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IRENE THE FOUNDLING

O. the Slave's Revenge.
By the Author of 'The Barber of Bedford.'

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

"We laughed at the threatened lash, and sang at our work from morning till night, huddled in the cotton fields, and Maggie was employed in the plastered garden. It was a cotton-picking—a crop being unusually large, and the great need was to work in the field. She came sent my wife to work in the field. She came and asked permission to work by my side. I also pleaded for this privilege, promising to do the work of two men if our prayer was granted.

"Our master ordered us away to the field and said that the overseer would arrange that. Soberly, the overseer set eyes on my beautiful quodron wife that I trembled. I saw an evil purpose in his dark eye. He refused our request and placed us on different sides of the field. I went to work sullenly and, although I kept busy, I did but little, tramping under foot more cotton than I picked. We had been in the field all day, and the sun was setting, when I heard a shriek from the opposite side of the field. The voice I knew well to be Maggie's, and in an instant all my wild Indian nature was on fire. I flew across the field to find the overseer beating my wife. Some terrified negroes whispered the cause to me, as I passed, horror-stricken. The overseer had offered some indecencies to her, which she had resented, and now he was punishing her.

"They tried to hold me back, but they might as well have tried to stop the fires in the volcano. One spring and another from my fist laid the villain on his back, and another, and another, until he was prostrate, and I hurried away to my lowly cabin.

"I expected punishment, but not such a scene. The next morning Maggie and myself were put in iron, and I was compelled to stand by while a contract of sale was read, conveying her to a Louisiana sugar-planter. Again the wild cry of my heart for vengeance rang through every nerve, and I uttered a fearful oath of vengeance as I saw them bear her away. Her shrieks have rang in my ears ever since.

"For my threat I was tied to a tree, and the lash laid on my bare back by my master, Mr. Henry Tompkins. During the flogging I turned on him, and swore I would have his blood, and the blood of his whole family. He only augmented my own suffering, however. When Henry Tompkins was exhausted, he ordered me to be released, and I went sullenly away. No words except threats had escaped my lips, and they could not have wrung a groan from me had they cut me into pieces with the cowhide.

"For a few days I remained about the place, planning revenge. I went about my work until an opportunity offered, and then ran away. I knew how vigorous would be the pursuit, and selected a mountain cave, which I believe to be unknown to any one but myself. Here I lived for about three weeks, frequently hearing the bay of the bloodhound and the shout of the negro-hunter. They evidently gave it up at last, and one night I came from my hiding-place, and went to my master's house. I knew the place well. I found an ax, and I went in at the front door.

"I will not describe, for I can not, what I did. With the name of Maggie on my lips, and the Indian devil in my heart, I perpetrated a horrible murder. The baby, a little girl, I spared, and picked up with some of its clothing and carried it away with me. The rest were all struck down by my avenging ax. As I was leaving with the baby, my conscience already smiting me for what I had done, a groan came from the eldest child, a boy. Stooping, I found he was not dead, but that my ax had fractured his skull. He was between ten and twelve years of age and slender. I snatched him up, and, having set fire to the house, I put the baby in a large basket and set off with the wounded boy and the baby girl.

"How I reached the cave, without discovery, no one, not even I, know. The burning mansion doubtless sided me, by calling off all pursuit. Here I remained for a week or two, living I know not how. The boy recovered from the blow, but he was a idiot and had no recollection of his former life.

"I had no heart to kill him or the baby now; I had had blood enough, and for some time was puzzled what to do with the baby and the idiot. There was a colored woman, known as 'Free John,' living near, with his wife. I knew I could trust them, and, one night, I told them all. I knew that Henry Tompkins had a brother in Virginia, and to him I resolved to take the children.

"My friends went ahead in their ox-cart, leaving bits of leaves on the road to indicate which way they had gone. I started after them, with the idiot by my side and carrying the baby in my arms. I had found on some of the baby's clothes the name Irene, which I was careful to preserve, as they might lead to her discovery; a plan I had decided upon when I should be far enough out of the way. When in the State of Virginia, about twenty-five miles from Mr. Tompkins, the boy ran away from me, and I did not see him again for years. We had traveled mostly by night and found hiding-places in the cane-brakes during the day time.

"I finally reached the vicinity of Twin Mountains, where I found Free John, and we remained there for two or three days, as we both were nearly exhausted with our long, hard travel. One day, while at his hut, an old hunter, called Uncle Dan, stepped in for a moment and saw the little, stunted, dirty baby. He looked at it curiously and asked some questions, which Free John's wife answered, but that very night I carried the children to the mansion of Mr. Tompkins and left it on his porch. He raised the child, and now she is the wife of his son, and her husband does not know that she is his own cousin. The boy finally wandered to the same place and lived there and at the cabin of Dan Martin, until he was accidentally killed by the Union soldier. He went by the name of Crazy Joe on account of his persistently calling himself Joseph.

"John Smith, or Free John, and his wife, Katy, are now living at Wheeling, Virginia, and can attest the truth of my story, if it becomes necessary to prove Irene Tompkins' heirship to her father's estate.

"Since that night, I have been a wanderer through the South, and have assisted hundreds of my race to reach the North and freedom. I have become accustomed to danger and accomplished in woodcraft.

"I have searched the South over, and a hundred times risked my life in trying to find Maggie. Only a few weeks ago, I learned that she had died, years ago, of a broken heart. When you read this, pronounce me a fiend if you will, but remember that I was once human. I was mad, desperate. It was the curse of slavery that caused the horror I have related; but now, thank God! when you read this, and I am no more, the curse is lifted from the land. For the first time in many years I write my real name.

"JEFF. WINNING."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE RECONCILIATION.

The large clock in the hall chimed out the midnight hour as Abner finished reading the

manuscript he had just received. Long times had he looked on his daughter, the great beauty, and with it her joyous smile. Irene was now closed up, and like many other things, seemingly inexplicable, he had planned, it seemed so simple, and so plain that he wondered he had not guessed it before. Irene was really his own cousin, and poor Crazy Joe was her brother.

Late, as it was, he copied the confession in full, intending, when he reached New Orleans, to send it to his father. He did, mail it, but afterwards learned that it never got through. The next day the entire force, with all the prisoners, recrossed the lake and went to New Orleans. On reaching the city, they were allowed to occupy their own residences, and one would scarcely have thought that Colonel Mortimer was a prisoner, so little was his freedom curtailed.

The long summer of 1864 passed, and Abner's regiment still remained in New Orleans. But when Sherman had almost completed his devastating raid through the South Atlantic States—many of which, South Carolina especially, still bear traces of its march—Abner was ordered to join the army of the Potomac, then about to invest Richmond.

On the evening before his departure, Abner sat in the parlor of Colonel Mortimer, with Olivia by his side. "To-morrow," he said, "I must leave you; but I leave you now, feeling more hopeful than when we last talked of parting. Victory will soon crown our arms, and when Spring opens the next campaign, it will witness the surrender of General Lee and all the Confederate armies. Then, when the angel of peace shall have spread its white wings over this land, I shall return to claim you for my wife."

"Do you forget, when you speak so confidently of your victories," said Olivia, sweetly and sadly, "that you speak of our defeat? With all my love for you, I must remain a Southern girl, and the cause of the South is my cause. I love my sunny South, and I feel as all Southern people feel."

"My darling, I am sure that every true Northern man and woman will regard this unhappy war as a family quarrel, and victory something to be thankful for, but nothing to boast over. May we not rejoice together, when peace shall come, when the iron heel of martial law shall be removed from your city? Then I shall be free to claim you. Will you remain in this city until I shall come for you?"

"But have you asked papa about that?" she asked, smiling brimming over her beautiful eyes. "I don't believe that he will give me up."

"And does he consent?"

"Rather reluctantly, but he consents, nevertheless," replied Abner.

"Yes," said the old colonel, entering the room, "I could do no better, seeing I was his prisoner."

The next day, Abner, with his regiment, steamed down the river toward the Gulf. The steamer passed through the Florida Straits, and after a very rough voyage, which was the one event of the war that did not remind Corporal Grimm of any one of his experiences with General Prenton, they landed on the coast of South Carolina, and thence set across the country to join General Sherman. They came up with him at Columbia, the capital, on the 18th of February, 1865, the day after his capture, and Sherman at once started for North Carolina, entering Fayetteville, March 11, 1865. Abner was at Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, when the final crisis came. Lee's army surrendered April 9, 1865—Oleah Tompkins, Colonel Scoble, Seth Williams and Howard Jones with the rest. Raleigh was taken April 13th; Mobile and Salisbury, N. C., on the same day. The Confederacy was conquered, the war was over, and all good people rejoiced in the prospect of peace. But a wall went out over the Nation at the news of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

Abner's regiment was ordered to Washington, to pass the grand review and be mustered out. The grand army of the world was now passing down Pennsylvania avenue to the new view.

Cheerful news had come from home. Old Mr. Tompkins was rejoicing that peace had returned to the country, and that he might return to his home.

On the evening of his discharge, Abner was, with his fellow-officers, making arrangements for the next day, when a messenger entered with a telegram addressed to him. He took the message and opened it. It contained the brief sentence:

"Your father is dead."

No more horror can be crowded into four words. The color left the young man's cheek as he leaned against the table for support. His associates, learning his bad news, considerably left him alone. Abner was almost stunned with grief. Now that he was so near home, after a separation of three long years, it seemed too cruel for belief. There was nothing to detain him, and he started by the first train for the Junction. As he was borne swiftly homeward, his thoughts dwelt sadly on the father whom he should never meet again on earth. He never knew how deeply he had loved him. His every word to him, when he was a child, his fond caresses, and his kind, fatherly indulgence came to his mind. As the iron wheels rattled on, he read the telegram over and over again, but could gain no information from it. It contained simply those four brief words, and no more.

The Junction was reached at last, and he saw the family carriage there with the old coachman waiting. The old carriage had lost its stately splendor; it was faded, dilapidated and worn. He hastened to Job, half hoping he might find the telegram a mistake, but Job confirmed it. His father had died suddenly two days before, but the funeral had not taken place yet; they were waiting for him. He had died of heart disease, and had dropped dead from his favorite chair in the lawn. Abner stepped in, and Job drove off, the carriage rattling and creaking, and the faded skirts flapping noisily on the side.

From Job he learned that most of the negroes had left the old plantation, since the war had brought them freedom, that the place was greatly changed since the last time he had seen it. The houses were dilapidated and many of the fences down. It was late in the night before he reached the home of his childhood; but, dark as it was, he could see the sad change that time and neglect had made on the dear old place.

In the hall his mother met him, weeping and calling him her dear son, and begging him never to leave her again—a promise which he readily made. Irene also was there to greet her long-lost brother.

It was not until the third day after the funeral that Abner told his mother and Irene of Yellow Steve's confession. They had not received the copy he had sent, and listened to him with wonder and sorrow, that he should come late to benefit Crazy Joe or to relieve the mind of Mr. Tompkins. Then he told his mother of Olivia, and it was decided that he should start the next day to bring home his bride. New Orleans, at this time, was not a pleasant or altogether safe place of residence; hence his haste.

He went that evening alone to the grave of his father. The young leaves were green on the trees, the flowers of Spring in full bloom, and birds were singing in lofty boughs. It was a glowing scene as he approached the

grave, that his thoughts were thrown back to the long-ago days when he had been a child. He looked on the old man, dressed in a simple suit, with one arm in a sling, and his head bowed, as if with the fresh wound of his grief. His once fierce black eyes are misty now with tears.

"What a temple of emotion swept over Abner's soul, as he recognized in that travel-stained, wounded man his only brother! He went toward him, with outstretched arms and cried: 'Brother!'

Oleah looked up, and with an exclamation of half joy and half sorrow, was clasped, over his father's grave, in the arms of that brother, from whom he had so long been estranged. Abner and Oleah were reconciled.

"It is twelve months later, and the old Tompkins mansion has recovered some of its ancient splendor. The fences have been rebuilt, the long-neglected trees pruned, the doors are on the barn again, and the laborer's houses repaired.

A merry crowd of our old friends are gathered at the mansion and just in the act of sitting down to a dinner, given by Mrs. Tompkins in honor of her oldest son's wedding, which took place a week before at New Orleans. Many of our old friends are seated around that table. There is Howard Jones, with a scar of a saber cut on his face, but merry as ever. By his side sits Seth Williams, with an armless sleeve dangling at his side, but the same jolly Seth as of yore. Our friends of both armies are met here, though all have laid aside their uniforms and appear in citizen's garb. Corporal Grimm is as anxious as ever to relate to everybody his experience with 'General Prenton,' and Sergeant Swords is ready to second Grimm in anything. Colonel Mortimer is there, erect and soldier-like, and our friend Diggs also, a representative of both parties. The little fellow is dressed with the utmost care, his short front and high collar aggressively stiff, and his glasses on his round, silly face. He confides to every one that he has tried of the patent medicines and photography, and that he intends to start a country newspaper, which eventually shall startle the world.

There are the brothers, Abner and Oleah, with all their old brotherly affection renewed, and Irene and Olivia, types of the two classes of beauty. It has been arranged that Oleah and Irene are to live on her father's plantation in North Carolina, while Abner and Olivia remain on the old home.

The good minister, whose saving prayer had proved so effective in Diggs' case, is seated at the head of the table. Mrs. Tompkins, in widow's weeds, is at the foot. She has lost her brilliant beauty and her political ambition; she thinks that the happiness of the world depends on domestic peace, and that this can be secured only by perfect unanimity of feeling between husband and wife.

Olivia Tompkins is happy in the love of her husband and father and her new-born babe, and she has come to the same conclusion.

To see the happy mingling and general good feeling of those who were the gray and those who wore the blue, it is hard to think they once were enemies. We had almost forgotten Uncle Dan, who has retired to his cabin on the Twin Mountains, but he is with the others, always the same Uncle Dan, whether hunter, scout, or wedding guest. They sit at the common table—the soldier of the North and the soldier of the South—as though they were, as they are, of one family.

Dear reader, we have written late into the night, and now, as the faces of these friends, whom we have followed so long and learned to love so well, fade from our sight among the shadows, let us rejoice that the time has come, when this great Nation, North and South, is united once more in the firmest bonds of friendship—one brotherhood.

(THE END.)

SHOULD I HAVE SPOKEN?

Early in the year of 1875 I received an invitation from an old friend of mine, Col. Armitage, to run down to his house, Medford Grange, in Berkshire, for some hunting and a couple of balls.

As in those days I was—well, some years younger than I am now, and (having but lately returned from India on sick leave) very keen on all sorts of English amusements, I wrote off a hurried note of acceptance, and speedily followed it.

I knew Mrs. Armitage slightly, and was well acquainted with the colonel's taste in champagne, besides which I had met, not long before, an uncommonly pretty sister of his, whom I thought it would be by no means unpleasant to meet again; so I started off in the best of spirits to catch the 4:30 train at Paddington.

