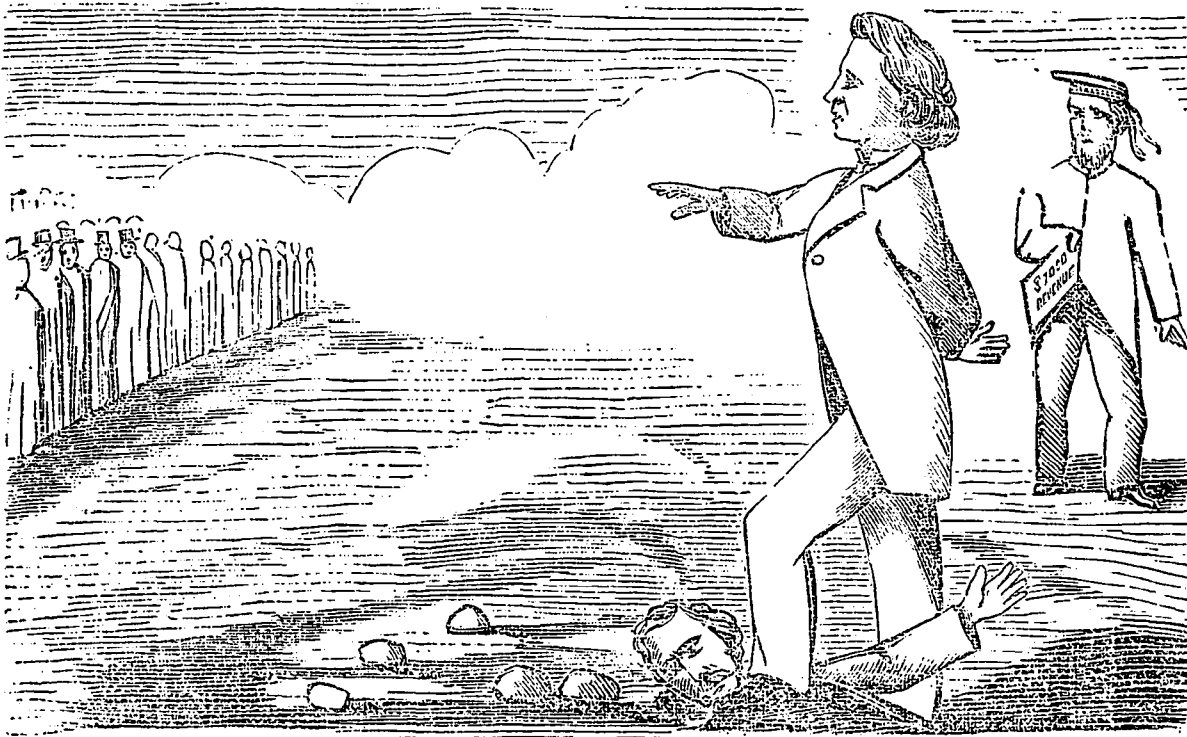


THE ECLIPSE.

VOL. I.—No. 1.

QUEBEC, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 24 1877.

Price 5 cents



In '74 and '75, as a private member, I advocated from my place in the House, a full and complete amnesty to all concerned in the Manitoba troubles. *Mr. Laurier to the Irish Electors of Quebec East*

A. M-K-e. Speak it them fairly Laur,ie, my boy, thicken it.

Hon. W. L-r-. Be not uneasy my worthy chief, I guarantee the amnesty bait, good for another cast.

TO THE ELECTORS OF ST. LOUIS WARD.

