

Phantoms.

They come from a land where our dead  
sever sleep  
In the dust of the vanished years;  
Their faces bring back life's summer time,  
When the days flowed on in a low sweet  
rhythm,  
And the eyes were undimmed by tears.

MARGARET.

New Orleans has the credit of erecting  
the first open air statue to a woman in  
America. And that statue, that of the  
good Margaret—in another land and time  
it might have been St. Margaret—is not  
to celebrate beauty or intellect, but simply  
goodness, practical charity, the character  
and achievements of a woman of the  
people, great in her divine sympathy with  
the people.

There is a great kinship among statues:  
by the grace of God, a monumental  
brotherhood of granite, marble, bronze,  
and wood. When we come across them  
here and there dotting the highways  
of the world, and examine them, we find  
that the enduring blocks that perpetuate  
their memories in only the counterpart of  
the enduring virtues that perpetuated their  
characters. Both form the building  
material of humanity. The mere material  
itself may differ in value, the external  
polish and finish may vary, the artist's  
workmanship may do his conception  
grievous wrong, but the grand lesson of  
the lives they commemorate must not be  
lost in trivial carping and needless com-  
parison. These men and women were not  
themselves, in their flesh and blood,  
unblemished creations. God sent the  
dead alone perfect into their hearts, and  
they have walked through life with it, and  
steeped awkwardly under it, and have  
dropped into ungraceful postures and  
worn hideous clothes (not only in the  
physical but in the moral sense also),  
until, with their statues after them, they  
have often seemed a travesty of the very  
purpose which transfixed them after  
death.

What the statues have done in the  
world, not what the artists have not done  
in the statues, is the supreme considera-  
tion.

The statue of Margaret represents a  
middle aged, homely woman, short of  
stature, clumsy of proportion, with a face  
as far removed from the ideal of the poet  
as her life was from the ideal of the  
dramatist. She is seated on a "split  
bottomed" chair, in the only position she  
was ever seen to assume when seated,  
before no matter whom. She is dressed  
in a gown and sash of some cheap  
material, the only costume she was ever  
seen to wear, in wealth as in poverty.  
Her peculiar old "coop" bonnet has been  
laid aside that her features might be visible;  
she wears on her shoulders the cherished  
ornament of a pocket cap, the handi-  
work and gift of the orphan in the asylum  
behind her. As her living arm had done  
for forty six years in New Orleans, her  
marble arm clasps a ragged orphan—a fine  
monument of white marble, and a proud  
one. In the green spot named after her  
in the centre of a great city, at the portals  
of one of her own asylums, she looks  
down on the passing and repeating crowd  
as her spirit might still love to do, sing-  
ling out the poor who needed her charity  
and the rich who needed her solicitation.  
She was always known as simply "Mar-  
garet," her surname of Haughey being  
generally ignored by that fine element of  
the populace, the tacit refusal to credit  
to one family those born to a community.

Her parents came from Ireland in an  
emigrant ship, landed in Baltimore, and  
in a prevalent epidemic of yellow fever.  
A good woman of the Baptist persuasion,  
who had suffered bereavement in the same  
epidemic, took the little orphan in and  
cared for her. By rearing her loyally  
in the Catholic faith of her deceased parents  
the Protestant Christian unconsciously set  
a practical example of religious toleration  
and liberality of spirit to a future philan-  
thropist, and prepared a benefactor for  
the poor of all churches in a distant city.  
Margaret grew, and served her protect-  
ress faithfully, and earned her recompen-  
dation of being a good, reliable girl. This  
simple but comprehensive recompen-  
dation was the only capital, the only stock  
in trade, she possessed. Out of it she built  
asylums, fed the poor, succored the dis-  
tressed, supported the aged and infirm,  
built up a trade, gained recognition in  
exclusive business and official circles, and  
secured a monument. She was first known  
in New Orleans in 1836, a widow, work-  
ing as laundress in the St. Charles Hotel,  
noted in her manual circles for her good  
work and honesty, and possessed of the  
confidence of her employers. About the  
same time the Sisters of St. Vincent de  
Paul commenced gathering in their fold  
the destitute orphans of the city. Mar-  
garet came to the Sisters in charge and  
offered her assistance—such assistance as a  
poor washer woman might venture to  
offer. It was accepted. In the trials,  
struggles, and privations that followed,  
in the moving from one temporary shelter to  
another, with means insufficient to pro-  
vide for increasing charges, the washer  
woman met her God, a godsend to  
them, with her unobtrusive courage,  
practical common sense, and unflinching  
devotion. Supplementing her own char-  
ities by the donations she managed to  
extract from others, many a time she kept  
the wolf from the door by her own  
exertions alone. Braving every rebuff,  
never submitting to a refusal, endless  
stories are told of her encounters with  
ungracious merchants. Once a large

