

UNKNOWN. AGNES HAMPTON.

"Thou hast to all thy epithets can tell, / In some heart's secret well..." Above the dying soldier, / And as he lies in his low, / And as he lies in his low, / The death-camp from his brow.

BEN-HUR; OR, THE DAYS OF THE MESSIAH. BOOK SEVENTH.

"And, waking, he beheld her there / In the dimming light of dawn / A stricken form and desolate, / With a wailing cry that reached his ears..."

CHAPTER I. THE MESSIAH IN THE KHAN OF BETHSAY.

"The meeting place in the khan of Bethsay was appointed. The Ben-Hur came with the Galileans into their country, where his exploit in the old marketplace gave him fame and influence. Before the winter was gone he had acquired a name..."

"Under that name was comprehended the tribes—Aber, Zebulun, Issachar, and Manasse. He was born in a manger..."

"Upon such a people, so quick, so proud, so brave, so devoted to the gods, it was all-powerful. That was the coming of Ben-Hur..."

"One evening, over in Trachonitis, Ben-Hur was sitting with some of his Galileans at the mouth of the cave..."

"A prophet had appeared who men say is Elias. He has been seen in the wilderness..."

"Ben-Hur's face flushed with joy. By this word, 'O my friends,' he said..."

CHAPTER II. A SURPRISE.

"It was Ben-Hur's purpose to turn aside at the break of day, and to place in a man's hands a letter to the king..."

men of the country that has the fewest slaves... I will be an Egyptian or a Greek or a Roman. I would rather see the golden overhead as his yoke..."

BEAVE WILLIAM O'BRIEN. THE PLUCKY DUBLIN EDITOR DELIVERS HIS SPEECH AT TORONTO.

Orange Rowdies Make Strenuous Efforts to Silence Him.

Detroit Free Press, May 18.

Toronto, May 17.—Mr. Wm. O'Brien arrived in this city at 11 o'clock to-day from Montreal by the Canadian Pacific Railroad. Although the hour of setting out from Montreal, was very late—midnight—the large accompaniment to the railway station, cheering and waving their hats. He stood on the rear platform of the sleeping car, surrounded by the special correspondents of American newspapers...

"A NATION OF LIARS."

Speaking of Tory England, Very Rev. Dean McDonald, P. P., made the following remarks at a recent meeting...

In England at present—I speak of the Whigs, and I do not speak of that noble England represented by the greatest and noblest and honest politician and statesman in Europe, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone...

TOBY ENGLAND IS A NATION OF LIARS.

Deliberate, willful, atrocious profane (hear, and cheers) The Crimes Bill, the wretched Crimes Bill, now passing through Parliament is the outcome of lies; it is the offspring of lies, it is cradled in lies...

"Bring me a cup," said with some impatience. From the housetop the slave brought her a crystal goblet; and she said, "I will be your servant at the fountain..."

"I will be an Egyptian or a Greek or a Roman. I would rather see the golden overhead as his yoke... I would rather see the golden overhead as his yoke..."

RICH, FOUL, PROFLIGATE LONDON; go to the police courts in London; go to the Old Bailey in London, the Criminal Court in Central London, and there your eyes will be opened. There you will see how they have law and order in England. There you will see crime and disorder and majesty. Go on from the Old Bailey to Temple Bar, the site of the new court-house, and go into the Court of Probate and Divorce in England, and there you will find that they have repealed the Sixth and Ninth Commandments as well as the Eighth...

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"Three cheers for Landowne!" "Three cheers for Landowne!" "Three cheers for Landowne!" "Three cheers for Landowne!"

DISGRACEFUL DOINGS AT THE MEETING IN QUEEN'S PARK.

Toronto, May 17.—Never in the worst days of Belfast disorders was a scene of more disgraceful rowdiness exhibited there than that shown this afternoon in Queen's Park when a crowd of Toronto Orangemen attempted to storm the platform, and set the speaker to choke and all possibility of Mr. O'Brien being heard, was kept up a continual din of groaning, hissing and cries of "God Save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia."

At length the depot was reached at exactly 11 o'clock, and before Mr. O'Brien could rise from his seat surging crowds who filled the platform and blocked all the passages overflowed into the cars and the editor of United Ireland was swept from his seat and carried almost off his feet into a carriage which was in waiting. The first man to shake him by the hand was J. A. Mulligan, President of the local branch of the National League. Mr. Mulligan is the law partner of Sir John McDonald, the Canadian Premier. The crowd was made up of most of the representative Irish men in town, and as they passed from the cars to the carriages at the Union station where the train drew up, the first manifestation of feeling was shown.

A roar of cheers, which swelled higher and higher in volume as Mr. O'Brien was urged on, greeted the Irish agitator, mingled with some coos, which, however, caused only a ripple on the surface. It has been remarked upon very much this evening, slight hisses have been heard now and again, but no hooting. The coos did not seem to trouble Mr. O'Brien a bit, however, and he passed into a carriage with members of the committee, amid files of policemen on foot and mounted, under command of Inspector Ward. The police were supplied with several rounds of ball-cartridges, and from under their belts the polished barrels of gleaming six-shooters peeped out in ominous readiness.

