



Lament of the Widowed Inebriate. DUGANNE.

2

I'm thinking on thy smile, Mary-Thy bright and trusting smile-In the morning of our youth and love, Ere sorrow came-or guile. When thine arms were twined about my neck.

neck. And mine eyes looked into thine. And the heart that throbbed for me alone Was nestling close to mine !

I see full many a smile, Mary, Geroung lips beaming bright, And many an eye of light and love Is flashing in my sight; But the smile is not for my poor heart, And the eye is strange to me. And loneliness comes o'er my soul, When its memory turns to thee.

I'm thinking on the night, Mary, The night of grief and shame. When with dranken ravings on my lips To thee I homeward came: O, the tear was in thine earnest eye, And thy bosom wildly heaved, Yet a smille of love was on thy cheek Though the heart was sorely grieved !

But the smile soon left thy lips, Mary, And thise eye grew dim and sad; For the tempter lured my steps from the, And the wine cup drove me mad; From thy checks the roses quickly fled, And thy ringing laugh was gone, Yet ity heart still foodly clang to me, And still kept trusting on.

O, my words were harsh to thee, Mary, For the wine cup made me wild; And I child thee when thine eyes were sad, And I cursed thee when they smiled-God knows I loved thee even then, But the fire was in my brain, And the curse of drink was in my heart, To make my love a bane.

'Twas a pleasant home of ours, Mary, In the spring time of our life. When I loozed upon thy suany face, And proudly called thee wife— And 'twas pleasant when our children played Before our cottage door; But the calldren siece p with thee, Mary, I shall never see them more !

Thou'rt resting in the church-yard, now, And no stone is at thy nead i But the sciton knows a drunkard's wife Sieeps in that lowly bed: And he says the hand of God, Mary, Will fail with crushing weight On the wretch who brought thy gentie life To its untimely fate.

But he knows not of the broken heart I bear within my breast, Or the heavy load of vain remorse, That will not let me rest. He knows not of the sleepless nights, When dreaming of thy love, I seem to see thine angel eyes Look coldly from above.

I have raised the wine-cup in my hand, And the wildest strains I've sung. Till with the laugh of drauken mirth The echoing air has rung: But a pale and sorrowing face look'd out From the glittering cup on me, And a trembling winkper I have heard That I fancied, breathed by thee.

Thou art slumbering in thy peaceful gra And thy sleep is dreamless now, But the ses! of an undying grief Is on thy mourner's brow. And my heart is chill as thine, Mary, For the joys of life have fled, And I long to lay my aching breast With the cold and silent dead !

CHIP.

CONCLUDED.

John Maitland stands irresolute, and then, as the echo of her pleading accents enters his brain, he starts forward with nurried strides towards St. Paul's, without looking to the right or to the left, and keeps his hands on his breast as if to strangle the murderous thoughts within If Andrew McVeigh could see him him. he would feel sure that, however much in other things his nephew may have departed from the principles of his ances-tors, he at least possesses the family temper in perfection

All is silent within the little wooden chapel. There is a worshipper here and there among the rough benches, and two acolytes, in black and white, kneel before the Blessed Sacrament. A faint breeze enters with John Maitland and stirs the aces on the altar and the candle flames. He walks into the "dim religious light," from the glaring sunshine without, and ands himself in a new world of Faith, away with" by the murderer, in order to ands himself in a new world of stich, away with "by the murderer, in order to aces on the altar and the candle flames. He walks into the "dim religious light," from the glaring sunshine without, and ands himself in a new world of Faith, away with" by the murderer, in order to destroy evidence. Seth Sunden, however, acolytes, in black and white, kneel before

John Maitland laughs incredulously. His eyes falls on the pool. It is blood. CHAPTER III. "For right is right, since God is God,

