## THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

## A SLIGHT MISTAKE AND HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

A good story is told of the Irish comedian, Jo A good story is told of the rish comentar, body Murphy, who appeared in Omaho last week: It was during the "blue ribbon" excitement of last season, and Joe was journying to a small town in the vicinity of Pittsburgh. As the train steamed into the depot it was boarded by half a dozen men, who, after a hurried conference with the conductor, purproched the comedian with beaming faces. approached the comedian with beaming faces. "Mr. Murphy, I believe," said the spokesman, hat

in hand.

At your service, sir," replied Joe.

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"At your service, sir," replied Joe. "Delighted to meet you, sir. We are the com-mittee appointed to take you in charge," and they dragged the astonished Joe from the car, placed him in a carriage, and they were whiled swiftly away. "God bless us," thought the exponent of Irish, peculiarities. "This is very kind. Never was in ihis town before. A man's reputation does travel, and that's a fact." In a short time they reached the hotel, and the

and that's a fact." In a short time they reached the hotel, and the committee, having placed Joe in the best parlor suite, prepared to depart. "We will call for you after supper, Mr. Murphy," said the spokesman. "One moment, gentlemen," cried Joseph, as he pulled the bell-cord vigorously. "Waiter, drinks for the nexty !"

for the party !" "Drinks !" shricked the conclave in a chorus.

" Mr. Murphy, are you mad ?" " Mad ? " echoed Joe, " not a bit of it. Name

"Mad ?" echoed Joe, "not a bit of it. Name your beverages, gentlemen." "Oh, this is terrible backsliding." said one. "Francis Murphy ordering drinks." "Francis Murphy !" repeated the perplexed Joe. "I'm Joe Murphy, the comedian." They saw it all, and wildly rushed from the room in search of the temperance apostle, who was even then toiling painfully from the depot on foot, "tot-ing" a huge carpet bag.

ing " a huge carpet bag. Both of the Murphys drew large audiences that

night. LETTER TO A DOCTOR OPPOSED TO

## THE SUPERNATURAL.

From the New York Freemans' Journal.

[This letter comes to us from a learned and suc cessful Physician, in the great Valley of the Mississippi, who does not want his name or residence given. He is of an honorable old French family ; given. He is of an honorable old *French* family; and, if he had not given us his name we would have known, by the *finesse* of his satire, what country his fathers came from. It reminds us of a witry French tract, of thirty, or more, years ago, that the late Bishop Fitzpatrick, of Boston, to whose soul may God give rest; and we ask out *friends, on our account*, to say a prayer for his soul—translated for one of the earliest numbers of *Broanson's Review*. It was so witry, so superbly done up in the style of *Yankee* Quacks, that the original, in French, compared with it, was a thing to yawn over! It was called by Bishop Fitzpatrick: "The Salve, for the Bite of the Black Serpent!"] Bishop Fitzpatrick : "The Salve, for the Bite of the Black Serpent !"] My DEAB DOCTOR.—I have just been shown a

letter dated August 30th, and written by a person tetter dated August 30th, and written by a person residing near Etampes. This letter is all the more annoying, because the facts it contains, with details, is reported in brief by the New York Freeman's Journal, under the title of "Wonderful Cures of Lourdes." It relates to a coincidence disagreeable enough, as you will see yourself. There is, doubt-less, allusion made here, to only one of the miracles prepared and arranged for the needs of the cause, and which a scientific man, who has any respect for himself, can place no confidence in, and I know that you are a man of that kind.

If, then, I write to you now, it is only because I know you will be asked to read a letter, written by a person with whom you are acquainted and whose veracity you cannot question. It is to be feared that the narrative of these cir-

It is to be feared that the narrative of these cir-cunstances, joined to the report in the Freeman's Journal, may cause you some little uneasiness. If, then, I anticipate them, it is only to put you on your guard against a trick so well played, that it night bring conviction to the mind of any one not warned beforehand. You are, certainly, not among those who have the weakness to believe in the Sup-ernatural, but it is to be feared that, taken suddenly, you micht not sufficiently brace yourself argainst the you might not sufficiently brace yourself against the The affair is this :

There was a young corporal in the garrison of Nantes in the year 1795. He was a spirited fellow, barely twenty; but young though he was, he had already learned to drink to excess, according to the too frequent custom of the day. Brave and excit-able, wine was a bad master for him, and one day when intoxicated he struck an officer who was giv-ing him an order. Death was the punishment for such an offence, and to death the lad was con-demned.

