

The Flower of Finao.

...of the sun on the waves of Lough... A gentle breeze from the mountain... The fair found its latest small ripple... play... than all is the Flower of Finao... like light and her eyes like grey... on the heather as it its touch... heart and her lips are as mild as... May day... the flower the hillside than red... the who on the lake side is hastening... the starting and pride of the Flower... kiss and one clasp, and one wild look... why do they change on a sudden to... has told his hard fortune, no more can... must leave his poor Eily to pine at... Fergus O'Farrel was true to his sire... the dark hand of tyranny drove him... joins the Brigade, in the wars far away... he vows he'll come back to the Flower... He fought at Cremona... he hears of his... He fought at Cassano... his proud of his... Yet sadly she sings "Shule Aron" all the... "Come, come, my darling, come home to... Eight long years have passed, till she's nigh... her soul and her look and her flax she has... she sailed with the "Wild Geese" to... And leaves her sad parents alone in Finao... Lord Clare on the Field of Ramillies is... charging... Behind him the Sassenach squadrons en... Beside him rides Fergus, and shouts for... On the slopes of La Judoigne the Frenchmen... Lord Clare and his squadrons the foe still... Outnumbered and wounded, retreat in... And bleeding rides Fergus, and thinks of... in the cloisters of Ypres a banner is away... And by a pale weeping maiden in praying;... This sun is the sole trophy of Ramillies' fray;... in the cloisters of Ypres, the Flower of Finao.

THE DEAD HAND.

From the first day of my temporary sojourn at 14, Transome Terrace, Westville-by-Sea, I became aware that someone was ill next door. The weather was so persistently wet that I was compelled to remain within, and being alone, I naturally spent much of my time at the window, wondering whether it would ever be fine enough for outdoor sketching. Thus it was that the frequent visits to No. 18, of an unmistakable doctor in an unmistakable doctor's brougham attracted my attention. Two, and even three times a day he came, and on his departure I always noticed that look of grave professional anxiety which, on a doctor's face, bodes ill for his patient. Sometimes the medical man was accompanied to his carriage by a gentleman who appeared to be questioning him with singular earnestness. Bareheaded, and regardless of the never-ceasing rain, the latter would stand at the door of the brougham seemingly loth to let the doctor go without some final instructions or, perchance, some ray of hope. The anxious enquirer was tall, with narrow, stooping shoulders, but all that I could see of his features as he hurried back into the house was that he was about thirty years of age, with no hair on his face, which was very pale. With a curiously born of enforced idleness I asked my landlady what was the matter at No. 18, but all she could tell me was that the house next door was also a lodging-house, and that the doctor's visits were paid to an old gentleman who had been brought there, very ill, by his nephew. My landlady added that it was a strange choice of apartments to have made for a sick person, as the woman who kept them was little better than an idiot, and was only assisted by an equally stupid servant girl. At the time I put this remark down to professional jealousy, especially as the nephew had been to look at the rooms I myself was now occupying, and, after making particular enquiries, had refused them. It was not till I had been at Westville a week that the weather brightened, and I was able to take my sketch-book in search of subjects. But the day was fine, and, starting suddenly one morning, I managed to put in a good day's work at a retired town some miles along the coast. Returning at sundown, I dined, and

