Listowel Standard.

VOL IV.—NO. 22. LISTOWEL, CO. PERTH. JUNE 3, 1881. A. ST. GEO. HAWKINS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

"Las' nite a naybur o' mine walked down to de shores of de mystic ribber an' crossed ober wid de endless purceshun," solemnly began the old man as the meeting called to order. "He had money an' property an' posishun, but he draps outer dis life like a stone tossed into de oshun. I sat down an' thought an' thought, but I could not remember dat dis man had eber won a friend by his sympathies, warmed a heart by his charity, or made any one's burden de lighter by a brotherly word. As de funeral goes past dar will be no sighs, as de purceshun turns into de cemetery men will hardly gib it a glance. He came on airth, libed out his time, an' he passes away widout leavin' a footprint behind. He was not a cull'd man, but if he had bin I should have felt all de worse. None of you am so poo' dat you nebber hab calls to share wid some one more hungry; none o' you hab sich poo' speech dat you can't stop to speak afew kind words to dese in sorrow. Dar am a show fur ebery human bein' on airth to make his mark. When Uncle Bolly Williams died a hundred women shed tears, a hundred men had de heart-ache, and twice dat number of chill'en looked down on de face of de dead an' turned away wid sobs in deir froats. Who was he? Nuffin but a poo' ole slave man. What was he worf? Nuffin but de close on his back. But he made his mark. He ha' kind words fur achin' hearts; he had a willin' han' fur de weak an' helpless; he had soft words fur men in passion, an' strong words fur de cause of right. Ebery house had an open door fur him, an' ebery chile met him wid a heart full of trust. He sleeps up dar in Potter's field, widout a mark on his grave, but his deeds an' his name ar' oftener spoke of dan any of de hundreds who sleep beneaf de big monuments. Make friends. Make 'em by deserving friendship. Lib to injoy life, but lib to leave behind you sunthin' better dan a name fur an epitaph cut in cold marble. One sigh of regret—one single tear—one sorrowin' word dat you am called from airth away, will be a grander monument dan de hands of man eber yet put up."

PETITIONS.

Under this heading it may be well to again state that neither white men nor women are allowed to become members of the Lime-Kiln Club. Candidates are expected to be at least as dark in color as the average stair-rail, not over 60 nor under 21 years of age, good moral habits, believers in a God, and to own, at least, one share in a dog or a banjo.

The Secretary announced nineteen petitions at this meeting, and added that elders and judges and colonels were coming in faster than brickbats in a riot.

ELECTION.

The glee club struck up the air of "Old Black Joe," and the bean box shelled out the following successful candidates: All Right Smith, Elder Kaniff, John Thomas Wharton, Drawbar Bennett, Henry Williams, Loftus Cary, Rev. Kyhoe Adams, Nebraska White and Mournful Brown.

MOTIVE POWERS.

The Committee on Scientific Research having been requested to furnish the club with a list of the various motive powers in daily use, and suggest any new ideas on the same subject, reported as follows:

"Motive power am the power which makes fings move. Steam am a motive power, kase it makes the ingine in a distillery move, an' ward pollytishuns am thus furnished wid capital stock to pack caucuses an' pull wires. Water am a motive power, kase it turns de wheels of de saw mill an' thus purvides us wid sidewalks full of holes. Wind am a motive power, kase it lengthens de sessions of Congress and de varus Legislachurs. 'Lectricity am a motive power, but de rates am so awful high dat we didn't investigate. De bite of a dog, de sting of a hornet, de toe of a boot, an' de squint of a man's left eye am numbered among de minor motive powers. Gunpowder, when properly used, has been known to blow up hoss-barns an' kill elephants. Dis committee feels safe in sayin' dat de nex' decade will bring forth yet oder motive powers. De time am comin' when our butes will be pulled on an off by machinery; when de child'en will be put to bed wid four revolushuns of de big fly wheel; when de sarvint gal who doan' come home in time to get supper will be snaked along at de rate of a mile a minute; when a Tom an' Jerry will be mixed an' stirred up by simply pressin' on a button let into de bar, an' when de man who comes home at midnight an' can't open de front gate will be lifted up frew a second story winder an' sobered off in about twenty ticks."

PRIVILEGE.

The report was accepted and adopted, and the Rev. Penstock arose to a question of privilege. He didn't wan't to seem captious, and he didn't believe there was anything mean about him, but he had a complaint to make. The colored matrimonial market was just now firm, with a brisk demand for likely girls about 20 years old. He knew of five or six marriages wherein the wedding power was a white man. In fact, there was a sort of panic among colored people to be married by a white clergyman. This was wrong—grievously wrong. No white couple ever went to a colored minister to be married, and why should the rule work only one way. The speaker was licensed to marry, and he always took great pains to see a couple through in the highest style of the art. His charges were reasonable, he was always on deck, and he protested against this recent practice of giving him the cold shake when there was a cash job on the carpet.

RESOLVED.

Waydown Bebee made a short address in favor of Penstock's position, and presented the following:

"*Resolved*, Dat it am de sense of dis Lime-Kiln Club dat all cull'd folkses should be married by a cull'd clergyman, an' we take pleasure in recommendin' de Rev. Penstock as a man who nebber makes a mistake nor forgits a present fur any child named arter him. Liberal discount to parties from across de ribber. Fans an' ice-water allus on hand, and $10 bills busted wid promptness and dispatch."

The resolution was adopted by a unanimous vote and one over, and it is hoped that the colored element may be brought to see the errors of its ways.

LEFT OUT.

At this junction the Hon. Sawnee Taylor made his appearance from the ante-room and announced the arrival of Judge Rhody, of West Virginia. The President went out to greet him, and upon his return explained to the meeting.

"De Judge adwised me by letter seberal days ago dot he would like to appear befo' dis club and deliber a lecture entitled: Some Light on de Dark Ages. He am heah, but he gibs me to understan' dat he has lost his notes on de Dark Ages an' wants to substitute a half-hour's address on: Why Doan' Cabbages Grow on Bushes? Cabbages may belong to the dark ages, an' dar may be fur mo' in a cabbage head dan we eber dreamed of, but I deemed it best to refuse his offer an' ax him to lie down on a bench till the meetin' had exploded. I kin stan' a change of thirty degrees of temperature widout feelin' werry much sut up, but de jump from de dark ages to cabbages, an' last year's cabbages at dat, am a leetle too fly. Let us purceed wid de purceedins."

TOO SMART.

