



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXX. NO. 6.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1879.

TERMS: \$1.50 per annum in advance.

Lament for Thomas Davis.

Thomas Davis died upon the 16th Sept. 1845. Like the torrent of the mountain...

By Gleaner's lonely Island By each lake In the valley...

When the light of eye is creeping Into gloom. Where the faithful ones were sleeping...

And each castle, tower and altar In the land. Seems to whisper and to utter...

As the meteor at even, In the sky. Darts across the space of heaven...

Heart than his was never better. Freedom wish'd he, and no fetter. Freedom's laws...

Like a hero proudly singling, In his joy. When his battle cry is ringing...

On an Irish hillside 'yng, In his grave. Near an Irish boy's fighting...

When his battle cry is ringing, Fenton's cry. For the sons of Erin's vowing...

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Spain's Foreign Policy.

Senor Castelar's speech in the Cortes before its adjournment is considered, as we are informed by the Madrid correspondent of the London Daily News...

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Spain, England, Gibraltar.

Referring to Spain Senor Castelar said significantly: "Here is what I demand of a Spanish government. I ask it to show that fine perception of sounds, that penetrating keenness of glance, which weakness is wont to display, in order to secure the vantage which the noblest of our national aspirations can draw from all these problems..."

He is a poet with a serene golden temperament who won't skip about like an infuriated Zulu when, in his pursuit of the princess of his soul, he discovers the composer has set up "cucumber" instead of "encumber."

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The Russian government is getting afraid of General Skobolev and Lord Milner, who are both of liberal tendencies.

During the past week one cattle dealer has shipped to England from Londar county, Ont., 157 head of cattle, valued at \$1,172.

Lord Beaconsfield's private secretary, says the London World, is going to Constantinople to press on the Sultan the necessity of reform.

The Philadelphia Times believes that in the long run the exercise of conscience in politics is not only the right thing, but the paying thing.

The Chinese grapes keep a long time fresh, by cutting a hole in a pumpkin, cleaning it out and after filling with ripe fruit replacing the cover.

Remark by Judge McCredy, in a court at New London, Conn.: "The Sheriff will kindly request the gentlemen of the jury to desist from eating peanuts. This is not a circus."

Stuart Robinson, the actor, has made a hit in San Francisco by making himself closely resemble Beecher when personating Graham, the wicked clergyman, in "Champagne and Oysters."

The grain trade at New York have adopted a resolution protesting against the proposed advance in elevating at Buffalo, on and after September 22nd next, to more than double the present rates, as unwarranted and injudicious.

The pilgrim from Paris to Lourdes no longer involves discomforts, if the pilgrim has a little money. The railroad companies run excursion trains at half the ordinary rates, and the facilities for refreshment and devotional services by the way are ample.

The Archduchess Christine is described by a German lady as having a tall and slender figure, a lovable face, blue eyes, dimpled cheeks, somewhat fair hair, small hands, almost like a child's, ditto feet, and a silvery voice.

The garden at Ville d'Avray, in the suburbs of Paris, and called when owned by Balzac Les Jardies, is now owned by M. Gambetta. He paid \$50,000 for it. There in strict retirement he will work about his garden for a few days, wearing slippers and a straw hat.

SCOTCH NEWS.

SCIENCE OF A SCOTCH EMBRYANT.—A Dundee paper states that an enquiry was held there on 8th July, by the City Coroner, into the circumstances attending the death of James McKay, a new arrival, who is supposed to have committed suicide...

SEQUESTRATION OF A CITY BANK DIRECTOR'S ESTATE.—On 1st September a petition was presented before Sheriff Lees on behalf of John Stewart, one of the imprisoned directors of the City of Glasgow Bank...

ACTION AGAINST THE CALEDONIAN RAILWAY COMPANY.—At Greenock on Monday, 21st August, an interlocutor was issued by Sheriff Smith in the action raised by Mrs. Helen Brock McKellar or Smith...

SHORT NEWS OF "TALLEY." A lone association.—An old maid's club. Why is Asia like a negro's mouth? Because it abounds in gum and ivory.

SECOND MARRIAGES.—There is no dainty so flavourless as a heart warmed up again.—Sir L. Bulger. The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.—Stiefy.

NOT ONE PERSON IN A HUNDRED CAN TELL NEW flour from old except by observing that the cook's hairpins stick tighter to the new biscuits.

If a ship takes counsel of its masts, it consults the fore or the main, because the other is always mizzzen-formal.—Fankers' Guide.

"Bots blacked inside," read a stranger, as he gazed on a placard in a street window. "You don't catch me lettin' that man black my boots," and he passed on.

A Dutchman, getting excited over an account of an elopement of a married woman, gave his opinion thus:—"If my wife runs away with another man's wife, I shake him out of his breeches, if she be my fudder."

SEA-SICK.—A female passenger, travelling on the Cornet Branch of the North-Eastern Railway, was once heard to exclaim, as the train ran through a deep cutting on the route, "Dear me, looking at the bank side mykes me feel sea-sick."

"Oh, Mary, my heart is breaking!" said an Aberdeen lover to his Highland Mary. "Is it, indeed? So much the better for you," was the quiet reply. "Why, my idol?" "Because, Mr. Macintosh, when it is broken out and out, you can sell the pieces for gunflints."

NEXT TRAIN.—The following conversation was overheard at North Shields railway station between a man and an old woman;—Man: "An' say, what time does the next train gae tiv Newcaastle?" Old woman: "Thee's just lost her; the next train has just gyeen!"

"Don't blame Prince Alfred," said Mrs Partington, "for not wishing to take the throne of Greece; he'd slip off sure as your life." The old lady never allows a remark to fall of its effect from the want of making it; and in this, like Juliet, she speaks though she says nothing.

INTERPRETING AN ORATOR.—"In pursuing my theme I should like to cover more ground, but—" "Buy shoes big enough for your feet, and you'll do it," was the impudent suggestion from the crowd, and the orator adjourned his remarks until a more refined audience could be present.

Over the Right Shoulder.

In glancing over his stalwart shoulder, He saw the new moon hanging low; His downcast heart grew straggling bold— That chance had made him see it so. "Good luck!" he softly said, and wondered

SONG BEFORE DEATH. BY A. G. SWINBURNE. Sweet mother, in a moment's span, Death parts me and my love of thee; Sweet love, that get art living man, Come back, true love, to comfort me, But ah! come back; ah! wellaway! But my love comes not any day!

ASPOSES WHEN THE WARM WEST BLOWS. Breath to fall flower and sweeten spring, My soul would break to a glorious rose, In such wise as his whirling pain, In yain I listen; wellaway! My love says nothing any day.

YOU THAT WILL WEEP FOR PITY OF LOVE ON THE LOW BLUES (CHORUS)—I am laid, I say you, havin' swopt em; Tell him for whom I love such pain, 'Tis he was set, ah! wellaway! My true love is m'ying day.

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