wholesale grocer told her he would give  
her the provisions begged for if she would  
carry them away herself. With a cheer-  
ful "Thank you, sir," she departed, and  
returned in a short time with a wheel-  
barrow, which, being filled to its utmost  
capacity, she proceeded to wheel away.  
A young clerk, surprised and touched,  
offered to wheel it for her. She refused,  
saying she would gladly wheel a barrow  
load of food every day to the orphans if  
she could only have the opportunity to do  
so. A dealer in crockery ordering her  
crossly to leave the store, she walked out  
of one door, and smilingly re-entering the  
other, said, "If you tell me to leave again,  
I will come in again at the other door,  
and even through the window, for you  
know I am begging for the orphans."

Saving out of her wages enough money  
to buy two cows, she gave up her situa-  
tion as laundress, and opened a small dairy  
in a vacant lot in the rear of the  
Sisters' asylum. Her hardy physical  
strength enabled her to perform all the  
duties of a man in and personally deliver  
the milk. This was the beginning of her  
large acquaintance and great popularity  
among the lower classes, black and white.  
Morning and evening, in rain or shine, a  
model of punctuality, she was to be seen  
on her rounds, seated in a rough,  
old-fashioned cart, behind two tin  
cans, her coarse features and tanned  
skin, her Shaker bonnet, and  
eyes beaming with irresistible good  
humor, her ready tact and cordial salu-  
tations, establishing a profitable reputa-  
tion. The market people would put  
aside bits of meat and vegetables for  
her, the hotel-keepers would save the  
broken victuals for her, collecting it in  
her cart, she would make an impartial  
distribution of it among the needy  
asylums. The Sisters determined to  
build a suitable establishment for their  
enormous charge. Margaret promised  
to stand by them until an asylum was  
built and the last cent of debt paid off.  
For seventeen years she worked, bonded  
by this promise to them, increasing her  
duty that she might increase her dona-  
tions. In 1841 the St. Theresa Asylum  
was completed—the asylum before which  
stands her monument to-day—and in  
ten years, thanks to Margaret's powerful  
co-operation, the prodigious debt con-  
tracted in building it was paid off. Hav-  
ing redeemed her word, she felt free to  
move away from the asylum and locate  
her dairy as an independent establish-  
ment in the fast-growing "uptown" part  
of New Orleans. It thrived and prospered  
beyond precedent, owing to her personal  
reputation. An infant asylum becoming  
a necessary adjunct to St. Theresa, she  
turned her dairy profits into what she  
always called her "Baby House," the mag-  
nificent St. Vincent de Paul Infant  
Asylum. A third asylum, the St. Eliza-  
beth, to which grown orphans are trans-  
ferred for industrial education from the  
St. Theresa, was afterwards added, com-  
pleting the splendid system of practical  
charity known as Margaret's Asylums.  
During the terrible yellow fever epidemics  
of the Fifties no one was more promi-  
nently efficient than Margaret. Going from  
house to house among the poor, Protest-  
ant and Catholic alike, she was indefatig-  
able in ministering to the living, soothing  
the dying by her promise to "look after"  
the orphans—a promise they could trust  
her to keep.

Despite her charities she began to grow  
rich, and had money to lend to her friends.  
About 1859 such a loan led to a change of  
business. The proprietor of a large  
wholesale bakery had gained her friend-  
ship by his benevolence to the orphans.  
Becoming embarrassed in his accounts, he  
applied to her and obtained assistance.  
Continued losses threatened his solvency,  
to secure her debt he made over the  
establishment to her. The admiring public  
talent and executive ability which had  
evoked a fortune from a dairy trans-  
formed the bankrupt bakery into one of  
the best-paying investments in the South.  
"Margaret's Bakery" soon began to be  
numbered among the great industries of  
New Orleans, and Margaret herself began  
to be as well known in commercial circles  
as she had been in the world of trade and  
charity. She supplied the asylums with  
bread at a nominal price, never failing in  
single morning to leave an equivalent in  
some shape or other, in the way of deli-  
cacies, under the leaves in the bottom of  
the big baskets, and never failing at the  
end of the year to turn over honestly to  
charity God's share in her gains.

