

The True Witness

AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.A WEEKLY EDITION OF THE
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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 24.

CALENDAR.

THURSDAY, 25—Holy Name of Mary. Bp. Rosati.
St. Louis. 1881.
FRIDAY, 26—St. Cyprilian and Justina. Marjara.
1878.
SATURDAY, 27—St. Cosmas and Damian. Marjara.
1878.
SUNDAY, 28—Seventh after Pentecost. Seven
Dolors of the B.V. M. Less. Judith xlii, 22-25;
Gosp. John xix. 25-27; Last Gosp. Matt. xxii. 35-46.
MONDAY, 29—St. Michael, Archangel. Less.
29. 1-5; Gosp. Matt. xviii. 1-10. Bp.
Martin, Natchitoches, died 1773.
TUESDAY, 30—St. Jerome, Confessor and Doctor
of the Church. Cons. Bp. Hennessy, Dubuque,
1886.
WEDNESDAY, 1—St. Remigius, Bishop and Con-
fessor. Cons. Bp. Pechan, Nashville, 1885.
See of Quebec founded, 1674.

NOTICE.

Subscribers should notice the date on the
label attached to their paper, as it marks the
expiration of their term of subscription.

Subscribers who do not receive the TRUE
WITNESS regularly should complain direct to
our Office. By so doing the postal authorities can
be the sooner notified, and the error, if there be
any, rectified at once. See to it that the paper
bears your proper address.

Subscribers, when requesting their name
to be changed, will please state the name
of the Post Office at which they have been re-
ceiving their papers, as well as their new ad-
dress. When making remittances, always date
your letter from the Post Office address at
which you receive your paper.

Notice to Farmers.

Farms, lands and real estate of all kinds
change hands every year, more especially dur-
ing the fall and winter, and in order that buyers
and sellers may be brought together as much
as possible, the proprietors of the TRUE WIT-
NESS—a paper which has a large circulation
amongst the farmers of the Dominion—are pre-
pared to offer reduced rates for advertising
farms, lands, live stock, &c., during the coming
fall and winter. Terms made known on receipt
of copy for advertisement.

Federation of the Empire.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* writers are engaged
in preparing the public mind of England for
a confederation of the Empire. One of the
cleverest of them says that the Empire is
growing enormously in wealth and popula-
tion, the various portions are brought closer
to the centre, and the House of Commons has
become the ultimate court of political appeal
in all matters of importance. "It is, more-
over," says this writer, "the only point to
which we can look for organization and con-
trol in the future. I contend that, as at pre-
sent constituted, the House of Commons is
incapable of discharging its grave duties pro-
perly—has shown itself so incapable. I am
anxious, therefore, to see a change made which,
while ridding the House of the mere local and
home business as far as possible, shall at the
same time bring in men who will definitely
represent the great outside interests which are
becoming more important to the country each
year. Those interests ought never to be played
fast and loose with to serve party objects." Our
Honorable Mr. Blake must be delighted with
this *Pall Mall Gazette*, and so, in a measure,
must be the Irish Home Rulers, though it
is doubtful if that influential organ entertains
the same ideas of a Confederation as they do.
Most people will naturally think that Canada
has at present an overworking number of
Governments and Legislatures without being
saddled with another three thousand miles away.
Suppose a Central Federal Parliament did exist
in which Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and
other colonies were represented, how many
members would we be entitled to, and what
influence would we have on the destinies of a
mighty Empire, and what influence do we wish
to have? None. We have just as much as we
can do to manage our own affairs. True, the
prophetic vision of Mr. Blake may see in the
future a Canada with a mighty population, which
would give her more votes than England in the
Federal Parliament, and he may also perceive one
of his descendants a leader of a great Federal
Government, with Toronto as a centre instead
of London. But we can afford to wait for these
vast changes and govern ourselves at present
in our own interest. Let us not attempt to soar
until our wings are stronger. It is better to be
able to maintain a prosperous, contented popula-
tion than to enjoy a certain amount of prestige,
or rule a small portion of the destinies of a
mighty Empire.

