

The Charlestown Herald.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1887

VOL. XVI. NO. 51

The Charlestown Herald.
—1887—
EVERY WEDNESDAY
—BY—
The Herald Printing Company,
FROM THEIR OFFICE:
CORNER OF QUEEN & RICHMOND STREETS,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.
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Advertising at Moderate Rates.
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All Correspondence should be addressed to
The Herald Printing Company, Charlestown.

Calendar for October, 1887.

Day of the Week	Month	Day	High Water	Low Water	High Water	Low Water
Mon	1	1	11:30	5:30	11:30	5:30
Tue	2	2	11:30	5:30	11:30	5:30
Wed	3	3	11:30	5:30	11:30	5:30
Thu	4	4	11:30	5:30	11:30	5:30
Fri	5	5	11:30	5:30	11:30	5:30
Sat	6	6	11:30	5:30	11:30	5:30
Sun	7	7	11:30	5:30	11:30	5:30
Mon	8	8	11:30	5:30	11:30	5:30
Tue	9	9	11:30	5:30	11:30	5:30
Wed	10	10	11:30	5:30	11:30	5:30
Thu	11	11	11:30	5:30	11:30	5:30
Fri	12	12	11:30	5:30	11:30	5:30
Sat	13	13	11:30	5:30	11:30	5:30
Sun	14	14	11:30	5:30	11:30	5:30
Mon	15	15	11:30	5:30	11:30	5:30
Tue	16	16	11:30	5:30	11:30	5:30
Wed	17	17	11:30	5:30	11:30	5:30
Thu	18	18	11:30	5:30	11:30	5:30
Fri	19	19	11:30	5:30	11:30	5:30
Sat	20	20	11:30	5:30	11:30	5:30
Sun	21	21	11:30	5:30	11:30	5:30
Mon	22	22	11:30	5:30	11:30	5:30
Tue	23	23	11:30	5:30	11:30	5:30
Wed	24	24	11:30	5:30	11:30	5:30
Thu	25	25	11:30	5:30	11:30	5:30
Fri	26	26	11:30	5:30	11:30	5:30
Sat	27	27	11:30	5:30	11:30	5:30
Sun	28	28	11:30	5:30	11:30	5:30
Mon	29	29	11:30	5:30	11:30	5:30
Tue	30	30	11:30	5:30	11:30	5:30

Mark Wright & Co
New Factory, New Labor-Saving Machines,
New Designs,
New Methods,
New Prices.
While our prices are less, we claim that our goods for
DESIGN, MATERIAL AND WORKMANSHIP,
ARE SECOND TO NONE.
We do not make a practice of running down or trying
to depreciate other people's goods—OURS SELL ON THEIR
MERITS.
Charlestown, Sept. 21, 1887.

18 FALL OPENING. 87.
Reuben Tuplin & Co., Kensington,
ARE OFFERING THE
Largest & Best Selected Stock of General Merchandise
EVER SHOWN BY US, IN
Ladies Dress Goods, all new and fashionable; Mantle Cloths, Sacques,
Shawls, Scarfs, &c.; Tweeds, Worsted, Overcoatings, Trimmings;
Underwear, heavy, all wool, at very low prices; Top Shirts, Blankets,
Quilts, Tickings; Millinery and Trimmings, latest styles, very cheap,
satisfactions guaranteed.
Our Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Kerosene Oil, and General Groceries, are the Best.
Paints, Oils, Varnishes and Hardware, all kinds; Horse Rugs, R. Wraps;
Crochery and Glassware, beautiful stock, and low in price; Lamps, &c.;
the Best Stock of Boots and Shoes to be found anywhere.
All our Goods are marked as low as the lowest, and this with their
good quality commends them to all careful buyers.
Oats, Potatoes, Butter, Eggs, Hides, Pelts, Wool, &c, bought at
highest market prices.

