## To My Pather. BY J. T. GALLAGHER.

Oh, my father, dearest father! dearer far than life to me; More beloved than life was ever, dearer far than life could be, than life could be. Tell me soon, and tell me truly, ah! I'm longing for to know—And to know it, dearest father, might dispel this cloud of woe—If, when brothers and my sisters and the friends my childhood knew, Ithe Spring and Winter evenings by the fireside sit with you; Or is mellow Autumn weather, or when fireside sit with you;
Or in mellow Autumn weather, or when
Summer decks the lea.
As they foam my native valleys, do they
eyer speak of me!

Oh, they would, beloved father ! If they knew the love I bear,
And the wild and passionate longing to once again be with them there:
If they knew the pain and anguish and the dreadful cloud of woe
That has ridged my youthful forehead, hangs

dreadful cloud of woe
That has ridged my youthful forehead, hangs
above where'er I go;
All the toil and all the hardships that are
mine from year to year;
How my broken heart is bleeding-all my
flowers of hope are sere;
How the days drag slowly onward through
the night I fight with care,
Lest it would dethrone my reason—lest I
wither in despair.

And bright hopes were mine in boyhood nurtured by a fancy bright
As the crystal drops that linger in the flowereries after night:
They were hopes, beloved father, that some future day I'd stand
'Mid the great and glorious righters of my hapless Motherland;
That some day, when I'd be stronger, as you taught me, I would wield.
'Gainst her cruel and foreign tyrant, your bright brand in battle field—
That I'd die, as ded your father, or I'd make her great and free.
But my hopes, my hopes have perished—I'm an exile o'er the sea!

Far away from all I cherish-all on earth that's dear to me— What care I how soon I perish? Father, I've

at care I how soon I perish? Father, I've forgotten thee; e for gotten thee for a moment in my anguish! Wilt forgive?; to see thee and my Erin, I will live! oh,

anguish: Will fogive?
Yes, to see thee and my Erin, I will live! oh, I will live! oh, I will live! oh, I will live to see the valley that I love with all my soul,
And the winding green-fringed rivers dancing, laughing as they roll—
See my brothers and my sisters, and the friends who care for me:
I will live to strike for Erin! I will live to see her free!

Then I care not when I perish, for I long to be at rest;
See my long-lost, darling mother in the kingdom of the blest.
Then I care not; sh! I care not when my sloping sun may set;
For my day has been a sad one, and the even-

ing sadder yet. But I'll stop this dreadful wailing, have I not a soul and mind?

a soul and mind?
Can I paint no brighter picture—one more cheering to mankind?
No; the great God never gave me life to fritter thus away;
I will burst the bounds that bind me, I will rush into the day.

## From the Catholic World. A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER XVIII. THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

A close watch had been set upon Mc-A close watch had been set upon Mc-Donell from the evening on which he had declared his intention of sending for Father Leonard and making over a certain amount of property to him for the benefit of the poor. He had given to his valet the next morning a note for his reverence, which, being safely placed in Nano's hands, found its way speedily into the fire. He had been advised by Killany to remain within doors for a few days. The excitement of his last interview with Nano had injured him. Continual brooding since was wasting him slowly. He felt the necessity of quiet for a time, and obeyed necessity of quiet for a time, and obeyed the physician's instructions so honestly the physician's instructions so honestly that he did not discover at once the posi-tion in which his daughter had placed him. He wondered and fretted at the priest's apparent delay, and sent other notes urgently demanding his presence. They elicited a message to the effect that his reverence was not in the city. This did not satisfy him; and, the suspicion that his daughter might be intercepting his letters occurring to him at the same time of a wrong and disappointed father. He raged and wept by turns. He accused himself, and justly, for the sad deformity of character which she displayed. He spent the hours in self-reproach, or in prayer, or in wan-dering aimlessly through his own suite; sometimes vowing vengeance against any one who would dare to oppose him, and again crying weakly for humility and patience in his sufferings. The world without was so beautiful, the sky so clear, the sun so bright, everything that breathed or grew, so full of life's cheery activity and fascinating movement, that, pressing his face against the window—his old, withered, pallid face against the cold pane, he laughed from the bitterness of his heart. It was horrible that the contrast between his loved world and himself she much in his disfavor; that in his heart and home misery, sin, and dise se should reign so triumphantly, while the inanimate world and the vulgar rablle rejoiced. If his daughter had remained faithful the day would not have lost it brightness for His last hold on the beauty and satisfaction of life went with her affection. Riches had brought him nothing but curses, as ill gotten riches must always bring, and he had neither health nor spirit, nor mind to enjoy the power and station which he had won. It threw him into a dumb, enervating rage to suspect Nano of holding him a prisoner. He re-marked that he had received no visitors within two days, and none had done so much as sent in their cards. Yet this might be attributed to the prevailing be-lief of his madness. That thought was overwhelming. It pressed him to the ground as if a heavy burden had been placed upon his shoulders, and left him helpless to think or move. Mad! They might as well have said buried. He was like a man attending his own funeral certain of his existence and his own iden-tity, yet ousted from his rightful place by the dead thing called by his name, pressed down under the force of a prevailing opinion, and conscious only of his utter

