

THE HOME RULE CONFEDERATION ITS PAST.

The Home Rule Confederation of Great Britain is the advanced guard of the Home Rule movement. It occupies the position of an advanced guard only in the heart of the enemy's country. This position, too, though suddenly acquired, has been firmly maintained. The history of the Confederation is indeed a short one. Its very conception occurred not more than three years ago. The principle of Home Rule for Ireland had, however, previously secured a foothold amongst the Irish people resident in Great Britain. To give that principle a practical direction, a number of Home Rule Associations were formed. They were scattered like political guerrillas over the country. They acted as scouts for the bigger movement that was to come. They were too intensely loyal to their cause. Young politicians, like young soldiers, are generally more ardent than the veterans of the huntings or the bivouac. Under the excitement of a new agitation, these Home Rule Associations did some earnest work. They battled against gigantic odds. They had the prejudices of a hostile people to contend against. They were surrounded by sneering foes, and, worse than all, by sceptical friends. The cries of "It can't succeed," were numerous indeed. "It must succeed" were few. That scepticism which ever paralyses action, had taken possession of most men's minds. There are occasions in the history of nations, when if they pause, they are lost. Indecision and doubt are the mortal foes of energy and success. It is wonderful what a few earnest men can do. Labour overcomes everything. Before and during the last general election, these Home Rule Associations—unorganised as they were—succeeded in securing pledges from upwards of twenty parliamentary candidates. The officers were vigilant and often successful. But still they lacked cohesion, and lacking cohesion, they know not their own strength. Power is acquired by unity of action. Without combination, the Irish element in Great Britain never could become a permanent power. As localised bodies, their efforts would be purely parochial—as a united party, their efforts are national. Without some constitutional laws to bind them, these Home Rule Associations would eventually degenerate into local sections, and of necessity dissolve. It was combination that redeemed the Scotch miners from serfdom in 1773. It was combination that won the Reform Bill of '32 for the English people, when this country was within twenty-four hours of a revolution. It was combination that has made Trades Unions and the Agricultural Labourers' a Union power which British ministers cannot afford to treat with undue regard. The very charter of British liberty was won from a reluctant monarch by the combination of the barons. Combination inspires respect, or, perhaps, fear—and fear has been, is, and will be, the surest lever to political reform. This is the teaching of history. To combine the various Home Rule Associations then, was good work, and men who grasped the situation came upon the scene. Conferences were held. Delegates from all parts of Great Britain were present. Mr. Butt, M. P., attended. General laws were framed, and the Confederation was established. It was the old story of the bundle of sticks. Combination produced strength. But there were still rocks ahead. There were no funds, and organization cannot be conducted without the material. Money was wanted and money was found. Central offices were opened, and the work of organization seriously began. It was a slow process. Very few of the branches realized the situation. Some point blank refused to have anything to do with the executive offices. Others declared that they were being dictated to from "Manchester." The correspondence was nearly nil. The receipts were, as Shakespeare says, "An infinite deal of nothing." By degrees, however, the branches discovered that the executive offices had no more to do with "Manchester" than they had to do with Dundee, Bristol, or London. The executive offices were opened where the general council decided that they should be opened, at Manchester; strange as it may now appear, yet it took six months to even collect the names of the various secretaries, that were scattered throughout the country. Few, very few, would take the trouble of replying to letters. District secretaries, have been written to six times, before they replied. This month last year, however, the system of direct communication was established. There were no stumbling blocks between the executive and the branches. The carrying of the resolution has saved the Home Rule Confederation from disaster. In spite of all the efforts of the executive, the movement would not have lived under the old system. The bundle of sticks could never be tied up. Since then we have increased our income fourfold, and our legitimate correspondence has increased more than one thousand per cent. During the year that will end this month, one hundred meetings have been held. A new system of political warfare has been instituted with success—the challenging of apostate M. P.'s. Thirty new branches have been opened, and many that were almost dead have been brought back into active political existence. The Executive is now strong enough to enforce the laws. London and Scotland, the outlying shanks, and always the most dangerous, are within the fold. The Executive claims to have created a public opinion favourable to the cause, to have destroyed that curse of our people—Faction, in many towns; and to have done something towards elevating the social status of our people in this country. Our policy has been union upon some—union upon any platform. We have tried to make Irishmen believe that unless they unite, Ireland never, never can be a nation. They must learn the lesson of combination. They must, in fact, tie up their bundle of sticks. We may have rescued thousands of our countrymen from the ionic of apathy, and have spurred others into earnest effort in the old cause. To assist us in the work, the Journal has been established, that the doctrines of our national faith may be more broadly disseminated through the land. Yes, the history of the Confederation is a short one; but brief as it is, we can trace its pages with deep satisfaction, and see upon its surface the record of events, full of pleasing remembrances, and cheering prospects for the future of the national cause.—*United Irishman, June 9th.*

HOME RULE DEMONSTRATION IN LONDON.

