AFOOT IN IRELAND.

Edgar L. Wakeman Tells of Incidents of Travel in Connemara.

Women Dress in Picturesque Costumes, and Are Shapely and Beautiful.

The Peculiar Garb of the Men—Spinning Up in the Mountains.

LOUGH DERRYCLARE, Ireland, Jan. 28.—*Special Correspondence.*

It is peasantry of Connemara, and for that matter of all Connaught, are as rugged and picturesque as its scenery. They are a hardy lot, but they possess the politeness of nature and endurance under suffering, and of a certain lofty independence. At all times, which truly deepens one's interest in their study. In a word, they are the hospitable characteristics, they are more of the Irish than all the rest of the Irish in Ireland combined. Though rude, ignorant and neglected, they still retain a whole-some dignity. Some of that brave old spirit which made Connaught and even parts of other kingdoms into which the invader could never come, is still among this gaunt and starved mountain people. In custom and costume no place in Europe gives more distinct and striking examples than this picturesque region. In the latter no inroads of civilization have been able to compel a change from time immemorial, these peasants' dress has been precisely as it is to-day.

THEY WOULD WHOLLY STARVE

before they would relinquish their hand-made woolens, and black, white, red and blue are the only colors in which the fabrics are woven. The occupants of nearly every cottage are spinners, weavers and knitters. The first thing put in a connemara girl-baby's hands is a set of needles. Every process of cleaning, carding, spinning, reeling, dying, weaving, and "tapping" is done by "my hand" in these mountain heights. Indeed no expert are the peasants themselves and so fairly well everywhere among Irish people are Connemara yarns, Connemara "socks," Connemara woolens, Connemara "tuck-flannel" and the voluminous black, witch-like cloaks in which the peasant women of the West, and the Galway peasantry wrap themselves, called the Connemara *brattha* or *braidean*, that a great company formed at Galway for making machinery take all this labor out of the peasants' hands met uproarious ruin. The Irish heart the world over warms to the rough, honest stuff coming from these rude hands, and many an Irish prince or princess of riches in America still wears here for the occasion some of the "tuck-flannel" petticoats made in these, the wildest of Erin's crags and glens.

THE DRESS OF THE MEN

among the peasantry gives them a grotesque and sometimes almost ghastly appearance. They are usually barefooted, summer and winter, with a skin on the soles of their feet a quarter of an inch in thickness, and as hard as beaten sole leather, from exposure and rough travel over the rocky mountain paths and roads. A few wear shoes, and one noted in a few-high, tied over the feet with thongs, as with their daughters of the Arab islands. Fewer still wear a manufactured hat, the most in actual poverty, though nearly all are so, will be found wearing the long hose, or stockings, a Connemara product. But all wear the white flannel, of Connemara product, trousers, bifurcated garment which hangs from the shoulders and terminates at the knees in wide, loose bags, something after the manner of the American women's mysterious dress-reform "divided skirts." This flannel is made up of the same material; a rag of a cap or hat perched on the back and side of the head, or bareheaded altogether; the black, tutty hair, coarse and wiry as that on a boar's back, and browning skyward from the forehead; with the ever-present shillalah, or a sycamore limb made into the regular as a club or shillalah, and curious picture at mountain hut, or in meetings upon the road. In the latter there is a grim severity about the Connemara mountaineer which is catching, but provokes a continual bubbling of the laughter of merry mirth within.

AWAY UP THE ROAD YONDER

one of them is seen coming. Before he enters you he moves forward with the easy negligence of a bundle of unarticulated bones given free expression of movement in a capacious sack of assorted rags. He is going from somewhere to nowhere, to by and by come back from somewhere with nothing. But now he sees you. Rigid and frigid, straight and tall, his whole anatomy has in an instant become. His head is set back over the alarming reserved curve of his body. His legs have stiffened and lengthened until he seems to have the devil adjusted mysterious automatic stilts. His arms are as two fixed, immovably extended cotton angles. The wondrous springs at the shoulder sockets; and-his fingers are as closed and hard as those of an iron clamp. He advances with a swinging stride, as though the balls of his feet, at each step, expanded into a pneumatic tire, his nostrils puffed, his head and sideview holding. His lips are tight. His forehead is lower, far and wrinkled, with apparent serious resolve. His eyes are upraised, and his nostrils are dilated. He seems to see a beacon fire on the horizon, he heads you not until at your side. Then quick as a flash he turns his face forward, and, with an air of "I'll take a wink of the eye at you," says:

"Fine day, yer honor!"

