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EDNESDAY MORNING,

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EKLY SUN, ST. JOHN.

# The Weekly Sun.

VOL. 8. ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1886. NO. 58.

## THE MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

[The "Mount of the Holy Cross," the principal mountain of the Saguache range, Colorado, is 14,176 feet above the tidewater. The cross is located near the top, facing the east, and consists of two crevices filled with snow summer and winter. The crevices are about 50 feet wide, and the snow in them from 50 to 150 feet in depth. The perpendicular arm of the cross is some 1,500 feet long, and the horizontal arm 700 feet. The cross can be seen at a distance of 30 or 40 miles.]

The ocean divided, the land struggled through,
And a newly-born continent burst into view;
Like furrows upturned by the ploughshare of God
The mountain chains rose where the billows had trod,
And their towering summits in mighty array,
Turned their terrible brows to the glare of the day,
Like sentinels guarding the gateway of Time,
Lest the contact of mortals should stain it with crime.

The ocean was vanquished, the new world was born,
Its headlands flung back the bold challenge of morn,
The sun from the trembling sea marshalled the mist
'Till the hills by the soul of the ocean were kissed.
And the Winter King reached from his cloud-castled height
To hang on each brow its first garland of white;
For the crystals came forth at the touch of his wand,
And the soul of the sea ruled again on the land.

Then arose the loud moan of the desolate tide,
As it called back its own from the far mountain side,
"O soul of my soul, by the sun led astray,
Return to the heart that would hold thee always;
The sun and the silver moon woo me in vain,
By day and by night I am sobbing with pain,
O loved of my bosom, O child of the Free,
Come back to the lips that are waiting for thee."

But a sound like all melodies mingled in one
Come down through the spaces that cradled the sun.
Like music from far distant planets it fell,
Till earth, air and ocean were hushed in the spell;
"Be silent, ye waters and cease your alarm,
All motion is only the pulse of my arm;
In my breath the vast systems unerringly swing,
And mine is the chorus the morning stars sing.

"'Twas mine to create them, 't is mine to command
The land to the ocean, the sea to the land;
All, all are my creatures, and they who would give
True worship to me must for each other live.
Lo, I leave on the mountain a sign that shall be
A type of the union of land and of sea—
An emblem of anguish that comes before bliss,
For they who would conquer must conquer by this."

The roar of the earthquake in answer was heard,
The land from its solid foundation was stirred,
The breast of the mountain was rent by the shock,
And a cross was revealed on the heart of the rock;
One hand pointing south, where the tropic gales blow,
And one to the kingdom of winter and snow,
While its face turned to welcome the dawn from afar,
Ere Jordan had rolled under Bethlehem's star.

The harp of the elements over it swung,
In the wild chime of Nature its advent was rung;
Around it the hair of the Winter King curled,
Against it in fury his lances were hurled,
And the pulse of the hurricane beat in its face
Till the snows were locked deep in its mighty embrace,
And its arms were outstretched on the mountain's cold breast
As spotless and white as the robes of the blest.

Then the spirit of Summer came up from the south,
With the smile of the June on her beautiful mouth,
And breathed on the valleys, the plains and the hills,
While the snow rippled home in the arms of the rills.
The winter was gone, but the symbol was there,
Towering mutely and grand, like the angel of prayer,
Where the morning shall stream on the place of its birth,
Till the last cross is borne by the toilers of earth.

It cannot grow old while the sea-breath is drawn
From the lips of the billows at evening and dawn,
While heaven's pure finger transfigures the dews,
And with garlands of frost work its beauty renews;
It was there when the blocks of the pyramid pile
Were drifting in sands o'er the banks of the Nile,
And it still shall point homeward, a token of trust,
When pyramids crumble in dimness and dust.

It shall lean o'er the world like a banner of peace,
Till discord and war between brothers shall cease,
Till the red sea of Time shall be cleansed of its gore,
And the years like white pebbles be washed to the shore.
As long as the incense from ocean shall rise,
To weave its bright woof on the warp of the skies,
As long as the clouds into crystals shall part,
That cross shall gleam high on the continent's heart.

## A TRAGEDY.

A soft-breasted bird from the sea
Fell in love with the lighthouse flame;
And it wheeled round the tower on its airiest wing,
And floated and cried like a lovelorn thing;
It brooded all day and it fluttered all night,
But could win no look from the steadfast light.