Giveadam Jones moved that the case of De Lisle Fitzwilliam Smythe be taken from the table and disposed of, and the motion being approved the President arose and inquired if the defendant was present. The Secretary replied that he had not attended a meeting for the last five weeks, and it was understood that he intended to resign. "De case of Brudder De Lisle Fitzwilliam Smythe am dis," continued the President. "He comes heah from Chicago under de name of Patent Right Jones, poo' an' needy an' in low speerits. He jines dis club an' am helped to work. Arter scrapin' a few dollars together he buys a masheen to grate horse radish, a dollar's worf ob de root, an' sots up in bizness on de Central Market wid a card readin':

DeLISLE FITZWILLIAM SMYTHE,
GENERAL DEALER IN ROOTS HERBS, ETC
ALSO ARTIST IN HORSE RADISH AND OTHER RELISHES.
ESTIMATES GIVEN AND THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

ever the police authorities of Weissenberg take a virtuous spasm, and the donjon keep will adapt itself admirably for the confinement of the riotous or impecunious or those who have been overcome by potations pottle deep. The warder, on the approach of a stranger, instead of winding a horn in accordance with time-honored precedent, will invite him to take one. In the event of the approach of a Herr Cotter or a Herr Mundy, or of the attempted flight of a parting guest with hasty remarks concerning the suspension of his recently consumed beverages upon the slate, the proprietor, grasping his trusty bungstarter (the modern equivalent of the mediæval mace or battle axe), will shout:

"What, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."

after the manner of the Douglas. (The portcullis will, in all probability, be called the hockcullis, port being a comparatively unknown vintage in that region.) The bar, of course, will be kept in the barbican. How impressive will be the scene when of a Sunday morning the proprietor scans the strange customer through a loop hole to make sure that he is not an agent of the Law and Order League, ere signalling to the barkeeper to lower the drawbridge! The idea, from whatever side it is regarded is neat and novel, and we hope that the proprietor may reap a rich reward for his enterprise. The members af the Peace Societee cannot but wish him well, for it is taking a long step toward the millennium derided by Wordsworth and Moltke to induce men to turn their swords into corkscrews and their castles into beershops.

BATTLE SCENES

Captain Boyton Relates His Ventures in Peru.

Captain Boyton, who has just returned from Peru, says: I was commissioned as a captain in the torpedo service, and was ordered by the Dictator to go to Ancon, a fishing village, to experiment with torpedoes. Pierola and a number of his staff officers accompanied me. After the experiments we started to return, but the engine ran off the track in a cut between two sand hills. A guard of soldiers mounted the hills to keep anybody from attacking the party. All day long the Dictator was detained there, in full sight of the Chilian cruisers. He did not show the least sign of fear, but seemed disgusted when the soldiers began to amuse themselves by pitching around skulls in an Inca graveyard near by. A relief engine came down that night and took us to Lima. When I l[illegible] York it was upon the understanding [illegible] I should be given a swift steam launch to carry on my work. Failing to provide me with one Pierola ordered me to do as I thought best. He gave me a letter addressed to all the civil and military authorities of Peru, directing them to give me safe conduct and provide me with any vessels or materials I needed. I took 1,000 pounds of dynamite to Chorillos, where I drilled two officers for the service, and prepared torpedoes. Chorillos was fixed upon as the base of our operations. A small sloop was found, which did very well as a substitute for a steam launch.

ON TORPEDO SERVICE.

An expedition was made to the Island of Pachacamac. We lay there for a number of days trying to blow up a Chilian cruiser which was harassing the coast. The phosphorus in the water, however, made our rubber suits shine so that it was impossible to approach the vessel without being seen. One night to test the alertness of the lookout I set a fly torpedo. It consists of a floating rope, which extends across the path of the vessel. When the cruiser drew near to it she stopped and opened fire with a mitrailleuse. I thank God I was not with that torpedo. After that incident we sped to Chorillos and lay under shelter of our batteries on the top of the Moro, a high bluff. Attempts were then made to destroy some of the Chilian fleet lying at San Lorenzo. We used to stand the sloop out at night to Frouton, a small island near where the fleet lay, and roam around San Lorenzo in a small boat looking for a chance to blow up some of the steamers. I was instructed by Pierola to devote all my attention to the Huascar, Cochrane, and Amazonas. The Chilians could not be caught with chaff. Their steamers would lay to all day, and at night would cruise out on the ocean just in sight, so that we could not get near enough to place torpedoes under or alongside of them. Frouton is honeycombed by the sea, so that its shore is a vast circle of caves. I landed one night just after dark, and took with me two 100 pound dynamite torpedoes. Just as I got ashore a Chilian sentry fired upon me, and my men escaped to the mainland with the sloop, leaving me alone. I darted into one of the great caverns which I have mentioned, and eluded a search which was continued for nearly twenty four hours. When it became dark again I put on my rubber suit and paddled to Chorillos, where I rejoined my men. The two torpedoes were left at Frouton. It strikes me that when the natives begin to fool around that dynamite, as they are some day sure to do, there will be an occasion for two or three first class Peruvian funerals.

THE BATTLE OF CHORILLOS.

I abandoned the attempts at San Lorenzo, and proposed to the Dictator that I should go to Pisco, there to receive the Chilian fleet which had gone south to bring up the invading army. I judged they would land at that point. Pierola would not allow me to do so. Sure enough the Chilians did land 10,000 troops there two or three days afterward. I was anchored near Chorillos, when I got orders to take my vessel, the Alacran, to Callao, and there take charge of the submarine torpedo boat. Trial after trial proved the latter vessel to be a miserable failure. The Chilians were now closing in on us by land and by sea. Chorillos was evidently the point of attack, and so on the 11th of January I went there in a small boat with a few torpedoes and men. Three days after the town was surprised by the attack of the united army and navy of Chili. I sank my boat, and, together with my men, joined with the Peruvian land forces in repelling the attack. Thousands of Chilian troops were in the town before it could be realized. The men-of-war poured in a frightful storm of bombs and shell from their side, and although our troops did their best, it was plain that fighting was useless. A retreat was made to Miraflores, the nearest large town. The carnage I witnessed in Chorillos was unspeakable. Hundreds of men were butchered in cold blood, and even the bodies of rabona women could be seen all over the field.

THE ROUT AT MIRAFLORES.

I went at once to Miraflores, where the Peruvian army was. I tried to see Pierola's wounded son on January 15, but was unable to do so. The dictator himself was holding a conference in one of the houses with the various foreign Ministers and representatives. The two armies were face to face, but a truce had been declared. Some one of the Peruvians fired a shot at a cow or some other animal, and in an instant the Chilians opened fire. It was like running down the keys of a piano the manner in which the cannon and rifles successively opened on our line. The air was filled with bullets as with a swarm of flies. Shower after shower of lead was poured in, and then they were returned by the Peruvians. A great battle had commenced. The bullets began to shatter the house in which Don Nicolas de Pierola and the Ministers were conferring. Suddenly the diplomats became aware of their danger and fled in all directions. I saw Mr. Christiancy, the American Minister, running valiantly across the fields to Lima. He was in his shirt sleeves, and so were many others. It was, to speak flippantly of so terrible a subject, a regular go as you please race for life. It was a hurdle race, too, for every one had to jump the mud walls in a lively manner to avoid the Chilians, who advanced at a double quick. Our troops were routed entirely. When Pierola saw that a battle was going on he mounted his charger and rode to the front gallantly. It was too late, and I saw him turn as if in despair and ride toward the mountains, followed by a few of his most faithful troops. I'll tell what one of the causes was. The Peruvians were given rifles of two different calibres—namely, Peabody and Remington. Without thinking of their mistake mixed cartridges were issued to the men, and when the fighting began I saw many soldiers throw down their arms and run. Another fatal mistake was the tying of ammunition sacks upon mules, which scampered off in alarm at the first volley.

