AN IRISH MAID OF SARAGOSSA.

Scenes and Incidents in the Great Struggle Against Landlordism.

A LONDON JOURNALIST'S DISCOVERIES.

In walking over the battlefield of Bodyke the other day, and seeing its results everywhere in the form of breaches newly rebuilt, roofs propped up and fragments of broken furniture, I entered one house which was known as "the Castle," from the desperate defence it had made against the invading enemy. To my surprise I found among its inmates a stout young woman, with a comely, good-humored face, who was dressed in a new gown of plain blue cloth. I inquired how she got it, and was told that she was the girl who had animated the garrison in the defence of her father's house, and when it was breached and taken by assault had only succumbed after a hand-to-hand struggle with three crowbar men. She had undergone a month's imprisonment in jail, and on her liberation had received a donation of £5 and a silver medal, which she produced with as much pride as if it had been the Victoria Cross. For, strange to say, these hardened offenders are not in the least penitent, and any allusion to hot water invariably produces a broad grin. I asked this girl if it was true that she had thrown hot water over the bailiffs. She replied, "Shure, sir, I never threw a dhrop of water at all; it was the boiling meal." The priest suggested that, as she was bound over to keep the peace for twelve months, it was a fine chance for some young fellow to marry her, as he would be safe of a quiet life for the first nine months. She blushed up to the roots of her hair and disclaimed any matrimonial thoughts. But the blush changed into a smile that lightened up her whole face when I suggested that, as she was a redoubtable warrior, it would only be a prudent precaution for any young man to take. There were, perhaps, half a dozen other girls, with their new gowns and medals, and what impressed me was the utter imbecility of supposing that the population of two-thirds of Ireland could be converted or coerced by such proceedings. Why, there is hardly a girl in Ireland who is not envious of the fame of those heroines of Bodyke, and who would not be only too glad to imitate their example. Only last month I read the report of a case in which two little boys and a respectable young girl of 14 were tried before a resident magistrate for the crime of intimidating a man who swore that he was not a bit intimidated. The magistrate, who was evidently a kindly man, suggested that she should be discharged on giving security not to repeat the offence, so as to avoid what he called the stigma of having been sent to jail. But the little girl fired up, and said she would give no promise not to "boo" at an Emergency man, and would go to jail rather; and to jail she accordingly went as a common criminal for a fortnight. This illustrates not only the strength of the popular feeling, but also another thing which has greatly impressed me—the utter want of touch and sympathy of the justices and magistrates, which makes them blind to the most obvious facts going on before their eyes. Here was evidently a kindly man in the seat of justice, and yet he actually believed that being sent to prison in such a cause would affix a stigma on the little girl for life, whereas it was perfectly obvious to any outsider that the danger was all the other way—that the girl's head might be turned by being placed on a pedestal of fame by her admiring neighbors. I may recall an anecdote which made a great impression on me as illustrating the want of sympathy between the governing classes and the people, which is one of the worst evils in the administration of law in Ireland. I was talking to a resident magistrate who had been an officer in the army, and was a perfect gentleman and rather popular than otherwise in his district, and I happened to let fall some expressions which implied that I took him for an Irishman. He fired up at once, and said, "Surely you don't take me for Irish?" I replied, "Why, I thought you were one of an old Irish family." "No, sir," he said; "I am English. My ancestors came over with Cromwell." I could not help thinking how Scotchmen would feel if their resident sheriffs were taken from a class who, after their ancestors had lived in Scotland for more than two centuries, thought it an insult to be taken for Scotch. To return to the Homeric combat at Bodyke, it would not be complete without adding that our heroine was defending her father's house, built with his own money, and for which he paid more than its value to the landlord in the form of excessive rent beyond any fair valuation for twenty years. The only difference I see between her and the "Maid of Saragossa" is that the one was fighting against a writ of eviction served on her native city by the King of Spain, Joseph Buonaparte, backed by a French army, and the other in defence of her father's house against a writ backed by British soldiers and policemen. If the poor girl acted wrongly, I suppose it was because she had been taught the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," as it reads in the Bible, and not with the addition—"except in the case of an Irish tenant whose improvements a landlord may confiscate, and it is a sin to resist him."—*London Society.*

Goat Island Being Washed Away.

