

"What's in it?" we all asked, excited, as Noemie, with trembling fingers, unloosed the string.

"It contains your husband's pardon, my dear," said John Brokenshire. "And now for the pudding!"

### FENIANISM DENOUNCED.

FATHER WALWORTH'S OPINION FEARLESSLY EXPRESSED—A LECTURE DELIVERED AT ST. MARY'S CHURCH, ALBANY.

A congregation composed of members of various denominations throughout the city of Albany attended vespers in St. Mary's Church on Sunday evening to hear Father Walworth's lecture on "Fenianism," a subject interesting at this time on account of the supposed disposition of the members of that order to attack some of the British possessions in the event of war between England and Russia.

Father Walworth said substantially: If it had been my purpose to gather a large audience here to-night, I should have waited a little longer, until the cloud of "Fenianism" had burst into a violent storm. But I had other things to consider when setting the present time. There are two classes of men who lead the public mind whenever a fever has taken hold of it. One class may truly be termed demagogues, having none but their own private interests to gain, without regard to what may happen to the crowds who love to run after such leaders. The other class do not run with them, but labor strongly against the current of that fever, not for private gain, but for the benefit of those whom they love and for whom they have an honest regard; and to prevent them from going into danger and bringing down upon themselves increased sorrow. This class, if they possess the true spirit, may be called apostles, and they obey the Scripture warning, "Thou shalt not follow the multitude to do wrong." In my argument I may say what will displease some whom I dearly love and also those who may love me. If, when I lay my head upon my pillow to-night, I shall feel that my interest in the welfare of the souls of my people has lost to me the friendship of a single one, I will offer my grief and pain to God, in part expiation of my sins, and now, in the name of God and my country, I assume the office of district attorney and make my charges against Fenianism.

First, I charge it with treason against the Irish people. The Fenians claim to have at heart the best interests of that people, and also to be acting in the cause of Ireland. If it were this, and if they presented any reasonable arguments for, or legitimate method of righting the wrongs of Ireland, not one word would I utter against them; on the contrary I would recommend the undertaking and pray for it with my whole heart. This country is full of sympathy for poor oppressed Ireland. If strangers feel thus, surely it ought to be expected the Irish people will feel deeply. Here I found my charge of treason—knowing the feelings of the Irish heart, these leaders play upon them, not to accomplish any good, but to fill their own pockets. They may be likened to the fable of the monkey and the cat. You all know which suffered from the fire and which secured and ate the chestnuts. I know not if those whose oppressive laws have crushed poor Ireland are any more wicked than these impostors, if, indeed, they can be called as mean.

I also charge "Fenianism" with treason against the holy church. We all know how, for centuries, the Irish people, through all kinds of suffering losing nearly all they had, clung to their church, in which their only comfort was to be found. Their church and their clergy only were left them, and this union was left unbroken. Sidney Smith's proposition was to break this union between priest and people, and recommend that the priests be paid a certain amount of money to quit home, but they would not accept, preferring to live in poverty with their people, and the people also clung to the clergy. The Fenians now are trying to break up this union between priest and people. Is it any wonder then that this which Fenians call the Irish cause should be proscribed by the bishops and priests of Ireland? They advise that calm reason and good judgment be used.

I charge "Fenianism" with treason against the United States Government, whose privileges they enjoy. The United States, like other governments, has certain neutrality laws, and it cannot permit any of its subjects within its borders to make war with foreign powers, nor allow them to gather together with arms for intended warfare. It is necessary, for many reasons, to forbid it. While the United States Government and the American people will not allow it, it does not mean that they do not feel for the wrongs of the Irish people. Their sympathy for them has been shown on more than one occasion. You, no doubt, remember