then settled myself for a comfortable pipe over the day's paper. As I lit up I could not help wondering how many visits the doctor had paid to No. 18. From mere force of habit I had grown into looking out for him, and finally to taking a sort of interest in the number of times he came. The day before, while I was still at my post at the window, he had been four times, from which I argued that the patient was worse. I had not been reading very long when there was a ring at the street door bell. A minute or so later my landlady came into the room and said that the gentleman who lodged next door was below, and had asked for her husband, who happened to be out for the evening. On hearing this, the gentleman enquired if there was any one else in the house who could accompany him back next door for a few minutes on a matter of business. The landlady was unable to go herself, the servant being out, but as the gentleman seemed disappointed she had taken the liberty of suggesting that he should ask me. Would I, at any rate, see him and then decide? I was only too glad to be of use to people who appeared to be in great trouble, far from their friends in a seaside lodging-house; and I told the landlady to show the gentleman in. In another moment the tall, loose-framed man whom I had so often seen attending the doctor to his carriage stood bowing in the door way. "Pray come in," I said rising. "In what way can I be of service to you?" The stranger entered the room. His eyes, which I saw were weak, blinked in the bright lamplight. He disregarded the motion I made towards a chair, and answered me standing. He seemed nervously anxious to conquer his shortsightedness in order to make out what manner of man I was. In other words, he peered at me somewhat rudely. "It is simply a small matter of witnessing the signature of a will," he said. "If I might trespass on your kindness to step in next door for this purpose I should be greatly obliged. My uncle is ill, and though I trust he is in no immediate danger he is anxious to affix his signature to-night." "I shall be most happy," I said, taking up my hat; "I will come with you at once." "I must introduce myself," said the stranger, as I led the way downstairs. "My name is Gaston Pierrepont; my uncle, whom you are about to see, is General Maitland, of Goldney Park, Northamptonshire. I brought him here in the hopes that he might derive benefit from the sea air." "With good results, I trust," was the reply which politeness drew from me, though the frequent visits of that ominous brougham led me to expect a negative answer. To my surprise Mr. Pierrepont replied in the affirmative. "Yes," he said, "my uncle is better, though still dangerously ill." "By this time he will be out in the street, at the door of No. 18. He had already inserted his latchkey in the lock, when he paused and looked at me." "There is one thing I must prepare you for," he said, blinking his weak eyes at me in the gloom; "my uncle is unable to speak. His complaint is nervous paralysis, you understand? Otherwise he is in perfect possession of his faculties. The doctor is with him now, and certifies to his fitness to sign." I merely bowed and followed him into the house. No. 18 was a facsimile of No. 14, with the exception of some slight differences in the furniture which stamped it as what it was—a second rate seaside lodging-house. Mr. Pierrepont conducted me upstairs to the first floor, and stopping outside a door on the landing knocked three times. There was a slight pause and a movement inside the chamber, and then a voice said, "Come in." Grasping the door-handle, Mr. Pierrepont turned to me hurriedly as if he had forgotten something. "I think," he said, "it might be as well if I knew who was going to perform this service for us. Might I ask—?" I stopped him by acceding to his very reasonable request. I took out my pocket-book and gave him one of my visiting cards with name—Angus Macdonald—and the address of my studio in St. John's Wood engraved thereon. He put it close to his eyes, blinked at it, and said in a low tone which somehow or other suggested relief. "Ah! you live in London—not here—I see." He opened the door, and I followed him into the room. There was a dim light from a lamp which stood on a small table at the head of the bed, so disposed that the curtains prevented the rays from falling on the sick man. On the bed, half reclining, half supported by a young man with fair hair and wearing spectacles, was an old man whose eyes in that dim light I saw to be of stately presence and dignified mien. His scanty locks were snow white, as were the bushy eyebrows which he kept bent down towards a paper lying on the bed before him. But what surprised me most was the ruddy glow of health in General Maitland's cheeks. The latter were sunken, it is true, but the faint lamp light was strong enough to show me a pink and white colour that would have done no discredit to a maiden of sixteen.