The Contest for the Presidency.

A year ago, very few people outside of
sanguine Republicans but were almost certain
the Democrats would elect the next
President for the United States, while to-day
the feeling has changed, and to all appearances
the chances of the Republicans are good,
except they, like their opponents, make some
stupid blunder, which no one can at present
foresee or guard against. California was
doubtful, and the Republicans have carried it.
Maine had revolted to the Greenbackers, but
has returned to its allegiance, and all along the
line the Republicans are as united as a party in
the United States can possibly be. The murder
of Dixon, a purely political and particularly
sagacious one, and the murder of Chisholm
and his daughter in Mississippi, also political
and brutal, have caused somewhat of a

reaction in the North. These murders, un-
provoked and all as they were, have been
taken advantage of in the Maine election
by smart politicians, and the Republican
newspapers are not slow to point out
that the old feeling still exists in the South.
We all know what a number of adherents a
martyr will procure to the cause he died for,
and Dixon and Chisholm were very opportunely
assassinated by the Democrats for
throwing the State of Maine into the arms of
the Republicans. A solid South is also liable
to procure a solid North, and even old
war Democrats whose Union sentiments were
stronger than the ties that bound them to their
party, are looking askance at the state of
affairs south of Mason and Dixie's
line, and wavering in loyalty. Another
cause for rejoicing to the Republicans is the
split between the Tammany and anti-Tam-
many factions of New York State, which is
fast broadening into a chasm too wide to ad-
mit of being bridged over by the most cunning
of Democratic engineers. True, those two
parties always display a certain amount of
hostility towards each other before an election,
and call opposite leaders the ugliest of
names; a political dictionary can furnish, but
when the time for action arrives, march
shoulder to shoulder and vote the straight
ticket. But in the most instances the bitterness
manifested by the Kellyites and the regular
Democrats is too intense to admit of more than the
slightest chance at reconciliation. Still it is
possible, and if a compromise shall be effected,
even at the last moment, the Democrats are
almost sure to carry the State. Their chances
in Massachusetts are good. There Butler is
the candidate for Governor of the combined
Democrat-Greenback ticket, and as the
latter element was heretofore chiefly Republi-
can Butler is likely enough to win. His
defeat last year, considering the large num-
ber of votes polled, was not a heavy one, and
since then he has received large accessions of
strength. The calumnies so industriously
circulated about Butler and the spoons are
dying away—they were stupid calumnies at
best—while the great ability and the real
services he rendered the Union in the supreme
hour of its peril are remembered. He will,
besides, purify the State of Massachusetts,
which after having been so long in the hands
of the Radicals, is sadly in need of it, and
this belief alone will gain the support of
thousands of honest men. Butler never did
things by halves, and Massachusetts will ex-
perience the sensation of something like a
revolution if the quondam Military Governor
of New Orleans once gets hold of it. In the
United States as well as other countries, politi-
cal prophesying is very often falsified, but in
so far as present indications justify future
predictions the contest will, for the next Presi-
dency, be a close one, with the chances so
far in favor of the Republicans.

The Marquis of Hartington's Programme.

