

THE ECLIPSE is published every Saturday morning and may be had at the book-stores and from the news-boys, at 5 Cents per copy.

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Correspondents will please address their letters to the "EDITOR OF THE ECLIPSE, QUEBEC, P. Q."

The Eclipse.

From out the shade, bright mirth will rise:
And free our hearts from many sighs.

THOMAS TOOKES.

Quebec, Saturday, 24 November 1877.

The Eclipse.

Although our advent was as fixed a fact as any of the sun or moon; the indications are that science was at fault as we would be loath to attribute any such paltry action to its professors as a wilful suppression of acquired knowledge, through a jealous regard of their two favorite actors on this hitherto undivided stage: we have come to the conclusion therefore that our exit will cause no little surprise of hope and fear of what's to come. Our Shade will not be cast in pleasant places, the bright honest workings of kindly natures will be luminous as the morn, and free from us for aught but praise; the mean, low, pitiful, spittle-licking lot who have been fostered on the city and country: upon them will our Shade be cast and, as Samuel of old, we will speak from thence "hold the mirror up to nature." And shew crippled vice her very visage. Our Telephonic arrangements are so complete that the most distant spot on earth, is heard from daily, - the hidden recesses of nature are made to unfold their mysteries: All nature with tuneful unison speaks from our Shade and melodiously warbles forth with even cadence the interests of the hour. This is our mission, when it is accomplished eternal chaos steps on the scene. The vain and frivolous, the canting hypocrite and profane declaimer; will be delegated to the tender mercies of our trumpet-tongued Shade.

The Irish Electors of Quebec East would do well to consider calmly and deliberately, the many reasons why they should not record their vote for the much vaunted Mr. Laurier. To know how well he deserves your contempt, which you should plainly evince, now that the means of executing it is in your own

power;—you have the incontestable evidence of facts before you. Trusting to the proverbial hospitality of the Irish nature and sympathy with the distressed he shamelessly and in abject beggarly terms solicits that which he in a public speech asserted could be purchased with so much whiskey; the inner consciousness of the man expressed itself during a momentary forgetfulness of his characteristic caution, engendered by the natural heat and partisan zeal of a political harangue; he gratuitously insulted the whole Irish people flung into your teeth this baseless fabrication, that "the political attitude of the Irish involves no higher consideration than their love of whiskey!" He must indeed trade hugely on your good nature and hopes it o'erbalances the other great feeling of humanity and which lingers in no hidden corner of the Irish heart, love of persecuted countrymen and hatred of their oppressors!

The description which he gave of his connection with the question of "Amnesty to O'Donoghue," at a meeting lately held in your midst, forces us to the conclusion that his opinion of your possession of the commonest reasoning faculty, that suffices to raise men, above the level of the brute, developed in the most ignorant savage; is entirely wanting in you.

What is the man?

Who is he?

Whence came he?

Is he actually a demi God, as a toadeating churl here would have us believe that we are to patiently swallow the vile incantations of his Anti-Irish brain.

Remember Irish Electors of Quebec East that this same Mr. Laurier, by his vote as a private member in the House of Commons, condemned Irish O'Donoghue to the penalty of arrest as a common felon if he dare tread the soil of his adopted country. Imagine yourself in O'Donoghue's place and then think of what your action would be in the present crisis. Your duty is plain. The reckoning has to be paid. This man, in every move of his political life has shown himself so bitterly antagonistic to your race, so haughtily contemptuous of your opinions, and, so eager to ostracise and degrade you that it would be virtually political suicide to place any trust in him.

Any Irishman who gives him the countenance of his vote is lowering the dignity of his manhood, degrading his nature and tends to carry out the assertion that we are a nation of slaves!

Irishmen of Quebec East! unless you have the sense to understand and the spirit to defend the national honor entrusted to your keeping, you will have dealt another blow to your race, and given to your enemies one more thong to scourge you with.

THE ECLIPSE will soon appear enlarged and illustrated,—should we receive sufficient encouragement.

SPECIAL BY OUR OWN HOME TELEPHONE.

Constantinople Nov. 24th, 1877.

