VOL. XXVI

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 21, 1876.

NO. 49

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Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost..... Temporal..... Free by mail on receipt of price.

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REVEREND J. J. MURPHY.

who lost his life at the fire at Back River on the night of December 4th, 1875. We have just received from our Agents in England a consignment of SERMONS on VARIOUS SUB-JECTS, given by

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THERE IS A WORD.

There is a word whose solemn tone Comes o'er the spirit like a knell; And sadder far the Ocean's mosn,
Is that low trembling word: ".Farewell!" It flits across the heart's green bowers. When roses bloom without a thorn Rich in its gay and fragrant flowers, It leaves a blight, a waste forlorn.

In this dark world, how oft we hear That word, so like a passing knell; And sunniest days of joy and cheer Are ever follow'd by "Farewell!" But on that lov'd and loving shore Where death and sorrow cannot dwell, Fond, trusting hearts shall grieve no more Nor hear that mournful word: "Farewell!"

[From London Society.]

A PERILOUS JOURNEY.

There is a tide in the affairs of men, Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune-

So says the sage, it is not to be gainsayed by any man whom forty winters have chilled into wisdom. Ability and opportunity are fortune. Opportunity is not fortune, otherwise all were fortunate. Ability is not fortune, else why does genius slave? Why? But because it missed the opportunity that fitted it? What I have-wife, position, independence-I

owe to an opportunity for exercising the very simple and unpretending combination of qualities that goes by the name of ability. But to my story.

My father was a wealthy country gentleman of

somewhat more than the average of intelligence, and somewhat more than the average of generosity and extravagance. His younger brother, a solicitor of large practice in London, would in vain remonstrate as to the imprudence of his course. Giving treely, spending freely, must come to an end. It did; and at twenty I was a well-educated, gentlemanly pauper. The investigation of my father's affairs. showed that there was one shilling and sixpence in the pound for the whole of his creditors, and of course nothing for me.

The position was painful. I was half engaged to -that is, I had gloves, flowers, a ringlet, a carte de visite of Alice Morton. That, of course, must be stopped.

Mr. Silas Morton was not ill-pleased at the prospect of an alliance with his neighbor Westwood's son, while there was an expectation of a provision for the young couple in the union of estates as well as persons; but now, when the estate was gone, when I, Guy Westwood, was shillingless in the world, it would be folly indeed. Nevertheless, I must take my leave.

"Well, Guy, my lad, bad job this-very bad job; thought he was as safe as the bank. Would not have believed it from any one—not from any one. Of course all that nonsense about you and Alice must be stopped now; I'm not a hard man, but I can't allow Alice to throw away her life in the poverty she would have to bear as your wife; can't do it: wouldn't be the part of a father if I did."

I suggested I might in time. "Time, sir! time! How much? She's nineteen now. You're brought up to nothing-know nothing that will carn you sixpence for the next six months; and you talk about time. Time, indeed! Keep her waiting till she's thirty, and then break her heart by

finding it a folly to marry at all." "Ah! Alice, my dear, Guy's come to say 'Good-by,' he sees, with me, that his altered position compels him, as an honorable man, to give up any hopes he may have formed as to the future."

He left us alone to say "Farewell!"—a word too hard to say at our ages. Of course we consulted what should be done. To give each other up, to bury the delicious past, that was not to be thought We would be constant, spite of all. I must gain a position, and papa would help us.

ed to try my powers as a linguist. The courier commenced in Italian with a remark

commission, Alice for the office. A respectable, to them. influential solicitor; a position not to be despised nothing but cleverness wanted; and my uncle's name, and no one to wait for; no liver complaints;

"Oh, I'm sure it is the best thing." I agreed, not unnaturally then, that it was the

no Sepoys; no sea voyages; no long separation.

"Now, you young people, you've had time enough to say 'Good-bye,' so be off, Guy. Here, my lad, you'll need something to start with," and the old gentleman put into my hands a note for fifty

"I must beg, sir, that you will not insult—"
"God bless the boy! 'Insult!' Why I've danced you on my knee hundreds of times. Look you, Guy,"—and the old fellow came and put his hand on my shoulder,—"it gives me pain to do what I am doing. I believe for both your sakes, it is best you should part. Let us part friends. Come now, Guy, you'll need this; and if you need a little more let me know."

"But, sir, you can cut me off from all hope; you render my life a burden to me. Give me some definite task; say how much you think we ought to have; I mean how much I ought to have to keep Alice—I mean Miss Morton—in such a position as

Alice added her entreaties, and the result of the conference was an understanding that if, within five years from the date, I could show that I was worth £500 a year, the old gentleman would add another £500; and on that he thought we might live for a few years comfortably.