During the four years of the war, like  
most of the merchants, she had to struggle  
hard to maintain herself, but in her sever-  
est trials she never relaxed in her self-  
imposed taxation in favor of the unfor-  
tunate, adding to her regular charities  
liberal contributions to the Confederate  
soldiers and to their destitute families,  
most of whom became reduced to cruel  
extremities. She was a character around  
which anecdotes naturally cluster. Many  
amusing ones are related of her tilts with  
the United States soldiers during their  
occupation of the city, and it is a common  
saying that she was the only woman in  
New Orleans of whom the first General-  
Commandant there was afraid. She  
always stood, however, on good terms with  
the authorities. When General Auger  
was ordered away from the city she pre-  
sented him with a handsome sword in  
token of her appreciation of his good  
offices to herself and her fellow citizens.  
She took great pride in her city, and  
was very sensitive about it, interfering  
personally whenever there was a com-  
plaint to be made or injustice to redress.  
The authorities had all but signed the  
papers to have an engine house built on  
the triangular piece of ground where her  
store now stands. She was indignant that  
they did not give it to the Sisters for a  
play ground for the orphans. The result  
of her expostulations was that the Sisters  
got the ground. It was given back to the  
city when the proposition to erect the  
monument took proportion. It is now  
known as Margaret's Place. She was  
always prompt to further with substantial  
cooperation any public enterprise; every  
charitable institution in the city became  
a recipient of her bounty. Besides public  
charities, she gave secretly and ceaselessly  
to private individuals. It is a current  
truth that she never saw misery, suffering,  
or destitution without relieving it.

About twelve years ago the Sisters of  
Charity got in trouble in Mexico, and  
were expelled; some of them were even  
put in jail. The St. Theresa Sisters went  
to Margaret in despair that they could do  
nothing for their companions. "Can't

they be brought here?" "No; we have no  
means." Margaret left her sick bed, went  
down to the river to a Spanish captain,  
and told him he could make a certain sum  
by bringing the Sisters to New Orleans.  
She gave him half the money in advance,  
and told him the moment he landed to  
call for Margaret, as the rest should be  
his. The Sisters arrived at the specified  
time. She was terribly afraid of notori-  
ety. On one St. Margaret's Day the  
orphans were promised a visit to her. The  
Sister went to ask Margaret not to go out  
at the hour named. "Now don't do that,  
Sister; don't bring the children here.  
Every one will talk about it, and all the  
papers will describe the orphans' visit to  
Margaret." "But the children have been  
promised a treat." "Well, now, you take  
the children to Canal Street, march them  
up one side and down the other; take  
them to Holmes's (the fashionable dry  
goods store), and let the clerks talk to  
them. Don't hurry them; let them stay  
out just as long as they please, and that  
will be a treat indeed." "I walked the  
children," the Sister related, "up and  
down everywhere to their hearts' content,  
and returned to the asylum. When we  
entered the door I could scarcely believe  
my eyes. The tables were spread with  
fruits and flowers and cakes and creams  
and candies of every kind. That was a  
treat indeed!"

The ladies of one of the Protestant  
orphan homes called upon her to get  
bread at a reduced price for some enter-  
tainment. She was indignant that they  
should expect her to sell bread for an  
orphans' fund. "But we are Protestants,"  
said the ladies. "You are working for  
the orphans; so am I. They are God's  
children, be they Catholic or Protestant,"  
replied Margaret. Ever afterward she  
numbered that particular institution  
among her charities. Shortly after the  
Christmas holidays the ladies of another  
Protestant home called to thank her for  
her yearly donation. "Don't thank me,"  
she simply said; "thank the Lord."