SEWING MACHINES,
AT A BARGAIN.
ONE first-class RAYMOND SEWING MACHINE, new, and also one second-hand for sale very cheap. Apply at the
HERALD OFFICE,
Charlestown, May 25, 1887.
McLean, Martin, & McDonald,
BARRISTERS & ATTORNEYS,
Solicitors, Notaries Public, &c.,
BROWN'S BLOCK,
Charlestown, P. E. Island.
A. A. McLEAN, L.L.B., D. C. MARTIN,
H. C. McDONALD, B. A.
Money to loan on Real Estate at low rates of interest.
September 22, 1886—1y

REUBEN TUPLIN & CO.
Kensington, Sept. 21, 1887.
JOHN NEWSON'S
Furniture.
BARGAINS! BARGAINS!
Chairs, Tables, Bedsteads, &c.,
and in all kinds of Household Furniture, such as Parlor, Dining-room and Bed-room. All kinds of Bedsteads, Beds, Mattresses, Pillows. All kinds of Chairs, Lounges, Sofas, Sideboards, Cheffoniers, Book-cases, Tables, Washstands, Sinks, Cradles, Cots, &c., &c.
Picture Frames and Picture Frame Moulding.
LATEST STYLES AND FINEST QUALITY—CHEAP.
Looking Glasses and Mirrors very low. All kinds of Window Furniture, such as Choua Guen Blinds and Shades, Cornices, Foles, Rings, Holders, Bards, Chains, Hooks, Blind Rollers, &c. Also—The Grand-daddy Chairs, Wire Mattresses, Children's Stools, Carts and Wagons—cheap, cheap, &c.
JOHN NEWSON'S,
QUEEN SQUARE, OPPOSITE NEW POST OFFICE.
Charlestown, Sept. 14, 1887. Mention this paper.

NEW GOODS!
CASH! CASH!
L. E. PROWSE
Is Determined to Sell for Cash.
Therefore Can Sell Cheap.
He Has the Largest Stock of Hats and Clothing
ON P. E. ISLAND,
and his prices are the lowest. Kindly give him a call and you will save money.
L. E. PROWSE,
April 27, 1887—1y
Sign of the Big Hat 74 Queen St

OUR NEW TEA
IS BOUND TO PLEASE.
We Sell at Prices to Suit the Times.
GOOD, 24 CENTS,
CHOICE, 30 CENTS,
EXTRA FINE, 36 CENTS.
Reduction in 5 pound parcels, half-chests and other packages.
Our Five Pound, Screw Top, Airtight Tins
the best yet.
Bring your empty Cans to be re-filled.
BEER & GOFF.
October 27, 1886.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS
WILL CURE OR RELIEVE
BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS, INDIGESTION, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, HEADACHE, &c.
Prepared by
T. MILBURN & CO.,
Sole Proprietors,
SARASOTA, FLORIDA.

The First Sign
Of falling health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weakness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous system to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.
Failing Health.
Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but because so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Miss.
I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family for several years, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alternative, and must say that I have rarely seen it fail. It is the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. D. S., M. D., Greenville, S. C.

Dyspepsia Cured.
It was impossible for me to describe what I suffered from indigestion and loss of appetite up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was unable to eat any food, and my health was so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mary Harter, Springfield, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price 25¢ a bottle, 50¢ a dozen.
W. R. Watson, Charlestown, Wholesale Agent.

DE FLOWERS' STRAWBERRY EXTRACT-WILD
A PROMPT AND RELIABLE CURE FOR Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Colic, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, and all Summer Complaints of Children or Adults.
IMPERIAL CREAM TARTAR BAKING POWDER
PUREST, STROONGEST, BEST, CONTAINS NO ALUM, AMMONIA, LIME, PHOSPHATES, &c.
TOBACCO.

