

THE STORY OF A DUEL

A FAMOUS COMBAT PROVOKED BY POLITICS IN IRELAND.

The Fatal Meeting Between Daniel O'Connell and J. N. D'Esterre—The Effect of the Duel on the Influence of O'Connell.

The story of an Irish political duel is told by Michael MacDonagh in Cornhill Magazine.

On Jan. 22, 1815, at a meeting of the newly formed Catholic association, Daniel O'Connell urged the necessity of infusing fresh life and energy into the movement for Catholic emancipation. No petition, as he pointed out, had been presented to parliament the previous year. "I am convinced," said he, "that the Catholic cause has suffered by neglect of discussion. Had the petition been laid year the subject of debate we should now see the beginning of a new era of public opinion in the newspapers the next day, and J. N. D'Esterre, a member of the corporation, sent O'Connell a letter demanding retraction. The latter refused to either admit or disclaim the expression respecting the corporation, and D'Esterre then widely proclaimed that he was going to fight O'Connell publicly. Clansmen of both parties gathered, ready for a general row, but D'Esterre did not attempt to make his threat good. However, he challenged O'Connell to a duel, and on Feb. 8, D'Esterre and O'Connell stood face to face in mortal combat in a field in the county of Kildare.

O'Connell for a portion of the time seconds were arranging matters walked up and down at the end of the field near the road and closely wrapped in his great cloak, apparently engaged in prayer. After awhile he joined his friends, and recognizing in the through Jerry McCarthy a well known Dublinian, he exclaimed in his wonted exuberance of spirits, "Ah, Jerry, I never missed you from an aggregate meeting." Seeing Charles Phillips, a well known Irish barrister and author of "Curran and His Contemporaries," in the crowd, he called him aside and said, "Phillips, this seems to me not a personal but a political affair. I am anxious to a party, and they adopt a false pretense to cut me off. They have reckoned without their host. I promise you, I am one of the best shots in Ireland at a mark, having as a public man considered it my duty to prepare my own protection against such unprovoked aggressions as the present. I may be struck myself, and then skill is out of the question, but if I am not my antagonist will have cause to regret having forced me into this conflict."

As O'Connell sang off his coat before replying to his position his second carefully looked him over, and, noticing that he wore a white muslin cravat and that a large bunch of seals hung from his fob, he had both removed, remarking that such conspicuous objects would regulate the aim of D'Esterre. The latter displayed the same cool indifference. He was observed twirling his right leg round a cane resting on the ground and chatting unconcernedly to his friends. When he appeared in his place, he declared that whatever might be the result of this unpleasant business between himself and O'Connell it did not originate on his part from any religious animosity or party feeling. From the bottom of his heart he could say—and he appealed to God to witness the truth of his words—he harbored no ill feelings against his Catholic fellow countryman.

The combatants were placed facing each other ten paces apart, with a pistol in each hand, the directions being that when the signal was given they might fire whenever they pleased, advancing or retreating before or after fire, as they thought proper. After the signal both men stood with weapons down for a few seconds, closely watching each other. Then D'Esterre, moving forward apparently to confuse O'Connell and make him take a step forward and raised his pistol as if to fire. But O'Connell, who stood still on the alert, anticipated him. Quick as lightning he lifted his weapon, aimed low and fired. About the same moment D'Esterre's weapon exploded, the bullet struck the ground at O'Connell's feet, and the unfortunate man staggered, then fell heavily forward amid the wild, exulting shouts of the crowd of peasants. Both the surgeons hastened to him. The ball had traversed the hip and could not be found; but, though D'Esterre was bleeding profusely, no one suspected that he had received his death wound. In fact, Major MacNamara shook Sir Edward Stanley by the hand, warmly congratulating him that the duel had ended without loss of life.

The popular excitement in Dublin when the result became known was tremendous. Bonfires blazed till midnight in the streets, which swarmed with crowds shouting in joy for the safe return of their favorite. Next day 700 gentlemen left their cards at O'Connell's residence. Meanwhile D'Esterre was slowly bleeding to death in his house at Bachelor's Walk. The end came on the afternoon of Friday, the second day after the duel. Before his death the unhappy man made a declaration that he alone was responsible for his death, that O'Connell was blameless in the matter, as he himself had provoked the duel.

