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A FAMISHED CHILD'S APPEAL.

O brothers and sisters of happier lands! Who do not see the weight of misery know, O children of comfort! I lift up my hands Above the dread torrent of famine and woe, I lift up my hands, and oh! list to my call, O listen! and God will be pleased, I am sure— The great God above, who created us all, The happy, the wretched, the rich and the poor.

across towards the stairs and got out and followed her; the people were in the kitchen; I saw her run from the kitchen; she was at the stair door when I saw her; I could only see the front of the stairs from where I lay when in bed; I could see a couple of the steps, but no more; I first saw her at the door of the stairway; after I got to the door she shut it and I ran back; the light of the candle showed light in the front room; the candle was in the kitchen; Tom ran out of the front door and I got under the bed again, and then they caught him there and hammered him with sticks; I don't know how many followed him outside, but heard them.

the front room, and the old man said, "Hold the light here while I dress;" he did not call him by name; I heard Tom talking to Mrs. Donnelly in the kitchen at the same time; I could not hear what they were talking about; Mrs. Donnelly got up to start the fire, I think, for she called to Bridget to get up and help light the fire; I think it was the Donnellys who lit the candles; the candles were on the kitchen table; I only think it was one of the Donnellys who lit the candle; I saw the light in the front room from the kitchen; when the old man got up he stayed in the door to dress himself, and did not go out to put on his clothes; I did not know all the Carrolls in that neighborhood; I know James Carroll very well, and saw him at the door; I don't know where Carol got the candle; the old man never asked me to get up and dress; I never said the old man asked me to get up and dress; I do not remember telling the Coroner and the jury so at Lucan; when the old man got up he threw the clothes on me; I looked right at Carol and recognized him; he was at the door when the old man asked for his coat; he called out, "Does any one know where my coat is," and Mrs. Donnelly answered, "That she did not;" I rose up and found that the coat was under my head.

It will be remembered that on the 24th of May, 1876, Mr. Kent was attacked in his own yard by several men hailing from Biddulph, on account of his having interfered to stop a fight in which they were engaged with one of his workmen. One of the men was Michael Howe, who, in the melee which followed, received a blow which terminated his life five weeks afterwards. Another of the Biddulph party was a man named Kennedy, who is involved in the Donnelly tragedy. Mr. Kent was arrested, but the Grand Jury found no true bill, and he was discharged. An action of damages was then brought on by Howe's widow, and a verdict for a large sum obtained. Kent applied for a fresh trial, which was granted. The case has since been lost sight of. This explanation is necessary to outsiders to understand the letter Kent received this morning, as follows:—Lucan, Ont., Mr. C. Kent, Sir—I suppose you have heard of the taking away of the Donnellys and reason why men commit crimes and use their influence to escape punishment then it is the duty of the public to take the law in their hands and punish the guilty. The Donnellys murdered and robbed and burned and still managed to escape justice. You murdered poor Howie. It was a cool blooded murder your bribed lawyers and doctors and jurismen and by them means escaped the Gallas which you well deserved but we have our eyes upon you and your dome is fixed sooner or later there is no escape for you but there is one way in which you may lengthen your days a little turn out that old man and her daughter that are living with and give a hundred dollars to Bishop Welsh for the repose of the Soul of poor Howie and prepare for your end which must come before long. Do this before the 24th of May poor Howie's death or your will join the Donnellys before a month and stood before a court where money would bribe doctors and jurismen blood for blood do this now or you will be found sum morn with a pistol ball in you and no one will put it there. Their will be no arrests this time we will do things better next time. Prætere improves; we have work to do and we intend to do it; when we have settled you we intend to go for Drought, another murderer—blood for blood. Remember before the 24th May or you are dead in a month—Sgd—Vigilance.