Fellow citizens and generous supporters of the humble individual who, gloriously and without prevarication of any of the mighty accessories congenially trepanned by your effluent position. Knowing the honors showered upon the choice of the Ward are reflected with undiminished lustre on the less fortunate, though in every respect estimable mass; knowingly conscious as I unprevaricatingly am of all that tonds in that direction. I feel assured that, you each and every one of you, will learn with undisguised and undiminished favor of my resolve; to still have an eye to your welfare, in the execution of which resolution I have determined to still hold on to the distinguished position which years ago you delectated me, before all other men, the

chosen first man in the ward, to hold, keep and enjoy. It will never be said that I, whose name is a passport to the society of nobles, will ever descend to such a paltry failing as petty pride of position. Though the warrant has been executed by Her Most Gracious Majesty in special Council assembled, transmitted to His Excellency Earl Dufferin, Governor General of Canada, &c., &c. and forwarded through the Privy Council, Hon. A. MacKenzie at its head, to His Excellency Hon. Luc Letellier de St. Just, Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Quebec, and presented to me by the first Minister of the Crown in this Province; I can unhesitatingly place my dexter hand on my left waist coat and truthfully state; though fully conscious of the honor conferred upon me by Her Imperial Majesty as I said before, I wish every other man to enjoy it with me, and join

in returning those thanks which are so deservedly due all parties concerned in my elevation to the magistracy. By so doing a dutiful recognition will be given of our appreciation of the benefits conferred. Once more assuring you of my continued regard, I subscribe myself yours to command,

PATRICK HENCHEY,
Justice of the Peace.

(Well worded Pat, you have shadowed John, sublimely, out Hearn'd Hearn and — Hon me not Hen but you're a full blooded rooster.)

—It looks bad to see a dog precede his master down Peter street, and calmly turn into the first restaurant he approaches. It shows a deplorable tendency on the part of the dog.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We will not publish any matter of a low or scurrilous type, so that you can spare your paper and save your time for more congenial work. Funny anecdotes or personal traits of a comical tendency, which do harm to no one, but may tend to raise a smile; enjoyable by the caricatured as well as friends, will receive well merited attention.

Laughter is better than physic and more easily disposed of than a doctor's bill. The Ecliptic shade of every day life affords an immeasurable fund of amusement enjoyed by individual small parties; these might be grouped together; so that each little knot would contribute to the enlivenment of the whole and act as a gentle aperient to the large doses of concentrated seriousness with which the general atmosphere is surrounded.

We exhort our shade to tune up his lyre, to the cadence of which musical symphony the sprites of fun will bubble up to the surface, make you itch to seize the pen and add your quota to the general mirth. dont let your pen get rusted, or your joke grow stale: use both in season and

Rip-ling mirth from out fair lips
Will prove your worth; and the Eclipse
Will ever stand your steadfast friend
For time and eternity, world without end.

All letters should be addressed to Thumbs Tookes, Chief Expounder of the Ecliptic shades, Quebec, P.Q.

—A Levis girl's overskirt slipped down provokingly low as she stood on the ferry boat *North*, and exposed a file of the *Budget*. This journal is usually "behind," but to have its whole file in that fix looks very unlike enterprise.

—The *Eclipse* proposes sending half a dozen, or so, of our City Fathers to the Paris Exhibition as specimens of intelligent corporators.

—Bittermockery—Telling a City Councillor to preserve his good character.

—John Jordan has Laurier on the brain, and is still snedderengdengong.

THE ECLIPSE is published every Saturday morning and may be had at the book-stores and from the news-boys, at 5 Cents per copy.

Annual Subscription \$1.50.

Correspondents will please address their letters to the "EDITOR OF THE ECLIPSE, QUEBEC, P. Q."

The Eclipse.

From out the shade, bright mirth will rise:
And free our hearts from many sighs.

THOMAS TOOKES.

Quebec, Saturday, 24 November 1877.

The Eclipse.

