

June 21, 1882

ST. MARY'S CHURCH

The Blessing and Erection of the Stations of the Cross

A very impressive ceremony took place on Sunday evening in the Church of St. Mary, on the corner of Pine and Craig streets. The occasion was the blessing and erection of the Stations of the Cross in this new and splendid place of Catholic worship.

THE CEREMONY

Before the ceremony proper of blessing and erecting the Stations, Father Salmon, pastor of St. Gabriel's, delivered an eloquent discourse on the Stations and in what way they were conducive to the practice of the most noble of Christian virtues.

The Reverend Father Simon Lonergan then proceeded to bless the Stations. The officiating priest stands in front of the Stations and sprinkles them with holy water, reading at the same time the prayers prescribed by the rubric for the occasion.

THE OUTREMONT POISONING CASE

A VERDICT AT LAST—THE VICTIM SAID TO HAVE COMMITTED SUICIDE

The Outremont poisoning case has at last been satisfactorily cleared up. The inquest on the body of Charles Bailey, which was opened four weeks ago, was brought to an end on Saturday night.

as their verdict that the said Charles Bailey, on the 20th day of the month of May, in the year of our Lord 1882, and while in a state of great mental despondency, committed suicide in the village of Outremont, in the district of Montreal, by taking and swallowing a poison commonly known as strychnia.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO STE. ANNE DES VARENNES

On Thursday morning, despite the inclement aspect of the weather and its general rainy appearance, when the "Three Rivers" started down the River St. Lawrence, with the pilgrims from St. Mary's parish to take them to Ste. Anne des Varennes, it was estimated that there were over six hundred.

FROM OTTAWA

OTTAWA, June 20.—Last evening was the occasion of following degrees at the Ottawa College, the names of the gentlemen upon whom titles were conferred: Master of Arts—D. P. M. J. D. of Kingston, Ont.; Rev. A. D. D. of Ottawa, Ont.; Rev. G. F. M. of Ottawa, Ont.; Bachelor of Arts—Frank B. Lefebvre, of Ottawa, with great distinction; Thomas O'Hagan, of Chatham, Ont.; Bachelor of Literature—Edward F. O'Sullivan, of Lawrence, Mass.; John S. Connon, of Boston, Mass.; Oscar Goussneau, of Templeton, P. Q.; Peter H. Mars, of Ansonia, Conn., and Anthony Constantine, of St. Philippe, Q.

A HOUSE BOUGHT WITH BLOOD

A GREAT EDITOR'S CONNECTION WITH KNOWNOTHINGISM

It is a strange house, sure enough, with its traditions and its memories. I remember when it was one of the finest places in town, said Mr. Henry Russell yesterday to a Commercial reporter. The place he alluded to was the old George D. Prentice house on the north side of Walnut street, just above Floyd, which had been sold by Marshal Bailey a few days ago.

THE ERA OF PERSONALITY

and over the personal writers of that day Prentice towered head and shoulders. No man knew better than he how to give point to a paragraph that would rankle for years. Many and famous were his fights. Shadrach Penn, the editor of the Advertiser, opened fire on Prentice. Of course the fire was returned. The fight which followed was the talk of the nation.

ENTERED HIS ACCURSED WALLS

misery marked him for her own. The way he became possessed of the house was too singular to be passed over hastily. It may in some measure account for that continuous stream of ill fortune which ever afterwards followed him.

THE BEGINNING OF TROUBLE

Up to this time Prentice's success had been uninterrupted. Now, however, the tide began to turn. The influence of the house began to be felt. First came family troubles. Then he began to grow more and more intemperate. He became careless in his dress, careless in his manners, careless about everything he said or did.