The Rossin House is only a few blocks away and as the party drove there the crowd increased and the enthusiasm grew greater. The spacious rotunda of the hotel was one mass of humanity. To reach his room was impossible; to register was impossible; so Mr. O'Brien was hoisted on the shoulders of strong men and carried to the broad staircase, and there amid intense excitement was presented with an address by D. P. Cahill, Secretary of the local branch of the National League. Mr. O'Brien replied as follows, amid tremendous cheering:

Mr. MULLIGAN, Sir, Gentlemen—I assure you that for the first time now the fifth anniversary since I came to Canada my heart has been overflowing with gratitude for the wonderful way in which our fellow countrymen here in Canada have set red Kilbride and myself in difficult and perilous situations. I am sure that you will not be surprised to hear that I am a great admirer of the wonderful way in which our fellow countrymen here in Canada have set red Kilbride and myself in difficult and perilous situations.

signaled to the Nationalists to keep their places. This suggestion, which was entirely in the interest of peace, because if the Orangemen reached that spot a bloody time would certainly have ensued, as ordered some of the policemen on the platform they threatened to throw them head over heels to the ground if they attempted any such signal again. The Orangemen set up two stumps of speakers to talk at the same time as Mr. O'Brien. They roared themselves hoarse amid frantic cheers and yells of the cohort; they shouted in derisive chorus at those on the platform: "Pay your rent," "Hurray for Landowne," "God Save the Queen."

The first signal to interrupt by groaning and singing "God Save the Queen" was given on the appearance of J. A. Mulligan, President of the local branch of the league, as Chairman of the meeting. But he held court stupidly, as did O'Brien and Kilbride, and in the end the following resolution was passed amid an outburst of cheering from the thousands and groans of dissent from the groups of Orangemen:

"That this meeting of citizens of Toronto warmly sympathize with the mission of William O'Brien, M. P., in Canada, and take this opportunity of entering a hearty protest against the unjust and cruel treatment of the tenants at Luggacurran by Lord Lansdowne." This was how Mr. Mulligan began his speech.

"Follow, citizens," groans and cries of "God save the Queen!" "I feel an honor to (cries of) "Down with the traitor" and cheers and counter cheers an honor to preside at this great meeting" (hisses and groans) "to welcome William O'Brien" (enthusiastic cheers, hisses, groans, and cries of "Pay your rent!" "Rule Britannia!" and "Landowne forever!") "I will say" continued the Chairman, "that these miserable wretches" (cheers and cries of "Shut up!") "who come here to choke off freedom of speech in the name of loyalty to the Queen are to-day the real diabolical party." (Cheers.) "It is we who are loyal, loyal to the Queen if you like, loyal to the cause of the poor and the oppressed, loyal to the principle of constitutional right which is free speech." (Cheers, interruptions and shouts of "God save Ireland.") "Here now is the man in whose behalf we have braved the tyranny and bigotry of the Orange rabble; here is the champion of the rights of the Luggacurran tenantry, William O'Brien (cheers and groans) of the United Ireland, and member of Parliament for Northeast Cork."

At this announcement a roar of applause swept over the multitude and Mr. O'Brien stepped to the front smiling. Then began the most terrific groaning, hissing, cheering and hoarse shouts that the day had so far witnessed. Rowdies with his hat with the utmost coolness Mr. O'Brien surveyed the vast sea of faces before him for a moment. He then began amid the din and uproar to speak as follows:

"Men of Toronto," (cries of "God save the Queen," "Hurray for Landowne," groans and immense cheering) "cheers of yours will ring around the world to-day (cheers and hisses) and all the vocal talent of Lord Lansdowne's friends cannot drown it. We are used to this sort of thing in the British Parliament." (Loud cheers.) "Three cheers for Landowne!" (Groans, hisses and cheers.) Another voice—"Hurray for O'Brien!" (Tremendous cheers and groaning.) Here an Orangeman drew forth a heavy stick and hit a man with it, knocking him down. Then there was a rush, caused by the prancing of the horses of the mounted police, and the crowd scattered in all directions, many persons rushing for the big heaps of bricks which were piled up in a field close by. They came back again, whether with the bricks or not, did not immediately appear.

