

a realm in the world of humanity lies between! Yet the unfortunate Pigott, in his fearful act, brings home to the English Crown a lesson that the death or murder of the glorious Emmett could never teach. Is it a decree of Providence that the combination of madness, extravagance and folly, of falsehood, depravity and drunkenness, should be made the instrument for bringing British Tories to a sense of duty? What a miserably melodramatic climax to England's 700 years' possession of Ireland is the suicide of Pigott in a Spanish hotel! Since the day in A. D. 1169 when Pope Adrian IV. gave Henry II. of England a grant or bull to invade Ireland, and bring the island into the Christian fold, up to March 4th, 1889, there is nothing to equal the Pigott incident in all those 720 years of rapine, rapacity, bloodshed, religious warfare and race hatreds. It is disgraceful to Christianity, to civilization and to statesmanship. The only feature lacking in the tragic story to make it the most darkly realistic, and the most fiercely judicial, either in song or romance, is the fact that Pigott did not end his miserable life in Rome rather than in Madrid.

Well, the Englishman of today, however much he may regret the occurrences of the past, cannot but feel a pride in his three great countrymen, Gladstone, Morley and Labouchere. The Irishman who still breathes vengeance against England should remember that these men stand beside Parnell and demand justice for all. Then why should the English and the Irish workmen quarrel? Why not grasp hands and trample on the political parson, the scheming patriot, and parasite aristocrat who have been the cause of this terrible work? Protestant and Catholic are alike guilty. The Catholic Adrian first sanctioned the spoliation. The Catholic monarchs of England robbed and murdered Irish citizens just as deftly as did the Protestant ones. In Ireland the politician, whether Liberal or Tory, Whig or Conservative, had only one article in his creed, and that was, "Steal and grab as much as you can, and never say a good word for the Irish." It was just about as it is in Utah—whether a man is a democrat or republican, a liberal or barnburner, a loco-foco or log-cabiner. It is all alike; the moment he sets foot in Utah his creed is, "Get what you can, and to Hades with the Mormons."

Speaking of the warfare between England and Ireland, the poetess Speranza, no other than Lady Wilde, the mother of the well-advertized Oscar Wilde, says something that will apply to Utah as well as to Ireland. Here it is:

With faith like the Hebrews we'll stem the Red Sea—
God! smite down the Pharaohs—our trust is in Thee;
Be it blood of the tyrant or blood of the slave,
We'll cross it to Freedom, or find there a grave.
Lo! a throne for each worker, a crown for each brow,

The palm for each martyr that dies for us now;

Spite the flash of their muskets, the roar of their cannon,

The assassins of Freedom shall lower their pennon;

For the will of a people what foe dare withstand?

Then patriots, heroes, strike! God for our land!

It is a cold fourth of March for Bonfield, Shaack and Lowenstein, the suspended peelers. The present grand jury has ignored their bills against the *Times*, their stories were actually laughed at. I think it is in the old Bible that the story is told of some person at whom a stone was thrown. He took up the stone, but found at the time he could not use it with effect, so he put it in his pocket. This is just what Lieutenant Duffy, of the Chicago police, did. Some fifteen months ago, when Bonfield reigned supreme, he discharged Duffy from the force for purely political reasons and to gratify personal spite. Duffy bore up like a Parnell. In constituting the March grand jury, Duffy happened to come in as foreman; so, when Bonfield's case came up, is it any wonder that it was to be considered as that of a martyr's cause? Far from it, so poor Bonfield is like an Irish Jack O' Lantern, doomed to wander in bogs and morasses. It is supposed, though, that Bonfield will make some revelations during the coming April election. He is mad enough now to do anything, except to criminate himself. It is hinted that he will charge politicians with having helped to hang the anarchists on constructive murder. That is why the talk of pardoning Neebe is talked about.

Neebe was sentenced to seventeen years in Joliet at the time of the anarchist trials. He is now promised a pardon provided he confesses that anarchism really means all that was charged against it. He says he has no confession to make, that he was merely "an honest labor agitator." This leaves matters in a very mixed condition, and people are saying that some Le Caron might have thrown the bomb.

Local politics are fearfully mixed. The most hardened veterans are at sea, and Bonfield may yet make a stir. At the Nov. election 125,000 votes were cast in the city of Chicago. At the next election, in April, it is safe to say that not more than 100,000 will be cast. Cleveland carried the city by a plurality of 3000 over Harrison, while Palmer, democrat, had 7800 over Fifer. While the city went overwhelmingly democratic in the national and State tickets, yet the local ticket was more or less mixed. The Democrats did not carry more than half the local offices. The labor ticket was hardly recognized at the November election, only 575 votes being credited to it. These figures set politicians thinking. The labor party is looked on as non-existent. But it exists all the same, though disorganized, and a candidate on either ticket objectionable to labor would soon find it out.

Newberry, the probable demo-

cratic nominee for mayor, is said to have endorsed the attack on Judge Tuley by several democratic newspapers. If so, his chance for mayor of Chicago are about as good as being made surveyor-general of the moon.

It must be remembered that Palmer worked on issues directly touching the interests of the masses. He upheld free speech, independence in local affairs, and the total exclusion of mercenary police for the execution of the laws. Harrison's unpopularity owing to the statement that he favored small wages for workmen turned hundreds to Cleveland. The only chance of success for the democrats next April is in nominating a man who espouses free speech, free assemblage, and execution of the law by constituted authorities. In fact, the party must take up Gen. Palmer's banner and with that go into the fight.

Carter Harrison admits having made blunders two years ago by which the democratic party was entirely wiped out in the 1887 election. He declines absolutely to be further identified with politics.

Everybody here is talking about the inauguration ceremony at Washington. Mrs. Harrison, it is said, will appear in a purely American dress. By this it must not be supposed is meant the buckskin and beads of Pocahontas, but a simple dress covering the person from neck to foot. No décolleté business about it, no fluffs, ruckings or ruffles, and very little of a "bustle." It is the product of American farms and the fabric of American looms, and the structure of American art. This is the kind of protection America wants. Wear nothing but home manufacture first, last and everytime. You may have to pay a little more, but the extra payment goes into a bank that will in the end return 100 per cent. A lesson of this kind will apply to Utah as well as to Washington. Patriotism is the protection that America wants, and this she must cultivate within her own limits.

Gen. P. Edward Connor, of Utah, is in Chicago. He has been hunting reporters to get himself talked about. Why he writes his name "P. Edward" is as much a mystery as why the well known Mr. Poore used to write his name "Ben: Perley." Ben favored a colon, Pat a period. Some malicious persons suggest that General Connor's first name was Pat, and that he is ashamed of it. His stories of what he has done in the past reminds one of old Osborne in "Vanity Fair." The poor man tried to depend on past memories, and used to produce and describe old documents to show that he was once a business man. General Connor refers to his tilt with Brigham Young to show that he once tried to be a military dictator. His conversations on this topic savor of monomania. Well, the poor man is fast approaching the senility characteristic of irreligious age, and must be looked at charitably.

JUNUS.

CHICAGO, March 4, 1889.