There was to be no correspondence whatever; no meetings, no messages. We protested and pleaded, and finally he said-

"Well, well, Guy; I always liked you and liked your father before you. Come to us on Christmas day, and you shall find a vacant chair beside Alice. There, now; say 'Good-bye,' and be off."

I went off. I came to London to one of the little lanes leading out of Cannon street. Five hundred a year in five years! I must work hard.

My uncle took little notice of me; I fancied worked me harder than the rest, and paid me the same. Seventy-five pounds a year is not a large sum. I had spent it in a month before now, after the fashion of my father; now, I hoarded; made clothes last; ate in musty, cheap, little cook-shops; and kept my enjoying faculties from absolute rust by a weekly half-price to the theatres—the pit.

The year passed. I went down on Christmas, and for twenty-four hours was alive; came back, and had a raise of twenty pounds in salary for the next year. I waited for opportunity, and it came

This jog-trot routine of office-work continued for two years and more, and at the end of that time I was worth but my salary of £135 per year-£135! a long way from £500. Oh, for opportunity? I must quit the task, and become a merchant; all successful men have been merchants; money begets fox? Why are you here? Com-, tell mc, while I money. But to oppose all these thoughts or change, memory of Alice's last words at Christmas, "Wait and hope." Certainly; it's so easy to. "Governor wants you, Westwood. He's sharp

this morning; very sharp; so look out my dear "You understand a little Italian, I think?" said

my uncle. "A little, sir."

"You will start to-night for Florence, in the mail train. Get there as rapidly as possible, and find whether a Colonel Wilson is residing there, and what lady he is residing with. Learn all you can as to his position and means, and the terms on which he lives with that lady. Write to me, and wait there for further instructions. Mr. Williams will give you a cheque for £100; you can get circular notes for £50, and the rest cash. If you have anything to say, come in here at five o'clock; if not good-morning. By-the-by, say nothing in the

I need not say that hope made me believe my opportunity was come.

I hurried to Florence and discharged my mission; sent home a careful letter, full of facts without comment or opinion, and in three weeks' time was summoned to return.

I had done little or nothing that could help me, and in a disappointed state of mind I packed up and went to the railway station at St. Dominico. A little row with a peasant as to his demand for carrying my baggage caused me to lose the last train that night, and so the steamer at Leghorn. The station-master, seeing my vexation endeavored to

console me : "There will be a special through train to Leghorn at nine o'clock, ordered for Count Spezzato; he is good natured, and will possibly let you go in

It was worth the chance, and I hung about the station till I was tired, and then walked back toward the village. Passing a small wine-shop I entered, and asked for wine in English. I don't know what possessed me when I did it, for they were unable to understand me without dumb motions. I at length got wine by these means, and sat down to while away the time over a railway

I had been seated about half an hour, when a courier entered, accompanied by a railway guard. Two more different examples of the human race it would be difficult to describe

The guard was a dark, savage looking Italian, 'rascal" and "bully" written all over him; big, black, burly, with bloodshot eyes, and thick, heavy, sensual lips, the man was utterly repulsive.

The courier was a little, neatly dressed man, of no age in particular: pale, blue-eyed, straight-lip-ped, his face was a compound of fox and rabbit that only a fool or a patriot would have trusted out of arm a length.

This ill-matched pair called for brandy, and the hostess set it before them. I then heard them ask who and what I was. She replied, I must be an-Englishman, and did not understand the Italian for wine. She then left.

They evidently wanted to be alone, and my presence was decidedly disagreeable to them; and muttering that I was an Englishman, they proceed-

place in my uncle's office. Which? I was for the newspaper. I didn't speak Italian, that was clear

The guard now struck in with a remark in French as to the fineness of the neighboring country. I shrugged my shoulders, and produced my cigar case French was not very familiar to me, evidently.

"Those beasts of English think their own tongue so fine they are too proud to learn another." said the guard.

I sat quietly, sipping my wine, and reading. "Well, my dear Michael Pultuski," began the

"For the love of God, call me not by that name My name is Alexis Dzentzol, now." "Oh! oh! laughed the guard; " you've chang

ed your name, you fox; it's like you. Now I am the same that you knew fifteen years ago, Conrad Ferrate-to-day, yesterday, and for life, Conrad Ferrate. Come, lad, tell us your story. How did you get out of that little affair at Warsaw? How they could have trusted you with your face, with their secrets, I can't for the life of me tell; you look so like a sly knave, don't you, lad!"

The courier, so far from resenting this familiarity, smiled, as if he had been praised.

