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MISS FURBEY.

I must have been a very little girl—not quite fourteen years old, I think—when Miss Furbe...

My fellow apprentice was a big, slovenly girl of the name of Tunnickliff. Miss Furbe...

twice before provoking her. Indeed, I know that she once caught her in the looking-glass...

Tunnickliff's relatives lived a long way off, and Miss Furbe considered herself in some measure...

One day, Miss Furbe told us she was going away for two days, and spoke so confidently...

therefore, convinced that, no trap was intended on Miss Furbe's part, arrangements were made...

Miss Furbe came home the next night in some kind of a coach. Tunnickliff sat up for her...

Miss Furbe answered calmly, as if the question had been merely the whispering of her own...

hey if he had ever been to battle? She said, "No; he was a volunteer, and used only to wear...

We went on very quietly after that, and I got to like Miss Furbe more and more. It was incredible...

But, one afternoon, I came in from a little journey and found a stranger in the shop, talking with her...

On the whole, I am inclined to think that in her matrimonial venture, as in everything else...

REV. DR. CAHILL

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...