—From statistics recently published the English are considered to be the worst dairy farming people in the world. Great Britain, with a population of 34,000,000, has only 4,000,000 of cows; France, 37,000,000, with 11,000,000 of cows; America, 50,000,000, with 33,000,000 of cows; Holland, with a population under 4,000,000, has 1,500,000 of cows. If Britain had cows in proportion to her population in comparison with France, she should have 10,000,000 of cows; in proportion to America she should have 22,000,000, and in proportion to Holland, 12,000,000.

—People who have been drinking coffee with city milk have taken chalk o' late.—*Grip.* That was bad for the people who imagined they were drinking *cafe au lait.* This is not right to a tea though it looks so.

APPALLING CALAMITY.

Great Loss of Life on the Thames at London.

COLLAPSE OF A STEAMER.

A Thousand Families Plunged in Grief.

250 LIVES LOST.

LONDON, May 24.—A frightful calamity occurred on the river this evening at six o'clock. The steamer Victoria, with over 600 excursionists on board, was returning from Springbank and when near the Cove railway bridge, about one mile below the city, the boat suddenly collapsed like an egg shell and became a total wreck level with the water's edge. All the passengers were instantly plunged into the stream, more than half of them being underneath the debris.

The first news which reached the city was brought by survivors who straggled through the streets wet and weary. The news fell like a thunderbolt and a stampede took place for the spot. When your reporter arrived there a horrible sight met the view. Some fifty or sixty bodies had already been recovered and were lying on the greensward some distance up the bank. Those arriving from the city from every direction crowded around anxious to see if any of their relatives were on board. About one thousand families were represented on the excursion and the wail of anguish that arose at sight of the victims was heartrending. Fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters rushed about panic-stricken endeavoring to identify their friends. By seven o'clock about eighty bodies were recovered from under the wreck where the water is some two feet in depth. Almost every minute some poor victim was brought to the surface and conveyed in strong and willing arms to the bank. The steamer Princess Louise was early brought to the spot and the victims placed on the upper deck. Fires were lit on the bank overlooking the river, and petroleum torches were brought, and the search continued into the night. Up to the present hour (ten o'clock) about 150 corpses have been secured. Among the dead are: Mr. Jas. Robertson, manager of the Bank of British North America; Mr. J. C. Meredith, clerk of the Division Court; Wm. McBride, city assessor and secretary of the Western Fair Association; Mrs. Wm. Ashbury; Wm. Millman, of Montreal, commercial agent and his two sons; two children of Henry Beaton, merchant, and J. Rogers, plumber. All is confusion at the present moment. The landing at the foot of Dundas street is now crowded with people, all waiting in breathless expectation for the arrival of the steamer Princess Louise with the bodies.

THE BOAT.

The Victoria was not a steamboat proper, but a raft or scow, fitted with a stern wheel. Her construction was in this wise: A number of 2½ or 3 inch plank were placed side by side, two or three feet apart. Cross plank were bolted to the bottoms of these, and a floor laid on top. The front and rear were beveled off. On the main deck was a locomotive boiler, supplying steam to two engines, of perhaps 20 and 40-horse power. The raft was about 80 feet long and 22 feet wide. Rising from the deck of this raft was a platform of equal area, called the upper deck, and this was surmounted by an awning. The upper deck was supported by stanchions, resting upon the longitudinal planks of the raft. The side of the raft was two feet deep. With an ordinary load, it would be immersed perhaps eighteen inches, leaving six inches of freeboard, or space between the surface of the water and the level of the deck. With the immense load the boat carried on the fatal occasion, the freeboard must have been reduced to two or three inches. When, therefore, the boat careened by that distance the water flooded the deck and acted as additional leverage in upsetting her. When she toppled over to a certain distance the stanchions, unable to sustain the side pressure broke off, and precipitated the weight above upon the people on the main deck.

At the Scene of the Disaster.

From the Free Press.

Here and there knots of men worked vigorously to restore to life some beloved relative, practising all the arts known to them—rubbing the limbs and applying cloths, heated at a neighboring fire, but all to no purpose. Vitality would not return, and the sorrowing friends gave up in despair. Meanwhile the work of rescuing went on, and the list swelled and swelled until it seemed as if the end would never come. As dusk deepened into night the scene became still more weird and terrible. Fires were lit upon the bank, shedding a lurid and fitful glare over the water, and showing the dreadful outlines in their most sinister aspect.

THE WORK OF RECOVERING THE BODIES

was entered into with a heroic spirit by those who arrived early on the scene. Merchants, lawyers, workmen, and all classes, plunged into the water, and, borne up by rafts, began to hand the lifeless forms of the drowned ones out to those on shore. Resuscitation was tried with all who were rescued within half an hour, but only in one or two instances were the efforts successful. Fires were hastily built and warm clothes were obtained, but, owing to the fact that nearly every one on the banks were themselves rendered helpless by the soaked condition of their clothing, and the excitement incident to so terrible an occurrence, the rescuers were in a sad plight. Among those, however, who had escaped, many instances of heroism and self denial were noticed.

As the wreck subsided many of the bodies came to the surface and were quickly conveyed to the shore. When it had been known that resuscitation was out of the question the men carried the bodies on board the Princess Louise, which had drawn up beside the wreck. One by one, with surprising rapidity, the rows were added to. First the stern of the boat became filled, then the sides, the space in front of the wheelbox, and still the bodies were being handed in. When no more room could be found on the upper deck, the lower deck was resorted to and nearly all the available space taken up. Quite a number of bodies, however, were taken out upon the bank and removed by friends to the city, thus preventing an overcrowding of the boat. As each body was taken out of the water and carried by willing hands out upon the bank it was immediately surrounded by trouble-stricken men and women, who searched the features for traces of friends supposed to be lost. As a child, or wife, or a mother, a brother, a sister, or a friend was recognized a heartrending shriek told the story, and a low but solemn moan passed through those assembled on the shore. "Are my children safe?" was the agonizing inquiry of many a mother and father as they arrived excited and breathless on the scene. In many instances the answers told the tale of a drowned boy, or a lost girl, and the scenes of this character were painful beyond all description. To present the picture as it really was would be an impossibility. To those who saw it no description is necessary, for while life lasts it can never fade from the memory.

In numbers of cases the torn clothing of the young ladies told how desperate the struggle had been for escape from the water or beneath the fatal deck, and scarred faces, abraded arms and limbs gave evidence of injuries that undoubtedly went far towards hastening death by drowning. On the faces of four or five bodies there were bruises and abrasions which rendered indentification most difficult.

