

DEAD JAMESON'S DIARY.

It Lets in Some Light on the Conduct of the Famous Expedition.

CHARGES AGAINST STANLEY.

A London cable says: Jameson's diary will be published to-morrow. Mrs. Jameson and the dead man's brother in a preface to the work bitterly attack Stanley for making Jameson the scapegoat for all the troubles which occurred and claiming they were due to Stanley's own bad judgment and neglect. They also suggest that Stanley and Bonney are not telling the truth. The cannibal episode as it appears in the diary is substantially identical with the account of it contained in the letter to the Emin Committee. Jameson adds to his statement of the facts, "I would never have been such a beast as to have witnessed the act of cannibalism, but was unable until the last moment to bring myself to believe that it was anything save a ruse to get money out of me."

In his diary under date of April 10th, 1887, Jameson complains that Stanley rejects his advice to give the sick a period of rest, and compels them to continue the march. "With the result," he adds, "that the camp regards me as a brute, and Stanley as a sort of guardian angel." The diary is a record of the daily progress and adventures of the expedition, interspersed with disputes between Stanley and his followers. For instance, he says: "While marching to Nkalamas, after ordering a hundred lashes to be given a man for losing a box of ammunition, Stanley accused me of losing three boxes, and said, 'If this happens again we must part.' If this continues and Stanley reproaches me before the men I shall not be sorry when we do part."

The diary records that Stanley degraded three chiefs, the best men Jameson had ever seen among the natives, and only released them from their chains on the intercession of Tipoo Tib. In a letter to his wife Jameson complains that he has no time for the pursuits of a naturalist. He declares his whole time is employed "in beating and loading niggers." While at Leopoldville, he writes, they all had disagreeable moments with Stanley, but they think they are ended for the present. "I cannot help admiring him immensely," he says, "for the great strength of will power in overcoming difficulties, but there are some points in his character which is impossible to admire. Again, when Stanley discards his reserve he is most agreeable and full of information." Later he describes "the most disgraceful row I ever heard between Stanley, Jephson, and Stairs in reference to the complaint of the Zanzibaris, whose word Stanley takes in preference to that of his officers." Jameson also says: "On June 6th, having by his own mistake lost the officers while steaming to Aruwihini, Stanley said if he had failed to find the steamer he would have treated us all as deserters. He used hard and unfair words, and appeared to distrust us if a yard from him. Yet, except myself, who was seedy, the officers have worked the hardest in the most horrible swamps to procure wood. This distrust sickens us, and is frightfully disheartening."

Being encamped at Yambuya Jameson again writes to his wife: "I cannot get over the disappointment of being left alone with Bastelot. Stanley left us 76 of the very worst men under one worthless chief. The camp is pitched in a frightfully damp place."

In numerous entries Jameson expressed dislike to the necessary flogging of sentries caught asleep, and sets forth the difficulty of suppressing mutiny among the natives, who were weary of waiting for Stanley. He describes stirring adventures on the journey to Kasoons.

On May 8th, 1888, he records the cannibal incident as already published. In the final chapter he expresses deep sorrow at the death of Bartelot, and says, "The closest friendship existed between us. He was a straightforward, honest gentleman, his only fault being a hasty temper. He loved plain, straightforward dealing far too much ever to get on well with the Arabs. He hated their crafty, round-about manner, and showed it, and was disliked in turn. He was far too good a man to lose his life in this miserable way. God knows what I will do without him." In a subsequent letter Jameson says: "Little did I think when I spoke to you of my feelings of duty that I should ever be placed in such a position as now, where all I feel for you and our little ones cries out against what I must do as an officer of this expedition. With one word, or even a show of weakness on my part, I could stop the whole expedition, which seems fated to meet nothing but reverse, and return to you, but God knows such a thought has never entered my heart, although I could easily defend such a course."

Later he writes: "Assad's stories are a tissue of falsehoods. It is awful that such a sounder is allowed to traduce one behind one's back when there is no chance of defending oneself."

Ward, in describing Jameson's death, says: "The drums were sounding to cease the day's work. He opened his eyes, started, and clutched my hands, saying huskily, 'Ward, Ward; they are coming! Listen! Now, let's stand together.' Ward explains that Jameson was thinking of the drums calling the savages to fight while they were drifting on the river."

