Listowel Standard.

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A RUMORED RESIGNATION.

Scene, Mowat's Sanctum.

OWAT—Show in the hungry office-seekers for Kent's Magistich.

ATTENDANT—My liege, their numbers far exceed the narrow confines of your Lordship's space.

hall I to age or service show priority ?

MOWAT—Varlet, stand not upon the order of their coming, but let them come. (Enter Sir Steve.)

SIR STEVE—Your Lordship's very humble servant;

My services to you and yours I need not dwell on;

My claims are mighty, and they must prevail.

Thou knowest well that twice did I wage valiant war

To fight the beasts at Ephesus—

Only to be twice vanquished.

MOWAT—I remember; but 'twas a sorry fight you made,

And now the money flew!

SIR STEVE—I did the best I could—I left the quiet solitude

Of peaceful farm and country home,

With fields untilled and cows unmilked,

To milk your cow of state—

Alas! for nothing but your liege's smile;

But now I claim my guerdon.

'Tis true I am not learned in the laws,

But since your liege's Judicature act,

I know that makes no difference—

I can tell Black from White (I'm very fond of White)

And I submit *that*, after all, is only what's required,

Judging, at least from other late appointments.

MOWAT—Retire, and I will give your claims their due consideration. (Enter McDoo.)

MOWAT—Whence comest thou?

McDOO—Know ye the land of the egue and bull frog,

And the plain of the dismal swamp?

MOWAT—I know it well, and you, I hear, art wasting time,

And spouting wordy nothings on Prohibition's ide.

What mean'st thou, knave? What claims hast thou?

McDOO—Thou knowest well, Sir Oliver, I am thy party's war horse.

I have told more lies and uttered speeches

Than any of your party (saving your Lordship's company), and if I've ceased

To speak on politics, 'tis because there's nothing to abuse,

And so I eke a frugal living out of fanatic prohibition.

I am deeply versed in law, and duly certified;

I know, or ought to know, the criminal law;

And if you want a fox to catch a fox,

I am your Lordship's most obedient servant.

MOWAT—Retire; your claims shall have their due consideration. (Enter Majaw.)

Your claims, Majaw.

MAJAW—When I was a fool, I served my time

Behind a counter in the Dry Goods line.

I polished up that counter so carefully,

That now I am a Majaw in the Militree.

I failed, 'tis true, in that Dry Goods line

From being too fond of the Wet Goods Wine;

But I got over that in a very little while,

Was appointed Chief of the Policemen's file.

I've learned so much of the ropes whilst there,

That I'm sure I'm just the man for the chair.

I know how to fill up blank forms to a T,

For the P. M. has always relied upon me.

I've learned a few things whilst there, you bet,

In fact now belong to the very first set,

And I flirt with the ladies so charminglee,

That they say this is just the place for me,

And besides, I'm a majaw of the militree.

MOWAT—Retire, your claims seem more on the other sex,

But this shall be considered. (Enter McHabb.)

MOWAT—Twice worthy chief, be seated; hast thy credentials with thee?

McHABB—Sirs, I ha'e talismanic tokens.

MOWAT—Your claims?

McHABB—I have brought many traitors to our ranks

Whose purses did the general coffers fill.

Was this in me a nothing? I have laid traps

For straying feet that wandered, and secured them;

I ha'e watched the pairty's interest—

And made that my own—till now I stand

A poor and broken bankrupt here,

And gaze upon my misery.

MOWAT—Naught is alleged against thee save thy grey hairs.

Thy claims shall be considered. (Enter Vans.)

MOWAT—We've had the halt, and now the maimed. Say on, McDuff.

VANS—Bent, but not broken, noble sire.

My claims are paramount. 'Tis true I had the honor once afore,

And yet hold one of yer appointments in my pocket;

But still yer know I kind of thought I seed a door

Open to get them nasty rum shops on my docket.

I have been tried, and trust was not found wanting

To make it pretty rough on dram shop bosses.

I've chased poor Rawtey, tho' I never caught him; still I haunt him,

Just make me P. M., then I'll soon make up for losses—

Men is but men, and hosses—why, hosses is but hosses.

MOWAT—Your claims shall have a renewal of my August consideration. (Enter Agnostic)

AGNOSTIC—Your transcendental most obsequious servant

MOWAT—Thou art not of us, what would'st thou here

AGNOSTIC—I come to threaten not to beg.

Descended from a noble race, I sprung, the blood of Princes

Courses in my veins, 'tis true 'tis somewhat mixed with whiskey;

But I am Agnostic still, none of the vulgar rabble I,

But one by whom Justicia's purple mantle 'd be adorned,

And here I now demand it, for mark you, Mowat,

The Populace adores me and would fain enforce my presence

On the noble house of Ottawa at the most fitting opportunity,

And I've cheek enough to think I'd get there;

I'm a dangerous and a desperate enemy, so beware;

Give me the place and I'll adorn it with a regal grace,

Second to none but yours.

MOWAT—Retire, your threats won't be considered. (Enter Nolan.)

