

## ON FOOT AND ON CAR.

By THE RAMBLER.

Before parting with Prescott I desire to say a few words relative to the hostelry of Albert Ryan, which anniversary I have always honored with my presence while in that town.

On general principles I cannot wish success to the tavern, more especially when managed by a fellow countryman of my own; and, had I the power, I would close every whiskey shop controlled by an Irishman. If liquid fire in various forms must be sold at 50 per glass, I wish the traffic religiously put away from every son of Erin. I am far from asserting, however, that a legitimate business cannot be conducted in liquor, and with equal readiness do I admit that houses of entertainment are indispensable. I would not go the length of some men in ostracizing the hotel-keeper. I have found him a regular attendant at church, indeed, he generally occupies a front pew, and is almost invariably wrapt in devotion. I have known him to hold the Presidency of a St. Vincent de Paul Society, as well as frequently an active spirit in the work of promoting the efficiency of other Catholic societies of a religious and philanthropic character.

Of the location of my friend Mr. Albert Ryan's pew in church, or of the extent of his philanthropy, I am in blissful ignorance; but I aver, without fear of successful contradiction, that the traveller who seeks the hospitality of the "Ryan House" at Prescott Station could travel much farther and fare far worse.

I can well remember my first visit to the "Ryan House" many years ago. The shades of night were falling fast around me, as I asked the land lord: "Is this a first-class house at second class prices?" Being assured that it was, my baggage—which consisted of a box of paper collars, that could be turned as readily as a Government Contractor changes his politics—was taken charge of and I was invited to an examination of the room which I was to occupy. Muttering something against the view presented from my window, the accommodating landlord agreed to have the house turned around, indeed, rather than have a guest displeased he would have it moved to the east of a neighboring hill. I allowed matters to remain as they were, and spent a great portion of the night dreaming of delinquent subscribers.

## BROCKVILLE.

Westward a distance of twelve miles, and passing on the way, the village of Maitland, which contains the ruins of a huge distillery, which many years ago furnished the material that caused many a brawl, we reach the pretty town of Brockville.

Brockville is beautifully situated on the St. Lawrence, and is the centre of a very large trade. In 1891 its population was over 9,000, which, we may assume, has since increased sufficiently to warrant it in seeking the companionship with other Canadian cities. Brockville enjoys admirable commercial facilities. During the summer season two steamers of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company call here daily, one bound East and the other West. It is also an important station on the Grand Trunk Railway; it is the southern terminus of a branch of the C.P.R., as well as that of the Brockville and Westport Railway, and, although one of the oldest towns in the Province, still retains a youthful appearance. Brockville, in some respects, may lay claim to being a historic town. It was here, away back in the '30's, that the first Orange lodge was established, Ogle R. Gowan being its father and founder. It was here, also, that that other savory babe of grace, Margaret L. Shepherd, first touched Canadian soil and commenced to launch her thunderbolts against

the Catholic Church, thus making atonement for a mispent life, the prominent features of which cannot be written here with propriety. If this woman feels sure of obtaining forgiveness for the little indiscretion of having four husbands living at the same time, as well as for other indiscretions "oo numerous to mention, by slandering all that is virtuous in the Catholic Church, we, of course, should not complain.

Whatever may be the character of the seed planted by Ogle R. Gowan, and however well it may have fructified in Brockville, Margaret L. will have made the discovery that, although she has been successful in catering to the prurient tastes of "women" and to "men" of questionable morals, she has had to encounter a respectable Protestant element which has no sympathy with her "crusade," a fact amply demonstrated by the manner in which that fearless journal, the Brockville Recorder, laid low her indecent moral deformity.

Notwithstanding the ism established by Ogle R. Gowan, and the periodical visits of freaks and fanatics like Margaret L. Shepherd, Irish Catholics have always occupied a standing of respectability in and around this picturesque town of the St. Lawrence. A beautiful church attests their religious zeal; a magnificent convent and school house demonstrate their solicitude for those who will be the men and women of the future, whilst an hospital not many years in existence illustrates their desire to, in as far as possible, mitigate human affliction.

