THE HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1883.

Mails and Mercury.

One of the greatest disadvantages of our insular position is the incessant changes required to maintain mail communication with the outer world. The same mode of conveyance is used and the same routes are followed on the continent from year's end to year's end. We not only require to change with the seasons, but our changes are as variable as the readings of the thermometer, which really is the controlling factor in this matter. At one time we have steamers making diurnal trips, morning and evening, between Summerside and Shediac, with a travelling post office on boats and trains, and busy clerks assorting mails as they move rapidly along, so that we find them ready for delivery as soon as they arrive at the post office But a sudden fall in the temperature disorganizes the whole arrangement. Mails and passengers congregate at Point du Chene awaiting the arrival of the steamer, but find the Ice King has breathed on the waters of the Shediac, and barred her entrance. She has then to return without mails or passengers, and the route is abandoned and another one taken. Although these mails are let but forty miles from Summerside, they must now be carried by a circuitous route of three hundred before they can reach their destination. They are ordered to Pictou landing, and steamers are dispatched there to await their arrival but all these changes must cause some delay, and we are only surprised that it has not often been greater than it really is, under such untoward circumstances. Mails may reach us with some regularity now, for a brief period, but there being no mail clerks on this route, we have to exercise our patience for a considerable time after the arrival of the boats, in waiting to have the mails assorted and distributed. Even while we are becoming reconciled to this the temperature again changes, the breath of winter chills, the sparkling waters of the Hillsborough, this route is closed, and another must be resorted to. Georgetown, that latest haven of refuge for the hardy mariner, is the next objective point. A special train keeps up regular connection with the *Northern Light* at that port, whence she keeps up irregular communication with the continent, but the temperature again changes. Winter spreads its icy mantle over the waters of the Gulf, the *Northern Light* herself is tucked up in the Ice King's embrace, and it may be not heard of for many days, while mail bags are accumulating by hundreds at Pictou landing, waiting her arrival. But she comes not, and another change has now to be made, all former routes abandoned, and mails sent to Cape Tormentine, that *Ultima Thule* of our sister Province. Here the hardy couriers are awaiting their arrival with many men and various steel shod boats, to carry them across the Straits of Northumberland—over ice and through lolly—over broad stretches of open water, or through snow drifts, and between hummocks, until they reach the shores of our own Island, where already the teams with their jingling sleigh bells, are waiting them to hurry off to the city, over hill and valley, as fast as the fleet horses can travel. We do not expect regular mails during the winter season. Not only the temperature, but the winds, and currents now influence their movements. It is a matter not of uncommon occurrence to be for several consecutive days without any mails, and then to receive all at once, a perfect avalanche of mail bags, which the whole post office staff have to work at day and night until arranged and distributed. Or it may happen that an English mail, after it has been closed for despatch, does not get across the Straits until the mail steamer it was intended for has well nigh crossed the Atlantic. As we said at the outset, the whole mail arrangements between our Island in forty-seven degrees north latitude, and the mainland, must be controlled by the thermometer, and, until we have the Straits filled up with solid rock, or the tunnel built, or some other visionary change practically carried out, we can not be on a par with our fellow-colonists in other parts of the Dominion, nor can we assert that the Terms of Union have been completely fulfilled.

In the New Year's Supplement to the HERALD will be found something like notes of a voyage along the coast of P. E. Island (St. Jean), which, though simple, and not very graphic, will be found of value as being the first attempt to describe this Island made by either the French discoverers or English conquerors that we have knowledge of. It is an extract taken from a very old book, printed in 1752, and translated literally from the French of the Comte de Piche, Secretary of Count de Raymond, then Governor of Louisburg. It is a fact that up to this the history of an interesting Province has been sadly neglected. If earnest search were made we have no doubt documents of far greater value than that we insert might be found, which would add materially to the meagre histories now in print, or rather supersede them altogether. For the translation from the Comte de Piche we are indebted to Miss A. M. Pope, who came across it in her literary researches and rightly judged it would be of interest to the readers of the HERALD.

The Great Incapable Again.

The editor of the *Patriot* has been taking a retrospective glance over the management of our local affairs for the year that is drawing to a close, and has come to the conclusion that the present Local Government "is the most deservedly unpopular and useless that" ever ruled the destinies of our little Commonwealth." This having been the burden of his song six times a week, ever since last New Year's Day, we think it is but due to the year 1883 which has been as good as most of its predecessors, that our contemporary should find another tune for its funeral dirge; it is not appropriate to use festal or even ferial music for a requiem.

