

FRED DOUGLASS IN IRELAND.

THE Cleveland gentleman who was best acquainted with the late Fred Douglass is probably Rev Dr George W. Pepper. Dr Pepper first met Mr Douglass abroad nearly fifty years ago (says the *Cleveland Herald*), and tells some very interesting stories of the negro statesman's career.

"The first time I met Mr Douglass," said Dr Pepper, "was in Ireland, 1847. He had met with enthusiastic receptions in London and throughout England, and had arrived at Cork. He was met at the landing by distinguished citizens, and rode away in a carriage seated between the Lord Mayor of Cork and Father Mathew, the great Roman Catholic apostle of temperance. He was dined by the City Council, and was accorded especial marks of attention by the most prominent people in Cork.

"Going to Dublin, he went to call upon Daniel O'Connell, who was the first Catholic Lord Mayor that city had had for more than 300 years. Mr Douglass had a letter of introduction from Hon Charles Sumner, but when O'Connell's servant announced that there was a coloured man at the door, the great Irishman rushed to the door, and clasping Douglass in a warm embrace, said, 'Fred Douglass, the American slave, needs no letter of introduction to me.'

"On the day following his arrival O'Connell took Douglass to Conciliation Hall, where he introduced the ex-slave to the Repealers, when he used the following words: 'If there be in the huts of Africa or in the swamps of the Carolinas, a human being panting for freedom, let it be proclaimed to him that he has a friend in the old Irish nation. My words shall travel across the winds and waves of the Atlantic; they shall roll up the banks of the Mississippi and Missouri, telling the slaveholder that the time for his injustice to cease has come, and that the period for the emancipation of the bondman has arrived, according to the laws of the living God; and a prayer goes forth from my heart that a black O'Connell may arise in America,' pointing his finger at Douglass as he spoke. The whole audience arose and gave three hearty cheers for Douglass and the Abolitionists.

"Daniel O'Connell," continued Dr Pepper, "was a fierce and uncompromising Abolitionist. About that time a check for a good many thousand dollars arrived from New Orleans to help the Irish cause. Mr O'Connell took the paper and said, 'Send it back, Ireland is poor, but poor as she is, she cannot accept the wages of the unpaid negro.' About the same time O'Connell wrote his powerful appeal, urging the Irish in America to join forces with the Abolitionists.

"Probably the grandest moment in Mr Douglass' life," said Dr Pepper, "was in London, near the time of the events which I have just related. He attended the world's universal peace convention, at which Lord Shaftesbury, the famous philanthropist, presided. Douglass was introduced to the audience, which consisted mainly of dukes and lords, as 'The American Slave.' At the conclusion of his address his hearers cheered for fully five minutes.

"One of the most striking incidents occurred, however, when a prominent New York clergyman went forward with the others and extended his hand, which was proudly refused by the black man. 'No,' said he, 'you would not do this if we were in New York, and I refuse to accept it here.' The incident was noted, and the New York clergyman did not have an opportunity to preach in a single London pulpit during his stay.

"During his stay with me he referred to his escape from slavery. It was brought up by his reading an address of mine in Ireland in which I referred to the reception which was tendered to him there, and to the abhorrence of the Irish people for slavery. He said that when a boy, on Colonel Lloyd's plantation, about fifteen miles from Baltimore, he was seized with a desire to see a ship, and obtained permission from his mistress to go to that city. While at the docks he saw two Irishmen unloading timbers from a vessel, and gave them some assistance.

"On taking leave of them, one of the men asked him if he was a slave, and upon his replying affirmatively, the other exclaimed: 'Why don't you run away? God never made a man to be a slave.' As he walked back to his master's plantation the words of that Irishman rang in his ears, and the idea resulted in his making his escape. Then, his sides shaking and his face wreathed in smiles, Douglass concluded: 'Mr Pepper, when I get to heaven, I will search for those two Irishmen, when I have found them I will take them before the Great Master of all, and I will say: 'There are the men who told me that I was never meant to be a slave.'

"Then he talked for an hour about the celebrated men he saw and heard in England and Ireland, and said he thought Mr O'Connell was the most natural and spontaneous orator he ever heard. He talked of Disraeli, Wendell Phillips, and went into raptures over Lincoln. Said he: 'As the years roll on, yes, as the centuries travel around, Lincoln's fame will continue to grow greater,

and the coloured race will never be able to mention his name without emotion.' "

WHAT DREAMS MAY COME.