A great demonstration in London of the Home Rule Confederation of Great Britain took place on Wednesday evening, 16th June, in St. James's Hall. The great hall was crowded by an influential assemblage of Irishmen and Englishmen. Processions arrived from all parts of London, headed by brass bands and bearing the large green banners of their respective branches, which were subsequently used effectively for decorating the walls of the hall.—There were a numerous attendance of the clergy, who were warmly applauded as they ascended the platform. Among those present were Isaac Butt, Esq., Q. C., M. P.; R. O'Shaughnessy, Esq., M. P.; A. M. Sullivan, Esq., M. P.; R. Power, Esq., M. P.; G. Bryan, Esq., M. P.; W. O'Sullivan, Esq., M. P.; E. Dease, Esq., M. P.; C. Parnell, Esq., M. P.; J. Biggar, Esq., M. P.; O'Connor Power, Esq., M. P.; Keyes O'Clery, Esq., M. P.; Captain Nolan, M. P.; James Burke, Esq. Lord Robert Montagu having been invited to the chair, amid great cheering, commenced by congratulating the meeting on the existence of a true Irish party in the House of Commons, which, though it had been only eighteen months in existence, had been found united to a man against a prime minister who, in an unfortunate day, had introduced a coercion-bill for Ireland. "The noble lord in comparing the state of the Irish party at the present

day, with that of some years ago, said that he remembered the time when a coercion bill for Ireland was passed through its five stages in one morning, but on a recent occasion, by the opposition of the Irish party, a bill of the same description took eleven nights (cheers), each night adding numbers of English and Scotch votes against that bill (hear, hear). As evidence of the advantage that England would derive from granting Home Rule to Ireland, the noble lord pointed to the prosperity of the United States of America, composed of the thirty-seven independent States, all of which had its own House of Commons, i.e. Home Rule for itself (hear, hear).

Mr. O'Connor Power, M.P., in proposing the first resolution—

That this meeting considers the proposals of the Home Rule League of Ireland and the Home Rule Confederation of Great Britain, based on the proposition adopted at the conference of the Home Confederation held in Dublin, to be a fair and necessary settlement of the difference between Great Britain and Ireland—said that the Protestant minister and Catholic priest shook hands at that conference and solemnly adopted this proposal. I ask you to adopt this; that Irish and Englishmen may stand on the same platform and fight shoulder to shoulder, for their common humanity (cheers).—After seventy-five years of imperial rule in Ireland, the history of Ireland is one of aggression on the part of England. Three attempts have been made at rebellion, and the constitution suspended no less than nineteen times, showing the utter inability of England to rule Ireland (cheers). There are times coming when, if these British isles are to stand, a determined union between the countries is absolutely necessary. If we wish to have the Irish to join with the Scotch and English, their right to be treated as men and their claim to citizenship must be recognized (cheers).

Mr. Farnell, M.P., seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously. Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P., who was greeted with great cheering, said that half the resistance of Englishmen to Home Rule was due to the fact that they were persuaded that the Catholic party being predominant would keep down the Protestants. The presence of a Protestant, Mr. Farnell, as member for a county, ninety-seven of the population of which were Catholics, was a refutation of this. At some length, and amid great laughter, Mr. Sullivan went through the names of the seventeen Irish members of Parliament present, showing their difference in religious belief and to dispel the idea that the Catholics of Ireland were anxious to crush their Protestant fellow-countrymen. In conclusion the speaker, in explanation of Home Rule, said the simple meaning was that the Irish were anxious to be the friends of England in one confederation, and not their slaves (tremendous cheering).

Mr. Biggar, M.P., proposed the second resolution, which was as follows:—

The proceedings of the Imperial Parliament relative to Irish affairs, during the past and present sessions, demonstrate its incapacity to govern Ireland for the benefit and in accordance with the wishes of the Irish people.