Disgraceful.

Proctor (determined to be severe)—What! Do you mean to deny that you have been playing poker? Here are the chips, three colors, and there is the basket to hold them. What do you claim to be playing?
"94 (in chorus)—Tiddledy Winks."

A Willing Parent.

Wool—What did your father-in-law say when he gave your bride away?
Van Pelt—He quoted from the Bible, but I can't remember it exactly.
Wool—That's funny.
Van Pelt—Oh, yes; he said something about it being "more blessed to give than to receive."

Do Masous—Shall you go South for the winter? St. Agedore—No; I can get all the winter I want right here.

A HORRIBLE CHILD MURDER.

Particulars of the Fiendish Crime of the Indian Sharbot.

THE MOTHER THREATENED.

A Kingston despatch says: This morning two constables brought to the city from Sharbot Lake an Indian prisoner, Peter Sharbot, who was committed by Justices of the Peace Shibley and Avery on a charge of having murdered a child. It appears from the information at hand that the prisoner only recently married the woman who bore the child that was killed, and that she had before being married to the Indian been living with another man. On the 24th of September Sharbot got on a spree, and in his drunken frenzy trampled on the child and then struck it its death-blow with a pair of tongs. A short time afterwards the Indian, in the company of his wife, buried the child in a swamp near Sharbot Lake. The prisoner partly admitted his crime this morning and said he was so drunk he did not know what he was doing. The name of the child was Mat. Jacob. The prisoner is about 30 years of age and a son of the late Chief Sharbot, after whom Sharbot Lake was called.

A Kingston despatch says: The full details of the child murder at Sharbot Lake have been secured by the reporters. It appears that on the 20th September last a young woman named Sarah, of the White Duck tribe, Calabogie, married Peter Sharbot. The couple were both Roman Catholics, but were united according to the Methodist ritual. Previous to this time it seems that the virtue of the White Duck woman had not been altogether untarnished, and she had with her when married an illegitimate child, which, however, she provided for by making it a condition of the marriage that the infant, then a year and four months of age, should be provided and cared for by Peter. Sharbot, in order to win his spouse, agreed, but after the marriage he began to dislike the youngster, so much so that on the 22nd of September it became necessary for his wife to beg of him not to ill-use it, as he was slapping it on the face and beating it very badly. He desisted at the time, but hate for the helpless infant rankled in his heart, and his quick temper was several times vented on it during next day or so. Then on the fourth day after his marriage (Sept. 24th), about the middle of the afternoon, the climax came. Something put Sharbot in a terrible passion, and he proceeded to put an end to the life of the child. No one was present except his wife.

THE DIABOLICAL DEED.

Walking up to the child playing on the floor of the shanty kitchen he grasped it by the throat and choked it into unconsciousness, till the blood ran from its mouth and nose. The helpless strugglings and muffled gasps of the little one appeared only to excite him more, and to make his work sure and certain he kicked it around the floor. His eyes lighting upon a heavy pair of pinchers (of the kind used by blacksmiths for pulling off horseshoes), he picked them up, and with a few blows of the dreadful weapon effectually completed one of the most cowardly and brutal murders known in the annals of crime. Throwing the dead body on the floor with an exclamation of hate, he coolly walked out of the house. His wife, who had pleaded up to the last to spare the child, fell to the floor in a death-like faint, caused by the dreadful scene she had witnessed, and did not recover for some time. Sharbot returned, and after restoring his wife picked up the body of the child and told her to follow him. He led her to a swamp some short distance from the house, and taking a spade he was carrying, dug a hole in the ground, threw his victim in, filled the cavity up, and returned to the house. Sharbot then told his wife that if anybody asked her where the child was she was to say that it had been given to a man and taken away, and also that she did not know where it had been taken to or anything about it, and moreover that if she ever told anyone the true facts of the case he would make an end of her too.

THE WIFE DIVULGES THE SECRET.

The frightened woman could do no more than consent to this, and said no word to anyone about it for some time. But the crime haunted her, and she availed herself of an opportunity in the absence of her husband to consult relatives, with the result of the arrest of Sharbot. He was brought to Kingston jail. He took matters after the arrest in the sullen indifferent way usual with Indians, and said no word to anyone except that he would "die like a man if he had to."