I calculated a run of two hours will give me ample time for the three miles drive from the station, and to dress for dinner at 8. However, vain were my hopes; there was a break down on the line which kept me kicking my heels at a wretched little junction for an hour, and we only reached Eastbury Station at 7 o'clock. There was no help for it. I dashed into the carriage sent to meet me, and arrived at the Grange in as short a time as Armitage's steady old coachman would allow, but found my host alone, awaiting me in the hall, with outstretched hand and genial welcome.

I knew he was a regular martinet for punctuality, so was not surprised when he hurried me up directly to my room, with orders to dress sharp. It was a large and well-appointed room, with a bright fire and candles, which looked very cheering after my cold drive.

"All right, old chap, I'll send Reggie up to show you the old place in a quarter of an hour," were the colonel's last words, as he left me to my toilet.

I dressed rapidly, but remembering the long passages, unexpected steps, intricate turnings and numerous staircases I had traversed on my way up, waited for my promised conductor.

Suddenly the gong thundered through the house, and, I thinking I was forgotten, put out my candles and turned to the door—when it was softly opened, and a young man appeared, who beckoned to me.

I followed him into the passage, which was rather dark, and began to say something expressive of my obligations to him; but he silenced me with a wave of the hand, and proceeded, with noiseless steps and averted face, along the passage.

I thought this was odd, but my surprise increased when he took an abrupt turn to the left, which I did not remember, and we found ourselves in a long, low, oak-panelled corridor, dimly lighted by a hanging lamp.

I began to feel a curious sensation stealing over me and endeavored to speak, but was withheld by an undefined feeling, so followed my guide in perfect silence to the end of the corridor. He then passed through a green baize door, up a flight of corkscrew stairs, and through another passage, I still feeling myself impelled to follow, till he stopped, opened a door, and stood back for me to pass before him.

I had not seen his face before, but had observed he was above the middle height, with a good figure and rather military gait; his hair was fair and cut very short.

Now, however, I saw his face; it was ashy white, with such an expression of horror and fear in his widely-opened eyes as froze my blood; I again made an ineffectual at-

tempt to speak to him, but his continued impetuosity to enter, and I felt constrained to obey.

I found myself in an oddly-shaped room, dimly lighted by the pale rays of the winter moon, which shone in coldly through the curtainless windows; there was evidently an unused apartment, for there was no carpet, and my footsteps sounded hollow on the boards.

Between the windows, half in shadow, half moonlight, stood a large bed. As I gazed upon it my eyes became gradually accustomed to the dim light, and I observed with a shudder that it was draped with black, and decorated with tall black plumes, like those on a hearse, and that there was a motionless form extended upon it.

I glanced round for my guide—he was gone, and the door was shut, though I had heard no sound.

A thrill of horror ran through my veins; I felt an almost irresistible desire to flight, but against the same inexplicable force urged me on, and I approached the bed with slow and trembling steps.

There lay a young, and, as far as I could see, beautiful girl, dressed as a bride, in white satin and lace, a wreath of orange-blossoms on her head and the long white veil covering, though not obscuring her features; but, oh horror! the front of her dress and veil were all dabbled and soaked in blood, which I could see flowed from a deep, open gash in her white throat.

My head ached—and I remembered no more * * * Suddenly I felt a cold shuck in my face, and opened my eyes to find myself on the ground with my head supported by my kind host, who was looking down on me with anxiety expressed in his face. As my bewildered senses reasserted themselves, I remembered what I had seen, and with an exclamation sprang to my feet. There was the same bed, but in the bright light I saw that it was without the ghastly appendages I had seen before, and was totally untenant. Colonel Armitage began asking me some questions, but seeing that I was too much dazed to answer, he took me by the arm, and half led me, half supported me, for I was still faint and giddy, back to my own room. When there he put me into an armchair, gave me a glass of water, and explained: "My dear fellow! What on earth is the matter with you? I saw Reggie lay on you, but he came down saying you had gone. We waited ten minutes, then, thinking you had lost your way, instituted a regular search, and in a dead faint up in the old turret chamber, in a dead faint on the floor!" I pulled myself together, and, as he colloquially as I could, told him what had happened. He listened with incredulity and then said: "My dear Bruce, you have been dreaming!"

"Why?" I said, rather nettled, "how do you suppose I could have dreamt myself into that room? I tell you, Armitage, that I was as wide-awake as you are, and am perfectly certain that what I saw was no dream."

"Well, then, the only other explanation is that you must have been drunk!"

"Really," I said, attempting to force a laugh, "I only left town at 4:30, and there's not much to be got out of a railway fiasco. Then, as he uttered a disbelieving 'Hum-hum,' I added, despondently, 'I wish to goodness I could think I was.'"

"Look here," said Armitage, seriously, "don't you go talking about this to anybody but me; of course there are stories about this house, as of every old house in England, but nobody has ever seen or imagined anything unaccountable before, and it will frighten Mrs. Armitage to death if you tell her; she is awfully delicate, and I don't want to alarm her."

"All right," I said, "but I wish it hadn't happened to me; I feel frightfully shaky still."

"Oh, nonsense, come down to dinner; a good glass of champagne will set you to rights," said he. Accordingly I made an effort to shake off the depression on my spirits and went down with him. The bright lights, cheerful talk and clatter of plates seemed terribly incongruous, and I am afraid pretty Miss Armitage must have thought me quite off my head, for I could not eat, drank feverishly, and replied at random to all her remarks and condolences, while the dead face of the murdered girl floated before my eyes and nearly distracted me. "I'm afraid you don't feel at all well, Capt. Bruce?" she said at last. "Please don't think me dreadfully rude," I replied, "but if I could slip out unobserved I should be most grateful."

She signaled to Reggie, a bright-faced boy, in an Eton jacket, whom I begged to show me up stairs, for the perturbation of my spirits were such that, though I felt awfully ashamed of myself, I literally dared not attempt to find my way up alone for fear of meeting my mysterious guide again. The fire burned brightly in my room, the candles were lit, and it presented the same appearance of luxurious ease I had before observed. Reggie regarded me with round eyes of awe, evidently restrained only by his father's prohibition from deluging me with questions. I detested him as long as I could with trivial excuses, for a nervous horror of solitude began to possess me, but I saw he was anxious to be off again to his dinner, so I let him go.

I went to the glass—and recoiled; I hardly knew myself. My hair lay damply on my forehead, my face was very pale, and there was the haunted look in my eyes I had seen in him. Very soon the door opened—I started nervously; but it was only the Colonel with a steaming tumbler. "Look here," he said, "just drink this off and get into bed, you'll be all right in the morning." I did so, and the punch, which, I suppose, a pretty stiff mixture, did send me off into a heavy dreamless sleep, which lasted till my blinds were drawn up by my servant in the morning, letting in the bright sunshine, which speedily dispelled the illusions of the previous night—for illusions I was fain to believe them—in the face of the bright wintry landscape before me, and the cheery sounds of life in a country house, which stole up to my ears through the echoing corridors.

A whole day in the saddle, and a splendid run, followed by a cosy game of billiards with Miss Mabel Armitage before dinner, decided me, ghosts or no ghosts, not to show myself ungrateful to my kind hosts by putting short my visit as I had thought of doing when my first impressions were strong upon me. And I found no reason to regret this decision when a most enjoyable ball was followed by another night, or portion of a night, of unbroken slumber.

The next day we spent in the covers, the adios were out to give us our luncheon, and came home to dress for dinner in a most brilliant frame of mind, much inclined to put my faith to the touch with Miss Mabel; hoping that, he my deserts as small as they might, I should win, not 'lose it all.' Some country neighbors were expected to dinner, and I was standing in a deep window-seat with Mabel and listening to her merry descriptions of them as they were ushered into the room by the stately butler—when 'Sir George and Miss Hillyard' were announced, and there entered, dressed in white, the girl I had seen in my dream!

I stood transfixed, and Mabel exclaimed: "Oh, Capt. Bruce, what is the matter?" But I could not answer. Before my eyes, once again that darkened room, that funeral bed, and the lifeless form of her who now advanced toward me, led by Mrs. Armitage.

"Miss Hillyard, Capt. Bruce." I bowed as

the dream he saw. A look of surprise on her face, and she looked inquiringly at Mrs. Armitage, who replied by a reassuring nod.

"As you see, I could get an opportunity to look Col. Armitage aside, and whispered to him: 'For heaven's sake, Armitage, am I mad? That is the girl.' He shook me impatiently by the shoulder and said: 'Pon my word, Bruce, I begin to think you are. That is one of the most girls I know. She's engaged to Lovett, of the—th, and they are to be married soon after Easter. For goodness' sake, don't go and frighten her by staring like a death's head.'

"I can't take her down to dinner," I said, "I should be sure to make a fool of myself, somehow."

"Very well," he replied, "you can take Mabel and I will arrange it."

"So it was," but though I was some way from Miss Hillyard, I couldn't help watching her and picturing how differently I had first seen her face. I longed to confide in Mabel, but Col. Armitage's injunctions silenced me; and she, with gentle face, forbore to remark my evident disturbance, and talked easily on indifferent subjects till I was able to collect myself.

Indeed, so obnoxious was she that at last the demon of superstition was successfully exorcised, and I could talk and laugh like anybody else.

After dinner I even ventured to accost Miss Hillyard, whom I found very agreeable, with nothing in the least supernatural about her; so once more I made up my mind that I was the victim of some extraordinary hallucination, and resolved to think of it no more. Well—time passed; I was obliged to say good-bye to my kind friends with much regret (though it was tempered by a whispered assurance from Mabel that I might come and see her in London), and returned to my duties.

One day, soon after my return, I was driving down St. James street in a hansom with my young brother, when I discerned a figure in the distance walking before us which seemed familiar. The back only was visible, but somehow I knew that tall figure, those broad shoulders, that alert, regular stride.

As we passed he turned his face towards us, and—good heavens! it was he, my guide that terrible night at Medford. I could not be mistaken in those features, those eyes, though they had lost the wild, hunted look I remembered so well.

"Was I awake, or dreaming?"

I stopped the cab, to my brother's intense surprise, jumped out, with which intention I hardly knew, and rapidly followed him. He turned up King street and went into a house, opening the door with a latchkey and muttering to himself: "I remembered—what should I do next? I decided on ringing the bell; it was answered by a decorous-looking man servant.

"What is the name of that gentleman who has it gone in here?"

"Mr. Lovett, sir, of the—th," was the reply. I felt stunned. Surely this was more than a coincidence!

The servant looked doubtfully at me. "Want to see him, sir?" "N—no—I stammered, quite unable to make up my mind. Fortunately at this moment my hansom, which had followed me, came up, and I jumped in, leaving the man gazing after me. At that moment, in his opinion, I was clearly a suitable patient for Colney Hatch!

Now, what shall I do? Shall I call on Mr. Lovett, and speak to him, or should I warn Miss Hillyard? What proof had I. What right, a perfect stranger, to interfere with the private concerns of two people whom I had never met, never even heard the names of before?

Beside, after all, what had I to tell. The dream of a disordered imagination! I should only be laughed at for my pains and treated with incredulity. But again, ought I to keep such an extraordinary occurrence from the knowledge of the two principal actors? I thought over this question till my brain reeled, and feeling at last that every one to whom I dared confide either treated the facts as impossible or laughed me to scorn at the notion of thinking seriously of believing such a wildly imaginary case—as, of course, I could only put it hypothetically—I decided to let things take their course, and be guided by circumstances.

A week or two passed. I had seen Mabel several times and at last ventured on asking her that question on which all my happiness depended. I need not describe here my joy at receiving the reply I longed for from the sweetest lips that ever breathed. I implored for a short engagement, and her mother being a tender-hearted old lady promised I should not have to wait long, and our marriage was settled to take place as soon after Easter as possible.

In the meanwhile I waited as patiently as might be, spending my time between business in London and flying visits to friends for hunting, etc., until a week before the day that I felt sure would secure my life-long happiness.

One morning I received a note from some friends in the Isle of Wight, asking me to come down for a ball at Ryde. As I had nothing particular to do, and Mabel was away on a visit, I accepted the invitation and went down the same day.

I found my friends had taken rooms in the hotel, and were a large and lively party. In the evening the waiter came to me and asked, apologetically, if I would mind changing my room, which was a large one, for another as they had received a telegram from a young married couple engaging a room for that night, and, owing to the pressure caused by the ball, all their rooms were full, with the exception of a small one next to mine, which they asked me to take. Of course I consented to the change, and my things were moved.

After the ball came to bed at about 3 o'clock in the morning, and was sitting by my open window smoking a cigarette and listening to the dull boom of the waves, in a half sleepy condition, when there seemed to come over me again that strange chill of fear I had felt once before. My senses seemed preternaturally sharpened, and, above the gentle rush of the waves, I could hear somebody breathing in the next room. I listened intently—fearing I knew not what—the breathing came short almost in gasps, and I heard stealthy movements. The rest of the hotel was wrapped in sleep. I arose to my feet, feeling sure that something was wrong, when I heard a short struggle, a heavy fall, and a wild, piercing scream in a woman's voice, that haunts me still. I rushed to the door, and was met on the threshold by "I knew it!" he said. I had seen in my vision before. He was in evening dress, much disordered, his shirt front and right arm were stained with blood, and in his right hand he grasped a razor, from which some ghastly drops still trickled. The light of insanity shone in his eyes, as with a demoniac shriek of laughter, he flung himself upon me.

"Now begin a most fearful struggle for life. The man seemed to have the strength of ten men; while the whole of my being seemed centered in an attempt to rush past him to the next room, only the instinct of self-preservation causing me to hold by the arm in which he held his weapon. However, I was soon reinforced by a hurrying crowd of servants and visitors, all in the most grotesque attire, with horror depicted on their faces.

He was dragged from me by main force, and held down by many hands, while I burst open the next door and entered. Ah! A flood of

remorse came over me, as I recognized, the woman I loved, my beautiful bride. She was lying on the floor, her head against the window pane, blood pouring in from the wounds on her forehead, and the whole of the floor. These forms, blood-stained, all over the clothes and the blood dubs, as in a sort of stupor. I gazed at her, but I did not recognize her features of her whom I had known as Agnes Hillyard.

The rest of my story is soon told. I had to give evidence before the magistrates as to what I had seen, and the unfortunate Lovett, who had sunk into a state of insensibility, was removed to the nearest asylum, pending the arrival of his friends.

"I found that I had received in my struggle with him a severe wound in the shoulder, the loss of blood from which, acting upon a highly excited brain, caused a severe illness, which confined me to my room for many weeks, during much of which time I was delirious.

When at last, much reduced in strength, and with my nerves considerably shattered, I crept out into the sunshine, I felt that my youth had left forever. I was ordered a long sea voyage, and my brave and loving Mabel insisted upon our immediate marriage, so that she could accompany and nurse me. To her needless care I owe not only my life, but what was thought almost doubtful at one time, my reason; for the misery of regret I suffered, added to the horror of the event, preyed upon my nerves to such an extent that I was nearly sinking into a state of septic melancholia.