In an article headed "Another year of Misrule, published in the *Patriot* of the 18th inst. the editor prefers several charges against the present administration, none of which are of a very serious nature, and all of which have been repeated in its columns *ad nauseam*, and exploded long ago. The people clearly understand the position of the Government in respect to the piers, and if the *Patriot* will but possess its soul in patience it will find the action of the Government fully justified.

Apart from the misrepresentations in which he indulges, as to the debt of the Province, and the laying up of the Ferry steamer *Elin*, it may perhaps be interesting to enquire who it is that undertakes to find fault with the management of our local rulers. We admit that having the control of a newspaper, the editor of the *Patriot* is bound to furnish his subscribers with a daily dish of news, and that, to keep abreast of the times, he is expected occasionally to take a hand in politics. But the editor of the *Patriot* assumes higher ground, and speaks from a lofty standpoint. For has he not been a member of our Local Legislature and Government, a member of the Dominion Parliament, a Cabinet Minister and a Lieutenant-Governor, and does he not sign his name with the addition of a C. C., that the public may understand that, altho these positions and their emoluments are things of the past, he is yet a member of the Queen's Privy Council for Canada, and accordingly at the service of Her Majesty's representative whenever he may require his council and advice. Inasmuch then as the editor of the *Patriot* has filled these high and honorable positions in the service of his country, the people who placed him there, have a right to enquire as to the manner in which he filled such responsible trusts.

Mr. Laird's profession is that of a journalist, whose first appearance in the literary world was in connection with the *Protector* newspaper, but the less said about him in that capacity the better he will like it. After the death of the *Protector* he succeeded to the control of the *Protestant*, which was equally unfortunate with its predecessor. The *Patriot* then came to the surface, with Mr. Laird as its editor. In the elections of 1870 we find him a candidate for the suffrages of the electors of the First District of Queen's County, one of the largest and most intelligent of the Province. But they did not appreciate him at his own estimate, and returned him to the bosom of his family. Meantime the Railway agitation had commenced, and it is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Laird was found among the opponents of that measure, as he has been of all others not begotten of intolerance and bigotry. Hon. James Duncan having accepted the office of Chief Commissioner of Railways, applied to his constituents for re-election for the district of Belfast. Then was Mr. Laird's opportunity. He appealed to the worst prejudices of the people, he traded on his position in the Church to awaken sympathy in his favor, and promised that if he were only elected he would stop the railroad, buy off the contractors at any cost, and thus save the Island from ruin and Confederation. It is not surprising that he was elected, and we well remember the procession which accompanied him on his triumphal return to the city and the banners that were borne, the mottoes on which should accuse his conscience to this day, provided he has any use for such an inconvenient article. The Government were overthrown after the famous six days' session, and a new administration formed under the leadership of Hon. R. P. Haythorne upon Saturday, the 20th April, 1872, of which Mr. Laird was a member. Everything, however, was not harmonious. There was a Jonah on board the ship of State, and when the Cabinet re-assembled on Monday morning they cast him overboard in the person of Mr. Laird, who pocketed his dignity and the insult together, but not without a consideration. Then ensued a session the like of which had never been known since the Island had a constitution. For nearly seventy days did the administration which Mr. Laird supported dawdle in the Legislative Halls, unable to proceed with the business from sheer incapacity, and glad of the assistance of the Opposition to enable them to get through a day's work. But if not distinguished for legislation, this memorable session was at least profuse in vilification and abuse. The Journals contain numerous entries of words taken down during debate; but it was reserved for Mr. Laird, whose language had become so outrageous, and whose utterances so wild, to be branded by the votes of his own friends as having made statements that were "untrue and without a shadow of foundation."

We have said that the memory of the mottoes borne upon Mr. Laird's election banners should accuse him. Elected to stop the railway, what was his course in the Legislature? Did he attempt to carry out his pledges to his constituents? No; but his vote was given instead for the construction of fifty miles more of this ruin and destruction!