AT PRISONER'S HOME.

Visiting the home of Sharbot, his mother was met. She said, "I don't think he killed the baby; he told me he gave it away. I hope they won't hang my boy. I would rather he went to the penitentiary than that. Then I would know where he was." The sons also affirmed that Peter had given the child away, and stated that they did not think he would harm anyone.

Mrs. Peter Sharbot, in giving her evidence, stated that she would know the burial place again, and also that she was of opinion that an arm was broken by the blows from the iron pinchers. It is likely that the authorities, acting on the last statement, will have the body exhumed and an examination made.

Peter Sharbot is one of five sons of the late Francois Sharbot or "Chief Sharbot." He is about 30 years of age, 5 feet 7 inches tall, strongly built, and as wiry and agile as a deer. He usually worked in the lumber mills in summer, in the woods in winter, and in spring was known as one of the most nifty and active river-drivers to be found anywhere. He was as a rule quiet and respectful, except when he could get liquor, which he sometimes did through a third party, as it would be refused him at the hotels. When under its influence he was riotous and dangerous.

Dr. Mundell, coroner, has gone to Sharbot Lake to hold an inquest, it being understood that the body has been found.

The Pope yesterday received the congratulations of the Cardinals upon the fifty-third anniversary of his first celebration of Mass. He has fully recovered from his recent cold.

A cow has two horns; many men can discount a cow in this respect every day of their lives.

THE PARNELLITE ROUT.

Ireland's Uncrowned King Loses His Kingdom.

KILKENNY WANTS NONE OF HIM.

Healy's Tantalizing Tongue Gets Him Into Trouble—Farnell to Continue the Fight—The Election to be Protested—Davitt Gives the Leader Another Scolding.

A last (Tuesday) night's Kilkenny cable says: If North Kilkenny is to decide who shall be the leader of the Nationalist party, Mr. Parnell is out of the running. A more decisive defeat than his nominee, Mr. Scully, received, it would be difficult to imagine. Out of 3,892 votes, Sir John Pope Hennessy received a majority of 1,162. Up to Monday morning Mr. Parnell's followers ridiculed Hennessy's candidature, but Scully's majority from a thousand to fifteen hundred, laughed at the idea of the electors keeping their promises to the priests, the latter would find to their cost how dangerous it was to tamper with the subjects of the uncrowned king—well, the bubble is burst. The power of the priests has not been broken, the people have kept their promises, Mr. Davitt will not be obliged to shun Irish politics on the ground that the Irish people are liars; Mr. Healy will have a further opportunity of striking that dagger he carries in his mouth into his enemies, and Mr. Dillon and his comrades in America will take heart of grace. Mr. Parnell is not unacquainted. Nay, more, he cuts a sorry figure, and whatever stroke of fortune or misfortune he may be able to withstand, once let him appear ridiculous and his power is gone. In such guise he has appeared several times lately, but his admirers are purblind and fanatical. Parnell has enemies who never forgive, and they appear to be more numerous than his friends.

Kilkenny were a military air this morning. Hundreds of constabulary marched hither and thither in small bodies. Later in the day the counting of the votes took place at the Court House. It was terribly slow work. It began at 9 and ended just before 3. As the hours passed Mr. Parnell's supporters grew more gloomy. In the room where the counting was done sat Mr. Parnell and his immediate followers. On the other side sat Messrs. Davitt, Healy and others. There were also a few priests, while in the corridors of the buildings there were priests by the dozen. Gradually a crowd gathered in front of the Court House, composed mostly of young men, boys and girls. It numbered five hundred when the largest. Groans went up from the crowd when it was announced that Sir John Pope Hennessy was elected. The announcement was made by the sheriff. At fifteen minutes to three the sheriff proclaimed that Hennessy was duly elected member for North Kilkenny. Sir John moved a vote of thanks to the sheriff and the election officers, seconded by Mr. Souly. There were cheers for Hennessy from his supporters and groans from his opponents. Then everybody turned and walked out. As he made a move, Mr. Parnell said: "I suppose the figures are all right?" Mr. William Redmond nodded. Sir John Pope Hennessy shook hands with Mr. Parnell and left the room. Sir John drove to his hotel at once, and left the town soon afterwards on a visit to Archbishop Croke. The rumor that a petition would be presented against the return of Hennessy is unfounded.

