

# ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

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## WHAT SHALL IT BE?

Whersoever we turn, or whatsoever we contemplate in the whole range of the history of civilization, we cannot screen from ourselves the ever visible principle of universal instability in all that human agency can devise. History and daily experience incontrovertibly assert that this world is all a fleeting show,—a world of emptiness and vanity. Troy once was; but all her glory and grandeur has long ago dwindled into the faint echoes of historical reminiscence, and her kings now become but fit subjects for mythical romance. Every thing human, under the action of influences, silent or tumultuous, serene or appalling, is stamped with the seal of *change*. Fain would we mortals advocate the strength and durability of our institutions, were it not that we are confronted with facts (and facts are stubborn things) which set forth in bold and dazzling relief the mutabilities of the results of even whole lives of thought and toil. We have seen societies shaken, governments crumbled and nations obliterated.

Society, it appears, cannot remain stable. It either advances or retrogrades; and for every vicissitude there must be some efficient cause. Sometimes this cause, by its agent, precipitates itself like the fierce avalanche sweeping from the heights of the mountain top and carrying devastation in its course; and sometimes it emanates from obscurity and gradually increases in proportions accomplishing its work like the little water stream which springs from some fair hill-side, at first speeding silently and neglected through its narrow channel, increasing by contributions from either side, until finally it pours itself with irresistible force into the broad expanse of the mighty ocean.

Of all the influences which tend to revolutionize society there is none more potent than current literature. Indeed the Press is now become the most powerful expression of human sentiment; and whether it appear in the form of a daily or a weekly newspaper, or of a bi-weekly or monthly magazine, or whether it assume the name of fiction in the shape of the small paper-covered novel which is sold on our counters for the trifling sum of half a dime, or is bound in gilt or morocco,—it is the food for the millions and never fails to produce, for better or worse, a momentous and

lasting impression on the generality of the reading public.

The people of the United States are pre-eminently a nation of readers. Their constant cry is for the means of gratifying their ravenous appetite for reading matter; and it is with dismay that we see their demands satisfied by authors, male and female, who write, not for the sake of honor, or fame, but for the acquisition of filthy lucre. It is with dismay that we see the country teeming with a literature which is a living portraiture, a living delineation of moral corruption, silently sapping at the basis of what constitutes the first elements of a good christian people and of a zealous patriotic people. It is with dismay that we see the essence of diabolical venom under the guise of a pleasing tale or of a charmingly conducted romance, ravenously devoured by a people,—by *our people*, with as much rapacity as they lack prudence, and with as much eagerness as they lack judgement. Finally, it is with dismay that, for each sound and moral book which issues from the Press, we see the Evil Spirit instigating his servile geniuses to send forth two or three rotten and corrupt ones. We do not so much lament the want of good, as the superabundance of bad literature.

We have said that the people of the United States are a nation of readers. This is indeed true; but what kind of readers are they? Three fourths of the reading matter annually distributed among the people consists of works of fiction, and of these we need not, and for shame's sake we will not, conjecture how many are works of irreligion and Godlessness. What is still more revolting, their works are not found, as many suppose, in the hands of the *bad boy* only, but alas! they constitute the delicacies on which the imaginations of our young maidens, and even of our fathers and mothers, delight to feast. Novels

"Are the books, the arts, the academes,

That show, contain, and nourish all the world."

We do not mean to censure fictitious composition considered in itself. This would be not only foreign to our purpose, but rash on our part. We have precedents in the history of literature which clearly demonstrate that fiction, when properly employed, is one of the best means both for imparting instruction, and for inculcating



morality. But it is not our object to expatiate on the beneficial influences of fictitious works. What perfectly astounds us is, that in this nineteenth century of ours, in this so called age of civilization and intellectual enlightenment, the American novel so totally environs the attention of the big and the little, the old and the young. It is truly astonishing that the novel is the only really popular book in the United States, and that thousands never read any thing else!

Examining our popular novel we discover that it altogether wants real substance. If the nature of the novel constrains us from considering it positively bad, the most we can say in its favor is that it is absolutely foolish. Its author avows that his object is to give his readers a clear and beneficial insight into the realities of life. But alas! we may safely say that not more than one novel out of a thousand can have any pretence to the accomplishment of this end. If the characters employed are not murderers, or robbers, or Indian villains, or demoniacal agents of some other stamp, they are, in the large majority of instances, a class of imaginary beings so far outside the pale of humanity as to exist only in imperfect conception and extravagant fancies. For the corroboration of the truthfulness of our assertions, we appeal to anyone who has perused a dozen or two of the works to which we allude: *Ex uno disce omnes*.