On the boat, as they lay side by side, the scene was one most impressive in its character. To the left of the main gangway lay a mother with her child clasped in her arms, in that embrace which death so often brings to drowning people. Alongside were children who seemed asleep, and men whose faces were hideously distorted by the agony of the death struggle. Five young ladies lay side side, bearing no other evidence than that of a speedy and apparently painless death. Children were interspersed everywhere—ranging in their ages from innocent babyhood to boys and girls of fifteen and sixteen. Beside one of the paddle-boxes lay a little girl, with her hat fastened jauntily over her golden hair, and her clothes but little disturbed since she had left the picnic ground prattling perhaps by her mother's knee. Near the wheelhouse lay a well formed young lady, dressed in picnic costume, who had been examined by hundreds, without finding any who could identify her. Directly opposite lay the body of Miss May Craddock, daughter of the architect, which was being watched by her lover when in life. Along the side nearest the shore were arranged the bodies of eight, who had passed the middle age of life; and in striking contrast lay feet to feet as many who had not passed the age of twenty-one. Forward of the wheelhouse was a strange jumble of children and men, while in a corner of the paddle-box lay the form of a well dressed and fair-haired little girl, whom no one had been able to identify.

Too much credit cannot be attached to the city doctors, who were present in full strength, and did all in their power to resuscitate when a glimmer of hope was entertained.

THE WORK OF IDENTIFICATION.

As the finding of the bodies grew less [illegible]erous, the policemen in attenda[illegible] Chief Williams, began to permit the admissio[illegible] of inquirers by fours. This prevented any crowding, and was worked most satisfactorily; the friends were able to search more carefully and the bodies were thus undisturbed. Those on the several decks were provided with lantern and torches, and, aided by the light from the bonfires, the work of identification was begun. This was most agonizing in the extreme. As fathers or mothers clasped the cold forms of their children to their arms and broke forth into wails of sorrow, or a brother bent over a sister, a husband identified a wife, a wife a husband, strong men who stood by were moved to tears. One by one, however, the bodies were recognized until when midnight arrived there remained about fifty to be ticketed. At 12 o'clock, the boat being filled, it was deemed advisable to start for the city. This was done slowly and cautiously, and as the steamer moved between the darkened banks, and the faces of the dead were but visible by the glimmering light of a few lanterns, the scene was more sombre than it had appeared at any time before. Few words were spoken, and the stillness was broken only by the occasional sob of an agonizing sorrower or the splashing of the wheels. Around the decks there lay over one hundred bodies in the manner described.

THE LOST ONES.

The following list is necessarily incomplete for several reasons. First, because many of the friends of those on board did not reach the scene of the wreck until late at night, and then it was with very great difficulty that the features could be distinguished; and secondly, because many of the relatives drove down by the roads on the south side of the river, and were consequently unable to cross until they had retravelled a portion of the distance, and walked over the railway bridge to the scene. By the time these persons reached the place, it was fully ten o'clock, and in the flurry and excitement incident to such a catastrophe, but little progress in securing the correct list of names could be made. It is possible that some of the persons whose names are appended, were missing until a late hour, but in nearly every instance the deaths were authenticated.

Emma Prescott and Nellie Prescott, Oxford street, city.
Sam. Coldwell, city.
Richard Fitzgibbon, city.
Lizzie Collins, London West.
Annie F. Goss, city.
James Darcy, son-in law of M. O'Mara, city.
H. Anderson, son of E. Anderson, Thames street.
Joseph Welsh, city.
Willie Glass, city.
Joseph Young, boy.
Charles Boomer, High School pupil.
Joseph Gain, High School pupil.
Alfred Wastie, boy, city.
Lizzie and Minnie Shirley, Falkirk.
John Phillips, two children, city.
Mrs. Stonehouse.
Mr. Smith.
John Le Clair, London South.
Miss Taylor, city.
Maria Kendrick, city.
Geo. Thoroughgood, two children.
Mr. McPherson's child.
John Moore's wife and child.
Mrs. Jones' two children.
Jos. Coughlan's two children.
Hannah Dennis, Palermo, county of Halton.
Two sisters named Cornish, tailoresses a Glen's city.
A man named Jones said to belong to Hamilton.
Henry Oronhyatekha, young son of Dr. Oronhyatekha, city.
Little son of A. Smith, city.
H. Parish, ticket agent of the boat.
Charlie and Freddy Hobbs, of London East.
Lizzie Steward, engaged at Robert Carruthers', on Horton street.
Willie Steveley, son of W. Stevely, stove merchant, Richmond st.
Harry Magee, aged 15.
Richard Vick, aged 16, Adelaide street.
Young Graydon, 12 or 14, son of Mr. S. H. Graydon.
Miss Minnie Smith, aged 17. South st.
Miss Fanny Cooper, daughter of John Cooper, of Clarence street, aged about 20.
Miss McDonald, Goderich.
Miss Kattie McPherson.
Miss Jennie Coughlin.
Col. Cole's little boy.
Mr. and Mrs. Heenan and child, London East.
Rosetta Bailey, Dundas street, at Dr. Wilson's.
J. Clarke, shoemaker, city.
Thos. Breeze, wood sawyer.
Ida Burns, daughter of Mr. James Burns, of Messrs. Stevens, Turner & Burns, and a younger sister, Maud, and daughter aged 12.
Mrs. Smith and daughter, South street.
Henry Conroy, son of Sergt. Conroy, of the Militia department.
Margaret Quinn, corner of Wellington and Great Market streets, aged 17.
George Walsh, aged 18, employed at Messrs. D. S. Perrin & Co.'s.
John Berne, Petersville, aged 22.
Kelly, just out from England, aged 22.
Miss Maloney, Maple street.
Addie McIntosh, daughter of Frank McIntosh, plasterer.
Miss Lawson, city.
Mr. James Heron (cigar maker) London.
John, Willie and Nelly Morrison, children of James Morrison, of London East.
Lilly and Johnny Beaton, children of Henry Beaton, London.
Lilly Skinner, daughter of Mr. Wm. Skinner, London.
Thomas Lister, city.
Edwin Smith, young lad, city.
Wm. McBride, Secretary of the Western Fair, city.
John C Meredith, father of the Meredith family, city.
Mrs. Harry Smart and two children, city.
Mrs. Chas. Matthews (of the *Advertiser*) and child, London West.
John Baskerville (workman at Carling's brewery) city.
James Weatherhead, city.
Alice Deadman, daughter of Widow Deadman, London South.
Ed. Coughlin, youngest son of Joseph Coughlin, Maitland street.
Dolly Tatham, daughter of Robt. Tatham, Colborne street.
Mrs. Thos. Stevens and three children, London West.
Mrs. Geo. Tremear and two children, London West.
Wm. Hay, schoolmaster, Westminster.
Mary Craddock, daughter of George Craddock, architect, city.
Maria Connell, young woman, Richmond street, city.
Mrs. William Ashbury, city.
James Robertson, Manager Bank of British North America, city.
Mrs. McNorgan, city.
Mrs. Scott, Mill street, city.
James Burns (Carling's brewery.)
Willie Westman, young son of A. Westman, London South.
Mrs. William Dagon and child, city.
J. Shires, city.
Two young boys, sons of Mr. Owens, of London West.
Mr. Fryer, sen., city.
Mr. Fryer, jun., wife and niece, city.
Priscilla Mustill, daughter of John Mustill, blacksmith, city.
Wm. Manford, blacksmith, London South.
A daughter of Mr. Middleton, London South.
Miss Griffith, daughter of T. Griffith, London South.
A young son of J. S. Deacon, merchant, city.
W. H. Millman and two children, city.
Wm. Laskie's wife and child.
Minnie Hogan, of Waterloo street.
Eddie Laughrey, London West.
Mrs H. Galvin and child, George street.
Hudson Abbott, a little son of Mr. H. G. Abbott, carriage maker.
Mrs. W. Cline.
The eldest daughter of Mr. Geo. Gibson.
Rosa Baily, a nurse in the household of Mrs. Dr. Wilson. She was a sister of Mr. Baily, pressman in the *Advertiser*.
Minnie Amesbary, of London East.
The body of Mrs. Wall is found. Her husband and three other members of the family are missing.
Joseph Gahan, a brother of Mr. Gahan, of the *Herald*.
Charles Bonner, 16 years of age.
[illegible] Pike.
[illegible] two Misses Fox, of Clinton.
[illegible] McLennand.
A daughter of Mrs. Mackay, of Richmond street.
Miss Annie McAllister, of Horton st.
Mrs. Scott Murray and child, of London East.
James Pendergast.
William Pike.
Thomas Davidson.
A man named Shore.
Mr. Edmund's two children.
Mrs. Kilburn.
Miss Minnie Tierney.
Samuel Pile (baker at H. H. Gore's).
Alfred Shore.
Charles Martin, South Dorchester.
E. Steward.
Chas. Gorman.
Thomas Wallace.
Miss Ida Bachelor.
James Short.
Mr. and Mrs. Diver, of Wellington street, and two children.