GENERAL CAMBRONNE.

The lad's eyes sparkled. "A condition ? Let the hearit, colonel. I would do much to save life

and honor."

and honor." "You must never again get drunk." "Colonel, that is impossible !" "Impossible, boy ! you will be shot to-morrow otherwise ; think of that !" "I do think of the But never to let one drop of wine touch my lips! See you, colonel : Cam-bronne and the bottle love one another so well, that when once they aga together it is all un with soc when once they get together it is all up with so-briety. No, no ! I dare not promise never to get drunk."

"But, whappy boy, could you not promise never to touch wine ?"

"Not a drop, colonel ?" "Not a drop." "Ah! that is a weighty matter, colonel. Let me

ae reflect. Never to touch wine all my life !" The young soldier paused ; then looked up. "But, colonel, if I promise, what guarantee look thet I show Young ""

you have that I shall keep my promise?" "Your word of honor," said the officer. know you; you will not fail me."

A light came into the young fellow's eyes. "Then I promise," said he solemnly. "I, Cam-bronne, swearneyer to take a drop of wine." The next day Corporal Cambronne resumed his lace in his regiment.

Twenty-five years after he was General Cambronne, a man of note, respected and beloved. Dining one day in Paris with his old colonel, many brothers in arms being present, he was offered a glass of rare old wine by his former commanding officer. Cambronne drew back.

ficer. Cambronne drew back. "My word of honor, colonel; have you forgotten that ?" he asked excitedly. "And Nantes—the prison—the pardon—the vow ?" he continued, strik-ing the table. "Never, sir, from that day to this has a drop of wine touched my lips. I swore it, and I have kept it; and shall keep it, God helping, to the and " to the end."

Once more, not without reason, did the good old colonel thank God that he had been able to preerve such a man for France.

## MONTALEMBERT ON IRISH CATH-OLICISM.

Contrast the magnificent churches which the Irish are building to-day in Ireland with those which they are helping to build in America, with what they had in 1829, when Montalembert's Lettres sur le Catholicisme en Irlande were published, and in which there is to be found the following passage: " I shall never forget the first Mass which I heard in a country chapel. I rode to the foot of a hill, the lower part of which was clothed with a thick plan-tation of oak and fir, and alighted from my horse to ascend it. I had taken only a few steps on my way when my attention was attracted by the ap-pearance of a man who knelt at the foot of one of the firs; several others became visible in succession in the same attitude, and the higher I ascended the DRY GOODS. A CHOICE AND COMPLETE STOCK JUST without cement, and covered with thatch. Around same attitude, and the higher I without cement, and covered with thatch. Around it knelt a crowd of robust and vigorous men, all un-covered, though the rain fell in torrents and the mud quivered beneath them. Profound silence reigned everywhere. It was the Catholic chapel of Blarney, and the priest was saying Mass. I reached the door at the moment of the elevation, and all this pious assembly had prostrated themselves with their faces on the earth. I made an effort to pene-the door to the elevation of the penethowed of the solution of their faces on the earth. I made an effort to pene-trate under the roof of this chapel, thus overflowed with worshippers. There were no seats, no decora-tions, not even a pavement. The floor was of earth, damp and stony, the roof dilapidated, and tallow candles burned on the altar in place of tapers. I heard the priest announce in Irish, the language of the Catholic people, that on such a day he would go, in order to save his parishioners, the trouble of a long journey, to a certain 'cabin,' which should for the moment be turned into the house of God—there to administer the sacraments and receive the humble moment be turned into the nouse of God—there to administer the sacraments and receive the humble offerings with which his flock supported him. When the Holy Sacrifice was ended, the priest mounted his horse and rode away; then each worshipper rose from his knees and went slowly homeward; rose from his knees and went slowly homeward; some of them, wandering harvestmen, carrying their reaping hooks, turned their steps towards the nearest cottage to ask the hospitality to which they were considered to have a right; others, with their wives riding behind them *en croupe*, went off to their distant homes. Many remained for a much longer time in prayer, kneeling in the mud, in that silent in the scheme her the woor and faithful neonle enclosure chosen by the poor and faithful people in the times of ancient persecutions." IRISH M. P.'S AND THEIR CONSTITU ENTS.

