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MISS FURBEY.

I must have been a very little girl-not quite fourteen years old, I think-when Miss Furbey offered to take me off my guardian's hands, and instruct me (as a useful branch of education) in her business of a milliner and dressmaker. Miss Furbey kept a little shop beside Bow church, near Stratford (she has been dead so many years and everything is so changed since then, that there can be no harm in mentioning it.) Her house was an old, tumble-down tenement of lath and plaster, stuck all over with little indentations, like the marks of giant finger-nails—so old, in-deed, that timid gazers through its cloudy lattice windows might once have beheld the company of Puritan soldiers who ransacked the old church opposite, and made a sacrilegious bonfire among its graves. You went down two steps to get into the shop (not forgetting to stoop upon the threshold; and if the sun had been shining in the street, you seemed for a minute or two to have plunged into total darkness, and had to shut your eyes and open them again before you could see the dusty rounds of white chip that hung upon the walls, or the enormous black silk, coal-scuttle bonnet, which she kept there as a relic of her own apprenticeship days. It was not a cheerful place for a child to begin the world in. It smelt mouldy and woody: and if by rare chance a sunbeam crept in there, it seemed more full of busy motes than it ever was elsewhere. On wintry evenings, the one wretched, flat, double-wicked candle in the window (gas had not reached those parts then), made the place so dismal, that I would as soon have sat in one of the church vaults opposite. I used to be sent into the shop to snuff it every now and then; but I could never attend to it enough. Before I could get back to my seat in the back parlor, and set a dozen or two of stitches, it had a long crusted wick again, or there was a thief in it, or it was guttering, and dropping its tallow upon the white sheets of paper that lined the window show-board. That

My fellow apprentice was a big, slovenly girl of the name of Tunnicliff. Miss Furbey had told me, going home with her outside the Romford coach, that Tunnicliff was a good girl enough, but so giddy at times that she did not know what to do with her. But Tunnichs when we were going to bed that night, said such things about Miss Furbey, that I cried half the night to think into what hands I had fallen. She said that she was "a spiteful old maid, a tyrant, a Paul Pry, a screw; ay, and a thief too. Yes; a thief." In consequence of which, I went about in great fear of Miss Furbey for some time, hourly expecting her to throw off her disguise, and become a Brownigg. But she continued so long in the same mood, and treated me with such gentleness and consideration, that my fear gradually wore away. She kept no servant, but she never put us to any menial work. Tunnicliffsaid, "A good reason why: she knew well that she (Tunnicliss) wouldn't do it." An hour or two before we were up, on summer mornings, I have conduct, The principal grievance of Tunniclist down. He was very sharp and quick with such heard her moving about the house; and when we related to Sunday afternoons, and Miss Farbey's came down, everything was in order. Only once, for many weeks, did I catch her in a white nightcap, with broad frills, polishing the fire-irons with a pair of leather gloves on. She told me dress-making was too sedentary for her, and that if she did not do other work she would be ill .--But this was an excuse for not keeping a servant and I quite believed she was a screw. Tunniclist said I was beginning to find her out; but I soon found out that Tunnicliff had herself no objection to keeping a servant so long as it cost her nothing. Before breakfast she would ask me to go balf-a mile or more down a back lane into the marshes, to buy her a couple of new-laid eggs, at a cowkeeper's there, with a particular caution to feel them first, and ascertain that they were warm .-These she would cook herself, and spread them over her toast, and coolly eat the whole in the presence of myself and Miss Furbey. Her excuse was that she never had any appetite of a morning, and that without some such little relish, and advised open defiance of her. Tunnicliff she should eat nothing, and so lay the foundations of a weak constitution. Tunnicliss was often getting money from unknown sources, and bringing it forth, generally in coppers, with a request that I would go and buy her something which she fancied. Sometimes it was a hot roll, of a teacake, or a dried fish; sometimes it was grapes -slightly damaged, but a great many for a penny at a grocer's a long way down the road. Far or near, early or late, were all the same to Tunnicliff. What she wanted must be fetched: and Furbey behind her back, it did seem to me go. Tunnicliff's knowledge of the world, Tunnichiff's notions of now she ought to be treated,