WILLIAM D. ECKERT, OF LONDON EAST,

was found by a *Free Press* reportor huddling close to a heap of burning logs, endeavoring to dry his clothing. After being assured that his brother David was saved, he made the following statement:—I was a passenger on the steamer Victoria this evening, and passed through an ordeal, the like of which I hope I will never be called upon to witness again. The decks of the steamer were packed with people, principally ladies and children. I was on the upper deck during the passage, and shortly after leaving the dock at Spring bank a good many passengers began keeping time with the listing of the steamer, and went as far as they could from side to side each time the vessel surged. Many people made fun of it at first, and a good deal of halloing was done, such as "Get out your life boats!" "Come and have a teeter, etc., etc. While this was proceeding upstairs, the passengers on the lower deck were running to and fro, endeavoring to keep their feet from getting wet; and fully fifteen inches of water ran from gangway to gangway across that portion of the boat when she surged. The passengers below yelled and screamed in a terrific manner as the vessel continued to lurch, and not a single effort was made to stop the surging by the captain or his brother officers, if there were any on board. Capt. Rankin was at the wheel. While nearing the bend below the Cove Bridge, probably 200 yards west of it, a greater rush of the passengers than had hitherto been experienced took place, followed instantly by a crackling noise. The women screamed, the children yelled, and for the moment the faces of several men in my vicinity turned ghastly pale. The scene was heightened by one man jumping overboard, and (almost instantaneously thereafter the posts which upheld the hurricane deck gave way, in consequence of so many people holding on to them to save themselves from being swept overboard, and the deck itself fell with a crash upon the heads of those beneath it. All who could do so, grabbed something to hold by, and very many were drawn into the water by their nearest neighbors. Those who could swim were prevented from doing so, first by the crash of the deck upon their heads, and secondly, in consequence of the crowd of people who were huddled together underneath the lumber. Then came a general crash, and the boat appeared to break up into several pieces, principally from stem to stern. The catastrophe was but the action of a couple of minutes. I was caught between two stanchions, and, after floundering about in the water for a few moments, managed to free myself from the debris, and swam to the shore. The shouting and calls for help were of the most heartrending description. They lasted only for a few moments, however. One gentleman, whose name I do not know, swam to and from the wreck a dozen times or more, and saved fourteen or fifteen people who had freed themselves from the floating timbers. Many of my pupils were on board. I have no hesitation in saying that there were from 200 to 300 more passengers on board than there ought to have been. The excursionists, as a rule, generally take the boat for home which leaves about half-past five, and that is the principal reason, I fancy, why the Victoria was over-loaded. My watch stopped at exactly eleven minutes past six o'clock.

INCIDENTS OF THE CATASTROPHE.

Mr. Thos. Smith, of London West, who had charge of the refreshment stand, saw the approach of the disaster. He immediately caught hold of his little brother-in law, Johnnie McDonald, saying, "I'll save you, Johnnie, if I die myself!" at the same time telling him to jump on his back. While thus making his way for the shore, a man caught hold of Smith's leg, and the two were landed in safety. Smith then turned to and rendered noble service in taking the lifeless bodies out of the water, nor did he cease until he almost dropped from sheer exhaustion. He is of the opinion that the accident was caused from the boat being overcrowded.

Mrs Evans, wife of the caretaker of the Drill Shed, was rescued by Mr. James Duffield, jun. She was brought to McDonald's Hotel, Kensington, in a row boat, more dead than alive, and it was some hours before she had sufficiently recovered to permit of her being conveyed home.

A [illegible] named John Curran, an employe a Hyman's tannery, reached the shore alive by his own exertions. He was picked up insensible and brought to McDonald's hotel where at a late hour his life was despaired of.

Mr. Morrison of London south, who was on board with his family, was thrown into the water, while his wife and children clung to the railing, and were rescued without getting even wet. He states that an order was given to run the boat ashore, but that the boat would not answer to the wheel, and the crowd rushing from side to side caused the frame work to separate and the upper deck to go down on the unsuspecting passengers on the lower deck, nearly all of whom were drowned.

Ald. Boyd sprang on the ill fated vessel at Springbank, but on noticing that Ald. Browne had been left behind, he changed his mind, and jumped back to the dock.

Charles Matthews, the night editor of the *Advertiser*, was on board with his wife and two children. When the capsize took place he sprang off into the water with one child, and succeeded in reaching the shore. His wife, however, and the other child were found among the drowned. Every effort was made to restore life, but to no avail, and the frantic husband went sadly home with his only remaining child.

Mr. Thomas Mortimer, of John Green & Co's wholesale warehouse, was on board with his wife, but miraculously escaped. Leaving his wife on shore, he did noble duty in saving life.

William Ashbury, of Maple street, was on board with his wife, and when the crash came he found himself struggling in the water. He reached land in safety, but the partner of his life sank to rise no more. Mr. Ashbury's torn coat and general appearance showed the desperate nature of his struggle for life.

Thomas Hobbs, of London East, was seated on the side opposite that which first touched the water. He seized the upper deck as it began to slide, and clung to it until the crash. He became entangled in the wire netting about the boat, but in the water he managed to escape by a desperate effort. The two little boys of his brother, however, were drowned. He said he heard the captain say, "The boat will certainly go over unless you are more careful."