It is to be presumed that in his speech at
Newcastle yesterday the Marquis of Hartington
sounded the key note of the Liberal policy,
and that whether he or Mr. Gladstone be the
leader of the Whig-Radical party the pro-
gramme he has announced will be accepted by
them. "Equalization of the franchise, re-
distribution of seats in Parliament, local
government and land reforms, said the
Marquis, must be soon undertaken." This
is surely a real Liberal programme, and
is at once broad and democratic. The
Liberal party has now a platform and an un-
mistakable one. The redistribution of seats
will do away with the unjust system which
permitted a county magnate to hold pocket
boroughs for his sons and nephews, and pre-
vented such a city as Manchester, with a
population of 400,000, having more representa-
tives in Parliament than a few thousand
voters in more favored localities. The
equalization of the franchise will also help to
obtain fair Parliamentary representation and
bring a more intelligent class of voters into
the pale of the Constitution. The views of
the Marquis of Hartington on the land ques-
tion are not very well known; perhaps he does
not exactly know them himself, but by
measure that will not take in the abolition
of the laws of entail and primogeniture
will not be acceptable to the country, which
is just now ripe for great changes in the land.
The Marquis of Hartington is himself the son
of the Duke of Devonshire, one of the greatest
land-owners in the United Kingdom, and is
besides his heir, so that the land reform he
promises may not mean as much as it coming from
Bright or Gladstone; but as it is those states-
men who will lead the party, no matter who
is Premier, the land reform will be of a more
sweeping nature than the noble Marquis per-
haps intends. But the greatest of all the
changes in the programme is that under the
head of local government. This surely means
Home Rule for Ireland, if it means
anything. The most desperate Jingo in
England must admit that if no such
body as the obstructives existed, and if
there was even no "factious opposition,"
the Imperial Parliament cannot govern the
whole Empire satisfactorily. The session is
generally dedicated to a few great questions,
and debates on the foreign policy of the Em-
pire, the consequence being that very impor-
tant measures have to be rushed through at
the end in an undigested state, while hun-
dreds of others are laid over till next session.
In this way business runs behind, and the
State machinery becomes clogged. Those
contemplated measures of the opposition
will, of course, be bitterly opposed by the
Conservatives. They will denounce their
opponents as traitors, revolutionists, radicals,
Fenians and Communists. We can, even in
fancy, read to-day's editorials in the *Standard*
and *Daily Telegraph* calling for the heads of
the Liberal leaders, and see the stare of amaze-

ment, and hear the gasp of the Tory squire, as
with gouty legs under the table he sits with
eyes transfixed on the *Times*. Nevertheless,
Fate has written the changes in her
book, and come they will, despite
all the Jingos in the three kingdoms.
They were bound to come any way, but
Beaconsfield's spirited foreign policy, a
succession of bad harvests, and the unfortu-
nate fertility of the prairies of Illinois, have
pushed them forward ten years at least. Lord
Beaconsfield may now learn that sensible
reform at home is much better than scientific
frontiers abroad, and also that the lands of
England, Ireland and Scotland are of more
general interest to the people of those islands
than the finest plains of Bulgaria, or the
deepest passes in Afghanistan. That the
Liberals will carry the country with them in
the approaching general elections, and be in
a position to carry out their
ideas, there can be no reasonable doubt.
What can Beaconsfield and Salisbury say to
the people that will convince them that a Tory
Government is better than a Liberal? Dur-
ing their seven years of power they have al-
lowed Turkey to be almost dismembered;
despite their bragadocio they have lost
thousands of lives and millions of money by
their unjust aggression in South Africa; they
have, through the same unjust spirit of ar-
rogance, engaged in another war with Afghani-
stan and probably with Russia; they have dis-
gusted Ireland, humbugged England and
alienated France. The Liberals may not re-
store England to her former prosperity, but
another seven years of Tory rule would cer-
tainly ruin her.

Tenant Farmers in Great Britain and Ire-
land.