A Buffalo despatch says: In his annual report Superintendent Welch, of the Niagara reservation at the Falls, says: "It has been found by examining the shores of Goat Island that the river has worn it away for a distance of 1,800 feet, and as the island is composed largely of gravel and quicksand a plan has been formed for saving the rest of the island. This protection consists of cribs filled with stone, the cost of which, exclusive of the stone, is estimated at $3.15 per running foot. The Three Sisters Islands are also found to be gradually wearing away."

An Irish paper mentions the general dimensions of the unmentionables that were smuggled to William O'Brien to show that a suspected friend of O'Brien's couldn't have been the man who wore them in, as he couldn't possibly inhabit them.

Husband—My dear, do you think that I am conceited about my personal appearance? Wife—Well, yes, John, a little. Most homely men are, you know.

BLINDED BY A COWHIDING.

A College Graduate Publicly Whipped by a Girl Whom he Traduced.

A Seneca Falls, N. Y., despatch says: For over a month the young people of Lodi have prepared for a grand Christmas celebration in the public hall. Marvin Phillips, a young school teacher in the place, a recent Harvard graduate and the son of Rev. W. P. Phillips, of Poughkeepsie, was chosen to conduct the exercises. On Saturday the young ladies of Lodi chose Miss Jennie Baxter, a prominent society young lady and daughter of the oldest physician in the place, to assist at the exercises. Phillips declined her assistance, and told several people she did not have a correct moral character. Miss Baxter heard of his words, but kept silent. At the Christmas tree exercises last night Phillips was the sole conductor. The hall was crowded and the scene was a merry one.

Phillips arose near the close of the exercises to address the Sunday School children, when Miss Baxter, who sat quietly a few feet away, suddenly rushed forward and, drawing a rawhide whip from beneath her cloak, beat Phillips unmercifully about the head and shoulders. One of the first blows was across his nose and eyes, and he stumbled forward blinded. Miss Baxter hit more severely then. Two men held her back and her cousin, Miss Lulu Young, snatched the whip from her hand only to beat Phillips the more. Phillips was led away by his friends. There was great excitement in the hall. Women and children screamed and everybody stood up. The Christmas tree was nearly overturned in the excitement. Phillips, who could not see because of the injury to his eyes, was led out to his room, where a physician applied liniment to the cuts and lacerations about his face and neck. Misses Baxter and Young were surrounded by the young women and left the hall in their company.

THE BERNHARDT WEDDING.

All Paris Present to See the Divine Sara's Son Marry the Princess.

A Paris cable says: Mme. Bernhardt constantly contrives to be the centre of a sensation, and to-day the slender, graceful lady, elegantly dressed, attracted more attention in the Church of St. Honore than a crowned head would have done. The occasion was the marriage of her son Maurice to Princess Jablonowski. From an early hour crowds surrounded the church, and when Mme. Bernhardt appeared she was given a grand ovation. The small church was filled to the doors, and had it been as large as the Place de la Concorde, the space would have been insufficient, as all Paris desired to be present.

The wedding cards were delicately engraved on parchment. On one Her Highness Princess Louise Jablonowski informs her friends of the marriage of her daughter Princess Zerka Jablonowski with M. Maurice Bernhardt, and begs them to assist at the marriage ceremony in the Church of St. Honore d'Eylau on the 28th December. This reading is surmounted by a ducal coronet. On the other card are the arms of Mme. Sara Bernhardt, the well-known mark of death crossed by a dagger and a jester's bauble, the initials "S. B." and the famous motto "Quand meme" and the same invitation. The envelope was of the same bis parchment, and it was sealed with Mme. Bernhardt's crest in red wax.

CUT IN TWO.

Mr. and Mrs. Grass Secures a Severance in Less Than Three Hours' Time.

A Chicago despatch says: When Detroit boasted of a divorce case where J. B. Book and his wife Alice were made two within 24 hours after filing the bill, society was aghast at the haste of the case; but a divorce case in Chicago, in which even quicker time was recorded, has been kept secret for several months. Although the divorce was granted some time ago it was never given out. John C. Grass, who had reached the age of 65 years, married a girl of 14 two or three years ago, but the union was inharmonious, and in a few months Mr. Grass was after a divorce. He retained ex-Judge Barnum, who filed his bill one morning, had a quiet hearing before Judge Sheppard, at which the bride said she was just as anxious for a divorce as Mr. Grass was, and that afternoon Mr. Grass was a free man. The actual time taken for the filing of the bill and getting the decree is said to have been between two and three hours.

