

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM THE COURT OF THE SUN KING.

I trow the lordly Sir Phipps swore roundly at the report the officer carried back to him. Still, he had clanked that mind to match his wit against that of our caudle Governor, in a wrangle over so trifling a matter as the guardianship of a saucy demoiselle who, despite her pretty airs and graces, had but anon passed the age of pifanoes.

With as proud a showing as might be, therefore, in view of his recent disasters, he sailed away to the south. A few days later, so close upon the departure of the British fleet that but for the fogs at sea they must have met, the King's ship, known to be on its way from France, was sighted down the river.

From the ramparts and the Esplanade, all Quebec watched her with rejoicing as she came up the broad expanse of the stream; and foremost at the landing place were Therese and myself. I saw the reason of the Embuscade's half score of passengers—at this season she was not like to bring more.

Happy, we were not disappointed, for he was come on the ship; and never did he appear to me more distinguished than as he stepped again upon the soil of New France.

He was habited in a coat of azure, brodered with gold and full palated around the waist, with crimson epaulettes and the sleeves turned up with ermine; also, red small slippers and silk stockings, and a gold sword belt, the finest leather, and a gold sword, this being the apparel he had worn upon the occasion of his presentation to the Grand Monarque.

Such was the man before whom our Sieur now presented himself. Monsieur de Frontenac surveyed his eyes to rest upon the King's messenger with a stern and searching gaze.

La Mothe was at this time about thirty years old. Although his sojourn in France had added to the polish of his address, it had not deprived him of the Gascon impetuosity of speech and action which had first attracted me to him.

Sieur saluted him with a half-proud yet ceremonious respect of manner, and a courtliness that could only have been learned at St. Germain or Versailles.

The most illustrious, Louis de Baude, was at this period full seventy years of age. Time had crowned his handsome head with a chaplet of silver, and his face was seamed with the record of the toils, and passions, and cares that had beset his fiery soul.

What a marvellous yet checked career his had been, I reflected, as having made my bow to him as the representative of the King, I stood back against the wall, while La Mothe went forward. And as I looked, I wondered how His Excellency, a man of courts and camps, had been willing to withdraw from the brilliant society of St. Germain and Versailles, to forego the prospect of adding to the glory of his name, and the lustre of his European military reputation upon a remote battle field, that of the Sun King.

However that may be, in spite of the many manifestations of his pride and intolerance, which we in Quebec were continually treated, his end less quarrels with the clergy, with Champlain, the Intendant Callieres of Montreal—in fact, with every one who dared oppose him—he was the greatest Governor New France has known in my day, or ever will know, to my thinking.

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Did Comte Frontenac with his knowledge of men discern in the young cavalier a kindred spirit; did he recognize in our Sieur Cadillac as fierce a temper, as bold and restless an ambition, as keen a sarcasm as his own?

At least I think his scrutiny prepossession him in favor of my brother. "Was like the fish when two finely tempered blades of Toledo steel meet and each finds the other true."

"Monsieur le Comte de Frontenac, Chief and President of the Provinces of New France," began Cadillac, bowing low and giving to the Governor the title he ever so strenuously claimed in the Council.

"You see the bearer of despatches from his Majesty?" demanded Frontenac, tersely. "Yes, your Excellency," and with another formal salutation Cadillac bowed to him the packet.

that his friends in France still hold him in remembrance." Theroupon Cadillac withdrew, to return later.

The letter from the King's Minister, whereof he showed me a copy, was not merely a command of a strange cavalier, from one noble friend to another, but, was, in effect, a suggestion from the King himself. Afterwards I made a transcript of it, which I now find among my papers. Thus it runs:—"To the most Excellent Lord, Louis de Buade, Comte de Frontenac and Viceroy of New France."

Such was the beginning of the friendship and patronage which Comte Frontenac ever showed my brother De la Mothe. Cadillac was appointed lieutenant and then captain of the troops of the Colony. Later, he was made a Knight of the Order of St. Louis Esquire of the Navy, and in recognition of his services received a donation from the public treasury.

I will but mention the desperate straits of the Colony during the next year; also the plans for the descent upon the southern provinces in regard to which my brother was again summoned to France. Again the project came to naught, but, at De la Mothe's recommendation, a fleet of small vessels was built, to repel any contemplated invasion of the St. Lawrence.