The most ardent lover of imperialism can-
not conceal from himself the fact that at
the present moment the British Empire is in a
bad way, and this irrespective of troubles
without. England has had greater difficulties
to contend against than an Afghan and a
Zulu war, with a struggle with Russia near
at hand. Wars and conflicts such as these
have been the making of the British Em-
pire. Her golden stores, the offspring of her
vast commerce, the prowess of her armies and the overpow-
ering valor of her navies have carried her suc-
cessfully through many a dubious conflict,
but then she was all right internally. Her
colossal commerce and manufactures fed her
population and made them content. No
nation disputed her supremacy except for a
few years, when she emerged strong and vic-
torious. Now, however, things are different.
For the first time since the Norman conquest
her population—the population of England,
Ireland and Scotland—cry out for bread,
with one united voice. America, France
and Germany compete with her in the
markets of the world, and contract her re-
venues, and Providence has afflicted her with
a succession of miserable harvests. Her
farmers cannot pay their rents. It is no
longer the poor tenants of Ireland who feel
themselves oppressed, the patient Scotchman
and the grumbling but conservative English-
man also declaim against landlordism, which
in fact is a protest against the British
constitution itself. All at once the agricul-
turalists, the mechanics and the laborers
of Great Britain and Ireland awake to the
knowledge that they are beggars, and they
look in amazement to all the points of the
compass for relief. The great, the grievous
cry that emanates from their breasts is, "we
cannot pay our rent." The lords are startled
and reduce the rents, but it is of no avail,
the tenants cannot pay even the half, for the
plains of Illinois and the Dominion of Can-
ada are pressing upon them; the men who pay
no rent say to them in effect, "you must starve
or become as we, you must emigrate." And they
are about to emigrate in vast numbers. At
least some people think so, but other keen
observers of current events believe that a great
revolution is about to take place, for that there
are not ships enough to take all the discontented
over the Atlantic fast enough to prevent a col-
lision and a distribution of the land by means
of force after the example of France. That
regards England, even a sweeping agrarian
measure would not bring about prosperity.
There is not land enough in South Britain to
support its population, and the commerce
that assisted them heretofore is gone forever.
If prestige and a glorious past history could
keep a nation great and prosperous Italy would
never have been spoiled and vanquished. Now
then it is that the tenant farmers of England
can feel for their brethren in Ireland, brothers,
if not in race and religion, at least in misfor-
tune. Fifty years ago the Irish tenant farmers
were the laughing stock of the Empire, made so
by West British novelists, such as Lover, Lever
and Carleton, poor literary devils who had
to amuse London with something fresh and
could find no better subject than the Irish
peasantry. They it was who informed the
cads and cheesemongers of London that the
low Irish had only one room to sleep in and
that sometimes the pig was taken in as a boarder.
It was awfully funny, as the fine ballads made
in London and sung there about Irish mud
cabins and Irish pigs can testify. But the times
have changed, and the laughter at the expense
of the Irish has ceased. A fellow-feeling makes
us wondrous kind, and though it is not saying
much the Irish tenants are to-day better off
than those of Great Britain. All the comic
songs about pigs and mud cabins can be sung
with more force in Scotland and England than
in Ireland. Here is what a late edition of the
Scottish Reformer says when dwelling on the
dreadful misery of the agricultural population
of Scotland:—"Outside of Stormont there are
about twenty thousand souls, any of whom can
be turned adrift at the sovereign will of the

landlord, or factor, and this being the case,
the crofter (or tenant) learns not a spark of
independence, but, on the contrary, abject
servility, and lives in perpetual fear that his
neighbor may become an "informant." The
result is a condition of abject misery
throughout Scotland scarcely to be con-
ceived. The people live in huts not
fit for pigs. If things do not mend
(say the papers) a day will come when
the States and Canada will have to send
colonists hither." The state of affairs in the
agricultural districts of England is no better.
The *London Times*, the organ of the British
plutocracy, has at length come to recognize the
dreadful truth, and to confess, perforce, that
the time has come when even the patient
Hodge can submit no longer. Hodge now
(says that organ of public opinion) spends
his spare hours at the "pub," neither getting
nor doing any good, learning, perhaps, no-
thing better than to sing a "variant" of the
old song—

"Let back and sides go bare, go bare,
And head and feet grow cold,
But let us have good beer enough,
Whether it be new or old."

and getting the worst name for laziness and
brutality in Europe to boot. This, coming
from the *Times*, is pretty rough in good
sooth. In this crisis the Irish tenant farmers
rise to the level of their proper superiority, and
point to their Scotch and English brethren
the road they will have to travel. The derision
and sarcasm heaped upon those men fifty
years ago have given place to respect. The
Irish are now the leaders, and from long
practice in agrarian agitation are entitled to
it. Time brings about its revenges, of a
surety, and the men who have been hunted
down like wolves, for daring to live on the
soil that gave sustenance to their ancestors
for a hundred generations, have at length
come to be recognized as heroes, and are in a
fair way towards effecting a mighty revolu-
tion, in which they will be supported by the
tenant farmers of England and Scotland, and
in which Lords and Dukes will be swallowed
as completely as they were in France ninety
years ago. Truly the fertile, grain producing
plains of Illinois have a good deal to answer
for.

