OLD-TIME REMINISCENCES.

By a Special Correspondent.)

Dan Hurley's wedding was never recorded—save in the parish register of Stockville, yet it was at one time the subject of general conversation in the environments of Ottawa. Dan was an Irish lad, a pure Celt, with black curley hair and deep blue eyes, and a splendid brogue. Like many other lads he came out with his parents, when he was a mere boy; and like many other parents his died of the terrible ship fever and left him an orphan. He was always full of wit and had a keen sense of logic; consequently his powers of repartee and of argument made him a formidable antagonist. Mostly all his life he worked as a day laborer, and especially as a farm hand, until after his marriage. Now, in his old age, he drives a carriage and pair, and his son—one of the handsomest in Canada—may be seen on horseback, as grand marshall, on certain festive occasions in the vicinity of Ottawa. I do not wish to be too minute in my details, for the family is a numerous and most highly respected one, and the events I am about to relate were so well known a few years ago, that I fear, were I to give all the names exact, I might risk hurting the feelings of some one or other—and nothing could be farther from my wish.

Dan Hurley, in 1870, was a very bashful man, especially in the presence of the fair sex. He had been working for some years, at good wages, as foreman for a wealthy farmer and lumberman, five miles from Ottawa. During certain seasons of the year Dan used to go twice a week to market, with hay, oats, roots, or other farm produce, and so honest was he that he would go without his dinner rather than to take the price of it out of "the master's" money, or he would go three miles of a round, over impossible roads, through fences, and up gullies, in order to avoid paying ten cents for the toll on the highway. He felt it his duty to bring "the master" every cent that he received for his produce on the market. However, if any person else saw fit to pay for his dinner or for a treat Dan had no objection to partake of the hospitality. He had the general reputation of having some money laid aside; and not a few of the farmers on the market would be glad if he were to make inquiries about their marriageable daughters. But Dan was the last man on earth to think of asking any person about a young girl, much less of speaking, seriously to any unmarried female. However, he was "bound to be caught some day," as he used to say; and caught he was. It happened in the following manner:

Dan had gone to market with a load of hay. After selling his load he met with James Walsh, a well-to-do farmer from Goulbourne. The latter invited Dan to "come and have something;" and Dan went and "had something," and even two somethings, if the story is to be believed. Over their brimming bumpers Mr. Walsh informed Dan that he had "a fine lump of a girl at home" that would make a first-class w fe for the likes of our hero. Dan went so far as to say that he would have no objection to take a look at the lass. The result was an agreement that Dan should go out to Goulbourne the next Sunday and stop at Jackson's hotel, to which rendezvous Mr. Walsh and wife would bring the daughter. Then a mutual agreement or disagreement might be reached.

To make a long story short, on Sunday Dan left after dinner, from where he was working, and walked into Ottawa, and thence out to Goulbourne. He reached Jackson's hotel about four in the afternoon. As the "parties of the second (or perhaps the first) part" had not yet arrived he took possession of the parlor of the inn. Looking out the window he saw a horse and buggy coming to the door, and in the occupants he recognized his prospective wife and father-and-mother-in-law. Dan began to lose courage. Finally when they came in by the front door he ran out by the back one, and went to hide in the yard. Mr. Walsh and party f ound the parlor empty and wondered what had become of Dan. Just as they were about to take their departure, he had screwed up his courage to a point of "facing the music."

When Dan came in, his head down as if he were about to be taken to the scaffold, the father and mother went out of the room, leaving Dan and Mary to introduce themselves to each other. Mary was seated at one end of the parlor, and Dan sat down upon the edge of a chair at the other end of the room. For a time all was silence. At last Dan made a brave move Mary-ward to another chair. After another twn minutes he risked a word: "Nice day." "No it ain't," said Mary. "How are the crops?" asked Dan, after another pause. "Just so, so," said Mary, as she eyed him carefully, somewhat after the fashion of a person eyeing a dangerous-looking dog on the roadside.

At this the father spoke from outside: "Come on Mary, we are going home."

"In one minute," said Mary. Still there was no move made by Dan.