Smoking and Chewing Tobacco
OF THE FINEST QUALITY.
Manufactured from Pure Virginia Leaf, at
Riley's Tobacco Factory, Water Street, Charlestown.
Special Wholesale Rates. See my price list and insert my Goods before making your choice.
T. B. RILEY,
March 21, 1887—1y

Historical Oxford
(London Tablet.)
It has become a truism to say that Catholicity has nothing to dread from history. Nay, we may go a step further and assert boldly that Catholicity has much to hope for from history, as Leo XIII. showed in his wonderful letter on historical studies. It therefore behoves us to see, if we Catholics are in this country, doing all that is in our power to promote historical studies, to set forth history in its true colors. For we do not want history colored to suit a party or a cause. What we want is history in all its natural beauty, not distorted to bolster up a cause, nor disfigured into an offensive weapon. We want it as Father Victor de Buck, the great Hollandist, desired it. *Historia scribitur ad verum, non ad probandum.* Above all, we want history written from authentic sources, manuscript or printed, and we want the sources themselves in many of these cases to be placed within our reach. Catholics in other lands have seen this want and have sought to supply it. In the United States a Catholic Historical Society exists and flourishes. In France and Belgium there are numerous historical societies of Catholics doing good in unearthing documents or discussing knotty points in the history of their particular country, province or city. In Germany an excellent society exists, the Goerres Society, which, we understand, is not content with conducting its researches to the "fatherland," but has extended them to our Record Office and to the Vatican archives. Why should there not be formed a "Languard Society" among English Catholics? There is plenty of work for such a society to do, and willing hands to do it. And surely such a society would be a worthy memorial of one of the ablest historians this age has seen.

We have been led to make these remarks by reading the little volume before us about one of the oldest and most interesting of England's historical monuments, the stone tablets of the Holy Martyrs, which in time of distress came to be removed. Nevertheless, the fourth successor of St. Peter, Pope Evaristus, A. D. 100-109, ordained that the stone tablets should be erected and consecrated. The altar of stone was meant to represent our Lord, who is the rock and unmoving corner stone of the Church. The altar was placed in the direction of the rising sun, and stood at the east end of the edifice. In shape, as at present, it was a rectangular oblong, hollow inside, in which the bones of the holy martyrs were enclosed, with two small doors. And so up to the present day, the relics of the martyrs are placed under the altar stone, because they, like their Divine Master, were offered in sacrifice. "They, the triumphant virgin," says St. Ambrose, "ought to be set to the place where Christ is the great expiatory Sacrifice. He, upon and over the altar, they also suffered for all. They, under the altar, because by His suffering they have been exalted." In such a way should the Christian altar be an image of that which St. John describes in his Apocalypse (vi. 9): "I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the name of God, and for the testimony they held." The altar was generally dressed in white linen and was adorned with gold and silver. Upon such altar it was that ascending to the language of Christian, "the mystery of the Faith" was consummated and treated from the earliest times as a holy mystery. It was withdrawn from the eyes of the uninitiated, and even the initiated among the believers looked upon it with a reverential and holy fear, on this account the altar stood in the choir, separated by a screen from the congregation and under a ciborium.

The ciborium was a sort of silken roof, which rested on four thin pillars and overhung the altar. From one pillar to another ran rods, from which depended certain curtains, which concealed the entire altar and the person of the priest, who stood behind the altar facing the people in front of the Holy Sacrifice, and it was only the central part of the service that they were drawn aside. Above upon the ciborium stood a crucifix, and around it were placed lights and flowers by way of ornament. Ciboriums were also made of wood, of marble, of gold and of silver. Thus the Emperor Constantine had a golden ciborium made which weighed 500 lbs., with a gabled roof of silver weighing 2,000 lbs. Right under the cross of the ciborium, beneath the sheltering roof, depending on two, three or four little chains hung by the sacred vessel in which the holy body of the Lord, the Bread of Life for the sick, and dying was received. This vessel which gave the name of ciborium to the place was at first made in the form of a dove, and later on in that of a tower. The dove was wrought in silver, and not unfrequently in gold, hollow inside and opening in the back. It stood in the place of a tabernacle of the present day. The ciborium was also used in use until the fourteenth century, as was the dove or tower of silver or gold. These doves were also to be found in the centre of the church, hanging in front of the altar, in order that the faithful might pray in the presence of God.