For the flame had its heart afar—
Afar with the ships at sea;
It was thinking of children and waiting wives,
And darkness and danger to sailors' lives;
And the bird had its tender bosom pressed
On the glass where at last it dashed its breast.
The light only flickered, she brighter to glow;
But the bird lay dead on the rocks below.

## A WOMAN'S WIT.

I used to laugh at the idea that a woman could outwit a man. I used to say, that, smart as she might be, a man with his senses about him was smarter still. That she could be detected in an instant, and that whatever her purpose was, she showed it so plainly in her face that no one could be deceived for a moment. And that, as she could go nowhere without attracting attention, and needed a male protector whenever she did anything out of the common way, such as taking a journey, or going out after dark, as she never knew how to despatch parcels or messages quietly, and had no ideas of the hours of railway trains, or the way to get anywhere or do anything legally, the man who allowed himself to be outwitted by her was little less than an idiot.

I have altered my mind now. I have been the guardian of Miss Matilda Middlebury for twenty-four hours, and I revoke all that I have said. A woman cannot tie up a parcel, get to an unknown part of the world, cut anything with a knife, or give a direction properly; but when she makes up her mind to marry some one who is willing, old cloven-hoof and all his imps could not baffle her. She'll have her own way.

Miss Matilda Middlebury is a young lady of 22 years. I, as her father's legal adviser, know her exact age. Before last Thursday I had never seen her face to face. It was this wise: There came to her, per post, a letter dated Clemence Hill, and written, as I saw at once, by some person in a violent rage. Lines all crooked. Letters any shape. This is what it said to me:

CLEMENCE HILL, Saturday.

MR MARTIN.

DEAR SIR—I shall make no apology for troubling you about a matter which you will perhaps consider a little out of your sphere. I should not make any apology to the king of anywhere for asking him to pull me out of the water if I were drowning. This is a life and death matter to me; you must help me. Besides, you are my legal adviser, and I want you to take the law into your own hands. That is all.

I have a daughter - Matilda Middlebury. You have made my will in her favor. It is possible that you may have to alter it yet; but that is neither here nor there. That daughter is now 22 years old; consequently, of age and her own mistress. She has chosen to fall in love with a contemptible, good-for-nothing rascal, whom I have forbidden to speak to her again, and she is determined to marry him. She tried to humbug me, the jade, and promised to give him up; but I have positive information that she intends to marry him on Thursday afternoon. All preparations are made, and the trunks packed, for a departure to Europe. I forgot to say that she is visiting a friend at —— street, New York.

The rascal comes there every evening, plays the piano, sings sentimental songs, and makes love. The other girl is in the plot, and is going to be bridesmaid. And here am I with the gout in my right foot, chained down at Clemence Hill, without a friend I dare trust in the world save you.

For heaven's sake, find me the girl. Take her into custody. Arrest her. Do what you choose with her—only don't lose sight of her until you bring her safe to me. I don't care what it costs; do it. I'm a rich man. Any bill will be considered reasonable. You have the undying gratitude of your old friend in the bargain, of course.

Matilda does not know anything about law, and is awfully afraid of it. Remember, out of your sight one moment, and all is over. Thank heaven you never married and have no daughter. Yours truly,

J. F. MIDDLEBURY.

P. S. No.—, —— street. Don't forget. Lady by the name of Stark, wife of Dr. Stark, is the person she is visiting.

S. P. M.

My friends, the man who would desert then his fellow-man under such circumstances, must be lower even than the brutes. I confided the business to my partner, telling him that affairs of importance called me from home, and with a small carpet bag containing some linen and a brush and comb, walked over to No. — —— street, without any further delay, and requested to see Miss Matilda Middlebury.

In five minutes she came into the room—a short, plump, broad-shouldered young woman with a turn-up nose, big black eyes, long eyelashes, and crisp, curly, black hair. Her color came and went, so that one moment her cheeks were dappled in red, and the next a clear brunette tint. She had white teeth and pretty hands, and I knew by the way she looked at me that she had spirit; but I knew also, that women are ignorant of law, and so I thought that I could manage her.

'Miss Middlebury?' said I.

'Yes, sir,' said she.

'Mr. Martin, of Martin, Grub & Co., I said, bowing.

'I am very much pleased to see you, Mr. Martin,' said she. 'I've heard papa speak of you.'

'My dearest friend—one of them, at least,' I said. 'Your father is a man for a daughter to be proud of, Miss Middlebury.'

