## KNOWNOTHING DAYS.

The pines of Maine were dark in the '50's, pitch-dark in places, with the polar gloom of an abiding rancor. It was the era of that fanatical fever which, under the name of Knownothingism, spread with such havoc across the region of the Penobscot, poisoning the vitals of many a native landsman. The spirit of fairness, so generally our country's instinct, survived at that time but sparsely in the cold corner of the northeast; the pulsations of the provincial bosom coursed no longer in harmonious accord with the great national heart, throbbed with no sublime impulse for religious freedom. On the slopes of the hillsides little cross-crowned spires had begun to unfold the story of Calvary; faithful congregations were following the black robe of the faithful priest, and children in the village class-rooms were now at length beginning to boldly contradict their teacher whenever the latter voiced a calumny against their creed. In the neighborhood round about there were eyes which this state of affairs failed to please; and so, for at least once since the banner of liberty rose over our favorite soil, it had come to pass that free men, born and bred, were stooping ignobly to find shackles for others, were reaching out their hands in delirious zeal and deigning to clasp the tyrannous weapons of proscription.

the tyrannous weapons of proscription.

In neighboring States, too, Knownothingism crept like a midnight incendiary. Massachusetts, glorious by her services since the days of the minute-men, retraced her steps at this period to the darkened traditions of her colonial cruelties—a new generation of "Witch Burners" had sprung up, ready with the torch of arson, willing even, too, with the stroke of murder. In the height of this frenzied outlawry occurred the sad burning of the Ursuline Numery at Charlestown, an event which in the catalogue of historic crimes ranks side by side in its horrifying infamy with the Boston massacre of "75. Knownothingism itself for once in its career grew ashamed and pleaded in vain for a chance to make, reparation. The Bishop no mercenaryman, threw back their offers in seorn, declaring that the convent's ashes, dear as a martyr's wounds, would remain a more fitting memorial than the finest structure a builder's hand could uprear.

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"Boston Transcript" of July

things that no one expected of him; he he would cut up his shirt, like St. Martin, to give half to a beggarman.

With a figure stalwart as an athlete's and a heart kindly as a woman's he came to the work. Never since the days of old Cartier, two centuries back, had a priest ministered to the population of the Ridge Mission, and George McElherne had body and soul and brains well fitting him for the hardships of a pioneer apostolate. He was blessed by those who welcomed his coming: he was frowned on with dark, evil eyes by others, the latter only considering that he was a Catholic priest.

Startling events were happening. In New Hampshire, upon the 5th July, 1854; a mob of infuriated zealots, parading the Orange banner of King William, resented the claim of a Manchester priest to American citizenship. In their madness they tore down the Stars and Stripes from the threshold of his dwelling, burst into his church and left the sanctuary strewn with wreckage. Three days later, on the 8th, at Bath, in Maine, the little Catholic church was burnt to the ground by the Knownothings. At Bangor violence was feared, and men with \*ms in their hands waited in the church all night long, ready to the resisting any sacrilegious onset. In Boston itself, the New England metropolis, a hundred Catholic children were expelled in a body for refusing to participate in Protestant prayer. Some time later, too, there came up a strange case in the Boston docket. The case was that of a young pupil. Thomas J. Whall. It caused great excitement, and in the gress of the day it fomented liberal discussion. The young man, it appears was bidden by a "schoolmarm" to recite the Ten Commandments. He gave them according to the catechism of his faith. She insisted on the abortive formula of the King James Bible. The young hero absolutely refused to comply, and McLaurin Cooke, the principal, summoned to interiere, publicly flogged the recalcitrant on both hands for his faith.

pity and indignation, did more than an opposite verdict would have done to foster fair play in the schools of Boston.

In the Pine Tree Commonwealth persecution assumed a fiendish form. At Ellsworth a priest, Father Bapst, was actually taken out of his dwelling, was stripped of his raiment and them tarred and feathered. It was a crying ignominy, and its parallel is scarcely to be found, even in the annals of that tarnished period.

Often the rector of the Ridge Mission received threats and warnings. One night a rain of stones came pouring against the window panes of his cottage study, and hardly had he repaired the shattered casement, when next evening another fusilade shattered it anew.

It happened one morning that as he was passing out he found a dagger suspended by a cord from the upper sill of his doorway, and impaled on its blade was a message written on white notepaper in letters of human blood. This was the wording:

Mr. McPriest: You are going to catch it to-night. A committee of four will wait on you, and give you a dose like your brother got at Ellsworth. Don't refuse your medicine.

The young man did not greatly heed the warning. It was an annoyance, but it was an annoyance, but it was an annoyance, and therefore was best answered by being ignored. It did not frighten him, and in the afternoon, when a sick call came saying that two poor wood-choppers were deadly sick in the cabins of a distant log settlement, he had something more worthy to engross him.

At the door of the rude wood cabin he met old Doctor Holcomb, who waved him back.

"Young man, you cannot come in here."

Father McElherne's muscular fists clinched involuntarily. "Doctor," he

stepped in.

