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Publisher.

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For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS Office, Acton, or at my residence in Rockwood, will be promptly attended to.
Terms reasonable.

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS EXPEDITIOUSLY and properly secured in Canada, the United States, and Europe. Patent guaranteed or no charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation ten years.
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JAS. CAMPBELL.

CASH FOR SKINS.
I am prepared to pay the highest cash price for all classes of Lamb and Sheep Skins, delivered at my tannery. Lace Leather constantly on hand.
JAMES MOORE.
41-ly.

AUCTION SALE advertisements inserted in the ACTON FREE PRESS, at low rates, the best local paper of Halton Co.

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CARDS, Billheads and Circulars of every description executed neatly at the ACTON FREE PRESS office, the best local paper of Halton Co.

COMMUNICATIONS on local questions of interest will gladly be received by the ACTON FREE PRESS, the best local paper of Halton Co.

ENVELOPES printed in the neatest style, and at the lowest prices, at the ACTON FREE PRESS, the best local paper of Halton Co.

IF you have farms or farm stock for sale, advertise them in the ACTON FREE PRESS the best local paper of Halton Co.

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ELEGANT WRITING!
A COMPLETE SELF-INSTRUCTOR IN PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
PENMANSHIP.
Young people wishing to acquire a rapid, easy, and beautiful handwriting, without a teacher, will find the GUIDE a perfect instructor. Hundreds are becoming beautiful writers throughout the Dominion, in the United States, by using it.
It consists of a series of COPY SLIPS of convenient size for practising, which contain copies beginning with the first principles and gradually progressing to the most elegant, plain, and ornamental writing; an ORNAMENTAL SHEET, containing German Text, Old English, and Ornamental Lettering, Off-hand Flourishing of Birds, &c.; A BOOK OF FIFTY PAGES with full analysis and instruction, and a beautifully engraved case to contain the whole.
Price $1.00, Postpaid.
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S. G. BEATTY & CO.,
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Sept. 1, 1878. 10-ly

Acton Free Press.

VOLUME V. No. 9.—WHOLE No. 218. ACTON, ONT., AUGUST 28, 1879. $1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

BAKERY
AND
CONFECTIONERY.
MESSRS. B. & E. NICKLIN would intimate that they have opened up their
NEW BAKE SHOP
ON THE
Corner of MILL and MAIN Sts.
ACTON,
And that they will always be supplied with A 1. Bread, besides Buns, Cakes, Pastry, &c., &c., &c.
A LARGE STOCK OF CHOICE
Confectionery
will be found on hand, which is all new and fresh—
OATMEAL,
CORNMEAL,
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR,
CRACKED WHEAT, &c.
always in stock.
This will be found to be the place where the best goods will be kept at the lowest prices.
☞ Terms: Cash.
B. & E. NICKLIN.

ACTON
SHINGLE MILLS
EDWARD MOORE,
Wishes to announce to those who intend building or repairing, that he is about to commence the manufacture of all classes of
PINE AND CEDAR
Shingles,
Which will be sold
CHEAP FOR CASH
Elm and Oak Staves,
and Basswood Heading
of the best quality, also manufactured and delivered F. O. B. the G. T. R. cars here at the lowest possible prices.
FIRST-CLASS LATH ALWAYS ON HAND.
Custom Logs cut to order on the shortest notice and at reasonable rates.
Satisfaction guaranteed. Orders Solicited.
EDWARD MOORE.
Acton, April 2nd, 1879.

HARNESS,
HARNESS.
Any person in want of a good sett of Harness, either
SINGLE OR DOUBLE;
Should call at
Creech's Saddlery,
ACTON,
Where they can get better value for their money than any place in the County.
A good assortment of
TRUNKS AND VALISES
On hand, all of which will be sold cheap for cash.
☞ Repairing promptly attended to.
R. CREECH.
Acton, Feb. 26, 1879.

ONTARIO
BUSINESS COLLEGE
S. G. BEATTY & CO.,
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.
THE design of the above institution, and the work it is most successfully accomplishing, as shown in the great success of its graduates throughout the country, is to prepare boys, and young and middle aged men for Commercial Pursuits by giving them a THOROUGH and PRACTICAL Education in Book-Keeping in all its forms. Penmanship, Arithmetic, Correspondence, Grammar and Spelling; Banking methods; how to deal with notes, drafts, bills of exchange, checks, and all kinds of business paper.
GRADUATES OF THE COLLEGE
who have four months' course and taken their diplomas, are each week stepping into good positions, in which, owing to the completeness of their knowledge they speedily attain promotion.
Among our students are those who have been through the grammar schools and universities, as well as those whose education in early life has been neglected. The former come to receive a practical education, such as is needed in every day life, the latter to remedy past neglect, and all to secure that knowledge which will help them to success in the world.
☞ The College Journal, containing full particulars, and specimens of penmanship are sent on application.
Address,
S. G. BEATTY & CO.,
Belleville, Ont.
Sept. 1st, 1878.