'Yes,' said she, 'I suppose so. And what did papa tell you to say to me?'

'My dear young lady,' said I, 'do you know that you are seriously offending your good papa?'

'To be seriously offended is pa's normal condition,' she replied, 'so it don't much matter.'

'You are aware that I made a will in your favor some time ago?' I asked.

'And papa threatens to alter it if I show any desire to please myself in anything,' said Miss Matilda. 'I presume he sent you here to say so. He has said it very often himself, very often, indeed; and I tell you, as I told him, that money, though desirable, is nothing when it stands in the way of the strongest feelings of one's life. What is the use of mincing matters? You know he objects to my marriage, but I am of age; he is unreasonable. I intend to do as I please. You have my answer.'

'Madam,' I said, 'my message from your father is this: you are to return home, under my escort, at once.'

'Perhaps I shall refuse to go with you,' she said.

'Madam,' I said, 'I am prepared for that.'

And then I brought in the legal hocuspocus with which I had armed myself.

'Madam, though of age, it is necessary for you to show just cause before you can refuse to return to a parent's roof. Nine days are necessary for a quit claim. Meanwhile you are legally a minor. Pending your proof before a magistrate, I have authority to arrest you and take you home. I do so in the name of the law. I trust you will not force me to put handcuffs upon a lady's wrists, or to call in four police officers and lodge you in jail all night; but, being under bonds to your father, I shall be obliged to do so if you resist; otherwise, I can offer you my arm and escort you, as any gentleman might, to the railway station.'

As she listened all the pretty, red color faded from Miss Matilda's cheeks.

'What a dreadful thing law is!' she said. 'I had no idea such laws existed. Then I suppose I must go with you. But I'm not a baby. Show me your proofs—your papers—whatever gives you your right.'

I took from my pocket a lease written on parchment and tied with red tape.

'The warrant, madam,' I said.

I then turned over the edge of my waistcoat and exhibited the pin of the Jolly Good Fellows' Club, of which I am a member, and said:

'My badge of office, madam.'

She turned paler still, she sat down and began to cry. Suddenly she wiped her eyes and said:

'May I write a note to tell somebody why I break an engagement! And before I go down to the stupid hole where papa wants to bury me, will you go with me to the dressmakers?'

'Certainly,' I replied. To myself I said: 'She will plan to escape me at the dressmaker's. I must watch her there.'

Miss Matilda wrote the note. She sent it off before my eyes, and without leaving the room she called a maid to bring her her lace shawl and a hat and veil. 'And my pearl-skin colored gloves, Rose,' she added. 'And remember, pack everything nicely.'

Then, having bidden goodby to her weeping friend, who called her papa a 'brute,' and who refused to be introduced to me, we started off. As we left the house I watched her closely. There was something in her face I did not like, but I felt that I was master of the situation.

'Where does your dressmaker live?' I asked.

She gave me the address. It was not a store—a fashionable set of parlors in —— street. There lay the danger, and I knew it. 'Miss Matilda,' said I, 'you will forgive me for reminding you that I cannot leave you even for a moment.'

'No need to remind me of that,' she answered, in a tone that was not, to say the least of it, very complimentary.

We walked down the street together, and I, as an elderly gentleman, felt that I might offer her my arm. She was capable, I saw, of running away at any moment. She sauntered slowly, staring at the shops as she went on, and making remarks about the people we passed. She carried a little bag in her hand and twirled it as she walked, in a reckless sort of manner.

What happened might have been expected. At the turn of the street a young man, dressed in respectable clothing, darted up and snatched the bag, and immediately turned and fled. However, he did not run far, for before I could utter a word, a stout policeman had darted from a shop door, seized the thief and held him, pale with terror and shaking like an aspen leaf, until we walked up.

'Your bag, misses?' said the policeman.

'Oh, yes,' said Matilda. 'I'm so thankful you caught him. Oh, how could you be so wicked? But perhaps I'd better let you off, young man, now I've got the money back.'

Matilda opened the bag. 'It's empty!' said she.

'What! Have you played that game!' said the policeman. 'You'll have to come up to the office, miss, and make a charge. We'll search him; he must have it about him.'

'I'll give it up, sir,' said the young man. 'Here is the money,' and he handed a $10 bill to the policeman. 'Oh, miss, I'm really not an old offender. Circumstances drove me to the commission of the crime. Forgive me.'

