

nestless I find ever more nestless?" responded Tiffle. "I know my place, and what's due to your ladyship too well, I hope, to bring you tales of news that could turn into more nestless. They have got quite motive enough—let them alone for that; and the motive is, my lady, that they have heard from India, and the colonel can't help them as much as a shilling a year, for he has lost every lot of his fortune. The place where it was kept has gone bankrupt, my lady."

"Is this true?" uttered Lady Adelaide. "It's gospel true," returned Tiffle. "And those two old ones, thinking there's no chance now of Mr. Lester's consent, are going to take French leave, and marry without it. I can't quite come at the precise time it's to be, but I'm sure many days won't go over first."

"How did you come at it all?" interrupted Lady Adelaide. "How do you come at things?"

Tiffle's countenance became very innocent. "I keep my eyes and ears open, my lady."

"You must listen at doors, and behind hedges, Tiffle."

"My lady, whatever I do, it's out of regard to your ladyship—that you should not be hoodwinked by designing serpents. And I tell you for a truth, and you may believe me with confidence, that he's going to convert that girl into Mrs. Wilfred."

Lady Adelaide laughed—a laugh that sounded more like derision than mirth. "That is soon stopped," she said. "Give me that shawl, Tiffle."

She was throwing a shawl over her shoulders, to proceed to the dressing-room of Mr. Lester—for he, like herself, was dressing for dinner—when Tiffle placed herself in her way, and spoke demurely:

"If I might venture to suggest to you, my lady, I'd just let 'em do it, and I'd not stop 'em. If it comes to Mr. Wilfred begging consent of his father, there's no answering but he may get it, and a yearly allowance with it. But when master finds out that they have gone and done it of themselves, in defiance of him, as may be said, then the fat'll be in the fire. Master won't look at 'em, or give 'em a farthing, and it'll be exactly what they deserve."

Lady Adelaide, it must be presumed, found this advice good, for she kept the tidings to herself, and let things take their course. The consequence was precisely what Tiffle had suggested. Wilfred married, and—to borrow her own words—the fat was in the fire. In no measured degree, either. Wilfred pursued telling his father in the course of a few days after the event, but Lady Adelaide forestalled him, and her manner of imparting the news was in the highest degree calculated to anger and inflame Mr. Lester. A furious interview succeeded between father and son. And Mr. Lester cast him off, declaring that he should never have assistance from him during his own life, nor would he leave it him after death.

"And that's glorious news!" cried Tiffle, to her mistress; "worth a chorus of halloguies. It's your ladyship's own dear child, Master George, that will inherit, as is but right he should."

"Nonsense, Tiffle!" But Tiffle saw the beaming look of satisfaction which, in spite of the "nonsense," overspread the features of Lady Adelaide at the suggestion.

Months had elapsed now since the marriage, nearly twelve, which brings us again to the present, and to Maria Lester dressing herself for her evening walk. As she turned from the glass, she stood for a moment at the window contemplating the weather, listening to the howling wind.

"It is certainly an unusually boisterous evening," she soliloquized, "but I would rather encounter it than remain at home to meet Lord Dane." With that, she descended to the hall, and as she crossed it she addressed a man-servant: "James, should I be inquired for in the drawing-room, say that I have gone to take tea with Miss Boddiford."

CHAPTER XII.

SCARCELY had Lady Adelaide reached the drawing-room, Mr. Lester lingering still at the desert-table, when Lord Dane was announced. He had altered far more than Lady Adelaide. Could it be, that that tall, stern man, with the gray hair mixing with his luxuriant locks, was the former slender stripling, Geoffrey Herbert Dane? His age was but eight and thirty yet, but he looked older than his years. Handsome he was still, and handsome he ever would be, for he had the prominent, well-shaped features of the Dane family, but there was a fixed expression of care upon his brow. High in position, wealthy in means, possessed of all the extraneous accessories to make life happy, one might wonder how the care got there—like the flies in amber.