No ended an event memorable in the varied vicissitudes of O'Connell's career. He was at heart the kindest and most deeply religious nature, and he had a genuine horror of bloodshed. The death of D'Esterre therefore filled him with remorse. He publicly declared shortly afterwards that he had made a vow never again to send or to receive a challenge to a duel. In later years he went to the extent of wearing a black glove always on his right hand as a token of his mourning for having killed D'Esterre. But the effect of the duel on O'Connell's fortunes as an agitator was immense. On that day he became known and loved throughout the length and breadth of Ireland—on that day dated his power and influence as the tribune of the Irish people.

Air in a Closed Mine.
The Institution of Mining Engineers of Great Britain at a recent meeting listened to a report on the opening of a mine which had been tightly closed for 15 months. The first rush of air was analyzed and found to contain 84 per cent of nitrogen, 12 per cent of fire damp and 4 per cent of carbon dioxide. The condition of the mine was practically unchanged, and no damage had been done by the gases. Bread was dried as hard as biscuit, cooked bacon was quite fresh, and water for horses had not evaporated.

LAUGHING GAS.

The Man in the Cream Shirt Waist.
He came this way from Newport gay—
The man in the cream shirt waist!
He drifted down to Chicago town—
The man in the cream shirt waist!
And he thought as he walked in the sultry heat
The people would say as he passed on the street,
"He's fashionable, comfortable and neat!"
"He's fashionable, comfortable and neat!"
The man in the cream shirt waist!

He thought, with a smile, he'd set the style—
The man in the cream shirt waist!
They'd be "in the swim" and follow him—
The man in the cream shirt waist!
He thought he'd be one paradigm
When winds came up from a sultry clime
And shirt waist mills would work overtime—
The man in the cream shirt waist!

But, alas, and, lo, his cup was woe—
The man in the cream shirt waist!
And everywhere he saw them stare—
The man in the cream shirt waist!
The man in the cream shirt waist!
Where beauty sports in the breaker mood,
Where wealth's autos are stalled in the mud,
Where you may wear cream or wild outland—
The man in the cream shirt waist!

Sure of the Good Effect.
Mrs. Pew—Oh, Dr. Proffert, I was so edified by what you said this morning!

I am sure your words sank so deep into my heart that I never shall forget them. Dr. Proffert—Indeed! What part of my discourse particularly impressed you?

Mrs. Pew—That part of it where you spoke of the—about the—where you referred to the— Well, of course, I cannot repeat your words exactly, but the impression is ineffaceable.

To a Poet.
POET, although you've been extremely kind,
The time has come when I must speak my mind.
I think it is absurd for you to write
My "lips are like twin cherries." What a sight!

I'd be fit such a silly thing were true!
Do cherries really look like lips to you?
Then, "shell-like ears!" To the marines, pray
tell,
My ear is like a hard and shiny shell!

"With eyes like stars!" Indeed, sir, even at night
My eyes are not two yellow dots of light.
Just to imagine "lids with jetty fringes."
And I would be the most distressed of girls
With short, stiff quills that wouldn't coil or braid!

And I would be the most distressed of girls
With short, stiff quills that wouldn't coil or braid!
As to my neck, you really should be told
That "not like alabaster," hard and cold.
Then "arms like ivory!" Candid, I must own!
Why don't you say they're nothing but a bone?

Oh, poet, poet, if you think me fair,
With better things than these my charms compare!

Disby's French.
"Disby went into a French restaurant
and called for 'calfy oh lay.'"
"That's all right—coffee with milk."
"What then?"
"Why, he got mad."

"What for?"
"Because they didn't bring him coffee
and an egg."

Summer Fads.
Oh, where are the follies of summer fad?
No more we hear of the kissing bug
Who came from a source that was all unknown
And caused the ladies to shriek and shiver.
The kissing bug, he has taken wing,
And we even hint there was no such thing.

