

# The True Witness,

AND

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### ELEVEN THOUSAND POUNDS.

"Take care of it, Hugh."  
"All right, sir; good morning."  
"Good-morning," and Mr. Hugh Randall put on his hat, and passing through the bank, took his way into the town with £11,000 under his charge.

Oh, Hugh, Hugh, did it never occur to you that pockets have been picked before you that pockets have been picked before now, and that some such trifle as a few odd thousands might not come amiss to any one who, with limited means of his own, was desirous of increasing them at his neighbors' expense? Whether the thought of danger entered his mind or not, Hugh risked it, and went leisurely on his way, for Mr. Hugh was one of those people who make it a point of never being unduly excited. He was frequently employed in the execution of such transactions as the present between his uncle's bank and the other banks of the city; consequently he felt much at home when, on reaching his destination, he marched up to that portion of the bank counter which was appropriated to the business transactions of a multitude of people whose surnames happen to fall within the bounds marked out by the letters "L to R."

The elderly and precise clerk who occupied the high stool on the opposite side of the counter was almost shaken out of his propriety by Hugh's start and confused exclamation, as after searching vainly in the depths of his pockets for the precious notes, the fact dawned upon him that they were gone, unmistakably gone.

"What's the matter, Mr. Hugh?" "What is it?" was repeated more than once before his scattered senses were recalled, and then the query was only met by another, and one which, alas! was not to be so easily answered.

"What am I to do?" were the words which he at last stammered out. Had any one kindly suggested some plan by which he might, without loss of time, have shipped himself for the antipodes, no doubt Hugh would gladly have adopted it; and perhaps his gratitude would have been quite as great had the floor opened and swallowed him up, hiding from his bewildered eyes the inquiring faces around, which seemed to be dancing waltzes with the green lamp shades, to the sound of the sovereigns clinking in the little scales. Unfortunately neither of these favorable openings presented itself, and in default of either, he returned in the most crest-fallen condition, as fast as a Hansom cab could carry him, to the room which he had left so complacently less than an hour before.

How Hugh managed his confession he could never afterwards remember; but nothing could efface the recollection of the grave kindness which amidst his extreme annoyance, his uncle showed himself, and which was harder to bear than the sternest reproof. Half unconsciously Hugh felt that even the uncle, who had been as a father to him, had not forgotten the young brother, whose dying message from a field of battle had commended the baby-boy, whom he had never seen, to a care scarcely less kind and watchful than his might have been. Once in possession of the loss, Mr. Randall's views instantly shaped themselves into the definite form of "the police station," whether the hapless eluded of the patent Hansom was urged by every inducement that could be afforded by the driver's whip, to which, but for a lingering sense of propriety, Hugh would fain have added the strokes of his umbrella.

As he and his uncle were ushered into the inspector's presence, Hugh experienced, to an

uncomfortable degree, a return of the feelings which years ago possessed him, when the discipline of school life, brought him into unpleasantly close communication with the head master. The inspector was a gentleman who had seen many days since that eventual one on which he rose from the inferior position which called for the exhibition of his prowess in whatever field might be afforded by the streets for its display; consequently his personal appearance had now assumed a portly dignity much in accordance with his more domestic but doubtless immeasurably more elevated sphere of labor. He had apparently been aroused from an afternoon doze by the entrance of his visitors, but the air of dull business which he had contrived to assume very soon gave place to an excitement which he could scarcely conceal under a veil of decorous sorrow for Mr. Randall's loss. Rubbing his hands, he took up his position behind an official-looking desk, and proceeded to subject Hugh to a rigorous cross-examination upon every particular of the theft. Poor Hugh! he began to feel as if the thumb-screw itself would be a mild form of treatment compared with the neatly-turned questions by which the inspector made him confess himself guilty of the most egregious carelessness in the presence of his uncle, and one or two attendant policemen, who he felt were standing behind him open-mouthed with wonderment, in contemplation of the phenomenon of a man who, having come to years of discretion, had been so devoid of common-sense as to walk down a crowded thoroughfare, in the busiest part of the afternoon, with eleven thousand pounds in his coat-tails. The examination—which indeed elicited little else—being ended, an ominous silence ensued, broken after a few minutes by the inspector who, striking his hand on the desk, ejaculated, "I have your man!" with a warmth which almost made the two gentlemen expect to see the flattened form of the thief lying upon the desk when the official hand was withdrawn. Further explanations put them in possession of the fact that a celebrated detective was at that moment in the city, nay, in the very police-station itself, having come down from London in the course of an investigation in which he was engaged; "and," added the inspector, "if any one can find your money he's the man."