Taking all these things into consideration, we would ask the candid reader, the following questions: Can the rapacious gormandizing of this species of printed matter fail to undermine, or at least, incapacitate the operation of those facilities which constitute our people intelligent beings? Can it fail to produce an effect fearfully at variance with the future prospects of our country? Can it fail to imbue the rising generation with misconceived and fantastical notions of real life? In a word can it do anything but deceive and mislead?

"O judgement! thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason!"

The youth of the period is sailing in a sea of this literary trash; and, if he has not the luck to change his course in time, he will jump the gulf which separates him from hopeless lunacy. There can be no doubt of it. The current literature of our times is for the most part, the work of the devil; and woe to the writer, who makes himself a tool in the hands of the crafty arch-rebel,—woe to the poor deluded individual who allows himself to be duped by the chicanery of the same artful demon! The accursed dime-novel is to modern society what the Roman amphitheater and the festivals of Venus and Bacchus were to the society of their times; nor can we anticipate that the results which shall have been produced by the former, if left unbridled, will widely differ from those which philosophers of history agree

in attributing to the latter. The tendencies of the age are bad. Philosophers incline to agnosticism, skepticism, and infidelity; capitalists instigate and encourage the most frightful monopolies; secret societies carry on the work of the devil in every shape and form; and the people, writers and readers, sink themselves into mental sensuality. The enemies of society are springing up on all sides, re-issuing forth from every corner, and are arming themselves for the approaching social revolution. If society in the United States does not resuscitate her dying embers, if she does not vigorously set about checking the grossness of the times, if she allows her enemies to multiply around her, if she does not employ the salutary means of social reform, she will inevitably perish in social revolution.

Although the task of social regeneration may at first sight appear arduous, it is by no means impossible. We have the means at our disposal. We have the facilities for giving our children a good christian education; we have plenty of sound and useful books to put into their hands, always bearing in mind that early impressions are the most lasting. The early christians used to say that the only way to effectually abolish the horrid spectacles of theaters was to refrain from frequenting those places. They went on the principle:—"No spectators, no actors." We ought to work on a similar principle. If we cease to encourage bad and indifferent writers by desisting from reading the productions of their unnatural geniuses, we may be assured that in a short time the country will be cleared of its literary rubbish.

If we look back upon the brief history of the United States, we may notice that she, like all other products of human handiwork, is subject to change. Our nation of to-day is only in name our nation of yore; and if she subsists one hundred years hence, it will be only in name. Her founders and first supporters are fast becoming ancients, and their deeds, antiquities. When we reflect on the morality and patriotism of our ancestors, we are filled with national pride. When we reflect on the present condition of society our national and christian pride is humbled. And when we look forward into the obscurity of the future, we are filled with fear for our national welfare. Shall our country a hundred years hence, be blessed with the healthful and invigorating atmosphere of morality and patriotism? or shall the "Land of the Free and the Home of the brave" stigmatize itself with degeneracy and shame? Shall the United States be a model of national organisms? or what shall it be?



THE SPANIARDS IN AMERICA. (*concluded.*)

In saying: "But the English were an industrious people who loved liberty and earned success by energetic toil in the fields and on the sea," our author would seem to insinuate that the prosperity and glory of the United States, greater than that of Spanish America, is wholly due to the nobler and greater industry of the English colonists. In this manner, by comparing the conduct of England, in the New World, with that of Spain, a few prejudiced writers are wont to sneer indirectly at the Catholic Church. What were the industry and perseverance of the Spaniards in civilizing the Indians, we have already seen. As for England; she really did nothing. It was her exiles, her outcasts that laid the foundations of this great republic; and surely the merits of their labors ought not to be attributed to the government that had disinherited them. When England had assumed control of the American colonies, did she not, by her tyranny, endeavor to reduce them almost to slavery? If at last, when colonists from Ireland, Germany and France had become mingled with the original British settlers, these colonists became free, and organized themselves into this glorious union, which promises to lead the World, was it owing to the encouragement of Great Britain? No, indeed! If in '75, Britannia had had her own way, her dear daughter Columbia would to-day be her slave.