" My story is soon said. I found after my betrayal to the police of the secrets of that little conspiracy which you and I joined, that Poland was too hot for me, and my name too well known. I went to France, who values her police, and for a few years was useful to them But it was dull work : very dull; native talent was more esteemed. I was to be sent on a secret service to Warsaw; I declined for obvious reasons."

"Good! Michael—Alexis; good, Alexis. This fox is not to be trapped!" And he slapped the

courier on the shoulder, heartily.
"And," resumed the other, " I resigned. Since then I have travelled as courier to noble families

and trust I give satisfaction." "Good! Alexis; good Mich-good Alexis! To yourself you give satisfaction. You are a fine ras-cal! So decent, so quiet, so like the cure of a convent. Who would believe that you had sold the lives of thirty men men for a few hundred roubles?"

"And who," interrupted the courier, " would be-lieve that you, bluff, honest Conrad Ferrate, had run away with all the money those thirty men had collected during ten years of labor, for rescuing their country from the Russian?"

" That was good. Alexis, was it not?" I never was so rich in my life as then; I loved-I gamed -I drank on the patriots' money."
"For how long? Three years?"

" More-and now have none left. Ah! Times change, Alexis; behold me." And the guard touched his buttons and belt, the badges of his office. " Never mind-here's my good friend, the bottle-let us embrace-the only friend that is always true-if he does not gladden, he makes us forget."
"Tell me, my good Alexis, whom do you rob

now? Whose money do you invest, eh! my little drink to your success."

Count Spezzato."

"Ten thousand devils! My accursed cousin!" broke in the guard. "He who has robbed me from his birth; whose birth itself was a vile robbery of me-me, his cousin, child of his father's brother. May he be accursed forever "

I took particular pains to appear only amused at this genuine outburst of passion, for I saw the watchful eye of the courier was on me all the time we were talking.

The guard drank off a tumbler of brandy.

" That master of yours is the man of whom I spoke years ago, as the one who had ruined me; and you serve him! May he be strangled on his

wedding night, and cursed forever." "Be calm, my dearest Conrad, calm yourself! that beast of an Englishman will think you are drunk, like one of his own swinish people, if you

talk so loud as this." " How can I help it? I must talk. What he is, that I ought to be; I was brought up to it till I was eighteen; was the heir to all his vast estate; there was but one life between me and power-my uncle's-and he at fifty married a girl, and had this son, this son of perdition, my cousin. And after that, I who had been the pride of my family,

became of no account; it was 'Julian,' 'sweet Julian! 1 1 "I heard," said the courier, " that some one attempted to strangle the sweet child, that was-?"

"Me-you fox-me. I wish I had done it : but for that wretched dog that worried me, I should have been Count Spezzato now. I killed that dog, killed him, no, not suddenly; may his master die like him !"

" And you left after that little affair." "Oh, yes! I left, and became what you know

"A clever man, my dear Conrad. I know no man who is more clever with the ace than yourself, and as to bullying to cover a mistake, you are an emperor at that. Is it not so, Conrad? Come, drink good health to my master, your cousin.'

"You miserable viper, I'll crush you if you ask me to do that again. I'll drink—here, give me the glass-here's to Count Spezzato; may be die like a dog! May his carcase bring the birds and the wolves together. May his name be cursed and hated while the sun lasts. And may purgatory keep him till I pray for his release!'

The man's passion was something frightful to see, and I was more than half inclined to leave the place; but something, perhaps a distant murmur of the rising tide, compelled me to stay. I pretended sleep, allowing my head to sink down upon the

He sat still for a few momente, and then commenced walking about the room, and abruptly ask-

"What brought you here, Alexis?" " My master's horse, Signor Conrad.

"Good, my little fox; but why did you come on your master's horse?' "Because my master wishes to reach Leghorn

to-night to meet his bride, Conrad." "Then his is the special train ordered at nine, that I am to go with ?" exclaimed the guard eager-

ly. "That is so, gentle Conrad! and now having door." Two ways were open—a commission in India, a on the weather. I immediately handed him the told you all, let me pay our hostess and go."

" Pay! No one pays for me, little fox; no, no, no go": I will pay." The courier took his departure, and the guard kept walking up and down the room, muttering to

"To-night it must be. If he goes to Leghorn, he meets his future wife; another life, and perhaps a dozen. No, it must be to-night or never. Does his mother go? Fool that I am, not to ask? Yes, it

must be to-night; "and he left the room.
What should be "to-night?" Some foul play of which the Count would be the victim, no doubt. But how? When? that must be solved. To follow him, or to wait—which? Too wait. It is always best to wait. I had learned this lesson already,

I waited. It was now rather more than half-past eight and I had risen to go to the door when I saw the guard returning to the wine-shop with a man whose dress indicated the stoker.