My conductor introduced me briefly to the General merely acknowledging my presence by a courteous inclination of the head—a movement which he repeated when Mr. Pierrepont asked him affectionately if he was ready to go through the usual formalities. "Very well, then; I will fetch Mrs. Butters as a second witness," said the nephew. "The doctor there will do, but his attention must not be taken from his patient." "The doctor?" I thought, wondering why the portly individual whose brougham I had watched so often should have given place to the flaxen-haired young man whose right arm encircled the General so carefully. The personage with the brougham did not cure quick enough. I supposed. Mr. Pierrepont returned with a snuffling, tremulous female, whose vacuous countenance at once relieved my own landlady from a charge of libelling her neighbor and rival which I had momentarily preferred against her. "Stop there by the door till you are wanted; we must not crowd the General," said Pierrepont, and Mrs. Butters halted obediently, paying a good deal more attention to the pattern of her own carpet than to the proceedings around her. "Here is the will," Pierrepont went on, holding up the paper, with the place for the signatures of the testator and witnesses as yet blank. Then he replaced it reverently before his uncle, who bent over the document, and, supported by the ever-careful doctor, slowly affixed his name—"William Joseph Maitland"—at the foot. As soon as his pen had made the last feeble scratch, Mr. Pierrepont brought the will over to me before the ink was dry, and I added my name, using the dressing table as a writing desk. The vacuous landlady followed, and in her tremulous scrawl General Maitland's last will and testament received its finishing touch. I immediately prepared to leave the room, and Pierrepont made no attempt to detain me. I said "Good night" to the General, adding some commonplace about hopes for his recovery—a compliment which he again acknowledged with one of his grave bows. That is my last recollection of the scene—the venerable old man sitting up among the pillows with the watchful doctor at his side. Pierrepont followed me on to the landing to conduct me to the street door. He thanked me profusely for coming; indeed, he said a good deal more than the occasion demanded. I stopped him, and to turn the conversation said: "Do you have changed your doctor, Mr. Pierrepont?" He stopped in the passage and blinked at me inquiringly. "Ah!" he said, "you have perhaps noticed Dr. Lorrimer here. That is Andrews, his assistant. The doctor could not come to-night, and, between ourselves, Andrews is the best man I think." We parted at the door of No. 18, and I went back to my pipe and newspaper, having been absent barely twenty minutes, viz., from half past eight to ten minutes to nine. That night as I retired to rest I found myself speculating as to the amount of Mr. Gaston Pierrepont's interest in the will I had witnessed. But in the morning I received a shock. The first piece of news my breakfast tray—imperturbed, that General Maitland was dead. For a moment I experienced a sensation of surprise. Probably the General's ruddy cheeks had forbidden the idea of such a speedy removal; but I soon saw that, after all, there was not much to wonder at. The day was again fine, and I determined to return to the ruined tower to finish the sketch I had begun. I reached the place on foot and set to work, but after about a little time I got to work, but after about a little time I got to obtain a different view of my subject. In doing so I met with an accident. An old stone wall on which I had mounted crumbled beneath me, and I fell violently to the ground. When I rose I knew that my left arm was broken. In great pain I made my way back to my lodgings, and accepted my landlady's offer to send at once for the doctor. In answer to her inquiry as to which of the medical men in the town I would prefer, I named the only one I had any knowledge of—Dr. Lorrimer, who had been such a frequent visitor next door. The doctor came quickly and did what was useful. It was a simple fracture and easily set. Dr. Lorrimer was a cheerful, chatty man, and stayed for a little general conversation after his professional skill had exhausted itself. "By the way, doctor," I said, "you have lost your patient next door." "Yes, poor old fellow," he replied; "not before I expected it, though. There was no hope for him from the first." "Your assistant, Mr. Andrews, seemed to be taking every care of him last night," I said. "My assistant! Mr. Andrews! Last night!" the doctor exclaimed in amazement. "I have no assistant; and what of last night, sir?" I explained how I had been asked in by Mr. Pierrepont to witness the General's will at half-past eight in the evening.

Dr. Lorrimer drew a long breath. "Well, his name is that, if you saw him sign his will at half-past eight he signed it with a dead hand. General Maitland died at half-past four yesterday afternoon." My broken arm was the means of exposing the whole dastardly plot by which Gaston Pierrepont, aided by his wife, had schemed to possess himself of his uncle's property to the exclusion of his son and lawful heir—an officer serving in an Indian regiment. The General had, as the doctor said, died shortly after four, he himself being present. Having finished with the case it was not likely that the doctor would be questioned as to the exact hour of death, and there would be nothing suspicious in a man signing his will on the day of his death, should the General's son compare the date of the will with that of the certificate which Dr. Lorrimer had given before he left the house. The "Mr. Andrews" who supported the dead man and guided his hand was Gaston Pierrepont's wife, a woman who had already suffered imprisonment and who was the instigator of her husband's crime. The source of the "healthy glow" which bore a principal part in deceiving me can be easily imagined. The couple fed on being openly accused by Dr. Lorrimer and myself, and George Maitland, when he came to claim his own, decided for the credit of the family not to pursue them, seeing that he lost nothing by the will his father had signed with a dead hand.