And we hear no more of the monster strange
That made us shudder and fear to sleep;
The sad and serpent has ceased to range
On his "customed course through the dismal
We simply smile at our old time fads
And wonder that we were so credulous.

We hear no more of the summer fad
Who once was praised in exalted rhyme;
"His fully grown" and "his dainty cut"
Are only an echo of bygone times.
No more do we gather to sing his praise;
She is only a half remembered phrase.

Oh, where are the follies of summer fad?
Where is each folly and "fading fad?"
These friends who drifted to lands unknown
And left the scene to one stalwart lad.
We see no more of the good old clan,
And all we have left is the shirt waist man.

Somewhat Shady.
"Aha!" exclaimed the policeman,
"Reading a paper, are you? I thought
you claimed to be a blind man."
"So I am," replied the beggar who had
been taken off his guard. "My trade is
putting blinds on windows."

Helping a Little.
When the days are hot and growing hotter
And earth is dry as a worn-out blotter,
When the grass is crisp and the sky is copper
And more than a burden is each grasshopper,
When the shrill cicada's shrill voice is
A note at which no heart rejoices,
When at every crack the dust is sitting
And gassing her wings are lifting,
I like to think of the deep more drifting,
Of footstool pond and teatime brittle;
It helps a little.

When out on the path the step is ringing
And keen as a whip the sleet is stinging,
When buffalo robes are heaped to the shoulder
And the cold moon makes the night seem colder,
When a few thin leaves on the beeches shiver
And dead and buried and gone is the river,
And out of the north the fakes are flying,
I like to think of the new hay lying,
Of summer air in the branches sighing,
Of the hammock at noon where I lounge or whiff;
It helps a little.

QUESTION OF AN ENGINEER.

Ratepayer Strongly Protests Against the Employment

Of a High-priced Man—Says the Feeling in the City has Changed Since the Vote.

To the Planet—Noticing your editorial headed, "Jumping in the Dark," in reference to our position at present without a city engineer, let us review the past, since we have employed permanent men. Have our board of works expenditures been reduced or increased during the past three years? Refer to auditor's report, which is supposed to be the best authority, and you will find, unfortunately, a steady increase. Again, may we ask ourselves, have the different works done under these men given any better results than was done in former years?

It would be as well to remind you that the sidewalk on Head street, that you refer to as a disgraceful piece of work, was done under the supervision of a permanent engineer, and especially during that year, poor satisfaction was given in that class of work. We really anticipated better results and without a doubt, we are all disappointed. You now claim to get satisfaction. We will have to seek competent men, and in order to get them a salary of from two to three thousand dollars will certainly find them. We can commence to educate some young ideas into methods of doing work by paying a small salary, which I agree with you is not advisable.

Now, let us consider this high paid official or competent C. E. Could we get him to inspect a connection in a sewer, such as was made at the C. P. R. I think not. He would simply draw the salary whilst others would endeavor to do the work. It is a rule, generally speaking, for an engineer to have one or more assistants. The question now arises, what work have we in view that will require the services of a professional man? No new sewers are likely to be constructed. A few ordinary mechanics may be laid out, the same as the late Wm. Delahanty did for a number of years, and which gave us no satisfaction. The majority of works laid since.

At the commencement of the century we were promised a streak of economy by our aldermen, and in order to show the same I hope that no high paid official will be engaged to practically fulfill nothing. Work will have to be done that will require a thoroughly good, pushing man—one who will see that all corporation employees will perform a fair day's work for a fair day's pay, and do nothing but what is really required to be done. Pay that man a good salary and if he can be procured he will prove satisfactory.

Our present Chairman of the board of works seems to have taken a decided stand on the appointment of an engineer, possibly on the grounds of the vote taken in '97 and '98. Let me assure him that a different opinion prevailed in that respect. We have had the experience of the past three years and his resignation on that issue would not be regretted. Yours, CHATHAM, Feb. 14.

HARWICH COUNCIL.
The municipal council of the township of Harwich met in the township hall on Monday, Feb. 11th, 1901, at 10 a. m.

