

twice as long as old Deacon Farrar's on Sacramento day. I knew all the time he was lying, and so I watched him and his old roan, till, for three nights regular old roan came to my stable about bed-time, and just at daylight Bradley would come, bridle her, and ride off. I then just took my old mare down to a blacksmith's shop, and had some shoes made with 'corks' about four inches long, and had 'em nailed on to her hind feet—your heels, mister, ain't nothing to 'em. I took her home; gave her about ten feet halter, and tied her right in the centre of the stable; fed her well with oats about nine o'clock; and, after taking a good smoke, went to bed—knowing that my old mare was a truth-telling animal, and that she'd give a good report of herself in the morning. I hadn't got fairly to sleep before the old 'oman hunched me, and wanted to know what on air was the matter out at the stable. Says I, 'Go to sleep, Peggy; it is nothing but Kate: she is kicking off flies, I guess!' Party soon she hunched me again; and says she, 'Mr. Hitchcock, du get up, and see what in the world is the matter with Kate, for she is kicking must powerfully.' 'Lay still, Peggy; Kate will take care of herself, I guess.' Well, the next morning, about daylight, Bradley, with bridle in hand, came to the stable, as true as the Book of Genesis. When we saw the old roan's sides, stars, and head, he cursed and swore worse than you did, mister, when I came down on your toes. After breakfast that morning, Joe Davis came to my house; and, says he, 'Bradley's old roan is nearly dead: she's cut all to pieces, and can scarcely move.' 'I want to know,' says I, 'how on air did it happen?' Now, Joe Davis was a member of the same church with Bradley; and, whilst we were talking, up came that everlasting hypocrite, and, says he, 'Mr. Hitchcock, my old roan is ruined!' 'Du tell,' says I. 'She is cut all to pieces,' says he. 'Do you know whether she was in your stable, Mr. Hitchcock, last night?' Wal, mister, with this I let out: 'Do I know it?—(the Yankee here, in illustration, made a sudden advance upon the dandy, who made way for him unconsciously, as it were)—Do I know it, you no sonled, shad-bellied, squash headed, old night owl, you!—you hay hookin, corn cribbin, folder fudgin, cent-shaving, whittin-of-nuthin, you!—Kate kicks like a mere dumb beast, but I've reduced the thing to a science!' The Yankee had not ceased to advance, or the dandy, in his astonishment, to retreat; and now, the motion of the latter being accelerated by an apparent demonstration on the part of the former to 'suit the action to the word,' he found himself in the 'social hall,' tumbling backwards over a pile of baggage, and tearing the knees of his pants as he scrambled up, a perfect scream of laughter stunning him from all sides. The defeat was total; a few moments afterwards he was seen dragging his own trunk ashore, while Mr. Hitchcock finished his story on the boiler deck.—*Slick's Sketches.*

#### THE GROANING BOARD. A STORY OF THE DAYS OF CHARLES II.

(From Notes and Queries.)

The English public has ever been distinguished by an enormous amount of gullibility.

Ha ha, ha ha! this world doth pass  
Most merrily I'll be sworn;  
For many an honest Indian ass  
Goes for an unicorn.

So sung old Thomas Weelkes in the year 1608, and so echo we in the year 1853! What with "spirit rapping," "table-moving," "Chelsea ghosts," "Aztec children," &c., we shall soon, if we go on at the same rate, get the reputation of being past all cure.

In looking over, the other day, a volume in the Museum marked MS. Sloane, 958, I noticed the following hand-bill pasted on the first page:

"At the sign of the Wool-sack, in Newgate Market, is to be seen a strange and wonderful thing, which is an *elm board* being touched with a hot iron, doth express itself as if it were a man dying with groans, and trembling, to the great admiration of all hearers. It hath been presented before the king and his nobles, and hath given great satisfaction. *Viva Rex!*"

At the top of the bill is the king's arms, and the letters C.R. and in an old hand is written the date 1682. On the same page is an autograph of the original possessor of the volume, "Ex. libris Jo. Coniers, Londini Pharmacopoli, 1673."

