The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1887 VOL. XVI. NO. 37

The Charlottetown Herald

—IS ISSUED—

EVERY WEDNESDAY

—BY—

The Herald Printing Company,

FROM THEIR OFFICE:

CORNER OF QUEEN & RICHMOND STREETS,

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

Subscription: One Year, in Advance, $1.00

ADVERTISING AT MODERATE RATES.

Contracts made for Monthly, Quarterly, Half-yearly, or Yearly Advertisements, on application.

Remittances may be made by Draft, P. O. Order, or Registered Letter.

All Correspondence should be addressed to

The Herald Printing Company, Charlottetown.

Calendar for July, 1887.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Full moon 5th day, 4h., 21.7m., a. m., W.
Last Quarter 13th day, 2h., 46.6m., a.m., S. E.
New Moon 20th day, 4h., 37.5m., p. m., S. W.
First Quarter 27th day, 10h., 17.8m., a.m., E. below horizon.

Day of Month	Day of Week	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	The Moon. Rises	The Moon. Sets	High Water Ch'town
		h. m.	h. m.	aft'rn	m'rn	morn
1	Fri	4 18	7 49	4 0	1 40	7 20
2	Sat	19	49	5 9	2 12	8 22
3	Sun	19	48	6 18	2 57	9 12
4	Mon	20	48	7 12	3 44	9 59
5	Tues	21	46	7 56	4 35	10 40
6	Wed	22	47	8 45	5 30	11 40
7	Thur	22	47	9 22	6 32	11 58
8	Fri	23	47	9 54	7 34	aft 33
9	Sat	23	46	10 22	8 38	1 11
10	Sun	24	46	10 84	9 35	1 47
11	Mon	25	45	11 8	10 35	2 27
12	Tues	26	44	11 36	11 30	3 11
13	Wed	27	44	morn	aft 35	4 6
14	Thur	28	43	0 2	1 35	5 9
15	Fri	29	42	0 28	2 37	6 20
16	Sat	30	42	1 0	3 40	7 23
17	Sun	31	41	1 39	4 41	8 23
18	Mon	32	40	2 20	5 45	9 11
19	Tues	33	39	3 15	6 40	9 59
20	Wed	34	38	4 12	7 35	10 38
21	Thur	35	37	5 20	8 28	11 23
22	Fri	36	36	6 32	9	morn
23	Sat	37	35	7 46	9 39	0 5
24	Sun	38	34	9 1	10 11	0 50
25	Mon	39	32	10 15	10 41	1 27
26	Tues	40	31	11 29	11 11	2 14
27	Wed	41	30	aft 41	11 43	3 6
28	Thur	42	28	1 51	m'rn	4 14
29	Fri	43	27	3 0	0 18	5 35
30	Sat	45	26	4 5	0 51	6 57
31	Sur	4 46	7 25	5 4	1 39	8 4

CANADIAN SILVERWARE!

THE greater part of our Silver-Plated Ware is made by First-class American Houses, who have crossed the line and now manufacture on this side, thereby saving the purchaser the amount they formerly paid in duty, and the goods are of equal quality to those made in the United States.

Cruet Frames,
Cake Baskets,
Salvers,
Card Trays,
Butter Coolers,
Spoon Holders,
Syrup Jugs,
Biscuit Boxes,
Cups, Mugs,
Spoons,
Napkin Rings, &c.

For Sale Good and Cheap by

E. W. TAYLOR,

CAMERON BLOCK.

February 2, 1887—1y

North British and Mercantile

FIRE AND LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY!

—OF—

EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1809.

Total Assets, 1886, - - $29,371,980.79

TRANSACTS every description of Fire and Life Business on the most favorable terms.

This Company has been well and favorably known for its prompt payment of losses in this Island during the past twenty-two years.

JARED, W. HYNDMAN, Agent.

Corner Queen and Water Streets, Charlottetown, Jan. 19, 1887. } 1y

JOHN S. MACDONALD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

OFFICE:

Newson's Building, Opposite New Post Office.