In proposing the resolution, Mr. Biggar said that the House of Commons who should rule Ireland must consist of men amenable to the people of Ireland, and not of Englishmen or Scotchmen who know little or nothing of the internal affairs of Ireland.

Mr. McCarthy Downing, M.P., in seconding the resolution, complained that Irish bills were seldom brought on in the English House of Commons till after midnight, when there were but few left to oppose them and no reporters present to give publicity to the matter. After seven years' experience the hon. member was quite certain that the English House of Commons was unable to do justice to the administration of the affairs of Ireland (cheers).

Mr. R. Power, M. P., who supported the resolution, said that Home Rule was not a scheme which had sprung up in a day. It was but the expression of the sentiment which had existed since the unfortunate time when the Irish lost their independence. The expression of it to-day was but a proof that severe laws had not crushed their nationality, nor defeats damped their enthusiasm.

The resolution was put and carried unanimously. Mr. Butt, Q. C., M. P., in proposing the third resolution—

That we now call upon the Irishmen in London, of every creed and class, to co-operate with the Irish Home Rule Confederation to assist the great national movement by their personal support—said that such as has been done by a few Irishmen in London, there had not been such a union in general as we ought to expect. The mass of Irishmen in London, far more numerous than those in Dublin, should make a Dublin here in this great metropolis (hear). At some length the eloquent gentleman proceeded to show that Ireland had not a constitutional government, and that consequently the government of England was not able to rule her. There was no unification between England and Ireland, and therefore it is an absurdity to attempt to make the Parliament, framed for the government of the one, rule the other (hear, hear). If he might offer a criticism upon the speeches of some of his friends who had preceded him, in which reference had been made to the defects of the English Parliament in its dealings with Ireland, he would say that they had laid too much stress on legislation. He had said before, and he repeated it, that while they were under the present system there was no such thing as constitutional government in Ireland. They should carry that in their hearts, and impress it upon every Englishman. Constitutional government meant that, in whatever hands the executive power was placed, it was brought into unison with the wishes of the people. Did the British Parliament perform that function for Ireland? (No). It was not constitutional government; it was a despotism—(cheers)—not less odious because disguised under forms of constitutional law; not less oppressive because it was meant. The true test, it had been said, was unification; but there was no unification of England and Ireland. There were such things as national memories and national pride, and a statesman could no more exclude these from his calculations, in dealing with nations than they could exclude, in dealing with their friends, the susceptibilities of a past life. Let them manage their own affairs, and they would have constitutional government, and their national dignity would be gratified (loud cheers).

The resolution, having been seconded by Mr. Gouldie, was carried unanimously. The last resolution, which was also carried was as follows:—

Resolved—That we hereby pledge ourselves to use all legitimate means to aid the Irish people in the effort which they are now making to secure for their country the enjoyment of her domestic legislation.

Other addresses were delivered by Messrs O'Donnell, Lane, O'Neill and Dr. Ward, M.P., and the proceedings terminated, at a very late hour, with a vote of thanks to the chairman.

A POLITICAL GOOSE.—The proverbial quickness of Irish wit is illustrated by an anecdote related by Captain A.—While in the Southern States during the war, he came across a private belonging to one of the most predatory companies of Irish brigades, with the lifeless bodies of a goose and hen, tied together by the feet, dangling from his musket. "Where did you steal those, you rascal?" he demanded. "Faith I was marching with Color Sergeant Maguire, and the goods, bad cess to it, came out and hied d at the American flag." But the hen, sir; how about the hen?" "It's the hen it is? The hen, bless ye! was in bad company, and laying eggs for the rebels."

A FEARFUL EARTHQUAKE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

EARTH'S UPHEAVAL.

8,000 BEINGS BURIED IN THE RUINS.

DETAILS OF THE DESTRUCTION OF SAN JOSE DE CUCUTA, IN COLOMBIA.—THE LOSS OF LIFE—THE CITY PULVERED BY ROBBERS.

(Correspondence of the New York Herald.)