In turning to Malcolm (*Anecdotes of the Manners and Customs of London*, 4to, 1811, p. 427), we find the following elucidation of this mysterious exhibition:

"One of the most curious and ingenious amusements ever offered to the public ear was contrived in the year 1682, when an *elm plank* was exhibited to the king and the credulous of London, which being touched by a hot iron, invariably produced a sound resembling deep groans. This sensible, and very irritable board, received numbers of noble visitors; and other boards sympathizing with their afflicted brother, demonstrated how much affected they might be by similar means. The publicans in different parts of the city immediately applied ignited metal to all the woodwork of their houses, in hopes of finding sensitive timber; but I do not perceive any were so successful as the landlord of the Bowman Tavern, in Drury Lane, who had a mantle tree so extremely prompt and loud in its response, that the sagacious observers were nearly unanimous in pronouncing it part of the same trunk which had afforded the original plank."

The following paragraph is also given by Malcolm from the *Loyal London Mercury*, Oct. 4, 1682:

"Some persons being this week drinking at the Queen's Arms Tavern, in St. Martins-le-Grand, in the kitchen, and having laid the fire fork in the fire to light their pipes, accidentally fell a discoursing of the *groaning board*, and what might be the cause of it. One in the company, having the fork in his hand to light his pipe, would needs make trial of a long dresser that stood there, which, upon the first touch, made a great noise and groaning more than ever the board that was showed did; and then they touched it three or four times, and found it far beyond the other. They all having seen it, the house is almost filled with spectators day and night, and any company calling for a glass of wine may see it; which, in the judgment of all, is far louder, and makes a longer groan than the other; which to report, unless seen, would seem incredible."

The extraordinary and long lived popularity of the "groaning board" is fully evinced by the number of contemporary allusions; a few will suffice.

Mrs. Mary Astell, in her *Essay in Defence of the Female Sex*, 1696, speaking of the character of a "coffee house politician," observes:

"He is a mighty listener after prodigies: and ne-

ver hears of a whale or a comet, but he apprehends some sudden revolution in the state, and looks up a *groaning board*, or a speaking head, as forerunners of the day of judgment."

Swift, in his *Tale of a Tub*, written in the following year, (1697) says of Jack:

"He wore a large plaster of artificial causticks on his stomach, with the fervor of which he would set himself a *groaning* like the famous board upon application of a red-hot iron."

Steele, in the 44th number of the *Tatler*, speaking of Powell, the "puppet showman," says:

"He has not brains enough to make even wood speak as it ought to do: and I, that have heard the *groaning board*, can despise all that his puppets shall be able to speak as long as they live."

So much for the "story" of the *groaning board*.—As to "how it was done," we leave the matter open to the reader's sagacity.

#### THE POOR CUSTOMER.

"How much butter?"

"One half a pound, if you please."

"And sugar?"

"Half a pound."

"And these oranges?"

"Half a dozen, sir."

"You go by the halves to-day—well, what else? Be speedy, ma'am, you're keeping better customers waiting."

"Half a peck of Indian meal, and one fine French roll," said the woman, but her lip quivered and she turned to wipe away a trickling tear.

I looked at her straw bonnet, all broken, at her faded shawl, her thin stooping form, her coarse garments—and I read poverty on all—extreme poverty. And the pallid, pinched features—the mournful but once beautiful face, told me that the luxuries were not for her. An invalid looked out from his narrow window, whose pale lips longed for the cool, fresh orange, for whose comfort the tea, and the butter, and the fine French roll were bought, with much sacrifice. And I saw him sip the tea, and taste the dainty bread, and praise the flavor of the sweet butter, and turn with brightening eye to the golden fruit. And I heard him ask her, kneeling by the smoky hearth to taste them with him. And as she set the broken pan on edge, to bake her coarse loaf, I heard her say—"By and by, when I'm hungry." And, "by and by," when the white lids of the sufferer were closed in sleep, I saw her bend over him with a blessing in her heart. And she laid the remnants of the feast carefully by, and eat her bread unmoistened.