### THE FAMINE IN IRELAND,

when the Americans showed their sympathy in a very practical form. It was in 1846 or 1847 that they sent a ship filled with bread and grain to the suffering and starving people there. I was told by a person who saw that ship in harbor that when it reached the cove of Cork the shores were lined with distressed humanity watching and waiting for the arrival of the vessel, and imagine their horrid feeling and sad

disappointment when it was discovered that the ship could not enter port until the duty had been paid. The disappointed and sympathizing Americans on board at once sent word back to send on the money immediately. It has always been a joy to me to remember that my own father furnished a large part of that cargo, and I trust that the blessings then showered upon his head from the Irish shore have been heard in heaven. Oh! it is not for want of sympathy, my beloved brethren, not even for misguided Fenians, that the United States laws are made and must be enforced. In 1838, I think it was, I was present at the trial of William Lyon McKenzie, when every reason was put forth why the United States laws should not be enforced in that instance, but they were. Joshua Spencer, one of the ablest lawyers of his day, was United States District Attorney, and conducted the prosecution. The prisoner had been found carrying war into Canada from American soil. He defended himself at his trial, and his whole cry was "Liberty, Liberty, Liberty. We seek liberty, and how can the American Government, so free itself, wish to deprive us of our liberty?" When liberty means the right to do and say what any man or set of men think proper, it cannot always be allowed.

### THE NEUTRALITY LAWS

can not and should not be broken simply because of the cry of "Liberty." They can not, ought not and will not. America must protect her own people.

Again, I charge "Fenianism" with treason against humanity. What does it propose to do? Does it propose to carry a fighting force across to Ireland and there battle to give freedom? Surely that can not be their plan. Can they swim the ocean? In what vessel can they go there? In American vessels? Surely the Government will not permit its vessels to depart for such a purpose. Perhaps in Russian vessels? Will this nation quietly see Russian vessels leave our ports filled with soldiers and arms to make war on the possessions of a foreign and friendly power? Certainly not. What then do they mean to do? The only other practicable course will be to

### INVADE CANADA.

That plan has been tried before, and the result you know. It was then that the leading general, surrounded by his soldiers, with sword by his side, and pistols in his pocket, was arrested and removed by a single United States marshal. The mother and babe lying on the border, would lie sleepless on her bed at night in terror. Suppose it was invaded and some success followed, and suppose great battles took place, and suppose what is quite unassailable, that Canada were taken. Is it not a fact that Canada is and has been considered a burden to England, but because of their making laws that suit themselves and give them contentment, it remains in her possession. Who are the Canadians? Are they not largely French and Irish Catholics, who would be its principal defenders? Then this would be the result: Catholic blood flowing and Catholic dead strewn the battle field, simply to make England feel a little bad at what the Fenian can do. It is a crime against humanity, and yet that would be the only achievement the wildest hope for now. It is one thing to cry for Ireland's wrongs, for which we all feel, and quite another thing to adjust them. Bloodshed! Oh! it is a fearful thing to shed blood willfully when not in self-defence, and when there is no good to be gained. St. Columbine, the great Irish saint, in his early life, filled with passion, gathered his friends, including princes, around him and by warfare spilled a great quantity of human blood and destroyed many lives in such work, but when the excitement had passed over, a great council was called and he was condemned to exile for the dreadful result of his leadership. He was powerful and resisted, but soon his conscience troubled him, and he appealed to a certain holy hermit, who said he must go as punishment for the spilling of his countrymen's blood. He went. He loved Ireland, but had wronged her. And thereafter the penitential cry of his life was: "I have made Irish blood to flow, and without need."

Nothing but injury can come of the Fenian undertaking. When they gather together, do not go with them. Give them no money or other aid. Trust in God and not in them. Perhaps some may feel that those Fenians can be trusted more than I can or the other clergy. If such is the case, then the will of God be done! Time passes. Life itself passes. Soon the calm and silent gave will gather all in. We may meet on another shore, and then you will know which are your earnest and best friends, those who seek to stir your blood with hatred and revenge, or the clergy who preach to you the gospel of love and peace.

### BURLESQUE.

HIS FIRST AND ONLY LOVE.—"Did I love any other girl!" repeated a prospective bridegroom, in answer to a tearful query of his intended. "Why, darling, of course not. You are my first and only love. This heart knew no wakening until the sunshine of your love streamed in and woke it to ecstasy."

And then he kissed her tenderly and went home and said to himself:

"I must hurry them things out of the way right off, or there'll be a row."

And he collected a great pile of letters, written in all kinds of feminine hands with lots of faded

flowers, and photographs, and locks of hair, and bits of faded ribbon and other things, and when the whole collection had been crammed into the kitchen grate, he drew a deep sigh, and said to himself:

"There goes all that's left of fourteen undying loves. Let 'em flicker!"