He determined to watch his servants and at every opportunity test their fidelity. They were acting in the interest of his enemies, and had already deserted the waning sovereign to transfer their allegiance to his fortunate successor. It was bitter but natural, and he did not complain of it. It added to his sufferings that these troubles were not purely domestic. The world had his insanity on its tongue-top, and poked among the

makes through its representative, Killany.
His hand was everywhere, planning and
executing, prompting and encouraging.
It was not to his daughter but to this villain that he was giving the victory. It
was not his daughter who would possess
the spoils, but the adventurer. The
honest and the dishonest wealth would go
alike to fatten his pockets, and those without any fixed plan of action, dazed by the evils which surrounded him, he began by watching his servants. Late on that evening which had taken Nano to the carnival he gave to his valet a note for the priest. He followed the man with noise-less steps to the hall, and had the mournful satisfaction of seeing him read it and then fling it contemptuously into the stove with a laugh and a joke for one lean little igure which sat comfortably near the

"Old man still clings to the same idea," said Mr. Quip, who had been placed in his present position as Dr. Killany's represen-

waits with fine patience his return home. Wouldn't have done it, though, but for Killany, who told him that it would be dangerous to stir abroad in his present state of health and irritation. The old man is that careful of himself, you know,

man is that careful of himself, you know, that he'll do any foolish thing to keep from getting ill again. Thank heaven if they can but put him in the asylum."

"That's a spot where dull care will never visit him," said Quip meditatively, "Between the choruses of his neighbors and the strait-waiscoats and shower-baths of the institution he will not have analy of the institution he will not have much of the institution he will not have fauch leisure for thought. He will be violent, and will get his share of these punishments. He is nervous, and they will affect him more than others. I would not be afraid to bet that he is dead within six The grave is a smoother and d. It is circumscribed, but you have the satisfaction of knowing that by your own desire you were put there, and, being dead, that it was the very best place

And both laughed at this sally. McDonell's desire to rush out upon them and strangle them in their scornful mood was so strong that he shrank away in terror from himself. Was he really mad or going mad, as these men said and

he thought, with a shiver of uncontrollable fear; and that, perhaps, is the game. If they knew how little it would avail they would not be so cruel. But there are other means to bend the stubborn, and they who do not stop at this will stop at nothing. O God! this is thy time of vengeance.

He stole away to think over this new evidence of his danger and his daughter's perfidy, and stole back again, overpowered with peevish rage when the door-bell rang. He was not himself, and it would have been better to have remained seclu-ded for a time instead of irritating his mind still more by every fresh proof of his sad misfortune. He could not, howhis sad misfortune. He could not, how-ever, control himself so much. From his position he saw that a gentleman, a friend. had entered and presented his card to the servant with the request that he might see Mr. McDonell immediately. The ser-vant sighed and shook his head mourn-

fully.
"Very sorry, sir, but he be that bad as how the doctors ay no one can go near

"Ah! Is it true what I have heard, that weakness of mind?"
"I fear me, sir, too true. It is not

known as yet, not even to Miss McDon-ell, how very bad he is." letters occurring to him at the same time his life was rendered still more unhappy and miserable. He had dwelt on the last scene with his daughter more with the sion he could not control. "You dare to repeat to my friends these calumnies! I will choke you till the eyes start from are determined to go on in your sinful

> And the servant did run, with howls of terror so genuine that the whole kitchen, headed by the valet and Quip, came tum-bling into the hall. The visitor, with a very pale, embarrassed countenance, was backing dignifiedly to the door. This movement brought the madman to his

> senses partially.
>
> "Sir," he said, controlling his voice with a great and visible effort, 'pardon me for this unseemly behavior; but these villains, as you see, would make me mad in spite of myself, There is no need, I hope, to tell you it is a calumny.