I started from my reverie—the grocer's hand eye was upon me.

"You're keeping better customers waiting."

Oh! I wanted to tell him how poverty and persecution—contempt and scorn, could not dim the heart's fine gold, purified by many a trial; that, that woman with her little wants and holy sacrifices, was better in the sight of God, than many a trumpet-tongued Dives, who gave that he might be known of men.—*Olive Branch.*

WHAT A SCOTCHMAN MAY BECOME.—At a meeting held in Edinburgh last week to obtain from the British Government "justice for Scotland," Sir A. Alison, historian, related the following anecdote, "to show how Scotchmen rise all the world over."—"Gentlemen one very curious thing occurred to show how Scotchmen do rise all the world over, and with this anecdote I will conclude. Marshal Keith had the command of the Austrian army, which combated the Turkish forces on the Danube, under the grand vizier, and after a long and bloody combat the two generals came to a conference together. The grand vizier came mounted on a camel with all the pomp of the eastern magnificence. The Scotch Marshal Keith from the neighbourhood of Turfiff, in Aberdeenshire, at the head of the Austrian troops, had a long conference, and, after the conference, the Turkish grand vizier said to Marshal Keith that he would like to speak a few words in private to him in his tent, and he begged that no one should accompany him. Marshal Keith accordingly went in, and at the moment they entered, and when the conference in the tent was closed, the grand vizier threw off his turban, tore off his beard, and running to Marshal Keith, said, "Oo, Jonnie, hoo's a' wi' ye, mon." (loud laughter.) And he then discovered that the grand vizier of Turkey was an old school companion of his own, who had disappeared thirty years before from a parish school near Methlie. (Laughter.)

ABERNETHY AND THE IRISHMAN.—"It was on his first going through the wards after a visit to Bath, passing up between the rows of beds with an immense crowd of pupils after him—myself among the rest—the apparition of a poor Irishman, with the scantiest shirt I ever saw, jumping out of bed, and literally throwing himself on his knees at Abernethy's feet, presented itself. For moments, every body was bewildered, but the poor fellow with all his country's eloquence, poured out such a torrent of thanks, prayers and blessings, and made such pantomimic displays of his leg, that we were not long left in doubt. 'That's the leg, yer honor! Glory be to God! Yer honor's the boy to do it! May the heavens be your bed! Long life to yer honor! To the divvie with the spalpeens that said your honor would cut it off!' &c."

The man had come into the hospital about three months before, with diseased ankle, and it had been at once condemned to amputation. Something, however, induced Abernethy to try what rest and constitutional treatment would do for it, and with the happiest result. With some difficulty the patient was got into bed, and Abernethy took the opportunity of giving us a clinical lecture about diseases and their constitutional treatment. And now commenced the fun. Every sentence Abernethy uttered, Pat confirmed. "Thru, yer honor, divvie a lie in it. His honor's the great docther entirely!" While at the slightest allusion to his case, off went the bed cloths, and up went the leg, as if he were taking aim at the ceiling with it. "That's it, by gorra! and a better leg than the villin's that wanted to cut it off." This was soon after I went to London, and I was much struck with Abernethy's manner. In the midst of the laughter stooping down to the patient, he said with much earnestness: "I am glad your leg is doing well; but never kneel except to your Maker."

LOOK HERE GIRLS!—A young man, of good moral character, inclined to piety, with \$12,000, and must inherit more—an orphan—wishes to correspond (in confidence,) with a view to marriage, with a young

Lady of respectability, intelligence, amiability, piety and wealth. Ladies possessed of the above requisites, are invited to address Oliver Omega; Broadway Post Office, City of New York.—N. Y. Tribune.