Lady Adelaide stood in her evening-dress of white brocade silk, jewels in her hair, on her neck, on her fair arms. Highly extravagant was she in her attire, as the family income knew to its cost; but dress she would and dress she did. As Lord Dane greeted her he could not help thinking how little she was changed; charming and attractive did she look, almost as much so as when she was his young love.

"What a terrible night!" she exclaimed. "Yes, it is blowing great guns," replied Lord Dane. "I hope there will be no disasters at sea."

"Did you come on foot?"

"On foot! this little way! oh yes," he laughed.

"Nay, not for the distance," she said. "I was thinking of the weather."

"I have become inured to that, whatever it may be; my nine years' travel did that good service for me."

"I cannot imagine what attraction you could have found, to keep you so many years. And you never remained long in one place, you say."

"No. I went everywhere, everywhere in Europe, not out of it. By the way, though, yes, I did go out of it, for I explored Turkey in Asia."

"And your attraction, I ask, Lord Dane?"

"I had none. The very restlessness would imply the want of that. I have found that since my return. It is here, at home."

She lifted her eyes inquiringly toward him. "An attraction that, when a consciousness first dawned over my spirit, I strove to combat; but the more I strove, the less would it take its departure. I believe I have no resources but to yield to it. Adelaide—forgive me, that I speak to you in the familiar terms of former years—will you be my advocate? Will you hear me with favor?"

He spoke in the low, tender tone that had once been as the sweetest music to her ear—he took her hand in his pleading earnestness. "Will you excuse Lady Adelaide for the error she fell into? remembering old days, it was perhaps a natural one."

She thought he was pleading for her favor not for her influence with another. A crimson blush overspread her face; but it was succeeded by a deadly paleness.

"Have you forgotten who I am?" she asked, in a low, proud tone, not so much in resentment, but as though she thought he really had forgotten it. "You forget yourself, Lord Dane; I am the wife of Mr. Lester; mother of his children."

(To be continued.)

WAR ON LANDLORDISM.

The Anti-Rent Agitation in Ireland Assuming Threatening Proportions—Parnell Aides with the Tenants—A Military Reign of Terror Established in Connacht.

DUBLIN, Sept. 1, 1879.

The land agitation is the absorbing question in Ireland just now, and Home Rule seems for the moment to be temporarily laid aside. It is not, however, wholly forgotten in the new agitation which has sprung so suddenly and with such fierce energy into existence. The change in the aspect of the political situation is more apparent than real, for every one acquainted with the real views of the Irish people knows that underlying all forms of agitation was this question of the restoration of the ownership of the land to the people, who have never really acquiesced in the "settlements" imposed on them by force of arms by the English Government.

Under the old clan system the land belonged to the people, and the chiefs had no right to appropriate or alienate any part of it, and to this ancient right of ownership the peasants clung with that desperate tenacity which has distinguished the Western Celts in their struggle against foreign customs, foreign laws and foreign rule. Beaten on the field of battle, the individual Celt refused to accept the result, and single-handed defended what he never ceased to consider his property against English adventurer or Irish traitor who sought to reduce him to the level of a feudal serf. In this fact, so generally overlooked by foreign writers, is found the explanation of that social war which has deluged Ireland with blood since the struggle against William of Orange, when the final land conquest was effected which handed the people over to the power of a set of adventurers, for the most part "aliens in blood, language and religion," from whom a majority of the Irish landlords of to-day are directly descended.

THE ORIGIN OF LANDLORDISM.