Mr. Taplin soon added his presence to the council of war. He was a great contrast to his brother official, being rather below the middle height, and of a spare wiry figure; and was, moreover, possessed of sharply-cut features and a pair of keen gray eyes, which without the smallest symptom of restlessness, seemed to take in to the full everything around. As Hugh glanced from the one man to the other, the vision of a bull-dog and a grayhound flashed through his mind, and he instinctively came to a conclusion as to which of the two was the more likely to run down the game. His meditations were brought to a close by the request for "particulars," and once more he went through the meagre details, which he felt only sufficed to make him an object of pity to all beholders. Wasn't it enough to have made away with eleven thousand pounds of other people's money, without having perpetually to refresh his memory on the subject, and he felt strongly moved to appropriate to his own case sundry poetical similes of "stags at bay," "hunted lions and so forth;" consequently the detective's assurance of his certainty that the money was on its way to either London or America was rather crossly received.

"I don't see what's the use of your being certain," he answered, somewhat sharply; "better say the North Pole at once; I should be quite as likely to find it."

Mr. Taplin vouchsafed no other reply than the shadow of a smile, showing his pitying sense of the young man's inability to estimate the extent of his resources. He was not one of the people who carry on all their mental processes outside their heads, and a silence fell on the whole party for several minutes, during which, with amazing rapidity of thought, the detective laid his schemes, the first step in which was a visit to the post-office just before the bags were made up.

By that time Hugh's fit of injured innocence had been succeeded by despondency, and he watched with extreme anxiety while, in accordance with the detective's directions, the registered letters were spread out before them. There was a line which bounded over Mr. Taplin's powers; here he might look, but he might not touch. As he bent over the letters Hugh saw a flash of pleasure in the gray eye as it rested on an envelope addressed, in a scrawling hand, to "Mrs. G. Hopkins, 19 P— street, London." The detective just laid one finger on it, turned to Hugh and said, with an emphasis which carried weight with it, "Your money is in that letter, or it's gone beyond our reach. You must come up to town with me to-night."

A few hours later the two were shooting on the line on their way to London. Now, if there was one thing which Hugh Randall hated more than another, it was travelling by night, and with the words "wild-geese chase" running races with each other in his head, he was not likely to look with favor on the present ex-

pedition, or to compose himself very tranquilly to sleep. He tried a few scraps of conversation, but Mr. Taplin appeared more disposed for meditation, and Hugh sought solace in the contemplation of the same scene reversed, as reflected in the window pane. He grew provoked as time went on, and sleep, which reigned undisturbed at the other end of the carriage, entirely declined to visit either his companion or himself. "Not that I think he wants it," he soliloquised; "I never saw anything like those eyes, so terribly wide awake. I don't believe a fly could stir in that carriage and he not see it. I wonder if he thinks that old lady is a 'case;' how he looks at her?" In a few moments more Hugh was rushing, in his dreams, no more along a material railway, but down a fathomless abyss in pursuit of a Hansom, containing a stout old lady in a blue head-dress trimmed with bank-notes, who was being driven to Newgate by Mr. Taplin. He awoke, with a start, to encounter the gray eyes over which no veil of drowsiness had fallen; and when the hours of the weary night had digged through, and a succession of equally unpleasing dreams had given way to the cold reality of a London station in the early dawn, the detective was as perfectly himself as though he had enjoyed hours of refreshing sleep, and the ringing cheerful voice which proposed a bath and breakfast sounded wonderfully fresh and pleasant.