twice before provoking her. Indeed, I know that she once caught her in the looking-glass making grimaces, and shaking her fist behind her back, and never said a word, pretending that she had not seen anything. When we were all sit-ting at work by candlelight in the parlor behind the shop, Tunnicliff used to wink at me to bid me notice the shadow of her tall, angular figure on the wainscot, as she sat, quite upright, on her chair. I do not know how old she was. My fellow-apprentice said, "Forty; if she's a day;" but I do not believe she was so old as that. She wore a plain stuff dress, with great bishop's sleeves, and was as hollow-chested as an old man. Her nose was rather longer than becomes a female face, and her left eye had something peculiar about it. I never knew exactly what was the matter with it. It was not a glass eye, I know; for it moved a little; though there was a want of correspondence between its movements and those of the other eye that quite annoyed you. When the one was intent upon her work. the other seemed to be watching me. I had a dread of Miss Furbey's eye, and could not bear, for a long time, to be alone with her on account of it. My companion had, of course, something to say about it. The first day I was there, she said to me privately, "Have you noticed her eye?" She said she could always tell when she was in a bad temper by it. But I never saw any difference in it all the time I was there.— Miss Furbey would scold Tunniclist occasionally, which was generally about her habits of giggling. I believe she thought it the most unfortunate failing she had, and that, but for that, they might have got on very well together. Tennicliff, every now and then, would break out in a fit of laughter without any reasonable cause, and would end by setting me laughing too, though I hardly ever knew what it was about. There seemed to be a kind of intoxication in it; for Tunnicliff could not help it. The fit would seize her sometimes in the morning, and would be sure to break out again at intervals all day. A sneeze from In her prim and quiet way she went about precandle alone was enough to make me wish myself me, or an ineffectual attempt to thread a needle on the part of Miss Furbey, was sure to set her off. It would generally come on at tea-time, when her mouth was full. Miss Furbey said it made her so pervous that she really could not sit in the room if she gave way to it; and I have often seen her tremble at the sound of it. She the cause of her stinting herself more than ever. that I could not help pitying her. She was actually pale and breathless, and seemed as much distressed as if she had been subjected to some Tunnicliff said nothing but boiled rags. Miss cruel persecution. There was a careworn look in her face, that I think made me like her from to be guilty of before, used to make a show of fetched him. Miss Furbey did not seem to me that hour. I talked to Tunnicliff about her con- discussing every day what we should have to to grieve deeply-whether it was that she had duct afterwards; but she said that she was an dinner, and always ended by having mutton. old fidget, and it served her right; and that it was rather hard to have to slave all day for nothing, and not to be allowed to laugh if one was rand I always detested. My instructions were

Tunniclft's relatives lived a long way off, and Miss Farbey considered herself in some measure her guardian, and bound to look after her moral prying anxiety to know where she went at those times; but when I came down, and we used to go out together, Miss Farbey became less anxious about her. Tunnicliff, for fear of an unfavorable report to her friends, feigned a dislike to and if he is living there still, (which is not very the preacher at Bow Church, and a preference for one at West Ham; but as soon as we were clear of the house, she boldly proposed tea-gardens. We used to go to Clay Hall, where there was a curious exhibition of puppets; or to the Adam and Eve, beside the river at West Ham; or to a public garden down at Old Ford, where two painted sentinels guarded the entrance, and the grounds were ornamented with big figure heads of old vessels, highly painted, and looking very grim, peeping out of the shrubberies. Here Tunnicliss made the acquaintance of a baker, which made me very unhappy in my mind; for the baker began to talk about Miss Furbey. (whom he had never seen) with great familiarity, tell about her acquaintance with the baker; and when Miss Furbey asked me if he had been to came too deeply implicated in the affair to get

