

recognizes the benefit of nature and accepts the benefits offered by her to the continent as an economical whole. I can imagine a man of sense embracing for a political object the anti-continental policy and revealing to prolong the commercial struggle against nature. I cannot imagine a man of sense persuading himself that the movement in favor of the continental policy when it has once been set on foot and has taken a strong hold upon the minds of the people is likely soon to pass away. Everyone who has had experience in wars of opinion is prepared for heat, fluctuations and relapses. We may see by-elections still carried by influence of Government or decided on the old party lines to which our people have become so blindly and tenaciously attached. Elective government, though it may in a certain sense be by the people, is not always for the people; full as often it is for the leaders of the party which has power and patronage in its hands. But when an object deeply interests the people and has fairly presented itself to their minds, the end, in spite of all their vicissitudes and disappointments, is pretty sure. In England the day came when, with some help from favoring circumstances, the Anti-Corn Law League prevailed and the bread tax fell. Restriction, being in possession of the Government, with all the patronage and means of corruption, may hold out long; yet its eventual doom, and that of any political party which anchors by it, may nevertheless be assured."

CLEVELAND AND BLAINE.

The alacrity with which Blaine assumed the championship of protection against Cleveland's message for reduction of the tariff is generally accepted by the American press as decisive as to who shall be the party candidate for the Presidency next year. Everywhere Blaine is now regarded as the Republican standard-bearer. A Washington despatch says it is assumed that the two candidates are already in the field, and the campaign virtually in progress. Both Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Blaine have spoken boldly, and to judge from the expressions on both sides of the House the parties are ready to fight it out on these lines. There are very few Republican representatives, whatever their preferences may be, who do not expect to see Mr. Blaine nominated at Chicago on the 29th of June. They are loud in their approval of Mr. Blaine's views. The fight will be made on the tariff issue, and it is felt that the man from Maine has got in at a time and with a decision that gives him a long lead in the race for nomination. His opponents, while privately expressing doubts as to his strength, particularly in New York, appear to have no hopes of stemming the tide that has set in in his favor. Every political move seems to turn in his direction, so far as the nomination is concerned. His strength in New York is questioned by many. It is said that the stalwart element in that state, though quiet at present, is as strong as ever, and will be as potent against Mr. Blaine on election day; that he will have the same opposition to contend with that confronted him in 1864, and that his chance of carrying the state will be lessened by meeting this time with a united Democracy, strengthened by Mr. Cleveland's administration.

TORTURED TO DEATH.

Some people are under the delusion that torture is not resorted to in these enlightened days, and especially do they believe that the much-vaunted Christian Government of England would not practice revolting cruelties on prisoners. Nevertheless it is a horrible fact that William O'Brien has, in addition to having been starved and deprived of his clothing, been subjected to a system of torture of the most diabolical kind. It seems that a special room was provided for Mr. O'Brien, in the wall and door of which a spy-hole was made so that his every movement could be observed by a warden outside. Mr. E. Hallinan, J. P. of Middleton, County Cork, visited Tullamore prison recently and had a long interview with Mr. O'Brien, who stated that he took a great portion of his rest sitting before the fire, as his visitor discovered him. This would tend to convey the idea that Mr. O'Brien's alarm for the safety of his clothes is as strong as ever, as if surprised while sitting in his chair, he would be better able to resist than if propped upon while prostrate on his bed. Mr. O'Brien, during the interval chatted away in a most cheerful manner. He made no complaints. Mr. Hallinan had also an interview with Mr. Mandeville, who was in good spirits. He complained of want of exercise. Mr. Hallinan on leaving the prison made the following entry in the visitors' book:—"I, this day, November 29, visited Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Mandeville. Mr. O'Brien looks pale and excited from worry to which he has been subjected by the constant dread of his clothes being again taken from him, and from his being now confined in a cell newly provided with a spy-hole, specially constructed to annoy the prisoner. I am informed by the Governor that until now none of the infirmary cells were furnished with chairs, to a nervous invalid, awful mode of torture. I think if his life is to be spared he should be at once restored to his old cell, and an assurance given him as to the safety of his clothes. I would also ask that he be permitted to take exercise in the large yard instead of the miserable court-yard attached to the infirmary; also that both he and Mr. Mandeville be provided with religious books. Mr. Mandeville complains of want of exercise, which should be allowed him. He has this day resumed his ordinary diet, and seems to be in good spirits. I experienced every civility from the Governor."