The Spaniards did not, like the English, resolve upon a war of extermination against the unfortunate Red Men. They, on the contrary, animated by truly christian motives, received the conquered into their own midst, intermarried with them, and tried by every means to raise them to their own level. It has been justly remarked by Prescott that the British seem to have come here only to better their own condition, while the Spaniards came chiefly to civilize the barbarians. Hence, whilst in North America the desperate remnant of the hunted Indians are expelled from the society of the white man, and forced to seek safety in a few narrow districts of worthless territory; the Indians of Spanish America have lost their barbarous character, and have become so amalgamated with the Spaniards that we no longer recognize them as descendants of the savages. Of the ten million inhabitants of Mexico in 1870, not more than half a million were of pure Spanish blood; the greater part being of mixed Spanish and Indian, or of pure Indian blood. Indeed the chief men in that country are of Indian descent. One of the late presidents of Mexico was an Indian, and Garcilasso de Vega, the historian of the Lucas, was himself, by his mother's rights, a Peruvian prince.

These remarks amply show the utter falsity of the author's last assertion: "After the Conquest (of Me-

xico) the cruelty of the Spaniards drove the Indians back into barbarism." How can any one with history open before him, and the Mexican Republic on the very borders of his own country, make so enormous a Statement! First of all, it was impossible to drive them back into barbarism, for they were already groping in those benighted regions. True, Cortez found an extensive kingdom and a certain advancement towards civilization; but what kind of a kingdom was that in which the life of every subject was at the disposal of the ruling tyrant, and what kind of a civilization must that have been which commanded the sacrifice of human victims! Mexico, under Montezuma, could in no way be compared to Mexico of the present day.

In concluding, let me sum up briefly what I have said. I have shown that the Spaniards were actuated by the noblest motives in coming to the Western continent; that they were not so cruel and avaricious as some would have us believe; and that their zeal for the conversion of the natives, and their industry in improving the state of the country were truly wonderful. I have shown that, after making allowances for the natural disadvantages of the climate and country, agriculture, manufacturing and commerce are in as flourishing a condition as we could reasonably expect. I have shown, too, that the beautiful cities, and the many religious and educational institutions, prove the people of Spanish America never to have been, nor to be now, "idle, ignorant and corrupt." Finally, I have shown that the Spaniards did infinitely more good to the Indians than did the English, and that instead of driving them back into barbarism, they brought whole nations of them out of these benighted regions, and thus led a people into the grand march of civilization.

## PERSONALS.

Jno. Muldowney '76 is now an enterprising Grocer in Readick, this state.

E. H. Perry '89 has a fine position in the firm of J. V. Farwell & Co. Chicago.

O. W. McKeon '76 acts as R. R. official for the W. St. & P. in Lafayette Ind.

Jas. McGavick '82 is at present in Fox Lake Ill, where he lives at ease and reads the Journal.

L. Concannon '76 has a government position in the office of R. R. Lincoln at Washington D. C.

Jas. Dougherty '89 who is now Principal of one of the Public schools in Chenoa, is gaining quite a reputation as an instructor.

J. E. Driscoll '78 has located in Davenport, Iowa and has charge of a First-class Drug-store.

W. Walsh '76 whose name is always suggestive of good humor, is an active and successful business man in Wilmington Ill.



Ed. McCabe '79 who will be remembered as the "Sampson of the arena." is now an extensive Farmer and Stock raiser in Brimfield, Ill.

T. Curran '78 who for some time past has been keeping books in Chicago, is taking a few weeks recreation with his relatives and friends, at Summer, Ill.

W. Lapale '75 Book-Keeper for Lapale and Funk Chicago, paid us a very pleasant visit on Tuesday of last week in company with J. J. Schubert of Kankakee. Walter recalled many of his old tricks and the punishment due to them, in that pleasing and interesting manner which is peculiarly his own.

Prof. E. Turner who during the course of this year, was necessitated to suspend his duties on account of ill-health, will sail for Europe in a few weeks to try the effect of the Eastern climate. May he have a pleasant voyage and may the object of his journey be realized.