The sweeping confiscations which followed the triumph of William of Orange were not, however, carried out so completely as the English Government desired. The new landlords dared not take possession of the lands granted by the King, for the Irish Rapparees had an unpleasant method of dealing with the intruders. In time a compromise was effected, which gave the foreign adventurers the right to a rent charge on the estates, and, as time rolled on, by the operation of English law they gradually came to exercise a practically irresponsible power over the ancient owners, who had sunk to the position of tenants at will. In the eyes of the law the peasants had no rights, and evil disposed landlords were only restrained from a tyrannical exercise of the privileges given them by English law by the fear of assassination. This conflict of interests brought about that social war which has not yet ceased. From time to time the civilized world is shocked by the news that a landlord has been shot to death, and while the outside world is filled with indignation at what seems a savage crime the Irish peasant devoutly raises his hat and piously ejaculates, "Glory be to God!" He knows the landlord as an oppressor and hears of his death with much the same kind of satisfaction that the inhabitants of an Italian district learn that a noted brigand has been shot down. This, of course, does not apply to all landlords, but it is mostly true of the landlords who are shot—the "felonious landlords," as Gladstone very aptly called them.

DIFFICULTY OF ABOLISHING A BAD SYSTEM.

An agitation with the avowed intention of abolishing this hated class was sure to enlist in its support the strongest sentiments of the Irish masses, but hitherto no man of commanding influence has been found bold enough to face the social outlawry sure to be visited on the leader in a revolt against the vested interests of landlordism. Until Mr. Michael Davitt, returning from the American trip and with his head filled with New World ideas of land ownership, called on the people of Mayo to refuse payment of rack rents, and proclaimed the right of the people to the soil, no public man had had the courage to grapple with this question. The Home Rulers gave it a wide berth, and many of them, like the millionaire Mitchell Henry, did their best to suppress a movement which they foresaw must bring into the political field popular forces that had lain dormant since the tithe war, and that they were by no means desirous of calling into active life. Though some of the obstructionists were known to entertain somewhat radical views on the subject of land tenure, they did not think it wise to ventilate their opinions too openly, and it required the popular agitation which has been going on for some time in the Connacht counties, and which has finally spread to the Conservative North, to induce them finally to throw in their fortunes with their humbler countrymen.

PARNELL GIVES HIS ADHERENCE.

There seemed some danger that the anti-rent movement would die out, owing to the refusal of the well known public leaders to commit themselves to a programme which is sure to be denounced as communistic, but this danger is now removed. That stormy petrel of contemporary Irish politics, Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, has at last yielded to the solicitations of some of the most earnest and influential of the local leaders, and has agreed to issue a call for a convention of representatives from all Ireland to meet in Dublin to discuss the interests of the tenants and organize a national land league. This agreement has not yet been made public, but I am informed on the best authority that the arrangements for the assembling of the convention are even now in progress. The immediate result of this coalition will be to place tenant power in the hands of the obstructionist minority. It will practically deprive the Conservative members of the Home Rule party of the little popular influence they now possess unless they change their tactics and promise a more vigorous support to the extreme party in the House of Commons. The pill will be a bitter one, but many of these gentlemen will swallow it rather than endanger their seats. The prospect before the House of Commons is not a pleasant one, and, unless some satisfactory measure is passed next session which will protect the Irish tenant farmer from capricious eviction, the scenes which during the last session rather dimmed the lustre of the most ancient and respectable assembly are likely to be repeated, only Mr. Parnell will have a larger following from fear if not from love.

GREAT POPULAR STRENGTH OF THE MOVEMENT.

It is impossible not to be struck with the intense earnestness of the land agitation as compared to the support given to the Home Rule movement. The local papers are full of it, and are sharply divided by their Liberal and Tory proclivities. It is the chief and absorbing topic of conversation with all classes. Only a faint idea of the way it is affecting the public mind can be gathered from the public press, as many of the most suggestive facts connected with the agitation

are suppressed from motives of prudence. Although up to the present no active violence has been committed, in many instances the peasants have gone to the verge of the law in impressing on the landlords and their agents the necessity and desirability of a reduction of the rents in view of the unfavorable condition of the crops and the markets. On nearly all the large estates the tenants assembled in a body and marched to the landlord's or agent's house, having selected one of their number to act as spokesman. In every case they complained that the rents were too high and demanded a reduction of from twenty-five to thirty per cent., at the same time informing the landlords that if they would not accept the amount offered they would get none at all. In reply to threats of eviction the tenants in several cases defiantly answered that they did not mean to be evicted, and that they would hold their farms by force.