However change of scene and her bright and tender compassion acted like a charm, and before many months my health was re-established, though my haunting self-reproach can never be still.

Had it not been for my cowardly fear of ridicule, perhaps this terrible tragedy might have been averted. Even if I had been looked upon as a visionary, it might have come to light that their was insanity in the Lovett family (as I have since learned was the case), and the poor girls' relations might have delayed or even prevented the marriage. Who knows? I cannot enter into the vexed question of psychics. All I know is that these events happened to me exactly as I have written them down, and if I did not act upon them it was not because I had not been warned.—London Society.

VENDETTA;

The Story of One Forgotten.

CHAPTER I.

I, who wrote this, was a dead man. Dead legally—dead by absolute proof and buried! Ask for me in my native city and they will tell you I was one of the victims of the cholera that ravaged Naples in 1843, and that my mortal remains lie mouldering in the funeral vault of my ancestors. Yes * * * I recall my last warm blood coursing through my veins, the bloom of my youth, and the prime of early manhood, thirty summers;—the makes these eyes of mine keen and bright—these muscles strong as iron—this hand powerful of grip—this well-knit form erect and proud of bearing. Yes! * * * I am alive, though declared to be dead; alive in the fulness of manly force—and even sorrow has left few distinguishing marks upon me, save one. My hair, once ebony black, is white as a wreath of Alpine snow, though its clustering curls are thick as ever.

"A constitutional inheritance?" asked one physician, observing my frosted locks.

"A sudden shock?" suggested another.

"Exposure to intense heat?" hints a third.

I answer none of them. I did so once. I told my story to a man I met by chance—once renowned for medical skill and kindness. He heard me to the end in evident incredulity and alarm, and hinted at the possibility of madness. Since then I have never spoken.

But now I write. I am far from all persecution—I can set down the truth fearlessly. I can dip the pen in my own blood if I find the green silence of that American forest comprehends me—the grand and stately lines of a virginial nature, almost unbroken by the ruthless step of man's civilization—a haven of perfect calm, delicately disturbed by the fluttering wings and soft voices of birds, and the gentle or stormy murmur of the freeborn winds of Heaven. Within this charmed circle of life I dwell—but 'tis life upon my overburdened heart like a brimming vessel, and I defy pity on the ground, to the last drop of gall contained therein. The world shall know my history.

Dead, and yet living! How can that be? you ask. Ah, my friends! If you seek to be rid of your dead relations for a certainty, you should have their bodies cremated. Otherwise there is no knowing what may happen! Cremation is the best way—the only way. It is clean and safe. Why should there be any prejudice against it? Surely it is better to give the remains of what has departed to the elements to cleanse fire and pure than to bury them in a cold vault of stone, or down down in the wet and clinging earth. For loathly things are hidden deep in the mould-stains—filthy creatures with bloated eyes and useless wings—abortions and deformities of the insect tribe born of poisonous vapors, creatures the very sight of which would drive you, a delicate woman, into a fit of hysteria, and would provoke even you, O strong man, to a shudder of repulsion. But there is a worse thing than these merely physical horrors which come of so-called Christian burial—that is, the terrible uncertainty. What, if after we have lowered the narrow coffin box containing our dear deceased relations into its vault of stone, and the earth what, if after we have worn a solemn garb of woe, and tortured our faces into the fitting expression of gentle and radiant melancholy—what, if after all the reasonable precautions taken to insure safety, they should actually prove insufficient? What, if the person to whose we have committed our bodies should regretted one should not close those doors as are fondly imagined? What if the stout coffin should be wrung apart by fierce and frenzied fingers?—what, if our late dear friend should not be dead, but should, like Lazarus of old, come forth to challenge our affection anew? Should we not give sorely that we had failed to avoid ourselves of the secure and classical method of cremation? Especially if we had benefited by worldly goods or money left to us by so deservedly lamented! For we are self-deceiving hypocrites—few of us are really sorry for us dead—few of us remember them with any real tenderness or affection. And yet, God knows they may need more pity than we dream of!

Let me tell you a story. I, Fabio Romani, lately deceased, am about to chronicle the events of one short year—a year in which was compressed the agony of a long and tortured lifetime. One little year!—one sharp thrust from the dagger of Time! It pierced my heart—the wound still galls and bleeds, and every drop of blood is tainted as it falls!

One suffering, common to me, I have never known—that is, a severe case of cholera. When my father, Count Filippo Romani, died, leaving me, then a lad of seventeen, sole heir to his enormous possessions,—sole head of his powerful house—there were many candid friends, who, with their usual kindness, prophesied the worst things of my future. Nay, there were even some who looked forward to certain physical ailments, and, with a certain degree of malignancy of expectation, and they were not at all without ground. They were respectfully commended their words; carried weight—and, for a time I was an object of their maliciously pious fears. I was destined,

AN ENGLISHMAN INSULTED.

THE DIFFICULTY OF ROOTING OUT PREJUDICES. LEARNED AT THE MOTHER'S KNEE.

One bright June morning, some years ago, a party of traveling men were gazing out upon one of the most charming landscapes in the Susquehanna Valley.

In the party was an English gentleman whose prejudices were stirred by the laudatory tone of the conversation. He grow restless, and exclaimed:

"This may seem to you rather a pretty scene, but if you want to see really beautiful scenery, you must go to England; where the air is softer, the grass greener, and the flowers more fragrant than here."

As he finished, one of the party, whose ancestors were of good old revolutionary Yankee stock, turned to him, and with more candor than politeness, said:

"My friend, in childhood, at my mother's knee, I was taught three things: First, to revere the great Creator; second, to love the stars and stripes; and third, to hate a Britisher. This is one of the many occasions when I fully realize the beneficial influences of early training."

Among the obstacles that obstruct a man's upward progress in this world are the prejudices which, planted in the character-forming period of early youth, he finds have become fixed in his maturer nature.

It is difficult to root them out. Men may battle as they will; they seldom entirely overcome their early impressions.

The progressive man discovers that he must leave his prejudices behind, if he would "keep step" in the ranks.

The barriers in the way of the truth-seeker have been broken.

Do you doubt it? Wend your way to the sanctuary some Sabbath morning, and behold! Universalist and Methodist clergymen occupying the same pulpit!

THE GLACIAL PERIOD.

The intense cold of the Glacial Period must not be regarded as having been caused by conditions which were permanent in their nature.

The period known to geology as the Ice Age was comparatively recent, but there is little doubt that similar periods of great cold, widely separated intervals, and that these were not occasioned by any mere terrestrial changes, but must be explained by cometary causes.

The most generally accepted explanation of these remarkable conditions is that the orbit of the earth has been in times past much more eccentric, or elongated, than now.

Dr. James Croft remarks in his work, "Climate and Time," would not of itself, perhaps, fully account for the low temperature producing the Glacial Period; but through physical conditions caused by it this term of severe cold might be induced.

It is always assumed that, owing to the precession of the equinoxes, the great cold period of the hemisphere at this time occurred when the earth was in aphelion, or at the point of its orbit furthest from the sun.

Groll estimates that the received heat at this point would be so much less than now that the mid-winter temperature would be lowered to an enormous extent, and the winter would not only much longer, but also much longer than now.

The result of this would be an enormous accumulation of snow and ice during the winter, which the short summer would not suffice to melt.

The influences which brought the Ice Age to a close are supposed by Croft to be a gradual lessening of the eccentricity of the earth's orbit, the movement of the equinoxes bringing the winter solstice of the northern hemisphere back to perihelion, or the action of the ocean currents and the trade winds.

He supposed, further, that the region of the equator was during the Glacial Period, submerged—a fact which would tend to the free motion of the waters and the increase of the average warmth of the southern hemisphere, and a still further lowering of the temperature on the northern half of the globe.

But the elevation of the land on the equator subsequently caused a deflection of the ocean currents northwards and the creation of the great current of the Gulf Stream, which has an enormous influence in the distribution of heat in the northern hemisphere.

But the important causes bringing the earth up to its present temperature, like those creating the very great depression of the Glacial Period, were those acting from without, rather than existing conditions on the surface of the earth itself.

Picture to yourselves a country of impenetrable vegetation, with gigantic palms and plants that the telegraph which connects the work with a stout and sharp machete to make a path through them, a country of intense heat, of innumerable mosquitoes, and ticks, and malaria, and snakes, and vegetation that grows up in a day to a height that interferes with the labor of man.

Such are some parts of the Mexican State of Yucatan, and it is through such regions that the telegraph which connects the Mexican capital with important points like San Juan, Bautista or San Cristobal must penetrate.

This is a country where the line-men go in couples and armed with rifles to fight off the fierce "puma," or Mexican tiger (tiger), who assaults man and is especially ravenous for telegraph constructors!

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Fried salt pork—Slice and let lie a few minutes in a few spoonfuls of water sweetened with a tablespoonful of molasses; roll in meal and fry.

Preserved ginger—Select young and tender root; scrape off the outer skin, and boil in syrup. The best ginger is hot and biting to the taste and of aromatic odor.

Chicken and rice—Two cups of cold boiled rice, one cup of cold chicken chopped fine, one cup of chicken broth, salt and pepper; boil five minutes, stirring all the while.

Eggless cake—One heaping cup sugar, one cup strong coffee, one heaping half-cup butter, three or four very full cups of flour, two heaping teaspoons baking powder rubbed in flour.

Butter crackers—One quart of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, one of salt, one tablespoonful of butter, mixed into a stiff paste with sweet milk; beat well, roll thin, prick and bake in a brick oven.

Beef soup—Take four pounds of beef to four quarts of water, boil four hours, add six onions, four carrots and two turnips chopped fine, season with salt and pepper and boil one hour longer.

Potted shank—Boil a shank of beef till tender; chop the meat up and season it with salt, pepper, and (if liked) half a nutmeg; reduce the liquor to three parts, add the meat, cool in a mold. It should turn out well when cold.

Ginger snaps—One pint molasses and one cup lard heated together and poured hot in one quart flour; two teaspoonfuls soda and two ginger. Let this dough cool; then add enough flour to roll. Roll thin and bake quickly.

Veal salad—Boil a knuckle of veal in six quarts of water; when tender remove the bones, chop the meat, and add the juice, which should be most absorbed, and two cups of cracker crumbs, cinnamon, pepper, and salt; put in a mold. Serve hot.

Tea cake—One even cup white sugar, one-half cup butter, two eggs. Beat these until they are creamy, then add a good half cup cold water and two cups flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful lemon; beat thoroughly. Bake in a long tin, and out while warm in squares.

Pie crust—For one pie take one cup of flour, two tablespoonfuls of lard, one-half teaspoonful of salt; mix well, then add one-half teaspoon of water. If a flaky pie crust is desired, take enough dough for one crust, roll thin, spread butter over it, and roll up and let it stand while filling in the fruit, when it will be ready for use.

FRUIT CAKE—Two cups of molasses, one cup of sugar, four eggs, one cup of cold coffee, one cup of butter, two teaspoonfuls of soda, one pound of raisins, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves and seven cups of flour.

BOILED FROSTING—One-half cup of sugar and one-half cup of water, let it boil until it comes from the spoon, then beat the white of an egg very light, and pour the boiling sugar on it, beating very fast until it will stand alone. The cake must be cold.

STRAWED PUDDING—One and one-half cups of sugar, one quart of sour milk, one cup of currants, two eggs, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one teaspoonful of salt, one or two eggs, one teaspoonful of shortening, steam two and one-half to three hours, then bake one-half hour.

MOTHERS!

Castoria is recommended by physicians for children teething. It is a purely vegetable preparation, its ingredients are published around each bottle. It relieves constipation, regulates the bowels, quiets pain, cures diarrhoea and wind colic, allays feverishness, destroys worms, and prevents convulsions, soothes the child and gives it refreshing and natural sleep.

Castoria is the children's panacea—the mothers' friend. 35 doses, 35 cents.

MUSIC! Oh, how sweet, how weak! Language fades before thy spell; Why should I beeling over thy soul so well? When thou canst breathe thy soul so well!

Had Tom Moore penned only the above lines, these alone contain enough to immortalize him. Like the hen who lays the golden egg, I have caeked; now let me meditate. Why should we not have a musical order in the Church to teach the children of the or to sing? I don't mean simply the beautiful hymns of the gifted Father Baber or the ever inspiring chants of the Litany, I mean, the music, the sublime compositions of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Schubert, Gounod, Verdi, the Abbe Lyautey, Wagner, Halsey, etc.—the gifted beings who have sung to men so as to be understood in every language and tongue; for, remember, music is a universal language, equally familiar to the courtier and the peasant.

The again there is another reason why our Catholic boys and girls should be trained to music, not only as a profession, but as an act of devotion; for music, like art, must be a prayer in order to become the sublime thing for which heaven intended it. From the song of Miriam to the chorus of angels at the Cris in Bethlehem, music has always symbolized adoration; and I care not who the vocalist may be, if he/she has the devotion, neither can do justice to a sacred song. How then can non-Catholics interpret a Statut a cre? I repeat, it is impossible for such a care. I care not how carefully their voices may be trained, according to the lights of non-Catholic teachers, he who cannot believe in the Immaculate Mother of an Incarnate God cannot bring forth from his or her lungs the sublime songs which culminated the look of the Cross.

What I want only as rich as some of our Catholics in America. I would endow an establishment where harps, pianos, violins, lutes, flutes, cornets, zithers, organs, guitars, and every species of instrument, stringed and otherwise, would be thoroughly taught free to the poor children of Catholics by an order of nuns, true daughters of St. Cecilia—that glorious patroness of music which all musicians inwardly worship, and where the very heavens would reverberate with the sounds of Catholic and classic music. What a boon such an institution would be, from which to draw artists for the different church choirs; and such an establishment would be well repaid by the generous gifts of the Catholic and non-Catholic alike, the mother of music as well as of painting, sculpture and architecture. God forbid it should ever take place; but should vandalism ever destroy the treasures of Christian art, good-by to the sublimity of Christian ideals, even in the wide field of so-called modern civilization. Who will be the generous donor to take up the idea in the interest of perpetual prayer and perpetual song—Catholic Mirror.

A POSTMASTER'S OPINION. "I have great pleasure in certifying to the usefulness of Hagyard's Yellow Oil," writes Dr. Kavanagh, postmaster, of Umraville, Ont. "Having used it for soreness of the throat, larynx, colds, etc., I find nothing equal to it."

"Do you intend to warm your street cars this winter, Mr. President?" "I don't know, I'm sure. If cold cars operate as they did last winter, I think I shall not try to heat them."

"How did they operate then?" "Why, the cold cars were only as hot as the present cars. Of course, I want to make everybody as comfortable as I can this winter."—Chicago News.

