

## THE GREAT TUG-OF-WAR AT THE MELBOURNE EXHIBITION.

### HOW IRELAND BEAT AMERICA.

(Evening Standard, January 25.)

No one who was fortunate enough to witness the tug-of-war between Ireland and America at the Exhibition on Saturday will ever forget it. It was one of those sights that people see only once in a lifetime, and die the happier for having seen it. The only men, perhaps, who would not die the happier for having seen it would be the Americans, and even they must admit they never stood amidst a spectacle more thrilling.

When Ireland meets America then comes the tug-of-war. This, in future will be the local rendering of an old proverb, for the Greeks are out of it now. It was nothing that England was going to pull Norway, or that Scotland was going to try conclusions at the rope with the bone and sinew of New Zealand. No one seemed to care much either whether Germany got the better of Sweden; and even Australia, with all its local sympathy and pardonable prejudice, did not excite more than passing interest in its pull with the Danes. They were all beaten teams; all more or less out of it; and so it did not matter much which way the coin fell. The 8000 people who flocked into the building from all parts at double prices were there to see the Americans lick the Irish, or the Irish walk over the Americans, or else to see the best team win regardless of nationality. At the close, when the pistol fired, the Americans must have thought that every soul present had come to see them beaten. The balance of sympathy from start to finish on Saturday evening was decidedly with the Celts, though the odds were freely given on their opponents. America backed itself at 3's to 4's to 1, and Ireland was only too happy to take all it could get at the money.

The crowd, hanging over the galleries, perched on the chairs, sticking on to the walls, and elbowing each other for breathing room on the floor, waited eagerly for the big struggle to begin. Had it come on first, they would have forgiven the management the balance of the programme. Norway had a tough pull with England, and beat them in 22min. 30sec., every inch of the 7ft. being stubbornly fought. The vanquished team lodged a protest on the ground that the Norwegian anchor man held on to the cleats, but it was disallowed. When the New Zealanders met the Scotch they began to "run away with it" on the American principle, but they spent their vigour in the first few pulls, and had to submit to defeat at the end of 20 minutes. The finest pull of the night was that between the Germans and Swedes, the latter starting with a good lead. At the end of 32min. the Germans had regained their lost ground, and in 4min. more they had won. Australia walked over Denmark in a little under 2 min.

When Mr Phil. Stuart shouted along to the band for "The Wearing of the Green," the fun started. The Irishmen, attired in green sashes (and trousers), came on the platform first. The crowd rose at them with a cheer that grew wilder and wilder, and those who were not Irish saw for a moment what "Irish" really meant. The cheering never absolutely ceased, but like a hurricane, kept on all the time, changing only as it grew louder and louder, till at last, when the fight was won, the deafening roar enveloped everything, and hats and chairs, and sticks and handkerchiefs, moved about in the air as thick as notes in a dust storm. No one could sit unmoved at such a spectacle.

The Americans were not without their friends. They came out "Marching through Georgia," and cheer after cheer went up in their honour. But it was a cool, deliberate American cheer, with no fire in it. "They" looked a neater team than their opponents, with a much more gainly style, and as they sat down to the rope, "2 to 1 on America" came from several places at once. They were both unbeaten teams, and their style of pulling was almost the same. The difference between them was that the Americans were more practised and more scientific, while the Irishmen were heavier, and went in with mere fire. Hitherto America had "walked upstairs" with all previous teams, going in from the start before their opponents had time to concentrate their strength. Ireland had won by almost similar tactics, going off with a rush that appeared to be irresistible. As soon as the rope was freed both sides bent to with all their might. They were so equally matched that neither could gain the shadow of an advantage: and for several seconds the rope stood as steady as a bar of iron. Every man was at his best, every limb was strained, every muscle set. The cheering hushed a little as doubt replaced conviction, for it was felt whichever side shifted it first would win. Nearly a minute passed, and the suspense was agonising. The disc quivered slightly, showing first blood to Erin. A bit more, and still another bit. Once more America heaved, but in vain. Their force was spent to no purpose. The result was no longer in doubt, and as the excitement grew the tempest threatened every moment to rend the roof asunder. The common sympathy with the Irish was best indicated by the presence of a couple of Chinese in the front row of the reserve: They cheered all a Chinamen knows how. Staid Melbourne citizens, with Hibernian tendencies, leaped to their feet,

and throwing their hats on high, yelled and yelled. Two Catholic priests, who had made their way to the front, were as demonstrative in their joy as the most delirious barracker in the back benches.