We recently received a very interesting letter from our old friend E. Mallon '78 who at present is a member of the firm Mallon and Butler in Bloomington Ill. We are happy to hear that he is prospering so nicely and are pleased to annex his name to the list of our subscribers.

A few days since we received a long and interesting letter from J. Curran '80 who is sojourning along the Pacific coast and making life as pleasant as possible. We can not refer to him without recalling many of his witty remarks and apt sayings invariably associated with a bland smile and an expression of delight that cheered the hearts of all his auditors. In his letter he touchingly alludes to the days that are past, as follows: "While at St. Viator's I never imagined, that in a few years after leaving it, a letter from an old comrade still there, would cause a tenth of the delight I experienced on the receipt of yours. I feel as though I had lived a life-time,—it seems so very long ago since I left there; and, while looking back I think that truly my happiest days were spent at St. Viator's. I do not know what makes the memory of my college days so peculiarly pleasurable, unless it is the pleasant recollection of old associates and friends, or the contrast between my life then and since. Whatever the reason, I am certain that my present jug of happiness is a broken handled thing with a crack in the side and a few big nicks in the bottom, wholly unlike what it was on departing from my Alma Mater, with the unconsciousness of what the future had in store for me."

The many friends of Rev. J. McCarthy '79 will learn with sorrow that after three years of missionary labor in Arkansas, he passed peacefully away in the home of his youth, at Pittsburgh Pa. a few weeks since. He was a man of extraordinary abilities, and the following lines taken from the Pittsburgh "Despatch" furnish an illustration of his indefatigable zeal and heroic fidelity:

"Father McCarthy had to undergo many hardships while doing missionary work in Arkansas. At one time, after he had travelled many miles to attend a sick-call, he came to a river. He found on the banks a native with a dug-out, but this man refused to ferry him across because he was a Roman Catholic. The priest remonstrated with him in vain. Finally he saw a log floating in the river, and, placing his clothing upon that, swam with it across the stream, holding the pyx between his teeth to keep it out of the water. He arrived at his destination just in time to

administer the last rites of the Church to the sick person. The one who refused to take him across the river was an employe of a railroad. When the managers of the road heard of the incident they discharged him."

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#### OUR EXCHANGE.

We are in receipt of the initial number of a neat weekly sheet, published in New York, and entitled the 'Student and Statesman.' This new venture in the journalistic field, will be devoted to affording that vast number of young men, whom our public schools and colleges yearly turn into active life, a means of acquiring a sound and practical knowledge of political science, and thus enable them to exert a beneficial influence on the nation's rule.

The fact that our political system needs regeneration, is evidenced by the trials and investigations which continually occupy the attention of our courts; and if the Student and Statesman be instrumental in supplanting those demagogues, sycophants and star route thieves, who now hold the reins of government, with a pure and healthy element of our people, who have sufficient honesty to keep aloof from political rings and thievery, it will have performed a task, for which the nation at large may well feel grateful.

Since our last issue the College Message, of St. Vincent College, Cape Girardeau, Mo. has graced our table with its presence. The Message contains a nice selection of articles which amply compensate for the time spent in the perusal. The exchange column, of the number which we have received contains a favorable criticism of the Journal together with a few words of encouragement, for all of which we return thanks.

The St. Mary's College Sentinel, Marion County, Ky., comes to us, as bright and cheery as the greensward of its own native hillsides. The Sentinel is an admirably gotten up college journal and reflects no small credit on its publishers. The number dated April 7th, has several excellent articles, among which we may mention "Can Science solve Man's Destiny." We shall be always pleased with a visit from the Sentinel.

The Notre Dame Scholastic pays us a regular visit and always brings something choice in the literary lines. In the last issue the lengthy but admirably written article on Hawthorne, portions of which have been published in preceding numbers, is completed. It is a criticism of the writings of Hawthorne, written in a pleasing manner and concludes with a beautiful tribute to the American novelist.

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#### CATHOLIC NOTES.

P. Quinn, of East Dubuque, Iowa, who died recently, left all his money and property, which was considerable, to Archbishop Feehan of Chicago.

Bishop Dwenger of Ft. Wayne, is about to start for Europe. He will leave New York on Saturday, 28 inst. Very Rev. P. Henry Dries, C. P. P. S., will accompany him.

