## Unknown is Best.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

If the dead, lying under the grasses,
Unseen linger near the bereft,
Hitting knowledge and sense of what passes
In the hearts and the homes they have left.
What teardrops, than sea waters salter,
When they see how we fail, how we faller,
How we miss in the duties of life.

If the great, who go out with their faces Bedewed by a weeping world's tears, Stand near and can see how their places Are filled, while the multitude cheers; If the pareut, whose back is bent double With delving for riches and gold, Lends an ear to the wrangle and trouble About him before he is cold;

If the wife, who left weeping and sorrow
Behind her, bends down from above.
And beholds the tears dried on the morrow
And the eyes newly burning with love;
If the gracious and royal-souled mother,
From the silence and hush of her tomb,
Can hear the harsh voice of another
Slow-blighting the fruit of her womb.

If the old hear their early begotten
Rejoicing that burdens are gone;
If the young know how soon they're

If the young know how soon they're for-gotten.

What sighing of sorrow and anguish
Must sound through the chambers of space!
What desolate spirit must languish
In that mystic and undescribed place!
Then life was a farce with its burden,
And death but a terriblejest,
But they cannot. The grave gives its guerdon
Of silence and beautiful rest.

## THE TWO BRIDES.

BY REV. BERNARD O'REILLY, L.D.

"You overlook the fact," Mr. Ashton replied, "That the right of seceding from the Federal Union is one that has always the Federal Union is one that has always been asserted by many of our ablest states-men and jurists. They justify the use of this right by the neglect of the Federal Government to fulfil any of its solem obligations towards one or several States, or by such action of a majority of the people or the States as would imperil the eace, the safety, or the existing institupeace, the safety, or the existing institu-tions of the remaining portion. Now, a party daily growing in power in the Free States have been long threatening to inter-fere with the solemnly guaranteed rights of slave-holders; and, at this moment, that party has elected the President and Vice-President of the United States. There is thus, in the eyes of the Southern masses— whatever may be the convictions of the leaders—a strong and powerful reason for seceding from the Union."

"But not for declaring war," put in the

Count.
"The South is made up of sovereign
States," replied Mr. Ashton, "and they States," replied Mr. Asmon, and they have united to form a separate community. Now, in a community, when a state of war exists, though even the best men may condemn the causes that brought it about and the policy of the men in power, they will, like the mass of their fellow-citizens, hold themselves bound to repel all aggression, and to sacrifice every-thing to make their own people triumph."

That I perfectly understand," said

Lebrija.

"Then you can see that, were I in Louisiana at this moment, I should, after opposing secession to the utmost, and while bitterly deploring disunion, throw my whole energy into sustaining the Confederacy," continued Mr. Ashton.
"Yes," said the Count, "I can see that,

in spite of political dissentiments, and the conscientious difference of opinion on que tions of abstract right, there should only one course for the men of the South, now that the sword has been drawn."

"You can judge of the ardor with which men will espouse that cause-even though it should be, as I believe it must be, a losing cause--when my own daughters, brought up in a strong Union family, in which slavery never found favor, are such enthusiastic abettors of the Confederacy,

added the American. "But what if England and Franceshould interfere?" asked the Spaniard.

"England will not and France cannot," plied Mr. Ashton. "It is for England's replied Mr. Ashton. "It is for England' political advantage that the United State political advantage that the United States should cease to increase in power in the enormous ratio that at present marks our progress. She will look on while we are ruining and destroying each other. Besides, public opinion would not, ultimately, sustain any support given to a confederacy based on the interests of slavery. And France cannot. Bread in Paris is almost at famine prices, which the Paris is almost at famine prices, which the government has to regulate each morning. Let it be known in France to-morrow that the emperor was going to interferen—that is, undertake a hostile interference—in our civil war, and the price of bread would be double in a week. No government could

"I believe that you are right there," said Diego.

said Diego.

"Then, papa," said the enthusiastic Susan, "the Confederates will win."