And right the day must win." At about half-past four o'clock, An-drew McVeigh had been found dead by three farm laborers on the beach near Sundown. These men were repairing fences on the land near the river, but shut out from view of it by a thick fringe of bushes that ran along the beach. They shut out from view of it by a thick fringe of bushes that ran along the beach. They had heard the report of a pistol, followed by a succession of loud groans. Almost simultaneously breaking through the hedge, they had seen Andrew McVeigh lying upon the sand, a stream of blood flowing from his side, under the left shoulder. His groans grew more trem-ulous and fainter. He could not speak. Before they could raise him he was dead. His horse stood some distance up the beach. the stillness except the rustling of Father Augustin's papers and the scratching of

At the water's edge, wet by the ebbing tide, lay a revolver with all its barrels

but as the spot where the nurdered marker source in initices after four p. m. Now, had been found was a favorite bathing and "crabbing" place of the Sundown boys, this went for nothing. And at the inquest the jary rejected the idea of p. m. until five. I will swear to it! You suicide with contempt, and brought in the verdict that Andrew McVeigh came to his death at the hands of his nephew. John

"For right is right, since God is God, And right the day must win."

auctioneer testified that he had left the hotel shortly after four o'clock. A byleading his horse. After that, Andrew McVeigh had never been seen alive, ex-cept by his murderer and the three laborers in those brief moments immediately preceding death. On John Maitland's person was found

On John Maitland's person was found an envelope containing three hundred dollars. The envelope was addressed, "Andrew McVeigh, Present." The enve-lope had been then open at the end. Eli Woodbury, a dry-goods merchant, of Iron-borough, a town some miles from Sun-down, proved that he had paid the three hundred dellars to the laid the three down, proved that he had paid the three hundred dollars to the deceased on the day of the murder for six months' rent of his store. He produced the receipts. Having been called out on business, he had placed the money in the envelope, written Andrew McVeigh's name on it,

to pay his bill, or rather accommodate him, with one hundred dollars, on account of want of funds.

Rebecca Plummer, who lives next door to Lynch cottage, affirmed that she had heard John Maitland and his uncle quar relling in Miss Bridget Lynch's garden. She could not hear the words they had used, but she had seen him (the un-strike his nephew with a whip. Cha Charles Chippeway Sunden, alias "Chip," and Miss Grace Lynch, had been witnesses of the quarrel,

the quarrel, Chip was missing. He had not been visi-ble in Sundown since the day of the mur-der. His straw hat had been washed up by the tide, down at the cave. He had lived with John Maitland and his uncle

the narrow cell in the Ironborough jsil. "In another week !"---"I must die,--but, believe me, Father, amorg the sins I will confess to you to-night murder will not he." "I do believe you. There is some hor-rible mistake. I heard no word of this until I arrived in Sundown this morning." "Those papers on the table contain a full account of the trial. While you look them over I will finish this letter." Half an hour passes. No sound breaks the stillness except the rustling of Father

Augustin's papers and the scratching of the prisoner's pen. "My dear boy," at last says Father Augustin, with a smouldering excitement in every movement, "you and your lawyer have acted like a pair of fools. It is un-pleasant, but true. Had you no memory ? Had he no—he cught to be ashamed of himself! Why did he not attempt to prove an albh? Attend. From this report

tide, lay a revolver with all its barrens tide, lay a revolver with all its barrens empty. On a tiny silver plate in the side of this weapon were the words "John Mait-land, from W. Lynch." The sand was covered with foot-prints, that fatal 16th your uncle was seen alive a tabout ten minutes after four p. m. He was found dead at half-past four. Now, attend. You were in St. Paul's Church at

verdict that Andrew McVeigh came to his death at the hands of his nephew, John Maitland. The following facts came out at the inquest: Andrew McVeigh had remained a few minutes at a sale of real estate which had taken place at the Sundown Hotel. The auctioneer testified that he had left the