When Mr. Parnell appeared on the balcony of the court house there was tremendous cheering. On the balcony and throughout the court house many police were scattered. The crowd was boisterous. Mr. Parnell faced the crowd bareheaded, but in the white silk bandage which has done such great service. When he got a hearing he said: "Though we have lost the first of 86 contests, we are undaunted." There were shouts, yells and cheers. He continued: "We will go to the people of Ireland."

At this point a voice called out: "You have gone to the people of Ireland and have been whipped." The voice belonged to Mr. Healy. The words created a volcanic eruption of rage. The people on the balcony were supposed to represent the best elements of the society of the city and vicinity. I stood in front of Mr. Healy, touching him. The faces of those who glowered at him were convulsed with rage. Sticks and arms were raised on all sides. I begged him to get out of sight. He refused. Nobody need say Healy was not plucky. He faced the pack of snarling wolves with smiles, but if the police had not surrounded him he would have been greatly injured, if not killed. The priests who supported Mr. Parnell suggested that Healy should be thrown over the balcony. He was taken away by a private route and went to Dublin later. The windows of the railway carriage were broken. At Carlow he received a rough reception.

Mr. Parnell left Kilkenny for Dublin at 7 o'clock. He made several speeches on the way. The people either adore or hate Parnell. He apparently makes the mistake of thinking because his adherents make more noise they are more numerous. He accounted for his defeat by clerical dictation, though he did not put it in so many words. He arrived in Dublin at 11.30. There was a great crowd to give him the usual hurrah at the station, but the men who were not received with hurrahs, but with hoots, are far happier to-night. Mr. Parnell goes to Avondale to-morrow. It is his present intention to go to Paris on Thursday. The fear here among the anti-Parnellites is that Mr. O'Brien may compromise them in his desire to patch up a truce. Truce seemed out of the question a few days ago, North Kilkenny has made it so. To the victors belong the spoils in Ireland as well as in Canada.

A Certain Test.

"I'm going to have Never-sleep read the manuscript of my new novel to see if he can discover the plot."
"Is he a critic?"
"No, but he's a detective, and if he can discover it everybody can."

Sadio Martinot paid \$115 for the doll dressed by Mrs. Cleveland for the New York Charity Dolls' Fair.

MURDER OR SUICIDE?

A Ghastly Discovery in a Barn near Linwood, Michigan.

A Bay City despatch says: The village of Linwood, in Fraser township, this county, near which place Jude Smith was murdered by his brother a short time ago, was thrown into a great state of excitement yesterday by a ghastly discovery in a barn one mile from the railroad station. Sheriff Conklin, Prosecuting Attorney Pierce and Deputy Sheriff Tanney went to Linwood in response to a telegram to make an investigation. Upon their arrival they were escorted through the woods to a deserted clearing a mile east towards Saginaw Bay. Here is an old log shanty that has not been used for years, and near by is an old log barn eight feet high, the roof thatched with straw. Upon opening the broken door an awful sight met the eyes of the officers. Hanging from a rafter by the neck was the body of a woodsman with the throat cut nearly from ear to ear. The rope was sunk deeply into the gash and the features were horribly distorted. The body was frozen stiff, and the blood on the face made a horrible spectacle. The rope was covered with blood and there were frozen pools in the straw and hay here and there. At the side of the body was a bag commonly called a "turkey," containing old clothes, needles, thread, etc. The knife with which the cutting was done was lying upon the bag and was covered by the man's cap. The blade is two and one-half inches long. His coat had been taken off and placed over a beam in the barn. There was nothing on the body by which to identify it. There was a memorandum book showing that deceased may have worked in McKoon, Glover & Sage's camp No. 4. Deceased was about 40 years old. There are two theories: One that the man was a woodsman with his winter's earnings in his pocket, was enticed to the barn and robbed, his throat cut, and, to divert suspicion, the body hung to the beam. The other is that the deceased first tried to commit suicide by cutting his throat, but, failing, made a noose with a rope, tied it to the beam, got upon a box and kicked it from under his feet.