The members were as follows:—The minutes of the meeting of Jan. 11th were read and adopted. The following communications were read:—John A. Foster, county councillor, re: notation of the engineer's report re Kent bridge approach, and giving date of meeting of the committee of the council at Kent bridge, Feb. 5th. Council at Kent bridge, re: Kent bridge approach, also in regard to the court revision on Gregory Creek drain, also from Albert Chabert, re: new pair of limbs for him, on which no action was taken.

A petition was received from W. D. Sheldon and others, asking a road division to be set apart from Division 1, for the road between the L. E. & D. R. R. and the city—Referred. A petition was also received from Cornelius Thompson and others, asking for a grant towards a dock at Shrewsbury—Laid over.

The award of the fenceviewers, re line between D. Burk and S. Hartford, at Shrewsbury, was read. The committee appointed on Kent bridge approach reported at length of bridge done, and that very favorable terms had been agreed to maintain the 100 feet of the approach but assume 30 feet additional of bridge, and also make a grant of \$200 towards the earthwork approach, but not towards the maintenance of earthwork—Report adopted.

Accounts were ordered paid as follows:—Morton Campbell, a grant towards cost of sidewalk at Richardson, \$10. S. Broom, ditching on Con. 2, E. C. R. \$6.35. Wm. Knight, do, \$16.75. Wm. G. McGee, survey re award Burk vs. Hartford, \$6.50. J. P. Dunn, fenceviewers' fees, award Burk vs. Hartford, \$3. Wm. Thomson, do, \$3. Jas. Tate, do, \$3. Geo. M. Baird, fees re do, \$1. Geo. M. Baird, account for sundries, \$5.81. I. Rumble, refund S. L. work done, error, \$3. R. Young, Com. fees re Kent bridge approach, \$10. J. McCully, do, \$15. P. Morrison, do, \$13. Geo. M. Baird, postage, \$4.79. Geo. M. Baird, blank notices re taxes unpaid, \$3. Geo. M. Baird, blank affidavits re placing name on roll, \$3. Geo. M. Baird, account of salary, \$60. Municipal World, assessments, \$8.75. Geo. M. Baird, Co., stationery, \$7. A Denholm, election bills, \$2. Bullocks, \$8.80, \$10.80. Crookshank B'n., stationery, \$1.25. B. Robb, salary as auditor, \$18. J. C. McGuigan, do, \$18. Moved by Morrison and Buchanan that the resolution of Jan. 14, ailing, granting \$50 for expenses, etc., re

DIZZINESS

You hear so many old and young ladies say that they are dizzy. These women are nervous, bloodless, they have palpitation of the heart. They are weak and rundown and suffer from female troubles. No remedy is as good as Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for weak women. It is made especially for women and it will cure women only. We do not recommend our remedies as a cure all, for, they are intended for one purpose only and that is for female troubles. They are the most inexpensive remedy to be had to-day. Fifty Red Pills for 50c last longer than any \$1.00 old-fashioned liquid medicine, and they are not to be compared with these liquid remedies, for, Dr. Coderre's Red Pills cure quickly, permanently and more cheaply than others and are easier to take. Working girls can take them to work with them. What we say of Dr. Coderre's Red Pills is true. Just as sure as there is a sun they cure. As we know that there is always someone who will doubt the efficacy of a remedy, we give you the following names and addresses of a few ladies who have been cured. Write them.

Mrs. Mary Cardinell, Carleton, Mich., writes: "My strength was nearly exhausted; I suffered from dizziness, headache and everything that a woman could suffer. I took Dr. Coderre's Red Pills and they cured me. I recommend them to all sick women as the best and cheapest remedy for their illnesses."

All kinds of diseases are pitifully laid before us every day of our lives, by suffering women and girls in every station of life. We are proud to be able to help those suffering creatures by a remedy, which, on account of its cheapness, is within the reach of both rich and poor. It is our aim to supply a remedy for women that will cure them quickly, cheaply and permanently.