Father Augustin never loses time, and now it is doubly valuable. He moves heastander, Seth Sunden, Chip's father (by ven and earth to save John Maitland's life, the way)—an inveterate lounger, who always attended sales and other free entertainments—swore that he had seen not despond; he has too much to do. At the deceased proceed towards the river, last the demands of red tape are satisfied. A reprieve and a new trial are granted. Two witnesses, Father Augustin and little Two witnesses, Father Augustin and little Miles Jones, of Swedestown, who knew nothing about the former trial, triumph-antly prove an alibi, and John Maitland

walks out of the court a free man, saved by his prayer ! John Maitland finds that his uncle, eccentric to the last, left a will, bearing the date of that terrible sixteenth, bequeathing all his estate, without reserve, to his esteemed young friend, William Lynch. But he, the heir presumptive, is content; he is innocent, he is free, he has Grace; for Father Augustin married them three days after the second trial. The Swedestown firm still trusts him, although Will Lynch has not yet turned up to cor-roborate his statement about the three hundred dollars, and his great sorrow has

and given it to his clerk. Mr. Kenzie testified that early in the formoon of the 16th instant—the day of sweeter and brighter than before, and the sweeter and brighter than before, and the sweeter and brighter than before. A before a before a being afternoon of the 16th instant—the day of the murdet—John Maitland had refused two are as happy as human beings can be "in this vale of tears." Returning from High Mass at St. Paul's

Returning from High Mass at St. Paul's one Sunday, late in Autumn, John and Grace hear strange voices in their little sitting-room. Aunt Bridget is crying and laughing by turns, accompanied by the running commentary of a ringing bass voice. Of course, Grace at once jumps to the conclusion that the house is being robbed. Ste is agreeably amazed, how-ever, to find her brother Will and Chip amiably "finishing" one of Aunt Bridget's ample lunches. Will looks much the same; but Chip has grown taller and thinner, more freckled and exceedingly forlorn in appearance.

forlorn in appearance. "Aunt Bid has told me everything," cries

will, when the greetings are over. "I never received your letters. When I had completed the *Echo* business, I started as companion and secretary to an English traveller, on a rather straggling and uncertain tour; that probably accounts for the failure of your letters. And so they brought the money as evidence against you! I'll tell you how it came into my morning of his first communion. He kneels, and breathes a loving, contrite His old friend, Father Augustin, whom the altar and watches him. Four o'clock strikes. "Father 2" "Gather 2" "Father 2" "the secone in the garden had agitated strikes. "Father 2" "Father 2" "the 2" "the 2" "the secone in the garden had agitated strikes. that I was about to start on a long jour-ney. At first he spoke in his usual here again (meaning the Fathers) go down and inconsistent way, and then he became very kind. He pressed that envelope into my hand, saying, "Take this; it is only a part of what is to come." He forced me to keep it, and so I thought it would make a nice wedding present for you. Now, Chip, clear up your mystery." Bat Chip's mouth is very full at this particular

besides, there is no way of knowing them in the dark except by firing a volley into them and marking them so as then to know them."

Terra Nova Advocate, Feb. 11. The floundering of the Bay Roberts worthies to extricate themselves from the ugly position into which their late di-graceful Orange proceedings have placed them, cannot be but amusing to the pub-lic mind. Strenuous efforts are made to justify conduct, of which they evidently now feel ashamed; but all the waters of Bay Roberts harbour, mixed with a pro-CAPT. DAWE,-"Yes, that is your custom.' Bay Roberts harbour, mixed with a pro portionate share of lime, would not mak portionate share of line, would not make a wash sufficiently strong to whiten, in the least, the blackened reputation which they have earned for themselves. Not-withstanding "solemn declarations" made before J. P's...the weakness of which must be patent to all-the very plain statements of the Redemptorist Fathers still remain firm and unshaken; and the whitegraphing process serves only to show whitewashing process serves only to show up the "Law-Abiding" citizens of Bay Roberts in a more conspicuous and ridic-ulous aspect. That the statements of the Rev. Fathers are not overdrawn I mean to show by giving, by your permission, Mr. Editor, a detailed account of facts, in the order in which they occurred from the time of the arrival of the Fathers at Bay Roberts, until the time of their de-parture therefrom.