'That's all humbug,' said the policeman; 'come along. You follow, if you please, miss. I don't consider it the duty of good citizens to let such fellows off, for my part.'

'Not I,' said I. 'Come on, Miss Matilda.'

The policeman led the way with the young man. As we walked behind, I particularly noticed that he had a very gentlemanly appearance. New York thieves often have. My heart really bled for him. He was one who should have played a better part.

We arrived at the station and were led into a sort of private parlor, where we were asked to wait awhile, the prisoner being led away by the policeman. I saw the door of the room in which the justice sat, open; I saw the prisoner standing before him. Then it closed with a bang. In another instant the policeman returned.

'Miss,' said he, 'his honor wishes to see you alone. Our young man declares the affair a conspiracy against him, and you will be questioned separately. No offence, sir.'

'None,' said I. Then I beckoned to the policeman apart, and slipped two dollars into his hand. "Don't lose sight of the young lady until she rejoins us,' I said.

'No, sir; on no account,' said he. And off they went together. They were gone ten minutes, and returned as they went. Miss Matilda had been weeping.

'The lady's evidence was all-sufficient,' said the man.'

'Then they have committed him?' said I.

'Yes, he's committed,' said Matilda. 'Oh, poor fellow! I—I'll go now, Mr. Martin.'

I led her away. As we went I saw the policeman grinning after us. I couldn't think why.

We said very little as we walked on, and we were at the dressmaker's in no time. Now or never would she baffle me. She might escape by the back door or the roof; how could I tell? I refused to allow her to go into the next room.

I stared at her while madam—all indignation—measured her shoulders and the length of her skirt. When she went behind a screen to be 'tried on' I watched her little feet below it, and when I got out of the house I rejoiced. We caught the train by a hair's breadth. I did not doubt that she tried to miss it altogether, and all night I watched her, lest at some station she might yet allude me. When, twenty-four hours from our first meeting, I rang the bell of her father's residence, I was a jaded being, but I was triumpant. I walked into her father's chamber, with Matilda on my arm.

'Sir,' I said, 'I have done my duty. Here is Miss Matilda Middlebury.'

Shall I ever forget that moment? As I spoke, Matilda turned about with a laugh.

'You've made a mistake,' said she. 'A married woman bears her husband's name. Mrs. Jackson, if you please. Papa, here is my certificate, and this is my ring.' She drew off her glove and a heavy wedding ring, which she had not worn when we started, glittered on her finger. "You were afraid of the dressmaker's house," she said. "There was no danger there. I was married at the police station. Charles was the thief. The arrest was a sham. The policeman was bribed. He merely ushered Charles into the presence of the justice of peace, escorted me afterward into the same room, and was a witness to the ceremony.

'The law is very hard upon us young women,' she added, with a meaning glance at me; 'and the parchment was very imposing. But those whom God has joined no man can put asunder. And papa must forgive before my husband comes tomorrow.'

I suppose Mr. Middlebury did forgive his daughter, for I never altered his will, but I went back to the city that day in such a boiling rage, that if it had been in my power to disinherit her, Matilda would now be penniless.

I got over my anger long ago; and I have learned a lesson by it. It is this: A wilful woman will have her way, and no man can stop her.

## India and China Teas.

The early and complete supremacy of the India tea trade over that of China is confidently foretold by the *North China Herald*. There are merchants in China, we are told, who foresee that within three or at most five years the tea tasting profession will be extinct in China. The competition of India is growing stronger every year, and now Ceylon and Java are following her example, and there is some talk of tea growing in the Straits settlements and even in South Africa. The growers in India long since formed a syndicate to open a market for their teas in America, Australia and Russia, and recently a Ceylon paper published the prospectus of a similar syndicate for promoting the trade in Ceylon. The Indian and Colonial exhibition in London is being made use of towards obtaining representatives in the colonies, and agents are to be appointed on the continent, in America, in New Zealand and in the West Indian and other colonies. A large number of planters have already promised parcels of tea, ranging from 5,000 to 250 lbs. each, the object of the syndicate being to make a trial shipment to each agency, so that Ceylon tea may obtain a footing, and then to leave its further development to individual enterprise and the usual course of trade. Great care is being taken by the members of the syndicate to ship only good teas.

