

hours of noon, but was prevented by fear of ague, which is one of the least sentimental of diseases. It lies on the foot of the hill, shaded by lofty oaks and elms, and surrounded by a judiciously planted grass in it is rich and green, and grows tall and rank on the graves; and out of it peep here and there gray headstones, standing in all manner of ways, except perpendicularly—some in all their native ruggedness, and others surmounted by a rudely carved turban, showing that he who slept beneath had lived and died in the faith of the prophet. I shall never forget how the golden light played on those humble mounds, through the thick foliage, and how sweetly the nightingale sang in the boughs overhead. No mortal could desire a calmer or more secluded resting place; but when I last passed that way the Turkish packhorses were browsing in the enclosure, a ragged soldier was lying under a tree watching them, and beguiling the time by ridding his person of a host of supernumeraries who seemed to have been attracted by his charms. How many were sleeping there, who lived and died in daily expectation of a revival in Islam, of the coming back of the hosts of the Sultan to chastise the giants, and to restore the khans to the deserted halls of the Garden Palace! How many longed to see the day, which the sons have seen, when the soldiers of the Padischah would defile along the Baidar valley; but what a pang they would have felt had they known that when that day came, the great Padischah, the king of kings and lord of lords, would be tottering on his throne, and that not a single infidel monarch would care a straw about either him or his army.

MICHAEL AHEARNE.

A TALE OF '98 BY S. E.

The neatly thatched dwelling house, with its walls white as snow—the well laid-out farm yard, with its neatly arranged offices—the well cropped kitchen garden, enclosed by a thorn hedge, neatly and tastefully kept—proclaimed the owner to be a man possessed of a tolerable share of this world's goods, and even some of its luxuries. This comfortable homestead was situated on the slope of a gentle declivity, within a few hundred yards of the waters of the Barrow, and about midway between that beautiful river and the high road leading from the venerable ruins of Dunbrody Abbey to the villages of Kingsbay and Ballyhaek, in the county of Wexford. Michael Ahearne the owner of this little spot, was at the time we write somewhat past the middle age of life, though apparently strong and healthy; he was a man of once powerful frame; and although his step was firm and his face still bore the hue of health, a plentiful sprinkling of gray hairs on a head once covered with a rich dark brown, and a slight bend in the ample shoulders, evidenced the fact that much thought and industrious toil had a little worn the constitution. Ahearne had married young and happily, had prospered all his life; and the only drawback to his happiness had been that out of a large number of children, sons and daughters, none reached the age of maturity but one, and that one a daughter. But the loss of the others seemed to have been made up by the virtues of his remaining child—for Mary Ahearne was a matchless girl, for strict obedience and filial affection she could not be surpassed, and she was generally held up as a pattern in the parish for the strict performance of her religious duties. Mary had, however, like most clever people, a romantic turn of mind, and was full of nationality. It was a usual amusement with her to sit and sing by the river side the ballads of her native land, and on a summer's evening she might be seen seated on a little rock, over which a few creepers had been trained, at the lower end of her father's garden, whilst the purest melody issued from her lips in praise of the deeds of some bygone chieftain, or in lament for the ill requited love of some ancient maiden of her country. Such was the heroine of our tale in the memorable year of 1798, when the demon of misrule, aided by the conflicting interests of faction, plunged this country in civil war—reddened its fields with the blood of its own children, and spread death and desolation through the land. On the night of the 3rd of June, in the above year, a party of men assembled at the house of Michael Ahearne and seemed by their appearance and manner to have some business of importance on hand. Each man was armed with a gun or pike, and the cautious whisperings and half-suppressed sentences they uttered made it evident that they were bent upon some uncommon and fearful design. They were congregated in the room or parlor of the house, and were being addressed by a person wearing a sort of military cap with green band, in language of no common import if one might judge from the half-expressed threats—cries of bravo, all right, Ireland for ever, &c., which in the course of his harangue he drew from his hearers. After spending an hour in this way, and having partaken of some refreshment, the party prepared to depart, and preceded by the master of the house and the individual already alluded to passed through the back door into the little yard, and a second time seemed to enter into close and serious consultation. Mary watched these proceedings with intense interest, and as the last of the party was closing into the circle she suddenly advanced, and giving him a slight tap on the shoulder, retreated to the little room already spoken of, followed by the young man. Having shut the door she approached him timidly, and laid one hand expressively on his arm, whilst with the other she closely pressed her own heart, as if to check its throbbings, and in a voice of the deepest tenderness, mingled with alarm, asked, or rather demanded—"In the name of God, Mick, what's all this about?—Where are you going?"