A LECTURE TO
YOUNG MEN.
WE have recently published a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the RADICAL AND PERMANENT CURE (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.
☞ Price, in a sealed envelope, only six cents, or two postage stamps.
The Celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practice, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.
This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.
Address,
The Culverwell Medical Co.,
47 Ann St., New York
Post Office Box 4586.

The Sweet English Summer.

A SONG OF SORROW AND DISTRESS, AFTER SWINBURNE.

The burden of strange seasons. Rain all night,
Blown rain and wind co-mingling all the day;
Perchance we say the morrow will be bright;
But lo! the morrow is as yesterday:
With sullen skies and sunsets cold and grey,
With lights reverse, the heavy hours retire;
And so the strange and season slips away—
I pray thee put fresh coals upon the fire.

The burden of rheumatics. This is sore;
Damp, and east wind maketh it past bearing;
When thy life's span has stretched to threescore,
No rest hast thou at dawn or evening.
The shivering in thy bones, the shivering
In all thy marrows through this season dire,
Makes summer seem a shameful wretched thing.
For God's love put fresh coals upon the fire.

The burden of dead apples. Lo, their doom,
Decay and blight upon the tender trees.
All fruit made fruitless, blossoms blossomless bloom.
An eastern wind of many miseries.
Naught has survived save pale-green gooseberries.
The food is fools, of fools, who such desire.
God wot, no lack here we of foolaries—
I prithee put fresh coals upon the fire.

The burden of bad harvests. For the gods,
Who change the springing corn from green to red,
Have scourged us for our sins with many rods,
And left our grain and oil ungathered.
The market men heap rates on their head,
And cry aloud and rend their best attire;
The gods are just, perpetrators unanswered—
I pray thee put fresh coals upon the fire.

The burden of lost peaches. Ah, my sweet,
This year I seek thee in the sunny south,
To press thee to the sharp white teeth to eat,
To kiss thy sunset hair and curled-up mouth.
Lust and desire are dust and deadly drouth,
For lust is dust, and deadly drouth desire,
And time creeps over all with winged feet—
For love's sake put fresh coals upon the fire.

The burden of dull colours. Thou shalt see
Strange harmonies in brown and olive-green.
In curious costumes fashioned oddingly.
And all unlike the things in summer seen;
And then shalt say of summer it hath been,
Or if unconsciously thou wouldst inquire
What these my monitral minute-metres mean,
I bid thee heap fresh coals upon the fire.

L'ENVOI.

Tourists and ye whom Cook accompanies,
Hood yell before from him ye tickets hire—
The reason is a mist of miseries;
So once more heap fresh coals upon the fire.
—*London World.*

Apostrophe to the Watermelon.

Come to the mortal as he sits
Upon a dry goods box and sips
The nectar from thy juicy lips;
Come to the youngster as he flits
Across the high and perked fence
And moves with ecstacy intense
Thy charms from off the native vine.
And thou art terrible!
O August-born monstrosity!
Incarnate oddosity!
Beneath thy emerald bosom glow,
Like glittering bubbles in the wine,
The lurid fires of deadly woe,
And from thy fascination grow
The pain, the cramp, the pang, the throe—
And all we fear or dream or know
Of sorrow is thine!

India's Venomous Snakes.

Stings for which no Cure is known, unless it be to Jugglers.—The Rapidity with which the Cobra's Venom is Diffused in the Blood.—A Lucky Hit in the Dark.—How Jugglers Exercise Reptiles.