In the fourteenth century the custom began of reserving the Blessed Sacrament no longer over the altar, but in the so-called tabernacles near the altar. In small churches these were made of stone fixed in the

wall and shut in with an elegant iron grating. In cathedral churches they built beautiful little towers, highly wrought in stone and ornamented in many places with most delicate work and costly jewels and surrounded with a cross. In the lowest portion of the stem, usually reached by a staircase, the tabernacle was inserted, enclosed by a golden trull in which the Blessed Sacrament was preserved in costly vessels. Frequently the tabernacle rested on a delicate little pillar, and over it rose the beautiful and elegant little tower. In the Cathedral of Ulm and Batisbon, in the Church of St. Lawrence, Nuremberg, may be seen such memorials of the faith and piety of former years.

For one hundred and fifty years this description of the tabernacle was in use. It was preserved at last that the altar and All-Holy should be separated; Gilbertus, Bishop of Verona (1223-34) was the first who got the custom and ordered that in every parish church in his diocese, upon the high altar should be placed a beautiful tabernacle of wood or other material, in which the Blessed Sacrament should be reserved. From that to the present time the ciborium altar, which had fallen into disuse and the tabernacle altar had been placed upon the altar under a canopy of silk or velvet, or even gold or silver; or raised upon four pillars under a vaulted roof.

From those days until now all our tabernacles are the resting place of the most Holy Sacrament. Here tarries our Jesus, our all under the form of Bread; here it is that love keeps Him a prisoner; and hence He calls to aid weary and hapless, laden ones, "come ye here to Me and I will give ye rest."

Muckross Abbey.
It. Rev. Bernard O'Reilly writes: In the impossibility of seeing even one-third of the sights about which the tourists around me speak with such enthusiasm, I have limited myself to a drive through Mr. Herbert's demesne of Muckross, adjoining the Lake Hotel. It is only just to the Herberts of Killybegs to say that they have not allowed their name to fall into the decay, the ruin, the degrading and shameful poverty to be met with on the estates of the White family around Bantry Bay, the family of the Earl of Ebury. I am not acquainted with the details of the long course of extravagance which ended in driving the present proprietor of Muckross Abbey and its broad acres from his home and from Ireland, as I am with the reckless conduct of the young Earl of Bantry. Mr. Herbert, they say, was not a bad landlord. But the man into whose hands the management of the Muckross demesne has now fallen is cordially, and to all accounts not undeservedly, detested by the tenantry. So it is with Lord Bantry and his agent, the former, Father Mangano, parish priest of Glenagiff, tells me, is not hard upon his farmers and tenants. But his agent more than makes up for this by his systematic and unrelenting oppression of the poor. The Muckross estate, on the contrary—and the same, I am informed, can be said of other estates in Killybegs and neighborhood—is most carefully cultivated, and its park a rare combination of the beauties of nature and art. The study road which we entered upon at the brow of the hills overlooking the upper lake continued mile after mile till we arrived at the Lake Hotel. The road itself runs right through Muckross Park, skirting the foot of Tore Mountain, and affording, through the masses of the magnificent timber, delightful glimpses of the middle and lower lakes. We were shown Mr. Herbert's gamekeeper's lodge, and then, passing to distance, we came upon the pretty cottages of the assistant keepers. Then we passed his great farmhouse with the extensive fields beyond, and a little village or street of cottages, far superior in appearance, solidity, neatness and comfort to the wretched mockeries of human habitations to be seen around Glenagiff and Bantry Bay.