The saddest scene on board the boat was that in the case of George Evans, of Maitland street. He came on board, where the bodies were laying, fearful that his family might be among the lost. After searching for a time he was about to turn away when he discovered the corpse of his golden haired little girl. He gathered her in his arms and sank down broken hearted with grief. Beside the body lay that of another little child, whom Mr. Evans did not think belonged to him. An hour later, however, he took his handkerchief and on wiping off the little face he exclaimed, "My God! here's another little one of mine!" Sitting, nursing and weeping over the inanimate forms of his two dead children, he remained for another hour. Near by lay the form of a woman, well dressed and comely. Searchers for friends came along one by one, peering wistfully into the upturned faces, and finally some one suggested that the watch of this lady be examined for initials. As the chain was being drawn out, Mr. Evans said "I know that trinket. Merciful God, it's my wife! Then my two other children are still in the water." Sad sight! His wife and four children gone from him forever on earth!

Two young men sitting on the bow of the boat noticed the turn over, and sprang in time to escape injury. They gave noble assistance in rescuing struggling men, women and children in the water.

Mr. James Robertson, the manager of the Bank of British North America, was sitting on the lower deck, smoking, and when the upper deck gave way he was crushed below the boards and prevented from rising to the surface. His body was not recovered for over two hours, and then it was taken home by friends.

Mr. John Siddons was sitting on the lower deck with several members of his family, and when the capsize occurred he became wedged in by the falling timbers. As the water reached his neck, however, he managed to free himself and clung to the floating portion of the wreck until rescued. One bright little son was drowned. He gave as his unqualified opinion that the accident was the result of direct carelessness.

A young man named Smith, living on South street, came aboard the Princess without knowing that any of his friends had been on the ill-fated steamer. Among the dead, however, he found his mother and sister.

William Scott, an elderly man, living on Ann street, had got separated from his wife on board the boat. He was on the fatal side of the "Victoria," however, and was drowned.

Alfred Wastie, a promising, bright boy of 15, was the son of Capt. Wastie, who built and ran the "Victoria" up to this summer. His body was found among those who had been lost. Mr. Wastie had but gone to Manitoba about two weeks ago, and will be shocked to learn of the catastrophe and the drowning of his son.

Mr. J. C. Meredith was on the lower deck at the time of the accident, but by what means he came to be drowned no one was able to say. It is supposed, however, that he was crushed by the upper deck in a similar manner to Mr. Robertson.

One man who had not been identified had evidently been killed by the collapse of the upper deck. His skull was crushed in at the back.

Mr. George White, of London South, his two daughter and brother also had narrow escapes. When the crash came Mr. White was imprisoned beneath the debris utterly helpless. On looking around he saw his youngest daughter, and, grasping her in one arm, he seized a small hook with the index finger of the other. After sustaining in this position for a few moments, he found his strength failing, and shouted for help. Captain Rankin heard the appeal, and rushed to his assistance. A couple of boards were pried off and Mr. White released, just as he had given up all hope of rescue. As it was, he sustained a severe blow on the left temple. The remainder of this party sustained only a severe wetting.

Mr. Morris, another resident of London South, with his wife and three children, were on board. They were all rescued.

Mr. William McBride, one of the city's assessors, was supposed to be sitting under the fatal deck. His body was recovered at an early hour, and taken to the city in a boat.

Willie D. Glass and Miss Fannie Cooper had been sitting on the boat as lovers, and went down together underneath the heavy machinery. They were in the very springtime of life.

A sad sight was the mourning of Thoma Stevens over the bodies of his wife and family. The frantic man threw himself prone upon the lifeless form of his partner, and refused to be comforted by the friends who flocked about him.

Mr. A. B. Powell, D. Glass, Q. C., the firemen and others rendered noble service at the scene of the wreck. The two former were thoughtful in their supply of stimulants, etc.

A young son of Jailer Kelly was among the first rescued. He was immediately conveyed to the house of Mr. Coleman where everything was done for his comfort and at a late hour last night he was expected to recover.

Miss Shipley, of Lobo, who had come with a sister to the city on a holiday tour was brought out of the water with apparent sign of life. The spark soon died out, however, and three hours of incessant labor resulted in a failure to restore it in the least degree.

Mr. Henry Smart of the *Free Press* newsroom, lost his wife and two children, leaving but one child as the remnant of a happy household. Mrs Smart was the daughter of Mr. Coughlin, who also lost two other children in the accident.

Mr. Octavius Weld was in a row boat about two hundred yards off at the time. He hastily rowed to the shore and deposited his companions, a couple of ladies, and then made his way to the scene of the disaster, and succeeded in rescuing several boat loads of the drowning ones. Once his boat was nearly upset by the struggling mass of human beings in the water.

J. W. Kilbourn had a hard struggle for life when the upper deck crushed in upon him. He was underneath the water for some time but never lost consciousness.

The instances of heroic rescues were numerous at the accident, but in the excitement names were not easy obtainable.

Mr. Thompson, one of the *Advertiser* reporters, was one of the passengers on the ill-fated steamer, and by dint of hard swimming succeeded in reaching the shore in safety. He was heartily congratulated on his escape from a watery grave.

THE RESUSCITATED.

So far as could be learned from the physicians in attendance at the scene, there were only two of the sufferers resuscitated, one being Mr. Kearns, and the other a child, name unknown. It was only by the most superhuman efforts and unremitting labor and rubbing, that the persons mentioned were brought from the apparent trance back to life. Many, very many, tried hard to bring their nearest and dearest from death to life, but their efforts were, sad to relate, unavailing.

ADDITIONAL NAMES.

James Burns, Mrs. W. Scott, Ed. Hogan, Mrs. M. G. Lavin and child, Mrs. Heron Hudson Abbott, Adam McIntosh, Ida Bauechlor, Dilly Gatham, Mrs. W. Cline, Mrs. W. McMorgan, Mrs. John Curron, W. Maddison, Minnie Ashbury, Alice Deadman, Mr. Hobbs, Albert Cole, Joseph Graham, members of the family of Mr. Hobbs, of London East, missing, Mr. Shayer, Charles Boomer, two daughters of the late Mr. Shipley Carlile, Mr. Debeau is missing, his wife and child are among the dead, Miss Hannah Demus, of Palermo, Mr. William Dyer, Julia Griffith, daughter of Mr. Tunis Griffith; Mrs. McLellan, Mrs. Kelly, an emigrant named Kelly, two sisters living in the city; Miss Kendrick, daughter of Mrs. MacKay; Miss Annie McAllister, Miss Mahoney, two nephews of A. B. Powell, Margaret Quinn, Mrs. Scott, O. Smith, Thos. Lister, two young boys, sons of Mr. Owen Young; Miss McConnell, Mrs. G. Ferrogood's two boys; two children, a brother and sister named Jones, aged 6 and 8; J. W. Kilburn, Frank Stevens, wife and four children; Wm. Short, S. Peples, S. Graham, Miss Middleton, John Berne, Pat Walsh, Rosetta Marham, Geo. Evans and two children, Mrs. Smith, widow; Mrs Elizabeth Evans, Miss Ferguson, sister of J. Ferguson, lumber merchant; Jas Clark, J. Perkins, Thomas Davison, two Edmunds, Mrs. Kilborn, Annie Jones, E. Stewart, John Philips, grain merchant; eldest son of Jas. Harris, Nellie Maston, Wm. Wannott, Mrs. Swanville, Henry Shay Samuel Pile, Miss Minnie Smyth. Missing—Mrs. Scott Murray and child, Wm. Hay.