She could neither read nor write nor  
make a figure. She never employed an  
agent but once; he swindled her. Ever  
afterward she attended personally to her  
mammoth establishment. Her judgment  
was remarkable; no measure she ever ad-  
vised turned out other than she predicted.  
She took no vows, assumed no badge of  
her mission. Though sincerely religious,  
she was not at all bigoted. Her bakery  
was situated in the very business centre  
of the city. She stood in good, cordial  
fellowship with her merchant neighbors,  
who admired her great business capacity,  
and were always ready to try a bout of  
wit with her (from which she usually came  
off victorious), or gossip about "old times"  
with her in her private office, or discuss  
city politics and city politicians. Though  
enjoying with them the perfect equality  
of one business man with another, she  
never presumed on their intimacy with  
her, never forgot her humble origin, and  
never corrected her plain speech. While  
giving away thousands, she never ex-  
pended more on herself personally than  
when the wages of laundress set bounds  
to her necessities. Her influence over  
the city was remarkable for breadth and  
strength. Her word was never questioned,  
her intentions never disputed. She was  
simply "Margaret."

she died on the 9th of February, 1882,  
leaving a reputation which lives to become  
known to the city. Her charities were  
so closely administered as to leave small  
margin for an estate. She made her mark  
under the will that distributed what  
money she had on hand among the  
asylums, and left her establishment and  
business to an orphan boy whom she had  
trained to the work herself. The news-  
papers appeared in heavy mourning for  
her, and the obituary notices publishing  
the simple record of her life and work in  
this community exhorted all praise.

The monument was a spontaneous out-  
burst. Hardly was it suggested before  
the money was raised. The commission  
was executed so quickly that before people  
realized that she was indeed gone she was  
again seated in their midst, natural and  
life like, in garb and position a very per-  
fection from their memories. The dedi-  
cation services were rendered by ministers  
and representatives from every religious  
denomination in the city, before a crowd  
composed of all that a city can bring to-  
gether to honor one whose good will had  
embraced all that a city can contain.—  
Harper's Bazar. GRACE KING.

Stopping Papers.  
"There must be somebody backing  
that paper, for I ordered my paper,  
stopped, and I know three or four more  
who got mad and stopped theirs, but the  
blamed paper seems to come out just the  
same."  
Foolish man, don't think that because  
you get on your ear and stop you paper  
it will make any perceptible difference  
with the run of the office. The editorial  
which offended you pleased a half dozen  
other men so much that they subscribed  
for the paper forthwith. Always remem-  
ber that a paper is not run for the benefit  
of one person, but for the public. Go and  
take a drink out of the Scioto River and  
look along the shore and see how much  
you have lowered the water. When you  
have ascertained the exact figures you can  
put them down as representing pretty  
accurately just how much you amount  
to individually toward the success or  
failure of the average newspaper.

The above is published for the fastidious  
who only had fault with a paper when  
asked to pay for it in advance.

They Pay \$500, or Cure.  
For many years the manufacturers  
of Dr. Cass's Catarrh Remedy, who  
are thoroughly responsible, finan-  
cially, have offered in good faith,  
through nearly every newspaper in  
the land, a standard reward of  
\$500 for a case of nasal catarrh, no  
matter how bad, or of how long standing,  
which they cannot cure. The remedy is  
sold by druggists at only 50 cents. It is  
mild, soothing, cleansing, deodorizing,  
antiseptic and healing.

All fitting boots and shoes cause corns.  
Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to  
use. Get a bottle at once and cure  
your corns.

Prof. Low's Magic Sulphur Soap.—  
Heating, soothing and cleansing for all  
eruptions diseases of the skin. Delightful  
for toilet use.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE PLAN.

The Proclaimed Meeting at Woodford.

A MIDNIGHT DEMONSTRATION.

United Ireland, Oct. 22.  
The special correspondent of the Irish  
Times thus describes the midnight meeting  
at Woodford, on Sunday—the govern-  
ment proclamation of the meeting an-  
nounced to be held at Woodford was set  
at defiance by the National Leaguers of  
the district, who furthermore outwitted  
the police, and at an early hour this morn-  
ing held a meeting in the streets of the  
village, and was addressed by Mr. Wm.  
O'Brien and other speakers. Early on  
Saturday morning copies of the govern-  
ment proclamation were extensively  
posted in the locality, but in most cases  
they were torn down by the people.  
Everywhere the posters of the National  
League announcing that Mr. John Dillon,  
Mr. William O'Brien, and other  
speakers, would attend and deliver ad-  
dresses met the eye. Mr. O'Brien, M. P.,  
left Dublin at an early hour, journeyed  
to Eimeragh by rail, thence to Kildare,  
and by road to Budeke and Woodford,  
arriving at the latter place about mid-  
night. There assembled about one hun-  
dred and fifty police, under the command  
of County Inspector O'Brien, in Lough  
rea, where they remained over night, and  
at six o'clock on Sunday morning drove  
to Woodford, a distance of twelve miles.