"I'm sorry to say, sir, my friend."

You have said "no" to him, and have called him "friend," and the tension slightly relaxes. But your "no" and "friend" have caused his face to entrap him.

"What! yer scenery yon Connemara people possess," you venture.

HE LOOKS AT YOU

with quizzical distrust, and gets rigid again.

"These grand mountains, loughs, streams," you add, with a comprehensive gesture of explanation.

He eyes suspiciously follow the sweep of your arm, and you have not reached him yet.

"And the sky—the sky—the sky!" he shrieks he's gaunter! glitters in his green-gray eyes—you feel with a consuming wish, which begins to melt him.

"And women folk—are they not among the finest (for you came by the way of Harvey and Kilronan) of Irish, Irish, Irish?"

Why, you ought to be the proudest people on earth over here in Connemara!"

"Yer—think—that—now—rally?"

"Think it! Any man with an ounce of skill knows it."

"Hm-m-m—N-n-n-nagh! An' so yer tellin'."

"No I am. And any man who has a drop of blood in him couldn't deny it."

"Yer—that they could—nagh! The more power to ye for that thrue word, yer honor."

Ah, he has him now. Mark the tone! The volubility and protestation which follow are tempestuous. "Wur ye long out?" "Wud ye be long stay?" "An' Dublin—yer—yer, sir, think?—dear, now?" "Faith its great heart ye have to come so far!" "An' ye thinkin' I'll be gettin' wid us Mannies (soft bodies)?—and moves morning, noon and night, with the tender Irish heart; while may be, at parting, for the life to his spirits your good cheer has given him some mountain orator cries out, "Kose" for you, as one did for me on a windy mountain road, with flashing eyes and high, shrill, quivering tones:

"Oh! Ireland I love ould Ireland
When England wor a nap;
Ould Ireland 'll be ould Ireland
When England's beggared up!"

But the women of Connemara are picturesque in attire and shapely in form to a remarkable degree. Their limbs are long and graceful. They are erect and carry themselves with an immense black braideens, or cloaks, with which all shortcomings in clothing are made good, fall in truly classic folds about them. Bare-limbed as the men, at all seasons, you will not infrequently catch glimpses of legs so exquisitely modeled as those of the Venus of Cos; while the most voluptuous types of Southern Europe or languorous, tropical Cuba, furnish no more perfect examples of tapering, dimpled arm, beautifully formed shoulders, and full but lengthened neck, with dove-like double curve. The broad, large faces are still superbly oval. The chin has strength. The full, sharply mouth is red and tender, exquisitely curved; the regular teeth are charming in pearl-white glint and dainty; the nose is large, well-cut, with thin, sensitive nostrils; the eyes, under long, heavy lashes, are set straight and honestly at you out of clear, large depths of gray or blue; the eyebrows are marvels of natural pencilling; the skin is fine, wide and fair; and such heads of hair given all that were they unknown in Europe the women would cloak and clad in lustrous black immeasurably surpassing her alleged beauties. Not a thread is in them besides the Connemara flannel. It is spun from the wool of the mountain sheep. These, with goats, donkeys, and ponies not unlike those of Chatendel in County Antrim, many of which pass well in the mountains, are essential to the very existence

OF THESE HARDY PEOPLE.

The great weight of the flannel, especially after it has gone through a rude process called "tucking," not only provides the bodily warmth required in the chill and misty mountain heights, but gives dignity, grace and braideen its massive character. The ordinary female costume consists of a white flannel blouse or bodice, over which is hung at the waist a petticoat of flannel red. It is said that eighty yards of Scotch plaid are sometimes pleated into a Highlander's kilt. It one could get near enough to a Connemara woman to learn the exact truth, I have no doubt the fact would be found starvation-per-shillingsworth of material.

Either spinning, weaving, "tucking," "tapping," or knitting is a chief occupation in every home. Very little agricultural labor is carried on in Connemara. Extensive of mountain ten-ant farmers has been so long going on that the landlords, or rich graziers, are equally as numerous estates of the Irish peasantry, have converted nearly all of the cultivable land into pasture for sheep and goats. This gives a trifling amount of labor in "minding" the herds. A few of the men are tourists' guides among the mountains. A few more have retained holdings of a bit of land, for which the rental is outrageous. But most of the Connemara men have perforce become a part of the great army of 10,000 to 15,000 "roaming harvesters" who are annually forced from the west of Ireland into the richer and good fields of England and Scotland; and who, after their battles with the rich graziers are fought, are hurled again to tramp back after a six or eight months' absence to their mountains, moors, and keep, with the pittance they have time earned and saved, the thorn above their loved ones' heads.