Able men have filled the Catholic pulpit of Brockville. Over forty years ago the Very Rev. Oliver Kelly, subsequently transferred to Peterborough, where he died universally lamented, was its pastor. He was succeeded by the Rev. Henry Burns, who, after a few years, was replaced by the Rev. John O'Brien, who was afterwards raised to the dignity of Bishop of Kingston. The Rev. Isaac McCarthy took the place of Dr. O'Brien, and he in turn was replaced by the present zealous pastor, the Very Rev. Dean Gauthier. The Very Rev. Dean, although bearing a distinctly French name, may be said to belong to all the nationalities found in Brockville. The beautiful language of Old France he speaks with remarkable fluency; the language of the Highlands of Scotland he speaks with the ease of a native of Caithness; the English tongue is as familiar to him as though he were a graduate of Cambridge or Oxford and I am told that, to perfect his linguistic attainments, he is about to begin the study of Connemara Irish.

I cannot close this imperfect description of Brockville without a brief reference to a most estimable Irish Protestant gentleman who passed over to the side of the majority within the past few weeks. I refer to Mr. William Fitzsimmons. William Fitzsimmons was essentially a good man and a good citizen. Always the friend of peace and the bitter opponent of sectarian rancor, this gentleman closed an honored career respected by all. For many years the representative of Brockville in the Federal Parliament, as well as filling a similar position in the Local Legislature for several years, and latterly the efficient and active Postmaster of Brockville, the career of William Fitzsimmons was a useful as well as an honorable one, and it can be truly said that he left not an enemy behind him.

## SMITH'S FALLS.

Twenty-eight miles north of Brockville we encounter the flourishing little town of Smith's Falls. This place has in late years become quite an important railway centre. It is a leading station on the line of the O.P.R. between Montreal and Toronto. It is also a station on the Brockville and Ottawa line of the same railroad, and with the completion of the Kingston,

Smith's Falls and Ottawa Railway we may soon expect to see it an important point on that line also. There is here a magnificent Catholic Church, attended by a large and steadily growing congregation. Thirty years have now passed since my first visit to Smith's Falls. Father Michael Oluno was then Parish Priest, a position which he filled for a great many years, being replaced on his death by the Rev. E. P. Roche, for many years Parish Priest of Prescott. The Rev. M. Stanton is the present pastor; and if I were in search of an ideal priest or an ideal man I would unhesitatingly locate him at Smith's Falls.

In 1891, out of a population of a little over 4,000, Smith's Falls contained over 700 Catholics. A few of these may be considered wealthy, a large portion may be considered comfortable, whilst very few indeed may be considered absolutely poor.

Edward Kennedy, who sells all the whiskey wholesale, is a large property owner, all of which, I believe, has been honestly acquired. "Ned" is truly a conscientious whiskey-seller.

Mr. Bronnan, who is in the same line of business, is in a fair way of becoming the owner of brick blocks as well.

Mr. Michael Healy is proprietor of the Palace Hotel; and whatever opinions I may entertain of the hotels in general, there can be no two opinions concerning the superior accommodations furnished by the genial and whole-souled Michael Healy. A brother, Mr. D. O. Healy, is a well-known and successful auctioneer at "the Falls," and as he does most of the heavy business in town and country we may fairly assume that his tongue is kept "Going! Going! Going!"

Mr. Andrew Burrows, another well-known citizen of Irish extraction and military lineage, is one of the leading cattle buyers of the old Bathurst district. Mr. Burrows has found time to offer for Parliamentary honors; and if the people have refused to accept him, his self-sacrificing spirit is worthy of praise. At more than one election he has been a candidate and would have been triumphantly returned at the head of the poll had he secured a sufficient number of votes; but, as there were only a solitary few who never read the papers who could see in him the qualifications for M.P. his chances of becoming a legislator are very slim indeed, and I am not at all surprised to learn that he has abandoned politics in disgust.

Mr. M. Ryan, a well-known and highly-esteemed contractor, has already raised a sufficient number of buildings to perpetuate his name to posterity.