Although our advent was as fixed a fact as any of the sun or moon; the indications are that science was at fault as we would be loath to attribute any such paltry action to its professors as a wilful suppression of acquired knowledge, through a jealous regard of their two favorite actors on this hitherto undivided stage: we have come to the conclusion therefore that our exit will cause no little surprise of hope and fear of what's to come. Our Shade will not be cast in pleasant places, the bright honest workings of kindly natures will be luminous as the morn, and free from us for aught but praise; the mean, low, pitiful, spittle-licking lot who have been fostered on the city and country: upon them will our Shade be cast and, as Samuel of old, we will speak from thence "hold the mirror up to nature." And shew crippled vice her very visage. Our Telephonic arrangements are so complete that the most distant spot on earth, is heard from daily, - the hidden recesses of nature are made to unfold their mysteries: All nature with tuneful unison speaks from our Shade and melodiously warbles forth with even cadence the interests of the hour. This is our mission, when it is accomplished eternal chaos steps on the scene. The vain and frivolous, the canting hypocrite and profane declaimer; will be delegated to the tender mercies of our trumpet-tongued Shade.

The Irish Electors of Quebec East would do well to consider calmly and deliberately, the many reasons why they should not record their vote for the much vaunted Mr. Laurier. To know how well he deserves your contempt, which you should plainly evince, now that the means of executing it is in your own

power;—you have the incontestable evidence of facts before you. Trusting to the proverbial hospitality of the Irish nature and sympathy with the distressed he shamelessly and in abject beggarly terms solicits that which he in a public speech asserted could be purchased with so much whiskey; the inner consciousness of the man expressed itself during a momentary forgetfulness of his characteristic caution, engendered by the natural heat and partisan zeal of a political harangue; he gratuitously insulted the whole Irish people flung into your teeth this baseless fabrication, that "the political attitude of the Irish involves no higher consideration than their love of whiskey!" He must indeed trade hugely on your good nature and hopes it o'erbalances the other great feeling of humanity and which lingers in no hidden corner of the Irish heart, love of persecuted countrymen and hatred of their oppressors!

The description which he gave of his connection with the question of "Amnesty to O'Donoghue," at a meeting lately held in your midst, forces us to the conclusion that his opinion of your possession of the commonest reasoning faculty, that suffices to raise men, above the level of the brute, developed in the most ignorant savage; is entirely wanting in you.

What is the man?

Who is he?

Whence came he?

Is he actually a demi God, as a toadeating churl here would have us believe that we are to patiently swallow the vile incantations of his Anti-Irish brain.

Remember Irish Electors of Quebec East that this same Mr. Laurier, by his vote as a private member in the House of Commons, condemned Irish O'Donoghue to the penalty of arrest as a common felon if he dare tread the soil of his adopted country, Imagine yourself in O'Donoghue's place and then think of what your action would be in the present crisis. Your duty is plain. The reckoning has to be paid. This man, in every move of his political life has shewn himself so bitterly antagonistic to your race, so haughtily contemptuous of your opinions, and, so eager to ostracise and degrade you that it would be virtually political suicide to place any trust in him.

Any Irishman who gives him the countenance of his vote is lowering the dignity of his manhood, degrading his nature and tends to carry out the assertion that we are a nation of slaves!

Irishmen of Quebec East! unless you have the sense to understand and the spirit to Defend the national honor entrusted to your keeping, you will have dealt another blow to your race, and given to your enemies one more thong to scourge you with.

THE ECLIPSE will soon appear enlarged and illustrated,—should we receive sufficient encouragement.

SPECIAL BY OUR OWN HOME TELEPHONE.

Constantinople Nov. 24th, 1877.

The unlooked for success of the Russians in Armenia has forced, the party in power here, to partially revoke an edict of banishment which was some time ago issued against one whom, I believe, to be the regenerator of his race, for a trifling indiscretion in a neighbor's harem he was Bastinadoed and banished; his worth forgotten but by a few, who, by sheer hard work and toilsome talk, have gained a remission of his sentence. He is now in our midst and in daily consultation with the high ministers of state. Short as his term has been amongst us, he has worked most miraculous changes in the feelings of the populace; when before you saw nothing but dismal horror and woe depicted on every countenance, now cheerfulness brightens faces and a hopeful content are the sole companions of your daily walk.

Mikkuk Pasha, such is the name which, I can force, is destined to go down to posterity in a blaze of glory.

