

appears, makes an aggrieved people very respectable, and persuades even John Bull that his god Terminus is an intruder, and that his worship had better be cultivated in some other locality. Not, of course, that Britons have the least disposition to exhibit themselves in the light of slaves. Such they can never become, but it is better that they should keep up their numbers as living freemen, than lie as dead freemen sacrificed to any deity on the field of glory. Prudence is much the better part of valour, and it is a good thing to find that John Bull even is capable of exercising it when the occasion offers. There are so many occasions when he can act as a hero without paying very dearly for it, that he may well afford, once in a way, to act like anything else in order to save his skin. John Bull, then, we find is gushing over with peaceful intentions towards the Boers; he recognizes that he has made a mistake there, that he has been guilty, indeed, of something savouring a little like injustice, and he is inclined to give ear to the remonstrances that he reads all over the Press generally. He is now going to send Peace Commissioners to the Transvaal to enter into negotiations with the Dutchmen, and we shall find that these will get back their independence after a little palaver, and in the very middle of a great blast of British enthusiasm. The Boers will be all the fashion now for a season, and we shall hear all kinds of fine things concerning them. But let no one suppose John Bull has been in any degree cowed by what has taken place. Can he not proudly point to many glorious conquests of late years? Did he not send out a contingent to help Garibaldi in "opening Italy to the Gospel?" He did nothing of the kind during the Franco-German war, but then there was no question of the "Gospel," and the pleasurable excitement of fighting on the side of power must have been wanting. Then there are the Abyssinians for him to point out as a monument of his prowess, and the Ashantees, and the Afghans, Kaffirs and Zulus, all kinds of barbarians in fact, whom he has licked, to the great increase of his glory, and without anything to speak of in the matter of loss. But with the Boers it has, so far, been different; there has been considerable loss there, and nothing at all to speak of in the way of glory. Decidedly the great god Terminus must now begin most opportunely to retreat. It is, however, only in one direction that this will take place; the god advances elsewhere, and has but now taken up his station in Afghanistan. In Ireland, also, he remains firmly planted, and his foot is to be kept down there with all its accustomed heaviness. The country is in all respects the very opposite of the Transvaal, and therefore no injustice can possibly be discovered in anything that may take place there. There are no sharpshooters to be found; the people, on the contrary, have been carefully hindered from the possession of arms, or from learning how to handle them. An old rusty fire-lock there may perhaps be here and there, and that most probably would only be discharged with greater danger to the man firing it than to the one aimed at, or some insane blacksmith may now and then be found who has manufactured for an insane customer that semi-barbarous weapon the pike, which would be about of as much use against a regiment of soldiers at the present day as the traditional pinch of salt would be in the hands of an urchin aspiring to the capture of some fowl of the air. There are, in a word, some five millions of people totally unarmed, and openly exposed to the oppression of a people armed to the teeth, and four times out-numbering them. It is greatly to the glory of John Bull that we hear him so frequently threatening them by means of his various organs. "If you dare to lift so much as a finger in your own defence I shall tighten my grasp upon your throats and choke you once for all." Such is, however, the language used towards men whose indignation is roused at seeing the means by which they should buy bread to feed their families dragged from their hands to support idleness and luxury; the language used towards men who object to the payment of no very heavy taxation is different. But, as we said, the one can distribute some thousands of sharpshooters over a difficult country with which they are well acquainted, while the other stands on the open plain without either armour or defence, and in the presence of overwhelming numbers heavily armed—"Voilà la différence." But, nevertheless, the temple of the great god Terminus, however well established, is profane and foul.

The *N. Y. Nation* happily says, it is part of Ireland's usual misfortune that it should have attracted the attention of Mr. Froude.

An inquest was held lately at her Majesty's prison, Exeter, on John Pope, who committed suicide in his cell on a Saturday by hanging himself to the gas-pipe with a rope made of pieces of "junk," which he had in some way concealed from the prison officials. The inquiry brought to light the fact that the power of witches was still believed in by the people of some parts of Devon. It was shown that he expressed a firm conviction that he had been induced to commit the robbery for which he was convicted through being "overlooked or bewitched by a blacksmith," and this was repeated in a remarkable statement found after his death, written upon the slate which convicts of his class are allowed to use in their cells. Pope further told his friends at Bideford that he had tried the effect of horses' shoes as a charm against the supposed witchcraft, but that it had been of no use. Verdict, Suicide whilst of unsound mind.—*Univers.*

CHARLIE McKENNA'S HEROISM.