The Convent of Mary Immaculate, Pem-
broke.

A few weeks ago I had the pleasure of visit-
ing the beautiful and fast growing town of
Pembroke, and was altogether astonished, in
fact almost lost, to see the visible change. I
could scarcely bring myself to believe that it
was the Pembroke of a few years ago. In-
numerable stately and grand buildings, almost
of every size, have been erected, growing up,
as it were, like so many mushrooms during
one night's growth, or, as the Yankee has it,
it takes a mighty short time to run up a few
houses! The steam cars leave the capital
twice every day for here, and all the way
long the scenery is simply beautiful and pic-
turesque, and the managers are just first class
for their kindness and polite attention to the
traveller. What a wholesome luxury, when
Pembroke could not be reached so easily a few
years ago, the only way was by boat and
rough staging, so that your life and limbs
were in imminent danger at every zigzag and
upsetting of the old rickety stages, obliged
often times to hang on to the side staves and
leather straps, often bringing the most pre-
sident of your features against the fore-
head of your patient and well tried neighbour,
but not so gentle when the old cloth canvas
would slap him on the face soaking with rain
and covered with mud. However, all hands
seemed to enjoy it, as I presume they could
not help themselves. This it can be easily
seen that we are in a golden age of progress
and civilization.

During the few days that I remained at
Pembroke I had the honored privilege of
visiting the beautiful Convent of Mary Im-
maculate, a branch of the Grey Nuns of
Ottawa. This grand and noble institution of
learning has many qualified advantages. It is
located on one of the most salubrious sites in
or around the town overlooking the country
for miles around. The Grand River is right
opposite to it, which makes the scenery second
to none in all Upper Canada. The railroad
depot and steamboat landing are only a few
minutes walk or drive from it. The splendid
and beautiful steamboat, the John Egan, com-
manded by the genial and universal favourite
Captain Duggan, passed every morning about
7 a.m. for the Des Jolichs stopping at the
principal places of business and attraction.
The trip up the Grand River is really beau-
tiful and attractive, and affords an excellent
opportunity for an excursion or picnic. On
the return trip the boat arrives between five
and six o'clock, and can be seen from the con-
vent at a long distance. The convent is very
large, four stories high and the proportions
both outside and inside are grand and are well
adapted for the designs the good sisters have
intended. It is built of beautiful red and
white brick, the dormitories and rooms are
immensely roomy and well ventilated, the
walls are very high, the ceilings lofty, the air
cannot be surpassed by cleanliness and purity,
which is everything for the comfort and
health of the young ladies. The institution
is open to young ladies without any dis-
tinction with regard to creed or nationality.
The French, the Irish, the Scotch and the
English young ladies can be found within the
same class room, sitting side by side at their
desks, all in union and harmony, receiving
the like careful instructions and training to
fit them afterwards for good and faithful sub-
jects of society. These grand institutions of
education and refinement, conducted by the
Grey Nuns or Sisters of Charity, are to be
found rising up almost in every city, town or
village throughout the vast diocese of Ottawa,
and are proving to be a special boon and
favored blessing wherever they are to be
found.

We find several of these excellent institu-
tions of learning here in Ottawa, approved
and conducted on fundamental principles
which cannot be surpassed, we find the same
institutions of education in Hull, Aylmer,
Buckingham, Montebello, Eganville, Pem-
broke, and several branches in the United
States. We find these good and devoted
Sisters far, far away up at the Mattawa, im-
parting the knowledge of truth and education
to the little wandering Indians in their lowly
wigwams or huts; still further on we find
these good missionary Sisters of Charity sowing
the healthy seeds of education one hundred
miles above the Mattawa at the Timiscamie.
This grand institution of learning is
deserving of every encouragement from the
country at large, especially since the fees are so
extremely low that it is placed almost within
the means of all well-to-do parents to afford
their children an excellent opportunity of
preparing themselves for after life, meet the