LYING ABOUT MRS. BIRCHALL.

The Yarn that she is to Marry Leatham Falls Contradicted.

"The highest authority" is given by a recent cable despatch from London for the announcement that Mrs. Birchall will soon be wedded privately to Mr. Arthur Leatham, of Montreal, her late husband's college friend. The same despatch, which has been published far and wide, states that Mr. Stevenson, Mrs. Birchall's father, who for many years has occupied a prominent position in the management of the London & Northwestern Railway, has been forced to resign from the company's service by the disagreeable notoriety the murder trial at Woodstock has given him. A gentleman in Toronto, who received a letter recently from Mrs. Birchall, denies both statements. He states that the rumor about Mrs. Birchall's marriage is met by an unqualified contradiction in the letter, in which she writes at some length about her plans for the future. Before her departure from this country Mrs. Birchall received many proposals of marriage by letter, all of which she disregarded. Her father's resignation was not due in any way to the unpleasant notoriety resulting from the murder trial. Mr. Stevenson is almost 70 years old, and was superannuated a short time before Benwell's murder. He is in receipt of a yearly allowance of \$600 till his death from the London & Northwestern Railway Company.

A VERY CLUMSY SMUGGLER.

Bulks Himself Up With Cotton and Loses Many Valuable Diamonds.

A New York despatch says: The ill-proportioned appearance of Albert Niedermann as he walked down the gang-plank from the Bremen steamer Lahn in Hoboken attracted the attention of the customs officers, and he was watched. Inspectors Donohue and Brown followed him up to River street, and when they saw him removing something from his pocket they arrested him. He was taken back to the pier and searched. Sewed in the seat and legs of his trousers between layers of cotton were found two pairs of diamond earrings, a diamond brooch, two diamond finger rings, a watch with diamonds set in the case, a diamond bracelet, a dozen jewelled garters, 31 gold watches, and other jewelry, valued in all at several thousand dollars. He cried bitterly while he was being searched. United States Commissioner Muirhead committed him for examination in default of \$2,500 bail. The prisoner says he lives in Philadelphia, and it is suspected that he is an agent for a jewelry firm there. He refuses to make any statement.

LOST PENSION AND FARM.

But He Was Probably Not a Harrison and Blaine Supporter.

A Milwaukee despatch says: In April, 1888, Joseph La Lone, Dodge County, who served through the civil war, was granted a pension with \$5,268 back pay. La Lone was a sufferer from ague when he returned in 1865, and a few years later was stricken with paralysis. After the pension was granted the Government officials learned that before La Lone was paralyzed he had met with a severe accident. When the man received his pension money he transferred it to his wife. Afterwards all but \$1,500 was drawn out of the bank to purchase a farm in Dodge County. The Government brought suit against La Lone and his wife to recover the money and made the bank a party to the suit. The testimony showed paralysis followed the accident. Now the Government is \$1,500 and a farm ahead.

Killed While Coasting.

An Ann Arbor, Mich., despatch says: H. A. Macey, a senior medical student, died yesterday afternoon from the result of injuries received while coasting Friday night. He was all ready to leave for home, started for the train, and accepted an invitation to ride down the hill. The sled became unmanageable and he fell off. In some way the sled struck him in the abdomen. He was taken to the University Hospital, where he died in the afternoon of peritonitis resulting from his injuries.

THE SCOTCH RAILWAY STRIKE.

Attempts to Wreck Trains—Probabilities of the Result.

A Glasgow cable says: A railway chair was found fastened to the tracks on the line between this city and Kibride, but the obstruction was discovered just in time to prevent an accident. The purpose was to derail the night train, and strikers are accused of the fiendish act. Numbers of the Aberdeen strikers are resuming work. There are prospects that the strikers in Glasgow and Edinburgh will consent to arbitration.

The Caledonian Company claims an improvement in the working of the road, and gives out that it is more determined than ever not to yield to the strikers.