Charlottetown, Oct. 7, 1886—1y

CHARLOTTETOWN

BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Hours—9.30 to 12 a.m.
2.00 to 4 p.m.
7.30 to 9.30 Evenings,

SPECIAL SUBJECTS:

BOOK-KEEPING, in all its branches
BUSINESS PENMANSHIP.
TYPE WRITING.
SHORTHAND.
TELEGRAPHY.
NAVIGATION, &c.

Call or write for full information.

L. B. MILLMAN, Principal.

October 21, 1885—tf

NEW GOODS, NEW GOODS,

—AT—

MATTHEW, McLEAN & CO'S,

Where their numerous customers will find the largest and best assortment of

SUMMER GOODS

Ever offered by them, and at prices lower than have ever been seen in Souris.

The stock comprises all the leading styles in DRESS GOODS, Prints, Ginghams, Seersuckers, Piques, &c., &c.

AN EXTRA LARGE RANGE OF CLOTHS.

Splendid Display in Millinery Goods, Parasols and Umbrellas.

Staple and Fancy Goods in endless variety, Men's, Boys' and Children's Felt and Straw Hats, large stock of Ready-made Clothing, Shirts, Collars, Ties and Scarfs, a full line of Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Groceries, &c., 100 chests choicest Tea.

While thanking our numerous customers for their patronage in the past, we would invite an inspection of our present Large Stock, which has been bought for cash, and marked at prices that cannot fail to please.

MATTHEW, McLEAN & CO.

Souris East, June 15, 1887—3m

1887. 1887.

REDDIN'S DRUG STORE.

CAMERON BLOCK. CAMERON BLOCK.

WHILE wishing a bright and prosperous New Year to all, would remind the general public that we have everything usually found in a FIRST-CLASS DRUG STORE AT LOWEST PRICES.

10 gross Diamond Dyes,
Howard's Cream Tartar,
" Baking Soda,
Nestle's, Ridge's and Mellin's Food.

Fellows' Syrup,
Patent Medicines,
Holloway's Pills,
Eno's Fruit Salt.

All the latest improvements for Dispensing.

Personal attention. Pure Chemicals.

Havana Cigars and Fine Tobaccos a Specialty

D. O'M. REDDIN, Jr.

Charlottetown, Jan. 19, 1887.

Prince Edward Island Railway.

1887. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1887.

On and after Wednesday, June 1st, 1887, Trains will run as follows:—

TRAINS FOR THE WEST.

STATIONS.	Express	Accom.	Accom.
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Charlottetown.dp	6 00	10 15	3 30
Royalty Junct'n.	6 14	10 35	3 49
North Wiltshire.	6 44	11 23	4 25
Hunter River.....	6 58	11 38	4 50
		P. M.	
Bradalbane.....	7 23	12 13	5 26
C'ty Line Junct'n	7 30	12 21	5 40
Freetown.....	7 40	12 31	5 55
Kensington	7 58	12 57	6 17
ar	8 15	1 30	6 50
Summerside. dp	8 30	2 00	
Miscouche	8 45	2 21	
Port Hill	9 05	2 47	
O'Leary.....	9 35	3 35	
Bloomfield.....	10 30	4 55	
Alberton.....	10 47	5 20	
Tignish	11 14	6 10	
ar	11 55	7 00	
		P. M.	
C'ty Line Junc.dp		5 45	
Cape Traverse. ar		6 35	

TRAINS FROM THE WEST.

STATIONS.	Express	Accom.	Accom.
	P. M.	A. M.	
Tignish.....dp	1 20	6 00	
Alberton.....	2 00	7 05	
Bloomfield.....	2 25	7 44	
O'Leary	2 42	8 10	
Port Hill	3 35	9 25	
Wellington	4 05	10 10	
Miscouche	4 25	10 44	
Summerside. ar	4 40	11 05	
Summerside. dp	4 55	11 40	A. M.
		P. M.	6 15
Kensington	5 17	12 13	6 44
Freetown	5 30	12 26	7 10
C'ty Line Junct'n	5 40	12 50	7 30
Bradalbane.....	5 47	12 54	7 35
Hunter River.....	6 13	1 33	8 14
North Wiltshire.	6 32	1 46	8 30
Royalty Junction	6 56	2 35	9 17
Charlottetown. ar	7 10	2 55	9 35
			A. M.
Cape Traverse. dp			6 25
C'ty Line Junc. ar			7 15

TRAINS FOR THE EAST.