world in all its various bearings with becoming
modesty and gracefulness, to be a pleasure
and a comfort to their parents and to those
who may come in contact with them. The
board and tuition for the scholastic term of ten
months, including both the French and Eng-
lish languages, is the very low sum of eighty
dollars (\$80), music, painting and drawing
form extra charges. Special attention during
the year is paid towards the close observance
and strict care of domestic economy, a branch
which is so absolutely necessary and almost
indispensable for every young lady no matter
what position of life she may be called on
to fill. It is an all important one and one
which never should be lost sight of or ne-
glected. It is therefore from those good
Sisters that a solid and virtuous education can
be obtained and that fond parents or guardians
may confidently hope and expect to see re-
alized in their daughters solid fruits of piety
and learning. These good Sisters whose name
and fame are so widespread in doing so much
good and who spend the greater part of their
valuable time in looking after the careful
training and intellectual development of the
young ladies and children entrusted to
their watchful care, should receive special
encouragement.

It is really beautiful and refreshing to take
a run up to the lofty tower of a spring or
summer morning to inhale the fresh, invigor-
ating, balmy sweet air coming from the sur-
rounding country, beautifully dotted over with
majestic rivers and lovely lakes. For miles
and miles, far away can be seen and heard the
locomotive approaching the town speeding its
way through diversified hills, and undulating
valleys, at times lost sight of altogether, then
appearing again much nearer, which makes
the scene really delightful. Again a thousand
notes of joy on every breeze is borne, the
echoes of the busy farmer can be heard far
and wide, the tolling brooks babbling down the
mountain sides, the sweet song of the morning
lark with the dew on its little wings soaring
higher and higher until its sweet and charming
notes die away in the heavens above, the
light-hearted whistling ploughman, the hum
of the busy bees in the beautiful garden below
flying from one flower to another sipping the
crystal honey to fill their cups for man's use
and benefit. It is a pleasure and a healthy
comfort to inhale the morning breeze, on a
lovely morning or evening, to look around and
see the surroundings with all their charming
beauties; it is music to hear the carol of the
lark, the roaring of the distant waterfalls, the
bleating of the frisky lambs playing in the
verdant fields under the morning and noonday
sun, the swift revolving paddles of the steam-
boats ploughing through the deep waters
with majesty and force, all these pleasing
attractions combine to make the scene en-
ticing and charming as each of these can be
heard and appreciated with pleasing effect
from the lofty tower of the beautiful convent
of Mary Immaculate. The lofty summit on
which the convent is situated is far superior
to any other I have seen in my many travels,
the position is grand and cannot be surpassed,
the distant scenery and landscapes under
the blue vaults of heaven are really sublime
and cannot be described, and should only
have to be seen to have the least perceptive
idea of their magnificence and beauty.

The air is bracing, pure and cool, and affords
every pleasing facility and means for always
enjoying the happy blessings endowed by an
all-wise Creator. The convent is situated
from the turmoil, thronging crowds, and
burning heat, and is only a few minutes walk
to the Roman Catholic Church. Every personal
convenience and comfort are to be found in
the institution, the entire building in every
department is comfortably heated with hot
water on the most modern and approved
systems. No small degree of qualified skill,
sound judgment, and long years of tried and
faithful perseverance on the part of the
Sister Superior and her little band of
Sisters, have been left undone to make the
institution one of the first class in the Domi-
nion, to be able to impart a thorough know-
ledge of the different languages, arts and
science, to prepare young ladies to take an
honourable position in after life, creditable to
their parents or guardians, to themselves and
society, and to the good Sisters who always
have with all their heart and soul, the kindest
interest, happy and prosperous welfare of their
dear pupils, no matter in what sphere of life
they may cast their lot. It is, therefore, to
carry out faithfully and conscientiously these
designs of imparting a solid and virtuous
education, is the principle end and object of
the Convent of Mary Immaculate.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS and POST.

