

## THE LIBERAL VICTORY.

WILL FURNISH GOOD MATERIAL FOR THE HISTORIAN.

Quebec pronounced in an emphatic manner in favor of Laurier-Ontario evinces a strong tendency for Reform. The result unprecedented in the history of electoral struggles since the inception of Confederation—Four Ministers defeated—Joseph Martin, of Manitoba, and James McShane, of Montreal Centre, among the martyrs on the Liberal side.

The general elections which were held yesterday resulted in the overthrow of the Government. Many and varied were the opinions offered by the followers of the Liberal-Conservative party in the endeavor to explain the terrible defeat which the forces have suffered throughout the country. The opinions were very nicely and artistically colored in some circles in accordance with their religious and national sympathies.

There is no doubt whatever but that the great change which has come over the scene is due to a number of causes which will not be appreciated or considered by extreme partisans.

To the thoughtful citizen who does not give a subservient allegiance to either political parties, there is a great and powerful lesson in the political upheaval which took place.

Among the defeated candidates in the Liberal ranks are Joseph Martin, the promoter of the legislation in the local parliament at Manitoba which deprived the Catholics of their rights to separate schools, and Mr. James McShane, the only Irish Catholic representative in the House of Commons who voted against the Remedial Bill.

In the number of the defeated candidates in the Liberal-Conservative party, may be mentioned. The Hon. L. O. Taillon, Hon. A. R. Angers, and the Hon. A. Desjardins, the three Cabinet Ministers from the Province of Quebec.

There was no uncertain sound about the opinion of the Irish Catholics regarding the Remedial Bill which was intended to succor the weak and struggling French Canadian Catholic minority in Manitoba in their distress. The election of Mr. Quinn in St. Ann's division bears testimony in that regard.

As we go to press despatches received show as far as possible the relative standing of the parties.

	Con.	Lib.	Patron Ind.
Ontario.....	42	48	3
Quebec.....	17	48	3
New Brunswick.....	10	19	3
Prince Edward Island.....	3	6	3
Manitoba.....	1	1	1
North West Territories.....	1	1	1
British Columbia.....	1	1	1

	Con.	Lib.
Ontario.....	38	31
Quebec.....	16	31
New Brunswick.....	12	4
Prince Edward Island.....	5	4
Manitoba.....	4	4
North West Territories.....	4	4
British Columbia.....	4	4

ONE of the features of the great electoral battle which was fought yesterday in this city was the defeat of Mr. James McShane, by Mr. M. J. F. Quinn, Q.C. For the past week there were very marked indications that the redoubtable veteran who has so often carried the day in St. Ann's Ward would have to yield his place to his opponent. The new representative of the Irish Catholics of this city, Mr. Quinn, has now a splendid opportunity to display his talents, because he will not be fettered by the discipline of the routine and rule of a Government party.

## UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA

Close of the College Year—Conferring the Degrees and Medals.

[Ottawa Free Press]

The closing exercises at the University of Ottawa took place last night, and as usual the academic hall was crowded by friends of the successful pupils who were there to share in the honors that came to their student friends by being mentioned upon an occasion of such importance. During the intermissions the band of the G. G. F. G. rendered suitable music.

Upon the conclusion of the opening selection, His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, chancellor of the institution, arose and addressed the audience. He expressed regret at the enforced absence of the rector, the Very Rev. Dr. McGuckin. He then went on to speak of what Christian education should be, and traced its history through the ages of the world, particularly pointing out what part the church had taken in the matter of its development and propagation. He alluded to the establishment of such seats of learning as Ottawa University, to show that with the progress of time comes also increased interest in educational affairs. The address lasted about half an hour, and was most attentively listened to.

The conferring of degrees then took place, after which the valedictorians, Mr. Walter Walsh, of Winnipeg, and Mr. Alonzo Leduc, of Hull, spoke their message of farewell to the professors and students of the college, and to their several Ottawa friends. Many touching allusions, tenderly expressed, were made, and created a certain feeling of sadness

not unmixed with joy, amongst those who listened. The class medals were then distributed.

The names of those who received degrees were given in last evening's Free Press. Those who stood highest in their classes, and who consequently received medals, were:

Excellence in Christian doctrine, English course—Silver medal presented by His Grace the Most Rev. J. T. Duhamel, Archbishop of Ottawa, chancellor of the University. Awarded to John Quilty, Ashdod, Ont. French course—Silver medal presented by Very Rev. J. M. McGuckin, O. M. L., rector of the University—awarded to Leon Garneau, Ottawa, Ont.

For class standing, University course third year, sixth form—Silver medal presented by His Excellency Lord Aberdeen, Governor General of Canada. Awarded to John Quilty, Ashdod, Ont.