"We have in India," said a gentleman, much of whose early life was passed in Hindostan, "snakes more venomous than are to be found in the Western hemisphere, or even in Africa. The cobra has but one poisonous fang, and when he is undisturbed and not angry this lies flat on the jaw. But the moment any enemy appears the aspect of the cobra changes. He assumes an almost perpendicular position, which is the only one from which he can strike. His tail is thrown into the form of a ring, and on this he stands erect. His head is bent forward, and he makes a figure like that of an old-fashioned walking stick with a crook for a handle. A fleshy hood rises along the back of the neck, and expands into a fanlike shape behind the head, while around his flashing little eyes appear bright yellow rings, looking like spectacles. Seen thus, his tongue darting out and in, he is about as repugnant a creature as exists. When in a position for striking he can spring probably about ten feet; but he is easily killed. He never runs away, and though he will not move toward an enemy to get within springing distance, if the intruder approaches him he does not retreat, and it is only necessary to stand about twenty feet away and hurl a stick at him. A slight blow will break his back, and he is then powerless.

"Once I stood with Dr. Fayrer in his studio when he was about to make an experiment to determine the rapidity with which a cobra's poison would do its work. In the middle of the room was a wooden box containing a four-foot cobra, which had been confined there without food for three days, and was in a horrible state of rage, and stocked with venom. Not far from the door of the box was a large dog, of greater strength and vitality than an average man. He was chained, and nearly all the hair had been shaved off from one of his hind legs. At a signal from the Doctor an assistant pulled a string, the door of the box rose, and the cobra, with a cord tied around his tail, glided out like a streak of light. The unfortunate dog had been anxiously watching the box for some minutes, and giving vent to his uneasiness by a low whining noise. The moment he saw the snake coming out he was thrown into an agony of terror, as is nearly every animal when he sees a cobra, albeit he has never set eyes upon one before. Everybody in the room stood as far away from the snake as possible, the assistant holding the string that was attached to the reptile's tail; in a second the cobra had fastened his eyes upon the dog, which was the object nearest to it, and rising upon its tail it assumed its horible position of attack. Then, launching its body like lightning through the intervening space, it fastened its fangs fairly in the centre of the bare, conspicuous spot upon the dog's flank. Instantly the assistant pulled the string and dragged the writhing reptile from its hold, and Dr. Fayrer seized the injured part of the dog's leg between the thumb and the first finger of his left hand, and with a clean, swift sweep of his scalpel cut it out down to the bone. Remedies were at once applied to stop the bleeding and stimulants were given, but in a few minutes the dog began to exhibit those symptoms of drowsiness that always precede death from the bite of a cobra. Every effort was made to arouse him, but within a little more than twenty minutes from the time the snake bit him the dog lay dead on the floor. In this instance I do not think more than two seconds elapsed after the bite was given before the injured flesh was swept out. The result conveys some idea of the rapidity with which the poison acts. The dog exhibited no indications of suffering.

"But once, while I and two of my friends were sitting on the veranda of our bungalow, in Allahabad, a juggler was announced. He was a harsh-featured old man, and his sole stock in trade consisted of a heavy canvas bag, which seemed to be empty. At all events he turned it inside out, and shook it and allowed us to examine it. Then he threw it upon the ground, and did not touch it any more until the exhibition was over. We, however, looked into it again, and walked over it, and satisfied ourselves generally that there was nothing inside of it. Then the juggler, squatting down half a dozen yards away, began to wave his wand at the bag, and muttered spells and incantations. Soon we were startled by seeing the canvas quiver, and then undulate in a more decided manner. Then the mouth was pushed open, and an immense cobra glided out. It had the appearance of a wild snake, excited to the utmost pitch of ferocity, and as it worked its way rapidly along the veranda, its hood erect, the spectacles encircling its eyes, and its tongue darting quickly in and out, we all thought we should obtain a better view of the reptile by climbing upon the table. We got up there as quickly as possible, and the juggler seized the snake around the neck and held it close to his face. In another moment the cobra's fangs were buried in the man's forehead. But this did not seem to disturb the man in the least. With the blood streaming down his face, he grasped the snake tightly, forced open its mouth with a slender piece of stick, and showed us that the poisonous fang was there, for he raised it up and pushed it down with the little switch. Then he put the serpent back into the bag, where it writhed for a few minutes and then lay still. When we looked in, it was not there, and we rubbed our eyes, and thought we had taken more brandy and soda than was good for us. But there on the man's forehead were the two little holes the unmistakable marks of a cobra's bite. They were already changing from a red to a livid hue, and there seemed to be but little time to be lost if the juggler's life was to be saved. Taking a little pod, like a coffee bean, from his pocket, he placed it upon the wound on his forehead, where it stuck fast. The flow of blood soon stopped, and the man, having received his reward, made his salaam, and walked away with what seemed to be an empty bag under his arm. Since that time I have seen many jugglers bitten by cobras apparently without evil result.