MARACAIBO, May 29.—On the morning of the 28th inst., this community was startled by the appalling news of the entire destruction, by an earthquake, of the city of San Jose de Cucuta, in Colombia, on the 18th inst., at half-past 11 A.M. The first shock, accompanied by loud subterranean detonations, levelled every wall in the city, and buried under its ruins in that single instant of time some 8,000 human beings, out of a population of 10,000 souls, and of those then spared many have since died of their injuries, and others remain seriously affected in mind. The account given by the unhappy beings, who have fled the doomed spot and are daily arriving here, is harrowing in the extreme. The first care of the few saved, after they could collect their shattered senses was to succor those whose shrieks for aid filled the air on every side; but their efforts in many cases were rendered futile by the continued trepidation of the earth, by the explosion of powder and fireworks stored in many parts of the city, and by bands of robbers, who roved over the ruins, robbing the dead and murdering those they fancied had saved anything. Thus all who have reached here from Cucuta, have landed here in the clothes they wore on that fatal day, as few or none were able to save even their wearing apparel.

The following details are furnished by one of the survivors: San Jose de Cucuta had for many years made very rapid progress, increasing in wealth and population, until it had become one of the most important cities of Columbia. Of late years new and important enterprises had been started, necessitating the construction of new buildings for mercantile and other purposes, and of a large number of fine residences. In a moment of time these have all been destroyed. It was situated on the boundary of the republic, and was founded by Juan de Martin, in 1534. It was a port of entry, if an inland town can be called a port, and here was the established custom-house. The population of the city at the time of the disaster is estimated at about 12,000; it had a large commercial business and was the great depot for coffee and cacao for shipment either through the Venezuelan port or down to the Magdalena.

At half-past 5 o'clock in the afternoon on Sunday, the 16th, a strong shock was observable, lasting twenty seconds. A little later another trembling of the earth took place, which gradually died away through the space of five minutes. At a quarter past 5 the same day the entire population was brought to its feet by a strong shock, which lasted for some time. During the 17th and the following night occasional tremblings were experienced. On the morning of the 18th everything was serene and the day advanced without anything new, with no premonitions of the awful fate which awaited the doomed city.

The hour of half past 11 arrived. A great part of the citizens were at table. The earth commenced shaking with great force, and from all sides the people rushed through the streets with despairing cries for mercy. For fifteen seconds the movement continued the city moving like a great ship without ballast. Instantaneously a cloud of fine dust enshrouded the streets and houses, impeding the vision and calling forth renewed cries of horror and appeals for mercy from the populace. These were of short duration, however, as the dust soon became so thick as to impede respiration, and, as if by the touch of an enchanter's wand, an awful silence succeeded. Many who might have been saved from the ruins of the falling buildings fell victims to suffocation. Not longer than two minutes did this terrible situation continue. A wind rapidly carried away the dust cloud, revealing the terrible scene.—What was a few moments before a beautiful city, instinct with life and happiness, was now the hideous tomb of thousands. The ruin was complete. A contemplation of the few who survived the awful disaster was even more terrible than the sight of ruins and the dead which lay beneath them.—Cruled with horror, men, women, and children ran about crying for help and to their friends who lay dead near at hand. Here a mother frantically called to her child; there the child, horribly disfigured, perhaps wailed out for its parent. Husbands, wives, sons, daughters, fathers, and mothers were running about in wild dismay. Some hours passed before quiet was restored and a realization of the event obtained. The tremblings of the earth continued, and, in addition to the horror of the situation, fires broke out in various localities amid the ruins. The so fearful day was followed by a still more horrible night. The survivors had moved to the suburbs of the city, where encampments were established. The rain continued to fall in torrents, and amid the impenetrable darkness the groans of the wounded filled the air, varied only by the sharp detonations proceeding from explosive materials amid the ruins.—The coming of a new day showed that not more than 2,000 remained alive. Beneath the fallen houses lay from 8,000 to 10,000 dead.

Immediately the sad news reached here a subscription was raised by the merchants in money and clothing, which was liberally responded to by all; and the United States consul, as agent of the Atlas Steamship company and the Orinoco Navigation company, having tendered the use of the steamers Pico and Uruante, they were the same evening dispatched with an ample supply of provisions, clothing, and medicine, under the care of a committee to dispense them, and a number of able physicians to administer to the wounded and sick.

The governor of this state also nobly responded to the call for aid in money and provisions, and furthermore sent a picket of soldiers for the protection of the emigrants coming from Cucutilla.