Murphy, C. C., addressed the meeting, urging united action among the Irish members, and loyalty to the leadership of Mr. Butt. At the meeting of Mr. Clery's constituents in the borough of Wex-ford, the hon, gentleman made an eloquent speech, and satisfactorily vindicated his votes, &c., in Par-liament. The meeting was, however, rather a meet-ing of the Wexford Independent Club, and it was in that expacity its resolutions were passed. It was resolved, "That the club hereby declares its thorough approval and adhesion to the line of Par-WHOLESALE & RETAIL DRUGGIST, 
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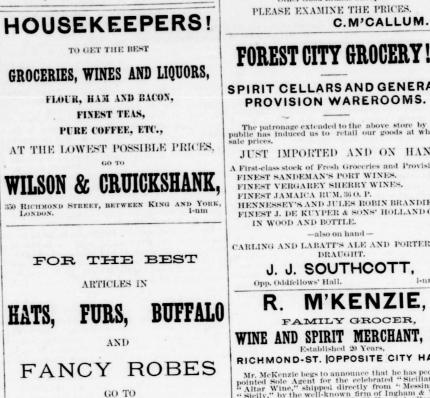
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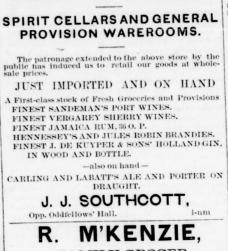
able, wine was a bad master for him, and one day when intoxicated he struck an officer who was giving him an order. Death was the punishment for such an offence, and to death the lad was condemned.
The colonel of the regiment, remembering the intelligence and bravery of the young criminal, spared no pains to obtain a remission of the sentence; at first with no success, but finally hampered with a certain condition—that the prisoner should never again be found intoxicated. The colonel at one proceeded to the military prison and summoned Cambronne.
"You are in trouble, corporal," he said.
"True, colonel; and I forfeit my life for my folly," returned the young fellow.
"It may be so," quoth the colonel shortly.
"May be," demanded Cambronne; "you are aware of the strictness of martial law, colonel. I expect no pardon; I have only to die."
"But suppose I bring you a pardon on one condition ?"
The lad's eyes sparkled. "A condition ? Let me brasit colonel. I was and the very farmer's views on the Irish Land Question, and have called on him to resign his seat as their representative. 



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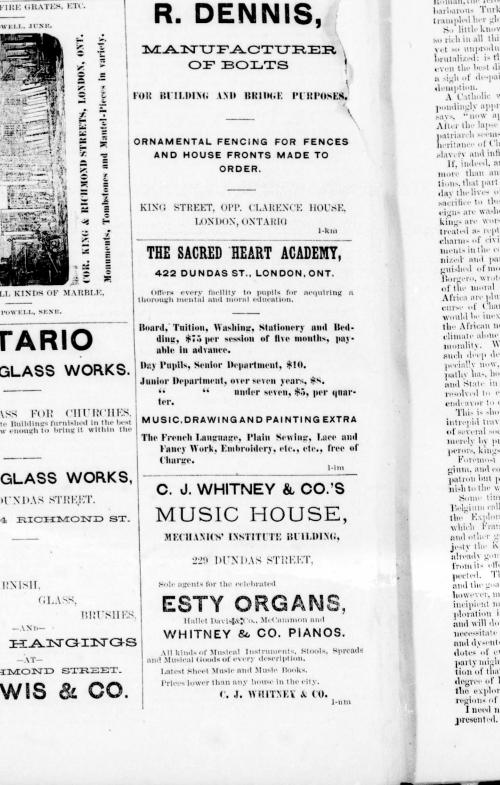
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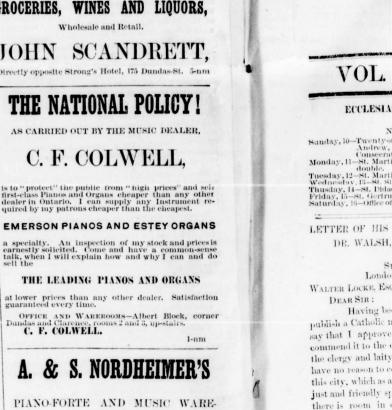
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A VOI