Smith's Falls was also one of the favored places visited by Margaret L. Shepherd, two of her choicest "lectures" being delivered here. Margaret L. appears to have been fairly successful at "the Falls," her lecture to "women only" drawing out a good sized audience composed of modest (?) young women, gossiping old maids and a small sprinkling of "strong-minded" young matrons. For reasons which I have not been able to discover her lectures to "men only" were not quite as successful. I have been informed that, besides despatching several horns of Storey's whiskey, Margaret found time to lay the foundation of a P.P.A. lodge, which to-day numbers many members. The existence of this organization does not excite any serious apprehensions in Smith Falls. By a provision of its constitution each member swears not to employ a Roman Catholic. This cannot make any difference to the Roman Catholics of Smith's Falls, as the members of the P.P.A. of this place have not, nor are they likely to have, employment to give to anybody. The employers of labor of this town are, although chiefly Protestant, liberal-minded men, at the head of whom

stand the firm of Frost & Wood, and P.P.A.ism has not been able to contaminate them.

Eighteen miles further north we reach the town of Carleton Place, a notice of which is reserved for a future letter. RAMBLER.

## Rebecca of Ivanhoe.

Perhaps everyone does not know that the beautiful Jewess in Ivanhoe is drawn from an American woman, whose charms and nobility of character were described to Sir Walter Scott by America's much loved Washington Irving, and it was to the warm friendship of those two men we owe this character of Rebecca. Rebecca Gratz was a Philadelphian by birth, and her father's house was the centre of hospitality, and many an illustrious statesman of revolutionary days and foreign representatives have gathered there. The brother of Rebecca Gratz was a liberal-hearted man and a lover of art, and to him the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts owes its birth. Rebecca Gratz was born in 1771 and her whole life was one of broad, noble work for others; she loved and was loved by a Christian, but the difference in their faith kept them asunder, and Rebecca never married. Her struggle and firmness in the battle between inclination and duty show of what an exalted and conscientious fibre was her character. Many of Philadelphia's charitable institutions are proud to number her among their worthies. Washington Irving was her firm friend, and his lady love, Matilda Hoffman, died in her arms. Irving while visiting Abbotsford told Scott the history of this noble woman, and the romantic mind of Scott has placed her among the immortals of romance and song. Rebecca Gratz died in 1860 at the age of 88, but the Rebecca of Ivanhoe lives to-day for us all.

## A New Trade For Americans.

Four American boys are learning the art of making Gobelin tapestry at the Williamsbridge factory. They are perhaps the first Americans to learn the art, and certainly they are the first to practise it in their native land. The boys were taken at the age of fifteen, some and possibly all from an orphan asylum, and properly apprenticed to the trade. They have already shown considerable aptitude, and the first piece of work turned out by an apprentice was sold not long since.

The boys first learn plain weaving. Then they are taught to do simple figures in a single color. After that the more difficult art of weaving in several colors is gradually learned. It is believed that a lad of fair gifts may become sufficiently skilled in five years to do commercial work of considerable value. After that the whole field of tapestry weaving is open to him, and he may spend a lifetime in improving his work. The apprentice receives low wages for the first two or three years, but as soon as his work comes to have commercial value his pay is increased.

CANNOT BE BEAT.—Mr. D. Steidbach, Zurich, writes:—"I have used DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL in my family for a number of years, and I can safely say that it cannot be beat for the cure of croup, fresh cuts and sprains. My little boy has had attacks of croup, several times, and one dose of DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL was sufficient for a perfect cure. I take great pleasure in recommending it as a family medicine, and I would not be without a bottle in my house."

## Agents Wanted

To canvass for THE CATHOLIC REGISTER. A liberal commission allowed. Write for particulars.

A magnificent chalice and paten, of the twelfth century, has been recently discovered in an old gallery of a deserted gold mine near the Abbey of Cymmer. The chalice, which has two handles, is similar in style to the fine old cup which was found some years ago near the Abbey of Ardagh, Ireland.