"Yes," he answered, "they will have the best of it for some time. They have been preparing for this—the Unionists have not. But it is only a question of time, endurance and perseverance. And all these will be in favor of the North, and the stern, unvielding Puritan spirit that will preside in its councils and g armies to certain and final success. guide its

"But we have the best soldiers, the best nerals, and the best statesmen too,

papa," Susan persisted.
"Yes, yes, my dear, I know all that," he replied. "It is the old story of Cavalier inst Puritan; the bitter contempt and fatal pride that underrate an adversary, n that adversary the indomitable stuff that, like iron, only grows harder by beating. It is a sad day for our country when ing. It is a sad day for our country when such noble elements are arrayed against each other, instead of being wielded unitedly for the glorious purposes aimed

fathers of American liberty. at by the fathers of American hoerty."

The travellers were by this time entering the port of Barcelona, and Diego was anxious to place at the service of his new friends—for such he deemed them to be his knowledge of Spanish, of the customs of his country, and of the road they were to travel over together. So he begged Mr. Ashton to look upon him, from that moment till their arrival at Ronda, as upon one who was most willing to spare them every possible trouble,—an offer which, it need not be said, was accepted

with expressions of cordial gratitude.

They preferred going by rail along the sea-coast to Valencia, and thence to Cordova and Malaga. At the last named city Diego found his father waiting for him, and both lost not a moment in setting out

for Ronda,—the Ashtons resting for a few days in the beautiful city before joining the D'Arcys in their mountain retreat.

Though informed by Don Ramon of all the details of Rose's long illness, Diego was not prepared for the change a few months had wrought in the woman whose

months had wrought in the woman whose image he had borne with him everywhere

impressed on his soul.
Francis D'Arcy and his grandson met
the Marquis and Don Diego at the posada The meeting was a most cordial one; but Diego could not help remarking that the blego comin not help the stall form of the old gentleman seemed to stoop slightly, while a cloud of sorrow was settled on the calm brow and ever-

cheerful countenance.

"As you have so little time to give us,
my dear Diego," said Mr. D'Arey, while
all four were walking toward the residence described in a former chapter, "we must contrive to see as much of you as we can. So we are to sup all together. Rose, though far frem strong, wished to do the Marquis and yourself the hospitalities of

"I should never forgive myself, dear sir," said Diego, "were I, by my visit, to distress Miss D'Arcy, or to reopen wounds which I would heal with the best blood in

my heart." my heart."
"That is spoken like a Spanish cavalier, and a Lebrija," said Mr. D'Arcy. "Then, Diego, you will make the sacrifice of speaking this evening of indifferent things Rose will give you a special confer-

only. Rose win give you a special conference to-morrow."
"Diego cannot help being pleased by this arrangement," said the Marquis. "He has to thank you for this."
"I do thank Mr. D'Arey with all my heart, dear father," replied Diego. "I trust in him with the absolute confidence

child in his parent." You may trust me, my dear Diego,"
I the old gentleman. "But here we said the old gentleman. "But here we are!" he added, suddenly, as they stopped in front of the comparatively modest especially,—a little paradise of beauty,

especially.—a fifth paramse of beauty, quiet, and repose.

Genevieve and Maud met their friends in what hadbeen Mrs. D'Arcy's ante-room. Though the dear girls did their best to be bright and ple sant, the effort was too much for them. Genevieve fairly broke dearn of the respiratory as few words to Diego. down, after saying a few words to Diego, with whom she and Maud had spent such happy hours on the sunny heights of Ronda, as well as at Malaga and Seville, -and her tears infect even the lively

Maud.

"The Count de Lebrija brings you news that will delight you," Mr. D'Arey said, as he entered into the room where Rose was waiting for her visitors. "The Ashtons are in Malaga. They have come with him all the way from Marseilles, and will be here in a day or two."

"You have always brought us good news and pleasantness," said Rose, holding out her hand, first to the Marquis, and then to Diego.

"And I trust never to bring you anything that will not contribute to your

thing that will not contribute to your happiness," said Diego, as he kissed the trembling little hand. "I am glad that our dear friends have had such a delightful companion," the

girl said, seating herself. 'It was a delight to me to think that I was with those who knew your family so intimately, and who entertained so true

"My dear Rose," said Mr. D'Arcy, "I shall take the gentlemen to their room for a few moments, and then we shall all be in re diness to do honor to your fare."

