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The Scene of the Death of Daniel O'Connell

(Vincent de Germon.)

Finding myself in that great seaport and emporium of Italian commerce, Genoa, on the fifty-eighth anniversary of the death of Ireland's great liberator, I, of course, made an excursion to the house where he died, which may be identified by a handsome marble slab containing a Latin inscription, and a bust with the well known features. There is also a wreath in bronze, erected by his foreign admirers.

As I stood in the Piazza Bauchi, leaning against the wall of the Bank of Italy, with the Bourse on my right and on my left the ancient church of San Pietro a Bauchi, its high flight of steps decorated on each side with the wares of a florist; pots of roses and azaleas in full bloom, giving rich color to the picturesque scene. Facing diagonally opposite to me, in the Via Ponte Reale, is what was formerly known as the "Feder Inn," with its handsomely carved marble niche, containing a marble statue of the Blessed Virgin, at the angle of the building.

My imagination took a long flight over more than half a century, and whilst I still saw a crowd of busy merchants and brokers dressed, however, in the costume of an older generation; while I looked there was a noise of horses' hoofs, and the cracking of a whip. The busy, noisy throng of loiterers parted to make way for a dusty stage coach that approached the Feder Inn from the direction of the Via Carlo Alberto, the handsome street along the docks. The hotel attendants opened the door of the coach, and a tall (though bent with years and infirmity) invalid is assisted to descend.

Well, as the name of Daniel O'Connell is known in Italy, as in all the civilized globe, few, if any, of the spectators are aware that 'tis he who has come, a worn out invalid, amongst them. However, pursuing further my investigations into the past, I went to the public library and found in the Gazzetta di Genova of May 8, 1847—which seems to have been published thrice weekly—the following notice: "The day before yesterday, arrived in this city from Marselles, the celebrated defender of Ireland, Daniel O'Connell, accompanied by his son and his chaplain."

The latter was doubtless the Rev. Dr. Miley, who was with him to the end. No mention here of his illness. There is a lapse of a week without further notice, a week of great suspense and anguish to his son and to the friends, among whom his devoted friend, the Rev. Dr. Miley, who constantly watched by his bedside, for the long and tedious journey had completed what all the anxieties and discouragement and imprisonment had begun, and the brilliant brain whose wit was so universally admired, is attacked with congestion and the physicians declare that it is next to impossible to preserve his life.

One can well imagine the agony of fatigue which must have over-

whelmed him, travelling across France by way of Lyons and Marselles, through the Riviera and along the Mediterranean coast to the City of Palaces.

Nowadays we find it quite tiresome enough, while in good health, and having the advantage of a "train de luxe," the Riviera express, to whirl us along from Paris to Nice and Monte Carlo, and, having passed Mentone and reached the Italian frontier, there is still quite a tedious five hours' journey by train from Vintimiglia to Genoa. What must then have been the torture of our great invalid travelling these immense distances in lumbering stage coaches over roads, too, which were certainly not equal to what they are in these days of steam rolling. No wonder that he was obliged to refuse to receive the deputation of Catholic admirers who desired to wait on him at Lyons. Only his earnest desire to visit Rome and obtain the blessing of the Holy Father on himself and on his country before he died, could have sustained him through this great journey.

The next mention to be found in the Genoa Gazzette is in the issue of May 15, the seventh day after his arrival, as follows: "Daniel O'Connell is still in Genoa. The health of the illustrious Irishman, instead of growing better, becomes worse, so that there is little hope of prolonging so precious a life."