One day, Miss Furbey told us she was going away for two days, and spoke so confidently of the trust she reposed in us, that it gave me a a pang of remorse. Tunnicliff found out someit I was a little behind time, I was grumbled at how that she was going to fetch her father at one of an old-fashioned chest of drawers, dipped for my pains. When she complained of Miss Billericay, and having once heard of somebody her hand in, and brought up immediately a little who had become reduced, and been compelled to strange that she did not think of how she sent to go into the workhouse in that town, she de- back ground, was the portrait of a gentleman in there was a change in her now, and it seemed in elty into defenceless and pitiable destitution. me about herself; but I never dared to refuse to cided that Miss Furbey's father was in Billeri- a scarlet uniform. I recollect it now, for I saw cay workhouse; and that the overseers, irritated it often afterwards. He had light blue eyes and cheerfulness-which my youthful mind was quick this year of grace, awaken the slightest sympaby her implied neglect, had at last peremptorily light hair. His appearance was not very soldier-Tunnicliss's powers of ridicule and contempt for insisted on her removing him to her own roof. like; but I think it surprised Tunnicliss, and Miss Furbey when her father died, and for twelve the expelled Irish, during the tem years that are what I should have respected, made me afraid of Having settled this (for Tunnicliff always snap- made her wonder whether Miss Furbey had been months more, we took no new apprentice, and passed, did not excite the remorse or the mercy

therefore, convinced that, no trap was intended bey if he had ever been to battle? She said, But, one afternoon, I came in from a little jouron Miss Furbey's part, arrangements were made for entertaining the baker out of the sacred funds. The baker came early, and took us to Bow Fair (which was going on just then,) but they let me lag behind, as they always did; and went into shows, leaving me outside; till I felt like a little vagabond, and came home crying, and walked about the door, till they returned in alarm and let me in. When the baker, after supping on beefsteaks and onions, went out and returned with rum in a stone bottle, and began to mix it, and smoke tobacco in Miss Furbey's back parlour, 1 was in great terror, and could enjoy nothing. I have but an indistinct rememberance that a grand scheme against Miss Furbey was agreed upon that night; and that I was much petted, and told that those who had stuck to them hitherto would not be forgotten. The baker talked of a snug little place that he knew, which was doing a great many sacks a-week, and was only going to be given up to him on account of ill-health; and added, with a wink, that as soon as an apprentice was actually married, she might fearlessly snap her fingers in the face of master or mistress.

Miss Furbey came home the next night in some kind of a coach. Tunnicliff sat up for her: but I went to bed, and lay awake in great fear of her smelling the stale tobacco smoke. I heard Miss Furbey arrive, and somebody bringing her father in; and it sounded like a number of persons moving a large sofa or pianoforte up a narrow staircase; but I never saw her father, all the time he was there. No more did Tunnicliss; though she opened the door to them on the night of his arrival. He was always in Miss Furbey's bedroom, by which she was compelled to sleep in an attic; and Tunnicliff, from a yard at the back of the house, once saw a grey-headed figure through the little diamond-paned window, sitting on Miss Furbey's old stuffed chair, as motionless as a statue. We knew he was afflicted in some way; but Miss Furbey seldom spoke about him. paring his food, which he used to rap for, when he wanted it, with a stick, upon the floor overhead. She made him a black velvet cap,, with a gilt-wire tassel, and spent half her time in attending upon him-never going out, as she used to do. I think this impoverished her, and was part of the broth went upstairs; leaving us, me to fetch such things; but this particular erto ask for two pounds of neck of mutton, at sixpence, and to be sure to get it at Higginbotham's. Higginbotham was a rich butcher, whose shop stood out towards the roadway, a little lower small customers; and when he got to know me, and my invariable order, he used to make me the exact quantity before hand. I hated him, likely) I hope he will see this. Tunnicliff's matrimonial scheme must have been ripening about this time; for her ideas run much upon weddings. One day she said to Miss Furbey, after coughing and treading on my toe under the table, "I

wonder you never got married, Miss Furbey." Miss Furbey answered calmly, as if the question had been merely the whispering of her own thoughts: "Well, I was very near being married once." Tunnicliff trod on my toe again, and asked for particulars. Miss Furbey took a pin out of her mouth, pinned her work to her knee-for she was stitching upward-and answered: "My papa wished me to break it off." Tunniclust could not keep down a giggle at this, and when Miss Furbey added that she was firmly bound me, under the most solemn threats, not to resolved never to marry during her papa's lifetime, nothing but Miss Furbey's dreamy absorption in her stitching could have prevented her West Ham Church, I am sorry to say that I from remarking Tunnicliff's amusement. She answered "Yes" in a trembling voice, and so be- trod so much upon my toes, and took (as she always did) so little precaution to prevent its being seen, that I was obliged to move my chair. When the fit had somewhat subsided, she said, "Oh, do tell me who he was like, Miss Furney?" Miss Furbey rose from her chair, and taking a little ring of keys from her side pocket, opened casket. And there, in an oval gilt ring, upon a

word of mouth.