Knowing the great resources of his genius, the all but prophetic earnestness of the man; his patriotic zeal and religious ardor: I can enthusiastically predict his perfect success; and the thorough overthrow of the Russians, providing his help has not been appealed to, after the last hour had departed, as a foregone conclusion.

Mikkueck Pasha, is a middle sized, stout, fair faced, beardless and foxey haired man of about forty-seven or fifty winters: he has a pleasant jovial cast of countenance rather comical to look at than otherwise, with a Scandinavian cast, though, be it understood, that Mikkuk is an Irishman from the famed town of Limerick, and retains an affectionate regard for the old sod, in spite of the incongruous surroundings of his position as a Turkish Pasha. Like his friend Sullivan Pasha, he has a peculiar game to play; when you know your adversary has a cold dock up his sleeve, but cannot expose it, and the game is for life or death, you can appreciate the fix our worthy Irish friends are in.

It struck me as peculiar, that none of the outside world, ever hit upon the true rendering of the Turkish Sulieman Pasha's name and his proper tribal location. He and I, have been, and are, intimate friends. I can speak with perfect knowledge, and with his cordial approbation. I take this opportunity of doing so, that the civilised world may learn and understand the man, whose exploits during the present great contest have excited their interest and called forth their needful amount of praise or blame.

Sulieman is a Turkish rendering of the Irish Sullivan. Patrick John Sullivan is his name, he was born in Bangor County Cork, being of a roving disposition, and anxious to see the world, he, when a lad travelled to Cork, shipped on board

a Mediterranean coaster, was wrecked near Aleppo, married the man's daughter who saved his life; fought with and overcame the border Arabs and acquired such fame, that his deeds were recounted in the streets and bazaars of Constantinople as the performances of a demi-God. He was sent for by the Sultan entrusted with high command in the regular service, and has done such execution during the present campaign, in the height of almost insurmountable difficulties, as will send down his name to future ages, inscribed in blood and flame. Such is Sulieman Pasha's past record though born of "poor but honest parents" he is not a whit proud, and we will report Mikkuk and him more elaborately in our next.

An uptown gent remarked to his wife last evening, as he left home for the "club"—"I'll be back by ten o'clock, if I don't meet any serious pullbacks." "It won't be well for you to meet any pullbacks, John, serious or smiling, if I know," said his better half, in tones which indicated that she meant it.

—A lady of the uptown shoddyocracy found on returning from a walk some call cards on her table, she called a servant in great haste, saying.—"John, take these and run quick, them Ladies have forgot their tickets."

Four men were enjoying a little game of euchre in a Peter Street saloon the other night, when a boy poked in his head and said: "There's a woman out here who wants to know if Mr. — is in here." The men didn't exactly here what the name was but three of them got out of the back door as suddenly as though a small pox patient had been brought in. There is nothing singular about this, only the one left was a single man.

—A tender hearted humanitarian residing in Ursule street, whose feelings were touched on overhearing a prisoner at the station-house sing "Home Sweet Home," tried to have him released. His sympathy suddenly cooled, however, when he learned that the fellow was imprisoned for beating his wife, and kicking her out of doors.

A case of mistaken identity took place at the Levis depot on Tuesday evening last as the cars were leaving for Montreal. A pretty girl, with her handkerchief up to her eyes, had seen her lover seat himself in the last car, but while she was bathed in tears, she did not see that the train had backed, and a different car stood in front of her, but presently she looked up and with a sweet smile said "good-by darling," to an astonished and bashful young man who was sitting there in the place where the other fellow should have been.

—We will insert notices folks free, but puffs and puffs must be paid for.

SHADOWY SCENES IN THE
COUNCIL CHAMBER.