With such energy and enterprise arrayed against the lethargy of the Chinese, and the deterioration which they have allowed to go on in their teas, there is every prospect, we are told, that the China tea trade will sink to a subordinate place. But it will not be extinguished, because, a commodity of which the production is practically unlimited, and the first cost no more than the rent of the ground which the plants occupy, is not likely to be snuffed out altogether. It is the fine distinctions, the discovery and maintenance of which have been the occupation of classes for decades that will be swept away. Here and there, no doubt, a special market will still call for a special kind, and it is apparent that the Russians will still for some years prefer the fine teas of China; but the bulk of the China product will be lumped together, or divided into two or three broad classes, and used as the grocer's foundation of the eighteenpenny or two shilling tea, as they are called, the required flavor being given by the more carefully prepared growths of India and Ceylon.

The Japan *Mail* says:—There must be heavy losses upon Japan teas this year. Their selling prices in New York were never so low. It is strange while the prices of Chinese and Japan teas show a steady tendency to decline in Western markets, that of India and Ceylon teas goes slowly but surely upwards. This fact, taken in conjuction with the largely increased production of India and Ceylon, seems to indicate that Japan and China may one day or other be completely ousted from their monopoly of the fragrant staple. The Yokohama paper, however, thinks that the Japan trade may be saved by the American demand, Japanese teas having established themselves in the United States, where black teas are not popular.

## A Warning.

BANGOR, Me., Dec. 12.

*To the Editor of The Sun:—*

SIR,—Knowing the interest you take in the welfare of your fellow citizens, and of the people generally, I would like through your paper to warn working men and particularly those engaged in the lumber and ice cutting business, against coming to this section of Maine to work for this season. Contractors take an unfair advantage of province people when they get them here. They will offer them good wages before they come here and, then when they get them here without means to return they will offer them a much lower rate, which if they will not accept they can walk around the streets and starve. Of course they will be compelled to take what they can get, thereby injuring themselves and the working men who belong here. The rate of wages offered here for lumber men is ten dollars a month, and if they are sick while in camp they are docked a dollar for each day. Also, those engaged in cutting ice only realize the large sum of one dollar per day, which a province man would find it very difficult to live on here. Some boarding house keepers get hold of these men when they have no money, and get them a job. Then they make an agreement with the contractor whereby they make sure of their board money, and I can assure you Mr. Editor, between the boarding house keeper and the contractor there is not much left for the stranger. Hoping that this will find space in your valuable paper and will warn men to stay away from here.

I remain Sir, yours,

A PROVINCE MAN, in Bangor.

NEW YORK, Dec. 15.—The jury in the McQuade trial tonight brought in a verdict of guilty. McQuade is one of the ex-members of the board of aldermen of 1884, 13 of whom are charged with having accepted bribes for railway franchises. The penalty is 10 years in state prison.

## "DEATH TRAPS FOR LIFEBOATS."

Pathetic Scene at Southport, England, After the Recent Disaster.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 11.—Southport, to the northward, so gay a watering place in summer, I found on a visit there this morning pervaded with great sadness over the loss of twenty-one lifeboat sailors through the inexcusable neglect of the government in providing worthless lifeboats.

"They were death traps," said John Jackson, a survivor, to me, as he looked down with lustrous dark eyes, and the rings of exhaustion under them, on a curly headed daughter on his knee. She is only four years old and ignorant of how near she came to being an orphan.

Before giving the interview let me premise that at an hour when Southport society was at a reception given by the Mayor and Mayoress crowds of people were watching the sea and storm on the beach and a vessel off the coast. The waves were rushing upon the beach with a deafening roar, dashing clouds of spray up over the promenade, hissing and seething like the boiling contents of a gigantic caldron. Above the dirgeful din was heard a danger gun, while the bright flame heralds of distress at sea from the rockets continuously burst upon the darkness.

"MAN THE LIFEBOAT!"

In a brief time were honest, sturdy men pushing forward around the lifeboat house, volunteering on the perilous voyage that was to end so tragically. Eight married and eight unmarried men soon made up the crew of the lifeboat Elizabeth Furnley.

"Yes, I was one of them," began Jackson. "Thirteen have gone aloft, and one was my brother; but Henry Robinson, saved with me, has lost two brothers, and two brothers were also drowned on another lifeboat, the St. Anne, further up the coast.

"Only last week I was at a jolly merry-making for her crew, for having in the week before saved a ship's crew. Odly enough, thirteen of them were also lost—a fateful number, some people say.

THE WRECK.