> "Not at all," said the gentleman soothingly. "I regret have exceedingly, and I-" "I regret having disturbed you

> "Ah! you believe as the rest," cried the merchant half in scorn and half in agony. "Then do not go until you have convinc yourself of my sanity. I am not mad.'
> "We all know that, sir," said the valet
> behind him. "Not mad, sir, but only
> irritated, sir, and forgetting that the doc-

tor wished you to keep your room and not excite yourself, sir."
"Away, wretch!" roared McDonell, bursting again into a white rage at the sight of his jailer. "Though you are the tool of greater villains, you have betrayed

me."
The man retired precipitately before the anger of his master, and was received into the bosom of the crowd with a chorus of screams and expressions of sympathy. The about to make a second merchant was appeal to his visitor, who was now at the

oor, when Quip touched his arm.
"You would make these men believe you sane," he said, fixing his beady eyes on the restless ones of the invalid, and hold-ing them to his own, "and yet you are taking the surest means to convin of your insanity. This is not the time nor the place to proclaim it. You look like a . Retire to your room, sir, and be careful to act, not as an ordinary man would act under the circumstances, but with the devil's own cunning. You will need it to get people out of the

nctions they have concerning you."
"Who you are I know not," said Mc-Donell, impressed by Quip's words, "but you speak wisely. I shall follow your advice. And my visitor is gone; that shows me how I have blundered, for he

overcome by their curiosity. Mr. Quip winked at them and smiled, and they answered with a nodding of heads and a noiseless clapping of hands to indicate their approbation of his coolness and dex-

terity.
"Go to your places," said the merchant,
waving his hand towards them; and he whom he had robbed and she for whom he had sinned would be left in equal destitution. Whatever was to be done to defeat the schemers must be done quickly: some moments afterwards with the screaming of the more sensitive females and the rattling of tins and dishes. Fearful he would assail them there and then, the would assail them there and then, the more cool-headed ones barricaded the door. In the hall were left only the valet and Mr. Quip, to the former of whom the master gave his particular attention. "You may consider yourself discharged," he said, "and without a character. You are my servant no longer. Having betrayed me, it is not safe to give you the

are my servant no longer. Having be-trayed me, it is not safe to give you the opportunity of betraying other unfortu-

He was going to his room when Nano He was going to his room when Nano entered from the carnival in her dress of the celestial huntress, gay with the glitter of silk and gold, and even light-hearted. The shrinking attitude of the valet, the important airs of Mr. Quip, and the wily glances and appearance and manner of her father gave her immediate insight into the sense which had below taken here. The scenes which had lately taken place. kitchen echoes had not yet subsided. paled slightly, and was going on to her own apartments when her father stopped

"Come with me," he said imperiously. sinking heart, but with resolute and un-moved exterior, and for a few moments they stood quietly facing each other, his hands nervously twitching together, his eyes reading her face as if to find there some hope of which he had not yet dreamed. "Are you my daughter?" he asked

sneeringly when his scrutiny was finished.
"You have better grounds to call me that, sir, than I to call you father. Why do you ask?"
"Father, father!" he repeated with a

broader sneer. "That comes trippingly from your tongue, does it not? And yet you have lost all right to that honored title. You have made me a madman me, your father, who schemed and sinned to make you what you are, who in his misery and repentance made you his first thought, who shaped every action in your regard, preferring to desert his God and his salvation, almost, for your sake. You have repaid me for my old indifference. You have made me a madman. I am, if you can make good this vile calumny, as good as dead and buried. And yet, before God, my sin is not so great as yours. I gave you part of a father's love and care, and you never looked with love on me now add crime to indifference. me, is it your intention to put me in the

did not answer for she could not. "Tell me, tell me," he repeated fiercely, bringing his wild eyes close to her face and eizing her violently by the arms, "do you meditate that sin?"
"Am I safe," she answered boldly,

"with one who, sane or not, chooses to act the madman? Am I to be blamed for confining one who treats his own not even as the dogs of the street would treat

"I am always forgetting," he mournfully, releasing his hold; "and there is the apology of my enemies."