After the minutes, seven minutes, forty-two seconds and a half, according to the Clerk's tally of the last meeting were read, the time approved of and ordered to be put on record: they went into committee of the hole the Mayor at the mouth and the last senatorial addition, rated on time record without reference to rank, a true democratic move, but then they are all democrats; so small blame to them, took up as easy and dignified a position at the bottom as space and pressure would allow: the rest, without reference to anything, larded themselves as best they could time being called, work begun. It was moved by the lightweight youngster from Champlain;—that it being universally admitted that no man is possessed of the power of omnipresence, — (A voice from the bottom, with the unmistakable squeak, here arrested the speaker,) "I call upon the mayor for protection and rule that Pat. Henchey is out of order, and should be hauled out, no man with bowels of brass or vulcanised lungs would split our ears with such thundering drum-crushers." St. Louis, in bitterly soothing tones; have you concluded my worthy senatorial dig, though unprovokingly assaulted, I scorn to touch with the majesty of my justly aroused wrath, such a common three syllabled chap." A fierce and violent struggle is evidently going on below as the huge mass of corporate flesh, breathes and pants in the throes of a death agony; finally the same gentle squeak resounds from below "Chap! aye, I'll chap him; — patience old sole." (Quiet being somewhat restored, the Mayor from his dignified perch majestically doled forth a crushing admonition in his Owen brief style, "three bye honors and a"—"Burns procede.")

The weighty youngster, nothing loath, then stated that what he wished to imply was; "not having the power of being in two places at one and the same time, he wished to have Professor Woods attend the Council on meeting nights in his professional capacity, so that he might not be any time in pursuit of that noble science; so that I could follow my love—St. Peter, a little lower down, sandwiched between Vallière and Peachy, "if that coon's mittens had but a small coating of his facial veneer, eh; Vallière old fellow! Biz, would be brisk you might wait for the plague." I second the motion, said St. Roch, "we want a highly developed muscle in our quarter, just at this time. The motion was carried unanimously and Vallière commenced measuring those near him, as he said, for a new suite which they would require, and had better have ready, for Burns and Woods would scald and switch them to death.

Moved by laughing MacLaughlin and seconded by Montcalm that, "as his toes were getting weak and he could not hold on any longer, this should be vacated and its other tenants

given a chance, for he could hear them clamoring for admittance. With a general cry of Rats, Rats, the meeting burst up. Time, two seconds better than last.

LATEST FROM BEAUCE EX-
POUNDED BY THUMBUS
TOOKES.

Bartley's defiance.

Let the P. P's have their say,
Sure they're working for their pay
And no fault it is of theirs if they're
gone wrong.
If they failed to find me out;
Or know what I was about;
There's a reason for their dullness,
pretty strong.

When their clever chief detec,
Left poor humdrum old Quebec
The news was wired to me without
delay.

Did I fall into the dumps?
No! I gathered up my stumps
And received him with a pyrotech
display.

He was glad to turn his back
And whip up his old hack,
For help, to town, he hurried you
can bet.

He told such a tale of woe
That the strongest men you know
Of the Prov's were forced to git up
then and get.

Well! I'm here at easy call
As the papers told you all,
Without fear or care for anything
I've done.

But unto the bitter end
I my freedom will defend,
And defy the force, to anything,
but run.

TOO LATE FOR THE BOAT.

The woman who arrived at the wharf just as the Montreal boat had a start of ten feet, didn't comprehend the situation for a moment. She didn't know but that the boat had a habit of starting off and backing up to keep the machinery from getting rusty. When she realized that she was being left, she jabbed a man in the back with her elbow, knocked a hat off with her parasol, and squealed at the top of her voice: "Hold on, there; you haven't got me."

"Make a jump!" screamed one boy. "Swim for it!" called out another, while the "left woman" fiercely shouted:

"Why don't some of you folks up there tell the captain!"

The people of the upper deck replied by laughing and waving on their handkerchiefs. The woman on the pontoon recognized only one among the crowd, and, pointing her parasol directly at her, and holding it extended, as if taking aim, she shouted:

"You want to understand, Mrs. Baker, that you can never, never borrow any more butter or flatirons from me."

AN UNFINISHED POEM BY
OUR TRAMP.

Who's that rooster that sports in his
tail the green feather.

Whose war-note has hanged to the
hoot of the owl?