NOLAN—Say, boss, yer gwine to give the cullud folks a show,

And Massa King give me his recommend to you;

Dis chilles no fool I want ter let yer know,

Dis nigger only wants to get his due;

I've swept de Plice court floo' an hall,

Many's de year he tried to keep it clean,

But bless ye, Boss, de dirt beat all

Dat *eber you* have seen.

Want's a new broom there awful bad,

An dere's lots of chickens stolen,

De state of moral's s awful bad,

You'd better gib it—Nolan.

MOWAT—(Soliliquising.) And I might just as well as far as qualifications are concerned. There's onlyone man there on our side fit for the position, and he hasn't applied for it, perhaps he had the decency to wait for the reported resignation. Ah, well the matter must receive my grave consideration, my most grave consideration.

Curtain.

THE LAND OF THE MOQUIS.

Never was life so lonely and cheerless as in the desolate hovels of the Moquis. Their land is not a tender solitude, but a forbidding desolation of escarped cliffs, overlooking wastes of land where the winds wage war on the small shrubs and venturesome grasses, leaving to the drouth such as they cannot uproot. A few scrubby trees, spotting the edge of the plain as if they had looked across the waterless waste and crouched in fear, furnish a little brushwood for the fires of the Moquis, who are fighting out the battle for existence that is hardly worth the struggle. Fixed habitation anywhere implies some sort of civilization. The flinty hills are terraced, and by careful irrigation they manage to raise corn enough to keep body and soul together. The seven villages within a circuit of ten miles have been isolated from the rest of the world through centuries, yet they have so little intercourse with each other that their tribal languages, everywhere subject to swift imitations, are entirely alike. They number only 1,600 souls, shreds of tribes almost exhausted, surrounded by dilapidated cities, unquestionably of great antiquity. The sad heirship of fallen greatness is written in the emptyness of their barren estates. Fragments of pottery are profusely scattered about, and deeply worn foot paths leading from village to village, down the river bank and winding up to the plain, mark the ancient thoroughfares which are now slightly trodden or utterly deserted. How the Indians were enslaved, and driven to the mines and how they perished there by thousands is a matter of familiar history. They were an abject and heart broken people after the conquest, and their decline still goes steadily on. Whole tribes are extinct. Others have united with each other for safety, and within the memory of citizens of Santa Fe the feeble remnant of the tribe at Pecos joined that at Jemez, which speaks the same language.—Mrs. Lew Wallace, in New York Tribune.

HOW TURNER PAINTED AND ANGLED.

Lord Egremont once invited Turner to stay a week at Petworth and paint two pictures for him of some favorite bits of scenery on the estate. On the first morning of his visit Lord Egremont asked Turner what he should like to do, and the great painter replied he would go fishing. The next morning at breakfast Lord E. inquired again what it would please Mr. Turner to do; and he replied that, having enjoyed himself so much yesterday, he would go fishing again. On the third morning Lord Egremont thought he would wait for Turner to announce his own plans, and was greatly amused when he quietly said he was again going fishing.

On the fourth morning, Lord E., unable to conceal his anxiety, said: "Well, Mr. Turner, I am only too glad for you to enjoy yourself, but you are talking of going away to-morrow, and I felt anxious about the pictures." Come upstairs to my room," said Turner, "and get your mind at rest." Nothing could exceed the surprise and delight of Lord Egremont when Turner introduced him to two exquisite pictures painted as he had desired. The great man had risen each morning with the sun, and before breakfast had, by a good day's work, earned his pleasure in fishing.—Manchester Times.

—People have recovered from wounds as severe as the President's. But we can augur nothing from that unless we know how many doctors they endured. The wound and six doctors is a dreadful tax for the strongest vitality.

—The Gladstones are all musical. At present they are trying to bring England and Ireland into harmony.

—Excavations in Pompeii, which have been suspended for a few weeks, are to be resumed.

A WHITE MOUNTAIN GHOST.

The Spectre of a Young Girl Which is Seen Annually on September 14 Near the Tip Top House.