He stood for a moment with his hands clasped to his forehead, the picture of woe and helplessness; then he went over to the mantel and took down a crucifix that hung there veiled. Pressing it to his boscm, he said: "I submit, and I acknowthe justice of my punishment. submit, I submit. Only remember, my God, that I am deserted by the one most loved. You had mother and friend in your affliction. I have no one. support, and be merciful to my pitiless persecutors.

"You, unfortunate woman, since your lying head. Run, you villain path, bear in mind one thing: your sin will recoil on you, as mine has recoiled on Perhaps you are already judged and me. Perhaps you are arready jumper is. condemned. See what my punishment is. You have added to my pride and my injustice the ingratitude of hell, and your pusishment will be in proportion. Go now and think upon my words." He turned from her and continued to walk the length of the room with the crucifix in hishands, entirely oblivious of her presence She bore herself with wonderful self-command. During his denunciation she stood calm as a marble statue, with her eyes fixed on him, and seemed to derive comfort and strength from the looking. was moved and frightened by his appeal. She thought he was becoming what she had desired him to be—a madman. His whole appearance, lean, shrivelled, pallid, his hair dishevelled and his eyes burning, was that of one insane; and insane he was, poor old man! with grief and dis-

appointment.
She left him presently and sent for

Quip.

'Go to the office in the morning, and inform Dr. Killany of what you have seen and heard to-night. He will know what to do afterwards." 'Your servant ma'am," replied the gen-

tleman, and agreeably to instructions re-ceived from Killany, went immediately upon his errand. Dr. Fullerton found him in quiet rap tures the next morning in the outer offic He was perched, as usual, on the arm of his chair, deeply engaged in reading up a most profound work on insanity. With every new discovery he slapped his leg, or closing down the book, cried of the

author "What a genius! One would think he

"What a gentus? One would think he had this particular case in his eye when he wrote this work."

"You seem interested, Quip," said the doctor. "What's the object?"

"Lunacy," arswered Mr. Quip, with a knowing wink. "It was delirium tremens before, spontaneous combustion next, and now it is lunacy, which throws every other in the shade much attention to it up to this, but our respected superior has a case on hand which has given me a great insight into he business. Some rich old nabob on Wilton Avenue, with an only daughter, his brains to parts unknown.

What's left of him is not even animal."
"I was not aware of that. Who is the

"He whom they call McDonell. He had

paralysis some time ago, and it touched his brain."

The doctor rose in astonishment, and the whispered words of Killany on that day when he had ridden with him from McDonell's to the office came back to his memory. He had heard rumors, but nothing so decided as Quip's information. "Are you sure of the man, Quip-quite

"Morally certain, sir. Wasn't I there last night at the prettiest row that ever took place outside of an asylum? They have had the old gentleman under guard for some days. Only yesterday he began to suspect that all wasn't well with him in the upper regions, and he gets suspicious of every one in an instant. The doctors had forbidden visitors. One came after I got back from the carnival, and was inquiring of the servant all about it. when quiring of the servant all about it, when out bounced the old chap like a fury, choked the servant, kicked the visitor because he was slow in admitting his sanity, and was rushing at his valet when I tapped his arm, caught him as he turned, and laid him on his back. Then I sat on him." 'You are not mad,' said I.

" 'I know it, villain!' says he. "But you are acting mad,' says I gain, 'and that is just as foolish. Now,

"But you are acting mad,' says I again, 'and that is just as foolish. Now, if you will go to your room sensible, and even gay, I will let you up.'