Right Rev. John Tuigg, Bishop of Pittsburgh, was



stricken with paralysis on the 15th inst; he is not expected to recover.

The catholic population of Wisconsin is 350,000, a fraction over one fourth of the entire population.

The first Catholic Governor of New York was Thomas Dougan, an Irishman. His commission bears date Sept. 30, 1682.

The Novitiate branch of the Capuchin Order at Calvary, Wis. will be removed to Detroit.

Bishop Marty departed for Yankton last week.

At Rome, not long since, Father Armellini, Secretary-General of the Society of Jesus, received into the one fold of Christ Mr. McNutt, of Indiana. U. S. A., a graduate of Harvard University, and a young man from Ohio by the name of Cary. The ceremony of the former took place in the rooms of St. Aloysius in the late Roman College, and that of the latter in the rooms of St. Stanislas.

#### MUSIC AND ART.

Wilhelmyh, Richter and Niemann were among those that bore Wagner's coffin to the grave.

Master Ernest Schelling, seven years old, created quite a sensation in Paris some time ago by his wonderfully precocious ability as a pianist. He is from Philadelphia.

The most remarkable concert tour ever made in this country will be begun with Theodore Thomas and his orchestra this month. It will extend from Baltimore to San Francisco, will include in its circuit thirty cities, and will last from April 26 to July 7.

Virginia's monument to Robert E. Lee will be unveiled at Lexington on June 5th. Jefferson Davis will preside, General Joseph E. Johnston will be Chief Marshal, and Major John W. Daniel, orator.

Connecticut owns the first replica of Stuart's original portrait of Washington, made for Boston. It was painted by Stuart in 1800, and brought him \$800.; the frame cost \$200. A Hartford paper thinks it worth \$50,000 at present.

A new portrait of ex-president Grant has lately been placed in the East Room of the White House. It is a large, life-size representation of the popular hero, and was begun by Le Clere and finished by Bierstadt. As a portrait it is most faithful and excellent, and as a work of art it unites the perfections of these two master hands.

#### LOCALS.

Sic est vita.

We had a night of it, aw!

Some of the boys are badly *mixed* in Alligation.

We shall sweep but we will miss him. So sings Oscar. Willie Roach feeling recites "The Patter of the Shingle."

"There's life and strength in every *drop*," so says Fay the pitcher.

That bell was not a fire alarm; but it was answered very *frankly*.

Kniery is making researches in the Philology of the Irish language.

Master W. Morrisson describes a large "*circelliar* saw as was in Chicago."

Mr. Eugene Bernier of the district school was first in his classes last week.

The warbler has ceased to delight us with his sweet melodies. Mc. what is the matter?

P. L. very aptly remarks that he enjoys a warm wind when it is accompanied by a cool breeze.

Those wishing to become acquainted with the language of the flowers, should call on T. Gibbons.

Henry, a handkerchief held to the nasal organ is not not regarded as a sufficient reason for leaving class.

Another addition was made to the B. B. clubs, last week, by J. E. Hogan. Ten men in every nine, all fielders.

Monsieur Page says he does not admire lap-dogs. Might we ask when and how did the great change take place?

Herr Conway has recovered from his chronic indisposition and is again able to relate incidents of the famous Bill Smith.

Florence says he will act in the capacity of sergeant at arms in the league during the present season, if absolutely necessary.

Dan Mackin tried the "drop and catch" on the turning-pole a few days ago, in consequence of which he has his right optic dressed in mourning.

We will not vouch for the truth of assertion, but we are told that "Tug. Wilson will soon start on a journey to Florida, for the benefit of his health.

Still our weather prophet is to be found, at midnight in the observatory, studying the stormy heavens, from which he derives knowledge beneficial for both man and beast.

The boys were very happy on Friday last when Rev. Fr. Marsile entered the refectory, after his extended visit to Wisconsin. After dinner we heard loud and enthusiastic cheers for Con. J.

Conspicuous among the recent donations to the College Library, are The "History of the World" in elegant binding, and two works in French which have




been printed for upwards of two centuries. These works were given by Rev. A. Bergeron of Manteno, Ill.

"Millions for defense but not one place for tribute," said W. Moreau with an air of triumph as he drove rapidly away, while a volley of stones and a few broomsticks battered the buggy.