INITIATED A KNOWNOTHING

Prentice soon joined the society. "We initiated him into the order at the old English house, near Shelby and Main streets," said Mr. Robert F. Baird, one of the ablest leaders of the party, to the reporter. "I remember well the night. He was a speaker. He told them he approved of the Order, and would pour forth his feelings in the Journal."

little blood-red, paper hearts, were scattered broadcast over the streets. A Knownothing was bound to pick them up. If they had a pin-hole in the centre he was called to the lodge, if not they were thrown around merely to intimidate the enemy. The never-to-be-forgotten 8th day of August dawned bright and clear. Long before daylight the polls were crowded with Knownotthings.

YOUNG FELLOW NAMED GRAHAM

A Knownothing, was shot while passing Eleventh and Main. This aroused the mob to madness. A thousand infuriated men with wild faces and blood-stained garments were soon surging about "Quinn's Row," a crowd of tenement houses filled with Irish, on the northeast corner of Eleventh and Main. There were about forty wretched men, women, and children within the doomed buildings.

THE DEATH OF PRENTICE

Another year and he was on his death-bed, not in the old house, for he feared to die there, but down on his farm, a few miles below the river. There, one stormy night, while the waters of the Ohio were raging around the house and all nature seemed to sympathize with the great man's falling off, he went to his father's.

A HOUSE BOUGHT WITH BLOOD

The Knownotthings determined to reward Prentice for his great services. He was not wealthy and his family was expensive. On the north side of Walnut street, just above Floyd, was a square old two-story brick house, built by Jake Smith, father of Nicholas Smith, who married Mr. Grealy's daughter. From him Jake Ballard had bought the house, and now the Knownothing determined to buy it and present it to Mr. Prentice.

CAME TO THE LIBRARY

where Prentice used to sit when nothing else could soothe him. A fine large room it was, but cobwebs hung from the ceiling, and the moonlight played fantastic tricks with the black walls. Then going back out on the porch he stood where Prentice was seen so often pacing up and down, after roaming through the yard and the chambers of the house with hurried, unequal objectless steps, as though eaten up by remorse.

THE HOUSE'S DESTINY

Ever since Prentice's death the house has been bought and sold in as many years, and evil fortunes has seemed to follow all who have dwelt there. The last owner was Mr. James Bradley, his brother Tom died there. A boarder named Dr. Alexander Perry committed suicide, and Mr. Bradley lost his mind and broke up in business. Mr. Jerry Montz, who lived there a few years, had his wife to

tion to give me \$250,000 for myself and my paper. The proposition staggered me; it startled me. I told them to wait and I would consider it. I went home to my wife and told her. She listened to me in silence. "It means much to us," said I, "it means rest and affluence the remainder of our days; with \$250,000 we can go abroad and enjoy life. I shall never forget her reply. She sprang into the middle of the room, clenched her hands till the finger-nails drew blood, and, with the look of a pythoness bared out: 'Stick to your paper; stick to your principles; stick to your country; don't let it go abroad that all the wealth of the Indies could make George D. Prentice a hair's breadth; I never before, O'Connell, have been so true to my country. I don't agree to the bargain.'"

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

by his side to the family as his wife. He had gone abroad, and at one of the springs in Germany had married her. She was of noble family—the daughter of a German Prince—and a woman of singular ability and beauty. From the time she entered the house the disaster and the strange misfortunes which now seemed to follow the doomed man continued.

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slaken, and himself and child to be brought near to death. Another sign of for sale now flaps in front of the house, and soon, perhaps, strange faces, with no knowledge of its history, will enter its gloomy walls. A most mysterious and melancholy place it is, and once entered is never to be forgotten.

COERCION SINCE THE UNION

It is often vaguely said that Ireland since the ruinous Union of 1800 has been almost constantly under a regime of coercion more or less severe; but probably few persons are aware of the exact facts in this connection, and it may, therefore, be well to recapitulate them here just now, when our other Coercion Act—and that, perhaps, the very worst and most severe of all—is to be added to the long roll of similar statutes passed by the British Parliament. The recital will be, from more than one point of view, highly instructive and suggestive.

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