THE *New York Star* gives the following graphic picture of a scene at the recent disastrous fire in a New York tenement house. Charlie McKenna was the little boy who, at the risk of his own life, saved his three small brothers from the burning building, by a display of heroism and courage that is rarely exhibited in grown men. The following is the *Star's* account of the heroic deed:—"The McKenna family occupied an humble room on the third floor of the burned tenement house when the fire broke out. The parents were temporarily absent. There was Charlie McKenna, 14 years old, in charge of his little brothers, one 4 years old, another only 2, and the third a sleeping babe in its cradle. School time had come, and Charlie, after kissing the little fellows good-bye, opened the door—and in rushed the smoke and fire.

"In another moment the whole neighbourhood was aroused; the adjoining windows were black with people; the screams of the dying and the shouts of the firemen made bedlam through the building. Charlie looked out at the window and saw that the flames were mounting the fire-escape.

"Now, gentle reader, you are doubtless as brave as most men or women. What would you have done in such a situation? How would you have contrived to save those three little ones and yourself? Try to think of a plan that would not take too much time—for the fierce fire is crackling at the door and the deadly smoke is creeping under it—and that would not risk the lives and limbs of the children.

"Charlie went to the window, and the people outside called upon him to jump. To jump down two stories and leave his brothers to perish? Charlie shook his head. He knew better than that.

"But, in looking out, he saw a number of people on a shed near at hand, and he called to them to catch what he should throw them. They answered and encouraged him. In an instant he caught up the tiny two-year old; held him out of the window; swung him backward and forward, as you have seen athletes do at a circus, and threw him towards the shed. The people caught the child. One was saved.

"Try to think whether you could have done this. Would you have had the nerve, the pluck, the cool courage, the quick eye to measure the distance, the calm strength to throw the child far enough and yet not too far, as this boy of fourteen did? Let each reader answer for himself, and may Heaven grant that none of us ever be placed in such peril that he will be compelled to make the test!

"The four-year-old child was frightened, and would not allow Charlie to lift him out of the window. He cried, kicked, struggled with his preserver. Charlie felt that time and strength were being wasted in the struggle. Then he released the child; went to the further end of the room, took a brisk run to gain force and impetus, and out went the second brother, thrown clear across to the shed and caught by the ready hands of the crowd. What instinct and what calculation there were in this sudden run and rush that both overpowered the child's resistance and sent him flying through the air! Would you have thought of that? Would you have dared to venture it? Charlie did, and two were saved.

"The baby remained. Should he throw out the baby as he had the others? No; that sublime something, grander than reason, which had controlled the little hero thus far, now taught him that the tender infant might be hurt or killed by the fall or the rough handling of the crowd. The flames were burning through the door; the smoke made breathing almost impossible; but Charlie completed his preparations to save the baby as methodically as if he had been safely playing on a summer afternoon at Central Park.

"First he put on a great coat; then bundled up the baby and stowed it away inside the coat, where the stout buttons would support its weight, while his hands were left free. Then he got out upon the fire-escape, waited for a lull in the fire, and climbed down, hand over hand, with the baby bundled to his breast. The fire gnawed at his fingers; but he would not let go his hold. Arrived at the lowest stage of the escape, and afraid to drop lest he should jar the baby, he took off the great coat, put the infant in it, as in a hammock, and gently lowered it to the people below. After that he dropped down himself, and all were saved. His first anxious question was, 'Is the baby hurt?' Another second and the four children were enfolded in their mother's arms, while a great cheer went up from the crowd."

At a recent land meeting in the County Wexford the Very Rev. Canon Doyle, P.P., in the course of his speech, is reported by the *Wexford People* to have said:—"There is one great ingredient we have not up to this alluded to—the Ladies' Land League initiated by Miss Fanny Parnell—three cheers for Miss Parnell. (Loud and long-continued cheers.) The sister of the great leader has got up in America a Ladies' Land League called the three L's. (Renewed cheers.) I call upon the Irish ladies to get up Land Leagues throughout Ireland. Mind, women have immense power, if they use it (laughter), not by making speeches—but they have a vast influence in society. I know it well. Good women, holy and modest mothers, wives, and daughters, have, I repeat, vast influence in society for good. (Cheers.) I hope on this occasion, when we are making a great struggle to free the country from oppression, that the Irish-women will unite in every locality and form ladies' Land Leagues. (Loud cheers.) I say to the young ladies, if any fellow ever play false, ever play double, never let that man put a ring on your finger. (Cheers and laughter.) If he salutes you turn aside from him. (Renewed laughter.) If he goes to your house to ask you in marriage, even though he may have a fine place, tell your father you will not have him at all; he is boycotted. (Roars of laughter.) If you do that, I tell you, young girls, mothers, wives, and daughters, you can do more good than you can well imagine to this great movement—(cheers)—a movement to secure the people of Ireland from the greatest curse and oppression that ever fell upon a nation—Irish landlordism,