parture therefrom. On Wednesday, the 19th of Nov., 1884, the Very Rev. E. F. Walsh, V. G. and parish priest of Brigus, conducted to Bay Roberts two Redemptorist Fathers, who were to give a mission to the Catholics of that part of his parish. From the manner in which their entry into the settlement was greeted, it was easy to see that the presence of the good fathers was anything but agreeable to the roughs of that place The opening of the mission was announce to take place at three o'clock, p. m., and from the time that the Fathers and parish priest left the residence of Mr. Frayne to proceed to the church, through the street of Bay Roberts, they were accosted by seeming maniacs, using the most filthy and abominable language; uttering horrible oaths and blasphemies, vomiting forth cbscene expressions, revolting and shocking to the feelings of men, not to speak of the delicate sensitiveness of females, who in crowds had to endure such disgusting conduct. The church, however, was reached, the exercises of the mission begun, and a short sermon preached. At the close, the Fathers had to return from the church to their lodgings at Mr. Frayne's, through an ordeal in every particular similar to that just described. This was the first unpleasant experience that the good Fathers had to endure at the hands of the "Law-Abiding citizens" of Bay Roberts; but I regret to have to write it, was not to be their last. No sooner did the Fathers enter their loggings than a gang of urchins, no doubt urged on by others behind the scenes, began rolling barrels backward and forward on the street, underneath the windows of the rooms occupied by the Fathers, at the same time screeching and yelling like young savages, and coupling the names of Harper, the Pope, and the Redemptorist Fathers in a most derisive and insulting manner. Such was the re-creation of those youngsters for about two or three hours, when a lull took place in their noisy proceedings, which lasted only for a little time, but was followed by a vigorous and violent outburst of feeling on the part of the Bay Roberts' elder "Law Abiding" citizens. About nine o'clock p. m., crowds began to assemble round the residence of Mr. Frayne, cutsheroes, ing, swearing, threatening, and declaring what they would do, and which, no doubt, they would if they thought they could do so with impunity. One however, more bold than the rest, approached the house

PRIEST,-"I came not here, Capt. Dawe, to be insulted by you." CAPT. DAWE,..."I did not insult you." PRIEST, - "Your language looks very much like an insult. I came here to ask

you, as magistrate, for protection in the exercise of our civil and religious rights. Those Missionaries, I have told you, are American citizene, and if you do not afford me the protection I claim for them, I must ask their Consul to provide it." CAPT. DAWE,—"I have no protection for you, besides I do not believe a word of

for you, besides 1do not believe a word of your statement." The priest, seeing it would be somewhat degrading to treat further with one who showed himself so evidently a partisan, abruptly left the presence of the great man. Such was the result of an applica-tion made in the interests of peace and justice, to this upholder of Law and Order in Bay Roberts. And now the public may ask if Capt. Dawe is a fit per-son to hold Her Majesty's Commission of Peace. Or if the administration of justice should be left in the hands of one who can act as judge and jury. and even deir statement. can act as judge and jury, and even de-cide on the merits of a case, without hearing the arguments for or against, but on the questionable grounds alone that his Worship does not beheve it. It was now about midday of the 20th,

and soon after, crowds began to assemble on the street, to indulge in their cowardly pastime. They conceive a happy idea, which is no sooner conceived than realized. An Orange flag is raised and stretched across the street, through which the Catholics must pass on their way to church, to assist at the exercises of the mission, and at this point the roughs gather in force. They send a messenger to the Father to say that "we will not allow you to pass," which the pastor replies :-- "We shall to which the pastor replies :- "We shall see when the time comes." A little while after, another arrives, and begs the priest for God's sake not to go down, "that the for God's sake not to go down, "that the neighboring stores are lined with armed men, and you may all be shot." The pastor again replies, "In the name of God let them shoot away, I, at least, will go to the church this evening, or leave my corpse on the street." The hour for the evening devotion now drew near, and it was time to proceed to the church Name