"She is very much changed," said Don Ramon, when he and his son were left alone to dress for dinner.

"She was beautiful before," answered Diego; "but now she looks more divinely beautiful. Suffering has given her beauty both ripeness and majesty.
"You have a lover's cyc eye, Diego, and a

poet's also," said his father.
"Who could help loving and worshiping one so angelic in life and form?" replied

e enthusiastic son.
"I am glad to see you so devoted a worshiper," rejoined the old gentleman, as he carefully tied his cravat.

"I hope to make you most happy, dear father," Diego said, with some emotion, by making myself in every way worthy

of so noble a woman."
"The love of a noble woman is a sure path to honor," added the Marquis.

path to honor," added the Marquis.

"And I thank you, father, for having given your son this sure path to highest nobleness of aim and deed."

"Well, my dear Diego," replied his parent, "I am, at any rate, very happy to see you so earnestly bent on the serious work of life. What success you may achieve in Mexico I know not—indeed, I do not much care—but I am now sure do not much care—but I am now sure that you will have conquered a high official position in your own country.

Are you wise," he continued, after a pause, "to press your suit on Miss D'Arcy just at this moment?"

anse, "to press my suit," his son "I shall only press my suit," his son "When I see that my heartfelt extended "when I see that my heartfelt extended than acpressions of sympathy are more than acceptable to her. You cannot blame me for wishing to set out for Mexico as the accepted husband of the woman who loves

"No!" said the Marquis. "Only take care that you do not press your love on a heart where most bitter grief is now

uppermost and absorbing."

At this very moment the supper-bell rang, and Mr. D'Arcy himself knocked at the door of his old friend to see if both

gentlemen were ready.

The reader must find in the next chapter what came of the supper and of Diego de Lebrija's visit to Ronda.

#### CHAPTER XXI. PARTING IN HOPE.

Thus grieves she now; but she shall wear This love of mine, whereof I spoke, About her body for a cloak, nd for a garland in her hair, Even yet; because I mean to prove, Not to speak only, this my love."

At the supper-table the Marquis had many amusing anecdotes to relate of his experience in the South-American wars. His sparkling wit was called forth by Mr. D'Arcy's humorous sallies; and thus the cloud of sadness that seemed at first to hang over the table drifted away, and even Rose could smile, while her brother

and sisters laughed heartily.

Then Mr. D'Arcy questioned Diego on his recent journeyings to London, Paris, and Vienna, and Diego described with

eloquence and piquancy what official prudence allowed him to relate of his interdence allowed him to relate of his inter-course with the statesmen of these capitals. He chiefly interested Rose and her sisters by dwelling at length on his pleasant meet-ing with the Ashtons, and the many incidents of their journey from Marseilles to

Malaga.

The Lebrijas retired at an early hour. laws both prudence and good policy to leave Rose under the charm of the delight-ful conversation to which every one of the gentlemen had contributed his very best. When, as was his wont, Mr. D'Arcy went to her ante-room to bid her good night to her ante-room to bid her good night, he found Rose flushed and feverish, and

anxious to speak to him.

"You have behaved admirably, my darling," he said, seating himself by her side, and retaining the hot little hand she had given him. "It was the first trial of your new strength, and you have stood

"I wish it were over," she answered.
"I fear to-morrow may be too much for "Can you trust me with what you would wish should not be done?" Mr.

D'Arcy asked. "It was for that I was so anxious to see you, grandpapa" she said. "I do not wish that there should be any change."
"You would have me, then, tell Don Diego that nothing should be said at present about a formal betrothal?" said her grandfather.

her grandfather.
"That is it," she answered. Let things remain as they are."

remain as they are."
"But you know, my child," the old gentleman said, "that the Count de Lebrija is going to Mexico on a secret mission, that is not unattended with danger. You do not intend to give him a formal refusal, or to discourage him by a show of indiffer-

"Oh, not that, grandpapa. I mean to

"Oh, not that, grandpapa. I mean to wish him heartily such success.—"

"As may be best for Mexico," Mr. D'Arcy said, with a laugh.