THE CHURCH IN STRATFORD.

Rev. Dr. Kilroy Delivers a Historical Discourse. From The Evening Herald, Sept. 11. Rev. Dr. Kilroy occupied the pulpit in St. Joseph's church yesterday. In the evening he gave a highly interesting reminiscence of the early days of the Church in this city. The following outline of the large fund of information given will interest all classes: The first emigrant settlers, as such, arrived in the summer of 1832, and located themselves on the present site of the city of Stratford. They consisted of John Bergant and his two sons, John and Peter, and Thomas, of Clonmel, County Tipperary, Ireland. Mr. Bergant was an Irish gentleman of good family, who had become embarrassed, and, with the remnant of a large fortune, sought a home in the wilds of the Huron tract for himself and a few of his friends. The Sergeants were liberal Protestants and assisted several of their Catholic neighbors to accompany them to their new home in Canada. The following are the names of the first Catholic settlers who arrived in 1832: John Phelan and wife and five sons, Mrs. John Stinson, Richard O'Donnell, Patrick Cahin, Miss Julia Coffey, Miss Margaret Algin, Miss Alice Daly. The first Mass was celebrated in the fall of 1832 by Rev. Father Dempsey, who came on horseback from St. Thomas through the dense wilderness to visit some of his friends who had settled in the Huron tract. The same priest visited the settlement again in June, 1833, when he married Richard O'Donnell and Julia Coffey (parents of the present Police-magistrate O'Donnell), and baptized the first white child born in Stratford, Edward Stinson. During 1834 a priest paid a visit to the colonists (probably Father Downie of London). In May of that year Richard O'Donnell and wife took their son Michael to Guelph to be baptized—Patrick Cahin and Miss Alice Daly accompanying them as godfather and godmother respectively, and Miss Daly returning home as Mrs. Cahin. On the 10th of November, 1835, Rev. Father Worrath, from Wilnot, visited the mission and remained three days, during which time he offered up Mass daily and gave instructions. This good priest walked all the way from Wilnot through the forest, carrying his vestments on his back. It was late that cold, stormy November night when he reached the Widow Cahin's big hut. The news of his arrival spread like wildfire among the settlers, who were all on hand the following morning to give him a cordial welcome. From Stratford (then called Little Thames) he set out on the 14th of November for Dennis Downey's Irish town (the grandfather of the Rev. Father Downie) accompanied by young William Cahin, who volunteered to carry the sacred vestments. Dr. Downey's he proceeded to Goderich, where he remained two days and then began his return journey on foot to Irishtown. As the Catholics expected him there was a great gathering at Downey's during the two days the good priest remained with them. When he reached Stratford he was almost worn out from fatigue. As his clothing was poor and he wore loose shoes he suffered intensely from the cold. From Stratford he went with Cahin to Beechville, stopping at John O'Neill's; then to Eggar's and Dunn's, near Woodstock. He was now December 1st, and he was almost frozen when he reached Stratford. During the whole visitation he slept in his clothes. Father Worrath continued to visit the mission regularly until replaced by Rev. Father Gibney, in 1838. There were then in what is now the diocese only seven priests.