"Musha, Mary honey, what's the use in tellin' you?"

"Mick, dear, I am afraid you are bent on some bad design. My heart tells me that something terrible is about to happen."

"Nothing terrible at all; sure I am only going a piece off with the boys."

"What boys? Oh! Mick, tell me—tell your poor Mary, or her heart will burst."

Here the young man, overcome by this tender appeal, lost all firmness; and brushing a tear from his eye, and stamping with one foot on the ground, in a fruitless effort to recover himself, exclaimed, "Oh! Mary; and strained her to his heart."

"Mick! Oh! Mick, tell me."

"I am going to Corbit Hill."

"For what purpose, Mick?"

"I am going to fight for my religion and country."

"Oh! Mick, religion don't teach fighting; nor would spilling blood make your country better."

"We are told that to fight in a good cause is holy; and ours is a good one."

"I doubt it much. I doubt the justice of spilling blood in any cause; besides, oh! Mick, stay at home, and not go with these men. Surely you will not be missed out of so many?"

"Would you have me called a coward?"

"I detest the name; but if anything were to happen you, I would never survive it. I know our poor country is suffering—that she is not what she ought to be—but surely good ends should be brought about by good means. I dread this recourse to arms. Many, many lives will be lost, and—"

"Oh! Mary, I must go. I am sworn to defend and protect my bleeding country. I hear my comrades going. I must tear myself away; but, please God, we shall meet again in a few days."

"Mick, I am selfish; but take care of yourself. Spill no blood if possible; act honorably; and, Mick, hear me—if you die, let it be as a brave man should. Your death I would not survive a month; should you fill a coward's grave I would not live an hour. God bless you. Now I am more calm. Farewell and remember—"

At these words the young man tore himself away, and hurried after his comrades, who were on their way to join the Rebel army, as it was called, under General Harvey, at Corbit Hill. After her lover's departure, the noble girl unable any longer to resist the torrent of grief which was swelling at her heart, threw herself on a chair, and gave vent to her feelings in a flood of tears.

On the 5th of June a spirited attack was made upon the King's troops stationed at New Ross, in which many hundreds of the people fell; and many individuals of their body distinguished themselves by a total disregard of life, and the most daring acts of personal valour, prompted by the enthusiasm which a belief in the holiness and nobleness of their cause inspired. Foremost amongst these was Mick O'Brien. He fell in the act of making an impetuous rush on the main-guard, at the market-house, being almost torn to pieces by a cannon shot; and the poor fellow lay that night upon the pavement of the street, within a few paces of the instrument of his destruction, a black and mangled corpse.

Early in the month of September following a funeral procession might be seen winding down the hilly road at Grange, and approaching the little burial-ground at Dunbrody. The coffin had a white sheet for a covering, and was borne by four young maidens, dressed in white, who after carrying it round the graveyard, according to custom, deposited it in the narrow cell already made to receive it. Two stout young men soon replaced the earth in the grave; the green sod or scraw was smoothly laid over it; the people separated to their homes; and Michael Ahearne was a bereaved and childless man.

How PORT WINE IS "MANUFACTURED."—A London paper gives the following account of the manner in which port wine is manufactured:—

When port is required to be manufactured, two separate processes are deliberately and systematically gone through, first the wine itself is made, and then the bottles are prepared into which the liquor is to be transferred. When the mixture itself is deficient in the fragrant peculiar to the grape, a bouquet is contributed by means of sweet scented herbs, by orris root, elder flowers, or laurel water. A vinous odor is sometimes imparted by small quantities of the liquor known as the "oil of wine." The pleasant juice of the sloe imparts a port-like roughness to the compound, and sawdust or oak bark the same purpose. A fruity taste is given by a tincture of raisins, and the rich, ruby color has probably once flowed in the vessels of the sandalwood tree.

But the bottles have to be crusted. This is done by tincture of catechu and sulphate of lime, the corks are steeped in a decoction of Brazil wood, and the very casks are prepared with a layer of cream of tartar, which is formed at the bottom in glittering crystals. Thus a pipe of port which was young in the morning is made to fall into extreme old age in the course of the afternoon. These are no exaggerations, and the following has been given as the chemical analysis of a bottle of cheap port wine, though for obvious reasons we suppress the quantities: Spirits of wine, cider, sugar, alum, tartaric acid, and a decoction of logwood. In most instances, when the wine is not manufactured in this country, the consumer is victimized by a threefold adulteration. The exporter adulterates, the importer adulterates; and finally the retail dealer adulterates!

EXAMINATION OF ATTORNEYS.—The following examination of a certain candidate for admission to the bar, taken from a western law journal, is decidedly a good one. The examiner commences with—

"Do you smoke?"