"Just so, grandpapa. And that he may come back with honor," Rose replied.

"That he may have the honor of failing in his negotiation, is what I wish him,"

"I the forecasting old gontheman." And said the far-seeing old gentleman. "And that is pretty sure to be the upshot,—at least if the United States are to have a voice in the matter. But let him come back, after having having honorably fulfilled his mission and the matter." filled his mission, and then we shall see

"And when do you think we shall see."
"And when do you think we shall be able to go home, dearest grandpapa?" the girl asked, wearily.
"Ah, my poor birdling, yearning to be back in the old nest?"
"Oh, yes, yes!" she said, bursting into tears.

"I do not blame my little Rose for that," he said, tenderly. "There is a heart there that hungers for your presence, my love," he continued, caressing the bent head, and encouraging this outburst of

filial affection.
"I would give worlds," she said "to find myself again in dear papa's arms. He must be so wretched without mamma

and without you."
"Well, darling," he said, "there shall be no unnecessary delay. If you are strong enough to go with the Ashtons, I am more than willing to go with them."

"Have no fear of me, grandpapa," she "Have no lear of the, grandpapa, she said, "I shall do my best to get strong. The presence of our dear friends will cheer and help me. And," she said, looking down, "I hope I shall do and say the right

thing to-morrow."
"That I am sure of," he said. "And now put away all thought of the morrow, all fears and doubts. Remember that grandpapa is still left to you, and that you long ago placed your interests in God's hands. I now pray Him to bless my darling, and to grant her sweet rest and forgetfulness." And with his usual nightly blessing he left his grandchild to

the needed repose of body and spirit.

The next morning, a little before noon, Diego was at Mr. D'Arcy's with his father. Rose was not a little agitated when they were left alone, but, weak as she was, her strong will repressed every sign of nerv-

"You do me an inestimable favor," Diego said, when she had seated herself, "by allowing me the privilege of seeing ou thus before my departure."
"When do you leave Ronda?" she in-

quired. "This afternoon. I must take the express train for Madrid to-night, and be in England within three days. So, I shall have to travel to night."

"That is very wearing," she said.
"I shall not feel it now that I have seen you," he said, with emotion. "For I know that time and rest, and the sweet know that time and rest, and the sweet atmosphere of your own home at Fairy Dell, will restore you to perfect health."

"Oh, yes," Rose replied, as the tears forced themselves into her eyes, "I shall be well when I have my dear home and my dearest and best of fathers."

"And will you not allow me to see you ask."

there on my return from Mexico?"he ask-ed, as she looked up at him through her tears, with a flash of glad light in her

eyes.

"Oh, I should be so happy to have you come and see papa, and dear grandpapa, and all of us, who have known you to be so good and generous," she replied, holding out her hand to him with a sudden im-

Rose," he said, taking the proffered hand, and sinking on his knee before her, "I thank you for this. More than this I will not ask from you now,—if by leaving this dear hand in mine a moment longer, you allow me to understand, without any possibility of doubt, that you love

She did not withdraw her hand, although she covered her averted and tearful eyes with the other. "This assurance," he continued, kissing the hand left passively in his own, again and again, "makes me the happiest and proudest man in Spain. I am going on an honorable mission, though I know it to be one that is not approved of by your family. Yet it is honorable to me, because entrusted to me by my own sovereign. And I undertake it with the loftiest and purest motives. It shall render me more worthy

of you."
"Do you remember," he went on presently, "having said to me, when I bade you farewell at Seville, that I should wear your colors if ever I went to Mexico on an errand undertaken for God and

Spain?"
"I do," said Rose, and you shall have them?" Rising suddenly, and going into her

own private room, she presently returned with a small miniature of our Lady of Gaudaulpe, set in an exquisite gold frame, adorned with American emeralds and adorned with American emeraids and pearls, and suspended to a strong silk braid of white and blue silk. "Here are my colors," she said, as Diego knelt again, and, throwing the braid around his neck, and the sile of the sil after kissing the miniature, she also bent and kissed his forehead.

and kissed his forehead.