"You are right,' says he. "I'll do it.'
"And so he did quite reasonably. It was a sight to see the servants, who had been looking on, skurry through the door when he shook his finger at them, and the valet's knees tremble when he looked at him. His daughter came in them and he His daughter came in then, and he called her into the library. She was rigged out-oh! but I remember you were her escort and don't stand in need of a descrip-At any rate she didn't look sweet coming out as when she went in, and the upshot of it is that there is to be an examination to-day by the doctors, and you are one of the gang. Then, I sup-pose, comes a writ de lunatico, and our old gentleman is whipped off to the asylum. Fine thing, this insanity."
Mr. Quip returned to his book and the

Mr. Quip returned to his book and the doctor withdrew to the inner office, unaccountably troubled and disturbed. He had no idea of the extremity to which Nano's father had been reduced, and it smote on him awkwardly that she should have accompanied them to the carnival while he was in such a sad condition at home. He had not known from Olivia the exact relations which these two held to each other, or he might not have allowed the fact to make such an impression on him; but having some rigid notions on the Fourth Commandment, even the admiration he felt for her could not less the imprudence of her conduct in his A note came from Killany after eves. office-hours, requesting him to come to McDoneli House without delay. It was noon, and he hastened away directly. He knew that the examination was to take place, and he felt some anxiety and con-siderable curiosity as to the result. In the siderable curiosity as to the result. In the drawing-room of McDonell House he met two medical gentlemen, experts in detect-ing the presence of insanity, and of some fame in their own districts. Killany was Killany was in the upper rooms with Nano, and Olivia too, for he heard her voice on the stairs. Presently Killany entered, bland, smooth, and dignified as usual.

"A rather sad case, gentlemen," he said tones of studied professional grief; 'violent at times even to his daughter, but

for the most part melancholy."

The experts looked at each other significantly.
"He could not be in a worse condition,"

"Melancholy madness is the rock of our profession," echoed Doctor C. "We have thought it best," continued

Killany, as if in explanation to Fullerton, "that but one of us should visit him at a time. We can compare notes afterwards. Will you be so kind, Doctor B., as to take

under the guidance of a servant he pro- stood an open plain or esplanade which, led to the library

McDouell showed no surprise, or interest, or alarm at the appearance of a visi-tor. He was not aware of the object of the visit; and was not prepared to give the matter the attention it deserved. It so happened that the moment chosen for the ination was most fortunate for Killany and most disasterous to McDonell. A combination of circumstances had arisen to aid the devil in the crime to be comitted that day. The appearance of the invalid, worn and exhausted as he had disease, was not favorable. thin, pallid face and trembling, unsettled manner, his frequent sighs and moody expression, his inattention and discourtesy, his rapid, shifting, sidelong glances, his neglected toilet, were circumstances not calculated to remove preconvinced notions of insanity. The sorrows and dangers pressing around him, surging at in the dances, and familiarly acco his feet like the waves of an angry ocean, had driven him into a state of mind for the time akin to madness. He was cunning enough to have defeated the malice of his enemies in this examination, had he suspected its ultimate object. He paid no attention to his visitor, and to his cautious questions gave gruff, incoherent, and inapposite answers, staring at him sometimes insolently, burying himself in the papers for a moment, wringing his hands convulsively as if in strong mental agony, and altogether behaving as much like a mad man as a sane man could. Doctor B left him with a decided conviction of his insanity, but he classed it as a mild though obstinate species. The second expert re turned with a similar opinion, as he met with a similar reception.

Since Dr. Fullerton's opinion went for

little or nothing against the testimony already given by the experts, Killany cared not what he thought or said ; but for the sake of appearances he followed the example of the others and proceeded to interview the patient. It was a surprise to him that he had been appointed an examiner, and he felt that it was less out of good will to himself than to give an air of strict legality and impartiality to ail the proceedings. However, he determined to do in all honesty and earnestness his share of the work. McDonell paid no attention to him until it occurred to his sensitive but degreed whether the control of the sensitive but degreed whether the control of the cont sensitive but dazzled mind that the number of his medical visitors was strangely increasing, when he said, without looking

"Are there any more of you?"
"I am the last," answered the doctor in tones of the gravest, most respectful puy.

"I hope you do not consider my presence an intrusion."

The merchant did not at once reply. A spasm of pain for an instant contracted his face and a shiver crept through his half-dead limbs. He turned his head towards the doctor with a dilating horror in his eyes. A glance at his examiner did not seem to re-assure him. He put out his hands feebly, as if to wave him from

"Away, away !" he cried hoarsely. is enough to disturb my sleeping hours with your dread presence; do not make with your dread presence; do not make the day hideous. I will do justice to your children, if they live. Have I not been trying hard—hard—hard? But the devil, who sends you to torment me, is plotting against me. Why do you come too? There are many who will make me mad without your assistance. Away,

mad without your assistance. Away, away!"