THOSE REMARKABLE BEINGS

"work in the world" do their best at raising a few "crops" of potatoes, fish, game from the streams, loughs and forests; distill a little potcen (or mountain dew-poison), rear a few sheep, goats and occasionally an insignificant amount of poultry, for the markets; and practically do not know what money means, or ever handle hearty meal of vitals in their whole lives. It is also an unquestionable fact that 3,000,000 people of Ireland are forced through merciless landlords, aided by military power, to live even on less than the food a decent man would deem to a dog. Of all the potatoes, fish, sheep, goats, fowls, furnished the markets, those 3,000,000 never know the taste. The labor required to raise the produce, is sustained absolutely and wholly on potatoes which are eaten, at best, but with salt, cabbage leaves, snps of milk at rare intervals stolen from the pigs, black bread and "stirabout," and from the most unmerciful scale, and on bits and scraps on which a goat would turn away. From what they have seen I have no doubt that a tenth of these 3,000,000 maybe never had tasted sufficient food even to keep them from the vile potage on which they are compelled to live, but they have seen the results of which their forefathers were robbed, and which their own labor, through oppression and starvation, has given the very value on which they are rack-rented to the limit of immeasurable, unexampled endurance.

AND I SOMETIMES WONDER

if Americans who talk so much in the "Irish question" rarely extends beyond their possible use of it in American politics, whether they contemplate, as students, tourists, or tourists', standpoint of that which may be unique, picturesque, or humorous in Irish customs or character; or if Englishmen, who only see Ireland from behind the Government bayonets, or over their jury chosen, in the columns of the London Times, will ever reach a fair, or even moderate conception of comprehending the appalling deprivation and infinite patience of Irish peasantry, which, at its demand and command, stand, for, stripped of all floriture and ornament, the most pitiful, and, in the whole "Irish question," Americans survey in Ireland, and which will ever remain in sad right in comparison with this inconceivable and awful nineteenth century crime.

The Irish people in the Connemara mountains are cotters. These comprise a large class throughout Ireland, who have, for years, or generations, but when, always suffered eviction, secure any sort of a hut from some more fortunate tenant, who has managed to keep their feet. Many others are found to be living in their own mountain huts, which, in Ireland, "belong" to they have been legally evicted without defending their rights, and, in consideration of the goodness in giving up all they possessed without a struggle, to the landlord, landlord permits them to remain in their homes, absolutely abject and subject to his will, at the greatest possible rent, which, generally, he takes in addition from them. But in most of the cabins of these Highland mountains there are things very interesting to observe. These are picturesque-ness of location; extraordinary cleanliness and the universal retention of primitive utensils.

ROUNDING THE TURN

of some bridle path, you come upon one of these cabins, perched on the edge of a jutting rock, with its back close to the side of a cairn-shown against the black rock behind. The latter of course, is the warm glow of the red petticoat gives an added touch of picturesqueness to the mere scene. You will with squeaky into the door of the cabin where they are only bonnets shelving rocks, as if of Cyclopean origin. The floor is a dirty mixture between nature like white walls will gleam through clusters of clinging ivy. Often they are also covered built against the walls of crumbling ruins. The floor is generally made up of closely to the ground that the little structure blends with the brown of inclosed rocks and the green of cool moss. There is a glee of exquisite loveliness on lough Inagh's shore, where a mossy bank, half-way up the side of a mountain, the hollow of a gigantic tree which the wild mountain winds have uprooted, the green moss of the mountain folk is unequaled elsewhere in Ireland, and, I almost feel-sure, among the lovely of any country. There is a reason for the unexpected characteristic from a be-rifled and dame-school-taught mind, but a whole hour scrubbing the rock-tiled floor of her little cabin, the mountain peasant knows, and when they could have been thoroughly cleansed in one-fourth the time expended.

I RECEIVED THE SCORNFUL REPORT:

"Hoight! Wastin' time it is! Arrah, yer born, not buried, yer honor! Ye drinks as much enough we are, wuldout wayin' av rint for the 21 per cent yer agent charges."