The Prune in British Columbia.

The New Westminster *British Columbian* has the following: Mr. E. Greyell, one of Chilliwhack's most enterprising and wealthy farmers, called at this office and laid a package of prunes, grown by him, on our table. It is only a few days since the *Columbian* called the attention of fruit-growers in this Province to the fact that prunes could be successfully grown along the coast, and now the assertion has been practically demonstrated. The prunes grown by Mr. Greyell are of the Russian variety; they are large, well formed, fully ripened and equal in flavor to any cooking prunes on the market. The tree which bore them is eight years old, and stands the climate fully as well as the plum tree. A frost which occurred in the earlier part of the season damaged the plums on the neighboring trees, but did not injure the prunes in the least. Mr. Greyell is making arrangements to plant five acres of prunes next spring.

An Amateur French Scholar.

Two lads who were standing a few days ago before a store window, in which the sign "Ici on parle Francaise" was displayed, were overheard trying to decipher the legend. Finally the younger of the boys, with an accent that would make ordinary hotel *menu* French seem classic, read the line over aloud and said, in a superior conclusive way: "I tell you, Billy, it's a kinder French skatin' parlor they keep in there." Billy seemed entirely satisfied.

Boys to Look Up To.

August Shields, of Hunt county, Texas, is seven feet ten inches tall and is still growing as we go to press. He comes from a high bred family, having six brothers, two of whom are taller than August. There are about a mile of the boys, considered from a linear point of view.—*Fargo Argus-Leader.*

LATEST SCOTTISH NEWS.

Professor Blackie and "The Deil Ran Awa' Wi' the Exciseman"—Extraordinary Doings in Greenock—Death o a Daughter of Dr. Chalmers.

Lord Shand, one of the Judges of the Court of Session, has been seriously ill at his home in Edinburgh.

The Earl of Galloway, it is said, will probably receive the K. T. vacant by Lord Dalhousie's death. He is married to Lord Salisbury's sister.

Mr. H. E. Crum Ewing, late Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Dumbarton, has left personal estate amounting to upwards of £116,000.

The new railway station at Gilmour street, Paisley, Renfrewshire, was opened for traffic on the 5th instant. The cost is estimated at £100,000.

There died at 75 Leamington terrace, Edinburgh, on the 2nd inst., Helen, aged 61 years, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D.D., D.C.L. Three still survive.

The directors of the Clydesdale Bank in Scotland have appointed Mr. David Wilson general manager of the bank. Mr. Wilson has been assistant manager for the last seven years.

The accounts in connection with last year's International Exhibition at Edinburgh show that there remains on hand a surplus of £5,564 over the expenditure, which amounted to £104,803.

At Dunbar, Haddingtonshire, the captain of a Lowestoft vessel has been sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment for hoisting a boy to the mizzen-masthead and leaving him hang there for an hour.

Private Mulligan, of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, who shot two of his comrades at Rangoon recently—one of them being a son of the late Mr. James Christie, Saltcoats—has been sentenced to death.

A meeting of the subscribers to the memorial proposed to be erected to the memory of the late John Elder, of Fairfield shipyard, Glasgow, was held at Govan on the 5th inst., when it was agreed that the memorial should take the form of a statue by Boehm to be placed in Elder Park.

A newly placed country minister entered a bothy where a number of ploughmen were busily engaged at dinner, which consisted of brose. "What do you generally take for breakfast?" he inquired. "Brose," was the ready reply. "And for dinner?" "Brose, of course." "And for supper?" "Brose." "And do you never tire of brose?" he asked, kindly. "Goverdick, hear the man," exclaimed one of the ploughmen. "Does he think we tire o' oor meat?"