"Sixteen times have I handled an oar in the Elizabeth Furnley. I saw what proved to be the Mexico, at three o'clock in the afternoon, but riding at anchor, and nobody thought she was in danger. About half-past nine o'clock she gave signals of distress, and we got the boat out about ten minutes to ten, the vessel not being above half a mile out. When we got to her we saw a light on her mizzenmast, the foremast and mainmast having been carried away. There was a terrible gale blowing and the sea was awfully rough. We could hear no shouting, nothing but the sea roaring. The vessel seemed drifting ashore and we kept drifting toward Southport.

THE LIFEBOAT CAPSIZED.

"When about twenty yards off the vessel the sea caught us, and the lifeboat went over to the port side. I was just about throwing out the anchor when she capsized. Some scrambling out as well as they could, but the others could not. There were several in the sea clinging to the ropes alongside the boat. Richard Robinson was beside me; he got exhausted and I held him up until a sea came and carried him away. I never saw him again. Then I got exhausted and got under the boat for rest.

SAFE AT LAST.

"I spoke to Harry Robinson and to my brother Jackson. I said:—'I think she will never right herself as lifeboats should, and we will all be drowned.' Robinson said, 'Aye, every man of us.' I then felt the boat touch bottom, and I got on my feet and got outside, but I durst not leave her. I stuck to her for half an hour, and then found I could free myself, and was buffeted ashore. Sometimes I laid down on the sand to rest myself. I was that done up I don't know how I got home.

"I spoke to my brother just before I left—he was under the boat still—but he never answered. I did not know any one was saved besides myself, though I saw two or three struggling in the water. All who died did so from exhaustion. Because the boat drifted into three feet of water they lost strength to hold on or scramble along.

"The vessel was the Mexico, a German chap, I hear, going from Liverpool to South America. Think how she was driven out of her course. I am glad her crew were rescued by another lifeboat—one only two weeks old, a good pattern—though it has taken two dozen lives to save less than that number."

THE THIRTEEN DEAD SAILORS.

After hearing Jackson's story I visited the temporary mortuary. There, in a long row, lay the thirteen bodies, at the head of the group being Charles Hodge, coxswain, a tall, powerful man, with a beard.

While the relations crowded the place the police had the greatest difficulty in keeping back the crowd. Mothers, who on Thursday night saw their boys leave home in their brisk and manly vigor, now wept over their corpses. The same sons' wives, with their babies in their arms, frantically chafed the cold hands, while one young daughter lovingly laid the head of her dead father in her lap, smoothing down the wet hair with gentle tenderness. A more moving sight than that of those thirteen bodies ranged along the clean straw, with the groups of mourning and wailing friends around them, has perhaps never before been witnessed.

### Later.

FACTS FROM THE OFFICIAL INQUIRY—HELP FOR THE BEREAVED FAMILIES.

LONDON, Dec. 13—4 a. m.—The board of trade has ordered an official inquiry to ascertain how it came about that lifeboats did not right themselves when turned over. Captain Chetwynd has left London to attend the investigation on behalf of the National Lifeboat Institution.

An officer of the National Lifeboat Institution said yesterday:—"During the past thirty-two years our self-righting lifeboats have been launched nearly five thousand times and saved upwards of twelve thousand lives. The boats have been capsized altogether forty times, but only on eighteen occasions was there any loss of life. The number of lives lost, counting the twenty-six men who perished in the recent disasters to the Southport and St. Anne's lifeboats, amounts to only eighty-eight, including twelve shipwrecked persons. Seventy-six lifeboatmen lost represent about one in eight hundred and fifty men employed in boats on service. The cases of capsizing were at the rate of one in each of the 120 service launches. The lifeboats have also been out on exercise within the same period of thirty-two years upward of fifteen thousand times, with the loss only of eight lives."

AID FOR THE BEREAVED.

The mayor of Southport wires to the *Daily Telegraph*, which started a subscription on Saturday afternoon, for the families of the men lost in the recent storm: "Thank you heartily for your generous help. We shall need large support. The widows and families of those brave fellows are badly off in many cases."

Up to the time of going to press the *Telegraph* had received £200 in a few hours, Wyndham, the actor, sending twenty guineas and announcing a benefit at his theatre for the object in view.

## A GAG ON DEBATE.

A Hot Fight Before the Government on the Procedure Rules.

(By cable to the Boston Herald.)

