

LETTER FROM LONDON.

Weekly Correspondence of the Register.

LONDON, Eng., Dec 8th, 1893.

The Lobby has scarcely yielded a respectable paragraph for weeks past. Nothing whatever is doing, and nothing seems to excite the interest of Parliamentarians except the rumours of a dissolution at an early date. Business is in a very backward state; and it is doubtful whether the Government will be able before the end of the year to finish even the first portion of the Bill upon which they are now engaged. In fact, the only thing that one can prophesy with any degree of certainty is that the Christmas holidays will be very short, and this is not a cheering prospect for our already overworked M.P.'s.

During the course of the week Mr. John Redmond, for the second time in the autumn session, put in an appearance and was accompanied by the full strength of his party, minus his brother William, who is beating up funds for the Parnollite exchequer at the Antipodes. He had a question on the paper addressed to the Chief Secretary on the De Froyne evictions, and he intended to have moved the adjournment of the House; but as Mr. Morley was absent, he refrained from taking this course.

I hear that if he had asked leave to move the adjournment it would have been refused, as the Nationalist members had no intention of supporting a motion calculated to embarrass the Government, and the Tories certainly would not have assisted Mr. Redmond to attack an Irish landlord through the medium of the Chief Secretary. The Nationalists contend that Mr. Redmond would be doing much better service if he attended more regularly at Westminster, instead of peregrinating Ireland, with the sole object of sowing distrust in the Nationalist ranks and of preventing subscriptions flowing into the fund for the relief of the evicted tenants.

Speaking of the Chief Secretary, it is stated that when Mr. John Morley left Victoria Station, en route for Monte Carlo he looked extremely ill. He has undoubtedly "run down" by close application to the anxious duties of his office, accentuated by his refusal to take any holiday throughout the long session that the process of recovering his wonted tone of mind will require both time and care. He suffers, I believe, from that most wearing of all oppressions—the disbelief in his own power of getting through the work that demands immediate attention. He entertained the futile hope that a few days at Bournemouth might pick him up; but in this he has been happily overruled, and now he will be able to rest quietly at Monte Carlo, forbidden all work, and with Lord Randolph Churchill within reach to administer an occasional political tonic.

Your readers will have been prepared for the verdict of the jury today in regard to the death of Professor Tyndall. An overdose of chloral administered by his wife accidentally, and in mistake for magnesia, killed him. The accounts are exceedingly painful, and the state of poor Mrs. Tyndall's mind must be a truly distressing one. She and her husband were the most loving couple as shown by almost the last words which passed between them. For years past the Professor had been in the habit of taking chloral, and everybody knows that those who take poison habitually become in many cases insensibly careless in handling it. It is very doubtful however, whether the Professor could have survived for any length of time even if the accident had not occurred. He seems to have been hopelessly broken down in health, and at the most his demise seems to have been only a question of time.

His death adds one more to the long roll of public losses which the world has sustained during the present year. The history of his life and work is almost romantic. Born in a small village in the county of Carlow, of Protestant parentage, he began life after an education acquired in the National School as a civil assistant in the Ordnance Survey. At this work he remained for nearly five years, and then came to England to seek his fortune. His intention was to become a civil engineer, and his first employment was in Manchester, where for four years he was engaged in engineering work connected with the railways. But through all these years he had devoted every hour of leisure to the study of science. Chemistry had always been his chief interest and recreation; and in 1817 he obtained employment under Dr. Frankland at Queenwood College, Hunts. The next epoch of Tyndall's career was in Germany, where he studied under Dunsen, and acquired that knowledge of the German language and scientific literature which had so great an effect upon his life. Returning to England in 1851 Tyndall soon became intimate with all the leading scientific men of the day, and was appointed Professor of Physics in the Royal Institution, with which he remained connected until a very few years ago. Here we have, then, an illustration of what industry, energy and ability can do by its own unaided efforts. The boy who carried the chain in the Ordnance Survey in Ireland came to be one of the greatest scientific authorities in the United Kingdom, and the history of his life shows that Professor Tyndall relied upon nothing but his own individuality to win him a front place in the annals of British science. It must here be admitted that he was a Materialist of the deepest dye, and his pronouncements against Home Rule have been of the most virulent and emphatic character. On the question of Religion and Politics he and I are poles asunder; but I must candidly confess that in the region of physical sciences I owe much to Professor Tyndall. As an experimentalist he was supreme, and his lectures expounding his experiments have seldom been surpassed. He seemed to be able to crystallize his thought in flashing phrases and luminous language. But it was through the written word that his popularity became world wide. His books have popularized science to a marvelous extent, and the directness of his language and his sinewy style of diction banish all dullness from the mind of the scientific student.

Zadok Outran, whose mysterious disappearance from his post as Mr. Gladstone's valet forms so insoluble a puzzle, is a well-known feature at Hawarden, Downing-street, or wherever the Premier may happen to be. He is what is usually called "a character" as dry as parchment, as impassive as a Sphinx, and deeper than any well. Nobody ever pumped him so as to draw water. Indeed on him would seem to have been performed the operation described in Shakespeare: "I'll sink him deeper than e'er plummet sounded," so completely unfathomable has he ever been by anyone trying to get at Mr. Gladstone, or knowledge of his doings, through the great man's man. He was an ideal repeller of all who would "creep and intrude and climb into the fold," though not attractive in appearance or charming in manners.