"OBSCENE PUBLISHERS."—Several dealers in obscene and immoral publications have of late been dealt with, pretty severely by the Court of Queen's Bench in London; the guilty parties having been sentenced to periods of imprisonment, varying from six to twenty-four months with hard labor. This should be a warning to the obscene editor of the *Montreal Gazette*, and all other dirty blackguards, who, in Canada, attempt to bring into notice the filthy, and immoral publications of Dr.

SPIRITUAL RAPPINGS.—The first incursion into Canada of an emissary of the spiritual order has had a discouraging result. The *Hamilton Journal and Express* says:—"The Mrs. Doland who professed to be a medium and in communication with the spirits of the dead, was a miserable humbug, and left a few days since, having swindled this and other officers in the city, by getting printing done, which she took good care to forget to pay. We would caution the Press against this woman, who will swindle them as she did us if they permit it."—Mrs. Doland paid a visit to Toronto; and her mission was a signal failure. She represented herself as having "ben in the business three years now; and didn't know nothing of the cause it"—the spiritual manifestations. She fought hard to get her wares pulled by some of the papers; but to no purpose. She invited the Press, the Corporation, and we think the Clergy to a private exhibition of spiritualism; but the invitation came to nothing and, if we remember right, she failed to elicit a single favorable notice from any paper. We predict, from present indications and the ill success of the first missionary, that spiritual rappings and the accompanying ledgerdom are not calculated to make much noise on this side of the Lakes. On the other side, they have contributed a larger quota than any other single cause to the lunatic asylums, during the past few years.

We regret to learn that a female named Mathews, aged about 18 years, was killed on Friday last, on Salmon River Bridge, a little beyond Lennoxville, whilst imprudently attempting to cross in front of the train of the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railway Company's cars when at full speed.

HALIFAX, Dec. 16.—The *Humboldt* has gone entirely to pieces, and nothing more can be saved, excepting on salvage. The steamer *Marion* will leave for New York on Saturday, with the saved portion of her cargo. Very little of her materials will be saved.

#### WHAT OUR NEIGHBORS SAY OF DR. M'LANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS.

New York, August 30, 1852.

We, the undersigned, having made trial of DR. M'LANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, must acknowledge that they are the best medicine for SICK HEADACHE, DYSPEPSIA, and liver complaint, that we have ever used. We take pleasure in recommending them to the public; and are confident, that if those who are troubled with any of the above complaints will give them a fair trial, they will not hesitate to acknowledge their beneficial effects.

MRS. HILL, East Troy.

MRS. STEVENS, West Troy.

P. S. The above valuable remedy, also Dr. M'LANE'S Celebrated Vermifuge, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores in this city.

Purchasers will please be careful to ask for, and take none but DR. M'LANE'S LIVER PILLS. There are other Pills, purporting to be Liver Pills, now before the public.

WM. LYMAN & Co., St. Paul Street, Wholesale Agents for Montreal.

#### PROMENADE CONCERT.

THE SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

BEG to inform the Public, that, instead of their Annual Bazaar, they will give

A PROMENADE CONCERT,  
On WEDNESDAY, the 28th inst.,  
IN THE CITY CONCERT HALL,  
UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE

LADY MAYORESS,

Mrs. C. MONDELET, "PERRAULT DE LINIERE,"  
"A. LEVESQUE,"  
"A. LAROCQUE,"  
"J. U. DEARBY,"  
"H. PELTIER,"  
"T. DOUGER,"  
"M. CUVILLIER,"  
Mrs. J. BOURET, "C. S. CHERRIER,"  
"A. COILLARD,"  
"P. LACOMBE,"  
"N. DEMAS,"  
"A. PREVOST,"  
"J. A. BERTHELOT,"  
"F. X. BRAYEAD."

By the kind permission of Lt. Col. HEMPHILL, the Band of the 26th Regiment will attend and play several choice pieces. Mr. LABELLE has consented to take charge of the vocal part, to be executed by Canadian Amateurs, under his direction. The proceeds of the Refreshment Table will be for the benefit of the Society.