The strained relations that have existed between the Greenock School Board and some of their teachers culminated on the 5th inst. in a display of popular feeling against the majority of the Board, on the occasion of the formal opening of the new Highlanders' Academy. Mr. Wilson, the head teacher, who has been superseded, marched to the school at the head of his scholars headed by three Highland pipers and a kettle-drummer, and followed by an immense crowd (about 8,000) of the public. An attempt to keep the processionists from entering the school building was frustrated, and the crowd literally took possession, the majority of the School Board and the new head teacher they had appointed locking themselves into a side room, which was further guarded by a body of police. Subsequently an indignation meeting was held in the playground, when resolutions were passed protesting against the action of the School Board in wantonly disregarding the popular wish in regard to the transference of the teachers.

Some Banffshire folk having recently objected to Burns' song of "The Deil Ran Awa' wi' the Exciseman," the matter was brought under the notice of Professor Blackie, who then wrote to a gentleman there as follows: "I am sorry you should have people in your neighborhood so destitute of the Scotch virtue of humor as to call Burns' comic song about the Exciseman 'blasphemous.' Such language tends to make religion ridiculous and Scotsmen contemptible. As for persons in 'fashionable society,' who despise their native Scottish songs, and prefer to soak their stomachs with the sentimental syllabubs of the most recent London market, one can only pity them, and pray for their conversion to a better mind. It is a sad fact that the upper classes, whom the crowd are fond to imitate, are often the most denaturalized and denationized part of the community; but men of sense should know that the real value of Scottish national song, acknowledged by all the greatest poets and musicians of Europe, cannot be permanently affected by the squeamish conceits of a few provincial worshippers of the gilded idol called fashion."

The Latest Princess.

The *Musical Herald* furnishes a poem in honor of the recently arrived member of a royal family, the Princess of Battenberg. The last stanza is especially pathetic and realistic:

She has a dimple on each cheek,
And one below the chin.
At balmy eve she goes to bed;
The nurse then tucks her in.
Her little nose is some times pink,
Occasionally blue;
And who shall paint her tootsicums?
Oh, bless the baby new!

A Hoary Old Time Server.

"Ma," said Bobby, after a thoughtful silence, "do you know that I don't believe Santa Claus is really as good as he is cracked up to be?"

"Why, Bobby, what makes you think that?"

"Because he gives his nicest presents to little boys and girls that have rich pas."

The Retort Courteous.

Managing mamma to eligible bachelor—"Your parlors are beautiful, Mr. Balsaam, but your domestic melange, your—your—my dear, sir, who darns your stockings?" Old bachelor (emphatically)—"I do."—*Boston Globe.*

The Association of Grand Works of Panama has made a contract with a business house of Haiphong for the supply of 1,200 coolies, who will be put to work on the Panama Canal. They are to receive $20 a month and free board and lodging.

Judge to pickpocket—Who are your accomplices "Your Honor, you would not have me divulge a professional secret!"

THE MINOR MISERY OF LONDON.

Some of the Hundreds who Spend Their Nights in London's Streets.

When they told me at the railway station the last train to the suburb where I lived had gone, I determined, mindful of the pleasures of night wandering in Paris, to seek shelter in no hotel, but to see what sights the streets of the sleeping city might afford. It lay in the gutter of that narrow street there, where any passing cab or yonder fruit-laden dray might, without blame to the driver, have crushed its life out. It was a little child, so light in my hand as I picked it up that for a moment I wondered whether indeed it was a living thing. Had it learned at so early an age to suffer and be still? It seemed so, for it made no cry. Not an abandoned babe, moreover; for there, coiled up asleep in a doorway, lay its mother. The child had dropped from her relaxing arms and had rolled into the kennel. In the Strand now, vacant of all traffic, save of the walking lepers of the street, insolent grown since a piqued police curtails not their so repulsive aggressions. "Our new instructions bid us leave them alone," said a constable to me; "and very glad we are to be relieved of the trouble of chivying them about." There is that danger in applying the rebuke of Talleyrand—that he to whom you forbid over-zeal will sink into inaction.