THE GRIMALDIS.—Turning over the leaves of an old volume of an old and once famous magazine, we met with this story of "the oldest Grimaldi." He had a shrewish wife, with whom he frequently quarrelled, and the pair at last succeeded in making their lives so intensely miserable that in despair they determined to end them. So Mr. Grimaldi went to a neighbouring apothecary and bought an ounce of arsenic, "to poison the rats." Taking it home, "the illustrious Punch and Judy" swallowed, in tumblers of water, each a moiety of the deadly powder, and, with tears and embraces, separated, that neither might have the pang of seeing the other's sufferings and death. He went to the sitting-room couch, she to her bed in the adjoining room, leaving the door between the two rooms open. A long, solemn pause ensued, and in the silence each listened with terrible intensity. But nothing was heard except an occasional sob from Mrs. G. and a quivering sigh from Mr. G. Both were in tears. At last his patience was exhausted, minutes seemed hours, and in a deep, low voice he asked:

"Are you dead, love?"  
And with a sigh she answered "No."  
"Ha!" growled he, angrily.  
"Grimaldi!" said she, reproachfully.

Half an hour elapsed, and at length Mrs. Grimaldi found the silence unbearable. Frightful visions of her husband's face, ghastly and motionless in death, were before her as she tremblingly raised herself in her bed and cried out:

"Mr. Grimaldi, are you dead?"  
Any the gruff reply came, "No, Mrs. Grimaldi."

For two hours these questions and answers went on periodically, till at last the lady's turn coming again, she in an almost hysterical shriek repeated the inquiry:

"Mr. Grimaldi, my love, are you *not* dead?"  
as if his living were a most incredible thing. Grimaldi then replied:

"No, my dear, I am not, and I don't think I shall die to-night, unless it be of starvation. Get out of the bed, Mrs. Grimaldi, and I see for some supper, for I am very hungry."

And so ended this fatal performance, for the apothecary knew them, and guessing their purpose, had prudently given Mr. Grimaldi a small parcel of magnesia.

NOT A MARRYING GIRL.—They were seated together, side by side, on the sofa, in the most approved lover-fashion—his arm encircling her taper waist, &c.

"Lizzie," he said, "you must have read my heart ere this; you must know how dearly I love you."

"Yes, Fred, you have certainly been very attentive," said Lizzie.

"But, Lizzie, darling, do you love me? Will you be my wife?"

"Your wife, Fred? Of all things, no! No, indeed, nor any one else's."

"Lizzie, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say, Fred. I've two married sisters."

"Certainly, and Mrs. Hopkins and Mrs. Skinner have good husbands, I believe."

"So people say; but I wouldn't like to stand in either May's or Nell's shoes; that's all."

"Lizzie, you astonish me."

"Look here, Fred; I've had over twenty-five sleigh-rides this winter, thanks to you and my other gentlemen friends."

Fred winced a little here, whether at the remembrance of that unpaid livery bill or the idea of Lizzie sleighing with her other gentlemen friends, I cannot positively answer.

"How many do you think my sisters have had? Not the sign of one, either of them. Such pretty girls as May and Nellie were, too, and so much attention as they used to have!"

"Now, Lizzie—"

"I am fond of going to the theatre occasionally as well as a lecture or concert sometimes, and I shouldn't like it if I proposed attending any such entertainment to be invariably told that times were hard and my husband couldn't afford it, and then to have him sneak off."

"Lizzie, Lizzie—"

"And then if once in a dog's age he did condescend to go with me anywhere in the evening, I shouldn't like to be left to pick my way along the slippery places, at the risk of breaking my neck, he walking along unconsciously by my side. I'm of a dependent, clinging nature, and I need the protection of a strong arm."

"Lizzie, this is all nonsense."

"I'm the youngest in our family, and perhaps I've been spoiled. At all events, I know it would break my heart to have my husband vent all the ill-temper which he conceals from the world on my defenceless head."