Notes Gleaned in Hamilton.

Miss Lawson, a cousin of Frank Lawson of the SPECTATOR, is among the drowned Mr. Lawson has gone to London. He fears that other members of the family are also victims.

C. C. Sprague, of London, a traveler for a Montreal house, was at the Royal Tuesday night, in a very excited frame of mind, on receiving news of the terrible catastrophe at London.

Col. Campbell, of Nelson township, was visiting London Tuesday, and a friend urged him to take a trip down the river on the ill-fated steamer, but declined to go, saying, "that boat is too crowded; I'd rather drive." Col Campbell returned to this city at two o'clock in the morning and left for his home in Nelson township by the H. & N. W. His relatives will be overjoyed at his escape.

Mr. Alfred Wigmore, of London, was in the city Tuesday, visiting Mr. Hoodless. He left last night for home on the 11.30 train, very much distressed, as he did not then know whether any of his relatives had been drowned.

Mr. H. Oliver, timekeeper for Burrow, Stewart & Milne, this city, was in London and went down the river with his sister, Mrs. Ashberry, and her husband. They sought to induce him to remain for the Victoria, but wishing to catch his train, he left on the Princess Louise. His brother in law and sister waited for the Victoria, boarded her, and the unfortunate lady's name appears among the list of drowned.

Miss Badelia Maloney, neice of Ald. Thos. Baine, this city, is among the dead. Her remains were so shockingly bruised and mutilated that it was found necessary to have the funeral at three yesterday afternoon. Miss Maloney was reared by Mr. Baine, and was his favorite niece. Mr. Baine went to London to attend the funeral.

Jesse Chapman, undertaker, has gone to London, where his professional services have been engaged.

The Excitement in Hamilton

continues unabated. Every scrap of news is eagerly looked for, and the suspense of the many people here who have relatives and friends in London, is painful. Many have already sufficient reason for grief, and Hamilton mourns with her sister city, in her great calamity.

Latest.

MORE BODIES RECOVERED.

LONDON, May 25.—When the water was let off by the removal of the plash boards this morning the search was continued for those under the lower deck and 22 more bodies were brought to the surface, making about 200 in all recovered. It is not known how many more if any are lost.

THE CITY COUNCIL

met this forenoon and passed resolutions of condolence.

MORE BODIES IDENTIFIED.

Nellie D. Glass, Charlie Siddons, Miss Meekey, Mrs. Jones Mrs Hall, S. P. Graham, and a woman named Fitzgibbons. Almost all business is at a standstill, and crowds line the streets discussing the sad calamity. The burial of the victims is at this hour (2.30) proceeding. A solemn stillness pervades the city. Flags are at half mast, and the bells are tolling a knell.

R. O. Montgomery, leather merchant of Toronto, was on board but escaped, and succeeded in saving many others. He stated to your reporter that on the passage up the captain went among the passengers urging them to keep on the other side. To one boy he said, "For God's sake keep on the other side; if you don't

YOU'LL HAVE TO SWIM FOR IT."

A little later on he saw the water pass in over the deck, and the boiler go by the board, when the crash immediately took place. The following list have been identified: John Wall, shoemaker; Ben Hall, shoemaker, and child; Rosetta Markham, J. Perkins, son of J. Perkins, butcher; Wm. Wannoott, city; Mr. Masurett and two children, Polly Grafton.

LONDON, May 25.—The only topic here today is the terrible disaster which has fallen so suddenly upon the city. Groups of men are standing here and there, discussing the affair, but the streets are not crowded, all who can having proceeded to the scene of the wreck, where the work of recovering the bodies is still going on. At the hour of 1 p. m. over 200 bodies have been taken from the water, and many of them yet lie awaiting identification, while anxious men, women and children are looking around in frantic efforts to find loved ones who are missing. The morning train coming to the city was boarded by persons at Paris, Woodstock, Ingersoll and other places, hurrying hither, some fearing the worst and others more certain of the loss of friend and relation. The wreck still lies in the spot where the disaster occurred, telling its sad tale of suffering and death. Inquiries have been pouring into the city by wire all day, and the telegraph offices have been besieged. One man sends word to another with whom he had business, "Cannot come for the cattle to-day my son is downed," another the more happy intelligence, "John and Libby got off safe." Business houses are closed throughout the city and a knot of crape on the door tells the sorrowful reason. Orders are pouring in upon the undertakers and coffins may be seen passing through the streets to the residences of afflicted families. Every assistance is being afforded by those in official positions. Mr. Hobbs' two children, who were reported drowned, are safe. A report just brough in gives the number of corpses recovered at 250.

CURIOUS FACTS.

The word piety occurs but once in the Bible.

If the feathery gills of a small perch could be unfolded and spread out they would nearly cover a square yard.

It is not generally known that water in a pistol, at a short range, is ar more destructive charge than any bullet of lead.

The hammer with which John Paul Jones nailed the historic flag to the mast of his ship is owned by a gentleman in Indiana, Penn.

A woman who was rescued from a tottering building during the recent earthquake at Casamicciola was found to have become insane through fear.

Griseppe Gaspardo Mezzofanti, the prodigy who spoke fifty-six languages, was the son of a poor carpenter of Bologna, where he was born in 1774. He died in Rome in 1848.

A young lady residing in Greene, Me., while engaged in mixing cake, a few days since, broke an egg in which she discovered a snake seven inches long and about the size of a pipe stem.

A writer in Chamber's *Journal* states that he has himself observed two spider showers—the fall of gossamer spiders, in large numbers, from a considerable height in the atmosphere—one in September, 1875, and the other in September, 1880. The first occurred on a cloudy mornidg, after a single peal of thunder but no rain. "About 10 a. m.," says the writer, "I noticed small spiders running over my coat sleeves, and had to brush off several trails of gossamer web. Looking round, I found that the brick walls, houses, branches of trees, etc., had these webs dangling from them, and that other gossamer webs were continually falling from above and adding to the accumulation. By mid day a long fence was festooned from point to point of its triangular rail tops with a ribbon like ladder of gossamer," and along this ran the little spiders. The shwer of last year is stated to have occurred at a spot about a mile distant from this place, but the article gives no indication as to the locality, except that it was in England.

—A sleeper is one who sleeps; a sleeper is also a place where a sleeper can sleep; and a sleeper is, too, a thing which runs the sleeper in which the sleeper sleeps; so that the sleeper in the sleeper sleeps, while the sleeper runs on, as well as sometimes leaps off the track.

—The song of the billiard ball: "Oh, carom me back."

MOUNTAIN EVANGELIST.

(Louisville Courier-Journal.)