"God bless you Diego," she said, fervently, "and make you a knight after His own heart and her's who is Mother of us "I shall stand sponsor for your knight

"I shall stand sponsor for your knight,
Miss Rose," said the voice of the jolly old
Marquis, who, with Mr. D'Arcy, had
entered the ante-room unperceived by
either of the actors in this little scene.
"We were both fearful lest this interview should be too long for your strength,
my child," said Mr. D'Arcy, "and so have
been intruders at the wrong moment." been intruders at the wrong moment

been intruders at the wrong moment."

"At the happiest moment of all my life," said Diego, who had risen to his feet, and had taken Rose's hand with an air of proud and respectful devotion. "Do not misunderstand me, Senor," he said to the Marquis; "I have not demanded, nor have I received, any new promise. I am only going away with the assurance that I have the love of the noblest of women to be my wilking steen in the future."

guiding star in the future."

Rose gently withdrew her hand and found herself, she knew not how, folded in her grandfather's embrace. "It is too much for you, darling," he said in her ear.

"Let me take you to your room."

"Yes, dear grandpapa," she said, with a look of love toward Diego, who lost not one of her mevements, and who answered her look with another of deep and grate-

ful affection.

And so these two parted. And so these two parted.

The next day brought the Ashtons to Ronda; and Mr. D'Arey insisted on their being his guests during the whole time of their stay in the city. Rose, as well as her sisters, was much moved by this meet-ing with Mrs. Ashton, after her own recent ing with Mrs. Ashton, after her own recent bereavement. But the motherly tender-ness of the excellent lady proved to be a most salutary balm for the orphaned girls. Rose clung to her with the instinctive yearning for sympathy of a young heart that has discovered a motherly heart re-

sponsive to its need.

The two old gentlemen found an inexhaustless mine of interest and instruction in the monuments and antiquities of Ronda and its neighborhood, as well as in the rich native flora of its mountains and valleys. And so they spent their days visiting all these treasures of nature and art, while discussing the fearful chances of the great civil struggle which threatened to devastate their beloved com-

mon country.

Charles served as an escort to the ladies, and was aided in his task by some of the best-informed citizens of Ronda, whom the Marquis de Lebrija had enlisted in favor of his American friends,-whom he represented, and not untruthfully, as staunch friends of Spain, and strenuous opponents of all anti-Spanish filibusters in the United States. And so the ladies— Mrs. Ashton as keenly as any of them-reveled in the glorious weather, and the till more glorious nature of the Sierra de Ronda. Beautiful, and most beautiful, as Ronda. she and her husband had found Ventimishe and her husband had found ventilinglia and Lattie, and the whole of the lovely Riviera, in its springtide wealth, they were amazed, as they passed from Cordova to Malaga, at the glimpse obtaincordova to Malaga, at the glimpse obtained from the railway of a country that seemed fairyland in the first days of May. Around Malaga they saw vast plantations of cotton and sugar-cane, reminding them of their own Louisiana. But how different from the swampy shores of the Lower Mississippi, and its forest vegetation, luxuriant to rankness, was that golden seally a superstands the old tongue. One of the tenant farmer speakers, who failed in the English, now came forward and delivered in Irish a most impassioned and delivered in Irish and went direct to the hearts of his auditors, every one of whom (he afterwards assured us) understands the old tongue. shore, with its walls of sublime mountains, reaching away to the west, with the deep-blue expanse of the Mediterranean to the east, with fields of waving grain between, and the picturesque slopes of the nearest hills covered with lemon and orange trees, with the olive and the vine, while behind and above these rose the wooded mountain acclivities, rich beyond comparison with acclivities, rich beyond comparison with chestnut, cork-trees, and lordly oak, clothing them almost to their summits. And on every side, perched on inaccessible heights, like eagles' nests, were historic cities, sung by Christian and Moor, or white hamlets, nestling on the slopes, amid orange-groves and vineyards. Mr. Ashton could with difficulty be induced to tear himself away from such enchanting sites as Velez, and promised himself to return, and have his fill of sight-seeing in this paradisaical land, even though the weather

vas sometimes intolerably hot.