The curtain next rises upon a trio passing along the streets of London. This trio consisted of our two friends and the postman in whose boat P— street was situated. By a hasty visit to the district post-office, Mr. Taplin has possessed himself of such information as was necessary for his purpose, and having given minute directions to the postman; had joined him again when he reached the street. All hopes of seeing the money had faded from Hugh's mind again and again, but his heart beat faster than usual as they turned into the dingy-looking street in which the last scene of the play was to be enacted, and by the time they reached the door of No. 19, it was beating like a sledge-hammer. Taplin desired him to be quiet, and by a look enforced on the postman the remembrance of the directions he had given; for the detective was far too canny to risk, by their reiteration, the calmness upon which the chance of their being carried out depended.

The double knock was quickly answered, and Hugh started back almost as if he were the thief, when the door opened only disclosing, however, a rather shadowy-looking woman. Mr. Taplin stood back just hidden from her sight, but in the quiet of the dull street every word came distinctly through the frosty morning air.

"Registered letter." "Mrs. G. Hopkins."  
"Can she sign the paper?"

Then the answer; "I am Mrs. Hopkins. Give it here."

In accordance with his orders the postman only produced the paper, while apparently searching his pouch for the letter, Mrs. Hopkins took the bait most satisfactorily, walked away, and after a few moments of suspense the anxious listeners heard her footsteps as she returned with the signed paper, and handed it to the postman, who then placed the letter in her hand. In another moment—Hugh scarcely knew how, so rapid was the change—the postman was doubling the corner of the street, with a well earned coin in his pocket, and Mr. Taplin was in the narrow passage, and had snatched the letter from its owner's hand. As Hugh pressed up to his side he tore open the seal, and the rustling notes lay in his hand! Hugh could scarcely believe his eyes; but a motion of his companion checked the torrent of wonder that was rushing from his lips. The unhappy woman had realized something of what had happened, and, with a faint cry of "It's all up with us!" fell back against the wall. A feeling akin to reverence took possession of Hugh Randall, as without the shade of triumph in the success of his work, the detective supported her into the shabby parlor, and laid her on the black horse-hair sofa. It was a daring and perilous move to seize the letter, but his instructions certainly led him to run the risk. With a muttered "Are there no woman-kind in the house?" he left the room, and Hugh heard the firm step sounding along the passage, and the clear voice calling at the top of the stairs, "Here Betty—Susan—whatever your name is, where are you?" A slatterly mid-of-all-work answered the summons, in no small amazement at the sight of two strange gentlemen, and to her charge Mr. Taplin left her mistress, while he and Hugh assured themselves of the identity and completeness of the notes. Mrs. Hopkins soon recovered sufficiently to pour out a flood of tears and bewildered lamentations; but with calm patience the detective at length drew from her the facts which he needed. "Ah," she cried bitterly, "he told me he would make our fortune this time, and I should have plenty then. He drank everything he made before, the wretch! and left me here in this miserable holes. But I'll be revenged on him yet."

"Ah, poor thing! poor thing!" remarked the detective to Hugh; "there are generally

women mixed up in this sort of thing. Money stolen in this sort of way is almost always sent to women. I suppose they think it is not so likely to be suspected."