"These men have a wonderful influence over snakes. They tame them to an amazing extent, and very often come to a European's bungalow, and offer to clear all the serpents out of the compound or enclosed ground, for a small consideration. If the proposition be accepted they squat down upon the ground and play a quick, horrible, jangling tune on a reed flute. Very soon the owner of the compound is astounded to see snakes of all kinds and sizes coming out of holes which he fondly hoped were tenanted only by toads or rats. They move with a soft measured motion towards the musician, who quickly grasps them and places them in his bag until twenty or more are there; then, having, as he says, cleared the compound of snakes, he receives his money and carries off his prey, to let them loose on another man's property, and whistle them up again for a new reward, for they are all his own tame snakes, and come to him when he blows his flute.

"The chief food of the cobra is the frog. After the rainy season these creatures fill the air with a loud, steady croaking all night. Occasionally, however, a shrill shriek is heard above the ordinary noise, and the practised ear discerns the cry of the unfortunate frog when a snake has seized it. Early one morning, by the roadside, I found a cobra in the act of making his meal. He was slowly sucking the frog down his throat, tail first. I killed the snake and released the frog, but for a long time the latter lay unable to move. Its eyes were bright, and its head was lively enough, but the rear part of its body seemed to be paralyzed; the hind legs which had been down the snake's throat, were helpless. Finally it contrived to drag itself away into the long grass.

"Formerly the Government gave a rupee for every dead cobra delivered to its agents, but I think this custom has been abandoned, for it was discovered that breeding yards had been established in various parts of the country, and numerous natives were making a comfortable living by rearing young snakes."

John Wesley.

(From the Fortnightly Review.)

Among the figures conspicuous in the history of England in the last century, there is perhaps none more worthy of careful study than that of John Wesley. Make all deductions you please for his narrowness, his self-conceit, his extravagance, and still it remains that no one so nearly approaches the fulness of stature of the great heroes of Christian spiritualism in the early and Middle Ages. He had more in common with St. Boniface and St. Bernardine, of Sienna, with St. Vincent Ferrer, and Savonarola, than any religious teacher whom Protestantism has ever produced. Nor is the rise of the sect which has adopted his name—the "people called Methodists" was his way of designating his followers—by any means the most important of the results of his life and labours. It is not too much to say that he, and those whom he formed and influenced, chiefly kept alive in England the idea of supernatural order during the dull materialism and selfish coldness of the eighteenth century. To him is undoubtedly due the Evangelical party. Romaine and Newton, Venn and Jowett, Milner and Simeon, differing as they did from him on particular doctrines, derived from him that fundamental tenet of religious conversion which they termed "the new birth." It is easy now, as it ever was, to ridicule the grotesque phraseology of the Evangelical school, to make merry over their sour superstitions, their ignorant fanaticisms, to detect and pillory their intellectual littleness. It is not easy to estimate adequately the work which they did by reviving the idea of grace in the Established Church. They were not theologians, they were not philosophers, they were not scholars. Possibly only two of them, Cecil and Scott, can be said to rise above a very low level of mental mediocrity. But they were men who felt the powers of the world to come in an age when that world had become to most little more than an unmeaning phrase; who spoke of a God to pray to, in a generation which knew chiefly of one to swear by; who made full proof of their ministry by signs and wonders parallel to those of the prophetic vision. It was in truth a valley of dry bones in which the Evangelical clergyman of the opening nineteenth century was set; and as he prophesied there was a noise, and behold, a shaking, and the breath came into them, and they lived and stood upon their feet, an exceeding great army.

Marvels of a Minnesota Swamp.

J. W. Blanding, one of the commissioners appointed by the Governor to appraise the salt lands in Minnesota, has given an interesting account of a natural curiosity visited by the commissioners during their trip. In the course of their search for and examination of the above lands in the northeastern part of the county they came upon a large tract of quaking bog land. Running in a northwest and southwest direction was a line of mounds from six to three hundred feet in diameter at the base and from fifteen to thirty feet high, of a conical form, the slope being about forty-five degrees. These mounds were a shaking bog to their summits, where was found a circular opening six to eight feet in diameter, filled with clear, cold water, and of unknown depth, a pole eight feet long being the only means of testing the latter. Most singular of all, a few feet from these wells, upon digging from sixteen to twenty-four inches, a solid body of ice was found.

The Irish Jaunting Car.

The Story of its Introduction—An Italian Peddler's Brave and Successful Career—Anecdotes about the Liberator.