But I fancy there may be traced an ethnological better reason. The mountaineer has an dignity, love of purity, and natural cleanliness, which grow into the habit of taking among those cases of poverty, or ever of rain and mountain waters; who breath the rare air of these noble crags, and who, in seeing the swirl of the dappings of the clouds themselves, come to imagine themselves in a cleanliness of which the gayer life's activities in less noble, if more fruitful, regions, do not dream. Cephalic in form as one of the rudest and most ancient pattern are found. Stone seats are sunk into the walls at either side of the hearth-place, for chimney. Little holes, or pockets, are cut in the stone, or clay, of the chimney-stack, for the pipes, tobacco-pipe and "would the sow" in the cup of the "pipe of peace." Pots and pans, there are any at all, garnish the rude cupboard. Massive, three-legged stools, or the rude tables are the finest furniture found. A primitive grindstone, or two, for knives and axes can be produced on occasion. Flat stones serve for baking bread, and, in the mountain-glens, iron, and pots and cranes of country-old natures are produced in the same fortunate, or extravagant; but I think it is a fact. They had never seen, and the mother, or ancient Irish wooden drinking-cup, will be seen. But there are no tins-pouns, no knives and forks, in the Connemara peasantry. The shadow of the chimney or the shadow of the mountain, gives the mistress built from the face of the sun. When they do not, it is because the "gentry" have, as we quote them, drag through an unbroken, unscenful calm to these simple souls among the crags.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

For The Inter Ocean.

RONDEL.

BY BRAD COUNTLAND.

My Valentine I send a greeting,
Your name I do not even know.
It is well, for I am fleeting,
My Valentine.

And we sight find that ours were cheating,
For each it happens so.
Now save in Dimsy dreams a meeting,
My Valentine.

In which you seem alway entreating,
Yet yet win whispered "Adieu."
You vanish still with mane secreting
My Valentine.

Pendleton, S. C.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is purely vegetable. It does not contain any injurious ingredient.

AT LAS CACITAS.

Recollections of a Visit to the Late Owen Brown, in Cali-fornia.

Climbing to the Summit of the Sierra Madre to Stake a Claim.

The Brown Brothers in Their Mountain Cabin—Their Stories of Troublous Times.

BY PROFESSOR L. B. SPERRY,
CARLETON COLLEGE, Feb. 2.—*To the Editor:*

OWEN BROWN, son of John Brown, the hero of "Bleeding Kansas" and of Harper's Ferry, died at Pasadena, Cal., Jan. 8, aged 64 years. The announcement of his death so vividly recalled to mind an incident of my journey, together with a few interesting facts which I find not generally known, that I beg to offer them to the readers of THE INTER OCEAN.

OWEN BROWN.

Owen was the third, in order, of John Brown's twenty children. He died as he had always lived, a single and a simple man.

Three years ago this winter I boarded for some time with his sister, Mrs. Henry Thompson, who was then living at Las Cacitas, a charming little place on the mountain side, about six miles from Pasadena, and only a few rods from the house occupied by Owen Brown and his brother, Jason. Being so near since interesting and notorious men, I made it convenient to be much in their company. I was anxious to study their character and habits, and also to learn from themselves certain much facts about their participation in the Kansas troubles, and, more especially, some of the details of Owen's experiences in escaping from Harper's Ferry.

The first time I met Owen he had just returned from "staking a claim" on the very summit of the Sierra Madre range, at a point about 3,000 feet above Pasadena, and 4,000 feet above the sea. I learned that he and Jason intended to make the ascent again soon, for the purpose of planting various seeds and cuttings they had secured during the preceding year. A young clergyman named Fisher, from St. Paul, Minn., was also boarding at the Thompsons, and we two were accorded the privilege of accompanying the Brothers on their second trip.

Standing by the door of their modest home, I asked, "How far is it from here to the spot you have selected?" "About two miles as the crow flies," he replied, "but not less than five miles as we must travel; and, to reach it, will require a day's work enough to take you at least a month on an ordinary trail. I suspect that you and Fisher will be able to make it in one day; but when you get tired, we can camp for the night on the mountain side, and next morning we can finish the ascent."

A few mornings later, about 7:30 o'clock, our little party was ready to start on the journey. Each of us carried on his back a bundle variously made up of blankets, provisions, drinking water, hatchets, seeds, etc. As we climbed along the mountain side,

PILOTED BY OWEN BROWN

(a veritable duplicate of his father), with a well-nigh erect stature of seventy years, I felt, I could not help humming to myself:

John Brown's blanket was strapped upon his back,
But his soul is marching on.