A PRIZE OF \$100,000 is a good thing to get, and the man who wins it by superior skill, or by an unexpected turn of Fortune's wheel, is to be congratulated. But he who escapes from the clutches of that dread monster, Consumption, and wins back health and happiness, is far more fortunate. The chances of winning \$100,000 are very small; but the chances of recovering from consumption may be absolutely sure if you take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in time. For all golden diseases (consumption is one of them), it is an unfailing remedy. All druggists.

Wife: "What under the sun are you doing?" Husband: "Trying to tie this string around my finger." "Why, didn't you ask me to do any of the other strings?" "No, this string is to remind me that I have nothing to remember to-day."—Omaha World.

SOMETHING FOR ALL THE PREACHERS. Rev. H. H. Fairall, D. D., editor of the Iowa Methodist, says editorially, in the November (1882) number of his paper: "We have tested the merits of Ely's Cream Balm, and believe that by a thorough course of treatment, it will cure almost every case of catarrh. Ministers, as a class, are afflicted with head and throat troubles and Catarrh seems more prevalent than ever. We cannot recommend Ely's Cream Balm too highly."

There are calamities against which even innocence loses courage.

BOTTLE FED BABIES often surprise in robustness children who are thought to be more favored. A large number of mothers are not able to give their children proper nutriment, and in such cases Lactated Food is all that can be desired. It is easily digested and agrees with children of all ages.

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. FATHER WOODS, OF ST. JOSEPH'S PARISH, HUNTINGDON, DIED NOV. 27th, 1887.

Lonely is the flock, the shepherd's gone, Called home to reap a fragrant crown; His turrets are o'er, the longings sore, His burst its fetters to greet its God. Yes, holy priest, thy work is done, And well; now that thy mission's o'er, No doubts pervade death's mystic bourne, Thy works precede thee on before.

A true disciple of the Lord, With gifted tongue he sought to win The virtuous closer to their God, The ering from the paths of sin, And whoso'er his pastoral care Or social gifts were wood'd or know, A living fondness liveth there, Lik's jewels bright 'round memory's throne.

And weeping friends who gather 'round To gaze upon their Soggyard dead, Both rich and poor, who vie to mourn The life, alas! forever fled; Now, as they breathe a requiem prayer, And sadly look a last farewell, Will think how woe, he taught them bear, His works of love will fondly tell.

O loved divine, kind wisdom's sage, O eyes no more on earth shall see, The hope will light our fade of age, To meet again in bliss with thee. Loved one, farewell, 'tis but a span 'Till we too pass that silent goal, When death revokes the life of man, And wings to rest the stainless soul.

Requiescat in pace. JOHN F. MCGOWAN. St. Anicet, Que., Nov. 28, 1887.

CONSUMPTION CURED. An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested his remedy for many years in thousands of cases, with the most successful results, he has felt it his duty to make known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this receipt, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper.—W. A. NORRIS, 219 POWER, Block, Rochester, N. Y. (3-13c) 100

Charley (to his sister's beau): "Say, Mr. Griggaby, pa's bought a big dog this afternoon, and he's chained up behind the house, and he's going to be let loose at 10 o'clock." Griggaby: "Indeed, Charley?" Charley: "Yes, and he bought a shotgun and had copper toes put on his boots to-day, and he says if you don't leave by 10 he's going to take the law in his own hands. Now, I want to talk business. What'll it be worth to you to have me poison the dog, take the shot out of the gun, hide the boots and set the clock back an hour?"

A CLAIM VERIFIED. B. B. B. claims to cure all curable diseases of the stomach, bowels, liver, kidneys and blood. That it actually performs all its claims, is proven by testimonials from parties whose names can be furnished. Send for testimonials of remarkable cures.

The principal of a public school in Pansy, Va. recently wrote to Nathaniel Hawthorne, asking for his autograph. He sent that they proposed to hold a library to get money for a school library. They evidently need a library. The ignorance of this principal reminds one of the society lady in London. "Who is this Dean Swift they were talking about?" she asked a friend. "I would like to invite him to one of my receptions." "Alas, woman," replied the other, "the dean did something that has put him out of society. 'Dear me! what was that?' 'Well, about a hundred years ago he died.'"

To lessen mortality and stop the inroads of disease, use Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. For all diseases arising from Impure Blood, such as Eczema, Blisters, Biliousness, Indigestion, etc., etc., it has no equal. Mr. Thomas Smith, Elm, writes: "I am using this medicine for Dyspepsia; I have tried many remedies, but this is the only one that has done me any good."

An Election Day Memory—Mrs. Densuade: I judge, from your actions, William, that your candidate has won. Mr. D.: No; he has been overwhelmingly defeated. Mrs. D.: Why this spasm of laughter, then? Mr. D.: You remember that sixty-day note of mine that Dabney Field, and that was due to-day? Mrs. D.: Yes, Mr. D.: He made a mistake and put it in the box in place of his ballot. Can't get it out.

PROMPT RELIEF IN SICK HEADACHE, dizziness, nausea, constipation, pain in the side, guaranteed to those using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One a dose. Small price. Small doses, small pain.

There appear to be some very belated Protestants in Progressive England. Next year will mark the tercentenary of the establishment of the Protestant succession on the throne of England, and the Church party are preparing for a big celebration of the double event, in which all Protestants the world over will be asked to join. There was not a very cosmopolitan spirit exhibited, however, at the first meeting of the promoters in London, according to a correspondent, who says: "Several of the speakers indulged in criticisms of another, and one orator, the Rev. C. Stirling, made a vehement speech in favor of repealing the Catholic Emancipation act of 1829.

Portions of Iowa have been flooded with counterfeit dollars made of cast iron heavily plated with silver. Ordinary alloys fail to affect them, and they can only be detected by their ring.

A man in Birmingham has invented a curling stone by which curling can be played without ice. The curling stone is made of cast iron, with two small wheels and a steering wheel.

Of course I married her. We Neapolitans love no time in such matters. We are not prudent. Unlike the calm blood of Englishmen, our rushes swiftly through our veins—it is warm as wine and sunlight, and needs no fictitious stimulant. We love, we desire, we possess; and then? We tire, you say? These Southern races are so fickle! All wrong—we are less fickle than you deem. And do not think when sitting in the chimney nook at "home, sweet home," with their fair wives and ever-sweeping families? Truly, yes! But they are too cautious to say so.

I need not relate the story of my courtship—it was brief and sweet as a song sung perfectly. There was no obstacle. The girl I sought was the only daughter of a ruined Florentine noble of disolute character, who gained a bare subsistence by frequenting the gaming tables. His child had been brought up in a convent renowned for strict discipline—she knew nothing of the world. She was, he assured me with maudlin tears in his eyes, as innocent as a flower on the altar.

How could I resist such a lovely, youthful, low-voiced maiden, know of even the shadow of evil? I was eager to gather so fair a lily for my own proud wearing; and her father, gladly gave her to me; no doubt in-

wardly congratulating himself on the wealthy match that had fallen to the lot of his dowryless daughter.

We were married at the end of June, and Guido Ferrari graced our bridal with his handsome and graceful presence.

By the body of Bacchus!" he exclaimed to me when the nuptial ceremony was over, "Thou hast professed by my teaching, Fabio! A quiet rogue is often most cunning! Thou hast rifled the casket of Venus, and stolen her fairest jewel—thou hast secured the loveliest maiden in the two Sicilies!"

I pressed his hand, and a touch of remorse stole over me, for he was no longer first in my affection. Almost I regretted it—yes, on my very wedding morn I looked back to the old days—old now though so recent—and sighed to think they were ended. I glanced at Nina, my wife. It was enough! Her beauty dazzled and overcame me. The melting languor of her large limpid eyes stole into my veins—I forgot all but her. It was in that high delirium of passion in which love, and love only, seems the key-note of creation. I touched the topmost peak of the height of joy—the days were feasts of fairy-land, the nights dreams of rapture! No; I never sired! My wife's beauty never palled upon me; she grew fairer with each day's possession. I never saw her otherwise than attractive; and without wearying she had probed all the depths of my nature. She discovered how certain sweet looks of hers could draw me to her side, a willing and devoted slave; she measured my weakness with her own power; she knew—what did she not know? I torture myself with these foolish memories. All men past the age of twenty have learnt something of the tricks of women—the pretty, playful notions that weaken the will and sap the force of the strongest her. She loved me? Oh, yes, I suppose so! Looking back on those days, I can frankly say I believed she loved me—as nine hundred wives out of a thousand love their husbands, namely,—for what they can get. And I grudge her nothing, if I chose to idealize her, and raise her to the status of a angel when she was but on the low level of mere womanhood, that was my folly, not her fault.

We kept open house. Our villa was a place of rendezvous for the leading members of the best society in and around Naples. My wife was universally admired; her lovely face and graceful manners were themes of conversation throughout the whole neighborhood. Guido Ferrari, my friend, was one of those who were loved in her praise, and the chivalrous homage he displayed towards her doubtless endeared him to me. I trusted him as a brother; he brought Nina gifts of flowers and fanciful trifles adapted to her taste, and treated her with fraternal and delicate kindness. I deemed my happiness was perfect—with love, wealth and friendship, what more could a man desire?

Yet another drop of honey was added to my cup of sweetness. On the first morning of May, 1882, our child was born—a girl-babe, fair as one of the white anemones which at that season grew thickly in the woods surrounding our home. They brought the little one to me in the shaded verandah where I sat at breakfast every day; she was wrapped in blue muslin, and wrapped in soft cashmere and old lace. I took the fragile thing in my arms with a tender reverence; it opened its eyes; they were large and dark like Nina's, and the light of a recent heaven seemed still to linger in their pure depths. I kissed the little face; Guido did the same; and those clear quiet eyes regarded us both with a strange half-inquiring solemnity. A bird perched on a bow of jessamine blew into a low sweet song, the soft wind blew and scattered the petals of a white rose at our feet. I gave the infant back to the nurse, who waited to receive it, and said, with a smile, "Tell my wife we have welcomed her May blossom."

Guido laid his hand on my shoulder as the scene terminated; his face was unusually pale.

"Thou art a good fellow, Fabio!" he said, abruptly.

"Indeed! How so?" I asked, half laughing; "I am no better than other men."

"You are less suspicious than the majority," he remarked turning away from me and playing idly with a spray of clematis that trailed on one of the pillars of the verandah.

I glanced at him in surprise. "What do you mean, amico? Have I reason to suspect any one?"

"He laughed and resumed his seat at the breakfast table.

"Nina is as innocent as the little child of whom she is to-day the mother."

"True!" he exclaimed. Ferrari. "Perfectly true!" he looked me full in the eyes, with a smile. "White as the virgin snow on the summit of Mont Blanc, purer than the flawless diamond,—and unapproachable as the furthest star! Is it not so?"

I assented with a certain gravity; something in his manner puzzled me. Our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of I thought no more of the matter. But a time came, and that time,—when I had sternly seen to remember every word he had uttered.



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WEDNESDAY.....DECEMBER 14, 1887

THERE are more Irishmen in the present United States Congress than there are men of any other foreign nationality.

THE Hamilton Times "shudders to think of the sad condition of the Tory Irish Catholics, now that they have not the Hon. Frank Smith to stand between them and harm. He was a mighty bulwark."

THE public debt of the Dominion is \$273,473,430, according to to-day's Canada Gazette. The increase of debt during November was \$661,678. Truly we are a great people for getting into debt. It costs money to keep up Macdonaldism.

THE death is announced of Arch-Bishop Boniface Wimmer, O.S.B., founder of the Benedictine Order of the United States. The sad event took place at St. Vincent's Abbey, Ohio, on the 9th inst. The deceased dignitary was born in Bavaria in 1809, and went to America in 1846 to establish the Benedictine Order.

HON. MR. MERZER has gone to New York, and will probably proceed to the South for the benefit of his health. It is the hope of all that he may return completely restored to health and able to resume those duties which has discharged with so much satisfaction the public since he assumed the control of provincial affairs.

BAYARD and Chamberlain could come to an arrangement of the fisheries question, we are told, if Canada would only consent to be sacrificed. Just so. England is quite content to surrender our rights, and the Americans are ready to accept the surrender. Honor and justice do not appear to enter into the calculations of two of the parties to this pretty little game of cut-throat euhore.

DR. DUQUETTS has been appointed by the Local Government chief physician at Longue Pointe Asylum, and Dr. Devlin, visiting physician. As this arrangement is satisfactory to all parties interested, we will refrain from comment. We cannot, however, fail to observe that the few positions held by Irish Catholics under the Local Government have become very much fewer in recent years.

THAT "blooming" Labor Commission has advertised in Detroit papers for witnesses to appear before them at Windsor. Why don't they go over the river themselves, and while they are over they might visit the Western States and find out why so many Canadians have settled there. They then might visit the New England region on the same errand. We cannot doubt but that some very instructive evidence would be given by the exiles of Canada.

THE Hierarchy of Ireland and the Pope will doubtless act on the disinterested advice of the Kazooi and appoint an anti-Nationalist Bishop to the vacant see of Armagh and Primacy of Ireland. The invincible stupidity of the local Tory organ evidently prevents it from seeing how absurd it can become under the influence of its hidebound bigotry. Like a donkey, it is not content with being foolish and looking idiotic, it must raise its disor-

dant hoe-haw and draw upon itself the usual reward of assinine obtrusiveness—kicks and curses.

An English paper, the London Echo, has struck what appears a not inaccurate view of the future of this country. It will not be new to readers of THE POST, who will remember that we came to the same conclusion long ago from consideration of the economical forces of this continent. The Echo says:—

"The rapid weeding out of the American debt and the equally rapid progress of American prosperity will probably modify the relationship of the States to Canada, first in the way of commercial unity, and secondly in the way of political unity. When the debt of the States is effaced and the debt of the Dominion greatly increased, as it bids fair to be, the States and Canada may some fine morning say 'let us shake hands and unite our fate.' Then Canada's debt will soon follow into nothingness the debt of the States."

U. S. SENATOR PALMER has prepared a bill for submission to Congress to regulate immigration. According to its provisions persons proposing to emigrate to the United States are required to procure certificates from the American consul of the district of their residence, or at the port from which they sail, setting forth the belief of the consul, founded upon diligent inquiry, investigation and examination, that the proposed emigrant is a suitable and desirable person for residence and citizenship in the United States. The principal idea of the bill is certainly a good one.

CANADIAN Liberals and "American Democrats are fighting the same battle for freedom from monopolistic government. This from the Chicago Herald applies to Canada as clearly as to the United States:—"The government that gives a charter to certain of its citizens engaged in manufactures to charge all the people two prices may be a government by the people, but it is not a government for the people. In the feature of taxation it is a cunningly devised confidence operation manipulated for private gain."

COMPLETION of railway connection between Canada and the North Western States at Sault Ste. Marie is an event of first-rate importance. To Montreal it means a vast increase of trade inasmuch as it establishes a route from Minneapolis and St. Paul to the sea, hundreds of miles shorter than any other possible route. Great as the benefits to this city arising from the new line will be, they would be increased a thousand fold if we had unrestricted reciprocity with the United States.