LETTER FROM LACHINE. THE OPINIONS OF MR. MYLES O'REGAN, ESQUIRE. Mr. Editor.—After the grand dinner party at which I played such a prominent part last week, I felt a little indisposed. I am not accustomed to champagne, and consequently had such a pain in the head next morning that I concluded to lie over for a day or two. While in this frame of mind a friend of mine suggested that the two of us should go to Ottawa (at his proper expense) and make an effort to procure Government situations. The idea was an excellent one, and I cheerfully consented. It is true, my political influence is very small, having only voted once for the Grit and once for the Tory candidate, but I trusted that a little effort, and the chapter of accidents which follow it, might pull me through and enable me to bid a long farewell to the pick and likewise the shovel. We arrived in Ottawa the morning after the opening of Parliament, that is to say we arrived in Hull and had to walk across several bridges in the grey of the morning before we entered the Capitol. Ottawa is by no means remarkable for its size and grandeur. Its public buildings did not strike me as being as magnificent as those of Paris, and its population is chiefly composed of contractors, civil service employees and those, like myself, wishing to become employees. I felt, therefore, quite at home in the metropolis of Canada. It would make an excellent suburb to Lachine. The Parliament buildings are not a bad looking pile but are as much out of place as would be the pyramids of Egypt. I understand the Government intends transferring the Montreal Geological Survey to this renowned village. This I take to be a step in the right direction, as giving employment to a few more of the inhabitants. I observe that the people here carry a profoundly scientific, intellectual expression around with them, and I am sure they will be delighted with the stones and fossils of the Geological Survey, as an addition to the rare collection of fossils they have in the Senate already. After taking breakfast I went straight to the buildings, determined to see some of the ministers and get my place immediately. Parliament was in session, as I could judge by the drawing of corks in the saloon. The lobbies were crowded with men, looking anxiously here and there until they managed to get hold of their patron. The poor members dodged round in all directions to avoid their friends from the country, but that was simply impossible, the men who did the State some service being just as artful dodgers as the successful candidates whom they had returned. I could not help hearing such expressions as the following: "All right, Mac, come to-morrow, I've been speaking to Sir Charles." "Yes, yes, your name is on the list." "There is no vacancy on the customs, but—" "I have been promised a place in the Inland Revenue for your nephew, Mr. Smith," and so on. I noticed that the members were well served. There are two janitors at each door, one to open, and one to close, and the doors are, I fancy, innumerable. There is a man for each clothes peg, two healthy boys to each wash stand, a small army round the bath-house. If a member want a piece of soap, three or four able-bodied maids are ready to spring forward and lift it up to his hands. Just fancy Myles O'Regan delving away at Lachine ten hours every day with his spade and mattock for the consideration of one dollar, while that old sinner in yonder corner gets \$300 for the session sleeping and opening a door occasionally with his little finger to let Senators pass. "Friend," said I, good naturedly, "I don't like to have the sleep of an old cuss like you disturbed so often during the day. I would suggest that you go home, capture a mouse, train it to open doors, and then you can slumber away your five senses without interruption. See here." I blew my breath, and behold the green balze-covered door flew open and revealed my friend, Sir John A. Macdonald. I say my friend advisedly, for does he not serve, aid and assist (as well as govern) every man in Canada? The old janitor lisped forth "Sir John," opened both his eyes, and fell off to sleep again, while I followed the renowned author of the National policy, K. C. B. "Sir John," said I, "pardon me for interrupting you, but the fact is I want a situation in the Inland Revenue." The prototype of Lord Beaconsfield threw a sharp glance at me, and seeing the fire of genius burning in my left eye, stayed his forward step. "And pray, who are you?" asked Sir John, whereupon I presented him with my card. "Hem, Myles O'Regan, Esquire, shoveller, correspondent, etc. Mr. Regan, what countryman may you be?" "Well, Sir John, I passed a few years of my life in the West of England (which is true, you know), but I have lived at Lachine a number of years past dedicating my whole abilities to the great Conservative cause." Sir John paused. "Well, Mr. O'Regan, I don't know of any position I could offer you that would be worth your acceptance. I can appoint no more emigration agents at present. But if you know any vacant situation, just say the word and I will go." I deliberated with myself for a moment or so but could think of nothing, and was about giving up in despair when an inspiration of genius seized me like a flash. "Sir John," I answered, "make me a Montreal Catholic School Commissioner?" The Conservative leader knit his eyebrows. "Come, Mr. O'Regan, what are your qualifications?" "It is true I ain't much of a scholar, but I can superintend contracts, sell debentures, manipulate City Councils, dine and wine members of Parliament, respect the rich, grind the poor—" "That is quite enough, I shall write to my friend Chapple about you; you may go home and rest content till you hear from me. Au revoir."