THE BROWNS AT HOME.

And, as we climbed into the wonderfully extensive stratum of cavernous rock, the distant region is found at an altitude of about 3,000 feet, and looked back upon the mountain Gabriel Valley, where the Indian and the "Greaser" have given way to a better civilization, I could not help humming aloud:

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! God is marching on.

And the all joined heartily in repeating that glorious refrain.

The Brothers were as considerate and careful of us, their "tenderfoot" guests, that day, as if we were their sons and daughters. They led and cleared the way, helped us up the more difficult steps, and, considering every one of our bundles, ing spells by pointing out to us various interesting objects of phenomena, or by making a Dickens. He felt at home, and happy on that mountain, and I proceeded to draw him out. "Well, Owen, I suppose that Harper's Ferry would be the outcome of that raid of movement in Kansas?" I said, by way of opening.

"Well, not what is generally supposed," he replied, "for it was only the beginning of the great number of slaves immediately, nor even rapidly; but, by means of the service of rendezvous, and the underground railroad, which, at once, we expected to open the way for slaves in increase of the number of those who, their masters, and be helped North. We expected that at least 1,000 would be brought in, and, consequently return and bring in others (with the necessary food), and thus we hoped, not only to keep the slaves in motion, but to render slavery uncertain and unprofitable; and we thought it would be a great thing if we could give—the sentiment of the country, North and South.

"Father had not much home from politics or partyism; he discovered his political action could not follow public sentiment, and that public sentiment on the slavery question could be moved only by some great disaster between slavery and freedom. One bit of counsel, like that which he gave to Frederick Douglass, cost him thousands of speeches or hundreds of sermons, and, in the end, it proved to be feared that his method might lead to the use of firearms occasionally, but he hoped to avoid serious bloodshed. The conflict at Harper's Ferry was precipitated by treachery before we were ready, and before we had secured all the arms and unprepared. It had been arranged that the raid on Harper's Ferry should commence and occur on the Oct. 24, and assistance was on the way from the North, but it was precipitated on the 17th. (The above language is so nearly his own that I venture to make it quotations). As the operations at Harper's Ferry began to Ferry, Owen was at the house where was their sister, Mrs. Thompson, at Chester, Pa., on his way, in Maryland. On learning of the condition of affairs he immediately left his sister's house and down to a school house about a mile from the ferry; but, before this could be done, word was sent him and he was compelled to escape at once. After going down near to the scene of action and ascertaining that he could render no assistance to his father and companions, who were in a state of imprisonment in the Farmer's house, he and his companions, five in number, secured a small supply of food, blankets and arms, and started back to the woods." Then began probably the most difficult and tedious flight for self-preservation that ever occurred in this country. They knew that they would be hotly pursued and secretly hunted by the slave-hounds and felt sure that rewards would be offered for their capture, dead or alive. Captain John was had impressed upon the minds of his companions that failure and capture meant the gallows for all concerned, and, under the leadership of Owen, decided that they must keep on the mountains, and, in the woods, that they must travel largely by night and in concealment during the day, and that they must be constantly watchful guard at all times, and must build no fires; most of their food for the first days, at least, of exhaustion must consist of corn which they could forage from ungathered fields; they must make their way well to the north and keep out of the sight of all people, if possible, before it would be safe to separate and take up their lines of travel (separately, of course) among strangers in the busy world. In crossing roadways they must leave no tell-tale tracks; they must take to the beds of streams when practicable in order to throw any bloodhounds off the scent. In short, their instinct was to it that no sight or sound reveal their presence to the world. They knew that their difficulties it became wet and cold, snow fell on the mountains; but no matter, they must build no fire.

THEIR SHOES GAVE OUT,

and blankets were torn up to tie about their feet and legs. Their ammunition was, of course, ammunition dry, entirely impossible to keep their guns from wet, but they could it was quite doubtful if they could to use them under the circumstances. They could not trust themselves to be captured, even though to present in a few lines must be taken.