This, Dr. Coderre's Red Pills will do. They are a remedy adapted to women's diseases only, and can be taken at any age, time, and under any conditions. They are preferable to cure ails and alcoholic remedies which pretend to cure everything.

Any woman who suffers, and wishes to give a full description of her case to our specialists, can write or call and see them at their offices. Their consultations either by mail or at their office is free to everybody. Their success in the treatment of women's diseases is wonderful and their advice to them is invaluable.

If you will send us your address, we will mail you our doctor's book, "Pale and Weak Women." If a woman suffers from constipation, we recommend the use of Dr. Coderre's Purgative Tablets, as our Red Pills are not Purgative. The combination of these two remedies have a pronounced effect upon the whole constitution. The Tablets are 25c a box. Be sure and read the directions given on the circular around each box of our remedies, it is very important.

Dr. Coderre's Red Pills are sold by all first class druggists at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Each box contains fifty pills. Beware of imitations. Address all letters to THE FRANCO AMERICAN CHEMICAL CO.

Boston, Mass. office. Montreal, Can. office. 241 Tremont, St. 274 St. Denis, St.

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Are Offering LADIES' DRESS GOODS
Homespun, Friezes, Flannels, etc., in the latest designs, shades and effects; also Mantling, Blanket Goods, etc. SEE THEM before purchasing. We are offering Blankets, Shootings, Shirtings and Yarns, all new goods of this class.

We have the Latest and Nobbiest Suitings, Trimmings, etc., from the finest Worsted to the cheapest Canadian Full Cloths. Prices to suit the times.
Beaver Flour THE CHEAPEST because it is THE BEST on the market. Bran, Shorts, Crushed Oats, Corn or Barley.
FARMERS try our new churning device. It grinds your grain RIGHT and STOCK do better on this chop.

The T. H. Taylor Co. Limited
sending Annie Cumming to Home for Insane at Orillia be rescinded, and the following accounts, which cover the whole expense, be paid, and charged to the poor fund: C. L. Vonkuntzen, for tickets to Orillia, \$19.95; various mortuaries, for goods and supplies, \$21.93; cash advanced to meet travelling expenses, \$5.—Carried.
Thomas Everett, horse weeks' keep of Puuper Gil, \$4.
McMorris, keep of child for Feb. 12, \$6.
J. McAllum, repairing culvert, \$1.50.
Watson Johnston, sewer pipe culvert, \$5.
Hy. Murphy, repairing culvert, \$1.
Yas. T. Russell, balance for gravel (ling Centre Line, \$18.
W. Somerville, repairing bridge, \$3.50.
John Campbell, sheep killed, \$2.
Jas. Young, farm bridge on Locke drain, \$20.00.
Jas. Young, farm bridge on Locke drain, \$20.00.
Treasurer township of Raleigh, Harwich assessment on Gregory Creek drain, \$2565.73.
Moved by McCormick and Young, that the report of revision on the Gregory Creek drain be now closed.—Carried.
Moved by Buchanan and Morrison, that Wm. Pickering having been heard re the narrow blockade on the Ridge road, and the neglect of some persons to do the work when warned out by him, that this council expect all persons to perform road work when warned out by the pathmaster, and if they neglect to work on the road they do so at the peril of the law.—Carried.
Moved by Young and McCormick, that the Clerk sign a petition to the Legislative Assembly of Ontario, praying that no change be made in Section 613 of the Municipal Act, R. S. O., 1897, as we oppose the control of townships roads by county councils without the assent of the local municipalities that are concerned, or in any way lessening the power of the township councils over highways.—Carried.
Moved by Buchanan and Morrison, that Messrs. Buchanan and McCormick be appointed to examine Hogan's bridge and report on the condition of the same.—Carried.
Moved by Buchanan and Young, that the reward offered for the capture of grain thieves in Harwich, be the last meeting of the council, be extended until the June session of the county council.—Carried.
G. M. BAIRD, Clerk.

Horses Wanted

The Undersigned will be at
Wm. Gray & Sons Co. Carriage Works
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To buy for cash good sized driving and carriage horses. Parties who wish may exchange for buggies.

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