Once Ireland set the rope agoing it did not stop much. After the first foot or two had been contested, the boys went off at the double, and with a rush that nothing could stop brought their opponents panting and scrambling out of their own territory. It was all over in 1min. and 10sec.

It looked as if every Irishman in the room—and many, too, who were not Irish—wanted to shake the hands of the victors. There was a wild scramble for the honour. Those who could not get a hand seized a foot or a leg, and were satisfied. Every man of the 10, and the captain, too, was hoisted on the shoulders of his countrymen and a life and death struggle for the dressing-rooms followed. These were below in the cellars, and down the stairs the crowd rushed headlong, stifling each other as they went. With great difficulty the doors were forced against the people, and for half-an-hour after men continued to cheer and shout and shake each other by the hand as if the end of the world had come and the gates of heaven had been opened to them.

### IT RECALLS THE BLIZZARD.

In March, 1888, the great blizzard in America almost extinguished the city of New York. The like of it was never before seen. The snow completely stopped all local traffic. Not a horse or a wheel could move. All the telegraph lines leading into the city were prostrated, and for two or three days the people of Boston and New York communicated by each other by way of London by means of the Atlantic cables. Thus messages intended for persons three hundred miles distant were sent six thousand miles, crossing the ocean twice.

An incident which recalls this experience to the writer's mind happened a short time ago here in England. Suppose we let the gentleman interested tell his own story. He says, "I have suffered more or less from indigestion and dyspepsia all my life. I had a bad taste in the mouth, pain after eating, a poor appetite and sour stomach. My tongue was coated, and my mouth constantly filled with a watery fluid. No matter what I ate, however light, it disagreed with me and gave me pain. I had fullness of the chest, and pain at my side, with a miserable, low, dull feeling. From time to time I consulted a doctor who gave me medicines, but they did very little good. The doctor said that the coating of my stomach was disordered, and the mucous membrane was inflamed. In 1877 I received a pamphlet from New York telling of a medicine called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and of extraordinary cures it had effected, so I procured a supply, and after taking the first I felt better, and by the time I had taken four bottles more, I was completely cured, and have been in good health, as regards the indigestion, ever since. Having studied the practice of herbs for many years, I was in the habit of treating people for erysipelas and other complaints, and was frequently consulted by people in the district, so after my remarkable cure, I was so impressed with the merits of Seigel's Syrup, that I procured a large supply of the medicine, and recommended it to all who were suffering, and people came from far and near for it. I may mention that on a Sunday my house was besieged by miners from Coal Pit Heath, and others from a distance. On every hand I heard nothing but the loudest praise, and of the cures it effected, and the fame of this medicine was spread throughout the West of England with no other advertising than one party telling another of the benefit they had derived from this wonderful medicine. I wish everyone to know of this, and if by publishing this statement it will help others who may be suffering as I was, it will afford me pleasure."

The letter from which the foregoing is an extract is signed Moses Goodwin, Old Sudbury (Sodbury), Glos, and is dated April 9th, 1891. He is a farmer.

The readers will notice that while the headquarters of the sale of Mother Seigel's Syrup is universally known to be London, by a strange chance Mr. Goodwin's first information concerning it came from America, three thousand miles away, which recalls the incident of the American blizzard above narrated, and also shows that the fame and usefulness of this medicine extends to all civilised countries.

Mr Benjamin Edgerton, grocer and provision dealer, Plat Lane, Whixall, Whitchurch, Salop, says: "While living with Mr Roberts, Fenswood Farm, I first began to feel a dull heavy weight at my side and noticed a bad taste in the mouth with foul stomach and uncomfortable feeling after eating. I had no appetite, and when I sat down to the table I could not touch the food. I had a good deal of pain and noise in the head, and could not sleep for it. I was not fit for heavy work, and could only do light jobs about the farm. After cutting a hedge I would go quite faint, and had to sit down, and felt so much depressed I could have cried. Having always been such a strong man I took it badly to be reduced to such a weak state. I took all kinds of physic and saw a doctor, but his medicine only eased me for a bit, and then I was worse than before. I went on in this way for over a year, when a servant that came to live with Mr Roberts told me of a medicine called Mother Seigel's Syrup. She had heard a gentleman talking about it in the railway carriage, and he praised it so much that I thought I would try it. After I had taken two bottles my food did me good, and I gained strength, and by persevering with the syrup I soon got as strong as ever, and have never ailed anything since."

Next year is to be regarded as a year of deepest mourning throughout Poland, and the women of that patriotic country, from the duchess to the peasant woman, will wear nothing but black. Poles will commemorate the sad year of 1792, which cost them their independence.