

acknowledged the services of Breslin and resented every effort to take from him the credit which belongs to him.

When they learned that everything was arranged they asked to be allowed to take a hand. They were told that every part in the work had its man assigned, except the cutting of the telegraph wires, and they agreed to do that and did it. They eluded the vigilance of the Australian authorities, and arrived in New York *via* San Francisco, on the day following the landing of the rescued men from the Catalpa. There is no truth in the stories circulated that but for their aid Breslin would have failed in his work. The facts of the rescue are too well known to need repeating here. But a few incidents not generally known may be told with profit now when so many things of national interest are maliciously misrepresented.

The six prisoners—Hogan, Wilson, Darragh, Hassett, Cranston, and Harrington—got into the streets of Freemantle in broad daylight without attracting notice, and marched out, as if going in a working party, to where the two "traps," or buggies, were awaiting them. Breslin was in charge of one, Desmond of the other. A supply of clothing and a small stock of firearms had been provided, and, getting into the traps, the soldier convicts rapidly discarded the prison garb as Breslin and Desmond whipped the horses into a rapid pace, making for an old wooden pier fourteen miles away, where Captain Anthony was in waiting with his whaleboats. Brennan's part was to go ahead and see that everything was ready. King, who had been brought up in Australia, was a good horseman, and remained behind with a fast horse, bridled and saddled, to watch the mounted police. As soon as he saw them saddling their horses he knew the alarm had been given, and, springing into the saddle, he galloped after his friends to tell them to drive for life or death, for a body of thirty policemen, armed with rifles and swords, were spurring hard in their rear. It was a desperate ride, but the pier was reached in time, and, owing to Captain Anthony's splendid seamanship, rescued and rescuers were out of range by the time the baffled pursuers reached the beach.

A night's weary pulling in the trough of the sea in a heavy ground swell, with a narrow escape from the police boat, a day of thirst and anxiety under a broiling sun in the open whaleboats, and England's slate prisoners, after eleven years of suffering, were safe under the American flag on board the Catalpa.

Then the gunboat Georgette, with fifty armed police aboard, fires a shot across the Catalpa's bows and demands the surrender of the fugitives. It was a game of bluff, and was met by a characteristic American defiance and an appeal to the American flag. The Georgette could have sunk the Catalpa in five minutes, but the prudent British captain bad visions of concealed cannon and scores of Winchesters aboard the Yankee barque, which, besides, was many miles outside of British waters on the high seas. So he quietly steered off, and the Catalpa went "rolling home to dear Columbia," to quote the words of a song which Breslin wrote on the voyage.

Between the personal subscriptions, the amounts voted by the clubs, the proceeds of oil taken, and the Australian contribution, the total amount of money used in the expedition was \$36,000. Of this, some \$11,000 was returned *pro rata* to the clubs which had voted it, and John Breslin, the day after he landed in New York, returned to the committee £360 in Australian sovereigns. The Catalpa was sold to the agent, and her captain and crew were paid off—not very generously it must be admitted—on a scale reached by striking an average of the earnings of all the whalers which left New Bedford during the same season. The captain's services were worth his weight in gold. Without Captain Hathaway's assistance the expedition could not have been made a success. It was a combination of Irish pluck and Yankee skill and grit.

The accounts of the receipts and expenditures of the Catalpa expedition were audited by two conventions, and stood the test of another overhauling before a trial committee. The originals are still in existence and are ready for the most searching and public investigation to which they could be subjected.

A sum of \$15,000 was raised for the rescued men. The records of the collection and distribution of this fund are also to the fore and ready for the calcined light of a public audit.

In a case where all concerned behaved well, the men whose courage, skill and devotion stand out pre-eminently are John J. Breslin, Captain Anthony, Harry Hathaway and John King.

"Honour to whom honour is due."

[The above story of the Catalpa rescue is exactly and singularly true, in every detail—except one. In summing up, by inadvertence it must be, the writer has omitted the name of the man whose persistence and fidelity were the spring and safety of the whole enterprise. This was John Devoy. The Catalpa rescue was as much his as the phonograph is Edison's, for whom others work out the details. Ed. *Pilot*.]

MYERS AND CO., Dentists, Octagon, corner of George street. They guarantee highest class work at moderate fees. Their artificial teeth gives general satisfaction, and the fact of them supplying a temporary denture while the gums are healing does away with the inconvenience of being months without teeth. They manufacture a single artificial tooth for Ten Shillings, and sets equally moderate. The administration of nitrous oxide gas is also a great boon to those needing the extraction of a tooth. Read—[ADVT.]

Statistics recently published in Berlin show that the great Powers, so called, France, Russia, England, Germany, Austria, and Italy have expended for military purposes during the past three years the enormous sum of nearly 4,000,000,000 dollars. France heads the list with an outlay of 1,270,500,000, while Italy stands at the foot, her figure being 313,500,000 dollars. Russia, England, Germany, and Austria, come in the order given, the lowest on the list expending more than twice as much as our own country for military purposes. Yet the weakest of the European Powers would rather grapple with the strongest than risk a quarrel with the United States, which is not afraid of any one or all of them together.—*Pilot*.