Tickets of admission can be obtained from the Members of the Society. Price, 1s. 3d.

All Tickets obtained at the door on the evening of the Concert will be 5s. each.

The Door will be opened at SEVEN o'clock, and the Concert will commence at EIGHT, P.M.

O. LEBLANC, President of the Society,  
L. A. HUGNET LATOUR, Secretary.

Dec. 7.

#### NEW BOOKS JUST RECEIVED

BY THE SUBSCRIBERS,

PRACTICAL PIETY, by St. Francis of Sales, mus- s. 2  
lin.  
PERSONAL SKETCHES, by Sir Jonah Barrington 2 6  
THE RISE AND FALL OF THE IRISH NATION, by 6 0  
ditto  
SHANDY MCGUIRE; or Tricks upon Travellers, 2 6  
GAZETTEER OF IRELAND, with Maps plates, 20 0  
&c., 2 vols.  
HOUSEHOLD SURGERY; or, Hints on Emer- 2 6  
gencies,  
PONTIFICAL ROMANUM. 3 vols.; beautifully 45 0  
illustrated, and bound in Morocco. Price,  
LIGOURIS MORAL THEOLOGY (in Latin) 10 50 0  
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D. & J. SADLER & Co.,  
Corner of Notre Dame and  
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#### THE METROPOLITAN, FOR DECEMBER.

A Monthly Magazine, devoted to Religion, Literature, and General Information.

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#### ENLARGEMENT OF THE METROPOLITAN.

Since the commencement of this publication, we have often had occasion to express our grateful acknowledgments to the Rev. Clergy and others, who have manifested an interest in its success, particularly by getting up clubs, and sending us lists of subscribers. That we fully appreciate their friendly co-operation, and are disposed to make a liberal return for the patronage we design to increase the contents of each number, commencing with the month of August, by adding SIXTEEN PAGES OF MATTER WITHOUT FURTHER CHARGE. This enlargement of the work will enable us also to diversify its contents in such way as to make it an interesting and instructive Magazine to the more numerous class of readers—to the clergy as well as laity, to the better educated as well as to the less enlightened. As this increase of matter, together with the introduction of original articles from able writers, will involve a considerable outlay, we appeal with confidence to the friends of Catholic literature in the United States, for their zealous co-operation in extending the circulation of the work.

We will supply *Brownson's Review* and the *Metropolitan*, for 1853, free of postage, on the receipt of \$5.

JOHN MURPHY & CO., PUBLISHERS,  
178, Market Street, Baltimore.

#### EMPORIUM OF FASHION

AND

MAMMOTH MILLINERY ESTABLISHMENT.

SCHWARZ & CO.

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P.S.—TWENTY GOOD MILLINERS and TWO AP- PRENTICES WANTED IMMEDIATELY—apply as above November 3.

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THIS INSTITUTION is Catholic; the Students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith, and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the north-western suburbs of this city, so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position, it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

The best Professors are engaged, and the Students are at all hours under their care, as well during hours of play as in time of class.

The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August and ends on the last Thursday of June.

#### TERMS:

The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending, Linen and Stockings, and use of bedding, half-yearly in advance, is \$150  
For Students not learning Greek or Latin, 125  
Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra, 15  
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Music, per annum, 40  
Use of Piano, per annum, 8  
Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in case of sickness, Medicines and Doctor's Fees will form extra charges.  
No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pairs of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

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He will dye all kinds of Silks, Satins, Velvets, Crapes, Woollens, &c.; as also, Scouring all kinds of Silk and Woollen Shawls, Moreen Window Curtains, Bed Hangings, Silks, &c., Dyed and Watered. Gentlemen's Clothes Cleaned and Renovated in the best style. All kinds of Stains, such as Tar, Paint, Oil, Grease, Iron Mould, Wine Stains, &c., carefully extracted.

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Montreal, June 21, 1853.