

## LETTERS FROM BERMUDA.

## LETTER XXXV.

HAMILTON, March 18—.

DEAR — In my last letter I finished my dissertation on the wrongs and sufferings of Ireland. It is not a pleasant theme. People dislike reading Irish history, just as they shrink from witnessing human suffering. The Irish, however, should study the history of their own country, as it will teach them to understand it better, to love it, and also teach them how to defend it; and those who are not Irish should read Irish history, for they have much to unlearn. Many writers of great fame have ignorantly or wilfully falsified or grossly misrepresented the history of Ireland and caricatured her people. Prejudice and bigotry also produce false judgments, and we have many men among us at the present day whose sole distinguishing characteristic is animosity to the religion and people of Ireland.

"My friend, in those headlong days,  
When bigot zeal her drunken antics plays  
So near a precipice that men the while  
Look breathless on, and shudder while they smile  
On that vile, canting crew, so godly yet so devilish too."

In former days the spirit of religious intolerance was rampant and the hydra-headed monster bathed itself in blood and caused desolation throughout the land; yet AVARICE, the sin of Judas, was really the mainspring of most of the cruelties and outrages committed against the Irish race.

"The lust of gold succeeds the lust of conquest;  
The lust of gold unfeeling and remorseless!  
The last corruption of degenerate man."

"Oh! cursed lust of gold! where for thy sake  
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds;  
First loathed in this, then damn'd in that to come."

"The privilege that rich men have in evil  
Is that they go unpunished to the Devil."

In a rough estimate it is stated (as a strong argument in favour of Home Rule) that nearly two hundred million pounds sterling are yearly sent out of Ireland for English manufactures, &c., founded on the ruin of her own. The London Times of June 26, 1845, stated the condition to which incessant plunder had reduced the people. "The facts of Irish destitution are easily told. The people have not enough to eat. Nature does her duty, the land is fertile and fruitful in an eminent degree. The Irishman is disposed to work industriously. In fact man and Nature together do produce abundantly. The island is full and overflowing with human food. But the famished victim of a mysterious sentence stretches out his hands to the viands which his own industry has placed before his eyes, but they fly from his grasp. A perpetual decree of *sic vos, nos vobis*, condemns him to toil without enjoyment. Social atrophy drains off the vital juices of the nation."

"But what avail her unexhausted stores,  
Her blooming mountains and her sunny shores,  
With all the gifts that Heaven and earth impart,  
The smiles of nature and the charms of art,  
While proud Oppression in her valley reigns  
And Tyranny usurps her happy plains."

Now we shall leave these sad and bitter memories and seek more pleasant thoughts in Bermuda's happier isle—

"This sweet Indian land,  
Whose air is balmy, whose ocean spreads  
O'er coral rocks and amber beds;  
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,  
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides."

As Lent is upon us now, and the parties are over, we are industriously occupied in gathering up and collecting curiosities, marine specimens, corals and walking canes; also getting them carefully packed, as I intend to bring a large number home of all these

articles, especially the walking canes of orange and dog-wood, lemon and cedar. We have been lately to see the Devil's Hole, a cavernous recess filled with salt water, which has always been one of the sights of Bermuda, as it generally contains a stock of groupers and sundry other fishes plainly visible swimming about as if in an aquarium. Here is found a species of ground shark, from its retired habits very rarely seen, and lovely angel-fish which disports itself with graceful motion, ascending and descending in the clear waters, as if proud of its splendid livery of blue, green and gold. The angel fish is the only fish able to live in common with such fish as the ground shark and groupers, being protected by an armour of sharp spines from the attacks of their fearful and ravenous companions. The groupers are easily recognized, as they crowd together with open mouths in hopes of a feed when the visitor arrives. Strange tales are told of the voracity of these finny monsters, of unfortunate dogs slipping in, and being speedily devoured, and of rash youngsters imprudently pushing the toes of their boots into the water, and having a hard struggle to free themselves from the clasp of the grouper's jaws. This fish-pond has been originally a cavern, the roof of which fell in, how long ago no one can tell, but perhaps at the time of the general submergence of the group, which, it is supposed, occurred about 300 years ago.

Mosquitos and ants are here all year round. Of course there are others of the insects, such as fleas in May, lightning-bugs in June, etc., but during the winter only the lively mosquito, the industrious ant and the buzzing fly remain. The fly is not very troublesome.

One extremely lively young fly is buzzing round me as I sit writing. I fear it will meet an untimely fate in my cup of tea.

"Busy, curious thirsty fly,  
Drink with me, and drink as I:  
Freely welcome to my cup  
Could'st thou sip, and sip it up.  
Make the most of life you may:  
Life is short and wears away."

Both alike are mine and thine,  
Hastening quick to their decline;  
Thine's a summer, mine's no more,  
Though repeated to threescore!  
Threescore summers, when they're gone,  
Will appear as short as one."

