



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1879.

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Dark or Light Blue? Her brothers were both down at Oxford...

WAR ON LANDLORDS.

An incendiary Manifesto Issued by the Irish Skirmishers—Threats of Vengeance—Evoking the Memory of Fenian Horrors in '47—An Appeal to the Irish People.

The exciting news received from Ireland within the last few weeks has unquestionably soured considerable feeling among the Irish people in this city and vicinity...

THE ADDRESS.

To the Irish People of the United States:—

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN.—The threatening aspect of affairs in Ireland calls for prompt and vigorous action on the part of nationalists in this country.

The national fund was started with a view to providing the means to strike a telling blow against England whenever an opportunity should present itself.

REASONS FOR DELAY.

The amount contributed, however, though larger than was anticipated and sufficient to carry out some of the minor things indicated by its founders, would not warrant the undertaking of such enterprises as would inflict real and lasting injury on our enemies or be of real benefit to Ireland.

throwing English domination, and all the branches of the national party must act as the divisions of an army, animated by a common purpose and guided by an authority whom all must recognize toward the point where the enemy is to be met.

THE CURSE OF LANDLORDISM.

The foreign landlord system, which has cursed the country since the final triumph of English rule and dwarfed the energies of a people endowed with natural gifts fitting them for one of the highest places among the races of the world, has at length reached the climax of its infamous history and reduced the people to the verge of beggary.

Such a revolution the English Government and the English landlords of Ireland will never consent to. It can only be accomplished by the complete overthrow of British power in Ireland.

"STAND TOGETHER, BROTHERS, ALL."

Irishmen of America, will you stand tamely by while your countrymen at home are being butchered, or will you come to their assistance and enable them to stand by their homesteads?

Survivors of '47, have you forgotten the countless horrors of the famine and the weary years of suffering and sorrow that followed it? Can you think of your murdered kindred without a burning desire to avenge them?

WHAT MAY BE EXPECTED.

We do not wish to provoke a hopeless resistance, but wholesale evictions at the bayonet's point are sure to end in bloodshed, and many will prefer to die like men, defending their homes from the foreign robber, than to live paupers in the workhouse or starve by the roadside.

general movement. This is a danger which must be foreseen and provided for.

In the event of such a conflict the funds at our disposal shall be used to enable the people to stand by their homes, to strike down the robber rule of the landlord and to inflict speedy punishment for acts of cruelty and murder.

- WILLIAM CARROLL. THOMAS CLARKE LUDY. JOHN J. BRESLIN. THOMAS F. BOURKE. JAMES REYNOLDS. JOHN DEVROY.

AUGUSTINE FORD, Secretary.

British Missions to Burmah.

A belief is gaining ground that Mr. St. Barbe, the acting resident at Mandalay, has at last received definite instructions from Calcutta to withdraw from the Burmese capital as soon as he conveniently can; and we hope that it is well founded.

THE CAVENS OF LURAY.

The Caverns of Luray, Virginia, which have recently been discovered and rendered accessible to tourists, are probably destined to become more famous than the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky.

submit to indignities which the envoys of China or even of Siam would have resented. At a time when this country had long refused to allow its ambassadors to perform ko-tou at the Court of Peking, our envoys, such as Symes, Cox, Canning, Crawford, and indeed all our representatives up to the date of Colonel Phayre's Mission in 1855, approached the Burmese throne in the attitude of the most grovelling application.

French Society as it is.

In other days the Court of France was the most punctilious in Europe, and nowhere could the minutest differences of social rank be more distinctly marked.

LIFE IN THE WEST INDIES.

BY G. M. HARRINGTON.

It was in the island of St. Kitt's, otherwise St. Christopher, that the incident I am about to relate took place. A mulatto lady, who delighted in the patronymic "Mrs. O'Loughlin," had announced that on a certain night she intended giving a grand ball, and as a consequence, all members of the social scale in which this lady moved were considerably excited about it.

WIS AND HUMOR.

"I dunno, ma'am," whined the little black, from one end of the table, "he was here less'n five minits ago."

"Without uttering another word, Mrs. O'Loughlin seized the hands of the one nearest to her and applied them to her nostrils. Apparently satisfied that this was not the thief, she dropped them again and seized the digits of the next; and so on until all were thus examined.

FROM PUNCE.

Why are all Curries Conservatives.—Because a Tory is more than half way to a rectory.

NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTERS.

Sea-side visitor (to the Suffolk coast)—You'll excuse me sir, but I notice that you seem to like to sit all day on this exposed spot—Native (ancient mariner)—Yes I dew, sir; 'cause then I know there ain't nobody to the eastward of me.

THE GAME OF THE DAY.

Birdsack—Come, Address, we know each other's form. You and I together against the lot! Russia (to France)—I think, madam, we might be a match for them! France—Thanks! I prefer to sit out at present! England (to Italy) Nobody asks us!

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

Village doctor (to the grave-digger, who is given to whiskey)—Ah, John! I'm sorry to see you in this pitiable condition again! Grave digger—'Toots, sir! I can ye no't a little fault o' mine gae by? It's my own muckle an' o' yours I ha' happit owne, an' said nothing about!

A SINE QUA NON.—Patient.—Do you mean to say my complaint is a dangerous one? Doctor.—A very dangerous one, my dear friend. Still, people have been known to recover from it; so you must not give up all hope. But recollect one thing: your only chance is to keep in a cheerful frame of mind, and avoid any thing like depression of spirits!