THE "trooly loil" of Ottawa are greatly exercised over a speech made by Mr. Charles Devlin, jr., of Aylmer, at the recent Home Rule meeting in Ottawa. As an attempt has been made to misrepresent what Mr. Devlin said we reproduce that part of his speech which has given rise to comment among the upholders of coercion. Mr. Devlin is highly gifted as a public speaker and, when on a subject which touches his feelings, he speaks with the warmth of his Irish nature. We do not think, however, that he was at all astray in what he said on the occasion alluded to. The extract will be found elsewhere in this issue.

It is abundantly evident that the nations of Europe are carrying on a wholesale deportation of the most worthless of their populations to the shores of America. Human creatures reduced to the last stages of abject misery and destitution are daily landed at ports along the Atlantic seaboard. Recent action of the United States authorities in refusing these people permission to land on their shores has directed this evil tide to Canada. Numbers of a class, who resemble nothing we have seen save the offspring of a Turkish and Egyptian seraglio, are now in vading our shores. The Dominion Government should take immediate steps to put a stop to this sort of immigration.

THE Waterloo Advertiser submits the following calculation of the strength of the commercial movement in Canada:—"Seventy-five per cent. of the material interests of the Dominion are represented by farmers. More than half of the remaining 25 per cent. is represented by the lumbermen. The manufacturers represent the ten or twelve per cent. remaining. The farmers and lumbermen have no use for protection. The logic of the situation is, that 90 per cent. of the country is taxed for the benefit of 10 per cent. represented by the manufacturers. Is that fair? Is it honest? Is it statesmanlike? And aren't the farmers fools for standing it? What a howl there would be if the farmers should turn around and demand protection to agriculture and propose to tax the sugar and cotton lords. And still there would be more sense in it, for it would operate for the greatest good of the greatest number."

A WASHINGTON letter says there is going to be a lively meeting of Celt and Saxon in that city about the 15th inst. Sir Thomas Gratian Edmonds and Mr. Arthur O'Connor are to have a public reception, and it is proposed to quarter them at the Arlington Hotel where Mr. Chamberlain is staying. Hearing of this the Screwdriver offered to hire all the vacant rooms in the House, and the proprietor was in a quandary between two formidable alternatives when the letter was written. By to-day's despatches it will be seen that Chamberlain has decided that discretion is the better part of valor. The Commission has adjourned its sittings till after the holidays, and he skips off to Ottawa so as to be out of the way when the ambassadors from the Irish people to the people of America arrive at Washington. The r determined to parade the city in

cession, to erect platforms in the large open square in front of the Arlington, and from these platforms to denounce Chamberlain and all the Liberal-Unionists who have opposed Mr. Gladstone's measure of Home Rule for Ireland. Under the circumstances, Chamberlain has shown his wisdom in getting out of the way of a demonstration that would have shown in painful contrast to the joy reception he received at the American capital.

FRANCE has changed its form of government many times during the past ninety-eight years. This is shown by the appended tabulation:—

Table with 3 columns: Form of Government, Date of establishment, Years of duration. Rows include First republic, First empire, Bourbon kingdom, Orleans kingdom, Second Republic, Second empire, and Third republic.

All things considered, the duration of the present republic for so long a period as sixteen years is remarkable. The recent changes in the presidency marks an advance in the science of self-government on the part of the French people and augurs well for the stability of the republic. If they continue for another decade to progress at the present rate, the permanency of their republicanism may be considered assured.

THE Holy Father has fixed the month of February as the period, during his Jubilee celebration, at which the corner-stone of the new Basilica of St. Patrick, in Rome, will be solemnly blessed and placed. Prior Glynn hopes to be able to add the name of Archbishop Carr, of Melbourne, representing the Antipodes, to those of Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, and Archbishop Croke, of Cahool, as one of the preachers of the day. St. Patrick's "sons will come from afar" on that great festival.

GOVERNMENT organs intimate that there will be no successor to Hon. Frank Smith in the cabinet. This is probably correct in view of the changes in the ministry provided for by the Act of last session. As for an alleged Irish Catholic representative in the Tory machine, we may be permitted to remark that anybody will do as well as Frank, who got along splendidly so long as he did nothing, but the moment he presumed to assert his right to have a say in the appointments, he had to "git up and get."

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Irish National League of America, held at St. Louis, the question of when and where to hold the next National Convention was referred to a committee of seven, headed by President Fitzgerald. Resolutions were adopted appealing to the liberty-loving people of England, Scotland and Wales, and also to the people of Irish birth and extraction in America for moral and material aid, tendering sympathy to all now suffering in Ireland, denouncing coercion, extolling Gladstone, and extolling the power and advantages of organization, and urging every friend in America to join the National League.

REV. ISAAC TAYLOR, Canon of York, recently stated in the English Church Congress that conversions in India were going on at the rate of 600,000 a year to Mohammedanism, 50,000 to Catholicity, and only 10,000 to the various sects of Protestants. He further stated that the Church Missionary Society of India, which has in its service 841 missionaries, at an annual cost of \$250,000, made last year but 397 converts, or about one convert to every three missionaries yearly. This latter showing is bad enough, but Canon Taylor further says that in Persia, Arabia and Egypt, 109 Protestant missionaries converted but one adult last year, and she was a Mohammedan girl in a Christian orphan asylum. Would not all these missionary efforts be better employed among the 100,000 lost women of London?

CARLETON County is one of the safest of Tory strongholds. Since Sir John Macdonald has been confirmed in his seat for Kingston, it is expected that he will resign Carleton, which is sure to send him a supporter, while Kingston is not so sure. A host of candidates have consequently appeared and there seems to be great difficulty in making a choice. Although the county is intensely Conservative, its inhabitants are by no means inclined to let any one man, no matter how sound he may be as a Tory, walk the course. They take particular delight in an election, because it invariably causes the expenditure of a great deal of money. A contest may, therefore, be counted upon as certain. A convention will probably select a regular candidate and then there will be the usual split.

FATHERS DOWD AND TOUPIN.

A very handsome volume, commemorative of the golden jubilee of the Rev. Fathers Dowd and Toupin, with an historical sketch of the Irish community of Montreal, and biographies of the pastors of the Recollet and St. Patrick's churches, has been published and is now for sale. The book is embellished with several excellent illustrations, the frontispiece being portraits of Fathers Dowd and Toupin. There is also an exterior and interior view of St. Patrick's church, and views of St. Patrick's School, Orphan Asylum, St. Bridget's Home and Night Refuge and the new Presbytery. A complete list of subscribers to the jubilee fund is also given. The text of the work is mainly a compilation of the several events connected with the celebration of the jubilee, and, therefore, a treasury of happy recollections of which every Catholic in the city should be in possession. The history of the Irish

community in Montreal is also deeply interesting, and shows what trials and sufferings have been endured by priests and people in old times. The book will be for sale at St. Patrick's to-morrow before and after each service, forenoon and evening.

JULES FERRY.

This famous French Republican who narrowly escaped death at the hands of an assassin last Saturday afternoon, is a typical machine politician. He was born April 5, 1832, at St. Die, an old monastery town in the east of France. In 1854 he made his debut in Paris as a lawyer, and joined that daring band of young lawyers who aided the Deputies in maintaining a constant opposition to the Empire. In the famous trial of the "Thirteen" he was one of those condemned, and this taste of Imperial correction served but to embitter his hatred, while it caused him to look for new means of obtaining satisfaction for his grievances. He became a pamphletur and a journalist and as such soon reached a high position as a leading writer on Les Temps.

After the proclamation of the Third Republic, in 1870, M. Ferry was appointed one of the members of the new government. He was made the Mayor of Paris a few months later, filling his difficult functions with energy and skill through the difficult period of the siege. He had great difficulty in escaping from the city after the outbreak of the Commune, whose leaders had vowed vengeance against him in his efforts in the cause of law and order. He was one of the 363 Deputies of the Left that, under the leadership of Gambetta, walked in procession behind the funeral car of M. Thiers, and who with voice and gesture restrained the vast crowds that thronged the streets from any violent disturbance or demonstration against the Government. He was named Prime Minister by M. Grevy at a moment when the best friends of France trembled for the safety of the Republic. After the death of Gambetta in December, 1882, President Grevy called on Ferry to form a cabinet, which remained intact until March, 1885, when Ferry was forced to retire for his part in the disastrous Tonquin war of 1884. Ferry's tastes were always republican. Under his premiership France attempted to control the throne of Anam against the murderous Black Flag, and lost millions of money and thousands of lives in a fruitless struggle. Since that day Ferry's prestige has been steadily declining. He is detested by the conservative element in France, who desire a strong government and peace, and it was the recent possibility of his election to the Presidency that came near precipitating an insurrection in Paris. Personally he is tall and well built. He has a high forehead, very black hair and whiskers, and a piercing pair of black eyes. His stumpy, broad nose and wide mouth have earned him the sobriquet of "The Laughing Englishman." His speeches are terse and brilliant, but delivered with apparent nervousness. He married the wealthy Mlle. Krieger, granddaughter of M. Kestner, and sister-in-law of Charles Floquet and several other distinguished Republicans.

IRELAND UNDER THE TORIES.

Proceeding with their cold-blooded policy of repression the Tories of England have incarcerated the most devoted representatives of the Irish people, while the whole country is being bulldozed by a horde of reckless bullies backed up by a magistracy so corrupt, ignorant and contemptible that even the little children defy them. Here is an instance related in the Nation, of the contempt in which coercion law is held, of the infamous uses to which that code is put, and the brutality which characterises its administration, supplied by the proceedings in the Ballyhannah courthouses. There nine persons were brought before Crimes Act Magistrates Dillon and Parcell, charged with "obstructing and intimidating" bailiffs on the occasion of a seizure for rent. Of the accused, two were girls, aged respectively twelve and eighteen years, and a third terrible intimidator and obstructor was furnished in the person of a poor woman seventy years of age. But this did not matter. The R.M.'s convicted the batch out of hand, and sentenced them to various terms of imprisonment. When the majesty of coercion law had thus been vindicated, it was announced that the accused could escape imprisonment, by giving bail for "good behaviour"—meaning the observance of proper civility towards all marauding bailiffs whatever. But the accused refused to regard the court as anything more than an auxiliary to the rent-office, and firmly declined the offer—the very children declaring, amidst cheers, that they would sooner go to jail than admit "its decision just. And to jail they all went—not as criminals, but as heroes, the whole town turning out to cheer them on the way. Proceedings such as these, being constantly reported in the English press, have generated a strong feeling against Tory methods of governing Ireland. The most remarkable outcome of this popular sentiment took place at Bristol. It was in the form of a protest by forty ministers of religion, resident in that city, representing all denominations of Protestants, and condemning in the most indignant terms the attempts being made to rule Ireland by the machinery of repression. "The wrong," they say, "of a neglect of the constitutionally expressed desire of the Irish people for local self-government is being aggravated by measures that, with equal un wisdom and unrighteousness, seek to hush the national voice and to crush the national life. By interference with personal liberty, with the rights of public meeting, and with the freedom of the press, our Government is pursuing a course that increasingly tends to the degradation of law and the subversion of order. This shows how thoroughly well the nature of Balfour's labors is understood in England despite the efforts made to pose him as bravely battling with 'the forces of disorder.' Nor are these generous-minded Englishmen content with condemning the wrong. They dissociate themselves from it, and sympathize with the victim thus:—"By this protest from one of the English cities nearest to Ireland we wish to assure the people of that land of our sympathy with them in the

bitter wrongs they are now enduring; and at the same time we seek to free ourselves from complicity with a spirit and method of government that are utterly unworthy of a professedly Christian nation."

THE TELEPHONE MONOPOLY.

The American Bell Company's interest in the telephone business of the United States and Canada is said to be worth about \$100,000,000. Of this immense capital nineteenth is said to be water and yet good dividends are earned on the entire amount. How is this done? The \$10,000,000 original capital was divided up among the few men who were lucky enough to control the patents. A good many of these patents were purchased, not for the purpose of improving the telephone service but to prevent competitors from making improvements. It is alleged that the company own patents which, if they were brought into use, would give the public a service as far ahead of the present system as that is better than none at all. A writer, who appears to be familiar with the subject, prints in the New York World the following table of cost of the parts of a telephone—these being the retail prices at electrical supply stores:

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Rows include Induction coil, Battery, Diaphragm, Permanent magnets, Electro, Diaphragm, Case (estimate), Cord, Magneto bell, Board and boxes (estimate), and Total.

Only a small part of the items included in this list are furnished by the Bell Company; the more expensive portions are supplied by the local companies. The parts furnished by the Bell Company would cost only \$2.25. The batteries, electro, bell, boards and boxes and material for the batteries are supplied by the local companies.

It is stated by the employes of the company that the actual cost of wholesale manufacture of the portions of receiver and transmitter furnished by the Bell Company is 90 cents each. The telephone transmitter comprises a small induction coil and a microphone, the latter being a small carbon button on a slight spring and an ordinary tin diaphragm. The receiver comprises a small piece of magnetized iron, a very small electro magnet bobbin and a tin diaphragm. These two instruments, with the small box containing former, and the composition, make up the instrument for which the royalty of \$14 a year is charged. The magnet and battery cost the local company \$3.75, and about half of that is royalties on patents on different sections of the apparatus. These portions of the instrument are purchased from the Western Electric Manufacturing Company, which owns outright the patents on which it charges the royalties, and the American Bell Telephone Company owns a controlling interest in the Western Electric Manufacturing Company.

There are in use in the United States, according to the testimony of an expert in the employ of the American Bell Company, 375,000 telephones. Deducting 5 per cent., which has been claimed are furnished gratuitously to local companies for use in the exchanges, etc., there remain over 350,000 to collect the \$14 a year royalty on. This would give the American Bell Company an income from this source alone of \$4,900,000. Less than one-tenth of this annual income would provide each subscriber with the improved apparatus and increase the use of telephones more than enough to make up the expense.

SCOTCH FRIENDSHIP FOR IRELAND.

The noble, disinterested manner in which the people of Scotland are standing by the Irish in their struggle for freedom within the constitution against Tory oppression is one of the surest signs of the coming regeneration of the British empire. It indicates the approach of a time when principles of justice and methods of common sense will take the place of the cruel, bloody, disastrous policy by which a dissolute and over-gorged oligarchy have made the institutions of Britain subservient to their own lust and avarice. Scotchmen see as well as Irishmen that if England is to be saved she must get rid of her Tories. They also see that from imprisoning Irishmen for being true to their country, there is but a step to imprisonment of Scotchmen for the same thing. What is a constabulary, controlled by the central power and invading public meetings, but the reappearance under new conditions of the armed slaves in the Forum? A consciousness of the meaning of the Mitchellstown menace is dawning upon the intelligence of the British masses. Trafalgar Square gave a lesson not to be forgotten, and already a sullen spirit in the populace of London is commented on by foreigners. The ministry of shreds and patches, presided over by Salisbury, is letting Englishmen know that coercion can be applied to Englishmen as well as Irishmen, and the Irish fight for British freedom grows as fierce in Middlesex as in Tipperary.