Meantime the Island was going to ruin in very truth, and the Government themselves become the laughing-stock of the country—none could be found so poor as to do them reverence. Their leader dared not take office, although he had announced his intention of doing so, for the simple reason that he was afraid to face his constituents, and the principal office in the colony—that of Provincial Secretary—was filled by an outsider. In December, 1872, Mr. Laird was again taken into the Cabinet, and on the last day of the old year, compelled by law to let the contract for the branch lines before midnight struck, they cooked a bargain with the contractors for the main line, upon terms which released these gentlemen's sureties from all responsibility for a work involving two millions of dollars. This galaxy of intellect, now increased by the addition of Mr. Laird, allowed themselves to be hoodwinked by the very contractors whom they had denounced as swindlers, and bluffed into doing whatever these gentlemen desired. The receipt of a letter from the contractors' agent was a signal for general consternation, and as such communications were by no means infrequent, the Government camp was in a perpetual state of alarm. But this is not all. When in the year 1871, the Railway Bill was passed, an extra impost duty of two and a half per cent., was levied to meet the interest upon the debentures and other incidental Railway expenditure. Mr. Laird's party passed the Bill for the construction of the branch lines without making the slightest provision for the extra expenditure involved and—mark the consequence—their bonds would not sell, no one would buy them when no provision was made for paying their interest. To further depreciate the credit of the Island, they sent their Provincial Secretary warming-pan to Halifax, to St. John, and to Montreal to hawk their debentures, but without success, until in their extremity they were forced to borrow from a bank in New Brunswick, upon this official's *own note, at three months, with the collateral security of a deposit of $28,000 in bonds*, the sum of $25,000 to tide them over difficulties. To such a depth of degradation were the public affairs of our Island reduced within a month after Mr. Laird succeeded to a seat in her Councils. Three months were not long in rolling around, and when the Provincial Secretary's note fell due, neither he nor the Government were in a position to redeem it. They sought a renewal, which was granted at the rate of *one per cent per month!* Island debentures were very low at that period, of so little value were they indeed, that the Provincial Secretary thought nothing of leaving thousands of dollars worth of them lying in a broker's office in Halifax, without even the formality of accepting a receipt for them, or making any entry, or leaving any record in his office as to their disposition. Matters at last reached a crisis. The Treasury was literally empty. Then it was that to Ottawa Mr. Laird and his friends turned their eyes for relief. The Saturday-night flight was determined upon—upon a Sunday did they start on their unholy mission of selling the Island to the Dominion, and we find the very man who had been placed as sentinel at the gates engaged in parley with the enemy. This is a chapter in the history of a gentleman who speaks of the present administration as having scrambled into office by playing the demagogue, and who accuses them as unpopular and useless. Returned by the people pledged to a certain course in order to save the Island from ruin, not only does he not adopt that course, but plunges the colony deeper into undertakings upon terms which must inevitably land it in difficulties. Mr. Laird either knew that his course would embarass the Island or he did not know it—if the former, he was a traitor to her interests; if the latter, he was incapable for the position he held.

At Ottawa he succeeded in obtaining terms for the admission of the Island into the Confederation; but when they were submitted to the people they rejected them. The incapables were ousted from office and the same gentlemen who one short year before had been defeated by the loud-mouthed abuse of Mr. Laird and his party returned to power. The sequel is well known. Messrs. Pope, Haviland and Howlan succeeded in negotiating Terms of Union more favorable to the Island by the amount of $28,000 a year than Mr. Laird had been able to obtain, and the same debentures which during his *regime* could not be sold at any price, now found a ready market at par, and for no other reason than that capitalists knew that the incapables had been removed, and that the Government was in the hands of men of ability and character. Confederation took place. Mr. Laird was elected a member of the Commons in support of Sir John Macdonald and his Government. He went to Ottawa, attended the caucuses of the party, gave in his adhesion to it, and leaning upon the arm of Sir John Macdonald, was formally introduced to the House; but when he rose in his place to speak, it was in condemnation of his chief, whom, Judas-like he had kissed upon the cheek but a few moments before; and, like Judas, he had his price. Upon the formation of the Mackenzie administration he was taken into the Cabinet and received the portfolio of Minister of the Interior. While in this office he was in a position to do much for his Province; but one thing is certain, he took care to improve his opportunities so far as his personal advantage was concerned. His colleagues soon perceived the shallowness of the man, and to get rid of him appointed him to a position which, to any one possessing a spark of ambition, was about equal to that of a policeman in Siberia, but to one whose ruling passion was not superior to a pawnbroker's, was all that could be desired. Without saying to his constituents "by your leave," without even returning to the Province whose interests had been committed to his care, he retired from the councils of the Dominion to preside over those of the red men of the Northwest, and to dole out their blankets, molasses and pork, at a salary of $8,000 a year!