PRESENT AND EXAMPLE.—Great grand papa.—Oh, indeed! can you lick your sister at lawn-tennis, can you? Well, don't, my boy. But beware of self-conceit, and never brag. Why I could lick everybody at lawn-tennis, when I was your age—or could have done if I were! I was the best cricketer, the best fencer, the best boxer, runner, jumper, swimmer, and diver I ever came across, either at school, at college, or after; and in classics and mathematics I beat 'em all clean out of the field! As for riding, no one ever touched me; or dancing either; let alone that I was the handsomest man in the country, and the best dressed, for that matter; besides being the wittiest and the most popular. Ay, and such a song as I could sing, too! And yet a more modest and unassuming demeanour than mine it's never been my good fortune to set eyes on, man or boy, these four score years and ten—for I'm all that, my boy, and more, though you'd never believe it, to look at me!—Beware of self-conceit, my boy, and never, never brag!

Both the flat and bouffant styles are fashionable this season—frequently the two elements are combined, the skirt narrow and plain and the drapery bouffant. Silk, with the exception of black, is seldom chosen for the entire costume—the soft woolen goods being so much more appropriate for the purpose.

Every kind of insect is fashionable for pins, ear rings and brooches, and the same insect of larger size will figure in the dress trimmings. The domain of fancy jewelry is being constantly enlarged, and every style is seen on bonnets and dresses as well as appearing in ornaments.

A hat that is extensively worn in England this season for traveling is made of serge without any wire or netting. The shape is given by running an elastic around the crown and thick piping cords in the shirring of the brim. It is well nigh indestructible, and is pretty. They are made in every shade and have no trimming.

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When the night appointed had arrived, myself and comrade, arrayed in regimental white spats, spotless white shirt with unlimited frill, and dancing pumps, betook ourselves to the scene of festivity. Quite a number had already assembled, and we amused ourselves for a while in viewing and commenting upon the dress and appearance of those present. Not long were we thus engaged when our attention was attracted to a servant of one of our own officers, attired in his master's scarlet uniform, sword and spurs. Retiring to a quiet spot where we could enjoy unobserved a good laugh at his ridiculous appearance, Johnson remarked that before many minutes were over he would teach him a lesson that would prove at least wholesome, if not agreeable. Nor had he long to wait for an opportunity to carry out the intention he had formed, for soon he perceived the darky engaged in a waltz with a fair (?) maiden, who seemed to regard her partner with great admiration. Just as he was whirling great him, Johnson put out his foot, and catching one of the spurs under it, snapped it instantly in two. The rage and mortification of the negro was terrible to witness, although it did not prove injurious to the one against whom his anger was incited, for, quickly as Johnson had performed the act, he did not escape detection by his victim, who, too cowardly to bodily assault him, was contented to heap all the epithets and abuse his mind could invent or his tongue utter.

"Gorramighty," he exclaimed, "what my massa say? Damn buckra man, he kill you some time. My massa bid out me wear his clothes and send me away; den I hab revenge, sah, mind now!" Johnson stood quietly smiling at the impotent rage of the other, who, finding that his abuse had no effect upon him, left the room muttering terrible imprecations to himself as he strode out. We quietly followed him to ascertain what direction he would take, and presently found ourselves on the balcony, which usually forms part of a West Indian dwelling, and there we discovered the supper-table spread in such a manner as to make us instantly forget the victim of the late practical joke. It was covered with a handsome supply of all the fruits peculiar to the island, but the principal dish, the one on which the hostess evidently prided herself, was a small roast pig, dressed and ornamented in a most artistic fashion. This was placed in the centre of the board, and looked indeed very attractive. It proved too tempting, and excited Johnson's cupidity to such a degree that he whispered in my ear his intention of having roast pork for his breakfast the next morning. A little negro, of nine or ten years, had been left in charge of the table, but the youth's attention was centred in the ball room, and not on the viands laid in his care, so that Johnson had not long to wait for an opportunity to carry out his design. The little fellow's time was occupied in running from the table to the door of the ball room, thus satisfying himself that he was performing, conscientiously, the duty entrusted to him. But, "alas for human calculation," while engaged in watching the dancers, Johnson slipped round to where the pig was stationed, and, putting it under his arm, he quickly made his way to the barracks. I, however, remained behind to witness the sequel to this interesting episode.

Nothing more of import occurred until the hour for supper arrived, which fact was announced to the guests by the hostess. Couples were immediately formed, and, preceded by Mrs. O'Loughlin, marched slowly to the balcony. On reaching the door the hostess stood aside to allow her guests to find chairs around the table. When all were seated, she seized a carving-knife and fork, and turning a smiling face upon the expectant ladies and gentlemen, addressed them thus:— "Ladies and gemmen, as you can plainly see, I had spared no pains to make dis ball de mos' successful one of de season. For supper I had procured all the fruit de island can afford, and to set off de whole I had bought and roasted dis little hog." She had been gradually edging towards the pterodactyl last word she made a dive with the knife and fork at the spot where she supposed the object of her pride to be, but the noise occasioned by the collision of the steel against the empty plate, made her quickly turn her beaming eyes from her guests to the table.

"Boy!" she thundered out, while a fierce light flashed from her eyes, "boy! where am dot hog?"