In every doorway of the side streets of the thoroughfare single misery has taken refuge. Misery in company is here in Trafalgar square. A curious sight, indeed, the "finest sight," as I then saw it. It was all dark, with a couchant mob of homeless vagabonds taking their rest on the stone. Not all in rags there, much black-coated misery was here. Such was he who presently tells me he was a city clerk, and who, to judge from his tongue and manner, may indeed have once done clerkly work. His pillow is a *Daily Telegraph*. This paper bedding affords a curious study. Most have such furniture to their resting place, and as I walk round I take notice what papers are most in use. The *Echo* pillows most of those who are in rags. Black-coated misery takes its bed-fittings from the Conservative press. One is a starving and homeless outcast, but one respects the institutions of one's country. Four hundred sleepers, men and women promiscuously side by side, I count in the shadows of the finest hotels in the world. High up on his column stands over all one who spoke once of England and her expectation. That 400 men and women and their children should thus be flung on the pavement—starving, abandoned in the very heart and centre of the luxury of the world—who has failed in his duty? Far off gleams the light high up that tells us that the people of England are even now being cared for. Her Majesty's Commons are at work, and provision is being made for the commonwealth. It is a sorry beacon, seen from a sorry sea.

Back to Covent Garden, where no misery is to be seen. No sleepers here, but men standing shivering under arches—a mother yonder munching some garbage picked from the refuse of the street. Hunger in the centre of the plethora of London! But one lives by contrast, and society loves the antithesis. "A penny, sir, for a cup of coffee. It's terribly cold." How often do I hear those words as I pass a now open coffee house, filled with prosperous marketmen. "Can one get soup anywhere here?" "No, sir—coffee, cocoa and ginger beer. "Are there no soup kitchens open now? "They don't have none, save in winter." It is true one is hungry in the winter only; the other nine months one is not, or should not be. In Paris one can always and at any hour buy for a penny a good bowl of soup, nourishing and comforting. Often at the Halles, where chiefly the soup merchants ply their trades, have I thus breakfasted. It is infinitely better than coffee, tea or cocoa, and it is a matter of wonder that the minor industries of London do not number soup stalls. In Paris these pay very well, and are greatly appreciated by the customers for whom they cater.

As the day dawns I am back in Trafalgar square, where the silent reveille of a cold wind has waked the sleepers. Some are sitting staring at the world; others are occupied over their sad toilets; a woman there with a needle and thread; and a man here with a tooth brush and the water of the fountain—it is my ex-city clerk. To what another day are these arising? As I stand on Westminster bridge the thought of that line comes to me which speaks of the lying still of all this mighty heart. Lie still, the warmly bedded and the well fed. As for the others? Well, for them

Still there clings
The old question: Will not God do right?
—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Sisterhood Too Close.

She—I cannot marry you, George, but I will always be a sister to you.

He—Always?

She—Yes; always.

He—You are very kind, but I'm afraid it wouldn't do. The man you marry might object to it and make things disagreeable for both of us. I know I wouldn't like to have my wife playing the role of sister to an old beau of hers. Indeed I should decidedly object to her having any brothers of that kind. You can be a sort of second cousin to me or something like that, but a sister is out of the question; it is too risky, altogether too risky.—*Boston Courier.*

Rewarded.

"Why, how is this, Mr. Beat? I hear you've got the nerve to go around telling people that you're doing a better business that you ever did before; and yet you know you haven't paid me a cent of rent in the past six months."

"Well, I think that's doing pretty well. You're the first man I've struck who'd let me get into him more than three weeks. That's the reason I'm making such a long stay with you."—*Puck.*

A Youthful Financier.

Mother (to Bobby, who is slightly under the weather)—Papa will be sorry to hear that his little boy is sick, Bobby.

Bobby—Do you think he will give me anything, ma—a penny, perhaps?

Mother—I shouldn't be surprised.

Bobby—Then I hope I won't get well until he comes home.

—Wonder if a balloon would be more effective if it were made of fly-paper?

THE COMMON HEADACHE.

What Causes Them and the Only Way to Prevent Their Recurrence.

Probably one of the most common headaches, if not the most common, is that called nervous. The class of people who are most subject to it are certainly not your out-door workers. If ever my old friend and gardener had had a headache, it would have been one of this description. Nor does Darby, the ploughman, nor Jarvey, the 'busman, nor Greatfoot, the granger, suffer from nervous headache, nor any one else who leads an outdoor life, or who takes plenty of exercise in the open air. But poor Mattie, who slaves away her days in a stuffy draper's shop, and Jeannie in her lonesome attic, bending over her white seam—stitch, stitch, stitch—till far into the night, and thousands of others of the indoor working class, are martyrs to this form of headache. Are they alone in their misery? No; for my Lady Bonhomme, who comes to have her ball dress fitted on, has often a fellow-feeling with Jeannie and Mattie. Her, however, we cannot afford to pity so much, because she has the power to change her *modus vivendi* whenever she chooses.