For some time now we lose sight of our hero, his interests were not identical with those of the Island, and he had no use for any such small game. He turned up again though like a bad penny and returned to Charlottetown, seated in the editorial chair of the *Patriot* he commenced his old occupation of abusing better men than himself. But he had lost ground and little wonder. The people had found him out. His treachery and cupidity had alienated his best friends, so that his advocacy was but a weakness to any cause. The Local elections came on. Mr. Alexander Laird, a gentleman of much more ability, intelligence and integrity, than the subject of our remarks, resigned his seat in the Legislative Council to contest one for the House of Assembly, Mr. William Laird was a candidate for the representation of his native district. Both gentlemen received the assistance of the Honorable David, and profited by the prestige attaching to the position of an ex-Governor, to such an extent, that they were defeated by comfortable majorities. The Dominion Parliament was dissolved, the ex-Governor offered his services to his old constituents, and they appreciated them to such a degree that they placed him at the foot of the poll with some thousand votes less than they gave his colleague.

And here we are forced to leave him, waiting, like a certain gentleman of fiction, for something to turn up. We have traced his political history through its fortunes and its reverses down to the present time. But it was not in politics alone that Mr. Laird tried his hand. It is within the recollection of our readers that some twelve or fifteen years ago a company was organized in this Island, to operate a Woollen Factory, situate at Spring Park. Mr. Laird was one of its promoters, and obtained a seat at its directorate. A large building was erected, superior machinery was placed in it, and for a year or two business was carried on. But it did not pay, and the shareholders closed it up as quickly as possible. The building lay idle until, under new control, it was re-opened, and is now flourishing. It is needless to say that Mr. Laird has nothing to do with its present management. His name also appeared for a time as a director of the Ottawa Agricultural Insurance Company, but this institution collapsed soon afterwards, and closed its doors. He was also a member of the City council of Charlottetown for a couple of years, and, although this body is still in existence, yet its health is by no means vigorous, and its system seems never to have recovered from the effects of Mr. Laird's connection with it.

In politics Mr. Laird has been a conspicuous failure, and in business wherever his name has been associated with any enterprise, failure has been the inevitable result. He knows it himself, and common sense, modesty being out of the question, should lead him to be more careful in his comments upon the acts of public men. He, of all others, should be the last to sneer at the course of the Government in endeavoring to place the burden of maintaining the wharves or piers where it properly belongs. He was our first Cabinet Minister, in daily association with those from the other Provinces, where these structures are supported at the expense of the Dominion, he had access to documents out of the reach of our local rulers, wherein he could have discovered this fact if he had taken the trouble to examine them. No, he was either too indolent to read them, or too dull of comprehension to understand what he did read, and we can readily believe that his intercourse with his colleagues was not of the most intimate or cordial nature. They doubtless despised the man who had acted so treacherously to his political leader, they used him as long as they wanted him, and then got rid of him as quickly as possible.

Since Confederation local politics are of secondary importance, there are no great questions to divide parties, and the duty of the Provincial Government is little more than to see to the judicious expenditure of the public moneys in support of Education and of the Public Works. The present administration have done their duty well in this respect, and as experience dearly bought is the most valuable, we much mistake if the people will be in any hurry to take the Honorable David Laird again into their confidence, and to risk the chances of bankruptcy and beggary by entrusting him with their interests.

Editorial Notes.

THE press of Canada generally has reviewed the pamphlet on Prince Edward Island at considerable length and with great favor. The Toronto *Evening Canadian* devotes a column of editorial to it, and *Le Canadien*, of Quebec, nearly two. We believe the issue of this *brochure* will be of great advantage in advertising the Island and opening it up for visitors and tourists, so to speak.

WE would respectfully suggest to our esteemed contemporaries the *Examiner* and *Patriot*, now that the time for forming good resolutions is almost upon us, that they give credit to those journals from which they copy in future. It is none of our funeral, only in the respect that we often get confused over diversities of opinions in both papers, whereas if they credited the extracts to the proper parties, we could understand and be content.

THE editor of the *Patriot* says that he received $35,000 only for his governorship instead of $70,000 with which we charged him, and offers to give the other $35,000 if he gets it, towards building a hotel in Charlottetown. We were slightly in error, but not very much wide of the mark. The total amount received by Mr. Laird from the Dominion Treasury from 1873 to 1881, was $65,353.08, as can be verified by the printed public accounts. Come along, Mr. *Patriot*, with your $30,353.08. We would sooner see your money than hear tell of it. The people who elected you to stop the Rail road, can't commence to dig the cellar upon the strength of your promises.