Mr. O'Brien continued: "Mr. O'Brien has nothing to say himself he has friends who are able to say something. God help us. (Derisive laughter, cheers and groans.) We come to Canada to demand an answer from either Lord Lansdowne or his friends. Here are his friends (groans and hisses) to doven down the groans (groans, cheering) and cries of "Bravo O'Brien," whom a good policeman could knock out in a few minutes (cheers)—if they only wanted to, and the only answer they can give for the high and mighty potential who has sent them here is caecalike like geese, or the groans of the jackass. (Loud laughter and hisses.) They attempt to shut down freedom of speech here to-day. (Groans and cheers.) Well, we generally succeed in putting down our enemies in the House of Commons (cheers)—and we will succeed in putting them down here to-day. (Tremendous applause.) I don't blame the poor deluded Orangemen who are making a fool of themselves. Here a man was knocked down by a blow of a stick and a free fight followed among the Orangemen, who again set up a dismal howling. We to-day are the party of law and order and we defy anybody to deny it. (Cheers and groans. Several voices cried: "Bravo O'Brien.") "The heart of Ireland is at your back," shouted another, "and the heart of Canada," cried another. A man from the Orange party here got in front of the platform among the Nationalists and began singing "The Boyne Water." His silk hat was crushed in by those around him, and he disappeared under the platform, bruised and bloody, where he lay during the remainder of the day.

"I have often," continued Mr. O'Brien, met jackasses (laughter) whose sound would be more musical than that of these miserable and misguided wretches who come here to destroy that freedom of speech which they boast they love so much. (Derisive laughter.) If they had not anything to say for Landowne, let their best man come on this platform and horseback no attempt was made to interfere with the rioters. The representatives of the American newspapers who surrounded Mr. O'Brien on the platform, were plying their pen nibs vigorously. Presently the Orangemen, by an supreme effort, were nearly gaining their point by displacing the Nationalists, and reaching the front of the platform, when the Americans

signal that he has no better answer to our terrible arraignment than the rowdism, blackguardism, vulgarity and ignorance of this wretched and despicable crew. (Loud cheers.) "If I am not all sorry that the gentlemen of the Toronto corporation have broken their contracts as Lord Lansdowne broke his and have refused me the hospitality of St. Andrew's Hall. There is one hall, thank God, from which they cannot shut us out—this open vault of Heaven, which the Great Architect of the universe has built, and we have a tale to tell which we need not be afraid or ashamed to tell in the free air of Heaven and in the open light of day. One thing is now, I think, certain and that is that the Canadians demand an answer to the specific and terrible accusations we have made against him. An answer there must be, or Lord Lansdowne stands condemned; an answer very different from the vague platitudes with which he fills his letter in Toronto papers. (Groans.) Refusing us the use of a public hall and boycotting us is not an answer which would satisfy the intelligent public opinion of Canada. Threatening us with violence if we dared to exercise the right of free speech on free soil is not an answer. I think nobody realises more keenly than Lord Lansdowne to-day that the frothy declamation of the orators at Saturday's meeting is not an answer which will save Lord Lansdowne from the condemnation of enlightened and liberty-loving men." Here the speaker said that the Rev. R. R. Kane had been allowed in Toronto to denounce home rule, and continued: "But I would like to point out that the resolutions of the Orangemen of Toronto on home rule did not prevail with the Canadian Parliament or the Canadian people. (Applause.) They were rejected and reversed by Canadian public opinion, and I venture to think that the orators of Saturday failed now as the Rev. Mr. Kane failed then. Time will tell that the upshot of Saturday's meeting was a vote of confidence in the Tory Coercion government whose cruel and abominable Coercion bill has just been condemned by the Canadian parliament by a decisive and overwhelming majority. A vote of confidence in Lord Lansdowne; could we possibly desire more convincing proof of how completely our opponents out of the sympathy with the vast masses of the Canadian people? As for the epithets Goldwin Smith (hisses) has been pleased to shower upon myself—well, so far as my humble personality is of the smallest consequence in this matter, I am content to be judged by my own countrymen, who know me and can read every thought of my heart. (Applause.) Judged by the announcement from Northeast Cork in this morning's cablegrams (renewed applause) they do not seem to share Mr. Goldwin Smith's opinion of me. I think we may safely leave the orators at Saturday's meeting to be crushed under the weight of their own adjectives and under the ridicule of their own organs. I could not possibly desire to say anything more severe of them than their own organs in the press say of their violence, extravagance and froth." "Upon another occasion I should be willing enough to enter the defenses of this resolution of our great movement, if indeed, any defense is needed at this time of day, of a movement which has won the great heart and mind of Mr. Gladstone, and to which the whole energies and the whole future of the Liberal party in England are now pledged. (Loud applause.) But there is not the question of home rule and Lord Lansdowne and his friends shall not be allowed to escape from it until they have answered it. If answer it they can—question whether Lord Lansdowne is carrying out most cruel and inhuman system of evictions in Ireland, rather than yield concessions to the masses of the people who have made an irrevocable and authorized by their own agents—and until that issue is honestly and squarely met Lord Lansdowne and his friends are shrewd enough, now at the last moment, at all events, to perceive that his cause will be simply dammed by displays of physical and intellectual rowdism and intolerance." (Loud applause.) The speaker said he did not blame the Orangemen for their foolish threats but he did blame the London Times and Daily Telegraph for their incitements to violence. It was due to Canadian spirit in favour of free speech that their bloody councils have been frustrated.