STATIONS.	Express.	Accom.
	P. M.	A. M.
Charlottetown.....dp	3 15	6 30
Royalty Junct'n.....	3 30	6 50
Bedford	3 38	7 28
Mt. Stewart Junc. ar	4 25	8 05
Mt. Stewart Junc. dp	4 30	8 20
Morell	4 58	9 04
St. Peter's.....	5 20	9 35
Bear River	5 55	10 27
Souris .....ar	6 25	11 15
	P. M.	A. M.
Mt. Stewart Junc.....dp	4 35	8 25
Cardigan	5 28	9 22
Georgetown .....ar	5 45	10 00

TRAINS FROM THE EAST.

STATIONS.	Express.	Accom.
	A. M.	P. M.
Georgetown .....dp	7 10	2 40
Cardigan	7 17	3 03
Mount Stewart Junc. ar	8 10	4 15
	A. M.	P. M.
Souris ....dp	6 15	1 20
Bear River	6 45	2 10
St. Peter's.....	7 20	3 02
Morell	7 42	3 35
Mount Stewart Jun ar	8 10	4 20
Mount Stewart Jun dp	8 15	4 40
Bedford.....	8 49	5 17
Royalty Junct'n.....	9 05	5 55
Charlottetown .....ar	9 20	6 15

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

JAMES COLEMAN, Superintendent

Railway Office, Charlottetown, May 20, 1887—tf

No need to worry about where to buy Good Tea.

OUR NEW TEA

IS BOUND TO PLEASE.

We Sell at Prices to Suit the Times.

GOOD, 24 CENTS,
CHOICE, 30 CENTS,
EXTRA FINE, 36 CENTS.

Reduction in 5 pound parcels, half-chests and other packages.

Our Five Pound, Screw Top, Airtight Tins the best yet.

☞ Bring your empty Cans to be re-filled.

BEER & GOFF.

October 27, 1886.

We Want Potatoes

WE handled 80,000 bushels Potatoes this season and made money for our shippers; having decided to sell in small lots from store, to get outside prices, we want a few more good shippers. Write us and ship to

HATHEWAY & CO.,

GENERAL COMMISSION DEALERS,

22 Central Wharf, Boston.

Members Chamber of Commerce. Established 1872.

STEAMER

"HEATHER BELLE."

Summer Arrangement.

On and after Tuesday, May 24th, the Steamer "Heather Belle," Hugh McLean, Master, will run as follows:—

EVERY TUESDAY morning at 4 o'clock, will leave Charlottetown for Orwell Brush Wharf, leaving Orwell Brush Wharf at 7 a. m. for Charlottetown calling at China Point and Halliday's Wharves; leaving Charlottetown at 3 p. m. for Halliday's, China Point and Brush Wharves, where she will remain over night.

WEDNESDAY morning at 7 o'clock, will leave Brush Wharf for Charlottetown, calling at China Point and Halliday's Wharves; leaving Charlottetown at 3 p. m., remaining at Brush Wharf over night.

THURSDAY morning at 7 o'clock, will leave Brush Wharf for Charlottetown calling at China Point and Halliday's Wharves; leaving Charlottetown at 3 p. m.; leaving Brush Wharf about 6 p. m. for Charlottetown.

FRIDAY, will leave Charlottetown for Cranberry Wharf, East River, at 4 a. m.; leaving Cranberry Wharf at 7 a. m. for Charlottetown, calling at Hickey's Wharf; leaving Charlottetown for Hickey's and Cranberry Wharves at 3 p. m., returning to Charlottetown same evening.