Normal School.

The following is the result of the supplementary examination recently held for admission to the Normal School:

Mary Ashley, Charlottetown,	293
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Letter from Myles O'Regan.

Mr. Editor:

It is not easy to let the thoughts that burn in your breast glide freely from your steel pen when the mercury in the thermometer points to ten degrees, or so, below zero. And perhaps it is all for the better. If there were not numerous obstacles to the talking and writing powers of orators and scribblers this world of ours would long ere this have been drowned in a flood of eloquence. Either that, or every adult person would deliver a lecture or write a book I myself have already delivered a series of lectures on that sublime subject—the hind legs of a grasshopper, and if I am spared I shall write a book. It does not pay to be odd now-a-days, and when one finds oneself in a crowd—say a political gathering—it makes him feel nervous and uncomfortable to hear it whispered round, "Who is he?" "Why, don't you know, that's O'Regan, the man that has never written a book." It makes a fellow feel too conspicuous, which means early death to a modest, retiring individual such as your correspondent. Yes, the cold takes a considerable amount of the shine out of a fellow. Our family never took kindly to the thermometer when it fell below zero. You may have heard of an uncle of mine who was "out" in '48, who hid himself from the peelers in a hay stack and fell asleep, whose head was taken clean off by one of them while he was cutting forage for his horse with a great big sabre, but who had presence of mind enough when he awoke and discovered it lying around to place it on his shoulders again so nicely and so dexterously that it froze on just as good as ever. Nevertheless, he would never live in a warm country again, and so he immigrated to Winnipeg, and is now living in an ice house where there is no danger of a thaw.

The Emigration Agent who induced me to leave Ireland is a very accomplished young man, and has a silvery tongue. It is the dream of my life to meet him some time "by moonlight above," when, if I do not put him in a position where he can tell no more lies, it will be altogether the fault of a huge blackthorn stick. "Go to the great Northwest," he said to me, "and if you do not become a prominent man and own 100 acres of prairie land, and perhaps become a landlord yourself, or at least a postmaster, you are at liberty to denounce me to suffering humanity."

"But isn't it very cold out there?"

"Cold!" (and he laughed derisively), 'cold did you say? Do you know, my friend that the cows and the horses, and even the little lambs frisk around in midwinter without any covering but that which nature has given them. Let me tell you a story. So warm is Manitoba in winter that a very bad man, a resident of Winnipeg, who died and went to a very bad place had to write to his relatives for an overcoat, being unaccustomed to so cold a temperature. Of course this is only a sort of parable, you understand, an allegory so to speak; but it fully illustrates the fact that Manitoba is a hot country to live in."

"But what about the blizzards and the mercury falling so low? Answer me that.'

'Poor young man! excuse me for laughing at your ignorance. A blizzard is the means taken by nature to cool the atmosphere It is merely the complement of an Eastern sirrocco, you understand?'

'Not quite, but you hav'nt explained the thermometer business.'

'Sit down and I'll try and drive a little philosophy into your thick Munster head. You know, I suppose, (you are not densely ignorant altogether) that a law of compensation pervades all nature.'

'Well, go on—suppose I do?'

'Well, then, can't you see that when the mercury falls there is a compensating advantage somewhere. There is a rise in ozone, for instance'

'Arran, you don't say so? and what's ozone?'

'Oh, the invincible ignorance!' cried the Emigration Agent, lifting the white of his left eye to Heaven, (the right had been lost in a scrimmage), 'Oh, invincible ignorance, how shall I enlighten this poor people? Ozone, my friend, is a subtle liquid pervading the air in the great North-west, which expands itself and absorbs the cold when the thermometer sinks to a certain depth. Under its influence the human system undergoes a rapid and beneficent revolution. The blood circulates more freely and rapidly, the heart expands, the soul, to use a figure of J. P. Curran, walks abroad in her own majesty, and while under its influence the subject is exuberant, joyous, exhilarated you want to sing, to shout, to dance, to stand upon your head. Such is ozone.'