Once his sole cry was, "There's
nothing like leather,"

But now he's a draggle-tailed barn-
yard fowl.

For a handful of chaff
From the daft Telegraph,

His creed he reviles, on his friends
turns tail.

Sure he "drilled in the glen
With the true Fenian men,"
(He did in my eye!) "and was then
sent to jail."

Proud bird of the barn-yard, loud-
crowing Jimmy.

Who strutted the dung-hill with
such a grand air.

Whines, "I'd crow for old 'Nick if
he'd anything to gi'e me.

Whether "tin" comes from heaven
or from hell, I don't care."

This chicken was born
To blow his own horn

And barter his feathers for top-knot
and spurs.

But the old clocking hen
Will have them back again,
For both cock-a-doodle-doo, spurs
and top-knot are hers.

What a sad commentary on the eternal fitness of things, "no opposition to Mr. Richard Alley in Quebec West," is the sad wail extracted from the high toned literary expounder of Liberal "hog-wash;" if this be truth or mere conjecture, it matters not, Mr. Richard Alley may not wish for better success in his new venture, than that which awaits him in the other issue.

Whang the Miller—who has not read of Whang, and heard of all his rich and noble friends—his dear friend Lord this and esteemed friend count that. But what a sequel. Alas! poor Whang. Alas! poor Gahan.

The Peterstreet gent,
Who to burn went
Into Cotters the game for to play
Was mulcted in fees,
Settled, quite as you please,
And at home now sings dumb
all the day.

—In referring to a certain political party, we always take care to write the word *Rouge*; but many of our countrymen just as persistently pronounce it *Rogue*. For the sake of the inflexible Scotch jaw, our big brother, the *Globe*, might conventionally adopt the latter form.

—Office seekers will please take notice. It is semi-officially announced that Mr. MacKenzie will receive no more presents of old hods or trowels, in loving remembrance of his former occupation. The old statesman—mason's head is level. He doesn't require any more hods. He carries his bricks in his hat.

AMNESTY TO O'DONOGHUE.

Without any abstract reasoning, to go by, we were still of the opinion that the Mackenzie Cabinet had a small share of pluck; Their action on the "Amnesty question, on the eve of the Election, should brand them as political cowards incapable of guiding this young Dominion to a manly individuality. They deserve no recognition for the tardy grant. It is the straw thrown to the drowning Laurier. This cowardly submission which love could not buy, but fear has extracted, will fail in its intention and the WHITE FEATHER be wafted back to its nest.

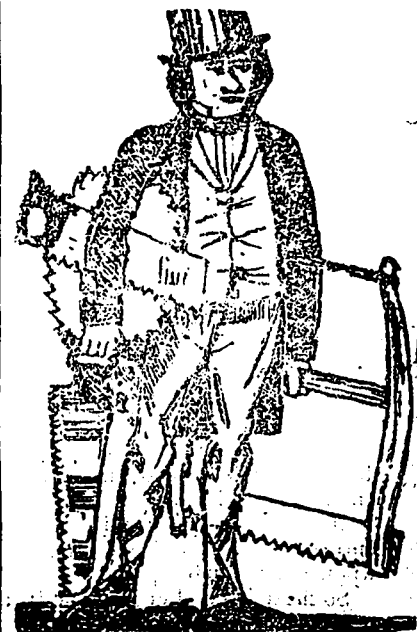
"Put not your trust in Princes."

Our friend, J. M. Hainault, the engraver, Place d'Armes Square, must imagine he has fallen on a city of them, he gives such prominence to the trite saying "No trust: friend will not ask for it; strangers will not expect it."

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE
INNOCENTS.

Rock Valley and the Swamp have had a visitation and are not pleased therewith. They are overflowing with hospitality for their unknown guest.

His return is anxiously hoped for when they pledge themselves to make amends for former neglect. His non-appearance will bring sorrow to many a household where loving hearts will mourn. We can feel for but one: Knowing your *good intentions*, you have all our sympathy Mr. Huck; we have no stock on hand for others.