As they left Malaga behind, however and wound their way upward among the Sierras along the banks of the Guaiaro the ascent in all its stages seemed a new revelation of nature's magnificence, each page filled with objects of fresh wonder and

So Rose and Charles, and their sisters, forgot awhile their griefs and sadness in excursion after excursion through the grand old city and the surrounding towns and monasteries, enjoying, too, with a keen relish, the hospitable welcome given keen relish, the hospitable welcome given them everywhere by all classes, without

exception.

It was while thus delightfully occupied, and while planning their approaching jour-ney homeward, that the following letters reached them.

# TO BE CONTINUED.

A CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Whether life is worth living, a question

which some of our modern philosophers have gravely propounded, whether it be sweet or sad, it has, in England especially, a deadly enemy in consumption-the most lingering yet fatal of maladies. In Germany, where hitherto engines of death have been invented or carried to the height of deadly perfection, a new discovery has been made by science to save life from its worst enemy, for all the victims of war put together fall far short of those whom death conquers by con-sumption alone. The reported cure for this most terrible of maladies has been worked out like so many other valuable medical discoveries at the expense of animals. This remedy is the inhalation of fumes of "benz esaures natrun." By placing a number of rabbits, in whose lungs he had produced tuberculosis, in a box with fumes of this substance, Dr. Max Schneller effected, it appears, a complete cure of the lung disease,

while other rabbits treated in the ordimany way died. In the hospital at Innispruck, in the Tyrol, Professor Rokitansky has made many successful experiments on consumptive patients by making them inhale the vapor of this compound daily. Among German doctors the general opinion is that this discovery will lead the way to a signal improvement in the treatment of consumption. It is to be hoped that English doctors will not be slock in giving this discovery all the attention slack in giving this discovery all the attention it deserves, for of all countries in the world England needs most a remedy to stay the fatal ravages of consumption.

#### Special Irish Correspondence of The Pilot GREAT MEETINGS IN IRELAND.

SPEECHES IN GAELIC FOR THE GOVERN-

MENT SPIES.

Dublin, Nov. 12th, 1879. The meetings of Sunday last comprised Corofin (Co. Galway), Kilmaine, Kilmena, and Kilmoree, Co. Mayo.

THE COROFIN MEETING.

Thirteen thousand men assembled at corofin, and formed as splendid looking a body as the eye of a general could rest upon. Over one thousand came on horseback from the barony of Turloughmore, headed by an old piper, also mounted. The platform was erected under the The platform was erected under the shadow of the old castle of Corofin, and in looking at the long line of marching men approaching from Tuam on the one hand and Annaghdown on the other, both contingents heading in behind the old ruins, and forming up in front of where the speakers of the day were gathered, one's thoughts flew back to the chivalrous

past, when "Fleet as the deer the Normans ran, Through Corlieu's Pass and Ardahan, before the ancestry of the manhood now before the ancestry of the manhood now mustering in the same cause of right against wrong, fatherland against its enemies. This, howerver, is no warlike mustering, though the military bearing of the young, stalwart Galwegians, their steady march, mock pikes and swords, ditto of the mounted officers, indicated an aptitude for "the real thing," which would not fail to be well noted in the report which the Castle short-hand write would tender the following morning to his

Father Tom McDonough, the patriotic Father Tom McDonough, the patriotic parish priest, filled the duties of Chairman, and delivered a stirring speech. He was followed by two or three tenant-farmers, who spoke to the point in their own forcible manner. They declared they were no beggars, but that they demanded back from the Government part of their own processing the above for the control of their own process in the above for the control of their own process in the above for the control of their own process in the above for the control of their own process in the above for the control of their own process in the above for the control of their own process in the above for the control of their own process in the control of their own process. of their own money in the shape of loans

for reproductive works.