Dr. Moorehead, who visited the prison about the same time, made the following entry in the visitors' book:—"I visited the prison to-day and the political prisoners Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., Mr. Mandeville and Mr. Hayden. Mr. O'Brien seemed in much the same condition, which is one of progressive emaciation. He seemed quieter than yesterday, having slept better in consequence of the patrols not making so much noise. Mr. Mandeville is in his cell, and chilled from the bread-and-water treatment. He also had distinct tremor in both hands, and he complained of the long confinement to his cell, now four days, without exercise. He pointed out that the visiting justices and the governor had power under Rule 10 of the regulations for the treatment and conduct of convicted

prisoners to relax the strict observance of the prison rules. I think, under the circumstances, as the strict enforcement of the rules is proving injurious to Mr. Mandeville's health, they should at once be relaxed, and healthy exercise, so essential to his health, be permitted to be so taken."

These reports by responsible men of high standing have sent a thrill of horror and indignation throughout the civilized world. O'Brien and Mandeville are thus seen to be slowly, surely, malignantly murdered under direction and with the sanction of the Government of England. A nation that boasts of its christianity, its civilization, its philanthropy, its humanity, is called upon to witness the torturing to death of men who are only guilty of exercising that freedom of speech on political questions which Englishmen hold as their greatest birthright.

The spy-hole, invented in China, and only inflicted there on the worst criminals, is the most horrible torture ever invented by human malignancy. Its design is to produce madness by breaking down the nerves under the stare of a cruel evil eye, which allows no consciousness of repose to the unhappy prisoner. Compared to it the rack, the thumbscrew and the boot were tenderness. Its effect on one of Mr. O'Brien's temperaments can be imagined. How lost to all feelings of humanity the Government must be! And yet the English nation looks on. Balfour sneers, while licking his lean chops, at the "grotesqueries" of Mr. O'Brien's position. Still the Irish people are patient, and the dynamiter remains a myth.

THE DAILY POST AND TRUE WITNESS Premium, "The Leading Home Rulers," a Litho. picture 18x24

Parnell, Gladstone, Davitt and O'Brien—will be sent to every new subscriber, and to every old subscriber who will send us one new subscriber and pay his own subscription in advance.

IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE.

MEETING OF THE EXECUTIVE—LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS TO THE ANTI-CORRUPTION BOLL OF HONOR. A meeting of the Executive of the Montreal Branch Irish National League was held at 3.30 yesterday afternoon, in St. Patrick's Hall. It was decided to invite the representatives of the various Irish societies to attend a meeting to be held in St. Patrick's Hall next Wednesday evening, when arrangements will be completed for the reception of Sir T. E. Grattan, M.P., and Mr. Arthur O'Connor, M.P. A dispatch was received from Mr. J. P. Sutton, Secretary of the Irish National League of America, confirming the coming of the Irish delegates on January 4th next. A motion was unanimously adopted making all subscribers to the "Anti-Corruption Roll of Honor," members of the Montreal Branch of the League. The following is a complete list of the subscribers to this fund to date, collected by Martin Hart:—D. Tracey, \$1; Martin O'Loughman, 5; Jas. McCrory, 1; W. P. Price, 1; H. Kennedy, 25; F. Willoughby, 50c; R. McCrory, \$4; H. Charlebois, 2; Michael Feron, 1; Loughman & O'Flaherty, 10; T. McCarty, 1; J. McNally, 5; B. J. Johnson, 50c; M. Wright, 2; M. Nolan, 1; M. Phelan, 1; A. Friend, 1; M. Moffatt, 50c; Rich. McSchane, \$5; T. Deery, 50c; O. and E. Hart, 85; M. Cassidy, 1; John Barry, 2; John Coughlin, \$1; a Friend, T. Foley, 50c each; L. Kelly, J. McDonough, C. Monette, J. Ryan, M. Hayes, 50c each; P. McEneaney, \$1; John McInerney, M. Curry, 50c each; G. Wood, 25c; James Hollan, 1; Mr. Tracey, \$1; Chips, J. and Donnelly, 2; Friend, 1; W. C. C. 1; F. O'Connor, 1; T. J. O'Neil, 1; D. McCormick, 1; Owen Kelly, 1; G. H. Pearson, 1; Mulcahy Bros., 2; A. Brennan, 1; Ronayne Bros., 1; J. T. G. 1; Mr. O'Shaughnessy, 1; F. J. Fog, 50c; John O'Connor, \$1; B. McNally, 5; Thos. Hanly, 2; A. Smith, 2; A. Smith, 1; M. Hinch, 1; H. Love, 50c; F. Duhamel, 50c; G. Hatcher, \$1; M. Cullen, 1; M. McCuan, 1; M. O'Hara, 1; Friend, 1; M. Battle, 50c; M. Kelly, \$1; E. Hart, 2; Mr. Johnstone, 50c; Friend, 50c; Friend, \$3.