I did not like this business of my life at all, and so made a last effort for a present and permanent sit, more especially as you, Mr. Editor, are about to knock the Commissioners into a cocked hat and dry up their resources. "Sir John," said I, grasping his hand, "illustrious Canadian Chief, I am not ambitious, give me the place of your sleeping janitor, and superannuate him. What I want is a rest, and time to think." "Oh," exclaimed Sir John, "there's Tilley entering the saloon; wait a moment, business you know," and off he started. It was now growing late, and I went to my boarding house, determined to renew the attack in the morning. While at dinner I was considerably annoyed by the bold, disjointed chat of a man on my right, who kept continually harping on the awful effects of intemperance. He took away my appetite altogether. He told us that three thousand of the most eminent physicians in Europe were of the opinion that liquor taken even in moderation was injurious in its effects. "I," he said, "was at one time a drunkard myself, and know the difference. I was shunned by my fellow men; I lay in the gutter; I was an outcast from society, while now I am respected." I turned round in my chair to take a good look at this great temperance reformer and observe the change his fierce principles had wrought in him. After the inspection the conclusion I came to was that if he had ever been any uglier than he was just then Nature had performed a miracle in moulding him. Three hairs and a half garnished the top of his head, and these were almost colorless. One of his eyes was what is commonly called "swivel;" his face was thin and wizened; his mouth was straight across, never curving either one way or the other, just as if nature had framed him in a hurry, and when she saw his mouth had been forgotten, just made a gash across with a sharp knife, as a shoemaker makes a slit in a piece of leather he is working up. His chin and nose jutted out in parallel lines, one almost as far to the front as the other, and taken altogether, this apostle of temperance was not as handsome as the statue of Apollo, Belvidere. When he saw me looking at him he said—"Young man, I hope you are not addicted to the vice of intemperance. I see by the Montreal Hypocrite that your countrymen consume a terrible amount of liquor, and I am greatly afraid you are not an exceptional case. Liquor is the ruin of mankind. If you take a drop of brandy—a single drop—and put it in your eye you become blind. If you—" "Look here, my fine fellow," said I, "you are going too fast. There may be excess in eating as well as drinking, in sleeping as well as working, in blinking as well as thinking. My countrymen, it is true, have the credit of drinking more than their share; if it is correct, which I doubt, it is a shame for them, but they don't eat five times a day like you Englishmen, and gluttonize themselves till they burst. You say a drop of brandy hurts one's eye. It will certainly never hurt yours, but you just put a loaf of bread in your eye, or swallow a barrel of water at a draught, and you will see the results. Why don't you go out and preach to the drunkards, my emaciated friend, instead of lecturing people here who have never been dragged out of the gutter." "Missionary Society, whose members sneak into Catholic religion with impunity, and bark the Catholics' ears, but take care knowing they're subjects of Getaway and to give the subject, 'no would give them other savage tribes, w. asterisks, a wide heavy blows and small 'votest of mine berth.' At this indignant p. 'ignant, and declared his feelings were outraged, w. flying colors. I went next day to the Parliament buildings, and called upon my friend Sir John, who received me cordially, and said he would advise me if anything turned up that suited me. So here I am, Mr. Editor, at Lachine safe and sound, and hopeful of my future political prospects. I herewith enclose another dollar for the Relief Fund. Yours, respectfully, MYLES O'REGAN, ESQUIRE.

THE LUCAN TRAGEDY.

The Preliminary Examination.

LONDON, February 21.—The prisoners under arrest for the Donnelly massacre were brought before Squires Peters and Fisher for preliminary examination. The proceedings were held in the Court House, which was well filled by people from the neighborhood of the tragedy and citizens. This examination was resolved on by the Crown in justice to the prisoners as well as to bring the case to a speedy focus, and so avoid the uncertainties attending the inquest held on the spot. Patrick and Robert Donnelly were in attendance. Messrs. G. Hutchinson, Crown Attorney, and E. Meredith are associated in the prosecution, and Mr. MacMahon appeared for the defence. The first witness called was the boy, John O'Connor, who testified as follows:—I live with my father and mother; my father's name is Michael O'Connor; I was acquainted with James Donnelly and his family, who lived in Biddulph; went to Mr. James Donnelly's house on the eve of the murder; went with Mr. Donnelly and Thos. Donnelly, and went there for the purpose of minding the pigs while they were in Granton; Mr. Donnelly and Thomas came for me and I went with them; John and Thomas put the horse in; after I came in they came into the house, sat down, ate a few apples, talked for a while, and then, after supper, John put the harness on the horse and went to Whalen's to get a cutter to go to Granton next day; then we went out to feed the pigs; Tom gave me a blanket to put on the horse and a whip to keep the pigs away; then we fed the horse, done up the chores and went into the house; then we got a few more apples, and the old man and I went to bed in the front room; Bridget and the old woman were in the house, besides Tom and I; they stayed in the kitchen; after that we went to bed, and I think Jim Freely came in; I heard his voice; the old man and I went to bed together; Bridget and the old woman slept in the middle room next to us; Tom slept in the kitchen, where there was a bedroom; went to sleep after hours; Freely; Tom wanted me to go to bed with him, but the old man said "Come to bed with me;" went to bed with the old man; went to sleep; I waked up between 12 and 2 o'clock; knew it was 2 o'clock when I went over to Whalen's; the old man waked me when he was getting up; I saw Jim Carroll standing in the room door holding a candle for the old man to get up; the old man asked what he had against him now, and he (Carroll) said he had another charge against him; then, when the old man got dressed, he was looking for his great coat; it was under my head, and I said "here it is," and he took it; then the old man went out in the kitchen and asked him if he was handcuffed, and Tom said "Yes, he thinks he is smart;" Tom said, "Read the warrant," and in a minute a crowd rushed in and started hammering him with sticks; I was still lying in bed; they came in and then I jumped out and crawled under the bed, but when I saw Bridget run upstairs I ran after her; when they rushed in I got under the bed; from where I was lying under the bed I could see out into the front room; the bed was near the end of the room opposite the door.