" Come in, Guido ; come in," said the the guard, and drink with me." The man came in, and I was again absorbed in

my book.

They seated themselves at the same table as before, and drank silently for awhile; presently the guard began a conversation in some pathos I could

not understand; but I could see the stoker grow more and more interested as the name Betrix occurred more frequently. As the talk went on, the stoker seemed pressing

the guard on some part of the story with a most vindictive eagerness, repeatedly asking, "His name? The accursed! His name? At last the guard answered, " The Count Spez-

zato.' " The Count Spezzato !" said the stoker, now leav-

ing the table, and speaking in Italian. Yes, good Guido ; the man who will travel in

the train we take to-night to Leghorn." "He shall die! the accursed! He shall die tonight!" said the stoker. "If I lose my life, the betrayer of my sister shall die."

The guard returned to the unknown tongue, seemed to be endeavoring to calm him; and I could only catch a repetition of the word "Empoli" at intervals. Presently the stoker took from the seats beside him two tin bottles, such as you may see in the hands of mechanics who dine out; and I could see that one of them had rudely scratched ou it the name of "William Atkinson." I fancied the guard produced from his pocket a phial, and poured the contents into that bottle; but the action was so rapid and the corner so dark, that I could not be positive; then rising, they stopped at the counter, had both bottles filled with brandy, and

It was now time to get to the station, and having paid my modest score, I went out.

A little in front of me, by the light of a small window, I saw these two cross themselves, grip each other's hands across right to right left to left and part.

The stoker had set down the bottles, and now taking them up, followed the guard at a slower

Arrived at the station, I found the count, his mother, a female servant, and the courier.

The count came up to me, and said in broken English, "You are the English to go to Leghorn with me? Very well, there is room. I like the English. "You shall pay nothing, because I do not sell tickets; you shall go free. Is that so?" I thanked him in the best Italian I could mus-

"Do not speak your Italian to me; I speak the English as a native: I can know all you shall say to me in your own tongue. See, here is the train special, as you call it. Enter, as it shall please

you. The train drew up to the platform ; and I saw that the stoker was at his post, and that the engine-driver was an Englishman,

I endeavored in vain to draw his attention to warn him, and was compelled to take my seat, which I did in the compartment next the guard's break the train consisting of that carriage and another, in which were the count, his mother, and the ser-

The guard passed along the train, locked the doors, and enter his box.

"The Florence goods is behind you, and the Sienna goods is due at Empoli Junction for minutes before you; mind you don't run into it," said the

station master with a laugh. "No fear ; we shall not run into it," said the guard with a marked emphasis on "we and "it" that I recalled afterwards.

The whistle sounded, and we were off. It was a drizzling wet night; and I lay down full length on the seat to sleep. As I lay down a gleam of light shot across the

carriage from a chink in the woodwork of the partition between the compartment I was in and the guard's box. I was terribly anxious from the manner of the guard; and this seemed to be a means of hearing

something more. I lay down and listened atten-"How much will you give for your life, my little fox ?" said the guard.

"To-day, very little; when I am sixty, all I have, Conrad." "But you might give something for it to-night, sweet Alexis, if you knew it was in danger?

"I have no fear; Conrad Ferrate has too often conducted a train for me to fear to night." "True, my good Alexis; but this is the last train he will ride with as guard, for to-morrow he will be the Count Spezzato."

"How? To-morrow? You joke, Conrad, The brandy was strong; but you, who have drunk so much, could hardly feel that." "I neither joke, nor am I drunk; yet I shall be

buy your life of me, you shall die to-night. That is simple, sweet fox. "Ay; but, Conrad, I am not in danger." "Nay, Alexis; see, here is the door" (I heard

him turn the handle.) "If you learn against the door, you will fall out and be killed. Is it not simple? "But, good Conrad, I shall not lean against the

"Oh, my sweet fox, my cunning fox, my timid

fox, but not my strong fox; you will lean against the door. I know you will, unless I prevent you; and I will not prevent you, unless you give me all you have in that bag."

The mocking tone of the guard seemed well understood, for I heard the clink of gold. "Good, my Alexis; it is good; but it is very little for a life. Come, what is your life worth, that: you buy it with only your master's money? it has

cost you nothing. I see you will lean against that door, which is so foolish." . "What, in the name of all the devils in hell; will you have?" said the trembling voice of the

courier. "Only a little more; just that belt that is under your shirt, next to your skin, and dearer to you; only a little soft leather belt with pouches in. Is

not life worth a leather belt?" "Wretch! All the earnings of life are in that

belt, and you know it." "Is it possible, sweet fox, that I have found your nest? I shall give Maria a necklace of diamonds, then. Why do you wait? Why should you tail from a train, and make a piece of news for the papers? Why?"