"You are the first person I've shaken hands with in twenty years," the doctor added, as they turned in together to the stricken men.

The moments wore on. Before that priest and that physician left the pallets, one of the men had already died, and the other's case gave no promise of a prosperous issue. It was only a question of a few more hours, the doctor said, and the man would be dead.

It was in the dark of the evening

the finest structure a builder's hand could uprear.

The "Boston Transcript" of July 5, 1854, contains the account of the blowine up of a Dorchester chapel by Knownothings at 3 o'clock on the mornine of the Fourth. Authority connived at these terrible misdeeds, and upon occasions even encouraged the perpetration. The elections of 1854 showed that the entire Commonwealth, from the sands of Hull to the lawns of Williamstown, had sunk itself in one dense erebus of Knownothingism. The Knownothing ticket was tremendously sustained. They elected the Governor and his lieutenants: they swept the entire State Senate, from its first man to its last, and in the House every successful candidate, with the exception of four, was a pledged and partisan Knownothing.

It was at this epoch that George McElherne, just ordained and back from Innisbruck, began his career as a priest on what was called the Ridge Mission, in the lower counties of Maine.

He was originally a Delaware boy, and had made his first long studies at Georgetown. There were many worldly reasons, yes, and spiritual reasons, for him to remain and serve among the clergy of his native diocess. Going outside, too, it was strange that he should go "down East"; nine-tenths of the men who ostracize themselves to the labor of the mission priesthood turn instinct—Tvely Weastward. George, however, was wedded to anomally from his very youth—he was always doing things that no one expected of him; he he would cut up his shirt, like St. Martin, to give half to a beggarman.

With a figure stalwart as an athlete's and a hart kindly as a woman's he came to the work. Never

panion.

"Who?"

"The people who might be expected to annoy you."

"You mean the Knownothings?"

"Well, if you give them that name—yes."

"Oh, sometimes they let me know that they're alive."

"It's strange." said the physician, after a pause. "Folks who are always yelling and howling for liberty don't want to see others draw a free breath. Do they ever actually molest you?"

"Well, slightly. I was in Bangor the other day, and I met a fellow bold enough to step up and slap me publicly in she face."

"You don't tell me!"

"Indeed I do. He called me, too, by a name that wasn't very sweet to an ordinary Christian."

"Did you shoot him or knock him down? I know I would."

"Well, I thought I'd carry out the Scriptural advice for once in a case like that; so I turned him my other cheek."

"That settled him, I suppose?"

"That settled him, I suppose?"
"No: he struck me again."
"And how in the world did you stand it?"

stand it?"

"Well, I'll tell you, doctor, I didn't stand it any longer. The Scripture bade me turn my cheek, and I did. But, mind you, the Scripture said nothing about turning my back, so when I got the second gratuitous blow, I simply hauled off and laid the fellow out."

"Very good!" exclaimed Dr. Holcomb, halting in the road to laugh. "Very good! I see you have pretty respectable biceps, too. I wish to the Lord that my son Henry only had the half of your physique. You walk like a soldier."

"Toften imagine I am one."

"I often imagine I am one."
"How so?"
"I don't know. The thought of duty, the idea of devotion, and all that, I suppose."
"I saw that you were not afraid

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"You saw? And so blind to fear yourself!"

"Blind, you say? Oh, no, my young friend, I am not blind exactly; but it takes me a long time to open my eyes. I am beginning to see more clearly every day. It's strange that my sight should improve so with age. I have lived a long time. I suppose I could tell you a good many things."

"And perhaps I could tell you a good many things."

"And perhaps I could tell you a good many more," replied the priest, very quietly.

"I have no doubt you could. We'll meet again. I'll hunt up your rectory, and remember that if you care to call over at my office or my home, there's no hour of the day or night that will find you otherwise than heartily welcome."

They parted at the cross-roads and Father McElherne made his way on to his little' cottage dwelling. He turned the bolts and entered an apartment which served both as his dining-room and study Hardly had he lit his lamp when he was startled by the abrupt entrance of a dark form behind him at his door. Three others followed all at once, all bounding together toward the priest to grapple him. He remembered now the words on the blood-stained paper.

"Gentlemen, keep back!" he extended when him the road was worn. Father McElherne and him better was worn. Father McElherne and him that."

Within an hour the doctor's battle was won. Father McElherne and himself were sitting together in the room of the sick man, allaying the latter's fears and nursing him with remedies. The day wore on, and though he grew worse, there was nothing in his sickness that boded other than an eventual recovery. The doctor was as caring as if the patient were his own brother, and Bertha watched him like a heroine, scarcely reposing, by night or by day.

At length a morning came and Bertha was no longer near him. The doctor waited by and said that Bertha had grown exhausted, but that on the next morning the nurses would be present.

they had tightened their hands on the person.

"You can't do much now," said one of the men, tauntingly.

"The priest still struggled to free himself.

"Let me go!" he pleaded. "If you love your wives and children, let me go."

"Is Bertha sick?" the father asked, faintly.