NATIONAL AUTHORITIES  
The Government authorities had no  
idea that the speakers would have ad-  
opted the line of action they did adopt, but  
were inclined to believe that Mr. O'Brien  
would follow the example set at Bally-  
covee last month. In this they were  
wrong. While the resident magistrates,  
county inspector, and constabulary were  
at Loughrea, Mr. O'Brien was addressing  
a meeting here, and, of course, the local  
force was totally inadequate to enforce the  
proclamation. It would seem that the  
police knew nothing about Mr. O'Brien's  
whereabouts until this morning. It is  
now known that the editor of United Ire-  
land addressed tenants near Budeke on  
Saturday.

THE TOWN AND THE HILLS ABLAZE.  
Mr. O'Brien immediately proceeded to  
the house of the parish priest, Father  
Coele, P. P., which stands in the lower  
part of the main street, practically the  
only thoroughfare of Woodford. Every  
circumstance in connection with the meet-  
ing, which was afterwards held, points to  
the fact that action had been taken in  
accordance with some matured pre-  
arrangement, evidently entered into before  
Mr. O'Brien had left Dublin. Some hours  
before he arrived Woodford assumed an  
air of activity too great to be merely  
imputed to its being market day, the  
throng growing in strength as the evening  
passed. The presence of the expected  
visitor was generally known in a few  
minutes, and the people surged round the  
confined precincts of the priest's house.  
Bonfires had been lighted at various  
points upon the eminence which environ  
Woodford on every side, while at every  
window rural tallow gleamed welcome,  
and in fact that preparation gave proof  
of the premeditation of the rise to defeat  
the law. Midnight had not long passed,  
and the day to which the proclamation  
had reference entered upon, when the  
prohibited meeting was organized.

BURNING THE PROCLAMATION.  
Father Coele was installed chairman  
and having delivered remarks to the crowd  
from a window of his house gave way to  
Mr. O'Brien, who signified his appear-  
ance by setting candle light to a copy of  
the proclamation.

THE POLICE FIFTEEN MILES AWAY.  
The local police witnessed the proceed-  
ing, but the fewness of their number  
made them powerless to prevent them.  
Woodford is about twelve Irish miles  
from Loughrea, where the police requisi-  
tioned to enforce the observance of the  
proclamation were stationed, owing to  
the inadequacy of accommodation here.

TELEGRAPH WIRE CUT.  
The officers in charge of the force  
immediately proceeded to the telegraph  
office to wire information of the stolen  
march, but it was found that communica-  
tion had ceased in consequence of the  
wire being cut. It has since been ascer-  
tained that they also had been severed  
between Woodford and Portlanna, and  
between the latter town and Birr,  
half a mile on each side of Portlanna,  
to deprive the authorities of the ulti-  
mate hope of preventing the meet-  
ing. The wires were not only cut but  
shortened by several yards wherever they  
were tampered with. This (Sunday)  
morning the telegraph men found that  
upwards of sixty yards of the wire  
had been removed at one of the points of  
severance, and up to one o'clock in  
the afternoon a staff of workmen was  
engaged in fitting the wires again for  
transmission of intelligence.

A HANGING BELLET.  
Tied to the wire which had been  
cut was a policeman's helmet. The fore-  
thought of those who were interested in  
the proclaimed meeting was rewarded,  
for the police stationed in Loughrea were  
asleep while the eventuality which they  
had been sent to prevent was being  
affected. The authorities here seem to  
have considered it not unlikely that the  
announcement of the meeting for Wood-  
ford was but a "bait" to draw them off  
the scene of the intended action of Mr.  
O'Brien and his colleagues. The police  
left Loughrea on Sunday morning for  
Woodford on about twenty cars, and  
took up a position a quarter of a mile  
from town. They were under the  
command of Mr. Byrne, Divisional  
Magistrate; Mr. Townsend, R. M.; and  
County-Inspector Byrne. Those who  
arrived at Woodford this morning ex-  
pected that exciting scenes would be wit-  
nessed, and found almost a deserted  
village. The country-folk after their  
acceptance of Mr. O'Brien's invitation to  
meet him by moonlight, returned home,  
and only the locals remained to give the  
place an appearance of life. Shortly  
after noon a deputation from Budeke  
arrived, and congratulated Mr. O'Brien.

