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PULLING THE LION'S TAIL.

The past week has been signalized by one of the vilest crimes that ever stirred the indignation of every human being on this earth. On Saturday afternoon, three explosions took place in London, causing great damage to the most precious buildings in England, as well as maiming a number of innocent men, women and children. It was about two o'clock, when the Saturday afternoon holiday-makers were crowding to see the magnificent buildings in which the Houses of Parliament carry on the business of the British empire, that a lady visitor noticed a suspicious parcel at the foot of some stairs leading to a vault under Westminster Hall. She called the attention of a policeman, who took the parcel and was carrying it out when it burst in his arms. If the dynamite—for there is no doubt that that was the devilish substance used—had exploded where it was placed, the magnificent old hall, where so many great historic scenes have been enacted, might have been greatly injured. As it was, nearly every window was smashed, a large hole was bored in the floor, slates were blown from the roof, and much damage was done to the pedestals on which stand the marble statues of King George IV and King William IV. The policeman was so badly burned that he is not expected to recover, and several visitors standing near were also severely injured, while persons standing at quite a distance were thrown to the ground.

The visitors, hearing the loud report, rushed from the inner parts of the building to find an explanation. It was well they did—for three minutes later a second explosion occurred. This time the scene of the crime was in the House of Commons itself. The explosive material had been dropped or placed in a shaded place under one of the galleries. The result of the explosion was considerable, but appeared worse than it afterwards turned out to be. The gallery was wrecked—and from the injury done on the floor of the house, among the seats occupied by the members themselves, it was clear that if the House had been sitting about two hundred of the country's representatives would have lost their lives or been seriously hurt. The seat which suffered the most damage was that usually occupied by one of the greatest statesmen and noblest Christians of the present day—William Ewart Gladstone, Prime Minister.

About the same time a third explosion took place—this time not in the stately halls where the great battles of modern politics are fought, but in the ancient fortress that for nearly a thousand years has stood on the shores of the Thames, guarding what was at one time the approach to London. The Tower of London, now in the heart of the city instead of on its outskirts, is perhaps the spot to which every visitor from America or from any other country makes a pilgrimage on arriving in England. Between its massive walls have been committed all the atrocities of which unscrupulous mon-

archs were capable in the dark old days. The noblest men and women of the land, including even queens of England, have been imprisoned and beheaded there. Today, besides the relics of the terrible old days, the Tower is used as an armory, and in one of its impenetrable chambers are kept the Crown and the royal jewels of the British monarchy.

The White Tower, where the explosion took place, stands in the centre of the fortress. It is one hundred and sixteen feet long and ninety-six feet wide, and the walls are fifteen feet thick, so it would take a great deal even of dynamite to shake the building. But the room, which was formerly a banquet hall, is now used for the storage of fire arms, and thousands of rifles were twisted into every imaginable shape. About sixty persons were present, and many of them were badly hurt. Little children had their faces sadly cut and bruised.

Several persons were arrested on suspicion of being concerned in those hell-inspired crimes; all but one were released on giving satisfactory evidence of their proceedings. It is supposed the murderous packages were concealed under the long cloaks of women.

As may be imagined, this senseless injury done to the buildings dearest to the heart of every Briton, and, still more, this brutal killing and wounding of innocent children and women, has made the people simply furious. Lynch law has till now been considered an American institution; but if an English crowd were now to get hold of anyone reasonably suspected of having a hand in these plots, his life would not be worth five minutes' purchase. And it is needless to say that no plan for getting "justice to Ireland,"—whatever that may mean,—could be better calculated to prevent Ireland ever getting anything she really needs.

O'Donovan Rossa, and the other cowards who live in luxury and safety in America on the money contributed by their ignorant dupes, openly claim credit for these deeds. There is some hope that the foul disgrace of harboring such inhuman villains will be wiped out by the American Government. Senator Edmunds has introduced in Congress a bill for the punishment, as felons, of any persons who make or deal in any explosive substance in the United States with the intention of injuring public or private property or persons either in the United States or in any other country. And on Monday, in the United States Senate, the following resolution was proposed by Senator Bayard, and passed:

"Resolved—That the Senate of the United States has heard with indignation and profound sorrow of the attempt to destroy the Houses of Parliament and other public buildings in London, and hereby expresses its horror and detestation of such monstrous crimes against civilization."

REBELLION IN ECUADOR.