There is a game to be played on the diamond, between the members of the Geometry class and those of the first Arithmetic. While the former think their knowledge of angles will assure them victory, the latter assert with confidence that they will divide them into fractions, reduce them to their lowest terms, and make them feel as if they weighed only twelve ounces to the pound.

Some one says that we are to have a running race soon, between our racer and Zeph. To the latter we would say, that it requires less action to play checkers than to scratch gravel in Louis' face.

Mr. Bradbury, chief engineer at the Asylum called last week to consider the expediency of using steam as a motive power for our Press.

 I warrant to totally eradicate every corn and not leave one germ to cause subsequent pain or inconvenience. R. SADLER, Chiropodist.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

O. P. Putnam's Son will soon issue a beautifully illustrated edition of Miss McMahon's translation of "Golden Lands."

Rev. J. Gumer, formerly Editor of "Milwaukee Columbia," is now preparing "A Catholic reply to Ingersol's Assertions."

The *Catholic Publication Society Co.* have issued in book form "A Woman of Culture" which originally appeared in the *Catholic World*.

Father Lambert's little book, "Notes on Ingersol," is meeting with deserved popularity. The Reverend gentleman is a skilled dialectician and pricks the bubble "Bob" with a very sharp pen.

W. D'Arbois de Juvenile, professor at the "College de France" who has just published an "Introduction to the study of Celtic Literature," has in the press an experimental catalogue of the epic literature of Ireland.

Father Coleridge's "Sermons on the Last Day and Judgment" will be published in this country in about two months by Benziger Brothers.

A complete collection of the poems of the late Denis Florence MacCarthy has just now been edited by his son and issued by the oldest Irish publisher, Gill of Dublin. The poetry of this celebrated writer is the purest and sweetest that can be found in the whole range of literature.

## BOURBONNAIS GROVE.

### HER FOUNDER AND INSTITUTIONS.

Extract from "Les Canadiens de l'Ouest" by Hon. J. Tasse M. P. —Translated by J. A. Fanning, B. D.

The traveler going south on the Chicago branch of the Illinois Central Railroad will scarcely fail to observe before reaching the city of Kankakee, the tall spire of the church of Bourbonnais Grove, the glittering roof of the University, the elegant Convent buildings and the spacious parsonage, as the novelist, would have them, all nestled back among the trees. The village of Bourbonnais to which they serve a substantial background, is older than Chicago and although less startling in its history, supplies early reminiscences which will be found of interest to many of your readers. To make a record of a few of those facts, and thereby aid in preserving from forgetfulness the history of a point important in the annals of our State, as well as to correct the mistakes of certain writers who have at different times touched this part of Illinois, is the subject of this communication.

Before touching the direct history of Bourbonnais, it may be well slightly to revert to certain circumstances which preceded its institution and which have had a direct influence on its subsequent fortunes. Men in aggregate are often slow to acknowledge the debts of gratitude which we owe to individuals, who, forgetful of their own comforts, have braved the dangers of the wilds, and thereby opened up communication with territory hitherto unknown, or known before only to be dreaded.

Among the pioneers who have tramped an hitherto untrodden sod in America, and through their indefatigable energies gained for the masses useful knowledge of a vast and prolific territory before unknown to civilization, precedence must be given to the French as a people, and their enterprising Canadian descendants who have at all times labored to rival even the useful explorations of their fathers. Of those early pioneers in the West, there are but few whose history as individuals, is more varied or full of thrilling incidents, than the real founder of Bourbonnais, Neel Levasseur. Born at the little village of St Michel D'Yamaska on the 25th day of December, 1799, he was baptized, and from the circumstance of his birth on Christmas Day, was called Neel (Christmas.) At the early age of seventeen, filled with a spirit of adventure, and in fact contrary to the wishes of his parents, as he himself tells us, he followed the example of many others whose course was Westward.

He left Montreal on the 15th of May, 1817, in a barge containing a force of 80 men engaged in the service of M. De Rochblave an extensive fur trader of those days. In due time the party arrived at Mackinac then an important trading point, and from thence Levasseur with four other Canadiens descended the Wisconsin river as far as Fond du Lac, where they wintered in a rude slanty, which to this day supplies a subject for many of the pioneer's jokes. In the following spring he returned to Mackinac where, for some months, he was engaged in preparing furs for transportation to England.

(To be continued.)



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