"You must not ask questions. She is tired out, as you know she must be: but she is all right, and in a few days more you'll be all right your self."

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"You must not ask questions. She is tired out, as you know she must be: but she is all right, and in a few days more you'll be all right your self." go."
One of his assailants struck him savagely on the forehead.
"How dare you, you Roman shaveling, mention our wives and our children."

self."

Harrington, however, grew greatly distressed; his condition became suddenly worse, and in the late hours of the night it became alarming. Henry and the priest were in the sick chamber, and by turns they kept the patient nightwatch. In the afternoon succeeding two Ursulines arrived from Boston, but when they reached the house to nurse him Dwight Harrington was dead. Up stairs lay Bertha, tossing in the height of her feverishness.

In the dead heart of the midnight Harrington's body was carted away children."
"But I have just come from the bedside of two poor men," the priest spoke out, in loud protest.
"What is that to us?"
"They were dying with small-

"They were dying with smallox."

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"They were dying with smallpox."

The party was made up of four individuals—Clarke, Harris, James Tillinghast and Dwight Harrington.
They dropped their victim as if he
branch the was
the house to nurse him Dwight Harrington was
dead. Up stairs lay Bertha, tossing in the height of her
feverishness.

In the dead heart of the midnight
Harrington's body was carted away
and hurried by public officials to its
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"Go and ask Doctor Holcomb, he answered. "He is one of your own blood and race—perhaps you may find it easier to take his word."

The second of the patients at the wood-lots died during the night, and both bodies were cast away quickly into abandoned graves, and proper measures were taken to do the work of disinfection. At the end of the week, however, there was consternation right in the village centre itself—the two children of James Tillinghast, the one a fine young fellow of fifteen summers, the other a bright girl, two years younger, were taken down with the terrible malady.

Dr. Holcomb attended them. "It's not the fault of the poor children," he was heard to say—and no devotion that he ever showed was more marked than his care of the two Tilinghasts. The boy died after a few days; the sister came through successfully, but hideously disfigured for life with the marks of the white sores.

cessfully, but hideously disfigured for life with the marks of the white sores.

Suddenly another house, the finest on the street, was put under the quarantine bans. Dwight Harrington himself was stricken with the dreaded symptoms, and the groom and the two domestics fled in arrant horror from the quarantine limits. He had long been the selectman of the place, twice he had a seat in the Legislature, but now he was left alone in the great house, abandoned by all but one faithful attendant, his daughter Bertha.

When Doctor Holcomb heard that Hurrington was sick, the physician became pitiless. With a mighty thump he pounded his desk-top. "I swear by this and by that," he exclaimed, "that Dwight Harrington will bee that Catholic priest's pardon before ever John Holcomb goes in to his bedside to attend him."

This meant a great deal, for Doctor Holcomb's own son Henry was the betrothed of Bertha Harrington; the marriage day had actually been set, and the doctor's proudest hopes were bound up in the happiness of the two. He called them alike his children; he had a tender heart; he was dearly proud of Henry, and Bertha, too, he had known ever since she was but a clear-browed child with flaxen curls on the bench of the primary school.

The doctor's son, Henry, labored,

irrought her light.

Two years later there was a bright wedding in Father McElherne's little church. Henry Holcomb and Bertha knelt at the open altar gate, and the priest who stood there before them had a happy gleam and perhaps a tear of joy in his round brown eyes. When it was all over, a bearded man, with a broad felt hat in his hand and a dark cloak over his shoulders, stepped into the main aisle, genuliceted very slowly and walked around to the vestry, where Father McElherne was disrobing. Instinctively their hands met in a hearty clasping, and the doctor's voice, with a strength which age had not lessened, rang out and uttered the words:

'It is just as you said. There were many things you could tell me. Thanks he to God!'—Joseph Gordian Daley in the Sacred Heart Union.

MARKET REPORT.

GRAIN. — The market continues quiet with very little grain offering outside of oats, which are weaker, as some lots were offered yesterday at 203/2 without any buyers. Peas are carce, and 701/2 to 71c is given as heir value, Manitoba wheat has delined another cent, and sold yesteray at 81c for No. 1 hard afloat Fort William.

William.

The Liverpool cable shows a marked decline in that market. Quotations are as follows: Spring wheat, 6s 0½d; No. 1 Cala., 6s 1d to 6s 2d; corn, 3s 11d to 3s 10½d; peas. 5s

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\$1.87.

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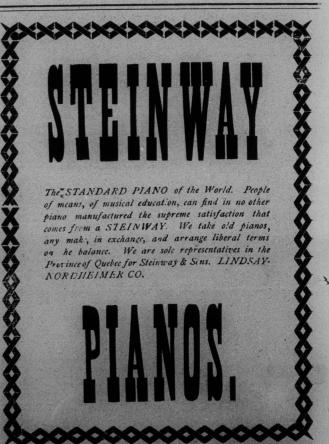
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BUTTER. — There is little change in the market, but there is an effort on the part of shippers to "bear" prices some. They state that the local market is ½c above export level, but buying at 20½c to 20½c for finest creamery continues.

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