"Mr. Laurier has no axe to grind *vide Telegraph*." It is evident he has some saws to set. *vide cut.*

Our illustration graphically and truthfully indicates, the relative position of the three principal actors in the scene.

The "Amnesty" question has been cast into the troubled camp; in hopes of securing the few wavering Irish votes. A favorable consideration of O'Donoghue's case is promised, for after election thought.

Mr. McKenzie shows his anxiety by prompting his junior to say "they'll do anything and everything, after the election" Mr. Laurier not a whit backward, has done the work to his own entire satisfaction and confidently assures him the pill has been swallowed and can be held over, till another similar occasion arises. As Mr. Laurier believes the sole political aim of the Irish people may be gratified by whiskey his apparent confidence is not misapplied. O'Donoghue's position can be understood: but beggars description. The shuttlecock of those political battledores, he suffers patiently and hopefully, fully convinced that his countrymen will have full justice done to him, and strike an equitable balance sheet between him and his enemies by delegating them to that obscurity from which they should never have arisen.

—They have a drink over in Levis which they call "The Morning Glory." Our tramp who takes it occasionally for the rheumatism, say it's scorching. It's a cross between a jumping toothache, and lingering death.



B-r-y D-l-n, First hears of the "Amnesty," grant; from our Tramp, and expresses no small surprise and alarm thereat.

"A liar shall never enter the Kingdom of Heaven." *Ancient Book.* That bars out the *Quebec Telegraph* man.

—The other day a Peter street man, who had begun to drink rather early in the morning, presented a check at one of our banks, and on being asked by the paying-teller "how he would take it," replied, "cold, without sugar."

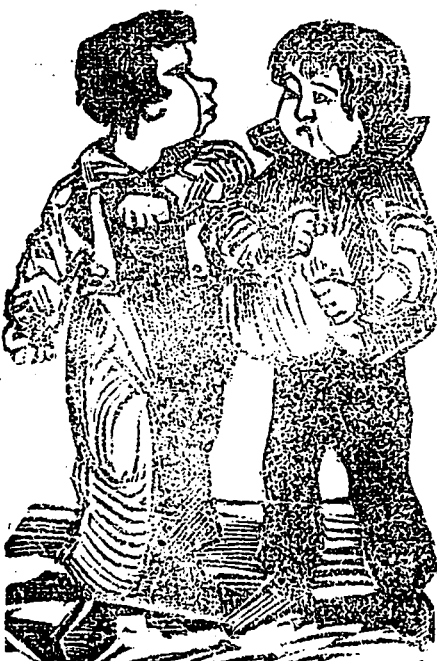
Sitting Bull and Bartley are engaged on our staff—"A nod is as good as a wink"—

Michael Huck was badly worsted, a difficult feat, by Sir Vey Griffin in a wordy argument the other day; Michael is getting sponged.

Be cautious, John, as we've lagged the cat, and may lose the stormy.

A political author says, "In the street of By and By stands the charnel house of Never." that must be in the sunless shade where the people live who are Never in. In our Ecliptic shade is the street of buy and buy where live the men who advertise like everything. (The Eclipse is the best advertising medium in the City.)

Thanks, friend *Telegraph*, thanks, pray you we dont prove your winding sheet. A few errors of trifling moment have crept into your well intentioned notice; we are neither whig nor Tory; and running colors wash out, we are none of them. "The Eclipse" will regularly shadow at the hour of 10 A.M. every recurring Saturday without thought or wish of political pap. You would be nearer the mark if \$125.00 was figured as the outlay and which has not come out of a party fund, but its solely due to individual enterprise.



Prof. Lab-iero. "I have yet to learn there is a better man than me in the Dominion."

Amb. C-n-y, I will cherfully impress the required knowledge upon your deluded pate.

So mote it be. Let us have it, and may the best man win.

THE ECLIPSE
Mr. Sheehan has organized his class; a perfect
knowledge of the art imparted in ten lessons.
For terms apply to
FR. SHEEHAN.