From 1835 to 1844 Rev. Father Gibney had charge of St. Joseph's, Stratford, and during his administration the first church was built here, a frame-structure, 10x19, which was used for many a long year unimpaired and unimproved. In this connection was administered for the first time in Stratford by Rev. Dr. Power. Rev. Peter Schmeider replaced Father Gibney in 1844, and continued to visit the mission until 1852, when he was appointed pastor of Stratford, where he remained two years, returning to his old mission in 1854. During Father Schmeider's absence Rev. John Ryan and Rev. Robert Keleher looked after the spiritual needs of the fast increasing flock. The first resident priest, 1850, was Rev. P. J. Canney. During his administration the church was very much enlarged, as the building of the Grand Trunk railway brought a large number of families to the village. Father Canney continued to have charge until replaced by Rev. Peter Francis Crinnon, June 9, 1856. Father Crinnon governed the mission wisely and well until his elevation to the Bishopric of Hamilton in April, 1871. Father Crinnon will be long remembered in the parish as a grave, prudent, humble, zealous priest, who devoted his whole time to charity and good works. His example and encouragement induced several young men of the parish to devote themselves to the holy ministry, among whom were Rev. Fathers McQuay, Lennon, Quilivan and Soanlon, all devoted priests of many years' standing. It was Father Crinnon who established the Separate school, purchased a cemetery, built churches at Kinkora and St. Mary's, and a pastoral residence here. The last but not least of his good deeds was the building of the present magnificent St. Joseph's church, the largest and finest in the diocese of Huron, except the new cathedral. His consecration in the new church as Bishop of Hamilton was indeed a memorable day for Stratford, the date being April 10, 1871. Never before had any town west of Toronto witnessed such a gathering of prelates and clergy, and on few occasions in the history of the Canadian church has there ever been such a representative gathering of church dignitaries from all parts of the Dominion and the adjacent States of the American Republic. Rev. E. B. Kilroy, then rector of the London cathedral, was appointed by Rt. Rev. Bishop Walsh pastor of Stratford, and still continues his charge. During Dr. Kilroy's pastorate the church has developed rapidly, as will be seen from the figures quoted by him yesterday. In 1861 the total number of Catholics in town was 610; in 1881 the number had reached 1,649. Five years later the parish embraced the following number of families: City 230, Downie 82, Ellice 84, South Easthope 10, North Easthope 7, or a total of 396. At the present time there are 580 families in connection with the church, a school attendance of 850, and an annual expenditure on schools of \$2,300. During Rev. Dr. Kilroy's administration the church has been completely furnished, and a separate school built at a cost of \$10,700, a new cemetery purchased, a convent founded, a new pastoral residence built, a grand pipe organ purchased, and the total indebtedness of the congregation is now only \$1,500. The recital of these interesting historical events was listened to with rapt attention by a large and intelligent congregation, with all of whom the Rev. Doctor is especially popular, after his 23 years' residence as their pastor.

Obituary.

JOHN MURPHY. Another of the old landmarks of Canada has passed away on Sept. 2, in the person of Mr. John Murphy, Mount Tara. His rather sudden death was a surprise to many in the city, who knew that he had been taken ill, but expected nothing serious so soon. He was in Kingston Saturday, in his usual good health and spirits, doing a little business and enjoying a friendly chat with the numerous friends he met. He greatly enjoyed a conversation with his special friends, and they as much enjoyed to listen to his tales of early pioneer life, or to discuss the religious, political, labor, and other important questions occupying the minds of the public at the present time and in the past. He was well versed in all of these, and could express his convictions in a clear and concise manner. It was only the other day that he expressed a desire to visit the Emerald Isle, and once more go over the scenes of his childhood and youth. But it was not to be. On Sunday he was taken sick at first mass in the Church of Our Lady and had to go home. The cause of the trouble was acute dysentery. At first it was supposed that he would overcome the attack, but the symptoms were so unfavorable that very little hope was held out for his recovery. The deceased was born in the County of Wicklow, Ireland, on the 10th August, 1830, consequently he was 76 years of age. In company with his father and other members of the family they left Ireland on the 15th of June in 1836 for Canada, where the father took up land, at what is now known as Erinville, near the City of Kingston, Ontario. The country there was a forest, and the