Mosquito curtains are a necessity to protect oneself against the furious attacks of these small winged enemies. But the ants, however, are not to be despised, for though they respect one's person, they confiscate to their own use all kinds of food. A piece of cake left within their reach uncovered is jet black in five minutes with millions of ants making a feast on it. We discovered an excellent remedy which I will tell you: One teaspoonful of tartar emetic mixed with a little syrup on a saucer. You can try this antiquated recipe if you have an antipathy to their antics. The wise was insects evince their disapproval of emetics by resolutely forsaking their usual haunts wherever this is placed, and also by warning all their sisters and cousins and ants against the disagreeable dose. Pliny says;

"In these beings so minute, and as it were  
Such non-entities, what wisdom is displayed  
What power, what unfathomable perfection."

"Twas the Creator  
He sought in every volume open to him,  
Even the small leaf that holds an insect's web

From which ere long a colony shall issue,  
With limbs and wings as perfect as the eagle's."

The Book of Proverbs, iv. Chap.,  
tells us: "Go to the Ant, thou  
sluggard; consider her ways and be  
wise."  
PLACIDA.

It is better to be generous than selfish,  
better to be true than false, better to be  
brave than to be a coward. Blessed beyond  
all earthly blessedness is the man who in any  
tempestuous darkness of the soul has dared  
to hold fast to these venerable landmarks.

## HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

## HOW IT WAS FOUND BY A LANARK COUNTY LADY.

She Had Suffered for Years From Weakness and Pains in the Back, Sciatica Complicated the Trouble and Added to Her Misery—Her Health Almost Miraculously Restored.

From Brockville Recorder

On a prosperous farm in the township of Montague, Lanark county, lives Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wood, esteemed by all who know them. Mrs. Wood was born in the village of Merriekville, and spent her whole life there until her marriage, and her many friends are congratulating her on her recovery to health and strength after years of pain and suffering. When the correspondent of the Recorder called at the house, Mrs. Wood, although now not looking the least like an invalid, said that since girlhood and until recently, she was troubled with a weak back which gave her great pain at times. As she grew older the weakness and pain increased, and nearly twenty years she was never free from it. About a year ago her misery was increased by an attack of sciatica, and this with her back trouble forced her to take to bed, where she remained a helpless invalid for over four months. Different doctors attended her and she tried numerous remedies said to be a cure for her trouble, but despite all she continued to grow worse. She was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but she had dosed herself with so many medicines that her faith in the healing virtues of anything was about gone, and she had fully made up her mind that her trouble was incurable. At last a friend urged her so strongly that she consented to give the Pink Pills a trial. Before the first box was all used she felt a slight improvement, which determined her to continue this treatment. From that out she steadily improved, and was soon able to be up and about the house. A further use of the Pink Pills drove away every vestige of the pains which had so long afflicted her, and she found herself again enjoying the blessing of perfect health. Eight months have passed since she ceased using the Pink Pills, and in that time she has been entirely free from pain or weakness, and says she is confident no other medicine could have performed the wonder Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for her. She says "I feel happy not only because I am now free from pain or ache, but because if my old trouble should return at my time I know to what remedy to look for a release."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are especially valuable to women. They build up the blood, restore the nerves, and eradicate those troubles which make the lives of so many women, old and young, a burden. Dizziness, palpitation of the heart, nervous headache and nervous prostration speedily yield to this wonderful medicine. They are sold only in boxes, the trade mark and wrapper printed in red ink, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

It is said that the principal reason for Mr. Cecil Rhodes' rejection by a swell London club was the fact that he once gave Mr. Parnell £10,000 for the Home Rule fund. The Prince of Wales has shown his resentment of the black balling by resigning.

## Irish Proverbs.

Honey is sweet, but don't lick it off a briar.

Laziness is a heavy burden.

A black hen lays a white egg—don't judge by appearances.

A mouth of ivy and a heart of holly.

A bad wife takes advice from every man but her husband.

Never take a wife who has no faults.

There is hope from the sea, but no hope from the cemetery.

When the hand ceases to scatter the mouth ceases to praise.

Big head, little sense.

It is not all the big men that reap the harvest.

Fair words won't feed the friars.

Death is the poor man's doctor.

An unlearned king is a crowned ass.

A woman's desire—the dear thing.

Where there's women there's talk, and where there's geese there's cackling.

An empty house is better than a bad tenant.

When the cat is out the mice dance

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## RECIPE.

For Making a Delicious Health  
Drink at Small Cost.

Adams' Root Beer Extract...one bottle  
Fleischmann's Yeast.....half a cake  
Sugar.....two pounds  
Lukewarm water.....two gallons

Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water,  
add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm  
place for twenty-four hours until it fer-  
ments, then place on ice, when it will open  
sparkling and delicious.

The root beer can be obtained in all drug and  
grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles, to make two  
and five gallons.

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