it. Judge O'Gorman received the papers in the case, and reserved his decision.

Mr. Macdonald says that Hovey & Dole were engaged by Lawyer Moyers of Memphis, without his (Macdonald's) consent. The expenses of his lawsuits and his long imprisonment have left Mr. Macdonald, his friends assert, without a cent.