"Take it and be accursed in your life and death!" and I heard the belt flung on the floor of the car-

"Now, good Alexis, I am in funds; there are three pieces of gold for you; you will need them at Leghorn. Will you drink? No? Then I will tell you why without drink. Do you know where

we are ?" "Yes; between Dominico and Signa."

"And you know where we are going?"

"Yes; to Leghorn." "No, sweet Alexis, we are not; we are going to Empoli; the train will go no further. Look you, little fox; we shall arrive at the junction one minute before the Sienna goods train, and there the engine will break down just where the rails cross; for two blows of a hammer will convert an engine into a log; shall 1 get out to examine it; that will take a little time; I shall explain to the count the nature of the injury; that will take a little time; and then the goods train will have arrived; and as it does not stop there, this train will go no further than Empoli, and I shall be Count Spezzato to-morrow. How do you like my scheme, little fox? Is it not worthy of your pupil? Oh, it will be a beautiful accident; it will fill the papers. That beast of an English who begged his place in the train will be fortunate; he will cease, for goods trains are heavy. Eh! but it's a grand scheme—the son, the mother, the servant, the stranger, the engine-driver, all shall tell no

"And the stoker?" said the courier. "Ob, you and he and I shall escape. We shall be pointed at in the street as the fortunate. It is good, is it not, Alexis, my fox? I have told him that the count is the man who betrayed his sister. He believes it, and is my creature. But, little fox, it was not my cousin, it was myself that took his Beatrix from her home. Is it not good, Alexis?—
Is it not genius? And Atkinson—he, the driver is now stupid; he has drunk from his can the poppy juice that will make him sleep for ever. 1 will be a politician. I am worthy of office. I will become the Minister of a Bourbon when I am count, my dear fox, and you shall be my comrade again, as of old."

I was, for a time, lost to every sensation save that of hearing. The fiendish garrulity of the man had all the fascination of the serpent's rattle. I felt helplessly resigned to a certain fate.

I was aroused by something white slowly passing the closed window of the carriage. I waited a little, then gently opened it and looked out. Tho stoker was crawling along the foot-board of the next carriage, holding on by its handles, so as not to be seen by the occupants, and holding the signal lantern that I had noticed at the back of the last carriage in his hand. The meaning of it struck me in a moment; if by any chance we missed the goods train from Sienna, we should be run into from behind by the train from Florence.

The cold air that blew in at the open window refreshed me, and I could think what was to be done. The train was increasing its pace rapidly. Evidently the stoker, in sole charge, was striving to reach Empoli before the other train, which we should follow, was due; he had to make five minutes in a journey of forty-five, and, at the rate we were going, we should do it. We stopped nowhere, and the journey was nore than half over.— We were now between Segua and Montelupo.— Another twenty minutes and I should be a bruised corpse. Something must be done.
I decided soon. Unfastening my bag, I took out
my revolver, without which I never travel, and

looking carefully to the loading and capping, fast-ened it to my waist with a handkerchief. I then cut with my knife the bar across the middle of the window, and carefully looked out. I could see nothing; the rain was falling fast, and the night as dark as ever. I cautiously put out at first one leg and then the other, keeping my knees and toes close to the door, and lowered myself till I felt the step. I walked carefully along the foot board by side steps, holding on to the handles of the doors, till I came to the end of the carriages, and was next the tender. Here was a gulf that seemed impassable. The stoker must have passed over it; why not I? Mounting from the foot-board on to the buffer, and holding on to the iron book on which the lamps were hung, I stretched my legs to reachthe flat part on the buffer on the tender. My legs swung about with vibration, and touched nothing. I must spring. I had to hold with both hands behind my back, and stood on the case of the bufferspring, and, suddenly leaving go leaped forward, struck violently against the edge of the tender, and grasped some of the loose lumps of coal on the Count Spezzato to-morrow, good Alexis. Look stop. Another struggle brought me on my knees, you, my gentle fox, my sweet fox; if you do not buy your life of me, you shall die to-night. That st that moment the stoker opened the door of the furnace, and turned towards me, shovel in hand, and put in the coals. The bright red light from the fire enabled him to see me, while it blinded me. He rushed at me, and then began a struggle that I

shall remember to my dying day.

He grasped me round the throat with one arm, dragging me close to his breast, and with the other

(CONCLUDED ON SEVENTH PAGE)