TEN MONTHS' SUFFERING IN A HOSPITAL.

THERE is an old saying that physicians are a class of men who pour drugs, of which they know little, into bodies of which they know less. This is both true and untrue at the same time. There are good and poor lawyers, and good and poor doctors. The trouble with these medical gentlemen as a profession is that they are clannish, and apt to be conceited. They don't like to be beaten at their own trade by outsiders who have never studied medicine. They therefore pay, by their frequent failures, the penalty of refusing instruction unless the teacher bears their own "Hall Mark."

An eminent physician—Dr. Brown-Sequard, of Paris—states the fact accurately when he says : "The medical profession are so bound up in their self-confidence and conceit that they allow the diamond truths of science to be picked up by persons entirely outside their ranks." We give a most interesting incident, which illustrates this important truth.

The steamship "Concordia," of the Donaldson Line, sailed from Glasgow for Baltimore in 1887, having on board as a fireman a man named Richard Wade, of Glasgow. He had been a fireman for fourteen years on various ships sailing to America, China, and India. He had borne the hard and exhausting labour, and had been healthy and strong. On the trip we now name he began for the first time to feel weak and ill. His appetite failed, and he suffered from drowsiness, heartburn, a bad taste in the mouth, and costiveness and irregularity of the bowels. Sometimes when at work he had attacks of giddiness, but supposed it to be caused by the heat of the fire-room, quite often he was sick and felt like vomiting, and had some pain in the head. Later during the passage he grew worse, and when the ship reached Halifax he was placed in the Victoria General Hospital, and the ship sailed away without him. The house surgeon gave him some powders to stop the vomiting, and the next day the visiting physicians gave him a mixture to take every four hours. Within two days Wade was so much worse that the doctors stopped both the powder and the mixture. A month passed, the poor fireman getting worse and worse.

Then came another doctor, who was to be visiting physician for the next five months. He gave other medicines, but not much relief. During all that time Wade suffered great torture; he digested nothing, throwing up all he ate. There was terrible pain in the bowels, burning heat in the throat, heartburn, and racking headache. The patient was now taking a mixture every four hours, powders one after each meal to digest the food, operating pills one every night, and temperature pills two each night to stop the cold sweats. If drugs could cure him at all, Richard had an idea that he took enough to do it. But on the other hand, pleurisy set in, and the doctors took ninety ounces of matter from his right side, and then told him he was sure to die. Five months more rolled by, and there was another change of visiting physicians. The new one gave Wade a mixture which he said made him tremble like a leaf on a tree.

At this crisis Wade's Scotch blood asserted itself. He refused to stand any more dosing, and told the doctors that if he must die he could die as well without them as with them. By this time a cup of milk would turn sour on his stomach, and lie there for days. Our friend from Glasgow was like a wreck on a shoal, fast going to pieces. We will let him tell the rest of his experience in the words in which he communicated it to the press.

He says :—" When I was in this state a lady whom I had never seen came to the hospital and talked with me. She proved to be an angel of mercy, for without her I should not now be alive. She told me of a medicine called 'Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup,' and brought me a bottle next day. I started with it, without consulting the doctors, and in only a few days' time, I was out of bed calling for ham and eggs for breakfast. From that time, keeping on with Mother Seigel's great remedy, I got well fast, and was soon able to leave the hospital and come home to Glasgow. I now feel as if I was in another world, and have no illness of any kind."

The above facts are calmly and impartially stated, and the reader may draw his own conclusion. We deem it best to use no names, although Mr. Wade gave them in his original deposition. His address is No. 244, Stobcross Street, Glasgow, where letters will reach him.

EDITOR.

The Hungarian Catholics have increased so largely at Bayonne, New Jersey, that they now have a church of their own dedicated to St. Joseph.

Louis Kossuth, the veteran revolutionist and man without a country, now in his eighty-eighth year, has been interviewed by the *New York Herald* at his home in Torin. Like all men who have failed in their ambitions, he is pessimistic in his old age. He thinks that there is no hope of a social regeneration until the world shall have been swept of its present inhabitants by some great cataclysm, when "a new race capable of a new civilisation" may appear. In his opinion on the Oriental question is the one which will decide the fate of Europe. Russia will endeavour to reach the sea, and in the impending conflict he hopes for the freedom of Hungary. England is a waning power, having lost her opportunity when she neglected to carry out Beaconsfield's scheme of using Indian troops in Europe. In regard to Ireland he says :—" Ireland is drifting away from England. Every year her people become more closely knit in sympathy with the United States. Modern invention has partly annihilated the distance between the two countries, and now it does not take much longer to go to Queenstown than to San Francisco. There are men now alive who will see the day when Ireland will become a State in the American Union." We wish that Kossuth were a prophet, but he is not even a statesman, or he would see that his own country, Hungary, has achieved a measure of freedom in Home Rule with which Ireland would be well content if it could not hope for the greater boon of American statehood, or the yet greater one of absolute independence.—*Pilot*.