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THE GODSON.

A LEGEND OF THE PYRENEES.

Deep in the Pyrenees dwell Pierre the drover, With six small children clamoring for bread...

Poor Pierre went forth at night and wandered lonely. He knew not where, with heart so sad and sore, His thoughts were centred on his young ones...

"Halt," said a threatening voice "your gold count over." (It was the robber chief El Capitain)...

He told his story to the lawless ranger. "Here take this gold and buy your children food..."

And when the stork comes with the little stranger, I'll stand as gossip while I'm in the mood."

The outlaw kept his word, thus lightly given, A boy was born, but after three short years He died, and his young soul took flight to Heaven...

"Enter, my son," said Peter, "swell the chorus Thus around the Throne of the Most High..."

"I cannot," said the child "Apostle glorious Except you also let my goatsteer by."

"And who is he?" "A robber of the mountain." "My son, a robber cannot enter here..."

But then approached a lady robed in splendor Celestial brightness shone around her head. To him she said in accents soft and tender...

It was our Mother Mary, Queen of Glory, Who spoke thus sweetly to the drover's child, Who, gathering courage, told his simple story...

"Take to thy godfather this cup—a measure From which my Son drank vinegar and gall. When sore athirst, ana, when it filled with frosture..."

The gates of Heaven will open at his call." El Capitain outside his cave lay sleeping, A pistol and a dagger in his hands...

And when the shades of eve around were creeping, He wakes, and starts, for lo! beside him stands A cherub with a lovely face and holy...

And wings of silver. "Spirit, who art thou Who comest from high Heaven to me so lowly, A man of crime—his written on my brow..."

"My godfather, the Blessed Virgin Mary Sends this cup to fill it with thy tears. For thy salvation's sake, then, be not chary Of them, and weep away the sins of years..."

Years fled. St. Peter stood at Heaven's portals, And saw approach two figures robed in white; And well the Guardian knew that they were mortals...

One was a cherub, with the stamp of Heaven Seem'd on his face; the other, meek and mild, Seem'd as a sinner who had been forgiven Through penitence. Thus spoke the angel child:

"Behold this cup; 'tis filled to overflowing With tears of anguish for the mispent years." "Enter," Saint Peter said, with face all glowing, "There is no passport like repentant tears."

J. C. F.

THE AFGHANS REVOLT.

The British Embassy Assaulted—A Repetition of the Indian Mutiny—Frightful Excitement in England—A Special Cabinet Meeting Called—Massacre of Major Cavagnari.

LONDON, September 6.—Startling news has arrived from Afghanistan. A large body of Afghan soldiers, assisted and abetted by immense crowds of the populace, attacked the British embassy at Cabul, the members of which were defending themselves under the desperate circumstances at the time this intelligence was sent...

Breakfast for ninety-nine, said a waiter to a verdant clerk at a hotel not long ago. "Thunder," said the clerk, "we can't do it!" The waiter explained that ninety-nine was the number of the room.

SIMLA, September 7.—Latest advices received from Cabul tend to confirm the belief that Major Cavagnari and other officers of the British mission have met their deaths at the hands of the infuriated mob...

LONDON, September 7.—No later details of the revolt in Cabul have been received at the colonial office. The despatches received warrant the government in fully exonerating the ameer from all implication in the attack upon the British embassy...

Intelligence communicated by India officers is to the effect that the attack on the British embassy at Cabul was commenced by three Afghan regiments, which were joined later by nine others...

A correspondent at Bombay asserts that symptoms of discontent were noticed at Cabul for some time. The bearing of the population toward the embassy had been defiant. The force defending the embassy numbered 79...

Lady Cavagnari has received a telegram from the viceroy of India, dated Sunday, announcing the death of her husband. A despatch from Rome says that the massacre of Mandalay continues...

The Mother of Napoleon the Great. How little is known of the mother of Napoleon! Hence, while speaking of the Baltimore Mme. Bonaparte, I may add a paragraph concerning the original of the name...

ROWING MEN AND THEIR OPINIONS.

Courtney, Hanlan and Riley—The Excitement and Probable Betting—Riley's Opinion of Himself.