Collected by James Hayes from McCreedy's boot and shoe factory, for Martin Hart's sheet: J. P. Hamill, W. P. Price, \$1 each; Mr. Moses, 25c; J. Canning, \$1; Friend, G. Keane, 1; J. Flynn, F. J. McCann, 25c each; M. O'Connor, \$1; G. O'Brien, 25c; W. McDonald, 50c; J. Young, J. McCrory, J. M. Donovan, J. Cunnolly, W. J. Murphy, W. Daly, T. Welch, 25c each; Miss McDonough, 50c; Miss Cassidy, Miss Kennan, 25c each; Miss Conolly, 50c; Miss J. Wood, 25c; Miss McCrory, 25c each; Mr. Brady, \$2; Mrs. J. M. Cohen, Miss Moore, 25c; Miss Leonard, 50c; Miss Fourrier, 25c; Miss Cahill, 10c; Mrs. Peacock, Mrs. O'Neil, Miss Murphy, 25c each; Miss Woodgate, \$1; Miss Merriman, Miss Kelly, 25c each; Mrs. St. Marie, 1; Mr. J. Valois, 25c; Mr. D. Sinnott, \$1; J. McCarthy, G. Lefevre, 20c each; J. Ryan, J. McKay, 50c; J. Shanahan, E. O'Connor, 25c each; J. McNally, \$1; T. Reardon, 50c; T. Devlin, 10c; J. W. Scott, 25c; P. D. Gleason, \$1; F. Louis, 25c; J. Hanly, 50c; John Shanahan, James Shanahan, James Hoctor, John O'Brien, 25c each; A. Friend, 85c. Collected by James Donnelly—Patrick Kenny, \$4; W. J. Rafferty, 2; Thomas Donnelly, 2; John Slattery, 1; P. McCarrin, \$1; T. Cannon, 1; A. Burke, 1; P. Donnelly, 50c; John McNeill, 50c; John Cannon, 50c; Thomas Donnelly, \$2; P. O'Hara, 1; Francis Kearney, 1; John Gorman, 1; Michael Clarke, 1; John Killoran, \$2; Hugh McDonald, Joseph Johnston, J. McGarrity, Thomas O'Keefe, Owen McDonnell, Jas. Mallan, Mathew Murphy, \$1 each; John White, James McKeown, \$2 each; John Doran, \$1.

OBITUARY.

Died, in Montreal, on Wednesday morning, the 23rd November, Miss Catherine Cameron, daughter of Hugh Cameron and the late Mrs. Eloy Cameron, of River Beaudette, in the parish of St. Telephore, Co. of Soulanges. Deceased lived about 25 years in Montreal, and spent a good, industrious, virtuous and Christian life. Her premature death may be attributable to her occupation, which impaired her body and lamentably hastened her death. She was buried in the rites of the Roman Catholic Church preparatory to a happy death and eternal salvation, attended by her only sister, relict of the late D. A. McDonnell, who took her remains from Montreal to her father's residence, where neighbors and friends numerously assembled and escorted the mortal remains to St. Telephore Cemetery, where, after the celebration of a Requiem High Mass, they were deposited in the crypts of her worthy and lamented mother, who departed this life the 14th of November, 1886. May their immortal souls participate in the full enjoyment of everlasting glory. Amen. River Beaudette, December 12th, 1887.