A handsome Italian boy, with curly dark hair and laughing eyes, peddled sacred pictures and images during the first five years of this century in southeastern Ireland. He became a familiar object on the roads that skirted the beautiful river between Waterford and Clonmel, as he trudged day after day with a pack of prints on his back and a board of statuary on his head. He was then known as Carlo, and was a favourite alike at the fine houses of the gentry and cottages of the poor. Smiles and shillings were bestowed with considerable liberality on the lad, who afterwards, as Charles Bianconi, became, next after O'Connell and Father Matthew, the most popular and influential man of his period in Ireland. He was, moreover, the father of that Irish jaunting car of which Father Prout sang, and which Thackeray and Lever immortalized in their writings.

Charles Bianconi was born at Tregolo, near Como, in 1786, and was the son of a humble Lombard peasant. In after life he liked to describe the beauty of the scenery amid which, as a child he lived, every spot of which was familiar to his memory to his dying day. Like the little Italian harp player are with us, he was sold to a padrone. This man, named Faroni, sent him and two other boys to Ireland as venders of pictures and images of religious subjects. Bianconi's district of sale was from Clonmel to Waterford. At the end of three years he was released from his engagement with Faroni, but he kept at work on his own account. Being shrewd and thrifty, he saved enough money to go into business in 1806 as a cilder at Carrick-on-Suir, twelve miles from Waterford; but he removed in 1810 to Clonmel, which was his home during the rest of his life.

In his walks through the country as a peddler, Bianconi learned of the hardships endured by the peasantry from the absence of any public mode of conveyance. Carrick-on-Suir, for instance, was seventeen miles distant from Waterford and thirty by the river, and there was only Tom Morrisey's rowboat to carry passengers between these places, with their population of 50,000. This craft would hold only ten persons, timed its movements with the tide, and occupied five hours in a trip. Bianconi soon had a boat capable of conveying 100 passengers, going over the route in two hours, at a fare of fifty cents. He always believed that his going to the country without a knowledge of the language was of great service to him, because it gave him time and necessity for the observation and reflection out of which his idea originated. When peace was made in 1815, a number of horses purchased for the army were thrown upon the market at low prices. He seized this opportunity of carrying out an idea which had long been in his mind, and made his first experiment with the jaunting car, which afterwards came into use throughout Ireland, and after him was called the Bian. At first he confined his business to his own neighbourhood. Although he carried some local mails, he did not get capital enough to make much advance until 1826, when an accident put him in the way to wealth. He had aided to supply the Tories with cars to carry voters at the memorable election of that year in Waterford, when the Roman Catholics, under Villiers Stuart, first checked the ascendancy of the Beresfords, but he quarrelled with them, and placed his vehicles at the service of the Liberals, who rewarded him with $5,000. He at once married advantageously, getting with his wife a considerable fortune, and set himself to car keeping on a large scale. He began with the two-wheeled jaunting car—"Larry Doolan's low-back car." Many attempts have been made to define this vehicle, and much wit has been expended upon it. Archbishop Whateley said to Lord Wellesley that it was a type of the country. "People who sit on one side of the car see everything green and beautiful; those on the other all that is gloomy and black, and the driver is supposed to sit between them, but unfortunately he generally drives from one side." Visitors to Ireland catch sight of it the moment they step on Irish soil at Queenstown. One of the first-class horses, intended for the army, drew a car with six persons easily seven miles an hour; but Bianconi was not able to keep up the quality of his stock, and eventually hitched two of the inferior beasts to an enlarged vehicle holding eight passengers. He continued to increase the size of the cars until they were four-wheeled and drawn by three or four horses, according to the traffic. Freedom of communication was unknown in Ireland until he created it, and it proved of incalculable benefit. It has been called the greatest reform after Father Matthew's. The peasantry were enabled to mingle to some degree with the more intelligent classes, and their moral elevation in consequence was of a decided character. The opening of communication with the interior of the country greatly increased the consumption of manufactured goods by enabling the consumer to buy his wares more directly from the manufacturer.