Mr. Rankine, sporting editor of the Boston Herald, referee in the recent race between Smith and Ross, writing from Halifax on Saturday, said:—

"It is a well known fact that a Canadian regatta circuit was contemplated by Hanlan and other of his men, and that Hanlan expected to win all the first prizes. His price for appearing at regattas was \$500 for each place, and the purses were made up with this understanding in view, Hanlan being considered the great and only attraction...

"I remember," suggested the writer, "that after your race with Courtney and Blaisted on Saratoga lake, you drank a stiff horn of liquor in the little tavern down by the lake shore."

"Yes, I know I did," he continued. "You were there at the time. I don't drink any more. I don't smoke. I do nothing to interfere with my training, and I know what it is to be a well-man."

"The Times despatch from Calcutta announces that the Rumpu rebellion will be stamped out in a few weeks. How little is known of the mother of Napoleon! Hence, while speaking of the Baltimore Mme. Bonaparte, I may add a paragraph concerning the original of the name...

THE ANGLo-SPANISH QUESTION.

Is England About to Annex Morocco?—The Spanish Yearning For Gibraltar—Avery Tone of the Spanish Press.

Spanish journals have been for some time reproducing some paragraphs which may, perhaps, claim the attention of English readers. "The English," they say, "have been and are at work at Tangiers, constructing a floating pier, by the aid of which they propose to land six cannon of large calibre, destined to strengthen the batteries of that place, upon a plan originally laid and eventually approved by the government of the United Kingdom..."

LAKE CHATAUQUA. Chatauqua lake, on which it is proposed that the Hanlan-Courtney race shall take place, is a beautiful expanse of water, 18 miles long, and from one to three miles wide...

Britain, and see in them a latent wish to repair what they call "an ancient injustice" and to make a restitution of Gibraltar, they suggest, is neither as safe nor as commodious as that of Tangiers, and the position at Cape Spartel could be made as strong. Spain has long flattered herself that Great Britain might be brought to exchange Gibraltar for Ceuta, a place surrounded by a few square miles of territory, where the British garrison would find itself more at ease than pent up as it now is on the rock...

"I don't care a continental. I would row him off Sandy Hook lighthouse to get through with the race." "How much do you weigh at present?" "One hundred and seventy-six pounds."

"When will you be thirty-one years old?" "The 13th of November next." "Do you consider yourself in as good condition as ever?" "No, not as good as when I was twenty-two years old. I could then row a mile faster than any man ever sat in a boat."

"Have you got anything in view for next year?" "Next year?" Courtney asked. "If they get me into a boat next year and I find it out I shall be awfully mad." "Then you intend to let your race with Hanlan and your rowing?"

Madrid Correspondence of the London Standard. Any one who has regularly perused the columns of Spanish journals, and the speeches of opposition and independent orators, unfettered by the restraint that officers under the crown impose, will have perceived that all alike, from El Globo of Castelar to La Iberia of Sagasta, from La Patria of Cantrinatistas to the very ministerial journals, that invariably reproduce their remarks, all declare that an active policy is necessary in Morocco to vindicate the interests of Spain against the growing influence of Great Britain in Tangiers and in Tetuan...

Search for a Fortune.

OSWEGO, Aug. 30.—Two hundred and nine years ago John Springer, a wealthy Swede, deposited £175,000 in a bank in Stockholm, and journeyed to America with his family, consisting of his wife and son. Their subsequent history is somewhat obscure, but it is claimed that four other sons were born to them in America, and that the five, who were John, William, James, Joseph, and Edward, settled somewhere in New Netherlands, and took up a tract of 18,000 acres of land, including the whole of the present city of Wilmington, Del., and parts of Jersey City and Brooklyn...

heard of. About four years ago the Springer association was formed, with headquarters in St. Louis, to make an effort to recover the landed property and the £175,000 deposited in Stockholm, which it is asserted, has not been drawn, and is at the disposal of such of the heirs as can establish their title to participate in the distribution of the vast sum to which it has now amounted.