Mr. Nolan, of Gara, and Michael Davitt, of Dublin, who attended as a deputation from the National League, proposed reso-lutions in favor of the reclamation of waste lands, and the establishment of a peasant

A novel feature was introduced into the meeting by Mr. Michael Davitt addressing the vast audience in Irish, when proposing a vote of thanks to the reverend chairman. a vote of thanks to the reverend chairman. He alluded to the presence of the Government reporters, and urged the people not to be intimidated, but to organize and consolidate their strength for the overthrow of landlord power.

Father Tom spoke also in Irish, and went direct to the hearts of his auditors, every one of whom (heafterwards assured use) understands the old towards.

fierce invective against those who encourage the landlords in rack-rentings by covering their neighbor' land.

The position of the Government re-porter was ludicrous in the extreme, while, for aught he knew, Mr. Davitt was for aught he knew, Mr. Davitt was talking the rankest treason, and the reverend chairman perhaps aiding and abetting. The meeting soon after quietly abetting. The incetting soon after queue, dispersed, and when the shades of evening had enveloped the old castle of Corofin, the little village of that name had regained its normal quiet. On driving in to Tuam, later on, I passed by companies of men regular order, and making the night air ring with shouts of "Th for the people," and "God save Ireland.

THE KILMAINE MEETING

was composed of some eight thousand people, with two or three hundred people, with two or three hundred mounted men. A tenant farmer occupied the chair, and the principal speakers were J. J. Louden, President Mayo Land League, Janues Daly, Connaught Telegraph, John W. Walshe, of Balla (one of the first few who initiated this agitation), Mr. Monaghan, of Ballinrobe, and Mr. Duncan, of Kilmaine. The customary resolutions demanding reduction, employment, and the abolition of landlordism, were forcibly and eloquently spoken to by the gentlemen named above.

THE KILMEANE MEETING. Owing to the downpour of rain, the Kilmeane (near Westport) meeting was held in the chapel, on the suggestion of the Rev. Michael O'Donnell, the parish priest Rev. Michael O'Donnell, the parish priest. No more suitable place could be selected and the three thousand people who listened to their worthy pastor would be all the more impressed by his fercible language. He declared that the people of his parish were unable to pay rent, and he regarded it as unreasonable on the part

of the landlords to expect payment.
"The famine of '46," declared declared this "The famine of '46," declared this minister of God, "destroyed more people than the wars of Napoleon, and the men who died on the battlefield were much better off than the people who pined away gradually from starvation."

Messrs. Nolan, O'Malley, Gibbons, and Brown, addressed the meeting in favor of

reduction of rents, reclamation of waste lands, and the establishment of a peasant proprietary. THE KILMORE DEMONSTRATION was also of a successful character, and was presided over by Canon John McDermott ("Prince of Coolavin"). Addresses were delivered by Messrs, Irwin

and O'Connor, and the customary resolu. tions passed with acclamation.

This concluded the work of Sunday, Nov. 9th, adding over 25,000 people more to those hundreds of thousands who have demanded the extinction of land lordism since this agitation commenced.

nemara), and Keltimagh, and Islandeady, county Mayo. AGITATOR.
P. S.—Mr. Parnell's visit to America is postponed to the end of this month, in consequence of rumors of a general election.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTER.

THE "ORANGE-FENIAN APPRENTICE BOY"

-SOME ACCOUNT OF MR. JOHN REA,
ATTORNEY - AT - LAW, KILLEN'S DEFENDER.