The wind whistled mournfully around the hotel as the story was being told, and the hearers involuntarily clustered nearer one another and waited the next gloomy reminiscence. It came from an elderly gentleman who wouldn't vouch for its truthfulness, but who was ready to swear that the friend who told it to him was an eye witness and could be relied upon always. The story was in relation to the death of Miss Lizzie Bourne, of Kennebunk, Me., who died in a blinding snow storm on the Glen bridle path on the night of September 14, 1855. The traveler, who rides up in a little railway car, has the pile of stones pointed out to him, as marking the spot where her rigid body was found. One is surprised to find that it is so near the Tip Top house; that it is not much more than a stone's throw. She must have shrieked and shouted in her despair, but on such a terrible night, with the wind blowing like a hurricane, and howling like a million fiends, who in the hotel could have heard her or have distinguished her voice before it was swallowed up in the tempest. There is a well founded rumor, said the old gentleman, that every year, on the night of the 14th of September, the ghost or spirit or whatever you may call it, of Lizzie Bourne may be seen flitting around the mound. Henry J. Howland and a party saw it last year, and were almost frightened to death, continued the story teller. It was a clear moonlight night, and Howland and his party were running over the summit to see somewhere was to be seen. They had got down to the Bourne monument, and being somewhat fatigued with their scramble over the rocks, they all dropped down for a few minutes rest. Naturally enough the monument suggested the tragic death of the poor girl, and they fell to talking about it. A heavy bank of clouds rising from the west threatened to obscure the moon altogether and give the party some trouble in finding their way back to the hotel, and they rose up to start. At that moment a filmy cloud shot across the surface of the moon, and surrounding objects and the landscape lost their clearness. A shriek from Howland startled everybody, and they turned to see him pointing at the monument and wringing his hands as if in the greatest agony. He seemed to have lost his voice after that one shriek, and there he stood, horror stricken like. The whole party turned to the monument, and there, if you'll believe it, continued the story teller, glancing at the now awe stricken listeners, was a whitish figure rising up through the stones, just as if she was coming to the surface, borne upward by some mysterious stage mechanism. Then as she got to the top, she assumed a defined shape, that of a pretty girl, with a sad face and flowing robes of hair. She appeared to point her right hand toward the glimmering light of the Tip Top House, and then suddenly dropping on her knees she clasped her hands as if in prayer. In another instant the cloud scudded away, and the moon looked down as bright as ever, and the ghost or spectre, or whatever you may call it, was gone. Howland, however, was prostrated by the shock to his nervous system and didn't get over it for two days. "No, sir," wound up the old gentleman, "I don't believe in spirits, and I don't believe any of my friends untruthful. I believe there is a something or other to be seen there on the mound, and if I'm alive I'm going there the next 14th of September to see it—alone if I can't get any of my friends to go along." Such a story, listened to with the hotel joints creaking like a ship's and a fierce tempest in progress outside, had a marked effect upon some of the ladies, causing them to shudder and cling close to the gentlemen, who figured either as husbands or escorts. But blow high or blow low, the old hotel is as safe as any hotel in the valley below, for it is anchored to the rock with great chains which no amount of tugging at by the great gales has ever seemed to affect in the slightest degree.—Correspondence Boston Post.

THE TAILS OF COMETS.

Camille Flammarion, in a paper read before the French Academy of Sciences, on the recent comet, says:

In my observations on this comet I have devoted myself principally to an examination of its physical aspect. This examination appears to lead to conclusions which are different from the opinions generally adopted as to the nature of cometary tails. The perfect transparency of these trains of light leads us to think that they are not material, that they are not gases driven back into space by a repulsive solar force, but that they are an excitation—electric or otherwise—of ether produced by the mysterious star, on the side opposite from the sun we might almost say in the line of its shadow!

On the 24th of December, 1811, Piazzi observed at Palermo, through the tail of the celebrated comet of that year, the star P. X X. 148, and P. X X. 197, which instead of being more or less obscured, were seen to be more luminous. . . . Apropos of these unexplained physical phenomena, let us dwell for a moment on the assuredly extraordinary circumstance which occurred last year, and which was only the renewal of one of the same kind observed already in 1843. On the 28th of January, 1880, at 36 minutes past eleven o'clock in the morning, the great comet discovered in the Southern hemisphere passed to its perhelion at 150,000 miles only from the solar surface. In adopting the figure 90,000 miles as the diameter of the head the figure generally adopted also for the comet of 1843 (which more over, appears to be definitely the same as that of 1880)—we see that from surface to surface there was only 180,000 miles. The proximity was more surprising still on the 27th of February, 1843. The two celestial bodies brushed each other at 33,000 miles only—that is to say, the comet traversed the solar atmosphere at a height less than that of the corona, and even of that of the protuberances, several of which have been ascertained to measure 20,000 miles in height. Now at these two epochs the comet was accompanied by a narrow and rectilinear train, which it carried with it always on the side away from the sun, and which stretched out 125, 150, and even 200 millions of miles in length. To make in two hours, a half revolution of the sun, it rushed along with a velocity of 167,700 feet per second (perihelion of 1843)—a velocity of the elliptial order, considering the fearful attraction of the sun, but which would have become rapidly parabolic at a little greater distance. Now at the distance of the earth, at 95 millions of miles, the rectilinear and rigid tail must have swept space with a velocity of 19,500,000 feet per second!

Does not this circumstance, which has presented itself to our eyes twice in thirty-seven years, taken in connection with the perfect transparency of these trains of light, lead to the consequence that the tails of comets cannot be material! Is it an electrical illumination of the ether? Is it undulatory motion excited by the comet itself on the side opposite from the sun? We do not as yet know all the forces of nature.—Scientific American.

—Moncton Times: The Opposition are becoming alarmed at the many evidences of the increasing popularity of the Government's policy; and it appears that a line of abuse has been decided upon in the case of all who change their political opinions in favor of the Government. This was clearly illustrated in St. John recently, and now we notice that the Fredericton Farmer and New Glasgow Plain Dealer, independent papers that have recently come to the conclusion that the situation demanded that they should owe their influence on the Government side while the National Policy is a question at issue, are being roundly abused through the columns of various opposition papers.