I went to the North-west, Mr. Editor, right away, but before I left I quite forgot to ask the agent why it was he could consent to live away from such a delightful country. But I found out soon enough. It was October when I arrived at Winnipeg, and I longed for a blizzard and the ozone. They came in the fullness of time, but I was not exhilarated, I did not feel inclined to stand on my head. In fact I found it extremely difficult to stand on my feet, and I discovered the ozone was sold in bottles at a dollar each, by the gin-slingers of that historic region. Hence I left, and now I am in Prince Edward Island, where the climate is decent—and where, though ozone is under the ban, it manages somehow or other to lift its ugly head occasionally, and drive some of our most promising young men to perdition. Let the manufacture of ozone be prohibited, say I, let it be banished from the air altogether. Let it be anathema—and as for the Emigration Agent——

But, you will ask me, doubtless, what has this bald chat to do with Winter Communication. Well, and who said it had? Have our leading politicans not been talking communication for ten years, and yet where is it now? Where are our mails? Have not our able editors been writing about it till they have grown black in the face. It is the Honorable David Laird, properly speaking, who should give us Winter Communication, as it was he and Haythorne, and other Grits, inveigled us into Confederation, with Blake and Mackenzie, on the other side, parties of the second part. Now, here I am seized of a brilliant idea. Suppose we make Mr. Laird carry the mails himself. In ancient times, before steam was invented as a means of rapid transit, the mails between Ireland and Scotland were carried by the Irish giant Ossian, who stept across from Cantyre to Fair Head (in Antrim) with the bag upon his back. Why, in like manner, cannot the editor of the *Patriot* step from Cape Traverse to Cape Tormentine? I for one go in for subsidizing him. Let a deputation wait upon him at once and represent to him the extreme urgency of the case, and if he is a true patriot he cannot refuse, especially when the subsidy is mentioned. He has failed in every other department, but if he consent to this proposition I predict for him a brilliant success and a monument when he dies. What is six miles or so when you come to look at it, and if he does have to wade now and then he can console himself with the reflection—but I really don't know with what reflection he can console himself unless that he is acting the part of a true patriot.

If you imagine, Mr. Editor, that I have no other ideas on Winter Communication, you are much mistaken. There is no use crowding you with them just now; but if Laird refuses, I shall still remain,

Your obedient servant,

MYLES O'REGAN.

Voyage Round the World.

It is reported Admiral Courbet has occupied Sontay.

The Mayor of Rat Portage has issued an appeal for help.

It is thought El Mehdi's forces are falling away from him.

The British forces in Egypt are to be increased to 10,000 men.

Mr. Samuel Platt, of Goderich, will oppose Sir Richard Cartwright in Huron.

Five of the Glasgow dynamiters have been sentenced to imprisonment for life.

It is reported that Kerrigan, the informer, has been shot in the county of Mayo.

A farmer named William McGavin has been murdered in the county of Cavan.

The new Bridge across Niagara river was opened on Friday and pronounced a success.

Gustave Lamtan was killed by his cousin Phenix Lamtan, on Friday, at Caraquet, N. B.

The president of the Manitoba Railway Company is said to be anxious to sell his stock.

The Crown Prince of Germany had an audience with the Pope at the Vatican recently.

There is a general feeling among Hudson River captains that this winter will be an open one.

The British regiments stationed in Egypt are to be raised to their full effective strength.

Quebec advices state that Mousseau has decided to resign, and will be offered a judgeship.

Conroy, the N. Y. Policeman who clubbed Patrick Keenan to death, has been sentenced to be hanged.

Minnesota's butter product for 1883 will nearly reach 18,000,000 pounds, worth $5,300,000.

Four men who left Robinson for St. Andrews, N. B., on Tuesday night, are supposed to be drowned.

A Nova Scotia Customs Collector is charged with smuggling American coal oil from Philadelphia.

Patrick Moylan has been murdered near Galway for taking a farm from which a tenant had been evicted.

The Fenians threaten vengeance for the hanging of O'Donnell. Gladstone is escorted to church by policemen.

A negro who killed Patrick Flynn, at Vicksburg, lately, was taken from the sheriff by a negro crowd and lynched.

Three San Francisco firms employ twelve vessels in the Ochotsk Sea, and this year they have caught 1,750,000 codfish.

Resolutions denouncing O'Donnell's execution and threatening revenge have been adopted by Irish refugees in Paris.

An enormous number of wife murders are reported in Great Britain during the past year There were three on Dec. 31.

The German Crown Prince has left Rome after kissing King Humbert several times. What a pity all the kings can't live together.

The grey nuns of Ottawa have petitioned the city against the closing of the House of Bethlehem, known as the foundling hospital.

The application for declaring the Hon. Adam Crooks, alunatic, has been granted in Toronto. Mr. Crooks was lately Minister of Education.

Three large stones, having deeply indented footprints of birds, have been taken from the quarries in Portland, Conn., 300 feet below the surface.