was time to proceed to the church Near at hand were assembled the Catholic con-gregation waiting to learn what their Pastor would advise ; when they found that his determination was to go on with the exercises of the Mission under all difficulexercises of the Alission under all difficul-ties, they refused to go to the church and submit to the galling indignation of going under an Orange arch, but a few words from their Pastor calmed their excited feelings and allayed their just indignation. He told them that he did not ask them to He told them that he did not ask them to submit to anything to which he himself was not also submitting, and that he felt the indignity offered as much as they did; but that they were in the exercise of their religious duties, and from this they should not be deterred by any humilia-tions whatever; under the circumstances he was prepared to accept this humilia-tion and he was sure they would not so tion, and he was sure they would not refuse to participate in it with him. Brave fellows ! They take immediately a different view of the situation, suppress their feelings, and, by thus controlling them-selves, prove themselves true Caristian

Priests and people marched in a body to the church, passing under the abomin-able Orange rag, amidst the scoffs and jeers, vile jesting and "hearty cheers" of derision indulged in by the rabble, some of whom crying out at the same time: "Pass under your enemy, you b____." The return from the church was through

a similar ordeal; and now, at length, it was thought the Fathers would be left in

MARCH 7, 1885

A PRISONER ON PAROLE.

John Mitchel, the Patriot. The Tasmanian trees are almost all of The Lasmannan trees are simost all of one or other of the gum species, lofty and vast, but not umbrageous, for the foliage is meagre, and but ill clothes the huge limbs. In some of the valleys, however, there is more richness of foliage; and along the size's bank the sum trees are object. the river's bank, the gum trees are chiefly of the sort called black gum, which makes a grand leafy head, almost as massive as the European beech or sycamore. On the slopes of some of the hills are great thickets of mimosa, called by the colonists the wattle gum, a most graceful evergreen tree, but stripped at this season of its splendid gold-hued blossoms. The air is laden with the fragrance of these gum trees, illuminated by the flight of parrots of most glowing and radiant plumage, that go flashing through the arches of the forest like winged game. I grow stronger every day. And whether it be the elastic and balmy air of these mountain woods that sends the tide of life coursing some-what warmer through my veins-or a grand leafy head, almost as massive as

what warmer through my veins-or unwonted converse of an old friend. unwonted converse of an old friend, that revives the personal identity I had nearly lost—or the mere treading once more upon the firm, flowery surface of our bounteous mother earth, after two years tossing on the barren briny ocean—mother earth breathing vital fragrance forever, forever swinging the censer of her per-fume from a thousand flowers; forever singing the eternal melodies in whisnering

singing the eternal melodies in whispering tree tops, and murmuring, tingling, bab-bling streams—certain it is, I feel a kind of joy. In vain I try to torment myself into a state of chronic, savage indignation ; it will not do here. In vain I reflect that "it is incumbent on me diligently to re member" (as Mr. Gibbon says) how that I am, after all, in a real cell, hulk or dungeon, yet that these ancient mountains, with the cloud shadows flying over their far-stretching woodlands, are ginian prison walls-that the bright birds. ginan prison wais—int the oright birds, waving their rainbow wings here before me, are but "ticket of-leave" birds, and enjoy only "comparative liberty"—in vain—there is in every soul of man a buoyancy that will not let it sink to utter despair. Well said the Lady Leonora—

When the heart is throbing sorest There is balsam in the forest; There is balsam in the forest for its pain, Said the Lady Leonora."

All my life long I have delighted in rivers, rivulets, rills, fierce torrents tear-ing their rocky beds, gliding dimpled brooks kissing a daisied marge. The tinkle, or murmur, or deep resounding roll, or raving roar of running water is of all sounds my cars ever hear now the most homely. Nothing else in this land looks or sounds like home. The birds have a foreign tongue; the very trees whispering to the wind, whisper in accents unknown to me; for your gum tree leaves are all hard, horny, polished as the laurel-besides they have neither upper nor under side, but are set on with the neither upper plane of them vertical; wherefore the can never, never, let breeze pipe or zephyr breathe as it will, never can they whisper quiver, sigh or sing, as do the beeches and sycamores of old Rostrevor. Yes, all sights and sounds of nature are alien and outlandish-suggestive of the tropic of Capricorn and the Antarctic Circle that eloquent river; it talks to me, and to the woods and rocks, in the same tongue and dialect wherein the Roe dis rocks, in the same coursed to me, a child; in its crystaline gush my heart and brain are bathed; and I hear, in its plaintive chime, all the blended voices of history, of prophecy