—Of every 246,532 persons, one gets struck by lightning. As soon as Bell or Edison devise a means of telling which one, he can be put in a bomb proof when a thunder storm heaves in sight, and thus one of nature's most destructive forces will be completely baffled.

—The fact that the watering places have yielded this season fewer sea-serpent stories than usual, and that the sojourners have been content to see sharks and whales, is cheering evidence of progress to a higher plane of morality.

TWINKLINGS.

—The best engravers are said to be color blind.

—The Germans have invented morocco paper.

—It is claimed that electric lights can be applied in bleaching textiles.

—A fresh tomato leaf, crushed and applied, is a good antidote for the sting of a bee.

—Watermelons this season are poverty-stricken. At least, they are seedy looking.

—The bathing costumes this summer have plenty of latitude but little longitude.

—The man who is always wrapped up in self is poorly protected from the blasts of adversity.

—Georgia is the only one of the thirteen original colonies which refuses to contribute toward the Yorktown centennial.

—The city of Trenton, N. J., is troubled with typhoid and malarial fevers, attributed to the vile odors and emanations from the swamp and canal in the city limits.

—Alas for the unhappy brunette! Fashion decrees her rein is over, and does not hesitate to announce that a woman to be "utter" stylish must be blonde. Yellow, yellow hair, pale or yellow skin, is the stamp of aristocracy.

—Mr. Alcott told the Condord Summer School of Philosophers that "Actuality is the Thingness of the Here." The information almost paralyzed them. For years they had been laboring under the misapprehension that the hereness of the actuality is the thing. But it is no such thing.—Norristown Herald.

—There are more candidates for the ministry in the Methodist church than in any other. In England the candidates increase when trade or business is crippled by hard times. The Methodist thinks "the real cause lies in the greater facility with which Methodism puts ministers into the field."

—A French Countess has set the fashion of carrying a long cane thrust through one of the basket bonnets that are tied at the handle with colored ribbons. This basket is used when gathering flowers in a garden; a ribbed apron, with a huge pocket in front, is also worn on these occasions

A BRIDE'S SUICIDE.

She Ends an Unhappy Marriage Relation With a Pistol.

On a lovely day in June, 1880—it was the 10th day of the month—a brilliant wedding took place in the Episcopol Church of the Holy Innocents, St. Cloud, Orange Mountain, Rev. T. J. Danner, officiating. The high contracting parties were Mr. F. H. Dudley, aged twenty-four, a fine-looking young man, the son of a New York merchant, and himself a member of the firm, and Miss Daisy Oakes Fuller, aged nineteen, the fourth daughter of Judge Fuller. The bride, a very handsome girl, with fine eyes, dark hair, and beautiful complexion, presented a most captivating appearance as she walked up the aisle of the church leaning on her father's arm just previous to the ceremony. Among the spectators the church was crowded—were Governor McClellan, Leon Abbett and many other distinguished New Yorkers. The church was elaborately trimmed with flowers and evergreens, and the wedding scene, as a whole, was one of rare beauty and picturesqueness. In the evening there was a grand reception at Judge Fuller's residence, on Ridgeway avenue, near General McClellan's home. The young couple thus started off under the happiest omens imaginable, and everybody anticipated for them a life of unalloyed bliss, as they appeared to be devotedly attached to each other.

DISAPPOINTMENT AND MELANCHOLY.

Mr. Dudley and his fair young bride went to live in a charming cottage presented to Mrs. Dudley by her father on her wedding day, it being one of eight houses built by Judge Fuller on the summit of the mountain, and besides being in the midst of beautifully laid out grounds, commanded a splendid view of the country lying between it and the Hudson, New York bay and Brooklyn heights. The period of the honeymoon had little more than passed when the neighbors began to notice evidences of unhappiness between the young couple. Mrs. Dudley intimated to her friends that her dream of marital bliss had not been realized; that she had found few roses and many thorns. Neighbors, servants and others agree that Mrs. Dudley made but little attempt to conceal the fact that she was a disappointed wife and had become subject to fits of melancholy. Recently she asked a lady neighbor to procure for her some chloral or laudanum, but the lady thought best not to do so. Of late, according to general report, the husband has been inattentive and spent his time with genial male friends. For several months he was away from business on account of ill health, his relatives say. The servants and others say husband and wife had many distressing quarrels.

THE FATAL SHOT.

On Saturday afternoon the Dudleys expected a visitor to stay with them over Sunday, Mr. Bayard C. Fuller, Mrs. Dudley's brother. They were to start at five o'clock to meet him at the Orange station of the Delaware Lackawanna and Western railroad. Mr. Dudley went out to see that the conveyance was made ready. His wife went to her dressing room to arrange her bonnet, etc. Everything was all prepared when Mrs. Dudley discovered that her husband had hitched a covered buggy instead of the basket phaeton, the vehicle of her choice.