The very evening of the Saturday on which this appeared the great heart, which for nearly half a century had bled for his country's wrongs, had ceased to beat, and in a strange Italian city, far from the land which he so dearly loved, and the people who were devoted to him, and whose everlasting gratitude he had earned, by the immense privileges that he had won for them by the power of his eloquence; remote from his dearest friends, the great liberator lay dead. As the Gazzette of Genoa did not again appear until the following Tuesday, May 18, we look in this paper and find a notice in these terms: "Saturday, at 9.30 in the evening, died at the 'Feder Inn,' where he had taken rooms, Daniel O'Connell, at about the age of 72. The remains of the celebrated defender of the rights of Ireland will be transported to his country. Sunday will take place the solemn obsequies at the parish church of Our Lady 'delle Vigne.' As there is no further notice to be found in the local press descriptive of the sad and imposing ceremony in the beautiful church in the Piazza delle Vigne, we can only let our imagination wander back to see the immense throng of faithful who, knowing now what a great man, and a fervent, devoted son of the church had passed away in his midst, have come to do the last honors to his mortal remains, and to pray for the eternal repose of his soul. What passed after this is beyond the scope of this sketch, which is intended only to depict the events which happened here in Genoa, touched in with local coloring drawn from nature, and with the assistance of such local press notices of the period as I could find in the public library of Genoa.

A Transplanted Fiesta.

The Feast of Pedigrotta, a most popular Italian festival, though little known among the American-born Italians, was recently initiated in the New York Italian colony.

The festival as it is now conducted in Naples has changed materially from the original festivals of the name, for it first began as a feast of the lazarones—the beggars and strolling singers—who went through the streets singing in the wake of the crowd which streamed toward the sanctuary of the Madonna of Pedigrotta on September 7. A singer, at the stroke of midnight, would be heard from the end of the grotto singing a beautiful and new song, the author of which would be unknown. For several days, weeks sometimes, the people of the lower classes would assemble together and each assist in the making of this new song, which the musician and poet of the company would put together.

These songs are now among the folk-songs of Italy, and while in the later days the people have nothing to do with the making of the yearly new song of the Pedigrotta, the festival is an institution much beloved in Naples.

A CRIPPLE CURED.

Helpless and Bent with Rheumatism—Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"I was a helpless cripple. I was bent in form and could not straighten up. Crutches were my only means of moving about. I tried many medicines, but they all failed until I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—they cured me." George Schaw, of Short Beach, N.S., made the above almost startling statement to a reporter a few days ago.

Mr. Schaw is now a well-built man, strong and broad-shouldered. Like thousands of other Nova Scotians, he is a fisherman, and is consequently exposed to all kinds of weather, just the conditions to set the rheumatic poison in the blood at work. Mr. Schaw adds: "It is impossible to overrate the severity of the attack. The trouble was located in my back and right hip. I had to quit work and was mostly indoors. There was a time when I never expected to stand erect again, but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills straightened me up again, not only that, but they made me the strong, hearty man you see me to-day. I can never describe the awful pain I suffered before I used these pills. I tried many medicines and had treatment from several doctors, but to no avail. My legs became so stiff that in order to move at all I had to use crutches. Finally the doctors decided that I was incurable, and told me they could render no further assistance. I continued to suffer day and night, and then came the turning point of my life. A friend from a distance came to see me and it was from him I learned that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were a great cure for rheumatism. At once I got a supply and began to use them. The first indication that they were helping me was when the pain grew less severe. In a few weeks more the swelling in my legs and hips began to leave, then, my joints seemed to loosen up, and then it was not long until my crutches were thrown aside and I could straighten up. Then I began to go out doors and soon was able to resume my work as well as ever. Since that time I have never been troubled with rheumatism or lame back. I can tell you my neighbors were all astonished at my cure; they had all thought I would always be a cripple."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure rheumatism by going straight to the root of the trouble in the blood. They make new rich blood that sweeps out the poisonous acid and soothes the jangled nerves. That is how they cure all troubles rooted in the blood, such as anaemia, indigestion, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, general weakness and the special ailments that only girls and women folk know. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Irish Birds for Tacoma.

In all the years he has been in this country, Dr. Charles McCutcheon Superintendent of the Paddock Memorial Hospital at Tacoma, has never forgotten the home of his boy-

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It has stood the test for many years, and is now more generally used than ever. It contains all the lung healing virtues of the pine tree combined with Wild Cherry Bark and other powerful remedies. It stimulates the weakened bronchial organs, allays irritation and subdues inflammation, soothes and heals the irritated parts, loosens the phlegm and mucous, and aids nature to easily dislodge the morbid accumulations. Don't be humbugged into accepting an imitation of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and price 25 cts.