Every alternate Friday steamer will go to Mount Stewart.

SATURDAY, at 3 o'clock, a. m., will leave Charlottetown for Crapaud; leaving Crapaud at 7 a. m. for Charlottetown; leaving Charlottetown at 3 p. m. to return to Crapaud, returning from Crapaud to Charlottetown same evening.

FARES:

Cabin, to or from Orwell and Wharves, 30 cents; Deck, 20 cents.

Cabin, to or from Mount Stewart, 20 cents, Cranberry and Hickey's, 12 cents.

Cabin, to or from Crapaud, 40 cts.; Deck, 30 cts.;

Excursion Tickets will be issued to Orwell every Thursday, and to Crapaud every Saturday.

JOHN HUGHES, Agent.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., May 25, 1887—3m

Credit Foncier Franco Canadien

LOANS on Mortgage for periods not exceeding 10 years without sinking fund, and from 10 to 50 years with sinking fund.

The borrower is privileged to pay off his loan in whole or in part at any time.

Circulars giving detailed information can be obtained on application at the offices of Messrs. Sullivan & McNeill, Solicitors Charlottetown,

W. W. SULLIVAN, Agent for the Company.

Jan. 2 1885.

McLean, Martin, & McDonald,

BARRISTERS & ATTORNEYS,

Solicitors, Notaries Public, &c.,

BROWN'S BLOCK,

Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

A. A. McLEAN, L.L.B., D. C. MARTIN,
H. C. McDONALD, B. A.

Money to loan on Real Estate at low rates of interest.

September 22, 1886—1y

TRAVEL VIA

Burlington Route C.B.Q.R.R.

Through Trains with Dining Cars, Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, Modern Coaches. Sure connections in Union Depots at its terminal points, with trains from and to the East, West, North and South. Cheapest, Best and Quickest Route from Chicago, Peoria or St. Louis to

DENVER, SAN FRANCISCO, OMAHA, KANSAS CITY, CITY OF MEXICO,

ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ORE. ST. JOSEPH, ATCHISON.

For Tickets, Rates, Maps, &c., apply to Ticket Agents of connecting lines, or address

K. J. POTTER, Gen'l P. A. H. D. STONE, G. M. PAUL NORTON, G. P. & T. A.

For handsome Illustrated Burlington Route Guide Book send 4c. postage to the G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

Freehold Farms

FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale the whole of his Property situated between Norwood and Union Roads, in the Royalty of Charlottetown, three miles from the City, containing Two Hundred Acres of Land, known as BEECH HILL FARM, and formerly owned by Hon. J. C. Pope.

This Farm is well watered, having a clear stream running through it, which makes it very desirable for Pasturage. There is also a new and comfortable Dwelling House on the premises, besides stabling for fifty head of horned cattle and four horses, and also houses sufficient to contain all the grain and hay that can possibly grow on the whole property. There are over forty acres of land ploughed on the premises, and mostly cross-ploughed, manure being ploughed in it. There is also in the barn yard sufficient stable manure to cover fifteen acres. All this preparation now ready for present crop. Immediate possession given if required.

Also that other Farm known as STONE PARK FARM, formerly occupied by late Hon. George Coles, containing Two Hundred Acres of Land, and is situated less than two miles from the City. A large portion of it joins the Government Model Farm. There are on it for present crop Forty-eight acres ploughed, cross-ploughed and manured, and in the barn yard sufficient manure to cover sixteen acres, available for present crop. On this farm there is sufficient stable room for fifty head horned cattle and ten horses; also a large Barn, Granary and other buildings, sufficient to hold all the grain and hay grown on the farm. Immediate possession given if required.

OWEN CONNOLLY.

Charlottetown, April 6, 1887—tf

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. E. MACNEILL.

jan. 17, 1884

THE CHARLOTTETOWN HERALD is acknowledged to be the Best Paper published in the Province.