"Frank," she said, quite provoked, "you know I don't want that buggy. I want the phaeton."

"It won't do, Daisy, it's going to rain; don't you see how cloudy it's getting?" he replied.

"I don't care. I want the phaeton, and won't go a step without it."

This was followed by an interchange of angry words. The husband passed down stairs, but in an instant was summoned up again by the sharp crack of a pistol. A few bounds up the stairs and he was in his wife's dressing room. She had taken a large revolver which had been in the house since Judge Fuller's house had been robbed by burglars some time ago, and placed it at her right temple and fired. The bullet weighed 130 grains, or a quarter of an ounce—passed obliquely upward through her brain and came out above the left temple, struck the wall and fell on the floor. Mrs. Dudley fell with her head in the closet, whence she had but a few minutes before obtained her hat which was on her. Drs. Pierson and Richards were promptly summoned from Orange, but they agreed that the case was hopeless. Everything possible was done, but Mrs. Dudley never uttered a word or gave a sign of consciousness. Just after midnight death ensued.

Yesterday Dr. Hewlett, the Essex county physician, whose special duty it is to investigate all such cases, visited the Dudley cottage, and, being satisfied that death was the result of suicide, deemed an inquest unnecessary and granted a burial permit.—N. Y. Herald.

LIONS IN A STUDIO.

A few days ago, says the London Telegraph, as Herr Schweitzer, the principal photographer of Stransburg, was arranging his atelier in the expectation of custom, the door was thrown open and an exceedingly handsome young lady appeared on the threshold. Schweitzer at once recognized his visitor as Miss Mina, the golden haired, blue eyed Lion Queen of a traveling menagerie temporarily established on a plot of waste ground outside the Metzgar Thor. "I want to have my portrait taken," said the fair damsel. "I am at your service; pray be seated," replied the photographer with a deferential bow. "By your leave," she replied, transfixing him with a steely glance, "I am not alone. Two friends are awaiting me outside your door." So saying, she set a silver whistle to her lips and blew it shrilly, whereupon two stately lions stalked into the apartment, greeting its proprietor with a salution of growls which made his blood run cold. At a sign from their youthful mistress, however, the formidable beasts sat down quietly enough and Herr Schweitzer, gaining confidence from their peaceful demeanor proceeded to group his appalling clients with trembling hands, placing Miss Mina on a sofa in a semi reclining attitude, with a lion on either side of her. All the three preserved a statuesque immobility during the exposure, the result of which was a remarkably fine picture, now adorning the windows of the leading stationer's shop near the Cathedral. Hundreds of copies have already been sold, and Herr Schweitzer's mauvais quart d'heure with a couple of loose lions is likely to prove the most remunerative period of his professional career.

IRELAND'S NEW CRY.

An Industrial Agitation—The Land Law not Acceptable.

(Dublin correspondence New York Herald).

The future of the Land League is now the text of general discussion in the newspapers and in ordinary conversation. Mr. Parnell's speech delivered at a recent Land League meeting has been the chief agency in raising this discussion. Mr. Parnell's speech or manifesto is of the utmost importance at the present critical time. If any one imagined that the Land League would accept England's "message of peace," as the Land bill is now called by political satirists, Mr. Parnell's address will awaken them from further delusion. It gave no uncertain sound and was hostile in all its aspects. "Low rents" is still the cry, and Mr. Parnell apparently intends to oppose the Land commission unless the commission generally lowers the rents. This, of course, Mr. Parnell knows is not likely to be done. The rents in Ireland are generally fair, and the commission is not likely to take the Land league valuation. Mr. Parnell's estimate of the commission's dealing with the rents is doubtless a shrewd guess. He estimates that about a quarter of the rents will be lowered, a quarter raised, and the remaining half remain as they are, leaving the total rental about as it is. Mr. Parnell did not, of course, approve of this, and therefore could not accept the bill as a settlement. He announced, however that it would be best to call a convention to decide upon a plan of action, and proposed September 15 as the day. The League have no idea of abandoning agitation, and it is already framing an excuse for keeping the farmers true to their allegiance. All the great principles of land reform, fixity of tenure, free sale and the prevention of rent rising, are flung to the winds, and the question becomes simply one of lowering the rents. If all rents are not lowered to a valuation made thirty years ago then the Land bill is to be condemned and the commission ignored. The farmers have now to decide who their best friends are, or, to put it more fairly, which will be more advantageous to their pockets—the framers of the Land bill or the Land League.

AN INDUSTRIAL AGITATION.