The jaunting cars became, after a time Irish national pets. Bianconi used proudly to say "My conveyances, many of them carrying important mails, have travelled at all hours of the day and night, often in unfrequented places, and during the fifty years not the slightest injury has ever been done by the people to my property or that intrusted to my care, and this fact gives me greater pleasure than any pride I might feel in reflecting upon the other rewards of my life's labour." The success of his enterprise is indicated by the fact that ten years after the cars were started he had 1,400 horses and covered daily 3,800 miles. He suffered for a long time the legal disabilities then imposed on foreigners, and the support of Sir Robert Peel as Home Secretary did not obtain for him letters of naturalization until, after being a resident for twenty-nine years, this recognition of citizenship was granted, in 1831, under the administration of Earl Grey. He was then made Mayor of Clonmel for two successive years, a magistrate and subsequently deputy lieutenant. He bought land to the amount of $450,000 in Tipperary, and wealth and honours flowed in upon him. When his eldest daughter became an invalid, he took her to Italy, and in passing through London, visited the Queen at Windsor at her request. When he reached Rome he was feted by the Pope, and had the satisfaction of being allowed to raise the money for the O'Connell monument there, and to control the design. When nearly 80 years of age he broke his thigh by the upsetting of his car; but his vigor was unabated until his death in 1875, at the age of 89.

To organize a system of conveyances may not now seem a great achievement, but it needed more than ordinary qualities of character in a foreigner, without capital, experience of management, or patrons, to do such a thing in Ireland when that country was poor and down-trodden. Bianconi had that domineering, shrewd, buoyant nature which fits a man to carry out an enterprise with such a people as the Irish. The secret of his success was that he could make men obey him implicitly. He could get work out of every horse that had a leg left to stand on. However low the price or numerous the faults of the beast, he looked into every detail. He never offered the public anything better than he could give with profit to himself, and slowly tried experiment after experiment. When railways were introduced he was far too wise to contend with them. He grasped the notion, which few in his position would have done, that one kind of traffic helps another, and that his cars, driven off the main roads, might find, as they did, plenty of occupation as feeders to the railways.

Bianconi was "more Irish than the Irish themselves." In his relations with the humble, with whom he had principally to deal, he was aided by being a Catholic, and for a busy man he was devout. He became an eager and able politician, and devoted himself zealously to the service of O'Connell that, although thinking repeal a mistake, he supported the movement, and boasted that while other admirers backed up O'Connell because he was in the right, he did so right or wrong. His attachment to O'Connell was unbounded, and the affection was mutual. Bianconi was fond of telling anecdotes about the leading Irish politicians of his time, with all of whom he was intimate. He related that he and O'Connell once received the communion together at early mass in the Clonmel Franciscan Friary church. Bianconi noticed that at the altar O'Connell wore a white glove on his right hand, and said:

"Liberator, what makes you wear a white glove at communion?"

O'Connell looked at him, raised his hat, and said in a low tone, which Bianconi could never forget:

"That hand once took a fellow creature's life. I never bare it in the presence of my Redeemer," alluding, of course, to the D'Esterre duel.

Among Bianconi's allies in Clonmel were the Franciscan Friars. From their order sprang the man who originated the great temperance movement, and who at one time divided with O'Connell the affections and, in fact worship of the Irish people. Father Matthew was known by Bianconi as a boy going to school at Thurles. He was a singularly handsome lad, with gentle and winning manners. Bianconi, who could not boast of so mild a temper, became engaged one day in a boxing match with one of the other pupils, and got decidedly the worst of it. The future apostle of temperance acted as his second, and bathed his bleeding nose. A friendship was thus formed which stood unbroken through life. Mr. Gladstone was another of Bianconi's friends.

It was Bianconi's way to be always doing something for somebody, especially in the line of getting Government places and arranging marriages. In many respects therefore he was most popular. He worked with the people and for them. In memory of his own early days, his drivers had orders to give a free ride to every peddler whom they overtook on the road, as well as to poor or weak women travelling with children.

The Causes of Long Life

A Centenarian who was a Moderate Drinker and Ate Whatever he Liked.

(From the London Lancet.)

The causes of life and of death are to some extent identical. Influences which kill the weak, strengthen the strong, and in the mutual reaction of a perfect constitution and a mode of life free from those lethal influences which no strength of constitution can resist may be found the secret of extreme longevity. The history of centenarians often illustrates this, but it is not often that the conditions of their existence can be accurately known. Not long ago the death was announced, at the age of 102, of the Rev. Canon Beadon, of Stoneham, the particulars of whose life are in this respect of some interest. Born in the year 1777, he succeeded his father in the living of Stoneham in 1812, the living having been held by the two, father and son, for more than 100 years. His ancestors presented examples of moderate but not extreme longevity, his father having died at 81 and his mother at 86. Canon Beadon was probably the last person living who remembered the Lord George Gordon riots. At the time (1780) he was 3 years of age, and he distinctly recollected having been held up to the window by his nurse to see the soldiers in the streets.