DANGER OF A SOCIAL WAR.

These threats, combined with the intimidation practised by small groups of armed men, who recalled unpleasant memories of the Whiteboy days, had in most cases a salutary influence on the landlords, and the tenants' terms were accepted. In a few estates situated in Mayo, and belonging to absentees, who feel themselves out of danger, the old rents were insisted on, but the tenants have persistently refused to pay. Notices to quit have been threatened, but few bailiffs are found willing to run the risk of serving them. Evidences of a defiant temper among the farming classes are encountered in every direction, and there can be little doubt that should the landowners in the coming winter attempt to enforce claims which the peasants consider unjust, there will be an outbreak of the social war which will recall the days when the Ribbon lodges scattered death through the landlords of Tipperary.

GOVERNMENT ADOPTING PRECAUTIONARY MEASURES.

The government is by no means ignorant of the agitated state of the public mind and is taking extraordinary measures of military precaution. For some time past a genuine military reign of terror has been established in the province of Connacht. Soldiers and police are constantly moving from one place to another as a warning to the people that the government is prepared to adopt vigorous measures of repression. Strategic points have been occupied by the troops, and in the more disturbed districts iron huts are in process of erection for the military police. Since the rebellion of 1798 there has never been such a strong military occupation of Connacht.

SIGNIFICANT SPEECHES.

At the great meeting held at Castlebar one of the speakers, Mr. Matthew Harris, a well known authority on questions connected with the land, said: "We have the extraordinary spectacle of a people living in profound peace and a government panting for war. Of people assembling in their thousands, as we are assembled here to-day, to ask that they be left in the peaceful possession of their homes. To ask for that security and repose without which no people can be contented or prosperous, and a government whose voice is still for war, with a bayonet at every man's throat, a spy at every keyhole, and an informer, when they can get him, at every man's elbow. We may well ask ourselves what is the cause of all this? The only answer I can give is that the present movement is essentially a people's movement, and, being a people's movement, it is hated and feared by the enemies of the people all along the line."

Another speaker at the same meeting—Mr. Daly, the proprietor of the *Connacht Telegraph*—spoke, and still more boldly. He said: "It would be better for the landlords and police not to drive the half starved people to desperation. We tell them that no amount of coercion or rent office tyranny will make the people submit to be driven out of their homes, as was done in 1847. In 1847 and 1849 there was a wholesale clearance, but in 1879 the people will not stand it. My friends, my advice is—pay the landlords the surplus you can make out of the land after feeding and clothing yourselves and families, and pay them no more. If you allow yourselves to be evicted you must choose the workhouse, the emigrant ship or the grave. So you will find it a more laudable death to die fighting for your God-given rights—your homesteads—than to die within the white Government sepulchres, there to fill pauper graves."

The effect of teaching like this needs no comment.

BRITISH DEPRESSION.

Scotland's Fearful Agricultural Distress—A New Emigration Scheme—Kensland's Loss Estimated at \$200,000,000.

(N. Y. Herald Correspondence.)

LONDON, August 27, 1879.