DEAR SIR,—My attention has been called to
an article in your issue of the 13th inst.,
headed "An Extraordinary Case," in which
you hold up Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, late of
Montreal, but now of Dorchester, New Brun-
swick, as a martyr to the malevolence of C. W.
Weldon, Esq., M.P., of St. John, N.B., and as
being unjustly deprived of his rights by Mr.
Weldon and myself.

I feel satisfied that you have no desire to
do either Mr. Weldon or myself an injustice,
and for this reason regret that you had not
deemed it advisable to make some enquiries
regarding this case before giving publicity to
your article. Had you done so, I am con-
fident it would not have appeared in the color-
able light in which it is now presented to
your readers. Upon the facts of the case I
wish to set you right, and, fearing that you
may have any doubt as to the truthfulness of
my statement, I beg to enclose you a copy
of the agreement made between Mr. O'Sulli-
van, Mr. Weldon and myself, which I think
will speak for itself, and at the same time
will authenticate anything I have to say in
this matter.

John Francis O'Sullivan died at Moncton,
New Brunswick, on or about the 15th May,
1876, leaving property valued at something
over \$9,000, consisting chiefly of English rail-
way scrip and monies lodged in three or four
Savings' Banks in New York city. Immedi-
ately after his death a relation by name Crony,
living in New Brunswick, took out letters of
administration of estate, and, if I mistake not,
also swore that he was the only surviving re-
lative and next of kin, and as such was
entitled to the property. A prominent
mercantile firm at Moncton,
Messrs. McSweeney Brothers, having heard
that the deceased had a brother who some
years previously had resided at Quebec and
Montreal, took it upon themselves to adver-
tise for him, and in a short time found him.
I will not stop here to say that he was found
in the employ of a wholesale dry goods house
in Montreal, where I will stop to detail that I
had clothed and fed and kept with me, in my own
house, this same brother of his foot or a cent
in his pocket. I could produce, if necessary,
almost a bushel full of letters written by him,
each of which is crossed by the following
postscript:—

"Be it bliss to remember
That thou wert the star
Which arose on my path
And lighted me home."

I digress from my narration of the facts of

the case thus far to show you who has been
martyrized in the present instance. Well,
Mr. Denis O'Sullivan having satisfied him-
self that he was the party sought for started
at once for New Brunswick, and in a short
time established himself as the rightful heir
to his brother's property; the administration
papers of Crony were set aside, and O'Sulli-
van was informed that upon procuring the
necessary bondsmen the administration pa-
pers would be issued to him. After a vain
attempt to find parties who would accept the
responsibility of becoming his bondsmen he
came to Kingston to see me, and explained
the position in which he was placed, the re-
sult being that I determined to return to
New Brunswick with him and endeavor to
have things straightened out for him.

The law of the Province demanded that the
bondsmen should belong to New Brunswick,
and at my request the Hon. Thomas R. Jones
and C. W. Weldon, Esq., M.P. of St. John,
N.B., agreed to act in this capacity. W. P.
Browne, of the well-known firm of James
Browne & Co., of Kingston, and myself, in-
demnifying them against loss.

Though Mr. O'Sullivan repeatedly informed
us that he was the only surviving next of
kin of his brother, John Francis O'Sullivan,
Mr. Weldon and myself deemed it more pru-
dent that we should retain possession of the
estate, as trustees, until such time as it had
been clearly established that no heirs other
than himself were living. We accordingly
proposed this to Mr. O'Sullivan, and, without
a moment's hesitation, he consented, and our
agreement to that effect was drawn, a
copy of which I herewith enclose you.

Following the granting of the adminis-
tration papers to Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, I ad-
vised the following notice in the *New York*
Herald, *London Times* and *Liverpool Mercury*:

John Francis O'Sullivan, born at Cork, Ire-
land, died at Moncton, in the Province of New
Brunswick, Dominion of Canada, on or about
15th May, 1876. The deceased was for some
years resident of Liverpool, and afterwards of
New York. His next of kin will please cor-
respond, enclosing evidence of relationship, with
CHAS. W. WELDON,
Barrister, St. John, N.B., Canada.