BEST ON *EARTH*

SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

A marvel of efficiency and economy. Quality never varies. The purest and best for all household purposes; washing and cleaning without injury to hands or fabric. No boiling, scalding or hard rubbing necessary. The saving of fuel alone pays for the soap. Makes white goods whiter, softens woolen goods and makes colored goods brighter. One soap for all purposes. Toilet, Bath, Laundry, Scrubbing, &c. Read the directions plainly given on each wrapper and learn the new "Surprise" way of washing clothes, saving time, money, labor and worry of the old way. Wash day is made a pleasure by the use of SURPRISE SOAP and joy and smiles take the place of tired looks. Save 2 Surprise wrappers, send to the manufacturers with your address and get a handsome picture for them. Ask your grocer to show you the picture. SURPRISE SOAP is sold by all leading grocers. If not obtainable at your home send 6 cents in stamps to us for sample bar.

The St. Croix Soap M'f'g Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

The First Sign

Of failing health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

Failing Health.

Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alterative, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. D. S., M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Dyspepsia Cured.

It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. To-day my health is completely restored.—Mary Harley, Springfield, Mass.

I have been greatly benefited by the prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood. It is, without doubt, the most reliable blood purifier yet discovered.—H. D. Johnson, 353 Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

W. R. Watson, Charlottetown, Wholesale Agent.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents: five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York City.

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT-WILD STRAWBERRY

A PROMPT AND RELIABLE CURE

For Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Colic, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, and all Summer Complaints of Children or Adults.

T. MILBURN & Co., Proprietors, TORONTO, ONT.

NEW PENS. NEW PENS.

GET THE BEST.

BOOK-KEEPERS, Accountants and Teachers pronounce the

Charlottetown Business College Pen

the MOST DURABLE, the SMOOTHEST RUNNING, and the MOST ELASTIC STEEL PEN ever placed in the market.

Be sure and ask your Stationer for the Charlottetown Business College Pen, and if he is sold out, write direct to the College, and a quarter gross will be mailed you upon receipt of letter containing 35 cents.

Try them and you will use no other.

Charlottetown, Dec. 8, 1886—tf

(*For the Herald.*)

SOMETHING WANTING.

"Something wanting!" What strange language,
Ever ringing in my soul,
Since the early dawn of reason,
Still as years fast o'er me roll.
"Something wanting!" is it honor?
Power enthroned o'er servile bands?
Or the riches that we seek for
In the spicy eastern lands?

'Tis not honor, for the honored
Thirst the more at honor's stream;
'Tis not power, for it may vanish
Like some vain, deceptive dream,
And leave naught behind but sorrow;
Or should it forever stray,
'Tis but that some new-born trouble
Usher in each coming day.

"Something wanting!" is it knowledge?
Or the charms of nature fair,
Where the blossom, mead, and forest,
Breathe their fragrance on the air?
Knowledge makes that music sweeter,
But it sounds unceasing still,
Like the midnight zephyr stealing
Softly, slowly, o'er the hill.

Vainly in ye, charms of nature,
I have sought some mystic draught
That could soothe to blissful silence,
Or some airy guide to waft
To the scenes it ever seeketh,
That strange vigil of my soul;
O'er the rocky shores and headlands
I have seen the billows roll.

On the silent, moon-lit beach
I have heard the wavelets sigh;
On the flowery, smiling meadow
Heard sweet breezes whispering by;
Watched and listened in the forest
When the leaves were fresh and green,
And the songsters' thoughtless warblings,
Mingling, floated o'er the scene.

But my soul did sigh and struggle,
For to me each sound did seem
Like the strange, ambiguous voices
That have spoken in a dream,
Pregnant with some awful meaning
That we wish, yet fear, to know.
O! that sound must be the ebbing
And the calm succeeding flow.

Of eternity's wide ocean,
As in measured, ceaseless beat
On my soul the wavelets fall,
Warning its adventurous feet.
'Tis that voice of admonition,
Mingled with a secret strain,
Sent to charm my exile soul
Back to its own bright domain.