I was, therefore, quite anxious to explore this far famed demesne of Muckross early on the morning after my arrival. The entrance is through a stately gate of quite modern construction. Mr. Hussey, who, by the way, needed not dynamite to blow him into world-wide notoriety, deigns to show each visitor shall pay a fee of one shilling (25 cents). An inscription warns you to touch neither tree, nor shrub, nor flower, and then you drive through a broad expanse of brightest green, reaching down to the lake shores, and studied here and there with gigantic beeches and oaks. I spent two months last summer in Meran, among the richest culture and grandest scenery of the Austrian Tyrol; I have seen within the last decade, in Italy and Spain, without speaking of France, and I am bound to say that my eyes have never rested on a picture of more varied loveliness than that afforded as by our three hours' drive through the grounds around the ancient Abbey of Muckross.

We had just arrived at the middle

of the broad avenue of gigantic trees, planted by the monks who founded this ancient seat of monastic piety and learning. Our intelligent driver made us pause to admire this pathway, followed of old, long before the English invasion, by the young who came to the school of Muckross for knowledge, and by their elders, who sought there what was never refused them, help for every need of body.

The venerable try-mantled ruins of abbey and church are before us. We alight at the gate of the enclosure which protects the ruins with their cemetery from the intrusion of man and beast. All praise to the Herberts of Muckross for having preserved this sacred spot from the shameful desecration which I have witnessed at Killybegs, Ardmore, and other places in Ireland, where what is left of the ancient houses of God and the crowded resting-places of the dead are left open to the herds and flocks, and the remains of ancient sculpture and architecture are rudely defaced or destroyed by visitors who have learned to respect nothing. The Abbey of Muckross as it now stands was in the possession of the Franciscans from 1340 down to its suppression. But long before the foundation of the Franciscan Order (1215) there was a church here with its invariable accompaniment of a community of priests and schools for the youth of the surrounding population. It is only putting the reality before the eyes of the imagination to say that the primitive church edifice and the schools which preceded yonder massive structure of stone were of wood. The whole island, from the age of St. Patrick and his disciple, St. Columbkille, was covered with lovely forests, and beneath their shade were multiplied churches and schools to accommodate the people and communities of priests and monks to minister to people's appetite for sacred and profane learning.

The cloister, with its four sides of arched walls, was but a small cloister; and the corridors were neither very wide nor very elevated. They were made up to be warm in winter and cool in summer. In the centre is one of the largest yew trees in the United Kingdom. The wide-spreading branches now project beyond the area of the surrounding quadrangle. When was it planted? It was but a feeble sapling when it first took root in the hospitable abode of piety, charity, and learning. It has survived the obscure and devoted community which believed itself secure from all the passions and persecutions of earth.

The church is roofless as well as the monastery, with its adjoining forester's or stranger's abode. It is divided into the monks' church, with its choir and sanctuary, and the nave reserved for the people; a spacious transept set apart for women, for those belonging to the Franciscan Third Order. The cemetery has never ceased to be the beautiful burial-ground of the Killybegs Catholics. Their attachment to it is only one of the touching features of a deeply religious, persecuted and patriotic people. But I have been carried away by the memory of the far distant past from my immediate subject. We passed out from the abbey ruins to continue our tour through the park, which embraces the middle lake and several islands connecting it with the upper lake and the mainland. No description could do justice to the beauty of the park, its exquisite scenery, to the spots to which legend and anecdote are attached.

We ended by the Tor waterfall, one of the prettiest, sweetest spots ever created by nature and improved by the hand of man. And this is only a glimpse at glorious Killybegs.

The Vatican Archives.
Since the present Pontiff, Leo XIII. has opened to the literary public the treasures of the Vatican Archives, a noted improvement and advance have been made in Church history. It has stimulated Catholic writers and historians into writing histories and works on ecclesiastical subjects, which would never have been written but for the incalculable increase derived from the study of the archives of the middle lake and several islands connecting it with the upper lake and the mainland. No description could do justice to the beauty of the park, its exquisite scenery, to the spots to which legend and anecdote are attached.

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