It has been determined that the bell which patriotic Russians are to present to the Cathedral of Notre Dame in memory of the visit of the Russian fleet to Toulon will be the heaviest in France. In fact, its weight will only be limited by the sustaining powers of the belfry of the venerable Cathedral; and a commission of architects will shortly be appointed by the

Archbishop of Paris to determine this important point. In any case it will be much heavier than the bell which has been ordered for the great Basilica on Montmartre, which is to weigh upwards of a ton and a half. The latter will be known by the name of "La Savoyarde," from the fact that the greater part of the subscriptions towards its cost were collected in Savoy. It will be brought to Paris from the foundry on a special carriage constructed by the contractors, as none of the railway companies could take it on their lines on account of the bridges. The Russian bell will be taken to Paris by sea, so that it will not have to pass through German territory. It will be heard for the first time on the occasion of the opening of the International Exhibition with which France intends to celebrate the end of the century.

Napoleon and Ireland.

A diary of Napoleon's voyage to St. Helena, in the *Century*, has the following: "Bonaparte to-day, in conversing again on his former meditated invasions, speaking of Ireland, said he had arranged everything with that country; and if he could have got safely over to it the force he intended sending, the party there was so strong in his favor that he had every reason to suppose they would have succeeded in possessing themselves of the whole island. He said he had kept up constant communication with the disaffected party, which he averred was by no means confined to the Roman Catholics, but had also a very large proportion of Protestants. He said he invariably acquiesced in everything they wished for, leaving all arrangements respecting the country, religion, &c., entirely to themselves, his grand and only object being to gain the advantageous point for him of separating Ireland from England. He said those who came to him from Ireland generally came and returned through London, by which means he obtained from them information respecting both countries; and they crossed the Channel backward and forward with little risk or difficulty by means of his friends the smugglers. But, he added that, notwithstanding the great advantages he thus derived from these smugglers, he found out at last that they played a similar game backward and forward, and carried as much intelligence to England as they brought to him from it, and he was therefore obliged to forbid their being any longer admitted at Dunkirk, or indeed anywhere but at Gravelines, where he established particular regulations respecting them, and did not allow them to pass a barrier which he caused to be fixed for the purpose, and where he placed a guard to watch them, and prevent their having unnecessary communications with the country."

Obituary.

On Sunday the 10th inst. at Detroit surrounded by her children, there passed away an old lady who some thirty years ago was well known to the Catholic community and to the clergy of Ontario, Mrs. Wm. Murphy relict of the late Wm. Murphy, of Paris and afterwards of Sarria unobtrusive, amiable, a devout Catholic, a good wife and mother, she died fortified by the rites of her church, whose prayers like the love of her children will follow her beyond the grave.

A requiem Mass was chanted by Rev. Father Savage at Holy Trinity Church, Detroit on Wednesday the 13th inst. and the remains were interred in Detroit Cemetery. The chief mourners were her sons Wm. and John Murphy of Omaha, Harry K. Murphy of Toronto, and her stepson Nicholas Murphy Q.C. of Toronto.

We extend to her bereaved family our sincere sympathy.

"A snake in the grass is all the more dangerous from being unsuspected. So are many of the blood medicines offered the public. To avoid all risk, ask your druggist for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and also for Ayer's Almanac, which is just out for the new year.

Stephen Pushee, of Marinette, Wis., had a sunflower stalk in his garden which bore 147 blossoms.

"For Years,"

Says GARRIE E. STOCKWELL, of Chesterfield, N. H.: "I was afflicted with an extremely severe pain in the lower part of the chest. The feeling was as if a ton weight was laid on a spot the size of my hand. During the attacks, the perspiration would stand in drops on my face, and it was agony for me to make sufficient effort even to whisper. They came suddenly, at any hour of the day or night, lasting from thirty minutes to half a day, leaving me suddenly, but, for several days after, I was quite prostrated and sore. Sometimes the attacks were almost daily, then less frequent. After about four years of this suffering, I was taken down with bilious typhoid fever, and when I began to recover, I had the worst attack of my old trouble I ever experienced. At the first of the fever, my mother gave me Ayer's Pills, my doctor recommending them as being better than anything he could prepare. I continued taking these Pills, and so great was the benefit derived that during near thirty years I have had but one attack of my former trouble, which yielded readily to the same remedy."



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HOME RULE!

The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has now in press, and will shortly have published, a verbatim report of the speeches delivered on the occasion of the first and second readings of the Home Rule measure now before the

ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The collection embraces the speeches of Gladstone, Clark, Sexton, Saunderson, Balfour, Bryce, Collings, Redmond, Russell, Labouchere, Chamberlain, Blake, Hicks-Beach, McCarthy, Davitt Morley, &c., &c., furnished by a first-class stenographer employed on the spot; and as they are the reproduction in book form of controversies that are destined to become of historic interest, the undersigned relies on his friends and on the reading public for their patronage. A further announcement later on.

P. MUNCOVEN.

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