Mr. Julian J. LeBlanc, Belle Cote, N.S., writes: "I was troubled with a bad cold and severe cough, which assumed such an attitude as to keep me confined to my house. I tried several remedies advertised, but they were of no avail. As a last resort I tried Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and one bottle cured me completely."

hood in County Wexford, Ireland, and most vivid of all with him of those days was the songbirds about the old place.

When a little chap he used to lounge around in a grapevine swing and listen to the music of the woods. He learned to tell in an instant when a thrush was sending out her thanksgiving of joy and when a linnet was speaking to her mate. The song of the skylark he often heard, and learned to love that bird. He was a boy who loved to roam in the woods and drink the joys of nature. And he became a lover of birds especially, and could name at sight any of the winged beauties.

But he grew to be a big, strong lad, and he came to America. He had to study hard to get his medical education. He married and took charge of the big hospital on the Pacific coast and he had to do without his birds.

As success came to him he nourished a pet project, that of going over to Ireland and bringing back a big lot of songbirds from the scenes of his youth to be liberated at his new home in America. He has almost rounded out that desire, for he has been across the ocean and is returning to Tacoma with 200 of the sweet-throated creatures, and he watches over them as if they were so many jewels.

The climate of Tacoma, says Dr. McCutcheon, is similar to that in his old home in Ireland, and he expects the birds to thrive well in their new home.

Dr. McCutcheon is a large, muscular and handsome man, being more than six feet two inches tall.

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Lister paused breathless, as the shadow of the and the sunlight and form.

It was the vision hovering in the air months; the stately, the creamy magnolia, cheek, the dark sadness the pitying tenderness. It was the Veronica, ed picture; the picture make his masterpiece gun with light heart touch, but slowly the of the scene had grown and his artist hand a become changed, chast as he worked on.

There was only Veronica, whom he last. The marble place was outlined, the at their mistress' bold divine staggering unblinded with blood as her door.

But Veronica, as she his artist thoughts eluded him. More the started out faintly from only to be brushed away as unworthy of his man sublime in her planness, whose deed has ages in Christian prayer and Christ.

He had come to the hoping that in the light the thought might him—and now he faced—Veronica herself, faithful, his dream, glowing life. He must be model at any cost. I as she passed through hoping she would reveal mutual acquaintance, ried on, unmoted a while he followed eager and resolute.

The "conventions" them, but he must da name of art. She led the shabby, narrow st dom trod, and at last, she paused in a bit of where the wintry around a choked foun down to rest.

And then Lister dar "I beg pardon," he near her, while she st ed and indignant. "warrantable liberty, the grave courtesy of manner somewhat real am Hugh Lester, the Father C—, whose cl just left, will speak I have been at work piece for the new chur ronica, but so far ha complete it to my ow You, if you will forg boldness, have the idea for my titular figure. "I hope to make a notab ous art; my studio i my dear mother is its its chaplain. A few you would be a favor "You mean you me?" she interrupted, color came and went. "As Veronica—the s beautiful Veronica of t said, and then as she he saw her surround hurriedly, "it will be I can never repay, bu is in any way an obje "It is," she answer is. Oh, yes, I—I need much."

"My terms will be t hour to you," he said. "Ten dollars an hour she exclaimed. "But too much."

"Not for all the help me. At double the pr tion would still be m my card; make inquiries best, and then you can o'clock to-morrow."

"At 10 o'clock tom repeated. "Yes; I y ft—" again she hesitat soft flush dyed the crea her cheek—"If I may l ronics' to you—and no "Simply Veronica," gravely. "It is all I And he held to his gave no other name a ask for one. She was ronica" to him in the loved—days that brow morning to his studio rich robe and veil of woman and pow at L