LOUGHREA ILLUMINATED.  
This (Sunday) evening some persons of  
persons again cut the telegraph wires  
between Portlanna and Woodford. Much  
delay was caused in the transmission of  
Press messages. A party of police have  
left Woodford to patrol the roads along  
which the telegraph wires run. Bonfires

have been lighted on the hills, and have a  
fine effect, as the night is very dark.

THE MEETING.  
The meeting was begun by Mr. John  
Roche, P. L. G., moving Father Coele, P. P.,  
to the chair. Amongst those present were  
—Mr. Wilfred Blunt, representing the  
English Home Rule Union; Mr. Ellis,  
from the Prekham and Dalwich Radical  
Association; Mr. Pike, the Hackney Rad-  
ical Association; Mr. Barker, Bradford;  
Messrs. Rowlands, M. P.; T. P. Gill, M. P.;  
David Sheehy, M. P.; J. R. Cox, M. P.;  
W. F. Denehy, the Lord Mayor's Secre-  
tary; Mr. John Roche, P. L. G.; P. Keary,  
P. L. G.; L. Egan, P. L. G.; M. Egan,  
P. L. G.; M. Donnelly, P. L. G.; R. W.  
R. Che, C. C. Rev. P. Coen, P. P.; Peter  
Larkin, (father of Thomas Larkin); F.  
Tully, J. R. Kelly, T. R. P. Boland, F.  
O'Farrell, John M'Dermott, P. L. G.,  
Whitegate; John Deravin, Tynagh; P.  
Whelan, Tynagh; M. Alberton, P. Hol-  
land, J. J. K. Rev. Portlanna; T. F. Burke,  
Jama-Lanham, Eyrecoort.

CONTREPT FOR THE PROCLAMATION.  
The Rev. Chairman congratulated the  
people on their magnificent demonstration.  
They must, he said, hold firmly together  
and not mind the placard which had been  
issued by Dublin Castle (groans). One of  
those proclamations had been put into his  
hand, which he tore asunder and threw  
down, like Michael Davitt in Loughrea  
(cheers), and wiped his boots on it (cheers).  
He was sure the people of this district  
would do the same (cheers).

MR. O'BRIEN'S SPEECH.  
Mr. O'Brien, M. P., on coming forward  
to address the meeting, was received with  
great enthusiasm, the cheers being again  
and again repeated. Silence having been  
restored, he said—(Gallant men of Wood-  
ford, and men of Galway from many a  
mile round, I wish you the top of the  
morning (laughter and cheers). I hold in  
my hand a proclamation from Mr. Bal-  
four to meet in Woodford on this day to  
exercise our right of free speech. This  
much respect I pay to Mr. Balfour's pro-  
clamation here in presence of his police  
force to-night. (At this point Mr. O'Brien,  
amid tremendous cheering, set fire to a  
copy of the proclamation, which was  
quickly consumed.) It is about the polit-  
est way I know of telling him to go to  
blazes (laughter and cheers). I am proud  
of you beyond what I can tell of the grand  
discipline and of the splendid numbers in  
which you are assembled here at this most  
unearthly hour of the morning. You are  
people who are worth fighting for, and  
as long as you show the spirit that is being  
shown to-night in Woodford, believe me  
you will never lack Irishmen who will be  
willing to spend their days and nights—  
ay, and spend their life's blood—in your  
cause (applause).

REMEMBER BALFOUR.  
We have come here to-night although  
Mr. Balfour refused us leave. We have  
come here without his leave; and as they  
would not let us come in the daylight, we  
have assembled in the midnight; and with  
thirteen thousand police, costing one mil-  
lion and a half of money—with thirty  
thousand soldiers in the country—they  
are unable to-night, with all the terror of  
the Crimes Act at their back, to withstand  
the determination and out manoeuvre the  
ingenuity of the Irish people (cheers). I  
believe that this mid-night meeting in  
Balfour's days will be remembered yet as  
the midnight Masses in the penal days  
were; and I believe that before this winter  
is over, in many a spot besides Woodford,  
we will teach Balfour that he can no more  
suppress the National League in this sup-  
pressed district—the case no more suppress  
the principles of the National League in  
the Irish heart—than he can suppress the  
streams which gush from the hills of Ire-  
land (loud cheers).