On former occasions we gave accounts in these columns of the reception of the Scotch delegates in Ireland; now we have their report. Of the government of Ireland they say:—

Entirely out of sympathy with the people, and representing a privileged minority, who for centuries have made Ireland the victim of their cupidity and misrule, the Government, with the laws which it administers, is regarded as a foreign and hostile element in the country, and as such is shunned, despised and hated. Constitutional methods of procedure in the administration of law and justice are reduced by the authorities to a farce. The executive, located in Dublin, is simply a resident magistracy of its own nomination, a vile system of espionage, and an over-riding force of armed police, and regular soldiers. The former are met with, carrying their rifles, on every country road. Every village and town has its barracks, with a detachment in direct communication with Dublin Castle, always ready to oppress and attack the people with a violence and brutality inconceivable in our more favored country.

Concerning the Plan of Campaign, these careful, conscientious Scotchmen report that it is "nothing more than a necessary and reasonable combination for defence against iniquitous exactions by a dominant landlord class occupying the seat of power and using it for their own selfish ends." Of the leaders

of the Irish people and the priests, the delegates speak in the highest terms. They describe as—

"Men of first-class ability, independent of character, and independent of courage. Their power as practical politicians may be seen in the development and work of the National League, and the unfolding of their country's deliverance, which they have so long successfully maintained, at the British Parliament. If," they add, "the country's cause may, with propriety, be coupled in the hearts of the Irish people may afford an excuse for doing so. A man of nature, large-hearted, sympathetic, independent and brave, William O'Brien a patriot of the highest type."

The opinions of these capable, disinterested Scottish gentlemen will be accepted by unprejudiced persons as conclusive, and do much to strengthen the feeling of goodwill between the two great branches of Celtic race which has been brought about Mr. Gladstone's efforts to establish a union of the people of the British Isles.

THE TWO POLICIES.

Attempts made by the Tory press to little the movement for unrestricted reciprocity with the United States have become ridiculous in view of its popularity and extent, especially in Ontario. Crowded meetings continue to be held, at which resolutions in support of freer trade relations with the American people, and urging the Government to take steps to bring about the desired change, are invariably adopted. An important gathering of this kind was held at St. Thomas, last Saturday. Professor Goldwin Smith, who was present and spoke on the occasion, writes that, although the evening was wet, "yet the great hall was filled to overflowing, many being turned away. Farmers had driven ten miles through the rain, and people had come in by rail from a distance who would have to stop over the Sunday. The audience, which was of the best quality listened most attentively to addresses which could have little interest of a rhetorical kind and the resolution in favor of Commercial Union was carried with scarcely a dissenting voice. St. Thomas, it will be remembered is a Conservative place."

Here certainly are no signs of that indifference to unrestricted reciprocity which certain newspapers, devoted to ring rule and restriction, are so anxious to make out. Professor Smith, in the same letter, compares the movement with that of the Anti-Corn Law League at its inception. That great agitation he says, had not "attained the same measure of force which has been already attained by Commercial Union. It was long confined to particular districts, instead of sweeping this over the whole country. Yet the Anti-Corn Law League had from the outset a most powerful organization; it had Bright, Cobden, Thomson and Villiers for orators; had a fund, to which one great manufacturer contributed first or last about a quarter of a million of dollars. Without organization without a fund, with little of eloquent advocacy, Commercial Union has spread over the country as spontaneously as the light of morning. It is no mere plank in a platform. It is a movement of the people and by the people as well as for the people; and herein lies its power and the pledge of its endurance."

There can be no disputing this presentation of the character of the movement. Neither of the two great political parties have squarely pronounced for or against it, although the attitude of the Tory press is distinctly hostile, and certain members of the Macdonald Cabinet have declared their opposition to the popular demand. On the other hand prominent Liberals, notably Sir Richard Cartwright, Mr. Charlton, Dr. Platt and others, have come out openly as advocates of unrestricted reciprocity. It may, therefore be said that the policy which will soon, if it does not already, divide the country is not compelling recognition, in spite of the efforts of the trade restrictionists, backed by the Government, to keep it in the background. Papers that called it a "fad" and rasped on "Ras" have been driven to find more cogent arguments than are implied by these silly epithets. They are compelled to drop them, as they had to abandon the foolish "loyalty" howl, but they have been and beaten at all points. Their latest cry, that Commercial Union is "Anti-Canadian," which has no more sense in it than the other ories. Commerce is cosmopolitan and that policy is anti-Canadian which would deprive Canadians of the right to deal with freedom where and with whom they may find such dealing advantageous. Loyalty to Canada does not mean that we should submit ourselves as slaves to a set of conditions whose patriotism is demonstrated by their taking advantage of a protective tariff to squeeze the last possible cent out of the people. It might sound harsh to apply Burke's famous saying—"Patriotism is the last refuge of scoundrels"—to the ringsters, but the patriotism is of a very measurable quality. What is Canadian patriotism to the sugar millionaire of Chislehurst, we would like to know? The simple truth is that certain combinations have obtained control of the Government, have seized upon the commerce of the country, and having thus secured "good things" they are determined to make the most of it and fill their coffers while they can. They know that nature and necessity are against them, that their rule cannot endure for any great length of time, and they strive to prolong it by using every device and every cry that they think may include the people. But as Goldwin Smith truly observes—

The two policies, between which Canada and her statesmen have to choose, at last stand face to face. The anti-continent policy, which struggles at immense cost, to be in the way of expenditure and loss, to be Canada commercially from her own continent and at such her Great Britain, is now confronted by the continental policy which

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

CLEVELAND AND BLAINE.

The alacrity with which Blaine assumed the championship of protection against Cleveland's message for reduction of the tariff is generally accepted by the American press as decisive as to who shall be the party candidate for the Presidency next year. Everywhere Blaine is now regarded as the Republican standard-bearer. A Washington despatch says it is assumed that the two candidates are already in the field, and the campaign virtually in progress. Both Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Blaine have spoken boldly, and to judge from the expressions on both sides of the House the parties are ready to fight it out on these lines. There are very few Republican representatives, whatever their preferences may be, who do not expect to see Mr. Blaine nominated at Chicago on the 29th of June. They are loud in their approval of Mr. Blaine's views. The fight will be made on the tariff issue, and it is felt that the man from Maine has got in at a time and with a decision that gives him a long lead in the race for nomination. His opponents, while privately expressing doubts as to his strength, particularly in New York, appear to have no hopes of stemming the tide that has set in in his favor. Every political move seems to turn in his direction, so far as the nomination is concerned. His strength in New York is questioned by many. It is said that the stalwart element in that state, though quiet at present, is as strong as ever, and will be as potent against Mr. Blaine on election day; that he will have the same opposition to contend with that confronted him in 1884, and that his chance of carrying the state will be lessened by meeting this time with a united Democracy, strengthened by Mr. Cleveland's administration.

TORTURED TO DEATH.

Some people are under the delusion that torture is not resorted to in these enlightened days, and especially do they believe that the much-vaunted Christian Government of England would not practice revolting cruelties on prisoners. Nevertheless it is a horrible fact that William O'Brien has, in addition to having been starved and deprived of his clothing, been subjected to a system of torture of the most diabolical kind. It seems that a special room was provided for Mr. O'Brien, in the wall and door of which a spy-hole was made so that his every movement could be observed by a warden outside. Mr. E. Hallinan, J. P. of Middleton, County Cork, visited Tullamore prison recently and had a long interview with Mr. O'Brien, who stated that he took a great portion of his rest sitting before the fire, as his visitor discovered him. This would tend to convey the idea that Mr. O'Brien's alarm for the safety of his clothes is as strong as ever, as if surprised while sitting in his chair, he would be better able to resist than if propped upon while prostrate on his bed. Mr. O'Brien, during the interval chatted away in a most cheerful manner. He made no complaints. Mr. Hallinan had also an interview with Mr. Mandeville, who was in good spirits. He complained of want of exercise. Mr. Hallinan on leaving the prison made the following entry in the visitors' book:—

"I, this day, November 29, visited Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Mandeville. Mr. O'Brien looks pale and excited from worry to which he has been subjected by the constant dread of his clothes being again taken from him, and from his being now confined in a cell newly provided with a spy-hole, specially constructed to annoy the prisoner. I am informed by the Governor that until now none of the infirmary cells were furnished with this, to a nervous invalid, awful mode of torture. I think if his life is to be spared he should be at once restored to his old cell, and an assurance given him as to the safety of his clothes. I would also ask that he be permitted to take exercise in the large yard instead of the miserable court-yard attached to the infirmary; also that both he and Mr. Mandeville be provided with religious books. Mr. Mandeville complains of want of exercise, which should be allowed him. He has this day resumed his ordinary diet, and seems to be in good spirits. I experienced every civility from the Governor."

Dr. Moorehead, who visited the prison about the same time, made the following entry in the visitors' book:—

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

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

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

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

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

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

IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE.

MEETING OF THE EXECUTIVE—LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS TO THE ANTI-CORRUPTION BELL OF HONOR.

A meeting of the Executive of the Montreal Branch Irish National League was held at 3.30 yesterday afternoon, in St. Patrick's Hall. It was decided to invite the representatives of the various Irish societies to attend a meeting to be held in St. Patrick's Hall next Wednesday evening, when arrangements will be completed for the reception of Sir T. E. Grattan, M.P., and Mr. Arthur O'Connor, M.P. A dispatch was received from Mr. J. P. Sutton, Secretary of the Irish National League of America, confirming the coming of the Irish delegates on January 4th next. A motion was unanimously adopted making all subscribers to the "Anti-Corruption Bell of Honor," members of the Montreal branch of the League. The following is a complete list of the subscribers to this fund to date, collected by Martin Hart:—

D. Tracer, \$1; Martin O'Loughman, 5; Jas. McCrory, 1; W. P. Price, 1; H. Kennedy, 25; F. Willsoughby, 50c; R. McCrory, 84; H. Charles, 5; Michael Feron, 1; Loughman & O'Flaherty, 10; T. McCarthy, 1; J. McNally, 5; B. Johnson, 50c; M. Wright, 5; M. Nolan, 1; M. Phelan, 1; A. Friend, 1; M. Moffatt, 50c; Rich. McCasane, \$5; T. Deery, 50c; O. and E. Hart, 85; M. Cassidy, 1; John Barry, 2; John Coughlin, 1; a Friend, T. Foley, 50c each; L. Kelly, J. McDonough, C. Monette, J. Ryan, M. Hayes, 50c each; P. McEneaney, O'Brien, McElaney, M. Curry, 50c each; G. Wood, 25c; James Holland, 1; Mr. Tracey, \$1; Chips, J. and Donnelly, 2; Friend, 1; W. C. C. 1; F. O'Connor, 1; T. J. O'Neill, 1; D. McCormick, 1; Owen Kelly, 1; G. H. Pearson, 1; Mulcahy Bros., 2; A. Brennan, 1; Ronayne Bros., 1; J. T. G. 1; Mr. O'Shaughnessy, 1; F. J. Fog, 50c; John O'Connor, \$1; B. McNally, 5; Thos. Hanly, 2; A. Smith, 2; A. Smith, 1; M. Hinch, 1; H. Love, 50c; F. Duhame, 50c; G. Hatcher, 25c; M. Cullen, 1; M. McCuan, 1; M. O'Hara, 1; Friend, 1; M. Battle, 50c; M. Kelly, \$1; E. Hart, 2; Mr. Johnstone, 50c; Friend, 50c; Friend, 8c.

Collected by James Hayes from McCready's boot and shoe factory, for Martin Hart's chest: J. P. Hammill, W. P. Price, \$1 each; Mr. Moses, 25c; J. Canning, \$1; Friend, G. Keane, 2; J. Flynn, F. J. McEgan, 25c each; M. O'Connor, \$1; G. O'Brien, 25c; W. McDonald, 50c; J. Young, J. McCrory, J. M. Donovan, J. Cunnolly, W. J. Murphy, W. Daly, T. Welch, 25c each; Miss McDonough, 50c; Miss Cassidy, Miss Kenahan, 25c each; Miss Conolly, 50c; Miss J. Wood, 25c; Miss McCready, 25c each; Miss Ready, 25c; Mrs. M. C. Cohen, Miss Moore, 25c; Miss Leonard, 50c; Miss Fourrier, 25c; Miss Cahill, 10c; Mrs. Peacock, Mrs. O'Rielly, Miss Murphy, 25c each; Miss Woodgate, \$1; Miss Merriman, Miss Kelly, 25c each; Mrs. St. Marie, 1; Mr. J. Valois, 25c; Mr. D. Sinnott, \$1; J. McCarthy, G. Lefevre, 25c each; J. Egan, J. McKay, 50c; J. Shanahan, E. O'Connor, 25c each; J. McNally, 1; T. Raftery, 50c; T. Devlin, 10c; J. W. Scott, 25c; P. D. Gleason, \$1; F. Louis, 25c; J. Hanly, 50c; John Shanahan, James Shanahan, James Hoctor, John O'Brien, 25c each; A. Friend, 85c.

Collected by James Donnelly—Patrick Kenny, \$4; W. J. Rafferty, 2; Thomas Donnelly, 2; John Slattery, 1; P. McCarthy, \$1; T. Cannon, 1; A. Burke, 1; P. Donnelly, 50c; John Marcell, 50c; John Cannon, 50c; Thomas Donnelly, \$2; P. O'Hara, 1; Francis Kearney, 1; John Gorman, 1; Michael Clarke, 1; John Killoran, \$2; Hugh McDonald, Joseph Johnston, J. McGarrity, Thomas O'Keefe, Owen McDonnell, Jas. Mallan, Mathew Murphy, \$1 each; John White, James McKeown, \$2 each; John Doran, \$1.

OBITUARY.

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

River Beaudette, December 12th, 1887.

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

FIFTY YEARS AGO!

THE GREAT SCARE, 13th DECEMBER, 1837.

By JOHN FRASER, Montreal.

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

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

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

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF 1837.

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

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

And among the last words spoken by the dying hero was a recommendation for Colborne's promotion.

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

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

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

And there without discounting delivered his verbal despatch from Major Penner, commanding officer at Lachine, to the officer of the day in command at Montreal, nearly as follows:—

"The rebels have escaped from St. Eustache and are reported advancing in force on Lachine to capture the arms stored 'there for the frontier volunteers.'"

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

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

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

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

THE ALARM AT LACHINE AND ITS CAUSE.

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

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

THE MUSTERING AT LOWER LACHINE.

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

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

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

three other companies of foot arrived shortly afterwards.

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

ARRIVAL OF THE INDIAN WARRIORS.

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

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

THE MORNING OF THE 14th DECEMBER, 1837.

The next morning the old village presented the appearance of a military camp, with the varied costumes, every man in his own dress, and early that morning hundreds of the Montreal volunteers had come out. There must, at least, have been fully 1,500 men congregated that morning at Lachine.