IN a recent lecture at the Royal Institution, Dr B. W. Richardson says that the sleep of health is dreamless. "Dreams," says Shakespeare, "are children of an idle brain." If both the doctor and the poet are right it follows that idle brains are unhealthy brains. No doubt there might be truth in the inference, but that is not quite the point. Are all dreams signs of a diseased condition? To this the doctor says "No." He divides dreams into two classes; those started by noises or other causes outside the sleeper, and those produced by pain, fever, or indignation.

Here we inject a fact. We receive multitudes of letters containing this affirmation, almost in identical words: "I was worse tired in the morning than when I went to bed." To this the doctor has an answer. He says, "When we feel wearied in the morning very likely it results from dreams that we have forgotten." Quite so.

In other words there is a bodily condition which may prevent a person from working by day at his usual calling, but obliges him to labour all night under a mental stimulus of which he knows nothing save by its resulting exhaustion. These unhappy wretches toil harder, therefore, for no compensation, when they are ill, than they have to do to earn a living when they are well. What an infernal and frightful fact! And this too without taking into account their physical suffering at all times. "Night," said Coleridge, "is my hell."

From one of the letters referred to we quote what a woman says of her daughter: "She was worse tired in a morning than when she went to bed." Poor girl. Those "forgotten dreams" had tossed her about as a ship is tossed in a tempest. Night was her day of labour.

The mother's simple tale is this: "In June, 1890, my daughter Ann Elizabeth became low, weak, and fretful, and complained of pain in the chest after eating. Next her stomach was so irritable that she vomited all the food she took. It was awful to see her heave and strain. For three weeks nothing passed through her stomach except a little soda water and lime water. Later on, her feet and legs began to swell and puff from dropsy. She was now pale as death and looked as though she had not a drop of blood in her body, and was always cold. Month after month dragged by and she got weaker every day. She could not walk without support, for she had lost the proper use of her legs, and her body swayed from side to side as she moved.

"A doctor attended her for twelve months, and finally said it was no use giving her any more medicine as it would do no good. In May, 1891, I took her to the Dewsbury Infirmary. She got no better there, and I thought I was surely to lose her. She was then thirteen years of age.

"One day a lady (Mrs Lightoller) called at my shop, and seeing how bad my daughter was, spoke of a medicine called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and persuaded us to try it. I got a bottle from the Thornhill Co-operative Stores, and she began taking it. In two days she found a little relief; the sickness was not so frequent. She kept on with the Syrup and steadily improved. Soon she was strong as ever, and has since been in the best of health and can take any kind of food. After she had taken the Syrup only two weeks the neighbours were surprised at her improved appearance and I told them what had brought it about—that Seigel's Syrup had done what the doctors could not do, it saved her life. Yours truly, (Signed), (Mrs) SARAH ANN SHEARD, 19, Brewery Lane, Thornhill Lees, near Dewsbury, October 11th, 1892."

The exciting cause of all this young girl's piteous suffering was indigestion and dyspepsia, dropsy being one of its most dangerous symptoms. It attacks both youth and age, is fearful and often fatal results being due to the fact that physicians usually treat the symptoms instead of the disease itself.

"A child's dreams," says Dr Richardson, "are signs of disturbed health and should be regarded with anxiety." The same is true of the dreams of older people. They mean poison in the stomach and point to the immediate use of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

Lord Acton, the new Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, has rather a mixed pedigree. The head of an old English Catholic family, he is the grandson on the paternal side of a Neapolitan Prime Minister and on the maternal side of a French Duke; he is the nephew of a Cardinal and cousin of a recent Italian Minister of Marine; the stepson of an eminent English statesman, and the son-in-law of a Bavarian nobleman.—*Edinburgh Catholic Herald*.

According to the newspaper directories just issued there were published in the United Kingdom in 1846, 551 journals. Of these 14 were issued daily—viz, 12 in England and 2 in Ireland. But there are now established and circulated 2304 papers, of which no less than 198 are issued daily, showing that the Press of the country has more than quadrupled during the last 49 years. The increase in daily papers has been still more remarkable—the daily issue standing 198 against 14 in 1846.

Mr Gawne, of Dunedin (says the *Southland Times* of April 13 1891), has just been on a visit to Invercargill to push business a little. Not that it wants much canvassing, for since he commenced the manufacture of his Worcestershire Sauce, the demand has kept pace with his capacity to supply it. He makes a really good thing, indistinguishable from the famous Lea and Perrin's, which he places upon one's table at a much lower price, and trusts to that to secure a steadily growing trade. Those who have not yet tried the Colonial article should put their prejudice aside for a time and test the question with a bottle or two.—ADVT.

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