and poesy, from the beginning. Not cooler or fresher was the Thracian Hebrus; not purer were Abana and Phar par; not more ancient and venerable is Father more ancient and venerable is Father Nilus. Before the quiet flow of the Eyyptian river was yet disturbed by the jabber of the priests of Miroe-before the denasty was not herd the before the cries out, "What is the matter with you ?" The priest replied: "I shall very soon let you know what is the matter if you con-

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Detween his hands. This has not taken a minute, and John Maitland resumes his incident.
Nearly an hour passes before John rises from his knees, and then, catching sight of Father Augustin, he goes into the sacristy to speak to him. The priest is very glad to see his old friend and pupil, but he has little time to spend in talk.
I am going down to Maryland," he minutes after the clock hearing, a few "Gran spinor down and set parting, a few "Gran spinor down and set parting, a few "Gran spinor down and spinor down to Maryland," he minutes after the clock hearing, a few "Gran and spinor down and

says as they shake hands at parting, a few minutes after the clock has struck five, "on a mission. I shall start this evening; to the der love and pity in John Maitland's "on a mission. I shall start this evening; but I hope to return in a month or two; and then we will finish our chat about the old days of Notre Dame." old days of Notre Dame."

his mind. He wonders that such strange madness could have been evoked by the querulous words of a weak old man.

gorgeous crimson and gold picture of blended clouds and water. He strolls along the beach. In one spot he sees several men standing around a small pool in the sand. Is it the sun's light that wakes it crimson 2

He approaches, and they draw to-gether, whispering, "Here he is." One of them comes out from the others and says:

says : "I arrest you for the murder of Andrew McVeigh !

the attar and watches him. Four o'clock strikes. "Father," whispers a small boy, who wears a black cassock, "Father, it's four o'clock, and the two O'Briens have been out in the sauctuary since the attend. The scene in the garden had agitated her, and followed by this terrible shock, Days, weeks, months have passed. The trial comes on. It takes place et

old days of Notre Dame." John Maitland leaves the chapel and the demon of wrath that possessed him has fled. He shudders now as the sha-dows of his thoughts of an hour ago cross his mind. He wonders that such strange madness could have been evoked by the He shows them what fearful odds are against him and how gallantly he struggles The evening breeze is beginning to blow to overcome them. His speech grows from the river and the whole west is a more and more brilliant ; but he forgets

John Maitland smiles bitterly. "And "" this is man's justice !" "You have come North jast in time Father Augustin," says John Maitland

from Andrew McVeigh's castigation, he ran down to the beach, and in blissful ignorance he was levelling the one remaining charge at another crow, when McVeigh suddenly grasped his collar. The fright-

ened boy turned, and the charge took effect in the poor old man's side. Chip dropped the pistol and ran down to the cove. There was a schooner lying there. Chip, half dead with terror, hid himself among the barrels on deck. The crew coming on the barrels on deck. board at nightfall were a little "confused" by their sojourn on shore, and when they discovered him—which happened when the schooner was many miles from Sun-down—they made him—miles from Sundown-they made him work hard. Chip's vicissitudes had subdued him considerably, and he is indeed very glad to get home. "I will send you to school, Chip," says Will Lynch, "when we have induced the

out in the sanctuary since three. It's our turn now." "Let me see." The priest refers to a small note-book. "The O'Brien broth-ers from three until four; John Denver and Miles Jones from four until five." Yes, it is your turn, Myles. Goon." As the acolytes are changing, the sleeve of little Myles Jones' surplice brushes against a candle. In an instant the light muslin is in flames. John Maitland quiely bends over the railing, and before the boy is aware of it, crushes ont the former self. The prosecuting connection: the prosecu

evening, and that as soon as he did, he visited the scene of disorder, but that he neither saw nor heard anything said or lone offensive to anyone, and therefore he did not believe it amounted to anything. The priest then made a statement of what took place the preceding evening, and went on to say, "I have therefore come, come, Capt. Dawe, on the part of the Mission-aries, to ask for protection on account of the threats made against them and the insults offered to them."