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To the Editor of t Standard," En SIR,-SIR,— "Now in despath The bitter cha Where ignoral Where virtue, With pity futu The sorrows s The sorrows s Where whirlw Where force a And fading en Thus sadly, writes the poet of and religion of Roman, the fero barbarous Turk trampled her glo So little know so rich in all thi yet so unprodu brutalized: is the even the best di

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Mile. Clemence Chaussier, took a notion to imagine herself a paralytic, and this, for the last five years. Naturally, her parents, and all the inhabitants of the little town lent their aid in propagating the fraud. The very doctors who had seen and nursed her pronounced her paralyzed; her affliction arising from a diseased spinal marrow. It is evident that these doctors, although on the crowned years all this was object on did not seen her

ground where all this was going on, did not see be-yond the end of their noses. Who knows, but per-haps these very doctors were secretly in the service of Clericalism !

In brief, it happened one fine day Clemence Chaussier, tired of playing the paralytic so long, took a notion to have herself taken to Lourdes, so

took a notion to have herself taken to Lourdes, so as to have a decent reason for giving up a role that was getting to be rather troublesome. So soon as her intention was known, it was met with objections on the part of some and ridicaled by others. But in spite of objections and jeers, Chemence would hold out no longer, and to Lourdes she went

she went. She was taken to the bath, and no sooner was she plunged into the water, than without any transition whatever, she came out cured. Radically cured ! Without assistance from any one she left the

grotto and Lourdes, and returned to her home at

Etamps. Great, however, as was Clemence's hurry to get home, the news of her cure had preceded her to Etampes, a crowd of people waited for her at the station; some came to scoff, others, out of mere

But when they saw Clemence, whom they all be-But when they saw Clemence, whom they all be-lieved to be helpless, step down from the car as easily and free from lameless as either you or I, there was something akin to real stupefaction. And as the girl, instead of going directly home, started for St. Martin's, the Parish Church, some hundred persons, the mockers and the curious included, fol-lowed her respectfully, and assisted, without hesi-tation, at a *Magnificat*, intoned with a zest that ap-peared contagious, before the Blessed Virgin's Chapel. Now, we men of science, understand that all this

Now, we men of science, understand that all this

that learned men can arrive at is this': Clemence Chaussier, from an excited imagination, or any other reason, inflicted the life of a paralytic upon herself for five years. Her parents and neighbors allowed themselves to be deceived by appearances, and the last act of the comedy was the immersion in the bath at Lourdes, and the fraud was carried out ! Then they raised the cry of miracles ! as if miracles were still in vogue in these days of progress and light by which our eyes are guided ! Adieu, dear Doctor, forwarned forearmed !

Last Wednesday Mr. Redmond, member for the borough, and Mr. Keyes O'Clery, one of the mem-bers for the county of Wexford, met their con-stituents in public meeting. Both were very warmly received, and both addressed the meeting. Mr. Redmond was accorded a very cardial walcome 2 Now, we men of science, understand that all this was nothing but a deception well carried out, science, the heigh and it is in terrention proved weak enough.
As for the doctors who attended this self-styler branktic, and who we not qualify them as the cause of his Parliamentary action, and alluded to what had been done in the way of Irish legislation during the session. He spoke of the International to the doctors know how to qualify yourselves by the doctors know how to qualify yourselves to be decived by appearance, and the fraud was carried out that the consideration of Irish interests by the dottor was the immersion in the transelves in the text control of our plandes also to record our opinion that the consideration of lish interests by the dottor was the immersion in the transe of the constance and be doctors for the course of the fraud was carried out in the constance and be obleve. The action of the Wext is the endured were will in yogue in these d Mr. Redmond was accorded a very cordial welcom