The unlooked for success of the Russians in Armenia has forced, the party in power here, to partially revoke an edict of banishment which was some time ago issued against one whom, I believe, to be the regenerator of his race, for a trifling indiscretion in a neighbor's harem he was Bastinadoed and banished; his worth forgotten but by a few, who, by sheer hard work and toilsome talk, have gained a remission of his sentence. He is now in our midst and in daily consultation with the high ministers of state. Short as his term has been amongst us, he has worked most miraculous changes in the feelings of the populace; when before you saw nothing but dismal horror and woe depicted on every countenance, now cheerfulness brightens faces and a hopeful content are the sole companions of your daily walk.

Mikkuk Pasha, such is the name which, I can force, is destined to go down to posterity in a blaze of glory.

Knowing the great resources of his genius, the all but prophetic earnestness of the man; his patriotic zeal and religious ardor: I can enthusiastically predict his perfect success; and the thorough overthrow of the Russians, providing his help has not been appealed to, after the last hour had departed, as a foregone conclusion.

Mikkueck Pasha, is a middle sized, stout, fair faced, beardless and foxey haired man of about forty-seven or fifty winters: he has a pleasant jovial cast of countenance rather comical to look at than otherwise, with a Scandinavian cast, though, be it understood, that Mikkuk is an Irishman from the famed town of Limerick, and retains an affectionate regard for the old sod, in spite of the incongruous surroundings of his position as a Turkish Pasha. Like his friend Sullivan Pasha, he has a peculiar game to play; when you know your adversary has a cold dock up his sleeve, but cannot expose it, and the game is for life or death, you can appreciate the fix our worthy Irish friends are in.

It struck me as peculiar, that none of the outside world, ever hit upon the true rendering of the Turkish Sulieman Pasha's name and his proper tribal location. He and I, have been, and are, intimate friends. I can speak with perfect knowledge, and with his cordial approbation. I take this opportunity of doing so, that the civilized world may learn and understand the man, whose exploits during the present great contest have excited their interest and called forth their needful amount of praise or blame.

Sulieman is a Turkish rendering of the Irish Sullivan. Patrick John Sullivan is his name, he was born in Bangor County Cork, being of a roving disposition, and anxious to see the world, he, when a lad travelled to Cork, shipped on board

a Mediterranean coaster, was wrecked near Aleppo, married the man's daughter who saved his life; fought with and overcame the border Arabs and acquired such fame, that his deeds were recounted in the streets and bazaars of Constantinople as the performances of a demi-God. He was sent for by the Sultan entrusted with high command in the regular service, and has done such execution during the present campaign, in the height of almost insurmountable difficulties, as will send down his name to future ages, inscribed in blood and flame. Such is Sulieman Pasha's past record though born of "poor but honest parents" he is not a whit proud, and we will report Mikkuk and him more elaborately in our next.

An uptown gent remarked to his wife last evening, as he left home for the "club"—"I'll be back by ten o'clock, if I don't meet any serious pullbacks." "It won't be well for you to meet any pullbacks, John, serious or smiling, if I know," said his better half, in tones which indicated that she meant it.

—A lady of the uptown shoddyocracy found on returning from a walk some call cards on her table, she called a servant in great haste, saying.—"John, take these and run quick, them Ladies have forgot their tickets."

Four men were enjoying a little game of euchre in a Peter Street saloon the other night, when a boy poked in his head and said: "There's a woman out here who wants to know if Mr. — is in here." The men didn't exactly here what the name was but three of them got out of the back door as suddenly as though a small pox patient had been brought in. There is nothing singular about this, only the one left was a single man.

—A tender hearted humanitarian residing in Ursule street, whose feelings were touched on overhearing a prisoner at the station-house sing "Home Sweet Home," tried to have him released. His sympathy suddenly cooled, however, when he learned that the fellow was imprisoned for beating his wife, and kicking her out of doors.

A case of mistaken identity took place at the Levis depot on Tuesday evening last as the cars were leaving for Montreal. A pretty girl, with her handkerchief up to her eyes, had seen her lover seat himself in the last car, but while she was bathed in tears, she did not see that the train had backed, and a different car stood in front of her, but presently she looked up and with a sweet smile said "good-by darling," to an astonished and bashful young man who was sitting there in the place where the other fellow should have been.

—We will insert notices folks free, but puffs and puffs must be paid for.