when the old man came to get his coat; I did not see him put on his coat in the bedroom; I saw Carroll walking around the room with his cap on; it was a black felt hat; I don't know if he had an overcoat on or not; he had a black coat, but I don't know if it was an overcoat; he had on grey pants; they were made of flannel; I only said he had on grey pants at the inquest; I often saw them on him and know them to be the same; they were like the trousers young Mr. Maher has on now; when the old man got up Tom and the old woman were talking in the kitchen; I don't know if anyone tied the old man; I never remember telling anyone that they tied the old man's hands, but a couple of days after the murder some one told me so; I did not say it was the case; was told it out of my father's house; I could not say who it was told me so; they were talking in our house, and some one asked me whether it was true they had tied the old man's hands; I don't know who it was told me; I don't know whether my father was there, but think my sisters were; it was in the day time, but am not certain; it was not my mother who mentioned it to me, nor was it on the day of the murder; it was not one of our own family; when the old man left the bedroom I heard him say "TOM, ARE YOU HANDCUFFED?" and Tom said "Yes, he thinks he's smart;" I had often heard them talk about handcuffs at home; I had never seen a pair; I heard the old man say "Jim, what have you got against me now?" and Carroll said "I have another charge against you;" I don't know what that meant; Tom said "Read the warrant," but I did not know what that meant; my sister got one once; when the conversation took place in our place about the old man's hands being tied, I don't remember anything being said about the warrant; I had just gone into the house, and went out again; I don't know who was in besides our family; when I lifted up my head to get the old man's coat I could see into the front room; I don't think I saw Carroll there; he could have seen me; I don't know if Carroll knew me; I knew he was a constable, because I heard about him arresting people; did not see him the day he went with a warrant for my sister; I was awake in bed at this time, but the candle was not in the front room; I think there were about twenty of them ran into the house; I saw them from under the bed when they were looking at Tom; I don't know how many came in after; I only saw one of them dressed in woman's clothes; I had just got under the bed, and ran out when Bridget came to the stairs; the old man and woman, Tom and Bridget, were all in the kitchen; Bridget came from the kitchen to run up stairs; there was no one in the front room when Bridget ran up stairs; I went back into the room and got under the bed behind the clothes-basket; it was one of these big baskets, a little lower than the bed-cords; there was about half a foot between the bed and the basket; when I ran back there was no lamp in the front bedroom; they had a candle lit in the kitchen; the Donnellys had two glass lamps, but none of them were lit the night before; I could see Tom's feet at the door and heard him groaning; I don't know how many ran after him; they knocked him down outside, and, after carrying him, threw him on the floor; I could not see whether it was a candle or a lamp they had; they had a candle when Tom was thrown down; I could not see up high enough to see the candle unless I got from under the bed; I saw John Partell and Thos. Ryder there; I have no doubt about it being them; I think they were taking off the handcuffs when they were around him; I could see the light shining, but cannot say how high they were holding it; THE DAY AFTER THE MURDER, when I went to Lucan, no one spoke to me about handcuffs; nothing was said about taking handcuffs off; Tom Partell was standing right beside Tom's body there; he was standing up straight; knew Partell and Ryder very well; knew them as well as I did Carroll; Partell was dressed in black clothes, but I did not notice what kind of cap he had on; Tom Ryder had on a peaked cap; well, I did not notice his clothes; it was a cloth cap; I did not notice the color, the lugs or ear lugs around it were cloth, but I do not know whether the rest of it was cloth; the ear-lugs were up, not down over his ears; they were tied up over the top of the cap, and he wore it just the same as he had worn it before at Lucan, where I had seen him have it on before; the lugs went from the peak around behind the ears; it was not cold in bed that night that I knew.