His good health was almost uninterrupted; in early manhood he had a slight illness, the exact nature of which is difficult to ascertain, since it occurred in the year 1798. He was about five feet nine inches in height, broad-shouldered, and deep chested, with very long arms and large hands. In early life he possessed great muscular power, which was well indicated by his frame. Even when long past 70 his strength of wrist was remarkable. He was fond of shooting and fishing; the former amusement he kept up till 94, the latter till 88. When middle-aged he could walk out shooting from morning till night, exposed to any amount of cold and wet, and completely knock up many younger men. He seemed quite impervious to the ailments to which ordinary men are subject. He never knew what a headache or rheumatism was. His digestion appeared perfect, and he could eat anything with impunity. He not only ate heartily at every meal, but used often to eat biscuits, &c. between meals. He was a "moderate drinker"—by no means a total abstainer, and was to the last extremely fond of sweet things. As he grew older his steps became slower, but he never tottered in his gait. To the last his complexion was ruddy in tint, never showing the parchment-like appearance so often an accompaniment of extreme old age. His condition remained as in middle age up to his death, neither stouter nor thinner.

At 97 he had his first severe illness—an attack of bronchitis contracted through going out on a very cold day—and he was never afterwards quite the same. Up to this date he had taken service in his church every Sunday and his three months' duty in Wells Cathedral, his voice continuing distinct and powerful; but after the attack of bronchitis he was more or less an invalid. Nevertheless he was able to answer, himself, seventy letters of congratulation which he received on his hundredth birthday. The late severe winter tried him very much, and he had several colds and slight attacks of bronchitis, from all of which he recovered, and he died at last, peaceably and painlessly, from mere "decay of nature." During the last year or two of his life, if fatigued or out of health in any way, his mind was not perfectly clear, but he never lapsed into anything like "second childishness." He was possessed of a most imperturbable temper and singularly even spirits, and would not allow anything to worry him. The two places where he passed almost the whole of his life, Wells and Stoneham, are relaxing in climate. One of his nephews is now living, aged 86, two died last year, aged 85 and 88 respectively, and at the time of his death Canon Beadon had great-great-great nephews and nieces living.

WHEN Longfellow visited Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle, the servants crowded on the stairways and in the lobbies to get a view of him. On the Queen asking them, next day, why this compliment was paid to the poet, she was told that they used to listen to Prince Albert reading "Evangeline" to his children, and knowing the lines nearly by heart, they longed to see the man who wrote them. The Queen is fond of telling this story.

The Battle of Ulundi.

Archibald Forbes's Account of the final Victory over Cetywayo.—The Grimly Firm Square that the British Opposed to the Zulu Rush—Lord Chelmsford in Acton—The Charge of the Lancers—British Soldiers Scalped by the Zulus.

(From the Daily News July 28.)

LANDSMAN'S DRIFT, July 5.—The combat at Ulundi was singularly unvaried by striking incident. There was a big hollow square, and men in red coats on the back, rifles in hand. For half an hour this square stood doggedly pouring the sleet of death from every face. Outside this square, mostly at a respectful distance, surged a furious throng of savages, brandishing shields and assegais, and firing heavily but fitfully from their jagged front. Presently these black men wavered, then bolted, sent to fight by the steady administration of canister. The square, still grimly firm, gave one ringing cheer that was heard in the laager behind; the bayonets wavered in the air for a moment; then the business recommenced. The infantry betook themselves for a few minutes to long shots. A centrifugal whirlwind of horsemen sped from the square as the lightning bursts from the thundercloud, and dashed hot and fierce after the flying foe. Before the cavalry had concluded their innings the infantry were placidly lunching, and the corks were popping off long hoarded champagne bottles. Inside the square a few dead Britons lay, who had spent their lives for their Queen and country. The green sward outside was littered thick with dead Zulus, who, not less than our dead, have fallen for their sovereign. There is nothing more to tell, save of the general fire and smoke that seethed in the bosom of the beautiful valley as we marched from it. I have no manoeuvring, no elaborate tactics to recount. The affair was simply a struggle; reduced to the first principles of ding-dong fighting, with the natural advantage to the Zulus in numbers; to us in the character of the armament.