We went on very quietly after that, and I got to like Miss Furbey more and more. It was incredible what a difference Tunnicliss's departure had made. Miss Furbey, found out now that she had slandered her very much in the neighborhood, which she said did not matter; but I know it vexed her a little. We managed to get thro' just as much work as before, and used to chat a little, too. Both of us felt the change; but old Mr. Furbey, overhead, seemed to get worse .-She used to get him some prescriptions made up at the dispensary, in two bottles (a large black wine bottle and a small phial) and she had to run up to give him some of these, besides both occasionally, every two hours; but he became so irritable at last, that I have seen her come down in tears If she was but a few minutes behind hand, he would rap so violently on the floor as to make us jump, and repeat his rapping louder than ever before she could get up stairs. Miss Furbey told me that he got worse and worse, but I rcmarked that she never seemed to like to send for a doctor; till one morning just at day-light, she came into my room and shook me till I awoke, and begged me to dress immediately, and go and even implored her once so earnestly to desist Tunnicliff began to grumble, because he always fetch a physician, who lived in the Bow Road. had boiled mutton now, from which the greater The physician came twice, and I saw Miss Furpart of the broth went upstairs; leaving us, bey each time count out ten and six pence for him, and wrap that sum in a piece of paper; but Furbey, with more deceit than I ever knew her his patient died on the third day after I had become worn out with her watching, or that the Since her father had been there she used to ask stern business that she had to go about alone, made her determine to suppress her grief, or whether (which I suspect was the truth), the deceased had been so grievous a burden to her that, in spite of her sense of duty and affection for him, a feeling of relief which she scarcely re-Some mystery was attached to her father of which I never knew the truth. Tunnicliff's last idea, before she ran away, was that he had forged ashamed by spying me coming from the other to a large amount, and was there hiding from side of the road, and beginning to cut and weigh justice. There was a rumor in the neighborhood that he had been a bankrupt many years before, and had, for some reason, neglected to give himthat any one (save Miss Furbey herself), knew whence he came, or what was his true history .-On the morning of his death, Miss Furbey wrote a number of letters on black-edged paper, which she posted herself, and I think she expected visitors in consequence, but none came. We two were the only persons (except the undertakers), who attended the funeral. This undertaker also professed to be a coal merchant and an agent to a fire and life insurance, which he might have been, but he was no more an undertaker than I was. Miss Furbey learned that he gave the job to a carpenter and joiner, who gave it to a real undertaker and all that the original person did, I believe, was to attend in a rusty suit of black, and (to use an undertaker's phrase), to see the funeral "performed." Miss Furbey drove a hard bargain with him for eight pounds, five pounds down, and the rest, as he said, to be made easy to her. And so, for a year and a half afterwards, she used to scrape together small sums of half-a-crown, or five shillings, with which I made many a journey to the coal and fire agent, who wrote each instalment down on the back of a bill with sad embellishments, which became worn to tatters before that everlasting debt was paid.

ber. I believed that Miss Furbey would think | ped at a sudden idea of the kind,) and being, good looking in her youth. I asked Miss Fur- there was scarcely any change in our way of life. of the aristocracy: or move our Parliament to