"But, Lizzie, I promise you that I—"

"Oh, yes, Fred; I know what you are going to say—that you will be different; but May and Nell have told me time and again that no better husbands than theirs ever lived. No, Fred; as a lover you are just perfect, and I shall hate awfully to give you up. Still, if you are bent on marrying, there are plenty of girls who have not married sisters, or who are not wise enough to profit by their example, if they have. And don't fret about me, for I've no doubt I can find some one to fill your place!"

But before Lizzie had concluded Fred made for the door, muttering something "unmentionable to ears polite."

"There!" exclaimed Lizzie, as the door closed with a bang. "I knew he was no better than the rest. That's the way John and Aleck swear and slam doors when things don't go just right. He'd make a bear of a husband; but I'm sorry he came to the point so soon, for he was just a splendid beau."

YOUNG men should take pattern by pianos—be square, upright, grand.

THE engaged ring generally becomes the guard of the wedding ring.

THE influence of woman as a wife, if wisely exerted, is almost boundless.

A BAD marriage is like an electric machine—it makes you dance, but you can't let go.

THE higher Education of Women—Learning to walk in French boots with six-inch heels.

A COQUETTE is a rosebush from which each young beau plucks a leaf, and the thorns are left for the husband.

"Yes," said an old lady thoughtfully, "it is all right. When God made Adam, he went right to work and made Eve to tell him what to do."

A YOUNG lady was undecided whether to accept the address of James or John. James gave her a sealskin saccque, and she immediately gave the sack to John.

If there is anything that disturbs a quiet household more than a healthy mother-in-law, it is a woman that has certain reasons for believing that she's "smart."

A head of hair seven feet long is to be exhibited at the Paris exposition. It is light brown and grew on a Normandy girl. She sold it for \$500 and expects to have another and better clipping ready within three years.

You can buy a baby in China for one hundred cancelled postage stamps. But as long as you can buy a China baby in this country for five cents, it would be a bald piece of folly to squander the price of a trip to China for an inferior article.

It is said that a project is on foot looking to the management of railway trains by the use of mirrors so arranged as to reflect a complete picture of the road to the President's office. That's the way the ladies always manage their trains.

THE following figures show how popular music sells: "Put me in my little bed," by Dexter Smith, 250,000; "Come, birdie, come," same author, 100,000; "Mollie, darling," by Will S. Hays, 40,000; "Silver Threads among the Gold," by Danks (who is very popular), 75,000; "Come home, father," 50,000; "Evangeline," 25,000; "Tramp, tramp, tramp," 100,000; "Nora O'Neill," 100,000; "Sweet Genevieve," 20,000. Many of these still sell steadily, and will doubtless continue to do so for a number of years. Songs written to suit the times frequently reach immense sales, and, as in book publications, those which appear the weakest are not unfrequently the most successful.

### MT. VESUVIUS.

Should an eruption occur in this volcano, and cause the destruction of one-half of the inhabitants who live in the vicinity, the remainder, who barely escape with their lives, immediately move back upon the half-cooled lava, and there live in constant fear of another eruption, foolishly fancying that the only tenable portion of the earth rests within the shadow of the great volcano. This fairly illustrates the force of habit, and the persistency with which people cling to opinions when once formed. For example, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures incipient consumption, coughs, colds, and all affections of the liver and blood, yet some s ill depend upon physicians and remedies that have naught but repeated failures to which they can refer. And although Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is sold under a positive guarantee to cure those weaknesses peculiar to women, and notwithstanding that thousands of women bear testimony to its efficacy, and the truth of all statements made concerning it, many yet submit to the use of caustic and the knife. Again Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, no larger than mustard seeds, will positively cure constipation, where it is dependent upon dyspepsia or torpid liver; yet some still depend for relief upon the "blue pill" or huge doses of drastic cathartic medicine. In the face of such facts, can we wonder at the blindness of the poor Italians?

If we had no pride we should not complain of that of others. Send for samples and card for self-measurement, and get six of **Treble's Perfect Shirts** for \$12. TREBLE'S, 8 King Street East, Hamilton.

Interest blinds some and makes some see. Study your own interest and buy **Treble's Perfect Shirt**. The largest stock of **French Cambric Shirts** in the Dominion. Samples and card for self-measurement sent free. TREBLE'S, 8 King Street East, Hamilton.

### NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.