They pushed on, and, by hope and cheered by a hope of final escape, they struggled northward. Some of them were sick, and, fearing they would be compelled to leave them behind, they agreed to declare that they would endure it no longer but would give themselves up and hang if need be. But the spirit of John Brown, in his son Owen, kept most of them "marching on" for days and weeks. One day, perhaps, they would, if it took, finally became faint hearted and careless; hunger must his judgment, and he decided to take his chances "amongst folks," hoping to escape recognition; but he was recognized, captured, and returned to Virginia—into the jaws of "justice." Meanwhile, the remaining companions kept on; occasionally entering a town at night to read the signs on the hotels, railroad stations, etc., for the purpose of determining their whereabouts, and the end of abortive, heroic, and of such heroic efforts and terrible suffering. Finally, they reached the home of Owen, where an anti-slavery friend of Owen's father. Here they felt safe in revealing themselves, and asking for the loan of a team. The friend not only gave them food and blankets, and directed them to a place in the mountains, where lumber camp away up among the hills, over a mile from any house, and in an unfrequented spot. "Go there," said the old man, "and occupy one of the cabins; get rested; fix your feet; build up your strength; I will get shoes for you; come here for supplies, and I will send a team to carry food for you in the wood shed; help yourself to chickens and pigs; take a pail and milk the cows if you want to; your resting place is selfdom or never reached among by crowns of my farm; should any one start to go up that way, which is not likely at this time of the year, I will send word to you, 'the stock quotations' or 'something' and will give you warning. Throw shoes about a mining camp, as I hear said to get out of the way, but come back here and I will send you a team."

Thus refreshed and directed they followed the logger road up to the old camp, and there they slept and recruited for several days, and then moved on westward.

Finally, they reached the "oil country," near Titusville, Pa., where not one of the thousands of oil operators knew of a single man who had being attracted there by the oil excitement. Here they rested and recruited for a time, and remained there till the war broke out, when he enlisted and served in the struggle against secession. Finally, he drifted into California, where he, as Mr. ——— (I forget his assumed name), adopted a mining, and, as he talks and opinions uttered so freely, and often so unsympathetically, he was called by his mates, "Brown of the Kansas," and the Harper's Ferry disaster. Thinks of the peculiar interest he felt in the war and in the fate of slavery agitation, and think of the emotions he must have

EXPERIENCED IN THE ARMY

when, unknowingly, a fellow member of the Brown family, he marched by the side of men who were offering singing:

"John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave,
But his soul is marching on."

As we quietly "drove and rested" our venerated host that night, and heard of his experiences, I marvelled that a man could endure so many physical, mental, and heart strain. Mr. Fisher led the conversation around to the days in Kansas, and called upon Owen to tell the story of the midnight "taking off" of the five desperadoes who had murdered, in cold blood, a Brown family, but instead were themselves "providentially" cut off. But it was perhaps the fire had burned low, the night's supply of fuel was nearly exhausted, and Owen Brown easily yielded to the request. "Well, boys," he said, "we have had a long talk; we better make a fire (the weather was a little cool enough for us to see," and we soon "turned in." I do not know, but I believe that our guest slept by the side of the man who knew just how those notorious five Missouri "border ruffians" met their fate. But it was perhaps the tide in Kansas and made the lives of liberty-loving men safe in that Territory.

Owen Brown had convictions and he was as faithful to them as any Christian ever was. While he loved peace and mercy above all things he was ever ready with consuming charity, to believe the "nothing is ever settled till it is settled right," and with the tenderness of a father, sympathized with the side of a foe.

For many years, and until about four years ago, he lived on Put-in-Bay Island, and spent his winters in caring for the summer resort of "Old Cookie and Little Cookie, called "Vibraster," in Put-in-Bay. Here, during, these months which he spent all alone, he learned to be much given to "short-cake," and, both for practice and for study of "the word," he copied in shorthand the Bible, and, at his death, Jason, Mrs. Thompson informed me that he had a great quantity of shorthand MSS., but she did not know what it was all about—"possibly reminiscences.

He was not a church member, but he was a most earnest and practical Christian. He remembered "the poor in prison" and "visited them"—whether negro, Indian, Chinaman, or the unfortunate white man, he was ever ready to help a sorrow-stricken or any of them at any time. His love for reform extended along the whole line, and, as a consequence, "Old Cookie" was neither crank nor hobbyist; but he was a thoroughly sane, sincere, conscientious, conscientious, and unselfish that it was difficult for anyone to resist his earnest appeals. Indeed, they called him "peculiar," so he was "peculiar" and, in 1852, "peculiar" was a term of endearment. Times have changed. Men are industrious, but from principle—not because of restless nerves; extremely economical, but not from a desire to leave to a fault—anxious that no one, of any color or condition, should be in need, but not from a desire himself; tenderly considerate of every one's comfort, and of their just rights, as well. The time was, during the nineteenth, when, in a nation by trades unions alone caused. Its operations have been extended, and now it applies to all elections alike—municipal, rural, and legislative—in the colony.