But, you ask me, why from pleasures
Turn my sighing soul away;—
Ask the songster caged far north
Why 'tis sorrowful all day;
Why, though northern flowers do bloom
And sweet fruits around are spread,
Still, from wonted songs refraining,
Slowly droops its tiny head.
Thus it pines and frets away,
Knowing not the reason why;
But, set free, again 'twould warble
In the sunny southern sky.

And thou voice within my soul,
Caged in uncongenial clime,
Teach it, too, to seek its home,
When't shall burst the bars of time;
Guide it weary of its journey
To the bright eternal shore,
Where thy parting voice shall whisper,
"Something wanting nevermore!"

C. A. C.

(*Written for the Herald.*)

GLADSTONE.

Gladstone will go down to posterity a pre-eminently and truly great man. His virtues are now too present to receive proper appreciation, and it is only the future historian, removed from our prejudices and interests, who can pronounce a fitting eulogy on that grand and towering character.

The venerable statesman is now approaching the age of seventy-eight years, fifty-four of which have been spent in the service of the Empire. Recent events are so interwoven with his personality, that the name of Gladstone may be taken to represent that social and political system of which the "Grand Old Man" is leader. The career of the great statesman is truly an eventful one; a fierce opponent of reform, he became a pleader for popular rights; a strong churchman, he achieved Dis-establishment; a rigid coercionist, he relents and practises conciliation; his course has been sometimes contrary, but never contradictory, for his views were based on honest convictions and guided by wisdom. The author of "Vivian Gray" and "Endymion" found in him a "foeman worthy of his steel," and it is a singular fact that at one time or other Gladstone has been opposed to every prominent leader of the present reign—Macauly, Wilberforce, O'Connell, Palmerston, Derby and Russell, have each, in turn, felt the prowess of this parliamentary gladiator. It is no less singular, though equally true, that whether as Liberal or as Tory, Gladstone has always been a man of peace; the third Napoleon erected a throne on the smoulder-ruins of revolution, and Bismarck cemented German unity in the blood of Gravelotte and Sedan; Gladstone has held the field longer than either, his name is higher, and grander and prouder; his victories, though in a different sphere, are equally great, though bloodless, and far more beneficial. The illustrious old man combines, in great measure, the three qualities of statesman, politician and diplomatist. The highest mark of statecraft is the ability to grapple with great questions at the most opportune time. That Gladstone has done so let mankind affirm. His great hold, no less on the people than on his immediate followers, together with his power of moderating contending factions, denote his possession of the lower if not less necessary attributes of the politician; while his plomacy is attested by the manner in which he has guided the nation through the blackest difficulties as well as by the grace with which he gives up details and makes concessions without impairing the principles of his greatest schemes. Besides this, who has a subtler grasp of the English language—how lucid and yet how brief; how complex, yet how plain; how strong, yet how sweet; how simple, how fervent, how stately is that noble eloquence which has so often been a shield to his followers and a terror to his opponents. Speech has been with Gladstone a reaper, used with effect and always for a good purpose. Gladstone is, further, a model of perseverance. While even already his sun is setting behind the western horizon and the coming twilight is fast chilling his energies, he stands erect, noble, determined as ever. His frame is bent, his limbs are feeble, his eye grows dim, his voice loses its harmony, but that iron mind is acute as ever, and that generous heart has lost none of its sympathies by age. England may well feel proud of her son; Ireland glories in her champion. After centuries of dispute and enmity, and bloodshed, with generosity sufficient to acknowledge justice, and with force of mind equal to its avoval, he stretched forth the hand of brotherhood to the vanquished, and the deep, dark gulf which has so long separated Celt and Saxon all but disappeared before his efforts. He proposed a settlement based not upon surrender, but on compromise, founded in love and to be sustained by reason. His design was original, vast, comprehensive—the fruit of a master mind, involving at once the arrangement of a great dispute, the establishment of new imperial principles and a means of ultimately reuniting in fraternal happiness all countries which speak our mother tongue. Having thus reached what he deemed a fitting solution he went straight forward undismayed by treason within or by calumny without. The "Grand Old Man" is an embodiment of self-denial. He lost office by adherence to conscientious convictions, and now, when he might be excused for seeking quiet rest, he still does battle like a hero for a down-trodden and oppressed people. Amidst all this turmoil he does not forget former acquaintances. What forbearance does he not display in refusing to answer Bright's strictures through fear of giving offence to an old comrade? Whoever has once served him may rely forever on his affection. Sir Stafford Northcote was politically a bitter foe, yet when Iddesleigh, deserted by his life associates, passed to his rest, Gladstone mourned with genuine sorrow, remembering him only as the friend of earlier years. The silver voice, the snow-white head, and the gentle manner of England's celebrated statesman excercises a stronger moral and social influence in the world at large than does the example of the proudest potentate in Europe. Before long that tongue which pleaded so eloquently for Ireland will lie cold and still in the awful slumbers of death. St. Stephen's must soon loose, and forever, that quaint figure who played so prominent a part in her legislative halls. While the grand old parliamentary hero lives, the nation he sought to serve should substantially commemorate his merits. Erin should make a great effort to quickly accomplish a National Memorial in some form to her first, truest and most disinterested English defender—the immortal William Ewart Gladstone.