The continued prevalence of bad weather has put the finishing touch to the farmers' troubles. The chorus of complaint has swelled to an unprecedented height, and those who, like the Home Secretary, still take an optimistic view of the situation are few and far between. From east, from west, from north and from south come deplorable accounts of ruined wheat crops. The general complaint is that the ear does not fill, and that where it fills it does not ripen; and where there was a chance of it filling and ripening the late rains have completely waterlogged it. The fate of the harvest is now a sealed thing. There is no room to hope that the farmers will escape with even moderate losses. For the bulk of their disaster is the only word to rightly characterize their outlook. Mr. Thomas C. Scott, a well known writer on agricultural subjects, puts the probable outcome of the corn crop at one-third less than an average yield, and this deficiency, he states, means a loss of £25,000,000 to the cultivator. Against this there is no set-off. On the contrary, wherever the farmer may turn he finds himself the victim of an adverse fortune. As in cereals so also in pulses serious damage has been done, the money also under this latter head being estimated at £3,000,000. Potatoes, too, are a bad crop, and the calculation is that the blight cannot cost the growers less than £15,000,000. Probably this figure is considerably lower rather than over the mark, for the reports are that the potato disease is still spreading. From Nottingham and other midland parts, as also from Norfolk, advices state that the blight is spreading to a most alarming extent, making its appearance after the plants have been taken to the market. Again, the partial failure of the hop crop, says Mr. Scott, will involve a further sum of £1,250,000, a figure which is also in all likelihood below the mark, the blight in this crop also having rapidly increased during the past week. In Kent some of the plants appear black with blight. Then the loss on the areas under artificial and natural grasses will be heavy, probably as much as £15,000,000. Mr. Scott describes the mangel, turnip and other root crops as late in growth and small in size, and every where mastered by weeds and, in his opinion, it will require a long and specially fine autumn to bring them to half average crops. Finally, he says: "On grass, though abundant, no live stock

except dairy cows, has this season made profitable returns," and "there appears nothing wanting," observes Mr. Scott, "to complete the ruin of the poorer class of tenant farmers, especially in England and Scotland."

IN IRELAND AND SCOTLAND.

In Ireland, it is pleasing to be able to think, matters seem in rather better condition. A report from Galway declares the prospect to have been greatly brightened there. Farmers expect to commence reaping in a few days. The hay, which is all saved, is an excellent crop, and turnips and mangels are in splendid condition. The same cannot be said of potatoes, however, they having there also been in many instances seriously blighted. Should these anticipations be verified, Ireland will have one grievance the less for the present. It is quite otherwise with reference to Scotland, however. There the bad season and other causes—and those other causes are great and multifarious—have led to worse results than in the sister kingdom, and the result will be, I am afraid, untold suffering during the coming winter. Wherever there is a grievance in Ireland we hear of it. The Irish have the most offhand way of calling attention to themselves and their troubles. They simply shoot an agent or a landlord and the thing is done. Then, if there is a chance of attention flagging, they shoot another. There are many arguments to be adduced in favor of this method of keeping a question alive, and there are some, of course, that might be brought against it. It cannot be denied, however, that it has the desired effect. Only the other day a respectable Irishman, and a man of position, said that the murder of the Earl of Leitrim had had a good effect by terrifying the aristocrats, and that two or three more "examples" made of similar gentlemen (this was not so much an agrarian outrage as an act of revenge for numerous heartless seductions) would have the effect of bringing about much needed reforms. This, however, by the way.

DEPRESSION IN SCOTLAND.

The Scotchman, fortunately, is not given to this method of getting his wrongs righted. He is patient and long-suffering, thinking that time will bring about a rectification of all things. Still he is beginning to think that in his respect the said time is a little dilatory and may need jogging. Anyhow, matters are getting to a head in Scotland, and we may expect some marked development of opinion there, and along with it some strong action. For years past landowners have been gradually dispossessing the people of almost foothold on the land, while counties that were formerly as blooming gardens have been turned into veritable wildernesses, over which no man may tread without permission. Former inhabitants have been crowded to the large towns or seaside villages, there to seek a precarious existence on fish and salt air. I have before me details of evictions and depopulations that would scarcely be credited, and would almost lead one to believe that some Scotch landowners had read their beloved Scriptures backward—not "replenish the earth and subdue it," but the reverse. However, of that some other time. Suffice it to say that at the present moment there is a vast number of people unemployed in Glasgow and other towns, and an immense deal of consequent distress. The other night a mass meeting took place at the former, at which strong statements were made regarding the conduct of the authorities, not assisting men out of work, many of whom, it was said, were starving. A procession was formed and marched through the principal streets of the city for the purpose of calling public attention to their case. Divorced from the land, these poor people are thoroughly dependent on the fluctuations of trade, and when, as at present, depression exists, they starve.