It may interest the superstitious to note that both Gladstone and Bismarck were born on Friday. Of noted ones of the past who came into the world on that day of the week may be mentioned Luther; Sir Isaac Newton, George Washington and Winfield Scott.

FIFTY YEARS AGO!

THE GREAT SCARE, 13th DECEMBER, 1837.

By JOHN FRASER, Montreal.

"There was a sound," but not of revelry, through the dark and narrow streets of old Montreal, on the night of the 13th December, 1837.

It was the sound of armed men, mustering and hurrying in wild confusion and under fearful excitement; all concentrating to a rallying point,—the old "Camp de Mars," or parade ground.

In the early morning of that eventful day, Montreal was all astir, to witness the departure of Sir John Colborne, the commander-in-chief, at the head of his little army of about 2,000 men, to disperse the rebel force encamped at the village of St. Eustache, about 20 miles to the north. The whole northern district was then in open rebellion. The city of Montreal was left that day almost entirely to the protection of the volunteer force.

THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF 1837.

That grand old soldier, Sir John Colborne, was one of the few then living who had stood by the side of Sir John Moore, on Crcunna's fatal strand, where:

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note, As his corps to the rampart we hurried, Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot O'er the grave where our hero we buried."

And among the last words spoken by the dying hero was a recommendation for Colborne's promotion. And, again, at the closing hour of the great Napoleon's downfall; when the Old Guard, composed of the veterans of Wagram and Austerlitz, with Ney, the bravest of the brave, at their head, were advancing to an assured victory, our Colborne was there! right in front of that mighty mass of living valour, as they advanced. He stood at the head of his old regiment—the 52nd, which, with the 71st and 95th, formed part of "Adam's Brigade," posted on the right centre of the British position. This brigade was the first to arrest and check the advance of the Old Guard. Readers of the battle of Waterloo will recall Colborne's position on that field.

The reader of this day will appreciate this small tribute of respect to the memory of our Commander-in-Chief of 1837. Now, to our story.—Such of the citizens of Montreal as were on the street that night, at about eight o'clock, would have seen a horseman, one of the Lachine troop of cavalry, so well known by their BEAR-SKIN HELMETS, dashing along our streets at a mad gallop. That trooper was Alexander Fraser, the writer's brother, now in his seventy-first year, hale and hearty, and living at No. 6 Mance street, Montreal.

The guard at the city gate, at Dow's brewery, was no hindrance to his wild speed; the crossed bayonets of the four sentries posted there were cleared at one bound. His uniform being known to the sentries saved him from a passing shot. Then down old St. Joseph and Notre Dame streets at the same wild pace, causing terror to the small groups congregated at every street corner, until he reached the Main Guard, which stood nearly in front of the present Court House.

And there without dismounting delivered his verbal despatch from Major Penner, commanding officer at Lachine, to the officer of the day in command at Montreal, nearly as follows:—"The rebels have escaped from St. Eustache and are reported advancing in force on Lachine to capture the arms stored 'there for the frontier volunteers."

This despatch was delivered at the main guard within thirty minutes after the trooper had rounded his horse at Lower Lachine, the distance being over eight miles.

Then there was wild hurrying on the streets of Montreal. "To arms," was the cry; "the rebels are at hand." The alarm bells rang, the news flew like lightning, reaching every nook and corner of the city in a few minutes. The city was confined within small limits at this time. The wild excitement of that night can never be forgotten by the living ones. The boys of that night are now approaching their three score years and ten.

There were hurried mountings of staff officers and orderlies. The rallying words were, "every man to his post," the headquarters of his company or regiment, and within the space of two hours nearly 4,000 men, volunteers old and young, merchants, professional men, clerks, mechanics and laborers, stood side by side in their ranks, shoulder to shoulder, ready to do their duty.