J. O'BRIEN.

Monticello, King's Co., July 6, '87.

That Famous Tower.

The leaning tower! Don't I remember just how it looked on the cover of an old school atlas, says, with charming reminiscence, Charles Warren Stoddard, where it was prominent in a group of world wonders: St. Peter's, the pyramids, and other extraordinary architectural leviathans! It seemed to me then that the tower must be at least half a mile high, and that from its summit St. Peter's and the pyramids were plainly visible. I thought it probable, also, that the man who made the atlas was the only one who had ventured to ascend it. Bright and early one morning my comrade and I set out for the leaning tower. The cathedral, the baptistery, the Camp Santo and the tower are a remarkable family group; they are situated in the very edge of the town, and have broad green lawns about them; it is very silent there; the city of 50,000 souls troubles them not, for they are far enough removed to escape all the dust and tumult, while they appear in admirable perspective. My comrade had been there before me; he is an artist; he knows something of artistic effect, and he wished to spring the tower upon me just at the right angle, so that I should be duly impressed. He succeeded. Pausing suddenly in one of the highly interesting streets of Pisa, he whirled me about on my heels, and there, over the roof of a low house before me, I saw the tower trying its best to look down into a hollow court in the next block. It does lean! It is 180 feet in height, and 13 feet out of the perpendicular. Coming into green fields beyond the city, we saw at a glance the wondrous galaxy of buildings. Each is so perfect in its way that it would have a frame of its own were it situated elsewhere; but they seem necessary to one another's complete happiness. Even as it is, they have as much as they can do to keep from looking lonesome; I am sure they feel so, for the life has gone out of them, and they are now mere shows for the entertainment of the curious. As you face the facade of the cathedral, the tower is on your left about 100 yards removed, and directly in front of the transept. It leans away from the cathedral, toward the town. You begin the ascent well enough. You see that the stairs are steeper in some places than in others; that at times the inner wall crowds down upon you, while the outer wall bulges out in an unpleasant fashion. You feel, almost, as if your were in the cabin of a ship at sea; you realize a kind of undulating motion without having the visible cause of it before your eyes, or within sound of your ears. A slight vertigo seized me when we were half-way up to the tower; we stopped to rest, looking down through a little window into the deep shaft that seemed to have been sunk diagonally through the tower. The angle was disagreeably suggestive, and we instinctively turned away. Then we trudged on and on, and looked again; it seemed as if the tower were beginning to sway from side to side; we both saw it and felt—or imagined we did. The walls by this time sagged very much, it was with difficulty that we kept from slipping out of the door on the gallery level with the stairs, when the tower flung over on our side. I wonder that we had the courage to complete the ascent, since towers have fallen before now, and leaning towers are not expected to stand any longer than they choose—indeed there is hardly an excuse for their standing as long as they do. The earth has settled about the base of the Pisa tower, so that you now descend several steps in order to reach the door on the ground floor. We were near the top; the roofs of the city lay far below us; we caught giddy glimpses of the world from the openings in the wall—the tempting doors that invited us to step into eternity without awaiting our turn. We were stumbling like drunken men by the time we reached the chamber at the top, where hangs a chime of bells. Here we breathed more freely. The big bell, weighing 6 tons, is on the upper side of the tower—"to windward," as it were; the smaller bells take their chances on the down grade—this discovery relieved us somewhat, for we were still affected by the undulations of the long