THE AUSTRALIAN SYSTEM SPREAD RAPIDLY

throughout Australia, and soon was heard of in England, where Joseph Chamberlain was then looking for some solution of the problem of pure and tranquil elections. In the elections of 1868 matters reached a climax, and March, 1869, saw a committee appointed, with the Marquis of Harrington in the chair, to inquire into the existing methods of conducting elections, and to provide further guarantees "for the tranquility, purity, and freedom, of parliamentary and municipal elections. In 1870 the committee reported a recommendation that a secret ballot be adopted. The fruit of the movement was the ballot act of 1872, based substantially on the South Australian act, but modified, enlarged, and carefully applied to the circumstances of the mother country. Gladstone made itself to the people, and now covers almost the entire world of the British Empire. The Belgians and Norway soon adopted the secret ballot, and Canada introduced it with success.

In the New Zealand parliament, they have taken steps toward the introduction of the system. In Italy, in 1887, during the winter which the Commonwealth Club spent in several meetings to the failure of the law to secure an efficient, a committee was appointed to draft a bill, which was joined by a like committee from the City Reform Club, and a committee of the Chamber of Deputies, improved by the Commonwealth Club, the Reform Club, the City Reform Club, and the Liberal party, was presented to the Assembly about the middle of the session of 1888, and was

KNOWN AS THE YATES BILL.

With similar bills it was referred to the Committee on Justice, and what was known as the Yates-Saxton bill was reported and passed, following the lead of Massachusetts. The Massachusetts a bill was presented and passed in the House of Representatives, and, after passing in Michigan through the failure of the two branches of the legislature to agree. The Senate of nearly every state has now measures providing for the secret ballot before the people, and before many years it is probable that the entire election machinery of the country will have been reformed in accordance with the principles of the Australian method. The system has been adopted by the legislatures of the Legislatures of seventeen civilized States, and regulates the elections of 85,000,000 people.

The cardinal features of the system, as everywhere adopted, are two: An arrangement for voting by which secrecy is first secured, and, then, the official ballot contains the names of the candidates printed and distributed under state or municipal authority. The secret ballot consists in voting alone in a booth, in places which consist in voting according to a bargain or intimidation, and, in the end, it has proved his money corruptly when he can not easily ascertain that the bargain has been fulfilled. The marking of the vote in seclusion reaches effectively another great class of evils, including bribery, undue influence, improper influence, dictation by employers or organizations, and the influence of liquor, and, in the end, the commercial injury. Tumult and disorder at elections are prevented, and, finally, the most all questionable practices depending upon the ignorance or carelessness of the voter are made most dispose. Another essential feature of

THE AUSTRALIAN SYSTEM

is the departure from the traditional system of nomination in England and Australia. Now the party nominations seem to be brought a nomination by a caucus or convention. The proposed nomination papers, signed by of citizens of the number prescribed by law (sometimes as low as 1 per cent of the voting population) are prepared and distributed printed on the same ballot with the names of other candidates for the same office, to be filled before the law and before the voters all candidates for the same office, and voters will stand on a perfectly even footing.

The ballot act passed in Massachusetts in 1888 provides that all ballots shall be printed and distributed at public expense. Conventions, caucuses, or individual voters to the proper number, may nominate candidates, any party being entitled to representation unless, at the election next preceding, polled at least 3 per cent of the entire vote. The certificate of nomination must be properly signed and attested. Nominations of candidates for any office to be filled by the voters of the State at large may be made by nominating papers signed by not less than 1,000 qualified voters of the State. Nominations for any other office, or any districts or divisions of the State may be made by nominating papers signed by the aggregate by each candidate by qualified voters of such district or division, not less in number than one for every 100 persons in the vote polled in the next preceding general election in such district, but in no case less than 100.

NOMINATION PAPERS FOR STATE OFFICES

shall be filed with the secretary of state before the election, and for city offices at least six days before. The tickets must be signed, and sealed, and delivered before the day of election, and the tickets are also to be published or at least two copies posted in each county. The voter receives his ballot from an election officer, marks it in a private compartment of the voting-shelf, and deposits it in the box without leaving the enclosed space. Any person attempting to induce a voter to be false to show how he is going to vote, shall be fined. The appended forms show how the system would work. They are taken from a ticket for the first precinct of the First Ward of Cambridge Mass.