THE EMIGRATION SCHEMES.

There is another phase of this question of "Food Politics" which is yet going to cause a good deal of trouble in the country. I refer to the prevalence of emigration schemes, and emigration schemes on quite a new plan. Joseph Arch was one of the first to direct the attention of agricultural laborers to this as a means of freeing the labor market and so alleviating the rate of wages, and the impetus given to emigration to Canada and the States had a good deal to do in raising the wages of laborers. But it is never easy for a workingman with a family to get together sufficient money to defray the cost of emigration, and so many who would otherwise go are kept here. The new scheme overcomes this difficulty. It provides that men wishing to emigrate shall contribute at regular periods a fixed payment to a common fund. At such times when sufficient funds are on hand a ballot among the subscribers will take place for the choice of emigrants. Any man who desires can contribute double payment and take a double chance in the ballot. This scheme is being developed among agricultural laborers, who are determined that if they can't get a few acres of their own to till in England they will go where they can. Of that more hardy and independent race, the Scotch Highlanders, as I stated above, who have been systematically evicted from their native straths and glens for years past, a steady emigration to Canada and the Western States has been going on for years, so that now it is impossible to recruit Her Majesty's Highland regiments from the Highlands themselves. Complaint of this has been made more than once. But if you turn your land into a rabbit warren or deer what else can you expect? A loyal, peaceable and high-spirited peasantry have been driven from their native land, as the Jews were expelled from Spain, and the Huguenots from France, to make room for grouse, sheep and deer; and if other countries are enriched by their industry a short-sighted aristocracy are to blame. But this cannot go on forever. The peaceable, patient spirit that country life fosters does not thrive much in towns, where the rubbing together of intellects and hunger produce anything but Job-like patience. A friend of mine, who is writing a novel to be entitled "An Hungred," has adopted for the motto of it "La falm entant plus que la femme," which may be indifferently Englished by the words, "Hunger often brings forth more than woman," and it appears to me that there is a germ of deep truth in the aphorism. Hunger kindled that wildest birth of the centuries, the French Revolution, and there is no telling what it may not yet do. I did not intend to revert to this subject of Scotch land at present, but the distress has been so great for a year past, and is still on the increase (in consequence of the bad weather), that one wonders how men with influence and in power can look on it and still say, with blind indifference, "We recommend Her Majesty to appoint a royal commission, and she has been pleased to do so. It will inquire into your alleged distresses, and then we will consider a remedy."

Pond's Extract for Pain, Inflammation and Hemorrhages. Try this best remedy in the world. Ask some friend about the Extract. Unanimous verdict.

Death of Pierce Nagle.

A correspondent of the *Irish World* writes as follows:—

Some five years ago I did business at 263 Broadway, New York. This man (just arrived from England) came into my office, and I conversed with him. From the nature of his conversation; from the names of men he gave me—men whom I had met in London and other parts of England—I was convinced he was a member of the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood.

He told me the story of Nagle's death, and drawing from his pocket a revolver with a brown handle, and a barrel about six inches in length,—"It was that," said he, "that removed the wretch." I forget that man's name. It rings in my memory somewhat like Horgan or Harrington.

About the same time another man had arrived from London. I had met him, and he had told me the same story that "Horgan" told me about Nagle's death. I had their two stories before the two men met each other in America, so that there could be no complicity on this side of the water for to tell me "a tale."

The other day I wrote the following note to the London man, who was the first to arrive in New York:—

"WILLIAMSBURG, July 19, 1879.
"I see in the papers several reports of the death of that scoundrel, Nagle. When you came from London some five years ago you told me a story about Nagle's death, and you seemed positive of its truth. If you believe that story still tell it to me."