And he groaned and pushed his hands against the empty air, as if thrusting from him a heavy body.

"You mistake," said the doctor gently, "if you think there is here another besides myself."

"Do I not know your wine? Here

"Do I not know your voice? How often have you stood beside my bed when I was weak and helpless and mocked me! Go! in Heaven's name go! Do I not suffer enough with my daughter and the dayil leaged against me? Away I'. devil leagued against me? Away!"

He had worked himself into a frightful

state of feeling. His eves were starting, his face was flushed and swollen. The doctor rose hastily and left the room. "Well?" said Killany, when he entered

the parlor.
"Mad," said Fullerton briefly—"vio-And Killany smiled in an ambiguous manner, and turned to the other physicians: "Let us compare notes, gen-

physicians: "Let us compare notes, tiemen, and then settle on our report It was very neatly and even facetiously one over a decanter of Burgundy. The four medical gentlemen gave it as their opinion that McDonell was hopelessly in-sane, and recommended immediate con-TO BE CONTINUED.

"THE SICILIAN VESPERS."

## Commemoration of a Remarkable Tragedy.

Rome, March 14, 1882. At the end of the present month the inhabitants of Palermo, in Sicily, intend to hold high festival in commemoration of the massacre of the French, which occurred in that city six hundred years ago. Amongst other attractions will be ago. Amongst other attractions will be the performance of an historical drama entitled "The Sicilian Vespers," at which Garibaldi, in spite of his failing health, will assist. Mention is made also of a very rich arrangement of scenery, a seafight and an illumination of the Bay of Palermo. The author of the drama, Count Ricciardi, says that it is to be desired that no one in France will mistake the meaning of such a manifestation; the the meaning of such a manifestation: the French should regard it with the same eyes that they would regard a like festival in honor of Joan d'Arc, who devoted her life to tne glories of expelling the English from France. The commemoration of March 31st should only be considered in France as a new expression of the France as a new expression of the national sentiment protesting against all domination and against all foreign influ-ence. The Ccunt Ricciardi concludes by saying that should he be called upon to speak he will end his discourse by these words: "Peace and fraternity between lations, but on the sole condition that none of them shall trample upon the rights of others." The incident to be commemorated on

this occasion is, perhaps, one of the most remarkable and tragical in Italian annals, and is thus related by Michele Amari. In eccedence?"

front of the church of San Spirito, about half a mile to the south of Palermo, 600 years ago, was a favorite resort of the Palermitans. On Easter Tuesday, in 1282, which in that year fell on the March, this plain, carpeted with spring flowers, was, at the hour of Vespers, crowded with citizens wending their way to the church. "Divided into numerous groups, they walked, sat in clusters, spread the tables, or danced upon the grass; and whether it were a defect or a merit of the Sicilian character, three off for the wayment the recollection of their flowers, was, at the hour of Ve for the moment the recollection of their sufferings,-when the followers of the Justiciary (the French Governor) sud. denly appeared among them, and every bosom thrilled with a shudder of disgust. The French were at that time masters of Sicily.] The strangers came, with their usual insolent demeanor, as they said, to maintain tranquillity; and for this pur pose they mingled in the groups, joined women, pressing the hand of one, taking unwarranted liberties with others, addressing indecent words and gestures to the more distant; until some temperately admonished them to depart, in God' name, without insulting the women, and others murmured angrilly; but the hot blooded youths raised their voices so fiercely that the soldiers said to one another,-"These insolent paterini must be armed, that they dare thus to answer, and replied to them with the most offensive insults, insisting on searching them for arms, and even striking them with for arms, and even striking them with sticks or thongs. Every heart already throbbed fiercely on every side, when a young woman of singular beauty and of modest and dignified deportment, ap-peared with her husband and relations pending her steps towards the church Drouet, a Frenchman, impelled either by insolence or license, approached her as if to examine her for concealed weapons, laid hold of her and searched her bosom. She fell fainting into her husband's arms, who, in a voice almost. choked with rage, exclaimed,—"Death, death to the French!" At the some moment a youth burst from the crowd which had gathered round them, sprang upon rouet, disarmed and slew him. . . "Noble examples have a power far be-Dro

yond that of argument or eloquence to rouse the people, and the abject slaves awoke at length from their long bondage, 'Death, death to the French?' they cried, and the cry, say the historians of the time, 're-echoed like the voice of God through the whole country, and found an answer in every heart. Above the corpse of Eclectric Oil thrice a day, or often Drouet were heaped those of victims slain the cough spells render it necessary.