"Mary, the horse is waiting," shouted the mother from the hall.

"I'm going," said Mary; but she never budged.

Finally Dan made a desperate plunge.

"Would you like to live in Stockville?" he asked.

"No; I would not," said Mary.

"Well, if you're going to be my wife, you'll have to," said Dan.

"Then, if I have to I can't heslp it," said Mary.

"Will you?" asked Dan.

"I suppose so," was the answer.

"When will it be?" he querried.

"A week lrom Monday," said she.

"Hurry up Mary, your mother wants to go home," shouted the father.

"She's going," roared Dan.

And with that the father and mother came in, and just as if they had not heard every word, they asked the news.

"She'll give it to you on your way home," was Dan's parting remark, after which he vanished.

On the second Monday after, at 5 a.m. Dan left the farm to meet his bride at the Church. They were married at eight o'clock, and when the ceremony was over, she went back home with her parents, and before noon Dan was at work in the hay field of his master just as if nothing had happened.

A few days later his master called him and said: "Dan I thought you had got married?"

'I believe I did," said Dan.

"Where is your wife?"

"At home with her parents."

"When are you going to take her?"

"When they won't keep her any longer; but there is no hurry. She is well off there, and it costs less to have them keep her."

It was fully three months before Dan could be persuaded to go for his wife. Finally he went; he took her home; he made a good home for her; they had a most interesting family of five splendid children; and the only cross that poor Dan ever had was that lawsuit in which his father-in-law demanded thirty dollars for Mary's board during the three months between marriage and reunion of the happy couple.

Experience of a Priest In an Hospital.

The experience of the Rev. Father McKeever, rector of the Church of St. Rosa of Lima, Newark, N.J., in his labors as hospital chaplain is by no means isolated, for the cowardliness and bigotry on the part of the physicians of whom ne complains are not confined to the Newark city hospital. He has had the courage, however, to make a public accusation against the offenders; and this makes the case a unique one. His example will doubtles be followed, and with equally beneficial results.

Father McKeever declares that on four different occasions, while a Catholic priest was engaged in hearing the confessions of Catholic patients in the city hospital, he discovered a certain physician, a member of the house staff, concealed behind a screen or curtain, by which the beds of the patients were partly surrounded, with the apparent purpose of hearing what was passing between the confessor and the penitent.

Father McKeever also states that the priests have been subjected to indignities and insults by some of the physicians while in the act of administering extreme unction. He says they virtually prevented the priest from administering the last sacrament to a young woman dying from asphyxiation, who was being conveyed to the hospital in an ambulance under the care of a physician of that institution.

The priest does not utter a word derogatory to the management of the institution except to say that he submitted the case of Dr. Frank E. Baker, who had promised to investigate and inform him of the result of such investigation, but had failed to do so.

In discussing the causes of complaint, Father McKeever said:

"On the morning of August 12 last I was summoned in haste to administer the last sacrament to a young woman named Margaret Coburn, a Catholic, who had been employed as a servant in the home of Samuel Lees. of 85 North Ninth street. She was 20 years old, and had been in this country only a few days, and left the gas jet open in her room. When found she was nearly dead. I responded to a call immediately, but when I reached the house I learned that the hospital physician had the patient in an ambulance.

"I climbed into the vehicle, and, while it was being driven along the street, I administered the sacrament of extreme unction. I was unable to complete the sacrament, however, because the hands and feet of the patient were covered. I spoke sharply to Dr. Pfeiffer, the ambulance physician, and told him I considered his action outrageous, unless he was ignorant of the grave importance of a Catholic receiving the last sacrament in such an emergency as that. He did not reply. I had the ambulance halted until I alighted.

"I watched the condition of Miss Coburn until the following Saturday, and then, learning that she could not recover, went to the hospital to complete the sacrament, which I did, the patient dying while I was at her bedside. When leaving the ward I met Dr. Pfeiffer, who introduced me to Dr. Sandy, who acknowledged the introduction with a stiff motion of his body. He then said to me, referring to my previous experience with Dr. Pfeiffer:

"I consider your action in getting into the ambulance to have been an unwarrantable interference on your part.'