It is now estimated that about 9,000 men are out on strike on the various railways in Scotland. Traffic on the North British Railway has almost ceased. The company will suspend the operations of its steamers on Loch Lomond and the Clyde in order to obtain employees to work on the railway. Two engineers who refused to quit work were pelted with stones by a number of strikers near Glasgow and were seriously injured. Many minor assaults by strikers are reported. The employees of the Caledonian Railway Co. are gradually joining the strikers. The Glasgow docks are closed. The gas supply at Perth is threatened with exhaustion owing to the inability of the companies to obtain coal.

The English and Irish railway societies have issued a joint manifesto asking railway hands generally to abstain from helping the Scotch railway companies at this juncture. They are asked to remain neutral, and if the employers bring pressure to bear on them to assist the crippled companies they are told they must strike.

One thousand railway men at Hull have struck for an increase in wages and shorter hours.

Owing to the railroad strike several sugar refineries in Greenock have been compelled to suspend operations.

The Canadian Cattle Trade with Britain Threatened with Extinction.

An Ottawa despatch of last night says: The cattle trade between Canada and Britain is now threatened with what may prove its extinction if no speedy remedy is brought about. This means very much more than most people at first sight imagine. From the Minister of Agriculture your correspondent learned that the trade had grown apace, and this year it will amount to nearly \$10,000,000. One of the pioneers in the trade was Ald. Frankland, of Toronto. The difficulty which now threatens it is the action of Mr. Plimsoll, of England, who in the interests of humanity protests against the cruelty to which the animals are exposed on the sea voyage, and who has a bill before the British Parliament to remedy the evil. He is backed by the British farmers to a man, ostensibly as humanitarians, but really actuated by the sole motive of killing off a trade which has reduced the price of beef in the old country. Already several vessels have been debarred from carrying cattle between Montreal and Liverpool, and it is feared that this may go on until the whole craft has been declared unfit for this traffic. To-day a delegation will arrive from Montreal to interview the Ministers of Marine and Agriculture in regard to the matter. The Minister of Agriculture has charge of the health of the animals, while the Minister of Marine is supposed to look after the housing and loading of the cattle on the boats. As far as the shipment of cattle having contagious diseases, there are no real grounds for complaint, although shippers have been annoyed with unnecessary detention to the shipments on the other side, caused by the veterinary surgeons there. When the cattle were examined, it turned out that they were perfectly free from pleuro-pneumonia. As to the vessels used for this trade, I am informed by the Marine Department that many of them are what may be called "tramp" steamers. All the serious losses have occurred on these boats, as was shown the other day that on one of them 160 head of cattle were washed overboard out of a total of 600. By the regular lines the loss has been less than half of 1 per cent. It is to the interest of the cattle shippers to have the best possible accommodation provided for their cattle, while the ship-owners who have placed all their old boats and erected hurricane decks on them for this traffic, will naturally object to any material change, and it is here where the trouble will arise when both parties come before the Government. The Government, however, has been advised by competent authorities that if they desire to continue this trade it is better for them to take action on the matter than permit the Imperial Parliament, as the latter, not being conversant with the necessities of the trade, is sure to pass legislation much more stringent on shippers and ship-owners. It would show a desire on our part to remedy an evil which exists to a certain extent. I am informed on good authority that the Government will suggest that a proper inspection be made as to the seaworthiness of the vessel, the amount of deck load, the description of building, and the housing of the cattle. Temporary building and deck loads, they say, ought to be taken off after the first of September, as experience has shown that after that date the weather is too severe for temporary buildings. I may also say that the Government have been in receipt of communications from the leading importers of cattle from the Old Country, that if the trade is to be preserved speedy improvements ought to be effected. The United States people were alive to this and building new and improved steamers for the traffic.

Her Hat-Pin Pierced Her Brain.

A New York despatch says: An unknown woman, apparently about 60 years old, fell on the sidewalk at the corner of Eleventh avenue and Fifty-fourth street to-day. Passers by hurried to assist her, and an ambulance was called. When it arrived the woman was dead. The woman in falling had struck on the back of her head, and had driven a long hat-pin through the skull into her brain.

Wooden—Slinks is such a retiring fellow, isn't he? Sharpe—Yes, I have known him to retire from seven different hotels in one summer, because they wanted him to pay his bill.