Reports from other localities furnish news of equal destruction. San Cayetano was destroyed; also the larger part of Santiago. In Gramalote there was great destruction. Arboleda, Cucutilla, and San Cristobal are all nearly destroyed, principally the four last. The population of these towns is estimated by a person well acquainted in that region to be more or less as follows:

San Cayetano.....	4,000
Santiago.....	2,000
Gramalote.....	3,000
Arboleda.....	5,000
Cucutilla.....	5,000
San Cristobal.....	1,600

The section of country above referred to embraces the regions about where Colombia and Venezuela join, the Colombian portion embracing the state of Santander. It is in some respects the most productive part of the republic, and the culture of this section is familiar to all the world.

The shock was felt sharply at Bogota and adjoining sections. A gentleman who was at the time in Facatativa says that the movement lasted for three quarters of a minute. It was also strongly felt in Barranquilla. Maracaibo, though removed twelve and a-half from the scene, yet felt at the same moment a gentle but long-continued undulation of the ground, and not a day has passed since the memorable 18th of May that we have not here felt shocks more or less strong.

LATER.
New York, July 4.—Later mail advices from dif-

ferent places in Colombia, more than confirm the horrors of the earthquake in May. A letter from Salazar, May 28th, says Cucuta is a pitiful sight.—Everything is in ruins; not a house remains standing.—Thieves and robbers from the surrounding country have swept down on the ill-fated city, and hardly a single safe has been saved from the Custom House, 400 mules were killed in the streets, and as there is no one to remove them, the stench is becoming frightful. The villages of San Cristobal, Tariba, Guaitimo, Cahaco, San Antonio, La Batera, San Juan, De Urena, Rosario and San Cayetano are completely destroyed.

A letter from Ocaro, May 30, says 1,000 people were killed at Cucuta, in addition to other thousands who were seriously wounded and bruised. Death and desolation reign everywhere. Great numbers of haciendas have been destroyed, and hundreds of houses in the country overturned, leaving people homeless and consigned to poverty. Many trees were torn up from their roots and small hills were opened like a melon. Some suppose that the volcano of Lobatera, which was in action in 1848, is again breaking out; while others say that a new volcano has appeared in the hills of Geracha.

A private letter from Bucaramanga, of May 24, says in Piedecuesta the Town Hall is destroyed, and in Pamplona the Cathedral is in ruins. A telegram from Hon. Aquileo Parra to President Perez, dated Bucaramanga, May 14, says: "Earthquakes continue. Last night Cathedral in Pamplona fell. Great alarm; great devastation throughout the Valley of Cucuta. A despatch to President Perez, from Charicota, May 24, says the population of San Jose Rosario and San Cayetano have disappeared, and the rest of the Department is in ruins. More than 4,000 victims. A despatch from Socorro, dated May 24, says the situation is assuming a grave aspect, and sickness and starvation in Pamplona are increasing. A telegram from Chiquiquira of May 22nd says the shocks are repeating; two last night, one to-day.—Great alarm among the people. Appeals for help were being circulated through all the cities of Colombia, and most liberal responses are being made.

BURIED ALIVE.

INSTANCES IN WHICH THE VICTIMS HAVE BEEN RESCUED.

Excellent material for a sensation story is furnished by the following well established facts:—Victorine Lafontaine, young, beautiful, and accomplished, had a great number of admirers. Among them was a journalist named Jules Bossuet, whose chances of being the successful suitor seemed to be the best, when suddenly Victorine, contrary to all expectation, accepted the hand of a rich banker named Renelle. Bossuet was inconsolable, and his honest heart ached all the more when he learned that the marriage of his ladylove was unhappy.—Renelle neglected his wife in every possible way, and finally began to maltreat her.

This state of things lasted two years, when Victorine died—at least so it was thought. She was entombed in a vault of the cemetery of her native town. Jules Bossuet assisted at the ceremony.—Still true to his love, and well-nigh beside himself with grief, he conceived the idea of breaking open the vault and securing a lock of the deceased's hair. That night, therefore, when all was still, he scaled the wall of the cemetery, and, by a circuitous route, approached the vault. When he had broken open the door and opened the vault, he lighted a candle and proceeded to open the coffin.