In the mean time our unaided Governor had broken the English and Indian blockade of the Outawa which for three years had prevented the bringing down from Michilimackinac the great accumulation of beaver skins, the delay whereof almost bankrupted New France and brought her people to famine.

It was my good fortune to go up with the Governor's company to Montreal to witness the success of this enterprise. Truly it was a spectacle to gladden the heart. We found the town swarming with Indians, voyageurs and couriers de bois.

Two hundred canoes had arrived laden with the precious pelts, and the citizens, wild with joy at sight of the wealth for which they had waited so long, again hailed Monsieur de Frontenac as the Father of the People, the Preserver of the Colony.

The unusual gaiety, especially among the young officers and seigneurs whom Monsieur de Frontenac, despite his seventy-four years, delighted to gather about him.

In this circle, as brother-in-law of Cadillac, I was admitted. All went merrily until the Governor set us to the acting of theatricals with flattering encouragement. Then a disagreement arose between the Comte and Monsieur de St. Vallier and a certain play which rumor falsely said His Excellency intended to have performed; and thus our interval of peace ended in discord.

My sister Therese had not liked over-much these diversions, from the beginning. Therefore she advanced no objection when one day, after La Mothe and I had abruptly— "Therese, what think you? Comte Frontenac has offered me the command of the Upper Indian Nations at Michilimackinac."

Therese caught up the baby Antoine, all rosy with sleep and sweet as a budding flower, pressed food, impulsive kisses upon his soft neck and round cheeks, and presently, with a laugh that was half a sob, thrust him into his proud father's arms.

Cadillac laughed too and caressed the child, who forthwith thrust out his little hands and grasped the mustache of the bold captain.

"Ma foi! my young combatant, if such is thy manner of warfare thou wouldst vanquish me in a trice," exclaimed La Mothe, giving him back to his mother. "Yes, yes, I see it is my duty to remain behind," said Therese sorrowfully.

"How I wish you could accompany me, sweet one!" rejoined her husband. "The wilderness would be dreary with you to brighten it; but 't is indeed no place for you to look after my affairs, since in this expedition I have promised to take Normand with me—is it not so, brother?"

"If Normand goes, I am half content for I know he will care for your comfort. If I know he will care for your comfort, I interposed Therese, generously; and from that time, fudging that she could thus best serve the one she loved, she made no further objection to staying at Quebec.

Conal Brogan had been a kind father to Mickey ever, and a loving one. In the endeavor to give Mickey a schooling with Master MacDonough of Ardrol, Conal did both his own share of work on the little farm, and also the greater part of the share that should fall to Mickey. "The larkin," he said, "I'll never be a burden to Mickey—it's easy carried. I haven't much to give the poor boy (he's like to God for his mother's sake) but I can strive to let him have the bit of larkin anyhow, though I never got it myself."

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mindin' his religion and himself an' a moral (model) iv behavior." "Yis, yis, that's Mickey—the's poor Mickey. A very moral iv behavior, as you say. May God continue him so. What, what message did Mickey send me?" "Micky said, 'give me poor father's love. Tell him to keep up his heart, that I'm always thinkin' iv him an' that when I've made enough money he'll find me steppin' over the threshold (threshold) into him some day a gran' jintleman."

"Och, God Almighty bless poor Micky. Sure I know he wasn't forgettin' that he he'd come to me a jintleman—the jintleman he was cut out for. Every night does I go on me knees I put up a prayer to God for poor Micky; an' every mornin' ever I rise I'm expectin' an' prepared to see Micky, a fine jintleman step in to me. God Almighty bless ye, Micky!"

And with every boy and girl who went away from parish Conal sent the word, "Tell our Micky that I'm doin' well, an' in gran' heart for fearin' I'll be the fine reports entirely that comes from him now is. Tell him I'm always waitin' for him. An' ax him—ax him, may be some time he'd have a spare minute an' not too thorny, ax him if he could drop his father just was line iv a letter—wan line; an' tell him, God bless him."

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one foot to another, but Conal stood between him and the door. "Poor Micky's doin' better than ever a boy went out iv the parish afore or since—every man come home tells me that. But he couldn't otherwise nor well, for he was the foin' son iv his father. Micky golin' away sayed he'd niver forget me, an' he niver did. An' I'm waitin' every day axin' er rise, waitin' to see Micky a jintleman from the crown iv his head to the soul iv his foot, come stridin' iv that doore with his two hands out to the father he niver forgot. An' after that, anytime God choose to call Conal Brogan he'll die a happy man. God Almighty bless poor Micky!"