But there are other considerations at stake in Ireland. The Land League is now a permanent institution. It has taken under its protecting wing all the grievances and reforms which Ireland is heir to. Besides land reform there are industrial reform, legislative independence and many other grievances. All these are to be fought out if possible, as the land reform has been fought. It is necessary, in pushing its other schemes, that the influence of the agricultural class should not be lost to the league, and therefore the land question will be kept alive as long as possible in order to help the general movement. Mr. Parnell's words are not, therefore to be taken in any narrow sense. He knows, and would doubtless privately admit, that the Land League has achieved a great victory in the present Land bill, but his public policy would not allow him to say so, unless he were ready to abandon the "forward" movement, which is now the watchword of the country. The new agitation is at hand, and the storm signals have been already hoisted. The advanced Irish press, which is every week becoming bolder and doing its best to keep abreast of the quickening movement, demands the assistance of Irish trade and manufacturers first, and the legislative independence of Ireland afterward, or together with the first. These are to be the next objects of the Land League agitation. There is no doubt that the league is enormously crippled by the Coercion act and with its leading leaders in jail and the danger that an indiscreet speech will send the others there much difficulty will be found in launching a new agitation. There has been some agitation looking to the release of the political prisoner now in the Irish jails, but in view of the intentions of the league it is doubtful if the government will release them. It may not be generally known that any of the men now in jail can immediately procure his own release in engaging not to take any further part in the Land League agitation, and that several have already done this. But it would be the political death of men like Brennan and Boyton to accept such parole.

LANDLORDS AND LEAGUERS.

The land war continues with varying fortune. The general warfare is, of course, decidedly in favor of the tenants, but the landlords have won several distinct triumphs. Among Land League victories the most notable is the capitulation of Colonel O'Callaghan, of Maryfort, county Clare, out of whose differences with his tenants arose the fatal disturbance in that county two months ago. After a struggle of nearly two years he has, through the conciliating efforts of the parish priest, arranged to give his tenants abatements of rent ranging from thirty-five to fifty per cent. Another victory for the League has taken place in county Cork, where Mr. Nagle, who has presided at most of the sales for rent in that county, and who has, therefore, made himself an object of hatred, has now refused to attend any more such auctions because, as he says, he desires to live in harmony with his neighbors, though the more likely reason is that he is afraid of his life. On the other hand there has been a most successful eviction "expedition" as there "tenant hunts" are now called, in county Limerick. It was organized by Colonel Clifford Lloyd and consisted of 100 soldiers and police, and it set out from Kilmallock, the war being as follows:—First went the Sheriff and his assistants, with the agent of the estates to be visited. Next Colonel Lloyd in his trap; then four big waggons, each drawn by four horses and each containing twenty-five soldiers or police, and finally an army, transport wagon, with provisions, followed by an ambulance wagon. It was an imposing cavalcade and was literally a flying column, traveling, as it did, at the rate of five miles an hour, going from one estate to another serving executions and seizing cattle, appearing with such surprising suddenness and departing with such celerity that the poor but contumacious tenants must have been sadly bewildered. During the three days' campaign fifteen executions were carried out and 200 cows seized upon the estates of Lord Massey, Lady Ashdown, Mr. Gascoigne and Mr. Coote. In every case the tenant had to pay the full year's rent, amounting to £2,300, and the costs amounted to over $1,000.

HUMORS OF THE CONFLICT.

Dark as the land war is it has its humorous side, and an amusing incident is related which is worth repeating. While many tenants are doubtless unable to pay their rents this year, many who cry poverty are well able to pay their landlords. A few days ago a deputation of the tenants of Mr. M. S. Synot, a landlord of county Armagh, called upon him and pleaded their inability to pay their rents. One of the deputation, John Cunningham, also visited Mr. Synot privately and begged for a large abatement of rent on the ground of the hard times and his absolute inability to pay. The request was refused and Mr. Synot got no rent. Now comes the sequel. While returning from market this week John Cunningham was robbed of his purse, which contained £15 and a bank deposit receipt showing that he had £395 in the money branch of the Belfast Bank—altogether over $2,000. This amount would have paid his arrears ten times over. He was obliged to complain to the police to have the suspected thief arrested, and it is easy to imagine his sheepish figure as he told his story to the bench of magistrates, one of whom was his own landlord. He had not got his money at last reports. In speaking of rents I cannot forbear quoting a few figures from a pamphlet On the Nation's Drink Bill for 1880, published by a well known statistician—William Hoyle. It shows that during the ten years ending 1879 the people of Ireland spent on an average each year over $65,900,000 in intoxicating liquors, which is $11,500,000 in excess of the rental of the land of Ireland. As Mr. Hoyle justly remarks: "It will need no superior intellect to see that if a reduction of the rent burden could prove so highly beneficial even greater benefits would result from the abolition of the drink burden."

A NEW RELIGIOUS SECT.

(Chicago Correspondence of the SPECTATOR.)