At the moment when he bent over the supposed corpse, scissors in hand, Victorine opened her eyes and stared him full in the face. He uttered a cry and sprang back; and immediately recovering his self-possession, he returned to the coffin, covered its occupant's lips with kisses, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her in full possession of all her faculties. When Victorine was sufficiently recovered, they left the churchyard and went to Bossuet's residence, where a physician administered such remedies as were necessary to effect the complete recovery of the unfortunate woman. This proof of Bossuet's love naturally made a deep impression on Victorine. She repeated her past fickleness, and resolved to fly with the romantic Jules to America. There they lived happily together, without, however, being able to fully overcome their longing to return to their native land.—Finally their desire became so strong to revisit the scenes of their youth that they decided to brave the danger attendant on a return and embarked at New York for Havre, where they arrived in July, in 1859. Victorine, in the interim, had naturally changed very greatly, and Jules felt confident that her former husband would not recognize her. In this hope he was disappointed. Renelle had the keen eye of a financier, and recognized Victorine at the first glance. This strange drama ended with a suit brought by the banker for his wife, which was decided against him on the ground that his claims were outlawed.

The scene of the following two cases, with which we shall end our review, is in England: One Edward Stapleton died—as was supposed—of typhus fever. The disease had been attended by such strange phenomena throughout, that the physicians were desirous to make a post-mortem examination of the case. The relatives, however, positively refused their consent. The physicians consequently decided to steal the body—not an unusual thing in England—in order to satisfy their curiosity. They communicated with a band of rascals, who at that time made a business of stealing bodies, and three days after the funeral had the body of Stapleton brought to the dissecting room of a neighbouring clinic. When they made the first incision, which was across the abdomen, they were struck with the fresh appearance of the flesh and the clearness and limpidity of the blood. One of the physicians proposed that they should subject the body to the action of a galvanic battery. This they did, and obtained abnormal results; the movements and contractions of the muscles were more powerful than are usually observed. Toward evening a young student suggested that they should make an incision in the preteral muscles, and introduce the poles of the battery into the wound. This was done, when, to their amazement, the body rolled from the table, remained a second or two on its feet, stammered out two or three unintelligible words, and then fell heavily to the floor. For a moment the learned doctors were confounded, but soon regaining their presence of mind, they saw that Stapleton was still alive, although he had again fallen into his former lethargy. They now applied themselves to resuscitating him, in which they were successful. He afterward said that during the whole time he was fully conscious of his condition, and of what was passing around him. The words he attempted to utter were: "I am alive." A somewhat similar experience was that of an English artillery officer who, in a fall from his horse, had fractured his skull, and was reprimed. He was in a fair way to recover, when one day he fell into a lethargy so profound that he was thought to be dead, and, in due time, was buried. The following day, beside the grave in which he had been interred, another citizen of London was buried, and at last one of the assistants chanced to stand on it. Suddenly the man cried out that he felt the ground move under his feet as though the occupant of the grave would find his way to the surface. At first the man was thought to be the victim of an hallucination, but the earnestness with which he persisted attracted the attention of a constable, who caused the grave to be opened. They found that the officer had forced the coffin lid, and had made a partially successful effort to raise himself up. He was entirely unconscious when they got him out, but it was evident that the effort to extricate himself had been made but a short time before. He was carried to a hospital, near by,

where the physicians, after a time, succeeded in re-animating him.

He stated that, for an hour before his last swoon, he was fully conscious of the awful situation he was in. The grave had fortunately been very hastily and lightly filled with clay, and here and there the continuity of the mass had been broken by large stones, which allowed the air to penetrate as far down as the coffin. He had tried in vain to make his cries heard, and, finally, partly in consequence of having an insufficient supply of air, and partly in consequence of the mental agony he suffered, he had fallen into the unconscious state in which he was found.

Another Englishman describes what he experienced while lying in a coffin in a perfectly conscious state, in the following words: "It would be impossible to find words that express the agony and despair that I suffered. Every blow of the hammer with which they nailed down my coffin lid went through my brain like the echo of a death-knell. I would never have believed that the human heart could endure such terrible agony and not burst into pieces. When they let me slowly down into the ground, I distinctly heard the noise the coffin made every time it rubbed against the sides of the grave."

This man also awoke under the knife of a doctor. He, like Stapleton, had been stolen and carried to the dissecting room of a medical school. At the moment the professor made a slight incision down the abdomen the spell was broken, and he sprang to his feet.

FEMINE SNOBS.