spiral stairway. While we were viewing the country from the turrets above the bell chamber, lo! all the bells began ringing right under our feet. Oh! then the tower reeled in very truth, and seemed as if it were about to be shaken to pieces; every stone trembled perceptibly, as the agitated air whistled about our ears. One man was the cause of it all; one bell ringer, who might have been the archetype of Victor Hugo's "Quasimodo"—but that he was born too late; from a trap door in the roof we watched this sprite among the bells. He sprang like a monkey on one of them and set it swinging; then leaped gaily upon another; then back again, and to and fro; and finally, with accelerated speed, as if flying from a spring board, he caught the big bell to windward, and got its thick black tongue in motion; so he dashed from one to another in a kind of frenzy that was inspired by the melodious thunder of the bells, while with almost superhuman agility he dogged the roaring monsters as they wheeled and whirled about him. Escape was impossible while this concert was in progress; we had only to bide our time, meanwhile trying to get interested in the landscape. Green hills were about us on the inland side, but the country was as flat as a floor from Pisa to the sea—Away off by the shore lay Leghorn. Should we not go to Leghorn, when it lies but an hour distant by rail? We thought it best, and as soon as the bells were quieted, though they were still trembling and moaning, we hastened down the cork-screw stairway and reappeared in capital trim. I had thought to receive the finishing touch on my way down, but no! You see we had become wound up to the highest pitch in ascending, and during the descent we had merely to unwind and emerge precisely in the state in which we entered. The tower is really one of the wonders of the world; but I wish I could think of it just as I used to think of it when I saw it on the atlas cover, hobnobbing with St. Peter's and the pyramids. What puzzled me then and there, is how English-speaking people manage to make Leghorn out of the name of a city that is invariably known in its own country and among its own people, as Levorno. Back we rushed to Pisa. It was in the afternoon, when the sun of Italy begins to lend to the landscape the evanescent beauty which is its chief charm. Again we sought the consecrated corner of the city, where the scilence is seldom broken save by the delirious clang of bells in the airy chamber of the leaning tower. The gate of the Campo Santo was closed, but we were admitted by a custodian, who answered our pull at the bell rope with an appropriately slow step. The Campo Santo of Pisa is an oblong open court, surrounded by a collonade. The centre of the court is filled with earth brought from Mount Calvary—fifty-three ship loads having been imported for that purpose by order of Archbishop Ubaldo after the Christians lost the Holy Land. The court is now grass grown, and a few pale roses shed their petals upon the dust that was once instinct with life; doubtless the ashes of the dead are as thickly strewn within this burial ground as is the sacred soil that was brought so far to hallow it. Within the colonnades are strangely interesting frescoes by painters of the earliest Tuscan school of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; below them are groups of marbles, ancient, mediæval and modern. Every stone under foot marks a grave. On the wall are pictured mingled phases of life and death, the one dissolving unexpectedly into the other—as when a company of gay cavaliers come suddenly upon a tomb that is burst open, exposing a hideous spectacle of corruption. The waning light streamed in through the beautiful tracery of the unglazed windows that separated the court from the colonnade, and fell upon the panoramic frescos of the solid outer walls. A bird fluttered down into the green quadrangle, and balanced on the bough of a rose tree. How very still the place was! Even the sound of our footsteps startled us—and no wonder. The great open window frames—sixty-two of them in all—set close together, with a single column to divide them, making the colonnade of the Campo Santo seem like a