"Yours,
ROSSA."

To that note I received the following reply:—

"FRIEND ROSSA.—In response to yours of the 19th inst., I would say that the story communicated to you by me on my arrival in New York is substantially correct in every detail."

Pierce Nagle was first located by a gentleman now in Paterson, N. J., prior to that gentleman's departure for America. The discovery, of course, attracted numbers to the "Green Dragon," where he was engaged as potman. The unusual clatter of Irish provincial dialects scared the rascal, and he very advisedly took his departure. Energetic search brought him again to the surface, in the east of London, where he was found pursuing the former avocation, that of potman. The knowledge of his whereabouts was now guarded with the profoundest secrecy, and every movement of his kept under the strictest surveillance.

One night, while proceeding along High street, Stoke-Newington, E., in the company of an abandoned woman, not his wife, as the recent chroniclers of his demise assert—he was suddenly accosted by one of five men who were waiting his approach, with the exclamation—"Pierce Nagle, die you—, the death of all vipers." Before he had time to recover from his fear and amazement, three bullets from a Colt's revolver went crashing through his miserable carcass. The reports, followed by the woman's screams, brought several officers to the spot who removed him to the police station close by.

His identity being ascertained, the head detective office of Scotland yard was promptly apprized of the occurrence, and Nagle was immediately transferred under shade of night to Bartholomew hospital, where preparations were already made for his reception.

Meanwhile a cab containing five occupants, positively convinced of Nagle's extinction, might have been seen emerging from an adjoining street, and dashing with unusual speed in the direction of the west end of London.

A murder in England—even of a baby—creates extravagant newspaper comment, and every "dead wall" throughout the country is decorated with huge posters offering "reward" for information that may bring to justice the person or persons who committed the deed.

Conceive, then, the surprise and "disappointment" of five certain individuals, who were already preparing their replies as to a why sentence of death should not be passed upon them, on perceiving in the morning papers some such little paragraph as the following:—

"A man was shot last night through jealousy at Stoke Newington."

The enterprising, energetic, sensational "Bohemians" of the *Times*, *Standard*, and *Telegraph*, were thrown into a state of somnolency by an official publicity. Hence the matter got no further publicity.

Two of the slugs were discovered, but the third could not be located with safety. In a short time, however, Nagle partially recovered, and it was thought proper to accede to his wishes to leave, but the missing slug, which was slowly but effectually producing the desired result, soon forced him to apply for re-admission to the same hospital, where, after an agonizing torture, he surrendered his infamous spirit to the demons he imagined surrounded his bed and were calling upon him to "come." At the head of this bed in the hospital was hung a board on which was written the name of "Patrick J. Kennedy."

When it was thought that the principal participants were beyond the reach of the authorities of Scotland Yard, the whole affair was ventilated in the *Dublin Freeman*, by a certain gentleman residing in London, seeking information as to whether the man shot in Stoke Newington was not Pierce Nagle. I answered this query in the affirmative, in the *Irish World*, giving all the details, and in a copy of the *Freeman*, forwarded to me from London, my statements were confirmed by others, better acquainted with the facts.

THE SMITH-MORRIS RACE.

Smith Wins With Ease.

HALIFAX, September 17.—At five o'clock the water was quite smooth and the wind had for the moment lulled, but gusts were coming. At 5.30 the Bertha again steamed over the course for the referee to judge of the water. The Bertha steamed to Smith's quarters, and after a consultation about the water, which was quite rough, and, to outsiders, apparently altogether unfit to row in, it was agreed that Smith should row. When the white flag was hoisted, ordering the men to get ready, Warren drove down from his quarters in a barouche. At twelve minutes to six, the men were called out. The wind by this time had increased, and the water was rougher along the course, while quite smooth at the starting point. At six o'clock a wild cheer from the shore announced that Smith was in his shell. A moment later, another loud cheer heralded Morris's appearance. Morris got the choice of positions, and chose the inside. The men then got into position.