About a year ago, principally through the efforts of E. P. Springer, of Providence, R. I., an eastern branch of the Springer association was formed, and yesterday the heirs in New York, Rhode Island, and Michigan, numbering about 100 held a meeting in this city, which was attended by about thirty persons, with authority to act for the rest. J. H. Springer of Plymouth, Mich., was elected Chairman; J. E. Comstock of Oswego, treasurer. The subject of prosecuting their claims to the real estate mentioned, through the courts and the recovery of the £175,000 in Stockholm, together with interest compounded for 208 years, was thoroughly discussed. It was decided to elect a delegate to a meeting of the general association, to be held in St. Louis this fall, when a plan for action will be decided on. E. P. Springer of Providence, R. I., was elected sub-delegate. The value of the real estate claimed by the Springer association is estimated to be \$80,000,000, which, together with the Stockholm fund, makes the Springer claim one of the most stupendous ever put forward in this country. There are about three hundred heirs, all living in the United States and Canada. They now represent considerable wealth in the aggregate, and are very determined, not to say enthusiastic, believing that they will be able to establish their claims both in America and Sweden. Yesterday's meeting was held at the house of the late William P. Springer, once an inventor of some note, and whose daughters, Mrs. J. E. Comstock and Mrs. N. E. Hoover, are the heirs in Oswego, and Mrs. A. P. Wright of Buffalo, and his daughter, is another. Congressman Springer of Illinois is also one of the heirs, and was expected to attend this meeting.—N. Y. Sun.

THE ORANGE SIGNS AND PASSWORDS.

The following signs and passwords, furnished us by a late ex-Grand master, we publish for the information of the uninitiated, even at the risk of creating some confusion in the lodges:— Question. Have you the annual answer? Answer. I have. T-r-i tri n-a-n-n-u-nu a-l, pronounced triannual.

Q. Why do you take triannual for your annual answer? A. In honor of the Triannual council. Q. Have you the last answer? A. I have, but it was lost. Q. How? A. By a traitor. Q. What would you substitute? A. F-i-d-e-l-i-t-y.

Q. Fidelity to what? A. Fidelity to my obligation as an Orangeman. Q. Can you restore it? A. With your help I can. U-n-i-o-n. Q. Why do you take fidelity for your answer? A. Because it unites Great Britain to Ireland and these colonies. Q. Have you got the entrance pass word of an Orangeman? A. I have. Q. Will you give it to me? A. I will divide it with you.

Q. Begin? A. You begin. Q. No, do you begin? A. L-o-r-e. Q. Why do you talk love for your entrance password? A. Because Christ first loved us, so should we love. Q. Whom should we love? A. Our brethren in the Lord. Q. Have you got the grand password of an Orangeman? A. I have. Q. Will you give it to me? A. I will divide it with you. Q. Begin? A. You begin. Q. No, do you begin? A. T-r-u-t-h. Q. Why do you take truth for your grand password? A. Because Christ was persecuted for truth and righteousness sake, therefore our system is founded on truth. (A great many lodges say "Because we were persecuted." So, therefore, our system is founded on truth.) Others say "Because our system is persecuted." The first is, however, the correct way.

Q. Is that you sir? A. Nahamla. Q. Have you seen James to-day? A. I have, or I have not. (Just as you understand it. "Have you seen James?" is the trading sign. Some lodges say "Jacob, have you seen Jacob to-day?") The first Orange sign is given by letting your arm hang down by your side, loose, with the inside of the hand and your little finger resting against the thigh, a little above the knee, or upon your hunch bone, then with a very sudden jerk, throw the thumb from the outside of the leg, or thigh, or hunch bone. The answer is the very same with your left hand on the left side. This is called the "travelling sign." Another sign is made by placing the hands together, shut with the fingers locked together, the thumbs pointing lengthways from you. It is answered by pointing out the two first fingers, and still keeping the hands in the same position. The next sign is exhibited by putting the thumbs side by side on a table, counter, or anything, standing and keeping the fingers out of sight. The answer is made by putting the two fore fingers side by side in the same manner. A sign of distress is made by shutting the fingers on the thumb and placing the hand in a position of shooting a marble. Raise the hand quickly over your shoulder and let it drop by the side. There is no answer to this sign, except by going immediately to the assistance of the person in distress.

—A young elephant in a menagerie attacked its keeper, at Lancaster, N. E., and probably would have killed him had not the vicious brute's mother come to the man's rescue and inflicted terrible punishment upon her offspring.