N. S. Styles, of Warrenton, Ga., watched for the robber of his hens' nests, and saw a half-grown heifer go to a nest and eat its contents, shells and all.

Probably the wealthiest railroad conductor in America is employed on the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia road. He is said to be worth $50,000.

Mexican banana planters get three crops a year. The plant is cultivated far more easily than any grain or tuber in the northern latitudes, and fruit is more nutritious.

The British troopship Euphrates is ashore at Tarifa, on the strait of Gibraltar, about fifteen miles from Gibraltar, and a gunboat has gone to her assistance.

Russian oil is reported to be driving the American product out of the market owing to its low price, although the latter is superior in illuminating power.

A body of English artillerymen have left Woolwich arsenal for Egypt, and it is understood that the Royal Dublin Fusiliers have been ordered to Alexandria.

The refusal of Mr. Goschen to accept the speakership of the House of Commons is the result of his aspiration to succeed the marquis of Ripon as Viceroy of India.

At Werden (Westphalia) an aged prisoner was at his urgent request granted permission to be taken to the railway station in order to see a locomotive and train for the first time.

Peter Day has been sentenced to hang at Dublin, on January 16, for the murder of Quinn, at Rathfarnham. The prisoner states that he belonged to a secret society and he obeyed its orders.

Considerable excitement has been caused in the County Tipperary by the absolute refusal of a large number of farmers to pay the police the tax imposed under the Provisions Crimes Act.

A Providence man has offered to give the United States Government an estate in the suburbs of Rome worth $40,000 to encourage the establishment of an American Academy of Fine arts in the Eternal City.

Baker Pasha has started for Suakim. He will have supreme command in the Soudan, but has been instructed to use conciliation before resorting to force, and to engage the enemy only under most favourable conditions.

Gen. Milot, lately commander at Paris, has been trusted with the command of the land forces in Tonquin, with Negrerie and DeLisle assisting. Admiral Courbet will resume the chief command of the naval forces.

Some facts communicated by an informer have led to the reopening of the enquiry into the murder of Lord Mount-Morris, in Ireland, three years ago. The persons principally concerned are said to be in the United States.

Poole was hanged Thursday morning in Dublin for the murder of Kenny. He maintained his fortitude to the moment of execution, and died without making any statement. Very few people were outside the prison, and no disorder occurred.

The tunnel under Lake Michigan that is to give water to Hyde Park, a suburb of Chicago, has been carried out 2,460 feet from the shore. It is six feet three inches in vertical diameter and six feet in horizontal diameter, and has been blasted through solid rock.

The Post Office Savings Bank statement for November shows an increase in the deposits over October of $122 700. There was at the end of November $12,379,338 to the credit of depositors; compared with November of last year, the deposits have increased $1,972,000.

LATEST TELEGRAMS.

DUBLIN, Dec. 18.

At 8:05 this morning Joseph Poole was hanged for the murder of John Kenny, within the walls of Richmond Prison. Last night the sentries guarding the prison were doubled, and a large force was kept in reserve in case of emergency. Before 6 o'clock this morning a few knots of men and women gathered outside the gaol walls, and later on their numbers increased until a large crowd had gathered. Around were some who denounced the murdered man and eulogized the one who was about to die; reference was frequently made to previous prisoners who had been confined in the prison and the names of O'Connell, Smith, O'Brien, and Stephens were heard from many lips. Neither were Mr. Dwyer Gray, Tim Healy, and Michael Davitt forgotten. Poole slept at intervals last night, and arose about six o'clock, when he had a light breakfast. He then busied himself with his devotions, reading from the "Key of Heaven" and "Lives of the Saints," and praying whenever he laid the books aside. After a short time he appeared refreshed and in fairly good spirits. He then proceeded with two attendant warders to the chapel, which is situated about the centre of the prison and close to the cell he had just quitted. At the chapel he was met by Father Donegan, and the trio knelt and prayed. The last Sacrament was here administered to the condemned man, and a few minutes later a signal was given by the chief warder, and Father Donegan led the doomed man to the corridor outside, where Jones, an amateur executioner from Belfast, fixed the straps pinioning the elbows As Poole walked the few yards to his place of death in the dim morning light he appeared to more advantage than when in the dock, with his short but well-knit figure firm and erect, and his manly countenance pale but determined. Once on the scaffold the hangman guided him directly under the beam, and placing the noose in position, moved rapidly to the lever in the corner. One instant later the bolt was drawn, and the victim disappeared. The rope jerked violently, indicating that a struggle was going on beneath, but in a little while all was quiet, and the career of Pool was ended. The black flag was run up as soon as the trap gave way, and the watchful crowd outside gave vent to a wailing cry.