"I do, sir."

"Have you a spare cigar?"

"Yes, sir." (Extending a short six.)

"Now, sir, what is the first duty of a lawyer?"

"To collect his fees."

"What is the second?"

"To increase the number of his clients."

"When does your position towards your client change?"

"When making a bill of costs."

"Explain?"

"When they occupy the antagonist's position, I assume the character of plaintiff, and they defendant."

"A suit decided, how do you stand with the lawyer conducting the other side?"

"Cheek by jowl."

"Enough, sir—you promise to become an ornament to your profession, and I wish you success. Now, you are aware of the duty you owe me?"

"I am, sir."

"Describe it."

"It is to invite you to drink."

"But suppose I decline?"

(Candidate scratching his head.)

"There is no instance of this kind on record in the books! I can't answer the question."

"You are right, and the confidence with which you make an assertion shows that you have read the law attentively. Let's have a drink, and I will sign your certificate."

It is frequently the duty of the Editor of a newspaper to find fault with the conduct of men holding public offices. To a naturally good natured person it is not a pleasure to find fault, but when fault exists, fault must be found, or it would cease altogether.

But the most intensely amusing part of the business

is the irritable and snappish way in which persons that are scolded in newspapers take the castigation. Dumpkins holds some small office,—let us suppose him Inspector of Pigsties;—Dumpkins neglects his duty, and the people neglect theirs. Pigsties are not cleaned, and the public nose is offended. The Editor of a newspaper, Mr. Growler, hears of Dumpkins' neglect, and next morning Dumpkins finds himself shown up. Dumpkins immediately imagines himself an ill-used man, and thinks that Growler has a personal spite at him; and so the next time he meets him he looks sorew-drivers at him; on which Growler comes to the natural conclusion that Dumpkins is a big hooby, in addition to being a careless public officer—the fact being, that, in writing the article, the person of the wretched Dumpkins was not in Growler's mind's eye, at all he only thought of Dumpkins, carelessness, and the offence to the public nose.

Dumpkins is not satisfied with looking screw-drivers at the editor; Dumpkins "stops his paper!" Magnificent Dumpkins! Whenever some miserable snob "stops his paper," from offence conceived at some editorial remark, which either touches snobs personally, or his interests, or conflicts with his opinions the story of Hoby, the Boot-maker and the Ensign in the Guards always occurs to us. Hoby and the Ensign had a dispute, which ended in the little officer getting into a towering passion and threatening to withdraw his custom; on which Mr. Hoby shouted out to his shopman, "Here Jenkins, run quick and put up the shutters! The business is ruined, for Ensign Fitzboobery has withdrawn his custom!" Dumpkins, and all snobs of the Dumpkins variety of the animal man, may be assured that to "stop my paper," makes no other commotion in the office than to start Editor, publisher, and clerk into a convulsion of laughter. It is natural to laugh when we see a man making a tom-noddy of himself, particularly when the man is nothing but a little office-holder.—Canadian Monarchist.

A CERTIFICATE

FROM ONE OF OUR WILLIAMSBURGH FRIENDS.
New York, August 30, 1852.

I hope every one, whether adult or child, who may have reason to believe they are troubled with worms, will take DR. M'LANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE. I firmly believe it is one of the greatest worm destroyers of the age—certainly the most extraordinary I know of.

A child of mine, about five years old, has been troubled with worms about six months back; we could get nothing to relieve it until we came across Dr. M'LANE'S Vermifuge, of which we gave but a small quantity. The result, however, was extraordinary. The child passed over three hundred worms.

MR. LENT, Williamsburgh, Long Island.
P. S. The above valuable remedy, also Dr. M'LANE'S Celebrated Liver Pills, 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 VERMIFUGE. All others, in comparison, are worthless.

LYMANS, SAVAGE & Co., St. Paul Street, Wholesale Agents for Montreal.

CENTRE OF FASHION!

MONTREAL
CLOTHING STORE,
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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

D. CAREY

IS NOW RECEIVING, and will continue to receive, his splendid assortment of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

Consisting of BROAD, BEAVER and PILOT CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, DOESKINS, TWEEDS and VESTINGS.

Constantly for sale, an extensive and general stock of

FASHIONABLE READY-MADE CLOTHING, Of every description, which cannot, in point of advantage to the buyer, be surpassed by that of any house in the trade. Also—Shirts, Collars, Neck Ties, Handkerchiefs, Braces, Gloves, &c. &c.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

The services of RANCOUR, the celebrated CUTTER, having been secured, a grand combination of Fashion and Elegance, together with a Correct Fit, will characterize the Custom Department.
September 20.