"No; he was a volunteer, and used only to wear the uniform now and then." But Tunnicliff reher. He was a pale little man, dressed in black garded the bringing out of the portrait as a decoat and trowsers, shoes fastened with black rifeat, and let the subject drop; upon which Miss band in large bows, and a white neckcloth, which Furbey put the little casket away again, and had a yellowish tinge, and was spotted here and locked the drawer. Not very long after that, there, with what laundresses call iron-mould. He Tunniclist suddenly absconded, having first of all was not exactly shabby in other respects; but taken away what belonged to her piecemeal, and he looked as if he had been brushed and made so stealthily, that I, who slept in the same room | up to the best advantage. He was slightly bald, with her, and believed myself in her confidence, but his hair was light, and not so grey as his never perceived any change till she was gone .- whiskers, and he might perhaps have been no She had always boasted to me that when the older than fifty. I did not know then where he time came, she would boldly declare herself to be came from, nor what was his excuse for coming; the wife of the baker, and defy any one to detain but he talked very slowly and deliberately about her. But her heart must have failed her; for the weather, and other trifles, and loitered about she stole away, upon some pretence, after break- and second very loath to go. He came many fast one morning, dressed just as usual (only a times after that, and gossipped in the same way; little cleaner) and was seen no more. Miss Fur- | till at last I found him sitting in the back parlor. bey, after running about frantic half the day, received a letter from her, in which she enclosed legged with his handkerchief always on his knees, certain lines which she said would let her know and liked to look at his broad shoes, which had what had taken place that morning at West bumps all over them, like the top of a plum-pie. Ham Church, and wound up with the insolent He was rather slow and prim in his ways; but defiance which she had promised to deliver by he told anecdotes of the volunteers, and of old actresses, and bucks of long ago, which amused us very much. Miss Furbey told me he was a very old friend; the faithfulest friend that ever was (she said this with tears in her eyes) although they had not seen each other for many years, and that he was a stockbroker, and that his friends were highly respectable; and by degress I came to the knowledge that he was courting, and to find out, when he laughed, a slight resemblance between his features and those of the portrait in the casket. Miss Furbey used to dress specially to receive him, for she had a large store of dresses of Irish poplins and brocaded silk, rather out of date; but, as she said, very good," and I several times saw her arranging her two cork screw curls in the looking-glass, and picking out a gray hair with a pair of tweezers. She was rather fond of talking about her lover. She admitted to me that he was much changed since she first knew him; but, she added, "so am I, I dare say." I believe she still liked the stockbroker very much indeed, in a quiet way. It was arranged, after a while, that he should visit her on three stated nights per week; but he dropped in accidentally one morning, just after Miss Furbey had stepped out, and waited to see her in the back room. He talked with me on that occasion a good deal, and asked me whether we were very busy, and whether I was a little apprentice, and whether we were always as busy as we were then, and other questions which I have forgotten, but which I think I answered at the time to his satisfaction. Soon after that, Miss Furbey told me, in great agitation, that they were about to be married, and I went home for a week's holydays. When I came back, the stockbroker was living in the house, and Miss Furbey was no longer Miss Furbey, but Mrs. Parmenter. I know her husband always treated her kindly; but he sat about a for him, a feeling of relief which she scarcely re-cognised herself was mingling with her regret. and beyond muddling in the garden behind the house, or knocking a nail into the wall, or putting up a shelf when required, he was evidently no great assistance to her. She kept him well supplied with white neckcloths of a better color than he used to wear, for she starched and ironed them herself. He went up to town now and self up as the law required; but I do not believe then. He called it going on Change; but whether he really went on Change, or had anything to do there, I do not know. I fancy his friends gave him a little money now and then; and that his stockbroking business (if he had any at all) was not lucrative.

On the whole, I am inclined to think that in her matrimonial venture, as in everything else, Miss Furbey was, to some extent, the victim of the selfishness of others; though she always spoke well of her husband, and as she survived him, kept the oval portrait hanging on the wall years after she had put off her widow's cap, and had dropped again into her old, prim, quiet way of life.

REV. DR. CAIHLL

ON THE EVICTION OF THE IRISH TENANTRY. -EXTERMINATION OF THE IRISH SMALL FARMERS .- TENANT RIGHT.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

Within the last fortnight the usual announcement has been made in the newspapers of the eviction of twenty-four families in the county Dublin: and of fifteen families in the county Cavan! According to the average number of persons in Irish families, usually six individuals in Miss Furbey, I am sure, never deliberately re- each, we have thus thirty-nine families, or two garded the death of her father in any other light hundred and thirty-four human beings, made than as a misfortune that had befallen her; but homeless by law, and flung by constitutional cruthe place too-from gloom to a certain degree of These few victims of landlord caprice cannot, in to detect. I had been nearly twelve months with thy in the public mind. When the millions of