Within two months several parties had
communicated with Mr. Weldon, three of
whom established that they were sisters of
the deceased, and others that they were chil-
dren of deceased's brothers and sisters, and as
such were entitled to whatever share of the
property would have been their parents' had
they been living. In order to satisfy him-
self as to the identity of the various claim-
ants, Mr. O'Sullivan crossed the Atlantic in
the fall of 1877, and there found that several
near and dear ones whom he had thought
long since gone to their far distant homes
were alive and in the flesh, and all were as
anxious for a share of their late brother's
property as he was. He returned to Canada
rather hastily, and from the date of his return
all the difficulties in connection with the
management and winding up of his brother's
estate have arisen.

In January, 1878, I expected I would be
absent from home from and after the 1st May
for the remainder of the year, and as I was
anxious to have the affairs of this estate of
my hands before leaving home, I wrote to
Mr. O'Sullivan, asking him to send me a
power of attorney, which would permit me to
sell, or have sold, the English railway stock,
and stating that I would bring the proceeds
here and lodge it with the other monies, and
that so soon as he had his accounts passed, I
would be in readiness to close up the estate
without delay.

I may here explain that as I held the scrip
for the stock he could not dispose of it with-
out obtaining possession of it from me, nor
could I dispose of it without obtaining power
of attorney from him as Administrator. To
my communication he replied that he was
the Administrator of his brother's estate, and
as such, desired to sell the stock himself, and
called upon me to forward the scrip for the
same that he might dispose of it.

As this was a direct contravention of the
agreement made with Mr. Weldon and myself,
and moreover, as I had reason to dread that
the money might be misappropriated if it
came into his hands, in which case Mr.
Browne and myself would be responsible for
it, I refused to comply with his request and
then the deadlock arose which has continued
ever since.

The railway scrip is now and has been for
some time in the hands of Mr. Weldon, and
as long as my instructions are adhered to it
will remain there until Mr. O'Sullivan
furnishes some responsible party with the
necessary authority to dispose of it, in which
case there is no reason why the closing and
winding up of the estate should be delayed
one month. Several times in the past
year I have written Mr. Weldon asking him
to endeavour to get O'Sullivan to consent to
our paying into Court everything in law in
connection with his brother's estate, but this
I have not been able to get his consent to
that proposition.

I have been more lengthy in my statement
of the facts of this case than I expected I
would have to be when I began this com-
munication. I trust, however, that the importance
to Mr. Weldon and myself of sustaining re-
putations which thus far, I think I can safely
say, nothing in our dealing with our fellow
men has ever tarnished, will be my best ex-
cuse for craving your indulgence.

Yours truly,

WM. HARTY.

Kingston, Sept. 16th, 1879.
[We insert the above long letter in justice
to Mr. Harty, although not strictly necessary,
as our editorial commenting on the circum-
stances brought under our notice neither cen-
sured him nor Mr. Weldon, but drew chiefly
on the injustice of keeping Mr. O'Sullivan in
jail and demanding such very heavy security.
We never as much as hinted that Mr. Harty
that any one was to blame in the matter—
E. E. P.]

For Liver complaint, use Dr. Harty's
Anti-Bilious and Purgative Pills. Purely
Vegetable.

SORE THROAT, COUGH, COLD, AND
SIMILAR troubles, if suffered to progress, re-
sult in serious pulmonary affections, often-
times incurable. "Brown's Bronchial Troch"
reaches directly the seat of the disease, and gives
almost instant relief.

PHYSICIANS SAY THAT ALMOST
EVERY child is troubled more or less by
worms. They seem to be the curse of infancy.
But since the introduction of BROWN'S
VERMIFUGE COMBIS or Worm Lozenges,
their is no necessity for their annoying
presence. Inquire of your druggist, and he
will tell you they are the best.

WHY WILL YE SHAKE? Because we
cannot help it, we've tried quinine until we
heard great drums in our heads. Have you
tried BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA
and Family Liniment? No. That will cure
chills and fever sure every time.