CAIRO, Dec. 21.

It is reported that Col. Sartoris has succeeded in re-victualling the garrison of Sinkat with two months' provisions, through aid of friendly natives. It is hoped that the garrison at Toka will be similarly relieved.

ROME, Dec. 21.

According to *Rassegna* newspaper, the German Crown Prince, Frederick William, at the interview with the Pope, said, "I have only to express the warm desire of Emperor William, and Prince Bismarck for the restoration of religious peace in Germany compatible with our laws and institutions."

HONG KONG, Dec. 20.

French forces have captured the principal outposts of Sontay, embracing five strongly fortified villages. The enemy made a stubborn resistence. French loss 200 men and 15 officers killed and wounded. Chinese still hold the fortress Sontay.

PARIS, Dec. 20.

Reinforcements, consisting of 6,300 troops will be sent to Tonquin within the next fortnight.

LONDON, Dec. 20.

Special corps of police have been detailed to guard the parliament building, Westminster Abbey, the government offices, the National gallery, the German embassy, the Mansion House, the Stock Exchange and the Bank of England. The luggage of all passengers landing from the Atlantic steamers is carefully scrutinized.

OTTAWA, Dec 20.

Hon. Messrs. Pipes and Fielding had an interview with Sir Charles Tupper to-day in reference to Nova Scotia railway matters. No decision was arrived at.

OTTAWA, Dec. 21.

It is understood that Mr. Mousseau, Premier of Quebec, having been unable to fuse the two sections of the Conservative party in local politics, has resolved to resign his position, and he will accept a Judgeship in Rimouski.

Hon Mr Masson, it is thought, will be acceptable to both wings of the party, and he will probably be the next Premier.

Sir Charles and Lady Tupper will stay during the session at the Russell House.

The ministers are busy in their several departments preparing for the coming session.

The country generally being content with the tariff, very few changes will be made.

LONDON, Dec. 23.

A correspondent of Reuters telegraph company at Cairo denies that England is willing to despatch a fleet to Alexandria or permit the sending of an expedition to the Soudan by another power.

BOSTON, Dec. 23.

It is thought that the schooner *August A. M. Smith*, of Lockport, N. S., which went ashore off Little Nahant, yesterday, can be taken off by a tug with but little damage. The vessel left Murray Harbor, P.E.I., Dec. 3rd. There will be a loss on the cargo which consists of 3,600 bushels of potatoes.

OTTAWA, Dec. 23.

A proclamation is published ordering an election under, and in accordance with the prayer of petitioners, for the purpose of repealing the Scott Act in Prince County, P. E. Island. The three years term of the Act is more than up.

MONTREAL, Dec. 22.

The financial troubles of the manufacturing companies, fed by the absent president of the Exchange Bank, out of the funds of that institution, are the chief topics of conversation here. Everything seems to be so inextricably involved, that there is no such thing as unravelling them. The number of enterprises he patronized for his own profit, but out of the funds of the bank, was legion, and all will turn out to be heavy losses to the shareholders. The deposit receipts in the insolvent bank are valued at 10 per cent. on their face value.

ROME, Dec. 21.

The American bishops before leaving for home came to an agreement upon the attitude to be adopted by the Catholic clergy of the United States toward the Fenians.

OTTAWA, Dec. 21.

The Hon. George A. Kirkpatrick, Speaker of the House of Commons, arrived in the city yesterday to attend a meeting of the internal economy committee.

PARIS, Dec. 21.

Admiral Peyron has received the following:—"Sontay, Dec. 17th:—Sontay is ours. Was carried by assault on Sunday, at six o'clock in the evening. The attack began at 11 o'clock in the morning. The assault was made at five o'clock in the evening by the foreign legion; together with the marine infantry and sailors. The Flotilla assisted in the bombardment. The citadel was evacuated during the night by its defenders and was occupied on the morning of the 17th without fighting. We do not yet know whether the Black Flags, rebel Annamites and Chinese have fled. It is impossible to learn their losses. We lost about 15 killed including one officer, and sixty wounded, including five officers.

PARIS, Dec. 25.

The *National* denies the rumor of mediation between France and China, and says that France is resolved to carry out alone, as the honor of France may dictate, the task she has undertaken in Tonquin.