Although there is said to be really nothing new under the sun we have recently become aware that in our midst is a religious sect, that, though like the comet, it has been for some time in existence, it has not let its light shine upon the world at large to any great extent until quite recently. As far as can be ascertained the facts are these:

At the close of the Moody meeting held in Chicago about five years ago a Mr. H. G. Spafford, who had been quite active in keeping up the excitement apparently found that his field of labor was about to be fenced in or up for repairs and directed his attention toward the building of a permanent tabernacle in which he could shine as the principal light for the remainder of his natural life. The first move was to discover teaching in the New Testament, particularly in the book of Revelations, which thoroughly upset and practically annihilated the old and established doctrines of every other belief and creed. Mr. Spafford having located himself in the town of Lake View, the northern suburb of Chicago on Lake Michigan, set about revealing his wonderful discoveries to a number of his friends who were led to sympathize with his belief. Gathering themselves into an organized body and building a small chapel these worshipers called themselves the "Overcomers" which term is referred to in the seventh, eleventh, seventeenth and twenty-sixth verses of the second chapter of Revelations, and also one of the chapters in Hebrews Basing their belief on the supposition that the word "everlasting" does not mean "eternal," but on the contrary means "long" or "age-abiding, they claim that the old doctrine of eternal punishment is not justified by the Scriptures. The fundamental principle of their belief is "Consecration to Jesus Christ," and a man even though he may profess Christianity is not in a safe condition without this attribute of consecration and, dying, will not go to Heaven or to eternal punishment, but to a purgatory where he will be purged of this sin of non-consecration, and will be saved. They also believe that all men will eventually be redeemed by going through this purging process. They say that Abrahsm was the originator of their church, and like the retiring comet, after the lapse of four thousand years this faith has again appeared, not in the far eastern skies but on the shore of Lake Michigan amid the dark smoke of Chicago's rolling mills. Their form of worship does not differ materially from that of other religious bodies, and any desiring to join them can do so by consecrating himself to the "divine will," the former baptism being wholly ignored. One of the most comfortable points of this remarkable belief is that they do not despair of the final salvation of not only all men but of all creatures, even the devil, and fortify themselves in this particular, with the same texts, etc., as the Universalists. Again, they believe the new dispensation is to be a dispensation of rest, and this means probably that through the vast improvements in the mechanical arts the labor of the world will be all done my machinery, and the coming generation will rest upon the labors of those who have lived before them, a certainly comfortable state of things for the "unborn millions;" but they fail to say whether this new machine-world will be automatic, self generating, or a perfection of Keeley's theories of perpetual motion. The latter belief being evidently founded upon the 9th verse of the 4th chapter of Hebrews—"There remaineth therefore a day of rest to the people of God." Miracles are among the professed virtues of this religion, among the most common being that of healing, in which prayer has cured lame back, headache, neuralgia, etc., and by divine direction many of the "new lights" have been told what was the best course to pursue in regard to business affairs. For instance, a young man is in a dilemma whether to invest in a mother-in-law or to live in bachelor meditation fancy free. He opens the Bible and his eye rests upon a passage which shall direct him to pop or not to pop. A young couple in the North Scele of this faith were living in a rented house. Moving day was approaching, and they consulted "the sign" whether to board or keep house. The "sign" said "board" and they boarded. The great practical value of this new belief is thus apparent, and the faith is becoming known in many other cities and in some has quite a following. The Rev. Dr. Halsey of the Theological Seminary says of them that they resemble the Plymouth Brethren of New England, or the Irvingites of London, but while they are leading devout Christian lives, they are evidently in error, and promulgating a belief that in the future may lead many good people into serious error. In all probability like the comet we have compared this new light to, the years will bear them away into the beyond, and no eye will be able to track them among the other lights, some false, some true, that continually break upon the world, and for a moment or a time dazzle with their splendor, then fall and are soon forgotton in the lapse of years.

SEEKING LOST TREASURE.

The following is from the Erie Dispatch of last Saturday: The schooner yacht Phantom, of Buffalo, is in the city on an errand of a rather peculiar nature, namely the finding of a ship alleged to have sunk 27 years ago in the waters of Lake Erie with a cargo of about 300 tons of copper ore. This cargo is a very valuable one, and if found will repay the projectors of the enterprise for the time, labor and money that has been spent in the prosecution of the search. Upon the yacht are divers from Buffalo, and for the past few days they have visited the supposed scene of the wreck and made quite lengthy explorations, but thus far their search has been in vain. There were rumors afloat around the docks yesterday that the wreck had been located by these divers, who had visited and explored it, seeing large blocks of the metal there, thus assuring them that it was the vessel they were after, but they are not true. It is supposed the wreck lies in about fifty feet of water, but this is of course mere conjecture as yet, and can only be proved by future developments of a favorable character.

There is in use for locating the wreck a new and novel electrical machine, which is receiving its first trial here. If it proves a success it may be utilized in the recovery of a number of other wrecks of a similar character.

OUR PRINCESS AT GENOA.