when the old man said, "Hold the light here while I dress;" he did not call him by name; I heard Tom talking to Mrs. Donnelly in the kitchen at the same time; I could not hear what they were talking about; Mrs. Donnelly got up to start the fire, I think, for she called to Bridget to get up and help light the fire; I think it was the Donnellys who lit the candles; the candles were on the kitchen table; I only think it was one of the Donnellys who lit the candle; I saw the light in the front room from the kitchen; when the old man got up he stayed in the door to dress himself, and did not go out to put on his clothes; I did not know all the Carrolls in that neighborhood; I know James Carroll very well, and saw him at the door; I don't know where Carol got the candle; the old man never asked me to get up and dress; I never said the old man asked me to get up and dress; I do not remember telling the Coroner and the jury so at Lucan; when the old man got up he threw the clothes on me; I looked right at Carol and recognized him; he was at the door when the old man asked for his coat; he called out, "Does any one know where my coat is," and Mrs. Donnelly answered, "That she did not;" I rose up and found that the coat was under my head.

THE OLD WOMAN AND TOM WERE KILLED; I didn't know the old man and Bridget were killed at the time; I told a lot of things that I can't remember, for I was very frightened; I told them to call up the boys; she said, "No, if they went over there they'd get killed;" then Mr. Whalen put on his boots and went down to Jack Whalen's; Jack lives on the same side of the road, and not far away; I stayed in the house till he came back, and when Joe and I went over to the fire, the old man and Jack were there; Mrs. Whalen gave me a pair of shoes and a pair of stockings; I had run over bare-footed; when we got over there the whole place was in a blaze; stayed for a while, and Mr. Whalen said, "He thought he saw one of the bodies inside;" we then went around to the front door, saw a big patch of blood, and went back to Mr. Whalen's; then Mrs. Whalen put me to bed; I stayed there until about 7 o'clock or near 8 a.m., when we got up, and, after breakfast, went over to Donnelly's; the house was burnt down, and we saw

RELIEF FOR IRELAND. HOUSE OF COMMONS. OTTAWA, February 20. Sir J. A. MACDONALD moved the House into Committee to take into consideration the gracious message of His Excellency the Governor-General on the subject of the relief of the distress in Ireland. The House went into Committee, Mr. CAROL in the chair. Sir J. A. MACDONALD said the Government thought that the amount named in the resolution would be a substantial recognition of the distress in Ireland, and would not press heavily upon the resources of the country. He then moved the resolution, seconded by Hon. Mr. Mackenzie. The intention of the Government was to forward the money to the Right Honorable Secretary of the Colonies, to apply it to the object named in the resolution. Hon. Mr. ANGLEN hoped that a larger amount would have been granted. It was to be the gift of a great nation, and to be given out of the abundance of the country. He would have been pleased had the amount been fifty thousand pounds, which would have been commensurate with the needs of the distressed people. The amount proposed was a handsome and generous gift, but he would rather it had been greater. He was sorry that the Government did not see its way clear to send the amount to the Mansion House Committee of Dublin, as it was the body that possessed the confidence of the larger portion of the people of that country. The English Government had not moved with that alacrity that the circumstances demanded. It was for that reason that he regretted the sum was not to be sent to the destination he had indicated. He returned his thanks to the House on behalf of his fellow-countrymen for the sum the Government had shown their disposition to grant. Mr. WRIGHT thought that, under the circumstances, the Government had done a wise and generous act. The committee reported the resolution as adopted, and the report was then concurred in. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD moved, seconded by Hon. Mr. Mackenzie, an address to His Excellency on the subject. Carried. Hon. Mr. BLAKE suggested that the amount should be accompanied by a request that the money should be applied for the immediate relief of the sufferers. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD said the Government would do so. A Dublin paper publishes a cable despatch that American contributions will now probably cease, because it is reported from Dublin that there is sufficient to prevent further suffering. Mr. Redpath says no such fund exists in Dublin, and unless liberal contributions continue, he believes that hundreds, probably thousands, of families will perish. Priests and prominent laymen from different districts of the west of Ireland, whom Mr. Redpath met in Dublin, confirm the statements in letters.

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