As they left the room, when Mr. Taplin had made such arrangements as suited his good will and pleasure, he desired Hugh to look at a photograph hanging in a frame over the chimney-piece, and no sooner were they in the street than, with the wonder one watches yards of many-colored ribbon, drawn out from a conjuror's ears, Hugh beheld issuing from Mr. Taplin's pocket-book the duplicate of the carte. "That's the man," observed Mr. Taplin at last, with a ring of triumph over in his calm voice, "After whom I came down to your parts. Strange, now isn't it? That was a little matter which took place weeks ago, and we were altogether off the scent. Well, we got on a new track early this week, and I went down, believing if I caught my bird anywhere it would be there. Then your business turned up, and, like a flash, it crossed my mind that in finding out the one I should be carrying on the work I came after. I can't in any way account for it, but that was my impression; and you see how true it was. I knew enough of the fellow I was after to be pretty sure that, if your notes were in his hands, they would either come to town or go direct to America. But it was just a toss up between the two; and I should have been altogether at sea if it hadn't been for seeing this letter at the office. When I saw "Mrs. Hopkins" I was as sure as that I was a living man that the money was there, for I knew "Hopkins" was one of my man's aliases, though he was going by another name when he did the bit of work about which I went north. It was a queer thing seeing the photograph which I had to trace him by, and which had gone about in my pocket these few weeks till I knew the face as well as my own, hanging up over that poor thing's fireplace."

And so Hugh Randall went home again, not grudging his five hundred miles' journey, inasmuch as he carried with him eleven thousand pounds—but not in his coat-pocket.

### FATHER BURKE'S LECTURE ON "The Pope's Tiara—Its Past, Present, and Future."

(From the *New York Irish American*.)

The following very interesting lecture was delivered on the 16th of May, in the Academy of Music, New York City, by the Very Rev. T. N. Burke, O. P., Archbishop McCloskey presiding. The reverend gentleman said:—

May it please your Grace: Ladies and Gentlemen!—The subject on which I propose to address you is: "The Pope's Tiara, or Triple Crown; its Past, its Present and its Future." We read of a celebrated orator of Greece, that the grandest effort he ever made was in a speech which he pronounced upon a crown. I wish I had, to night, the genius or the eloquence of Demosthenes; for my theme, my crown, is as far beyond the glory of the crown of which he spoke, as my thoughts and my eloquence are inferior to his.

Amongst the promises and prophetic words that we read in Scripture concerning our Divine Lord and Redeemer, we read that it was prophesied of Him that He should be a King; that He should rule the nations; that He should wear a crown; and that His name was to be called "The Prince of Peace." He came; He fulfilled all that was written concerning Him; and He transmitted His headship and His office in the Holy Church to be visibly exercised and to be embodied before the eyes of men in the Pope of Rome. And, therefore, amongst the other privileges which He conferred upon His Vicar, He gave him that his brows should wear a crown. Therefore it is that, from the first day of the church's history, her ruler, her Pope, her head, rises before us, a sceptred man amongst men, and crowned with a glorious crown. Therefore it is that, encircling his honored brows, for ages, the world has beheld the triple crown, or tiara,—of which I am to speak to you this evening. Every other monarch amongst the nations wears for his crown a single circlet of gold. Ornament it as you will, there is but one circle; that would represent the meeting and the centre in the person of the sovereign of all the temporal interests and authority of the State. Upon the Pope's brows, however, rests a triple crown, called the tiara. It is made up of three distinct circles of gold. The first of these is symbolical of the universal episcopate of the Pope of Rome—that is to say, of his headship of all the faithful in the Church; for, "there shall be but one fold and one shepherd," was the word of Christ. The second of these circles that crowns the papal brows represents the supremacy of jurisdiction, by which the Pope governs not only all the faithful in the world at large,—feeding them as their supreme pastor,—but by which, also, he holds the supremacy of jurisdiction and of power over the anointed ministers, and the episcopacy itself, in the Church of God. The third and last circle of this crown represents the temporal influence, the temporal dominion, which the Pope has

exercised and enjoyed for more than a thousand years in this world.

Behold then, what this tiara means. Upon those great festival days, when all the Catholic world was accustomed to be represented by its highest, by its best and noblest, by its most intellectual representatives in Rome, the Holy Father was seen enthroned, surrounded by cardinals, patriarchs, archbishops, bishops, the priesthood, and the faithful. There he sat upon his high, and ancient, and time-honored throne; and upon his head did he wear this triple crown, symbolizing his triple power.