There are a great many eccentric men in Ireland, but John Rea, the Belfast at-torney, who loves to call himself 'the Orange Fenian apprentice boy,' is decided-ly the most eccentric man "within the ly the most eccentric man "within the four walls" of the Emerald Isle. He has been in more scrapes than any man who ever trod the green sod, and he is never really happy except he has somebody to fight. He has been committed for contempt of court so many times that when-ever he has a big case it is always expected, as a matter of course, that the Judge is to be "bearded in his den" and that John is to be at least removed from court by physical force. But the place of all other where he loves to kick up a row is before a Parliamentary committee, and a few years ago he shocked London by a char-acteristic scene at the bar of the House of Commons, from which he had to be carried by main force and confined till they got tired of keeping him-for John never submits. He once got into a row with the Mayor of Belfast, and failing to obtain "justice" in Belfast, he appealed to a higher court in Dublin for the Mayor's arrest, and after a heated argument, the judge failing to comply, he was denounced in the flavorer judge failing to comply, he was denounced in the fiercest manner on the very bench as a partizan. On another occasion, when John was tried for libel, he defended himself, and, after what the papers called an "inflammatory" speech, he wound up by saying, "Gentlemen of a well-packed jury, convict me if you can. I defy your verdict." The report states that the scene that followed was indescribable. Juries. that followed was indescribable. Juries, however, generally let him off easy. He is regarded as a privileged character, and has an awkward habit of fyling bills of exceptions which result in endless litagation. With all this eccentricity John Rea is unquestionably one of the ablest attorneys in Ireland and has an immense knowledge in Ireland and has an immense knowledge of law. He is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and a man of extensive reading. A man of independent means, he practices law from sheer love of it and because, as one of his countrymen once said, he "couldn't keep doing nothing." A Presbyterian in religion, he has always espoused the popular side, and in 1848 was a staunch adherent of John Mitchel. Although a nationalist, he can always obtain a hearing from the Orangemen as well as from the Catholics, and once told a mixed meeting of Ulstermen that they had the best blood of the three kingdoms in their veins, being descended from the men who conquered at Clontarf, Bannockburn, who conquered at Clontart, Bannockburn, Creey, Agincourt and the Yellow Ford, from Crusaders, Covenanters, Cavaliers and Roundheads. He will give a peculiar interest to the trials of the land agitators.

# A TERRIBLE RAILROAD RACE.

John Davison, who was one of the oldest John Davison, who was one of the oldest engineers in this country, was recently killed by a locomotive explosion on a Western road. He was on the engine when he saw a child playing on the track some distance ahead. He ran out to the pilot, and, reaching over, caught the child and tossed it to one side of the track. He lost his balance, however, and fell in front of the locomotive and was crushed to

Davison's death recalls an incident of his life which, though it occurred ten year ago, is considered as one of the most terrible experiences that have ever been recorded in the history of railroading. Davison was then an engineer on the Buffalo, Corry and Pittsburgh Railroad, and was decending a grade of eighty feet and was decending a grade of eighty feet to the mile between Maysville Summit and Brocton Junction on the Lake Shore Road, the distance being fourteen miles, with an immense sweeping curve. In the train there was one box car, six loaded oil cars and two passenger cars, the latter being at the rear of the train. He had get under headway, when, seeing that one of the oil cars was on fire, he whistled down brakes, cut loose the passanger coaches, and disconnected the box car from the oil cars.

The engineer then pulled on down the hill, to get out of the reash of the parning cars, in order to save the locomotive of the other car, in which were two value trotting horses and their keepers on wayto Cleveland. The brakeman neglected to brake the oil cars, they followed the incline, continually gaining headway, and in full blaze came dashing into the box car at the rear of the engine.

Davison opened the throttle, and there was commenced a race for life between his train and the flaming cars under no control. Though he went faster than ever engine went before, the burning cars were close in the rear, and the horses screamed with fright, while the heat was intense. The blaze from the thousands of gallons of burning oil was more than sixty feet in height, and lighted up the woods and rocks and crocked road for miles. The whole heavens were illuminated, and from Brockton the sight of the great conflagration, apparently flying through the air, now hidden for a second by a cut or a piece of woods, and then leaping out again and up towards the sky like a huge founof fire, is described as having been

awful in its grandeur.

Davison, as he approached Brockton, whistled for an open switch, which, being understood, was promptly obeyed, and the race was transferred to the Lake Shore track, where the track being ascending, the oil cars soon came to a stand-still. The oil continued to burn for three hours. The fourteen miles from the summit had been accomplished in twelve minutes. Davison and his fireman both fainted when the danger was over. The horses were ruined. James Keenan, the fireman on that occasion, was killed.

. . . Man negrets in after life the follies of The meetings for next Sunday are cup of bitterness filled in haste when Lackagh, County Galway, Kilannin (Con- 1 yo