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE PLAN.  
Well, we meet here to-night to celebrate  
the anniversary of the Plan of Campaign  
(cheers), which has been the salvation of  
the Clanricarde tenantry against their  
cruel tyrant. Twelve months ago to-day  
the flag of the Plan of Campaign was un-  
furled from this spot by the hands of John  
Dillon (loud cheers). I ask you was there  
ever a policy propounded by the Irish  
people that have borne the test of time  
better, or that has borne better fruit!  
Look back over those twelve months and  
think of all the devices tried against us—  
the garnishes, you may remember,  
and the bankruptcy proceedings; and the  
highway robbery in Loughrea, the trials  
at Green-street, and our old friend Saxe  
Weimar's proclamation (laughter). Ah,  
they were to have squeaked and an-  
nihilated us long ago, but where are they to-  
day!—(A Voice—N. where.)

A YEAR OF VICTORIES.  
Who was Chief Secretary twelve months  
ago? Sir Michael Hicks Beach (cries of  
"the boob"). He has passed away. The  
Under Secretary for Ireland of that day  
has passed away; the Attorney General  
for Ireland of that day has passed away;  
the agents of Lord Clanricarde of that time  
has passed away—all their plots and  
stratagems have collapsed about their  
ears, and here we are to-night, after the  
English Parliament has spent seven  
months in forging a tremendous new  
Coercion Act against us, and a ter Bal-  
four has put forth all the powers of  
Dublin Castle to crush us—here we are  
to-night, I think, as brisk and as blithe as  
ever we were in our lives (cheers), and  
we have the satisfaction of knowing  
that since John Dillon spoke here this  
day twelve months, we fined Lord Clan-  
ricarde £20,000 of his rental for the cap-  
ture of Saunders' Fort and other matters  
(cheers), and not a fraction has he got, and  
not a fraction of it will be get until he  
comes to reasonable terms (cheers).

THE FUTURE IS OURS.  
No, the Government know your cause is  
just. They dare not ally themselves with  
Clanricarde (groans). If they dared they  
would have given him their armies long  
ago and exterminated the whole country  
side. They did not dare to do it—they  
did not dare to face English public opin-  
ion which is now swinging around to us  
in masses every day of our lives (cheers).  
No, they shrink carrying out an eviction  
campaign, but they do what is an in-  
finitely viler and baser thing—they lead  
their police protection to a man like Lener  
and his gang (groans). Well, we will  
leave them that much comfort, for the  
future is ours, and not Clanricarde's  
tenantry have been suffering, and it is  
because I know and feel, and keenly feel

DEFEND YOUR HOMES.  
I know what some of the Clanricarde  
tenantry have been suffering, and it is  
because I know and feel, and keenly feel

sometimes it is almost more than  
human nature can bear—that is why I  
have come down here to advise you as I  
do to bear it patiently a little longer.  
God knows, I have no love for counsels of  
patience to enslaved nations. I tell you  
candidly I would not preach patience if  
I did not see and believe in my  
heart that it is at the present  
moment our best policy, and that it is a  
winning policy as well (cheers). When I  
say patience I do not mean a cowardly  
submission to wrong (cheers). If your  
homes are attacked, I say to you, as I said  
to the men of Mitchelstown, as I shall say  
to them again—if your homes are attacked  
by landlord robbery, I tell you in God's  
name defend them like men (cheers). If  
you are struck at, I say strike back with  
compound interest—hunt Balfour and his  
Crimes Act and go—hull and down date  
and don't spare them (laughter and cheers),  
but do not be tempted and do not be  
goaded into any action criminal or dis-  
graceful; do not let them goad you, for  
the whole policy of the rulers is to goad  
and exasperate you into deeds that they  
might turn and twist to our disadvantage  
and poison the English mind. (A Voice—  
We are clever enough for them.) Ay,  
that you are—clever enough for them, and  
more, too (laughter and cheers). I think  
we are always more than their match in  
brains anyhow (laughter and cheers).