Up among the mountains of southeastern Kentucky—from the blue summits of the Cumberland Chain down over the dwindling foothills and the blossoming gardens of the Bluegrass Region—a striking and eloquent evangelist has for four years and a half been preaching the Gospel as he sees it in the Bible. The story of the life of the Rev. Geo. O Barnes, the mountain evangelist, is remarkable. He was born at Point Lick, a little village in Garrard county, on the 22d of April, 1827, his father being a Presbyterian preacher, an Englishman by birth, and his mother a native of New Jersey. The boy early evinced the inclination to study and he was carefully developed in his youth. He graduated from Center College, Danville, and after a thorough course of theological studies at Princeton, where he was equipped with Greek, Hebrew, Sanscrit and other languages, he was, in 1854, ordained as a Presbyterian minister. Immediately after this he sailed with his young wife as a missionary to Hindostan, where he remained seven years, and where two children were born—one of them, Miss Mary Barnes, whose singing now is almost as striking a feature at her father's services as his exhortations. In 1861 he returned to America, broken down in health and a morphine eater; but in 1863 he had recovered his health and stopped the morphine habit. He now took charge of a little Presbyterian church at Sanford, Ky., where he preached uneventfully for five years, being regarded only as an earnest man and a fine speaker. His views gradually became very liberal, much to the distress of some of the elders, and finally, in 1871, he said in a sermon that the Devil had no power for evil in Hell, that he was only to be feared when he came into God's territory; that he had crept into the hymn-book, into false translations of the Bible, into the catechism, and even into the thirty nine articles of faith. Charges were made against him, and he was rebuked by the Presbytery in severe terms. "It was a rough minute," he said, "which I could not allow myself to stand under, and so I went out."

Mr. Barnes at once withdrew from the church and preached his farewell sermon Oct. 29, 1871. He was a poor man and was in debt. Winter was coming on. In his sermon he announced that he was going out of the church without a dollar in the world, but with faith in God. The church was crowded with persons of all denominations to hear his farewell, and his courage and his earnestness, coupled with the purity of character he was known to bear, created a great sensation. Shortly afterwards he was offered an independent church, with $1,200 a year. He declined it, saying he was not an independent Christian. For five years after that he preached in Chicago and in Stanford. John E. Owsley, a wealthy merchant of Chicago, who was a native of Stanford and a warm friend of Mr. Barnes, built a chapel costing $6 000 and proposed to give it to Barnes with a furnished residence. The congregation became so attached to him that he was offered $4,000 salary per year to preach two sermons a month. To their surprise he declined this offer and announced that he had been called upon to go to the mountains and the poor, preaching to those who could not pay for hearing the Gospel, and in four days he had left Chicago and was in Kentucky.

About the 1st of January, 1875, he had made all his arrangements to give up everything and go to his work. His health was not good, but all that he left to God, and, without any money, he took his wife and daughter and started to work. He began at Lebanon, where he preached a month without results. Such a beginning would naturally damp the ardor of one upheld by ordinary faith, but it did not deter Mr. Barnes. He left Lebanon and struck out for the mountains. On the 20th February, 1877, he purchased a little reed organ, and Miss Marie, his daughter, began to assist him in his work. Ever since these two have preached, sung and prayed the Gospel throughout the mountains and wilderness, holding their services in winter in court houses and in summer in the cool shade of the woods. When Mr Barnes began his work he concluded, like Moody, to take Satusday for rest preaching every other day day in the week. For eighteen months, however, he has not missed preaching two sermons every day and three on Sunday. Services are about two and a half hours in length. If he leaves one station to travel to another he stops on the way to hold his service in the afternoon. So eagerly is his coming expected that whenever he is to hold services some convert rides ahead in the morning to inform the people where he will preach. The news goes from mouth to mouth and flies like the Scottish torch from cottage to cottage. Signal fires lighting the mountain fastnesses of the moonshiners could not startle the people more. When the great preacher arrives there are usually hundreds and sometimes thousands gathered to hear him. They come afoot, on horseback, and in wagons for miles about. When he has preached they depart, except those who, rendered eager by his eloquence and simplicity, ride after him to the next town. Often when he enters a mountain hamlet, after having preached by the wayside, he is the head of a caravan of followers and eager listeners. All through those trackless mountains he has pushed his way with his wife and daughter and their little reed organ, which has been in use four years and is to day in perfect tune, without having once been touched by a tuner. If you ask Brother Barnes about the organ he will tell you God keeps the organ in tune. Miss Marie plays it without teaching, knowing nothing of music, and it is in exquisite tonal purity. Through the mountains Mr. Barnes goes much as Christ went among the Jews. He is hailed everywhere. He talks to them in a language they know. He is a pure, genial, sympathetic man. His faith is lifted by his evident sincerity away above the mark of ridicule, except from denominational Christians. Where he goes he gains audience from the busiest. The farmers neglect their planting and plowing, the merchants close their business houses in the afternoon, the lawyers put down their briefs.

In his travels he stays where he can. A poor hut and a crust of bread satisfy him. He takes no collections. He will not stay in the house of a man who cannot afford it and is not his friend. He receives no money except to supply his present needs. He makes no provision for to-morrow. He preaches contentment with to day's health, to-day's food, with to-day's happiness; God will provide to-morrow. When he left Chicago and returned to Stanford Dr. Owsley sent him twelve checks for $50 each, signed and dated on the first of each month for a year, with a letter saying such a check would be sent him every month while Mr. Owsley lived. They were sent back. An infidel he had converted sent a tailor to the preacher to measure him for a suit of clothes. "No," said he, "the present suit is good; when it is gone God will provide another."

Mr. Barnes comes into the church a few minutes before the time for service, and throws off his overcoat with the grace of an athlete. He is an inch or two above six feet in hight, slender and well proportioned, with square shoulders. He has a thin face, with aquiline nose, and a pair of dark hazel eyes that light up with astonishing brilliancy when he is earnestly speaking. His hair is auburn, almost a dark red, long and slightly curling, and almost touches his collar. It is parted nearly in the center, and falls away gracefully on either side. When he is preaching it falls over his forehead, and he has a habit of putting the points of both hands up and pushing it back over his ears. He has a thin mustache and long imperial of the same auburn hue, and on his is a straggling growth which he has evidently only determined to allow recently. It is difficult to describe his method. Dramatic he certainly is, and yet it cannot be studied. An elocutionist could do little to improve his reading, but a great deal might be done to improve his gestures, at times graceful and impressive, he again becomes awkward and weak. He has a way of throwing his back out and his chest in, to reverse the West point manual, when detracts often from the face of his presence, and at times he resorts to that bowing nearer and nearer the floor, for which preachers are proverbial

Mr. Barnes does not hesitate to use slang. He speaks the language of the community in which he stays. He talks to the moonshiners in the lingo of the foot-hills. He does not gloss over a fact, and when he refers to a spade he is apt to call that gardening implement a spade. Everybody inside the walls of his church understands him. He does not deal in rumors of the wickedness about, but he presents the simplest and most essential proposition of salvation imaginable.

—Little Miss Lillias Borthwick, the daughter of Sir Algernon Borthwick, is said to have been the original of the child Myra in "Endymion." Miss Lillias is the very young lady who naively told Lord Beaconsfield at the railway station that "she hoped he would be successful at Berlin."

—A policeman making a search in Lewiston, Maine, the other day, for unlawful liquors had his overcoat ruined by the explosion of a keg of beer, caused by an accidental loosening of the faucet.

—A Chicago editor gave his daughter a check for $600 000 on her wedding day. It was marked "no protest," and was afterward used as a cigar lighter.