In a thick voice and tremulous, Micky Brogan said, "Good night! Thanky!" and went hurriedly out into the darkness. * * * One night some years after a handsome fellow, elegantly dressed, sat down beside the Lazy Bush at the Poolbeg Cross, and was lost in thought some time. He drew out a little bag which opened on a running string, and looked at the little treasure of gold pieces that it held—and smiled. He put the bag into his pocket again, and getting to his feet pushed forward, with the latch on Conal Brogan's door and strode in. There was a man dreaming by the fireside. The stranger said thickly, "Father," and the old man bounded to his feet with a cry that almost seemed one of pain. The stranger had his arms extended. "Father," he said, "Father," Micky has come home to you."

And when his father's gray head lay on his shoulder he said, "Father I said I would forget you!" "God's grace be on ye, Micky, no praisin'! Sure for years I niver doubted—I niver doubted ye!"—Family Friend.

PASTORAL LETTER AND MANDEMENT.

Of Mgr. Paul Bruchet, Archbishop of Montreal, Indulgating a Crusade Against Intemperance. PAUL BRUCHET, BY THE GRACE OF GOD AND OF THE APOSTOLIC SEE, ARCHBISHOP OF MONTREAL.

To the secular and regular clergy, to the religious communities and to all the faithful of our diocese, greeting, peace and blessing in Our Lord Jesus Christ. Dearly Beloved Brethren: For a long time the problem of alcoholism has been deservedly preoccupying the minds of moralists, economists and legislators.

Nevertheless every year, in the different countries of the world, appalling statistics show the progress of that terrible plague, and the necessity of more and more energetic resistance against its invasion. As we have already often stated in our pastoral visits, it is time theoretical statements and unfruitful lamentations should be left aside.

The moment has come for all to enter the path of practical realizations. All initiatives must group together and form a holy league; private initiatives and public initiatives, civil, political and religious initiatives for, without any intention to establish a comparison between the Province of Quebec and the other provinces of Canada, between the Canadian Confederation and the other States of America, or of Europe, it is an undeniable fact that we are suffering from the evil of alcoholism. That malady has already attacked our vital sources, and it threatened to deeply vitiate them. The ravages which it makes among our people are more baleful and greater than the so dreaded ravages of phthisis, of which it is hold in the Province of Quebec.

And we beg you to remark, dearly beloved brethren, that we do not solely refer to the vice of drunkenness carried to its extreme excesses, to that drunkenness which deprives man of the use of his reason and sometimes throws him on the pavement like a brute. Oh! that kind of intemperance has a special ugliness of its own, it is so vulgar of its nature that the great majority carries away from it with disgust. It carries in its proximate and immediate consequences such shameful bluishness, that it elicits indignation, even here below and without delay, its own punishment, and its own check, especially among the higher classes of society.

In a general manner, the evil to which we refer has not that hideous and brutal aspect. Its form is rather latent, its effects are generally slow to appear. But it is none the less pernicious and no social sphere is closed against it. Properly speaking alcoholism does not consist in an act of intemperance nor even in several acts of intemperance separated one from the other by pretty long intervals. There is evidently in this a more or less serious disorder, a more or less criminal fault, a disorder and a fault that may lead to formal alcoholism, but which does not yet constitute it. Alcoholism is a condition, a morbid condition, which is acquired either by often repeated ebriety, or by the habitual use of strong liquors, even if taken in small quantities each time. It is a gradual poisoning. In a word, it is chronic intemperance, with or without ebriety. According to the data of medical science, no poisoning is more disastrous. It attacks the whole organs of the human body, especially the brain, the kidneys and lungs, the heart, the liver and the stomach. It lessens the strength; it troubles, revolutionizes and paralyzes all the faculties. It calls forth any number of diseases and complicates them all in a singular manner, when it does not render them incurable. It often leads to insanity, or to suicide, and always leads more rapidly to decrepitude and to death. You consider no doubt in your minds, beloved brethren, that this picture of the physical ravages of intemperance is very sombre. So it is. But do not conclude that it is overdrawn or exaggerated. All those facts could be

A FATHER'S HEART.

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