It was a grand sight to see the mustering squads fall in and take up their double quick march to the rallying point, but it is regrettable now to think that so dire a necessity ever existed in our country. The different regiments took up their lines of march, the volunteers of the city and proceeded as far as the top of the Tanneries' hill, the high road to Lachine, halting there for orders from the front to direct their onward course.

THE ALARM AT LACHINE AND ITS CAUSE.

About seven o'clock that night the writer was sitting beside Major Penner in his house at Lower Lachine, when a trooper, Richard Robinson, arrived almost breathless with the news, brought to the village by Paul Lebert, a French loyalist, living near St. Genevieve, that the rebels were advancing in force from St. Eustache to capture the arms stored at Lachine for the frontier volunteers.

Major Penner was on his horse within five minutes and galloped off to the village, a distance of three miles, leaving orders to summon the foot companies to muster, and if the small force in the village had to retreat the mustering companies would endeavor to join them at the foot of the Coteau Hill, the present Blue Bonnets.

THE MUSTERING AT LOWER LACHINE.

The 2nd company of foot, Captain Thomas A. Begly, mustered at the old barracks, the "King's Posts," every man was there by half-past eight. By that time the excitement was greatly added to, by the women and children of the village having fled their homes, and every farm house on the Lower Lachine Road was filled by them, they actually declaring that the rebels had already reached the village. This looked very serious to us as we were falling in.

By ten o'clock every man was in front of Lafamme's Hotel, the headquarters of the Lachine Brigade, presenting front of about two hundred men, and a body of men nearly sixty swordsmen, as fine a body of men as could be found in the province. Word had been sent to Oupinawaga, over two hundred Indian warriors crossed the river and joined the brigade.

By the advice of old Colonel Wilgreen, a peninsular veteran then living at Lachine, the troop of cavalry and the village company of foot (Captain Lepensee's) were sent to the front, half a mile above the village; to watch and to report the advance of the rebels. The

three other companies of foot arrived shortly afterwards. The first to arrive was Captain Begly's, from Lower Lachine. The writer was with this company. We came at double quick, nearly a run, and formed opposite Lafamme's. Such a cheer as greeted our arrival! It rent the very air. Then came Captain Carmichael with his Cote St. Paul company, by the way of the Canal bank, and, lastly, Captain Charles with his company, from Cote St. Pierre and the Tanneries, arrived and formed in line amid a deafening cheer.

ARRIVAL OF THE INDIAN WARRIORS.

But let us turn our eyes to the river front—to the St. Lawrence. What a cheering sight was there! The river was literally covered with Indian canoes; every warrior in Caughnawaga was crossing to join the Lachine Brigade. The cheer of welcome from that little band of volunteers which greeted the arrival of the Indian warriors, and their wild war-whoop in response, was a sound, a sight and a scene, the like of it will never again be seen or heard in this Province!

By ten o'clock fully 500 armed men, of all classes, stood in the old village. The night passed over without any enemy putting in an appearance. There were no telegraphs in those early days. All communication was made and kept up by the Cavalry. The Lachine Troop was then overworked, carrying despatches and keeping up and open the lines of communication with the scattered outposts.

THE MORNING OF THE 14th DECEMBER, 1837.

The next morning the old village presented the appearance of a military camp, with the varied costumes, every man in his own dress, and early that morning hundreds of the Montreal volunteers had come out. There must, at least, have been fully 1,500 men congregated that morning at Lachine. It was a grand sight that morning to see the Lachine troop and the four companies of foot form line, about 300 men, with their old major mounted in front, thanking his "boys," as he called them, also thanking the Indians for having turned so well and so loyally. The roll was then called; cheer after cheer went up as boys and grey-headed men answered "here" to their names. What if that roll were called to-day? Not 30 out of that 300 would be found to answer. They have long since responded to a higher roll call. Peace to their memories!

Thus ended the great scare of the 13th December, 1837. The rebels were dispersed from St. Eustache and the troubles in Lower Canada ceased for that year.

The following winter passed over quietly. Seedtime came, and a bountiful harvest crowned the year, but instead of the usual autumn thanksgiving of a grateful people, the standard of rebellion was again raised in November, 1838, roofless walls and ruined homes marked its desolating tracks, leaving a dark blot on the pages of our country's history.