THE ENGLISH PEOPLE WITH US.  
I tell you candidly I took a long time  
and a great deal of thought and a great  
deal of experience to convince me that  
the English people were with us, but I am  
thoroughly convinced, I am convinced  
beyond a shadow of a doubt, that the  
hearts of the honest working English  
masses are being won over to our cause  
every month and every week in thousands  
and in hundreds of thousands and in mil-  
lions (loud cheers), and that is why I say  
—and I don't know any politician who is  
willing to go farther for Ireland than I am  
(cheers)—but that is why I say that we  
can afford to wait, we can afford to be  
cool, and not to be led away into any  
madness or folly, because I believe in my  
heart with Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Par-  
nell (cheers) that the severer the coercion  
and the oppression that we have to endure  
for the next three months the sooner will  
come the day of victory and the more  
glorious will be the victory when it comes  
(cheers).

NO CRIME AND NO SURRENDER.  
Well, then, I will not detain you longer  
at this hour of the night. I will only say  
that I am proud of you beyond measure.  
We have literally set on fire all the heath-  
er around Galway to-night (cheers). We  
have kindled a fire which I believe will be  
the funeral pyre of Balfour's Coercion  
Act (groans). I will only say to you, let  
your motto be "No crime and no surren-  
der" (cheers); eternal war against the  
Balfours, and the Clanricardes, and the  
Tenors, but eternal friendship for Glad-  
stone and the English nation, on the day  
when they sign his blessed treaty of peace  
and of the legislative independence of our  
country (cheers). Be true to these lines  
and these principles; fight for the prin-  
ciple for which the men of Woodford  
have already most nobly fought and for  
which your martyred friend, Thomas  
Larkin, shed his blood in Kilkenny Jail.

REMEMBER YOUNG LARKIN.  
Remember him, and remember the mes-  
sage that awaited his unhappy father from  
Clanricarde when he returned home from  
the funeral—remember these things, be  
true to these principles through weal and  
through woe, and with the blessing of  
God, when the next anniversary of the  
Plan of Campaign comes round, the Plan  
of Campaign will be required no longer  
(hear here)—the Plan of Campaign will  
have done its work, because this land of  
Ireland will be governed in the future no  
longer in the interest of a gang of thieves  
and tyrants, but will be governed by the  
representatives of the Irish people for the  
happiness and for the welfare of that  
great old Irish nation whom the Almighty  
placed on the soil (loud applause).

SMASHED WITH COSTS.  
This moment there has been put into my  
hands a message which may end my speech,  
I think, like a discharge of artillery—it is  
from Bowler at Fort, "Clanricarde smashed  
in all cases with costs" (loud cheers).  
Clanricarde was smashed with costs in  
the first year, and Balfour was smashed  
with costs in Woodford to-night (cheers).  
I have told you the English people were  
with us in England, and I am going to  
present to you one of their representa-  
tives, Mr. Rowlands, who is member for  
one of the divisions of London, in the  
very heart of what was once to us an  
enemy's country (loud applause).

Don't do it.  
From the Boston Globe.  
Don't gossip.  
Don't be censorious.  
Don't draw hasty inferences, nor jump  
at conclusions.  
Don't be uncharitable.  
Don't forget that the most of us live in  
glass houses, and be rather careful, there-  
fore not to throw stones, or even pebbles,  
too freely.  
Don't let one's fault hide another's many  
virtues.  
Don't forget that it is often as bad to  
repeat gossip as it is to originate it.  
Don't criticise the food at table.  
Don't be forever scolding your children  
in public, especially at table. Give them  
private tutoring and lectures if they need  
them, but spare others the spectacle.

Consumption Curable.  
It cannot be too often impressed on  
every one that the much dreaded con-  
sumption (which is only lung scrofula), is  
curable, if attended to at once, and that  
the primary symptoms, so often mistaken  
as signs of diseased lungs, are only symp-  
toms of an unhealthy liver. To this  
organ the system is indebted for pure  
blood, and to pure blood the lungs are  
indebted no less than to pure air for  
healthy action. If the former is polluted,  
we have the hacking cough, the hectic  
flush, night-sweats, and a whole train of  
symptoms, resembling consumption.  
Route the liver to healthy action by the  
use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Dis-  
covery, take healthy exercise, live in the  
open air, and all symptoms of consump-  
tion will disappear. For weak lungs,  
spitting of blood, shortness of breath,  
chronic nasal catarrh, bronchitis, asthma,  
severe coughs, and kindred affections, it  
is a most wonderful remedy.