CAPT. DAWE, -- "I cannot control my people, they are not like yours."

People, they are not like yours." PRIEST,—"Do you mean to say that you and the other magistrates of the place are unable to control these people?" Here the captain entered into a defence of the people of Bay Roberts, whose gen-eral peaceable character, he said, had been attacked by a few persons whose study it was to destroy the good hence of the was to destroy the good repute of the place. The priest said he knew nothing of this, that he came to claim from him, Capt. Dawe, as magistrate, protection for the Missionaries during their stay in Bay Roberts ; they were American citizens, and he wished to avoid the necessity of having to carry on the mission under the protection of the American Consul.

CAPT. DAWE,- "No complaint has been made to me.'

PRIEST,—"I now make a complaint, and, if necessary, I shall have depositions made Mr. Frayne's windows were broken by way of a parting shot, I suppose, and thus ended, for the time being, these disgrace-

Roberts.

enough of them present at the time for this purpose without increasing their num-

ber. Meanwhile, however, the Fathers drove

Irish and Canadian Bishops.

Boston Republic.

you know what is the matter if you con-tinue your dastardly conduct; mind, now, I give you fair warning, if there is a re-petition of it I will let fly at you." This was understood by the braves to mean Boston Republic. The Irish bishops will have a conference in Rome after the Easter holidays with three cardinals of the Congregation of the Propaganda, at which Bishops Moore, O'Connor and Dwenger of America are expected to attend. This conference will be similar to the presentative sessions hold was understood by the braves to mean that the priest was going to fire on them and they soon began to seek shelter in different directions, each one declaring that if such was to be the case "he would be sure to avoid the effect of powder and ball." This threat had a wholesome off and the first back as wholesome be similar to the preparatory sessions held by the American bishops at the palace of the Propaganda, over which Cardinal wholesome effect, and the Fathers were left in peace effect, and the Fathers were left in peace the remainder of the night, the Orange heroes retiring and contenting themselves with firing off guns in the distance. Now, it was clearly seen that under such diffi-cult circumstances it was impossible to conduct the mission, and it was decided to the lish bishops. It was the desire of the lish bishops to become thoroughly familiar with the modus operandi of the Baltimore council, with a view of adopting the same as a rule in their future dealings with the same as a rule in their future dealings. leave next morning and begin the exer-

of the 21st the carriages were accordingly drawn up in front of Mr. Frayne's house to with the questions that may be before them at the plenary council which take away the Fathers, when the rowdies is to be held this year in Ireland.

take away the Fathers, when the rowdies began again to assemble and indulge in their congenial ruffianism. As one of the Fathers took his seat in the carriage, one young lad seized the reins of the horse, and an older scamp presented himself with a knife and said: "Don't you ever come back to Bay Roberts again." The second Father had like attention paid him by another of the roughs; threats were treely used of throwing them over the embank-ment, one rascal going to gather a larger though one would think there were quite enough of them present at the time for

It is spring. A resurrection of nature's latent forces is taking place. Like the world around you, renew your complexion, invigorate your powers, cleanse the channels of life. Ayer' Sarsaparilla is the means to use for this purpose.

off amidst the insults of the rabble and bearing with them no very favorable impressions of Orange hospitality at Bay SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES is Excellent On the night succeeding this same day, Lung Troubles. Dr. ENOCH CALLOWAY, La Grange, Geo., says: "I have used Scott's Emulsion with wonderful success Will Lynch, "when we have induced the authorities to hear your story. And now fill your glasses with Aunt Bridget's cur-rant wine, I drink to the health, long life and happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Maitland !" And every day since that eventful 16th those two kneel at the Holy Sacrifice in thank giving for John Maitland's prayer.