THE FRUITS OF THE REBELLION OF 1837.

Fifty years have blown over our head, and it were well if we could draw a veil over those dark days and darker scenes and blot them out of remembrance. We cannot. Wrongs! yes, grievous wrongs did then exist in this Canada of ours; but the means to right them were misapplied. It must now, however, be admitted that out of the seed sown broadcast over the land during that rebellion there arose over and above the ruins of the Patriots' Visionary Republic the grand structure of foundation of our present Responsible Government, entombing or casting to the winds all "family compacts" or other obstructions, securing to Canadians their rights as free-born British subjects.

And, in truth, it must be said that Canadian liberty had not its birthright under the sun since and the smile of heaven, but was cradled and nursed amid the rage and the strife of fratricidal foes.

HANGING IN CANADA.

To the Editor of THE POST and TRUE WITNESS:—

Sir,—In one of the Chicago papers a short time ago I was startled by the story, under the above heading, of a 7-year-old boy, which took place in Montreal during the rebellion of 1837-38, and taken from the New York Commercial Advertiser in November last. I thought it a libel on the fair fame of Merry England to let it go for granted that any thing pertaining to that happy country would be so clumsy in the art of hanging after their extensive and long practice since the rebellion of Ireland, under the management of Billy Pitt and Lord Norbury. I, therefore, give you the story of the seven-year-old boy, as told by him, and my own experience on that mournful occasion, being present on the morning of the execution of volunteers and under full pay, and as truth is better than fiction, I give you the facts of the case as it then stood.

It will be remembered that in the fall of 1838 a rising of the people of the Beauharis took place, and that many of the Beauharis engaged on that occasion were made prisoners, brought to Montreal, tried by court martial and condemned to death or sent to the Island of Bermuda, where they remained until after the general amnesty under Lord Durham's administration.

About one fine morning in the spring of 1838, five men (not three, as related by the seven-year-old boy) were brought out for execution in front of the new Mount Royal, namely, a General Hendlingine of the Polish army; De Lorimiere, Esq., a French public; Jules Delacroix, and two other French Canadians; whom I cannot name.

The scaffold, or gibbet, as this seven year old boy calls it, was erected in front of the goal, facing the Riviere St. Laurent, immediately over the gateway and connected with a platform from the goal yard, and was from 12 to 20 feet high and built partly of wood, connecting with the stone wall over the gateway. About 7 o'clock in the morning the five men were brought out onto the platform accompanied by the priests and the goal attendants, the sheriff and hangman. General Hendlingine was placed to the west end, next to the city, and addressed the small crowd present in a patriotic style. At the end of his speech he turned about and sharp on his heel, saying in a loud voice, "Vive la Liberte." Mr. Delorimiere was dressed in a black suit of broad cloth, open-breasted waistcoat, and dressed as if going to a wedding; he was a fine-looking gentleman, tall, and would weigh about two hundred pounds. Delacroix was commonly dressed in a plain light suit, he wanted one hand from the wrist down, as stated by the seven year old boy, the want of which caused him to be bound from the guard of the arms behind his back. It is said that when the rope was placed about his neck that he shifted the fatal knot, which caused him to die from strangulation, as he suffered long. The five men were placed on the fatal trap, not hauled up by the neck, as stated by the 7-year old boy, the bolt was drawn, and the five poor fellows were thrown off together. The fall was about 25 feet; poor Delacroix's neck was not broken by the fall. After a few seconds he made a strong effort for life; he placed one foot upon the coping-stone of the wall of the gateway, and the other in the cross beam of the scaffold, and the rope then became quite slack; he remained

for some moments, striking his breast with his good hand, and muttering the words, "Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" At length a soldier, who was on the platform, took hold of the rope and broke the hold he held with his feet on the beam (not pulled by the feet by a British soldier, as stated by the 7-year old boy), he struggled in death for some short time. When left hanging for a short time, the five corpses were hauled onto the platform and taken into the goal yard. I don't know if the bodies were given to their friends or not.

Such was the fate of 5 of the martyrs of 1837-38, who fought to redeem Canada from Downing street rule, to establish responsible government in its place. Yours, etc.

HANGED IN CANADA.