Murphy family had to undergo the often told-of privations of pioneer life. As time wore on they overcame these difficulties and made for themselves a comfortable home out of what was a howling wilderness when they went upon the settlement. The deceased, when he came to manhood's estate, took an active interest in municipal affairs and was elected a member of the Council of the then joint counties of Frontenac, Lennox and Addington. He was reeve of Shelburne in 1851. It was in that year that he became acquainted with his deceased respected partner in life, the only sister of the late Right Rev. J. O'Brien, Bishop of Kingston. They were married in the fall of that year and took up their residence at the old homestead near Kingston. In 1871 the family removed to Guelph, Mr. Murphy having bought the Dwyer farm, on which he resided up to the time of his death and which he named Mount Tara. The surviving family are Michael, on the farm; Mrs. R. S. Mitchell, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. F. S. Laidley, Misses Kate and Nellie, at home; and Esther (Sister Mary Immaculate) in the Precious Blood Convent, Toronto. Mr. Murphy was most interestingly esteemed for his good family, kindly, unpretentious disposition. Though a devoted member of the Roman Catholic Church, his heart warmed to all mankind, and his eagerness to greet and gracious good wishes will be much missed. His father had literary gifts of no mean order, and he always took great delight in showing his compositions, chiefly poetical. Mr. Murphy himself was much interested in having young men read up history, especially Irish history, and to study the work of the great Irish orators of the past. He was always ready to lend from his library for this end. He was a great lover of Burns and classed the Scottish peasant as the king of poets. He was a model neighbor. In politics he was always a consistent Liberal, and, in his earlier days worked hard for the cause he espoused. His funeral was very largely attended. In the morning of his profession there were observed many of the leading citizens and residents of the adjoining townships to pay their last respects to the deceased. There were about 90 conveyances in the cortege and quite a number on foot. There was a large audience in the Church of Our Lady. Rev. Father Kenny, S.J., conducted the services at the church, and Rev. Father Kavanaugh, at the grave. The pallbearers were: Messrs. T. J. Day, J. Gore, J. Mays, D. Coffey, Thos. Coghlan and Frank McQuillan. His daughter, Mrs. Murphy, from the States, on account of some mistake in telegraphing, did not arrive until 6.40 p.m. Her arrival was anticipated and the coffin was kept at the open grave to allow her to have a last look at her well-beloved father. JUDGE LAPOURSE. County Judge Lapourse died at Berlin on the morning of the 8th instant. Anthony Lapourse, senior judge of the County of Waterloo, was born in Berthier, Province of Quebec, September 22nd, 1830. His father, Anthony Lapourse, senior, was from France. His mother was Mary, nee Dame, a native of Montreal. Judge Lapourse was educated at the Collège Grammont school at Berthier, and at the University of Montreal. He studied law in the same city with the late Thomas Kirkpatrick, Q.C.; was called to the bar at Berthier in 1855, practiced one year—Piston, and then removed to Lindsey, now the county town of Victoria, where he was in practice for seventeen years. During that period he held the office of superintendent of schools, Mayor of the town for three consecutive years, and County Crown attorney and Clerk of the Peace from 1868 to 1873. In October of the latter year he was appointed judge of the County of Waterloo by Sir John Macdonald's Administration, and had since faithfully discharged the duties of that office. He had a high sense of what constitutes right and true manhood, and was very severe on acts savouring of fraud. Probably no judge in the province was more desirous of making out exact justice to parties arraigned before him. He grasped the points for decision in a case very readily, and presented them to the jury with great candour and clearness. He was Master in Chancery. The judge was a Catholic, and a man of high moral character. He was first married in September, 1858, to Mary, daughter of John Dorner, M.D., late of Kingston, she having five children; three sons survive him. He was married the second time, December 29, 1878, to Fannie, daughter of Colonel C. J. Baldwin, deceased, Toronto, who mourns the death of a loving husband. "For years," says Capt. C. Mueller, "I have relied more upon Aye's Pills than anything else in the medicine chest, to regulate my bowels, and those of the ship's crew. Those pills are not severe in their action, but do their work thoroughly." Human things must be known to be loved, but Divine things must be loved to be known. "IT IS A GREAT BENEFIT."—These significant words were used in relation to a. Thomas' Eclairage Co., by a gentleman who had thoroughly tested the merits in his own case—having been cured by it of lameness of the knee, of three or four years' standing. It never fails to remove soreness as well as lameness, and is an incomparable palmo-logic and corrective.