LONDON, Dec. 13.—The government, scenting obstinate obstruction from the Irish members next session, have determined to meet the trouble at the threshold and insist upon the immediate adoption of more stringent rules of procedure in the house of commons. The change which they desire is fundamental. It means nothing less than a transfer of the initiative against obstruction from the speaker to the leader of the house. At present it is the speaker who decides whether the discussion of a measure is unduly prolonged. Unless he feels moved to action, the government may find their hands tied by dilatory proceedings without being able to take the first step against the impeders of legislation. This condition of affairs appeared intolerable to Lord Randolph Churchill, who insists that the power of interference should be turned over from the chair to the treasury bench. Under the new programme, whenever the government thinks that factious opposition is offered, or even that the discussion is unreasonably protracted, they will give notice of the point and a division, if necessary, must thereupon be taken to close the debate. Lord Randolph argues that, as the government is responsible for the conduct of public business, the right of directing the cloture should rest with them. Though there is some force in the argument, the transfer of the gag power from an impartial officer to a party leader seems a hazardous measure, for, if placed in the hands of an unscrupulous minister, the freedom of debate might be very seriously impaired.

It is reported that Mr. Chaplin, who at one time, posed as a conservative malcontent on the procedure proposals, was shown a draft of the new rules just before his departure for Italy, where he has gone on a three weeks' vacation, and that he promised to support the programme. But if Mr. Chaplin has fallen into line, Mr. Parnell and his followers remain to be dealt with, and in this quarrel they may be counted upon to fight to the bitter end. They will be aided by a good many Gladstonites, though Mr. Gladstone himself will doubtless decline to take part in obstructive tactics. He appears at last to have recognized, what has long been plain to an unbiassed observer, that instead of recovering popularity, he is losing ground with the moderate liberals, and to have come to the conclusion that a more cautious course is advisable. But even without an ally Mr. Parnell is strong enough in the house to make a long innings off his own bat. Eighty-six members acting as one man are a formidable force, especially when they care as little as possible for the authority of the chair, and less than nothing for the opinion of the house. If Lord Randolph Churchill can keep the unionist liberals in line with the conservatives on the procedure question, and have the support of the speaker in breaking down the Parnellite opposition, and he appears safe in reckoning on both factors, he will be able to carry out his programme, or the most of it. But though he will probably reach the goal, he will have to run the gauntlet in getting there.

A hot, though rather one-sided, journalistic battle is being fought here over the anti-rent policy of the National League in Ireland. The *Tablet*, the organ of the English Catholics, declares that it has no choice but to say of the principles advocated by the league, that they amount to doctrines of anarchy and revolution. While admitting that there may be a necessity of overriding the law so great as to justify the preaching of this bloodless rebellion, the *Tablet* holds that the burden of proof lies heavy upon the defenders of the league. The *Spectator*, which, for lack of a better definition, may be called the organ of the Unionist liberals, assails Archbishop Walsh for the position taken by him at a recent interview reported in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It asserts that Irish Jacobinism has conquered the Roman Catholic church and reduced the decalogue, to two or three commandments, that Walshing was a synonym for Welshing, and that the reports of the interview ought to be burned by the hangman. The *Pall Mall Gazette* responds that Dr. Walsh is more likely to convert the *Tablet* than to be convinced by it, but the *Gazette* hardly carries guns enough to hold its own in the discussion.

ED. A. PERRY.

## Cruelty to Sailors.

THE CASE OF CAPTAIN DURKEE ON TRIAL.

PORTLAND, Dec. 14.—In the United States district court today, Hugh McGivern, Lawrence O'Neill, John Burns and Wm. M. McNally, sailors on the bark M. & E. Cann, which arrived here from Buenos Ayres last Friday, complained of extreme cruelty by Captain J. B. Durkee and the second mate and boatswain. Only the captain appeared in answer to the charge, the other two having disappeared. The seamen testified that the officers kicked, bruised and maltreated them during the voyage, putting them out of their berths when too sick for duty, rupturing one and giving another internal injuries so that he will have to go to the hospital for treatment.

One sailor, Edward Sparrows, was so badly used that he jumped overboard soon after leaving Buenos Ayres and was drowned. The sailors say that they were forced on the bark at Buenos Ayres and threatened with death if they resisted. They were locked in the forecastle until the vessel had left port. Damages are claimed of $500 by the first two, $200 by the third and $50 by the fourth.

LONDON, Dec. 15.—Intimation has been sent to the Khedive's government that early next year the British force in Egypt will be reduced to 4,000 men and that no British troops will be stationed north of Cairo.