I was born in Montreal and was about 7 years old when the French-Canadian rebellion broke out. Three of the rebels were caught, tried, and sentenced to be hanged. One of them was Jules Delacroix, an old man of 60, who occasionally did a bit of work for my father. Jules had lost his right hand in some manner years before I knew him; it was cut off at the wrist, leaving a smooth, round stump. I was present with the crowd on the day of the execution of the three men, who were to be hanged together on the same gibbet, feeling a sort of proprietary interest in the whole affair on the strength of my acquaintance with Jules. The gibbet was made of two heavy uprights, with a wide string-piece across the top, over which the three ropes were thrown, for in these times they simply fastened a noose around a man's neck and pulled him up by hand and let him struggle to death, as they do at a western lynching now. One end of the gibbet was close to and nearly on a level with a shed on which I had taken my stand to witness the execution. Well, just as the soldiers were about to pull up the victims a boyish friend possessed me, and I climbed out on the string-piece, lying flat on my face, and crawled out to the first rope just as the victims were pulled up. I happened to be directly over Delacroix. As the rope was pulled up came the writhing body of poor Jules till he almost touched the beam above him, on which I crouched. He had tied his arms behind him, but in his death struggle he managed to pull the stump from its fastening, and as he found it loose, threw it up and over the beam, and with desperate strength drew himself up, thus slackening the rope about his neck. I was looking down into his ghastly face, which was so close that I could have touched him with my hand. His wild, bloodshot eyes looking straight into mine with awful, beseeching glance that haunts me to this day. "Ah, mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" he gasped, as a British soldier caught him by the feet and gave him a pull, his handless stump lost its hold on the cross-piece, and the poor wretch fell back to his death. No! I never think of a man's hanging but I recollect those wild, staring eyes, and hear the gasping application: "Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!"

THE SLANDERS OF INGRAM.

Sir,—Will you permit me, through the columns of THE POST, to make a few remarks on the latest falsehood cast on the Irish people, namely, being sounded called Thomas Dunbar Ingram, in connection with the union of England and Ireland, he informs the whole world that the Irish people and the clergy smiled at the union, and no bribery or dishonest means were used to unite the two countries. History notwithstanding to the contrary, the liar, Ingram, may never very well that a few years before the act of union the British Parliament enacted a statute expressly and unequivocally renouncing all future right to legislate for Ireland, Georgius the Third, chapter 18th, an act for removing and permitting all doubts which have arisen, or might arise, concerning the rights of Parliament and Courts of Ireland in matters of J. legislation and Judicature, etc.; therefore he is declared and enacted by the King's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords, Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, that the said right claimed by the people of Ireland to be bound only by laws of that Kingdom in all cases whatever, shall be, and is hereby declared to be established and ascertained forever, and hereby no time being questioned or questioned. Now, Mr. Editor, Thomas Dunbar Ingram's statement of Ireland's right, and I think the next thing in order to tell the liar Ingram and those who have his lies, the Kozoff included, perhaps better known as the Montreal Gazette, something to contradict their lying assertions. Henry Grattan, who had arisen from a bed of sickness and appeared before the House of Parliament like an accusing spirit, upon that day, all his eloquence and power against the base act which he well knew would be the ruin of his country, and which, alas, has proved too true. Underneath will be found the names of members who voted for that fatal measure, and the bribes they got for the same:

H. Alexander was made Colonial Secretary, and his brother a bishop; J. Bradford made peer and lord; J. Bingham a peerage and £23,000; J. G. Blackwood a peerage and £23,000; J. G. Blackwood, peerage and pensions; A. Botsel, £500 a year; R. Butler, charged sides for cash; Lord Boyle, an immense sum for many burroughs, at £15,000 per burrough; S. Bruce, a castle servant, got a baronetcy; "Burdett at an office and £50 a year; A. Bury was made prison servant; J. Bagwell charged twice for cash; J. Bagwell, J. P., cash and commission; W. Bagwell, a demerit; Castlereagh acted as Pitt's chief agent; J. Cavendish, receiver-general; J. Caine, a pension; T. Casey, two fat bathees; C. Copp, a regiment and patronage; J. Croaby, a regiment and patronage; J. H. Coote, a regiment, a peerage and £7,500; J. C. Coxy, chieftain of exchequer; J. Cotter, cash; J. Crighton, cash; J. Crighton, cash; W. A. Crolicke, comptroller; J. Cuffee, a peerage to his father; R. Crowe, avowed being bribed; C. Fitzgerald, pension and peerage; C. Fortesque, a lucrative office; F. Ferguson, various considerations; A. Ferguson, office, title and £300 a year; W. Fortescue, secret pen ion; J. Galbraith, attorney; J. Galt, an immense pension from hall; A. George, a peerage; B. Hoemaker, a regiment and £3,500; H. Howard, made Postmaster General; W. Handcock, a peerage; G. Joseph, promotion and a bishopric for his brother; William Johnson, a judgeship; J. Keane, a pension; W. Knox, office and £800 a year; H. Langrishe, £15,000; Lord Loftus, created a marquis and £50,000; General Lala, one of Castlereagh's favorites; H. D. Masses, £2,000; B. Moore, postmaster at will; W. T. Muesel, confessed a bribe; R. Musgrave, office and £1,200 a year; R. Neville, office; W. G. Newcomer, cash and peerage for wife; T. Preston, cash; O. Rowley, peerage; B. Stratford, £7,500; R. French, earldom. Lord Tyrone, 104 offices in the gift of his family, proposed the Union by a speech given in the crown of his hat. Now, Mr. Editor, I think the above items are sufficient to show the liar (Ingram) and the readers of the Kozoff that the Irish people have a perfect knowledge of the means employed to bring about the accursed Union. Billy Pitt and Castlereagh were the prime movers in the ruin of Ireland. Whether it was a command from heaven or an intimation from hell, I do not know, but I understand that Castlereagh closed the scene by cutting his own throat. The above items are from a very reliable source, and I defy any falsifier of truth to contradict them.

CHARLES DEVLIN, JR., ON LANS-DOWNE.

[Extract from the speech delivered by Charles Devlin, of Aylmer, at the Home Rule meeting in Ottawa, 7th Dec., 1887.]

"The struggle of centuries, the still being carried on with unusual ferocity on the one side, unabated by intense heroism on the other. The piteous people are something wonderful; they are prepared to die by their tyrants, while, be it said to the shame of Christian civilization, their heartless oppressors are enjoying all the luxuries which London and Paris, aye, and a castle not a thousand miles from this can afford. (Cheers.) Oh! I, far, far sweeter to me, infinitely more sacred in my eyes are the black walls of Gallonore prison, where our own noble martyr, William O'Brien, lies extended to-night, suffering untold horrors on his plank bed, than the palatial walls of that stately palace which holds the Governor of Luggerman (Cheers.) Gentlemen, you know me and you know that I have always in my life been in public discussion of a deal of liberty and modern-lafey with those who view it as a difficult or impossible to entertain; but I can not express my indignation, my free Canadian soul revolts at the idea of being governed by a man who, in the measure of his power, has equalled the cruelty of Cromwell, and, in every sense, but power, has actually surpassed the atrocities and indignities heaped upon him by his victims; they should be worst tyrants. It is well that the truth should be told—even at his door. (Prolonged cheers.) I deeply love the land whence we come, and I am not ashamed or afraid to proclaim that love! I am proud of Erin's history! I honor the illustrious heroes who, at the cost of their fortune, welfare, liberty, and even life, are fighting our battles and defending the unstained banner of old Ireland where tonight the national harp hangs mournfully silent and the little shamrock grows in sorrowful! (Applause.) You will respond to the fervent appeal made to you; your brethren throughout the world will also respond, and our united action will cheer the desolate ones at home who are to-night resting their weary heads on the rocks of the road-side, who are at this very moment in despair while listening to the agonizing cries of their innocent and half-naked children crying aloud for protection, help and bread. Oh! what a terrible state of things! You will respond generously and promptly. I shall send an answer across the mighty Atlantic, and they may fill their own hearts with the thought of the old Ireland where tonight the national harp hangs mournfully silent and the little shamrock grows in sorrowful! (Applause.) 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