It was a grand sight that morning to see the Lachine troop and the four companies of foot form line, about 300 men, with their old major mounted in front, thanking his "boys," as he called them, also thanking the Indians for having turned so well and so loyally. The roll was then called; cheer after cheer went up as boys and grey-headed men answered "here" to their names. What if that roll were called to-day? Not 30 out of that 300 would be found to answer. They have long since responded to a higher roll call. Peace to their memories!

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

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

THE FRUITS OF THE REBELLION OF 1837.

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

HANGING IN CANADA.

To the Editor of THE POST and TRUE WITNESS:—

Sir,—In one of the Chicago papers a short time ago I was startled by the story, under the above heading, of a 7-year-old boy, which took place in Montreal during the rebellion of 1837-38, and taken from the New York Commercial Advertiser in November last.

I thought it a libel on the fair fame of Merry England to let it go for granted that any thing pertaining to that happy country would be so clumsy in the art of hanging after their extensive and long practice since the rebellion of Ireland, under the management of Billy Pitt and Lord Norbury. I, therefore, give you the story of the seven-year-old boy, as told by him, and my own experience on that mournful occasion, being present on the morning of the execution of volunteers and under full pay, and as truth is better than fiction, I give you the facts of the case as it then stood.

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

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

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

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

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

A. D.

HANGED IN CANADA.

The following is the story referred to in the above letter:—

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

THE SLANDERS OF INGRAM.

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

H. Alexander was made Colonial Secretary, and his brother a bishop; J. Barend made peer and lord; J. Bingham a peerage and £23,000; J. G. Blackwood a peerage; J. Blackie, peerage, offices and pensions; A. Botsel, £500 a year; R. Butler, charged sides for cash; Lord Boyle, an immense sum for many burroughs, at £15,000 per burrough; S. Bruce, a castle servitor, got a baronetcy; "Burdett at office and £50 a year; A. Brown was made prison warden; J. Bagwell charged twice for cash; J. Bagwell, J. Bagwell and commission; W. Bagwell, a demerit; Castlereagh acted as Pitt's chief agent; J. Cavendish, receiver-general; J. Caine, a pension; T. Casey, two fat barbers; C. Copp, a regiment and patronage; J. Croaby, a regiment and patronage; H. Coote, a regiment, a peerage and £7,500; J. Cury, chieftain of exchequer; J. Cotter, cash; A. Crighton, cash; J. Crighton, cash; W. A. Crosbie; comptroller; J. Cuffe, a peerage to his father; R. Crowe, avowed being bribed; C. Fitzgerald, pension and peerage; C. Fortescue, a lucrative office; F. Ferguson, various considerations; A. Ferguson, office, title and £500 a year; W. Fortescue, secret pen ion; J. Galbraith, attorney; William Gore, cash; Richard Harris, a peerage; B. Heoniker, a regiment and £3,600; H. Howard, made Postmaster General; W. Handcock, a peerage; G. Joseph, promotion and a bishopric for his brother; William Johnson, a judgeship; J. Keane, a pension; W. Knox, office and £800 a year; H. Langrishe, £15,000; Lord Loftus, created a marquis and £50,000; General Lala, one of Castlereagh's boys; H. D. Massey, £2,000; B. Moore, post-master at will; W. T. Masael, confessed a bribe; R. Musgrave, office and £1,200 a year; R. Neville, office; W. G. Newcomer, cash and peerage for wife; T. Preston, cash; O. Rowley, peerage; B. Stratford, £7,500; R. French, earldom. Lord Tyrone, 104 offices in the gift of his family, proposed the Union by a speech given in the crown of his hat. Now, Mr. Editor, I think the above items are sufficient to show the liar (Ingram) and the readers of the Kozool that the Irish people have a perfect knowledge of the means employed to bring about the accursed Union. Billy Pitt and Castlereagh were the prime movers in the ruin of Ireland. Whether it was a command from heaven or an intimation from hell, I cannot say, but I understand that Castlereagh closed the scene by cutting his own throat. The above items are from a very reliable source, and I defy any falsifier of truth to contradict them.

EADH.

Montreal, Nov. 16th, 1887.

No dentist has yet been able to pull the tooth of time!

CHARLES DEVLIN, JR., ON LANS-DOWNE.

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

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

THE DEAD PRIMATE.

How an Irish Archbishop Was Arrested for "Horse Stealing"—A Famous Ecclesiastic—Suffering Imprisonment—Rather Than Disclose Confessional Secrets.

The death of the Most Rev. Daniel McGowan, Archbishop of Armagh, which was announced in yesterday's papers, will recall to the public the curious fact that his late Grace was "primate of all Ireland," while the Archbishop of Dublin is titularly "Primate of Ireland."

The dead Archbishop suffered imprisonment for refusing to disclose the secrets of the confessional. It is a rather peculiar fact that his popularity and his rise to power dated from his conviction as a horse thief.

Archbishop McGowan was born in Cloughasey, County Donegal, the son of a well-to-do farmer, who gave him a good preliminary education. He went to the famous Catholic College of Maynooth, and after ordination was sent as a curate to Glenswill, in the diocese of Raphoe, which embraces the greater portion of the County Donegal.

ILLICIT WHISKEY.

The glen of Glenswill was then famous for the distillation of illicit whiskey, and the sale of the products of the mountain stills, which was known all over the country as the "Glenwill distillate." At christenings, wakes and weddings "potheen" was a necessity, and therefore was never wanting. Payments for the "native" were always made in the autumn, when the harvest had been gathered in. If there was any dispute about payment a secret court was held and the case was tried before a jury of the neighbors. This was, in fact, a general practice with the people of Glenswill, who could not be induced to recognize the regular law of the land as favor of the plaintiff. The judge issued his "decree" authorizing the seizure of any property that the defendant might possess which could be carried off and disposed of. This decree was more binding and more respected than any decree of a regular court.

ARRESTED AS A HORSE THIEF.

The dead primate, then the curate of Glenswill, joined with others to put an end to this state of affairs, as great abuses and injustice had begun to grow out of it. In the confessional a man told him how he had seized his neighbor's horse on one of these "decrees" and had sold it at a fair in a distant town. The priest insisted that before he would give the penitent absolution he must recover the horse and restore it to the owner. The penitent finally promised to do so and said he would leave the horse in the priest's stable. On the third morning the priest found the horse in his stable and notified the owner to come for it.

This reached the ears of a magistrate who regarded priests as the biggest kind of criminals. This magistrate, who was also a land agent, sent for the man whose horse had been stolen, and told him that if he would not prosecute the priest or make him tell who had actually stolen the horse, he would eject him. The priest refused to disclose the secret of the confessional and was arrested as a thief. He was taken a prisoner to Gifford, the county town of Donegal, and put on trial. In reply to the counsel for the Crown the farmer said he found his horse in the priest's stable. The horse had been stolen from him a week previous. The Assize Judge and all others connected with the case knew well that the priest had not only stolen the horse, but that his connection with the matter had been guided purely by a spirit of right and justice. The offer was made to him that if he would give the name of the real thief he could go free. To this the priest replied that were his life at stake he could not betray the secrecy and sanctity of the confessional.

NON-FIRES ADLAGE.

Father McGowan served his term, and on his liberation every hilltop and mountain in Donegal was ablaze with bonfires and the rejoicings of the people resounded through the valleys. The then Bishop of Raphoe, who, by the way, was also named McGowan, was then growing old and ill able to attend to the episcopal duties of his large, mountainous diocese, where in those days locomotion meant "shanks' mare," the jaunty car or horseback. The people agitated the question of the appointment of a coadjutor, and Father McGowan, the man who had been convicted for horse stealing, was chosen with the right to succeed the old Bishop on his death.

THE ROMAN AUTHORITIES.

The Roman authorities, who had heard of the young priest's sacrifice for the faith, promptly indorsed the choice of the priests and people, and the ex-convict was made a bishop. His administration of the diocese of Raphoe was very successful, and he did much to put down faction fighting and all kinds of disorder. When the primate see of Armagh—the see of St. Patrick—became vacant, some fifteen years ago, Dr. McGowan was chosen to fill it by the bishops of Ireland, the bishops having the appointment to that see.

HOW HE GOT LEFT.

Dr. McGowan was a large man, standing about six feet two inches, and was of a very amiable disposition and led a very simple life. Many good stories are told about his simplicity and the ease with which sharp people could "take him in." One is that once while living at Ballyshannon a band of traveling tinkers visited that town. A virago of a woman in the band wanted to get married to a diminutive dealer in donkeys. The priest refused to perform the marriage ceremony and sent her to the Bishop. Knowing nothing of the antecedents of the parties, the Bishop put the fee for a "dispensation" to get married at a guinea, believing the parties did not possess and could not procure that amount.

THE BISHOP PUT THE FEE FOR A "DISPENSATION."

"Very well," said the virago, closing the parlor door behind her with a bang. She returned in about half an hour, leading the diminutive donkey dealer by the arm. She laid down the guinea and asked that the ceremony should proceed. The Bishop had to keep his word and performed the job. As the bride was leaving she took from her bosom a piece of paper, and handing it to the Bishop, remarked, "You can now go and redeem your overcoat." The piece of paper was a pawn ticket. When the woman left the Bishop the first time she took his large Balmoral cloak from the hall and carried it to the solitary pawnshop in the town and got two guineas on it. She paid one guinea for the ceremony and had the other one carried home to her.

DR. MCGOWAN'S SUCCESSOR.

Dr. McGowan's successor in the See of Armagh is the Right Rev. Michael Logue, also a Donegal man, who some years ago was very active in relieving the distress in that part of 'Old Ireland.'

UNIONISTS AND FORIES

HARRINGTON DECLARES THE ALLIANCE NO SACRILEGIOUS GOSPEL'S BLESSING—HARRINGTON SENTENCED

LONDON, Dec. 8.—Lord Harrington presided at the conference in Westminster hall to-day of Liberal Unionists. Many leaders of the party were on the platform. Six hundred delegates were present. The Earl of Derby offered a resolution in favor of increased exertion to strengthen the Unionist party. Lord Harrington, replying to a vote of confidence, declared that the Unionists had deserted Liberal principles, which, he said, did not belong to one man or party. If they had agreed to Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule scheme, they would have falsified the pledge they had made before the general election. They were told that the mode of operation in Ireland had been changed, owing to the sympathy of Englishmen, but they did not see such a great change. "Remember Mr. Gladstone," he has been flung forth to animate the passions of the people in their struggle against the law. Every method of open resistance, short of rebellion, has been resorted to with the tacit consent of Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal leaders. The Unionists had a satisfactory understanding with the Conservatives, and would continue to act with them.

GOSCHEN'S PLEDGE.

Lord Harrington presided at a banquet in the evening. There were 750 guests present, including all the leading Unionists. Mr. Goschen, in the course of a speech, said that a member of the Government he would say deliberately that he did not believe there would be advanced a single principle, executive, administrative or fiscal, which would cause any difficulty between the Conservatives and the Disinfectants.

HARRINGTON SENTENCED.

DUBLIN, Dec. 8.—Edward Harrington, M.P., was tried in the Tralee court to-day on the charge of publishing in his paper, the *Sentinel*, reports of meetings of suppressed branches of the National League. He was found guilty and sentenced to one month's imprisonment without hard labor. Notice was given of an appeal. The court offered to release Mr. Harrington on his own recognizance if he would agree not to publish any more reports of meetings of suppressed branches of the league, but he refused to give such a promise. The court declined to state the case for appeal.

MANDEVILLE'S PUNISHMENT.

DUBLIN, Dec. 8.—Mr. Mandeville, who is a prisoner in Tullamore jail, has been subjected to a bread and water diet for forty-eight hours for refusing to clean his cell.

DILON'S ANALYSIS.

LONDON, Dec. 8.—Mr. Dilon, a speech at Islington this evening, said the Nationalists intended to publish an analysis showing that the persons on the platform at the recent meeting in Dublin addressed by Lord Harrington were chiefly Castle officials, Orangemen and lawyers.

IN A DREADFUL CONDITION.

Hattie E. Manthorn, of Mill Village, Ont., says: "My cough was dreadful; I could not sleep at night on account of it; but when I used Hagar's Pectoral Balsam I had rest and was quickly cured. All druggists sell this invaluable cough remedy."

A man came into a printing office to beg a paper. "Because," said he, "we like to read newspapers very much, but our neighbors are all too stingy to take one."

A HINT TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Mrs. Robert Williamson, of Glenella, Parry Sound, Ont., says: "I could not keep house without Hagar's Yellow Oil at hand. It has saved me in my family for croup, sore throat, and a cut foot, and can highly recommend it to everybody."

ANTI-EVICTION FUND.

- To the Editor of THE POST:
- Sub—Please find enclosed \$10.50 in aid of the above fund. Following are the subscribers:
- Denis Darragh, Plantagenet.....\$1 00
 - Patrick McCormick.....1 00
 - Denis McCormick.....1 00
 - Denis Robinson.....1 00
 - John McAuley.....1 00
 - Michael Darragh.....1 00
 - Andrew Darragh.....1 00
 - John McKelvey.....1 00
 - William Darragh.....1 00
 - John McKusker, Alfred.....1 00
 - Martin Shane, Pendleton.....1 00
 - Thomas Byrnes.....1 00
 - Archibald McFall.....1 00
 - Dennis Ryan.....1 00
 - Alexander Cunningham, Wendover.....2 00
- \$16 50

PLANTAGENET, Nov. 30, 1887.

The longest tunnel in the world is in Hungary. It is ten miles and a quarter long, ten feet high, and five feet and a quarter wide.

FAMILY DYES.

In order to be of value must be pure, strong, quick of action, and easy to use. These qualities are only to be had in the celebrated Diamond Dyes and it easily explains their popularity. 32 colors. 10 cents each. At all Druggists.

A Berlin company offers electricity for boiling water and other heating purposes, as well as for lighting.

SHE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT.

"What in the world has happened to you since the last time I saw you?" asked one lady of another when they met on the street the other day; "I can't understand it. Then you were pale, haggard and low-spirited, and I remember you said that you hardly cared whether you lived or died. To-day you look so much younger, and it is very evident from your beaming face that your low spirits have taken flight. 'Yes, indeed,' was the reply; 'and shall I tell you what has done this? It was Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I was a martyr to functional derangement until I began taking the 'Prescription.' Now I am as well as I ever was in my life. No woman who suffers as I did, ought to let an hour pass before procuring this wonderful remedy.'"

Man must work. He may work grudgingly or gratefully. He may work as a man or as a machine.

THE HORSFORD ALMANAC AND COOK BOOK

Mailed free on application to the Ramford Chemical Works, Providence, R.I.

A weak mind does not accumulate force enough to hurt itself; stupidity often saves a man from going mad.

If You Are Taking the old-fashioned griping pills, try Carter's Little Liver Pills and take some comfort. A man can't stand everything. One pill a day. Try them.