FOR GOVERNOR.

OLIVER AMES, of Easton,	Republican.
WILLIAM H. HABLE, of Worcester,	Prohibition.
HENRY B. LOVERING, of Lynn,	Democrat.

FOR REPRESENTATIVES TO THE GENERAL COURT.
FIRST DISTRICT OF SUFFOLK.

WILLIAM H. MARBLE, of Cambridge,	Prohibition.
ISAAC McLEAN, of Cambridge,	Republican.
GEORGE A. PERKINS, of Cambridge,	Democrat.
JOHN READ, of Cambridge,	Republican. Prohibition.
CHESTER F. SANGER, of Cambridge,	Republican. Prohibition.
WILLIAM A. STANT, of Cambridge,	Republican. Prohibition.

QUESTION SUBMITTED TO THE VOTERS OF THE STATE.

Shall Licenses be Granted for the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors in this City?	YES. NO.

A number of emergencies which are liable to arise are provided for. A blind or illiterate person may receive assistance in marking his ballot from an election officer. An acceptance of the oath of office is sometimes required, and in some cases candidates are required to make a deposit in order to prevent excessive and intemperate candidacy. Some methods feature a sort of scentry-box in which the ticket is prepared, but the particular detail is the weak plan. Arrangements for the identification of the official ballots, withdrawals of candidates, and space for additional names are also made.

The new York law provided that the names of

A POLLING PLACE.

representative government and universal suffrage, and, in the Australian of 1856 came the constitution granting popular representation and universal suffrage. The measure became a law, under the name of the ballot act, in 1857. The results of the system of elections was completely changed. Riot and disorder disappeared entirely, and the government, not from the standpoint of a stranger would not realize that an election was going on. Intimidation, bribery, and corruption by trades unions alone caused. Its operations have been extended, and now it applies to all elections alike—municipal, rural, and legislative—in the colony.

THE SYSTEM SPREAD RAPIDLY

throughout Australia, and soon was heard of in England, where Joseph Chamberlain was then looking for some solution of the problem of pure and tranquil elections. In the elections of 1868 matters reached a climax, and March, 1869, saw a committee appointed, with the Marquis of Harrington in the chair, to inquire into the existing methods of conducting elections, and to provide further guarantees "for the tranquility, purity, and freedom, of parliamentary and municipal elections. In 1870 the committee reported a recommendation that a secret ballot be adopted. The fruit of the movement was the ballot act of 1872, based substantially on the South Australian act, but modified, enlarged, and carefully applied to the circumstances of the mother country. Gladstone made itself to the people, and now covers almost the entire world of the British Empire. The Belgians and Norway soon adopted the secret ballot, and Canada introduced it with success.

In the New Zealand parliament, they have taken steps toward the introduction of the system. In Italy, in 1887, during the winter which the Commonwealth Club spent in several meetings to the failure of the law to secure an efficient, a committee was appointed to draft a bill, which was joined by a like committee from the City Reform Club, and a committee of the Chamber of Deputies, improved by the Commonwealth Club, the Reform Club, the City Reform Club, and the Liberal party, was presented to the Assembly about the middle of the session of 1888, and was

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NEWSDEALERS.

Samuel Walker, Newsdealer, No. 209 Forest avenue, always has THE INTER OCEAN for sale.

Fulton News Company, Newsdealer, No. 1 Fulton street, always has THE INTER OCEAN for sale.

Henry Peck, newsdealer, No. 112 West Madison street, always has THE INTER OCEAN for sale. "Don't you forget it."

Jos. Kiff, 1 *Inter Ocean Annex*, No. 30 East street, always has a good supply of THE INTER OCEAN on hand. Call and see the veteran newsboy.

J. Charles W. Curry, dealer in periodicals, No. 1 Madison street, THE INTER OCEAN for sale. Call and see the veteran newsboy.

J. M. Cobb, bookbinder and stationer, No. 200 West Lake street, sells THE INTER OCEAN. Always keep on hand.

C. G. Miles, newsdealer and stationer, No. 1 West Lake street, always has THE INTER OCEAN. THE INTER OCEAN for sale at this place. G. A. R. headquarters.