MORRIS TOOK FIRST WATER, and drawing away, held a good lead to Mount St. Vincent. Here Smith spurred and gained half a length, but was quickly caught and headed by the Pittsburgher. Smith, again spurred and was a good length ahead by the time the turning buoy was reached. From this home, Smith had the race in his hands, as the hard work and lumpy water were telling on Morris. Off the Tannery he crossed into his opponent's water, and crossed the winning line four lengths ahead in 21.51. About \$10,000 changed hands.

AFGHANISTAN.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

LONDON, September 16.—The *Times* says it is not the policy of surrender and withdrawal from Afghanistan that is now really formidable to the settlement on which the nation was last year agreed, but rather the movement for annexation and adventure, which is to be dreaded and resisted, and which is being deliberately advocated by some who opposed last year's campaign. It is simply a waste of time to speculate upon the significance of certain words vamping in the Russian newspapers, and assertions are certainly not to be accepted without proof concerning Russian instigation in the massacre.

A Simla despatch says one of the troops of Major Cavagnari's escort arrived at Lundi Khotal yesterday. He says the roof of the British residency at Cabul was commanded by other houses and was consequently untenable. The besieged made a trench outside. About one in the afternoon on

THE DAY OF THE MASSACRE.

Major Cavagnari received a wound from a ricocheting bullet on the forehead. Mr. Jenkyns, Major Cavagnari's assistant, who arrived at the residency during the attack, wrote to the *Ameer* for help. The *Ameer* replied "God will, I am making arrangements." A previous request for aid from Major Cavagnari had met with the same reply. Mr. Jenkyns wrote again when Major Cavagnari was wounded, but the bearer of the letter was

CUT TO PIECES BY THE MUTINEERS.

The trooper then started, but he was imprisoned and disarmed. He succeeded in escaping, and, on the 4th, he visited the residency, where he saw the corpse of Lieut. Hamilton, commanding the escort of the British mission, lying across the mountain gun. He says Mr. Jenkyns was with a person called Yah-Yah Khan, and he is, therefore, presumably alive. The trooper saw no troops on the road from Cabul to Jellalabad and Dukka. The commander who was confined in Cabul informed him Lieut. Hamilton

SHOT THREE OF THE MUTINEERS.

with a revolver and killed two with a sabre. Dr. Kelley, connected with the mission, was lying dead inside the residency. Major Cavagnari was in the room, which was burnt and which had fallen in. The body has not been found. Three native officers of the guides were burnt to death near the residency.

LONDON, September 17.—Indian officials telegraph further details of the attack on the British residency at Cabul as related by a trooper who escaped. When the mutinous troops were making the outcry for their pay, a soldier shouted, let us kill the Envoy, then the *Ameer*. The mutineers then rushed on the Embassy, and some of the servants, and the escort of the Embassy

FIRED ON THE MUTINEERS.

without orders from the British officers. The mutineers then went for weapons, and were absent about a quarter of an hour, during which time the British officers might have escaped. The residency was defended from the window, and from a trench made outside with mud. The rough letter sent by the escaped trooper was from Lieut. Hamilton, promising the mutineers six months pay. It was sent at 3 p.m., when the mutineers were already on the roof of the residency, which was just being set on fire. The bearer of the letter

WAS THROWN FROM THE ROOF.

and rendered insensible. When he recovered he was brought before General Kowlam Khan, commander of the mutinous brigade, who said he was powerless against the mutineers, and ordered the troopers to be imprisoned. On re-visiting the residency, when he escaped, the trooper saw the dead bodies of Lieut. Hamilton and Mr. Jenkyns. They were

STRIPPED AND CUT TO PIECES.

A Simla despatch says a sergeant with some more of the escort of the British residency have arrived at Ali Khotel. The