on either side: the crowd expanded itself closed in, and swayed hither and thither in wild confusion; the Sicilians, with sticks stones, and knives, rushed with desperate ferocity upon their fully armed op-ponents, they sought for them and hunted them down; fearful tragedie-were enacted amid the preparations for

were enacted amid the preparations for festivity, and the overthrown tables were drenched in blood. The people displayed their strength, and conquered. The struggle was brief, and great the slaughter of the Sicilians; but of the French there were two hundred—and two hundred fell. "Breathless, covered with blood, brandishing the plundered weapons, and proclaiming the insult and its vengeance, the claiming the insult and its vengeance, the tranquil city. 'Death to the French!' they shouted, and as many as were found were put to the sword. The example, the words, the contagion of passion, in an instant aroused the whole people. The multitude continued to increase, dividing into troops, they scoured the streets, burst open doors, searched every nook, every hiding-place, and shouting 'Death to the French!' smote them and slew them; while those too distance while the streets is the streets while those too distance while the streets whi them and slew them; while those too distant to strike added to the tumult by their applause. The darkness of night failed to arrest the slaughter, and it was resumed on the morrow more furiously than ever, nor did it cease at length because the thirs of vengeance was slaked, but because vic tims were wanting to appease it. Tw. thousand French perished in this first out break. Tradition relates that the sound of a word, like the shibboleth of the He brews, was the cruel test by which the French were distinguished in the massa. French were distinguished in the massi-cre; and that if there were found a suspi-cious or unknown person, he was com-pelled, with a sword at his throat, to pro-nounce the word 'Ciceri,' and the slighter nounce the word 'Ciceri,' and the slightes foreign accent was the signal of his death

"Forgetful of their own character, and if stricken by fate, the gallant warriors of France neither fled, nor united, nor defended themselves; they unsheated their swords, and presented them to their as-sailants, imploring, as if in emulation of each other, to be the first to die. Even the altars afforded no protection; tears and prayers were alike unheeded; neither old men, women, nor infants were spared; the ruthless avengers of the ruthless massacre of Agosta [where, in 1268, the ferocious William l'Esteudart, a French baron under Charles d'Anjou, sacked the town and mercilessly butchered the inhabitants, so that not a living soul was left, and which was desolate for many years afterwards, swore to root out the seed of the French oppressors throughout the seed of the French and this vow they cruelly fulfilled. The French were hunted down in the moun-tains and forests, assaulted and vanquished in the castles, and pursued with such fury that, to those who had escaped from the hands of the Sicilians, life became a burden, and from the most impregnable fortressess from the most remote hiding places, they gave themselves up into the hands of the people, who summoned them to die. A very few, aided either by fortune or by their own valor, escaped with their lives, and sought refuge in Messina. But the fate of William Porcelet merits eternal remembrance. He was lord or governor of Calatafimi, and amid the unbridled iniquity of his countrymen, was distinguished for justice and humanity. On the day of vengeance, in the full flush of its triumphant fury, the Palermitan host appeared at Calatafimi, and not only spared the lives of William and his family, bu treated him with distinguished honor, and sent him back to Provence; a fact which

translated by George Dennis. And less than a century later, the great Italian poet, Dante, immortalized the memory of the massacre: "Evil lordship, that exasperates ever the subject populations," which "moved Palermo to the shout of 'Death death!

P. L. CONNELLAN

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures catarrh by its mild, soothing, cleansing, and healing properties. Each package pre-pares one pint of the Remedy ready for se, and costs only 50 cents. By drug

A clerk of a parish whose business it was to read the "first lesson," came across the chapter in Daniel in which the names Shadrach, Meschach and Abednego occur thirteen times, and finding it extremely difficult to pronounce these names, he went through the chapter referring to them as the "aforesaid gentlemen.

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