It would seem that there have ever been class-distinctions, and that there ever must be, but there is no valid reason why a number of purely artificial barriers should be raised between the different sections of a community. The creation of these artificial barriers has, in England, done an immense amount of harm, inasmuch as it has excited a great deal of ill-feeling, prevented people from drawing together who would be benefited by communion with each other, and rendered the condition of society absurdly anomalous. Nowadays, society does not consist merely of three classes, but of a score or two, the members of which heartily hate and mistrust each other. Indeed, it is not going too far to say that society is divided into an immense number of

CONTEMPTIBLE CLUQUES;

the result being that when a hundred people are drawn promiscuously together the majority are so impressed with a sense of their importance and exalted condition that they proudly decline to condescend to have anything whatever to say to nine-tenths of those by whom they are surrounded. A man may have brains, he may have refined tastes, he may be hardworking and upright in all his doings, and he may be of presentable appearance, but he is not saved from receiving cruel rebuffs, as he journeys through life, from those who are vastly inferior to him and might be much improved by friendly intercourse with his superiors, but who flatter themselves that they are his superiors in position. Now, men are largely responsible for

THIS MELLANCHOOLY STATE OF THINGS;

but we are inclined to think that the greater portion of the blame—for what is deplored—must rest upon feminine shoulders. No doubt there are many male snobs; but as a rule, men are not inclined to be so particular as to whom they associate with as are women, and it is highly probable that if they were not exposed to female influences, they might be led to act so that the lines of demarcation which separate the people of this country, might become less broadly defined, and in many cases, be entirely obliterated. As it is, there are thousands of men who have hundreds of acquaintances whom they cannot—whom, indeed, they dare not—admit to their family circle, and these acquaintances not unfrequently ripen into warm friends. "The people whom a man meets at the various places which he visits during his walks abroad, please him, and he can freely mingle with them without his sense of self-respect being, in any way, hurt, for they are equal to him."

IN NEXT OF ABILITY,

and their natures are as pure and elevated as his own. But he knows that if he were to introduce them to his feminine connections, things would be said which would please neither them nor him, so he keeps his knowledge of them, so to speak, to himself, and gets his pleasures out of them in a stealthy manner. Perhaps he is wise to act in this fashion; but it may still be thought that it would be better if he pursued an independent course, and elected his friends on the score of their intrinsic merits, rather than on that of their meretricious surroundings. It must not be forgotten, however, that he would then in many instances, be subjected to a never-ending course of "nagging," and it may be remarked that as the constant dripping of water will wear away a stone so will a nagging woman in the end get pretty much what she wants. It may be asked how it comes about that

WOMEN ARE MORE ENRAGED THAN MEN.

Probably this is because they have less to think about their neighbours and their surroundings than have men; because they have little actual contact with the world; and because they have, from their earliest days, the principles of snobbishness carefully instilled into them. The course of education to which schoolgirls are subjected, is, of itself, calculated to make them snobs. Certainly, it would be well if means were taken to render women less snobbish than they are, for bad as a male snob is, a female snob is indefinitely worse. For one thing, she is more spiteful. It is the wife of Grandee, and not Grandee himself, who has such a magnificent contempt for people engaged in retail trade that she would become pale with

INDIGNATION AND DISMAY

if it transpired that a daughter of Grandee was being educated alongside of the daughter of Haberdasher, who, though he could buy Grandee up once or twice has been unfortunate enough to make his money by selling tape by the yard and buttons by the dozen, while Grandee has dealt in them in bulk. As for Grandee, if he had only himself to please, he would as soon his daughter were educated with little Miss Haberdasher as with the child of Swindle, the merchant who has talked once or twice, and very neatly diddled the chief bulk of his creditors; and he only takes action in order that he may have peace and quietness at his own fireside. Indeed, if he were left to his own devices, his Gothic barbarity would carry him still further than we have indicated. He would hob-nob with Haberdasher himself, and he would not be at all annoyed if it came to his ears that his wife had been

HAVING A FRIENDLY OGGISH

with Mrs. Haberdasher. But his good lady has too much sense to fall into such an indiscretion as this and she makes it her business to see that his lax notions do not run away with them. Then, again, it is she, not he, who carefully weighs up all the qualifications and possessions of those persons who are introduced into the house of Grandee. It is she who goes in for making people know their places. It is she who can meet a so-called inferior in the street, and gaze at him as if he were a piece of inanimate sculpture. It is she who can keep old friends by themselves that they have "become so dreadfully low; you know," that it really would not do to associate with them. It is she who can quietly drop her poor relations because it does not suit her purpose to retain a hold of them, even though by so doing, she might succeed in

HELPING THEM UP TO HER OWN LEVEL.

—she is so afraid of being dragged down to their