What are the symptoms of this complaint that makes your head ache so? You will almost know it is coming from a dull, perhaps sleepy feeling. You have no heart and little hope, and you are restless at night. Still more restless, though, when it comes on in full force, and then for nights, perhaps, however much you may wish to, scarcely can you sleep at all.

"How my poor head does ache!" This you will say often enough; sadly to yourself, and hopelessly to those near you, from whom you expect no sympathy and get none. And yet the pain is bad to bear, although it is generally confined to only one part of the head.

The worst of this form of headache lies in the fact that it is periodic. Well, as it arises from unnatural habits of life or peculiarities of constitution, this periodicity is no more than we might expect.

Overwork indoors.

Overstudy.

Neglect of the ordinary rules that conduce to health.

Want of fresh air in bed-rooms.

Want of abundant skin-exciting exercise.

Neglect of the bath.

Over-indulgence in food, especially of a stimulating character.

Weakness or debility of body, however produced. This can only be remedied by proper nutriment.

Nervousness, however induced.

The excitement inseparable from fashionable life.

Exciting passion, anger and jealousy in particular.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

SIR THOMAS ESMONDE.

His Pedestrian Trips—The Baronet's Income and Views.

The eleventh baronet of the house of Esmonde (who spoke in Hamilton the other day) is a great pedestrian, and when at home walks eight Irish miles daily for his mail. He and Mr. O'Connor while in Buffalo refused utterly to have anything to do with hackmen. Sir Thomas represents Dublin county, and formerly received as high as £50,000 in rents. This year they have been so cut that he does not expect his income to exceed half that amount. He supports his two younger brothers, both of whom are now in school, and gets along nicely with his people, taking such amounts of rent as he can get, without turning the screws. He and Parnell are the only heavy land-owners of the Irish party, and it was considered a great victory when Sir Thomas chose his stand with the people. He says he believes that men should stand and fall with the people among whom they live at any sacrifice. If he had lived in the south he thinks he should have been a rebel in 1861, and if in the north he would have taken his musket in the ranks with the boys in blue. His mother was the great grand-daughter of Thomas Grattan, the tribune of the College Green Parliament. He says that the Irish party demands the return of the same Parliament, wrested from the people by force and bribery, and that if there are any improvements to be made they can be considered afterwards.—*Buffalo Courier.*

The Boy and the Big Bridge.

As I was ascending the bridge steps to take a train for New York the other afternoon, I noticed just ahead of me a woman leading a little boy by the hand. The boy, who appeared to be about 4 years old, was trying to hold back and crying bitterly. "I don't want to go on the bridge," he yelled, while he tugged away to get back to the street. It was with great difficulty that the woman got him on the train. When she sat down he climbed into her lap, and throwing his arms around her neck, moaned and cried most piteously. "I don't want to go on the bridge," he kept repeating all the way over. I asked the mother why the boy was afraid to go on the bridge, and she replied that there was only one way to account for it. "The boy," she said, "was born a few months after the great accident on the bridge just after the opening in 1883. My husband was killed in the crush that day. I was with him but by some miracle I escaped. Very early in life my son evinced great fear of the bridge, and always cried when crossing it. I generally use the ferry, as I hate to make a scene, but I am in a hurry to-day and so came over this way. I hope he will recover from this fear as he grows older, but I am beginning to think otherwise. He has no idea how his father died, and no one has ever spoken of the bridge accident in his hearing."—"*Rambler*" *in Brooklyn Eagle.*

Might Have Done Better.

"No, sir," said a pompous little merchant, "I can't be trifled with. I know the world; I've been through it."

"Yes, I suppose so," said the travelling man to whom these remarks were addressed.

"I'm a self-made man; entirely self-made. What do you think of that, sir?"

"It strikes me that you might have done a good deal better to let out the contract."

Timely Warning.

Persons intending to make New Year's calls will register their names at the Bureau of Police. This is to secure proper attention in case of accident or intoxication.—*Philadelphia Times.*