Unhappy South America is never without a revolution, and the events now going on in Ecuador amount to a civil war of no small importance to that republic. A telegram from Panama, dated Jan. 14, says that the news from Ecuador is vague in the extreme. The Government claim to hold

the whole of the coast, yet they will not allow steamers leaving here to call at ports north of Guayaquil. They are extremely frightened, although in some instances they have stopped the levy. They have quite a formidable army in the field, and keep the men busily employed in chasing small parties of rebels which have taken to the hills in some districts. Several have been killed, among the number being Senor Moncayo, a relative of the writer of the same name. Marcus Alfaro, a brother of the revolutionary chief, is a prisoner, and it is probable that he will be shot. Should he suffer death horrible reprisals will undoubtedly be made by his brother, who recently proved his mettle by fighting two vessels with a crew of 80 men, killing upward of 300 of his opponents, and then burning his vessel when he saw that he could not conquer. Alfaro is somewhere in the vicinity of Rio Banla and has collected a strong force, with which he meditates attacking Quito.

WHERE IS GENERAL STEWART?

The intense excitement caused by the numerous attempts in England has not drawn the attention of the world from Egypt. In fact, the anxiety about affairs in the Soudan is indescribable. Despatches from Lord Wolseley last week told of a great battle fought between General Stewart and the rebels near Metemneh. Crossing the desert with an army of fifteen hundred men, from one point on the Nile to another, in order to save a bend in the river, General Stewart found ten thousand rebels encamped at Abu Klea wells, within a short distance of the river-side town Metemneh. At first, the British could not draw the enemy from their earthworks, so they went round and made a flank movement on the Arabs. These were thus compelled to turn and attack their assailants. The British formed in square, and stood like a rock against terrific and repeated onslaughts. At one time the rebels succeeded in penetrating the square, by sheer force of numbers, and then a fierce hand-to-hand fight took place; but the square formed again and the enemy was finally driven off. The slaughter during this battle was terrible. Eight hundred Arabs were left dead on the field, and it is estimated that at least two thousand were wounded. The British fought against tremendous odds, so far as numbers are concerned, and the bravery of the Arabs could not be surpassed. It was equalled, however, and the British troops well kept up their country's reputation for "no surrender." The break in the square was caused, it is stated, by the camels becoming uncontrollable, having been badly powder-burned. Most of the British loss was caused at that terrible moment of the conflict. General Stewart's horse was shot under him. Nine commissioned officers were killed and nine wounded, while sixty-five non-commissioned officers and men were killed, and 85 wounded. Lieutenant-Colonel Fred Burnaby, so famous as a traveller in Central Asia as well as a British officer, was found dead on the field—his hand tightly clutched round the neck of an Arab whose spear had penetrated the gallant officer's own throat.

The news of this battle came as a surprise to the authorities in England, who had not expected any severe fighting at the time. But the surprise has deepened into anxiety and intolerable suspense as day after day has passed without bringing any more news of the little army out there in the desert. A private telegram says that General Stewart was compelled, after the battle, to retire before an overwhelming force of the enemy, and is now encamped somewhere in the desert. General Lord Wolseley has decided to advance, with the main body of the army, and this looks as if the position of General Stewart was really rather precarious.

A CHINESE LYNCING.

Just outside the west gate of the Shanghai city is a small hamlet where lived an old man and his son. The latter made a practice of calling upon his father for cash whenever he was in want of it, until the thing got rather monotonous for the father, who remonstrated with his son, and being saucily replied to, the father attempted to apply "paternal correction" on the son; the son, in rage, then caught hold of the door bar and brought it down with such force upon the father's skull that he cracked it and killed the old man. The neighbors, hearing the row, assembled at the door of the house where the murder was committed and captured the son as he was endeavoring to escape. The members of the father's clan were then called together, and at a solemn convocation it was decided to administer on the spot the law set aside for parricides instead of appealing to the magistrates, which invariably causes much delay, and perhaps the murderer might effect his escape in the meantime. So the parricide was bound hand and foot, and just without the hamlet a hole was dug and the wretched murderer consigned to its depths. The mud was thrown into the hole and the members of the clan stamped by turns on the grave until it was on a level with the ground, and so, without leaving a mound or any marks to point out the parricide's grave, the assembled crowd dispersed silently to their daily avocations.—*Celestial Empire.*

A SHINING TREE.

The *Tuscarora* (Nev.) *Times* says: A most remarkable tree or shrub grows in a gulch near some springs about twelve miles north of Tuscarora. It is about six or seven feet in height, with a trunk which, at its base, is three times the size of a man's wrist. It has innumerable branches and twigs, and resembles somewhat the barberry tree. Its foliage at certain seasons of the year is so luminous that it can be plainly distinguished in the darkest night for a distance of more than a mile, while in its immediate vicinity it emits sufficient light to enable a person to read the finest print. Its foliage is extremely rank, and its leaves resemble somewhat, in size, shape and color, those of the aromatic bay tree of California. The luminous property is evidently parasitic, which, upon being transferred by rubbing to a person's hand, imparts to it the same apparently phosphorescent light, while that on the leaf entirely disappears.