Now, my friends, in the Church of God everything is organized; everything arranged and disposed in a wonderful harmony which expresses the mind and the wisdom of God, Himself. And, therefore, it is, that in every detail of the Catholic liturgy and worship, we find the very highest, and the very holiest gifts symbolized and signified to the man of faith. What do those three circles of the Pope's tiara symbolize? They signify, first of all, the unity that God has set upon His Church. Secondly, they signify the power and jurisdiction that God has conferred upon His Church. And thirdly, they signify all these benefits of a humane kind, which the Church has conferred upon this world, and upon society.

The first circle of this tiara represents the unity of the Church. For, it tells the faithful, that although they may be diffused all the world over, although they may be counted by hundreds of millions, although they may be found in every clime, and speaking every language, although they may be broken up into various forms of government, thinking in varied forms of thought, having varied and distinguished interests in the things that should never perish, but abide with them for eternity; that moment, out of all these varied elements, out of these multiplied millions, out of these different nations, arises one thought, one act of obedience, one aspiration of prayer, one uplifting of the whole man, body and soul, in the unity of worship, which distinguishes the Catholic Church, the spouse of Christ (ehers). This was the first mark that Christ, the Son of God, set upon her the brows of His Church. He set upon her the glorious seal of unity in doctrine that all men, throughout the world, who belonged to her, were to be as one individual in the one soul, and the one belief of their divine faith. He set upon her brows the unity of charity—that all men were to be one, in one heart, and in one bond, which was to bind all Christian men to their fellow men, through the one heart of Christ. And, in order to effect this unity, the Son of God put forth, the night before He suffered the tender, but omnipotent prayer, in which He besought His Father, that the unity of the Church should be visible to all men, and that it should be so perfect as to represent the ineffable unity by which He was one with His Father, in that singleness of nature, which is the quintessence of the Almighty God. It was to be a visible unity. It was to be a unity that would force itself upon the notice of the world. It was to be a unity of thought and belief that would convince the world that the one mind, and the one word of the Lord of all truth, was in the heart, and in the intelligence, and upon the lips of His Church. It would be in vain, that Christ, the Son of God, prayed for that unity, if it was to be a hidden thing, not seen and known by men; if it was to be a contradictory thing, involving an outrage upon all logic and all reason; as, for instance, the Protestant idea of unity, which is, "Let us agree to differ." "Let us agree to differ!" Why, what does this mean? It means something like what the Irishman meant, when he met his friend, and said, "Oh, my dear fellow, I am so happy and glad to meet you! And I want to give you a proof of it." And he knocked him down! (Laughter.) But you remember this was the sign of love (renewed laughter). And so, the Protestant logic of this world says:—"Let us agree to differ." That is to say: Let us create unity by making disunion! Now, as the divine, eternal, incarnate Wisdom determined that that crown and countersign of unity should be visible upon His Church, it was absolutely necessary for Him to constitute One Man—One Individual Man—as the visible sign and guarantee of that unity in the Church, for ever. It would not have answered to have left the twelve Apostles, equal in power, equal in jurisdiction. For, all holy as they were, all inspired as they were, if equal power and jurisdiction had been left to all, if no one man amongst them had been brought forth and made the head of all, with all their perfection, with all their inspiration, with all their love for Christ, they would not, being twelve, have represented the sacred principle of unity in the Church. Therefore, did Christ, the Son of God, from amongst the Twelve take one; called that man forth, He laid His hands upon him; and said, "Hear him! hear his words!" That, He did not say of any of the others, but took care that all the others should be present to witness these words and to acknowledge their chief. He took that man in the presence of the Twelve, and He said to him—to them: "Hitherto you have been called Simon; now I say your name is Cephas, which means a rock; and upon this