"That remark incensed me, and I went at once and reported the occurrence to Dr. Baker. I requested him to call Dr. Sandy for an explanation. That he refused to do on the plea that he was in a hurry to catch a train, but he promised to take the case up later and make a report to me. That he has so far failed to do."

In reference to his charge of the physicians listening to the confessions of dying patients, Father McKeever said:—

"My question as to the right of a physician to conceal himself behind a curtain to listen to what was being said in the confessional was the outcome of experiences on four different occasions in the city hospital of Father Corcoran, curate of St. Joseph's Church. It was based on Father Corcoran's positive declaration to me. He discovered the proximity of this person by being attracted by the agitation of the curtains.

"Father Corcoran had reasons for not exposing the eavesdropper, but if it had been me I would have thrown the fellow out of a window, or at least administered a rebuke that might have had a salutary effect upon him.

"I consider this practice to be nothing short of outrageous. At all times and in every civilized land the sacred nature of the confessional and the sanctity of the relationship of the priest with the penitent have been recognized. It has even been established by law that the priest is absolved from exposing the secrets of the confessional.

"I do not propose to let this matter drop. I intend to address my parishioners on it next Sunday, and will continue the agitation until the assurance is given that the rights of a clergymen to have protection in the administration of his sacred duties shall be maintained."

The medical superintendent of the hospital, Dr. Baker, was shown the charges made by Father McKeever. Regarding the ambulance case, he said:—

"The physician took offence at what he considered to be interference with his duties on the part of the priest," said Dr. Baker, "and treated the latter in a manner that I considered called for censure. I took prompt action in that matter, and told the doctor he had no right to act as he did. I told him, further, when he sought to justify his conduct, that I would not stand for such things. I intended to visit the priest to-day and inform him as to the result of my investigation, but was too busy.

"Dr. Sandy admitted that he was wrong in addressing himself to the priest in the manner in which he did. He said that the priest was excited and spoke sharply to him while he was administering oxygen to a patient in an effort to keep her alive.

"There is no doubt as to the rights of clergymen to be given every opportunity to perform their spiritual obligations to sick or flying patients of this institution. The rules are plain and emphatic in that regard, and I have always lived up to them as far as I have been able.

"I know absolutely nothing of the allegation that a doctor of this institution has been guilty of eavesdropping while a confession was being heard. Nobody has ever made such complaint to me. I would not countenance such an act for one moment."

"There is no question that the young physicians here occasionally do things they have no right to do, and they sometimes merit discipline. Some of them do not seem to be able to conceive that anything should interfere with their professional work, and do not think of the religious needs of a patient."

Wit and Humor.

"Did your husband leave a will?" asked the lawyer of the weeping widow-for-the-second-time. "I don't think he could. I know he never had any as long as I've been married to him.

Banks (flicking off the ashes with his little finger): Yes; I smoke a good deal. A cigar is company for a fellow when he's lonesome. Rivers (raising the window): You must have been hard up for companionship when you lit that one.

The builder of a church, on returning thanks for the toast of his health, which had been proposed, remarked: "I fancy I am more fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking."

A colonel now on the retired list had one of his fingers shot off during the Crimean War. One day, having a friend to tea, he was telling how it happened. His little three-year-old grandchild, sitting on his knee, looked up after he had finished, with a face full of pity, and breathlessly said: "Gran'pa, and did you have all the hair shot off the top of your head, too?"

Teacher: Who built the Suez Canal? Small Boy: Nobody, sir. Hit wuzn't built. Hit wuz dug.

"I hear that you are in business for yourself now." "I thought I was; but from the little I get out of it it appears that I am in business for other people."

On the facade of the principal hotel in Vichy, France, is the announcement: "All languages spoken here." A recent tourist plied the host with English, Spanish, Russian, and Dutch. Seeing that the good fellow understood never a word, he inquired who it was that spoke every tongue. To that mine host responded with frigid dignity: "The travellers, sir."

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