AYLMER CATHOLIC ACADEMY.

WANTED, for this Institution, a good CLASSICAL TEACHER, with a thorough knowledge of the English language and Mathematics. Salary liberal. Application to be made to the Rev. JAMES HUGHES, P.P., Aylmer; or, J. J. ROSEY, Esq., Inspector of Schools, Aylmer, 21st Sept., 1852.

WHY WEAR BOOTS AND SHOES THAT DON'T FIT?



EVERY one must admit that the above indispensable article, WELL MADE and SCIENTIFICALLY CUT, will wear longest and look the neatest. To obtain the above, call at BRITT'S (Montreal Boot and Shoe Store), 154 Notre Dame Street, next door to D. & J. Sadlier, corner of Notre Dame and St. Francois Xavier Streets, where you will find a

SUPERIOR AND SPLENDID STOCK

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No. 59, Little St. James Street, Montreal.

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C. GALLAGHER, MERCHANT TAILOR,
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A NEW WORK BY MRS. SADLER.

JUST PUBLISHED—"THE BLAKES AND FLANAGANS," a Tale for the Times; by Mrs. J. SADLER, author of "Willy Burke," "Alice Riordan," "New Lights, or Life in Galway," &c. &c.; 12 mo., 400 pages, with a fine engraving; muslin, 3s 9d; gilt, 6s 7 1/2d.

D. & J. SADLER & Co., Corner of Notre Dame and St. Francois Xavier Streets, Montreal.

September 18.

NOTICE!!!

MORISON, CAMERON & EMPEY, HAVING now disposed of all the GOODS damaged by the late Fire on their Premises,

288 Notre Dame Street, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF PART OF CLASS Nos. 1, 2, 3, 6, 8, 14, 19, and 31,

And a portion of the GOODS in the 3rd and 4th Stories, they have determined to pack up the same in CASES, for disposal during the dull Season, and to OPEN for Inspection and Sale on Monday First, the 25th instant, their entire

ASSORTMENT OF NEW GOODS! Comprising the choicest variety of FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS, EVER OFFERED IN THIS MARKET.

AS OUR NEW GOODS Have come to hand so late in the Season, we have determined to mark them at a very

SMALL PROFIT. In order to effect a speedy Sale, so that GREAT BARGAINS WILL BE OFFERED.

M., C. & E. beg to state, that the ENTIRE STOCK, though large, will be

Sold by Private Sale, and NOT by Auction; and that the doors will be OPENED EACH MORNING, punctually at NINE o'clock.

All Goods marked in Plain Figures, at such a LOW RATE that no Second Price need be offered.

MORISON, CAMERON & EMPEY, 288 Notre Dame Street, (late No. 202.) Montreal, June 23, 1855.

TO YOUNG GENTLEMEN STUDYING FOR COMMISSIONS IN THE ARMY.

AT the suggestion of three or four young gentlemen, whose studies in the above line he has recently had the honor of successfully superintending, Mr. ANDERSON would respectfully intimate that he has opened a CLASS exclusively for the benefit of gentlemen of the foregoing character.

References: Rev. Canon LACROIX, McGill College. Gols. D'URBAN and PRITCHARD. Hours of attendance, &c., made known at the Class Room, No. 50, St. Charles Borromeo Street. Sept. 6.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

TWO duly qualified TEACHERS, for the Parish of St. Bridget, County of Bonville, capable of TEACHING the French and English languages grammatically, to whom a liberal salary will be given. Testimonials of moral conduct will be required.

For further particulars, apply to the undersigned at St. Bridget.

W. MURRAY, Sec. and Treasurer.

St. Bridget, 5th September, 1855.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, WILMINGTON, DEL.

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 at 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. French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each, per annum, 20. 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.

REV. P. REILLY, President.

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM'S MARBLE FACTORY, BLEURY STREET, (NEAR HANOVER TERRACE.)



WM. CUNNINGHAM, Manufacturer of WHITE and all other kinds of MARBLE, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, and GRAVE STONES, CHIMNEY PIECES, TABLE and BUREAU TOPS, PLATE MONUMENTS, BAPTISMAL FONTS, &c., wishes to inform the Citizens of Montreal and its vicinity, that any of the above-mentioned articles they may want will be furnished them of the best material and of the best workmanship, and on terms that will admit of no competition. N.B.—W. C. manufactures the Montreal Stone, if any person prefers them. A great assortment of White and Colored MARBLE just arrived for Mr. Cunningham, Marble Manufacturer, Bleury Street, near Hanover Terrace.