My last anecdote refers to the Princess Louise of England, Lorne and Canada. There was a carnival procession to be seen when she was here, and the excellent lady and suite were to have witnessed it from the windows of the royal palace, but they started from the hotel too late, and the crowd was so dense they could not reach their destination, so they had to go into a cafe and ask permission to see the spectacle by standing on chairs, to enable them to be above the level of the throng. When the procession had passed, the rabble behind it made a rush and over went the Princess Marchioness of England, Lorne and Canada. Her Royal Highness managed to pick herself up, and when she returned I heard her describing her adventure, at the same time laughing through her pain, for she had severely hurt her left hand. "I wish it had been me," cried her afflicted chevalier d'honneur. "I am very glad it was not. You men are so awkward. You would most certainly have broken your leg," said the Princess laughing. "But I was terribly alarmed, for when I saw the throng rushing upon me I involuntarily thought of my recent sleighing mishaps in Canada, and the feeling was not exactly pleasant, I assure you. Then, indeed, I might have wished it had been you, sir."—Genoa Cor. N. Y. Mail.

—The Paris correspondent of the London Times once said to Timers: "It is marvelous, M. le President, how you deliver long improvised speeches about which you have not had time to reflect." "You are not paying me a compliment," he replied; "it is criminal in a statesman to improvise speeches on public affairs. The speeches you call improvised, why for 50 years I have been rising at five in the morning to prepare them."

RUSSIA.

Intrigues Against the Czar.

Our St. Petersburg correspondent sends the following: "I have already informed you that Alexander III., finding himself continually threatened by his father's enemies, resolved to insure the future of his dynasty before he did anything else. It is true that all Russia had sworn loyalty to him and his son, and that the future Nicholas II. may be considered as certain to obtain the allegiance of all the men now in office, but we know the worth of the oath of obedience taken before sovereigns, and now many of these last in the present century alone have been overthrown and driven from their country by men who had taken the oath of obedience. It was said, also, that the Czar was haunted by the idea that the people would never recognize as their sovereign anybody else than the son of a Czar who had been crowned, and that as his son was not in that condition he would be deprived of his rights to the throne if the present Emperor were to die without having been crowned. The succession would in such a case be open to the other sons of crowned Czars. Now there have been two categories of these last:—First, the sons of Nicholas, the eldest of whom is actually the Grand Duke Constantine, the uncle of Alexander III., and second, the sons of Alexander II., the eldest of whom is Wladimir, grandson of Nicholas and father of the present Emperor. Although according to the laws and customs of the country the dynastic succession does not go in the ascendant line so long as there are descendants or nearly related heirs—and a brother is more closely related than an uncle—there was here a sufficient ground for a prince with an adventurous spirit, such a man as the younger brother of the late Emperor Alexander II., the uncle of the Emperor Alexander III., the Grand Duke Constantine himself, to try and snatch the crown. The sovereign had thought the matter over and spoken on the subject with several of his intimate friends. It had already resulted, as stated by the Messager Official, or official organ, in the Prince being deprived of all the high offices which he held, and among others of those of Grand Admiral and of President of the Council of the Empire, which had made him so long the first dignitary of Russia. This had become the talk of the town and I transmitted the fact to you because in dealing with Russian affairs it is necessary always to be on the lookout for the unexpected, and because nothing would be less surprising than to wake up one morning and find the Grand Duke Constantine the leading man of a new party. He would find plenty of partisans among the dissatisfied people who were driven out of office after the death of Alexander II

A MYSTERIOUS LETTER.

Then there is yet another fact which is worth dwelling upon. Some days after the death of Alexander II. a lady presented herself at the German frontier with the intention of leaving Russia. According to custom before she was allowed to leave the train her passport was taken from her. While she was waiting for the vise in the waiting room she was called into a private room by the police officer, who said to her abruptly: "You have got a letter concealed in your dress, please give it to me at once." The lady in question, absolutely dumbfounded with astonishment, undid the body of her dress and extracted from her bosom a sealed envelope, of which the officer took possession after reading the address and convincing himself that it was really the letter he was seeking. "Pray tell me, madame," said he, "the name of the hotel where you are intending to stay in Paris and this letter will be forwarded to you three days after your arrival in that city, for we must take the time necessary to send it to St. Petersburg and to receive it back." The lady gave her address, and three days later the letter was handed to her and she was able to take it to the person whose name was on the envelope—no other than that of the Grand Duke Constantine. The contents of that letter are of course unknown, as well as the name of the writer; but it is a fact that Constantine's disgrace began immediately after the discovery of this letter. This is one of the reasons which led me to believe in the scheme of a private coronation, which had been talked about by many officials as an idea strongly favored by the Emperor some ten days before his trip to Moscow, a trip which was moreover rapidly affectuated, for within forty-eight hours of the arrival the whole imperial procession had gone on further. There are over-zealous a number of people here who are complaining that they have not had a chance of catching a glimpse of their new sovereign. It cannot be said, however, that he hid himself, for during his short stay he went about the ancient city as if he were a tourist and had come there for the first time.

THE WORK OF REFORM.

Prince Bismarck, who knows Russia better than anybody, said lately to a Russian ambassador at Berlin: "The only way to get out of the social difficulty is to dismiss all the government officials, close all the universities, and give up the country entirely to the army." The Russian ambassador observed: "The army is no longer as safe as it used to be now that service is compulsory;" and Prince Bismarck retorted: "Then you must suppress the army along with the rest." There is no nih