The only manoeuvring done was by Buller's men, whose horse work was superb, clearing the front, masking the division while in the rows of formation in square, stinging the enemy into opportune reprisals, and finally chevying the fugitives many miles. Buller's men had the score of Zlobane to settle with the Zulus; and vengeful fury raged in their hearts because of the spectacle which met their gaze yesterday. In the long grass they found three comrades who had fallen in a reconnoissance the previous day—mangled with fiendish ingenuity; scalped; their noses and right hands cut off: their hearts torn out, and other nameless mutilations. Strange to say, the battle was fought on semi-sacred ground, the soil of a mission station. The ruins of a Norwegian mission and house were a few paces off. They were pulled down to open the range, but before this was done these dead men were brought into the precincts, a grave was dug, and the chaplain, hastily donning his surplice, read the burial service, to which the shell fire gave stern responses, while the bullets whizzed round the mourners. I never wish to see soldiers steadier. Constant lagering had been threatening demoralization. Apprehension was unquestionably felt lest the sudden confront of the men with the fierce Zulu rush should shake their nerves; but the British soldier was true to his manly traditions when he found himself in the open, and saw the enemy face to face in the daylight. Lads of new regiments, who had never seen a shot fired in anger, were as cool as the seasoned veterans of the Thirteenth and Eightieth.

Lord Chelmsford's soldierly coolness and decisive clear-headedness in action go far to redeem the passiveness and peevish vacillation which are his characteristics when no battle is raging. One might wish him a military Rip Van Winkle, only wakening to direct a battle. Evelyn Wood's face was radiant with the rapture of the fray as he rode up and down behind his regiment, exposed to a storm of missiles. All the officers of the headquarters staff and Newdigate's staff were unscathed, save Lieut. Milne of the First, who was slightly wounded, and Capt. Cotton of the Second, whose temple was grazed by a bullet. Owing to the conformation of the ground, the dressing place in the centre of the square was peculiarly exposed. The surgeons worked under a heavy double cross fire with coolness and skill. The Lancers had their good day at last, and lost several horses. Col. Lowe was knocked temporarily senseless by a shot in the back and fell from his horse, but regained consciousness, recovered, and led his regiment in the charge. Lieut. Jenkins had his lower jaw broken. It was bandaged, and he could not be restrained from accompanying his regiment in the charge. The Zulus squatted thick in the long grass and fired venomously. The Lancers spotted them in a manner reminding one of pig-sticking. Indeed Keeril Davis killed six *ipso facto*. Young James, of the Scots Greys, was blazed at point blank by two men. The two turned on him. They missed. He ran the right hand man through. The man on the left dropped his musket and inflicted an assegai wound on James's bosom. The latter, extricating his sword, brought it round to the left with a swift swing, and all but severed his antagonist's head.

The Dragoons were represented by Brewster, Provost Marshal, who took out a little detachment and had a good time. Ulundi contained many large, handsome kraals of the chief men, enclosed in thick flanked stockades. Cetywayo's place was a thatched European house. There was no plunder. The flames were too swift. As the division marched back into laager, Wood's bands played and the bagpipes of the Twenty-first screeched lustily.

To-day Lord Chelmsford meant to march back on the Uvula standing camp, retiring on Kwamagusa, in order to effect a junction with Crealock's Division. Lord Chelmsford's parting words to me were: "So far as I am concerned the war is over." I believe he contemplates an immediate resignation, in the opportunity of which he is happy. The grass is so burnt and dry that I regard the campaign as concluded for the season. I have ridden from Ulundi to the frontier here, about 110 miles, in fourteen hours, riding alone all night. Twice I lost my way in the fog.

Lager Drinking.

Exploits in drinking lager beer are receiving the attention of the Cincinnati papers, and some of the stories are wonderful. A fireman drank twelve glasses of beer while a church clock was striking twelve, the time being about half a minute. Dr. Noeffier drank eight gallons in two hours, and his competitor in a trial of capacity was not left far behind. Noeffier is regarded as the Cincinnati champion, but there are several men in that city who have emptied an eight-gallon keg in three to five hours. An old employe of a brewery has drunk fifty glasses every day for eighteen years. Brewers' men generally drink heavily. In one brewery they are allowed from six to fourteen glasses each per day, according to their age and work. Cards are placed behind a bar, and upon them the names of the employes are written. A man goes to the bar and asks for a glass of beer, which is given him, and a hole at the same time is punched in his card. When the number of holes corresponds to the number of drinks allowed him for the day, he can have no more, though the day may not yet be more than half spent.

M. De