"Do let's have a little hair," said a fat English matron riding in a street bus; "lift your hat to ride, and let us to walk; I am hideously lumpy."

Thomas Babington, of Eglinton, says:—"I have removed two cures from my feet with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

THE SCOTTISH DEPUTATION

Which went to Ireland, and Their Report.

Condition of the Country as They Found It—A Bitter Commentary on the Centuries of Misdeed.

The executive of the Scottish Liberal Association, at a meeting held in October, commissioned a number of members to convey to the Irish people the sympathy of Scottish Liberals with them in their struggle for Home Rule, and to report to the association the condition of the country. The delegates recently returned home after a journey through Ireland, and made a very full report. The conclusions they have come to are:

"1. In reporting upon the condition of the country, the deputies were impressed with the isolated and helpless condition of the Irish Government. Entirely out of sympathy with the people, and representing a privileged minority, who for centuries have made Ireland the victim of their cupidity and misrule, the government, with the laws which it administers, is regarded as a foreign and hostile element in the country, and, as such, is shunned, despised and hated. Constitutional methods of procedure in the administration of law and justice are rescinded by the authorities to a farce. The executive, located in Dublin Castle, is simply a military despotism, controlling the country by means of a resident magistracy of its own nomination, a vile system of espionage, and an overwhelming force of armed police and regular soldiers. The former are met with, carrying their rifles, on every country road. Every village and town has its barracks, with a detachment in direct communication with Dublin Castle, always ready to oppress and attack the people with a violence and brutality inconceivable in our more favored country.

"2. In these circumstances, it is a matter for congratulation that the spirit of the nation has not been quenched. The National League, which is a lawful and orderly combination of the people for mutual defence, has been developed from the urgency of the situation. The league, which has its branches everywhere, includes in its membership the best men of each district, and usually the mayor and aldermen and the most influential citizens, as a rule, prominent members. This great national organization has its headquarters in Sackville street, Dublin, where a large staff of officials, directed by Mr. Harrington, M.P., virtually carry into practice the great Liberal principle of 'Government by the people.' The League invariably exercises its powerful influence for the maintenance of social order and the suppression of violence and crime. Where its influence is weakest, as in County Kerry, outrages prevail. It has taught the people that moral influences, directed within constitutional limits, are the most powerful instruments of defence against agrarian injustices and oppression—the root cause, as every one knows, of Ireland's miseries.

"3. The deputies had opportunities of examining into the operations of the plan of campaign—another organization for mutual defence, but not associated with the National League. They were impressed with the absolute necessity of some such method of defence, if the tenantry on rack-rented estates were to be saved from ruin and dispersion at the hands of semi-bankrupt landlords and exacting mortgagees. In the two cases which came under their notice, the one an estate with large holdings, the other with small and poor holdings, they were struck with the moderation and more than the fairness, to the landlord, of the proposals made for settlement. They were also impressed greatly with the organizing power, and the military discipline and endurance which characterized the combination for defence instituted by the plan. If what the deputies saw was a fair specimen of the working of this novel organization, as it undoubtedly was, it presented nothing more than a necessary and reasonable combination for defence against iniquitous exactions by a dominant landlord class occupying the seat of power and using it for their own selfish ends.

"4. Under the coercion bill as administered by the Tory Government, these combinations of the people for defence are about to pass through a fiery ordeal. The design of this measure is the suppression of all such combinations in the interest of the land-owning class and the holders of land bonds. The position amounts to nothing short of civil war in Ireland. On the one hand is a disarmed and helpless people, so far as physical means are concerned, but strong in their resolve to acquire liberty and life in their own right justly. On the other is a vast military and despotic power, supported by a large majority in the British Parliament, and bounded on to action by the privileged and property classes, through means of the newspaper press and the enormous political power at their command. The National League opposes a fierce defiance to the coercion raids of Dublin Castle, and counsels the people to maintain stolid resistance and patient endurance of consequences, be these what they may. On their part, the Irish people go into this last fight, as they believe it to be, not without cheering hopes of victory; for, besides having millions of their fellow-countrymen in America and the British colonies as eager and sympathetic spectators, there are also the millions of the British people, now coming at length to understand the Irish question, and resolved that justice shall be done. The outlook, as every thinking man must see, is essentially a soldier's battle, and fraught with consequences to which no human foresight may assign the limit.

"5. The deputies were brought into close contact with the leaders of the Irish people. As these gentlemen have been made the subject of unprecedented obloquy and insult in the British Parliament and in the London and leading provincial newspaper press, it may not be out of place that the deputies should state the impression made upon them by the Irish leaders.

"Sprung from the people, inspired with love of country and national sentiment, they are all men of middle life, of first class abilities, independence of character and indomitable courage. Their power, as practical politicians, may be seen in the development and working of the National League, and the unflinching fight for their country's deliverance which they have so long successfully maintained in the British Parliament. If any one of these foremost champions of their country's cause may, with propriety, be singled out, the peculiar circumstances of William O'Brien, and the pre-eminence place he occupies in the hearts of the Irish people, may afford an excuse for doing so. A true son of nature, large hearted, sympathetic, independent, and brave, William O'Brien is a patriot of the highest type. His last words at Middleton, before sentence was passed upon him, are characteristic of the man: 'Proud am I say that I have spent a good many months and a good many years of hard labor for the Irish cause, and I shall not grudge three months more for dear old Ireland.'

land—brave old Ireland! No deeper wound could be inflicted on the Irish people than the imprisonment of a fellow-citizen of this noble man, for no other cause has this successful deliverance from threatened eviction of an oppressed peasantry forming part of his own constituency. The deputies feel called upon likewise to state their impressions of the Catholic clergy, who are also leaders of the people at this momentous period. Being naturally and necessarily conservative in their principles, they opposed rather than helped the development of the National League, until the progress of events made it no longer possible for so, if they were to retain their influence with the people. This they invariably exercise in the interest of social order and the suppression of crime. They manifest a marked anxiety as to the pernicious effect of government by coercion, and maintain that Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy can alone bring peace and prosperity. The deputies were much impressed with the culture and superiority of the clergymen with whom they came in contact, and they cannot speak too highly of the hospitality and kindness which they experienced at their hands.

"6. The prospect ever present to the deputies, in their mission to Ireland, was that of a spirited and intelligent people, disaffected and rebellious; possessing a country rich in natural resources, but harried and blighted by long continued misgovernment and agrarian oppression. With the land of the country transferred to the occupiers on just and practicable terms, and with a constitutional government, representative of the people, established on the principles of Mr. Gladstone's home rule measure, a great future would undoubtedly be opened to the people of Ireland. Under a stable and patriotic government, it is computed that the country is capable of maintaining in comfort twice its present population from the products of the soil alone. The natural growth of such a population in developed resources of a fertile country would present an economic problem almost unique in these days, and of exceeding interest and importance. Moreover, as the superstructure of Ireland's prosperity under home rule must greatly depend upon the sheltering power of Great Britain, and as England would be the nearest and almost the only outlet for her products, and the British empire the great field of her enterprising sons, it amounts to a moral certainty that the union, now represented by force, would rest on the sure basis of mutual interest and good will, and would be clung to by the Irish people as an element vital to their prosperity and to their very existence as a nation.

"But considerations of material prosperity are by no means the only thoughts occupying the minds of the Irish people in the prospect of obtaining home rule. A constant theme of conversation with the deputies was the moral elevation of the people under the administration of a national parliament. No arbitrary scheme of national education was talked of, also facilities for developing the arts and sciences, and the positions which religious teaching should hold with respect to these. The views expressed were usually those held by the advanced section of the Liberal party. No more bitter comment on the government of Ireland by England can be offered than that, after 700 years of possession, the moral and material condition of the country should be what it is to-day. It is surely time that the Irish people should be permitted to try what they can do for themselves. But before that is granted to them, portentous events are likely to happen under the administration of a Tory government."

ANGUS SUTHERLAND, M.P.

GILBERT BRITH, ex-M.P., HARRY SMITH, ex Sheriff, JOHN MACPHERSON, J. KEER.

COMMERCIAL UNION

Mr. Charlton, M.P., Answers Some of the Objections to the Project.

Mr. John Charlton, M.P., in a recent address to his constituents at Waterford, O., dwelt on the considerable length on which the Commercial Union, defining the meaning of the two terms, "Unrestricted Reciprocity" and "Commercial Union," and illustrating most clearly the benefits that would accrue to Canada by the adoption of such plans. Referring to the different objections raised against the project, Mr. Charlton said:

The first objection to consider was that England would veto it. The parties making use of this implied threat were, as a rule, very little concerned as to what England might think of the N.P., and at the time that policy was adopted threatened to resent and defy interference. What, he would inquire, would be England's object if she interposed her veto? Would not the step be taken to promote her own interests? The expenditure of a few million pounds in the purchase of a few million more of power than was the passage of the Stamp Act that led to the American revolution. Our business was to look after our own interest and prove loyal to our own country. He did not believe that England would suffer from the proposed change. Increased wealth and progress would bring in their train increased trade and larger imports. In the arrangements for a common tariff between the two countries important modifications of the American tariff could, no doubt, be secured—modifications so important as to much more than compensate England for any loss she might for a time suffer in her Canadian trade. The second objection to consider was that it would be impossible to get such a treaty. The indications were that the Americans are quite ready to enter into such an arrangement. The present time is peculiarly favorable for securing an advantageous treaty, for it seems to offer the only avenue for an escape from the difficulties which surround the settlement of the fisheries dispute. Beyond question our commissioners can now obtain a highly favorable arrangement for Canada, a far more liberal one than the existing one. If they do not obtain such an arrangement they will be open to the suspicion of having betrayed Canadian interests. The third objection to consider was that it would lead to Annexation. On the contrary, he believed that it would end the Annexation agitation. That feeling was created by a desire to secure Free Trade. Give us Free Trade and the Annexation idea that we desired. The fourth objection to consider was that it would prevent our getting as good terms for Annexation ten or fifteen years hence as we could get now. The answer to this was that the Commercial Union party were not seeking for Annexation or making terms for it. We desired to preserve our own political autonomy as far as possible, and to see the prosperity of the people of Canada. The fifth objection to consider was that it would make our tariff higher. A revision of the American tariff would be likely to leave our duties higher than our own are at present. The sixth objection to consider was that the arrangement would not yield revenue enough for our wants and direct taxation would follow. Even if this were the case, no great harm would result if the country secured increased prosperity. Our revenue would be collected more cheaply. We would save the payment of wholesale and retail dealers' profits on the duties; would save loss from incidental taxation, and realizing that we were paying out money we would look more closely at the expending of it. The seventh objection to consider was that it could only make a treaty on disadvantageous terms. A sufficient answer to this was that we were not obliged to make one unless it suited us. The eighth objection to consider was that it would ruin our manufactures. It would certainly benefit nineteen out of every twenty of our manufactures, and we were newly alarmed. They have cheap labor and cheap capital. The proposed arrangement will give them 60,000,000 new customers. Let them make up their minds to enter the lists and fight the battle like men. Mr. Gibbon, of New Brunswick, who owns a large cotton factory, professes to have no fear of America. He would trade the goods of America and our goods are of superior quality, and our woollen manufacturers had nothing to fear from Commercial Union. In short, most of our lines would prosper under the proposed arrangement, and many of them would benefit enormously by it. The ninth objection to consider was that it would injure our shipping. The answer to this was that the opening of the American coasting trade to our shipping interest would put it upon its feet again. Lastly, the man who objected to Commercial Union was generally found to say that we were ready to take Reciprocity in natural products as we had it under the old treaty. He, too, would be ready to give Canada a decided advantage, but the Americans distinctly refused to enter into any such arrangement, and would only make a treaty that would be mutually advantageous.

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HAVE YOU A PAIN ANY

When the shining gates are closing, and the dark-robed angels linger...

SPHINX ECHOES. Address correspondence for this department to E. R. CHADBOURN, Lewistown, Maine, U.S.

CASTORIA for Infants and Children. Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. WILL CURE OR RELIEVE. BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS, DYSPESIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, RHEUMATISM, SALT RHEUM, HEADACHE, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, OF THE SKIN.

ALLAN LINE. UNDER CONTRACT WITH THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND FOR THE CONVEYANCE OF THE CANADIAN AND UNITED STATES MAILS.

THE FEDERAL FINANCES. OTTAWA, Dec. 9.—The statement of revenue and expenditure for the month of November does not indicate that the depression which is claimed in some quarters, is affecting trade...

1.—A PORCINE PRISON. The mythic hamadryades Were said to live and die in trees...

2.—AN UNFORTUNATE CHANGE. If four and five should be heaped, Would five and five the head replace?

3.—HOW DEBTS ARE PAID. A. owed B. one dollar; B. owed C. two dollars; C. owed D. two dollars; and D. owed A. and B. each one dollar.

THE DEBT AND CONSOLIDATED ACCOUNT. The statement of the debt at the end of 2 November shows as follows:—

4.—A CHARADE. When you can first this riddle clear, A seat of power will appear.

5.—A FAR-OFF PLACE. To hear my name, if spoken quick, Might bring to mind some gambling trick;

SOMETHING ABOUT COLDS. A TIMELY ARTICLE NOW THAT THE WINTER SEASON IS AT HAND.

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY. BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY. BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY.

BAILEY'S COMPOUND. BAILEY'S COMPOUND. BAILEY'S COMPOUND.

HAYWARD'S YELLOW OIL. HAYWARD'S YELLOW OIL. HAYWARD'S YELLOW OIL.

Table with columns: Vessels, Tonnage, Commanders. Lists ship names and their details.

NEWFOUNDLAND LINE. The Steamers of the Newfoundland Line sailing from Liverpool on the 15th inst.

GLASGOW LINE. The Steamers of the Glasgow Line sailing from Glasgow on the 15th inst.

GONE TO HER REWARD. FUNDAL OF MOTHER FRANCES CLARK, WHO FOUNDED THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

A PRIZE FOR ANSWERS. Occasional prizes will be offered by "Sphinx Echoes," and readers may find competition for them a pleasing diversion.

THE FISHERIES QUESTION. GLOUCESTER Mass., Dec. 9.—A meeting of the American fishery union was held to-day, and all the representative fishing owners were present.

TO SUBDUCE A KICKING HORSE. The Colliatogin gives this prescription its warmest indorsement.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED. This Magazine portrays American thought and life from ocean to ocean.

AT FREQUENT DATES EACH MONTH FROM CHICAGO, PEORIA OR ST. LOUIS. CALIFORNIA EXCURSIONS.

DIAMOND DYES. FOR SILK, WOOL, COTTON, and all Fabrics and Fancy Articles. Any one can use them.

THE DIAMOND PAINTS. For gilding, Fancy Baskets, Frames, Lamps, Chandeliers, and for all kinds of ornamental work.

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WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION. 663 MAIN ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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15 Pounds gained in Three Weeks and CURED OF CONSUMPTION. Messrs. Craddock & Co., 1082 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa.