Second year, fifth form—Silver medal presented by Very Rev. J. Lefebvre, O. M. L., Provincial, Montreal, P. Q. Awarded to Ferdinand Lappe, Ottawa, Ont.

Collegiate course, third form—Silver medal presented by Very Rev. J. Keough, V. G., Paris, Ont. Awarded to Frank Conlon, Thorold, Ont.

Second form—Silver medal presented by Rev. E. Gendreau, O. M. L., Superior, Mattawa, P. Q. Awarded to Michael Conway, Ottawa, Ont.

First form, division A—Gold medal presented by Rev. O. Boucher, Haverhill, Mass. Awarded to Louis Renaud, Boston, Mass.

First form, division B—Silver medal presented by Rev. P. Droulet, Superior, Quebec, P. Q. Awarded to Joseph Murphy, Lac La Hache, B. C.

Commercial course—Silver medal presented by A. E. Lussier, B. A., Ottawa. Awarded to Jules Cote, St. Stanislaus, Quebec.

Silver medal presented by Rev. P. Lecomte, O. M. L., Superior, Hull, P. Q. Awarded to George Kelly, Ottawa, Ont. Gold medal, presented by Dr. P. J. Gibbons, Syracuse, N. Y., for competition amongst class medalists. Awarded to Joseph Murphy, Lac La Hache, B. C., whose average was 90 per cent.

The Murray gold medal for excellence in English literature, presented by Mr. James Warnock, Ottawa, Ont. Awarded to Timothy Holland, Moira, N. Y.

Special prize, history of the church, by Rohrbacher in 29 vols., bequeathed by the late Very Rev. Eneas McDonnell Dawson, V. G., LL. D., to the best student in ecclesiastical history. Awarded to Mr. Aurele Belanger, Ottawa, Ont.

Those on the stage were Archbishop Duhamel and the Faculty of the University, and amongst those in the audience were noticed Rev. Fathers Ryan, of Renfrew, Holland of Tupper's Lake, N. Y., Sloan of Fallowfield, Myraud of Billings Bridge, and several priests from the palace.

### CATHOLIC SAILORS CLUB.

The inaugural opening of the Catholic Sailors' Club, in their new premises, 53 Common Street, took place last Saturday afternoon, and was attended by a large and brilliant gathering of ladies and gentlemen representing the wealth and intellect of Montreal. Notwithstanding the excessive heat, and the many outdoor attractions of Saturday afternoon, the large and beautiful rooms were thronged by invited guests, who were loud in their praise of the reception accorded them by the ladies of the Committee of Management. Owing to the recent bereavement in Lady Hingston's family she was unavoidably absent. Mrs. F. B. McNamee, first Vice-President, was called upon to do the honor of the occasion. Mrs. McNamee was assisted by other ladies of the Committee, all of whom were instrumental in making the entertainment a pleasant and happy event.

The floral decorations were lavishly and artistically arranged, enhancing the appearance of the different rooms. The orchestra under the direction of Prof. Sullivan discoursed sweet music which was fully appreciated. The refreshment tables were well patronized, the ladies of the Committee vying with each other in catering to the guests. The Blue Jackets present also were not forgotten by the ladies.

The Rev. Father Slevin, S. J., delivered a lecture in the large Concert Hall, his subject being well chosen for the occasion, "The Glories of the Creator, Wonders of the Deep" and was listened to with rapt attention. It was an instructive and intellectual treat. At the close of the lecture a vote of thanks was tendered the Reverend lecturer, by Mr. H. J. Kavanagh, President Catholic Irish Society, seconded by Mr. C. F. Smith, and carried amid applause.

Notably present among the audience were the following gentlemen—Sir William Hingston, Mr. H. J. Kavanagh, F. B. McNamee and C. F. Smith. The two latter gentlemen were untiring in their efforts in looking after the enjoyment of the guests. The reception was a grand success.

### HIGH COST BEAUTY.

[Boston Herald]

The long promised book of beauties is on its way to America, but it is probable that here, as in England, it will cause disappointment and heartburning. It has already been enlarged, but in spite of that there are more "beauties" who desire to be represented on its elegant pages, and the publishers are said to be at their wits' end to know how to pacify these fair, but neglected ones. The present size of the book is imperial octavo, fifteen inches by twelve, and it includes, besides pictures and photographs of children, fifty-six portraits of women of very high degree who are reckoned as truly "beautiful." Among them, of course, are the Princess of Wales, the Marchioness of Londonderry, Lady Beatrice Butler, Mrs. Cornwallis West, the Countess of Dudley, the Duchess of Montrose, Lady Randolph Churchill and Mrs. Arthur Paget. There are others quite as renowned for their charms as these ladies, and they all belong "to the late Victorian era," that has produced a wondrous array of female loveliness, considering the rarity of that commodity. The Duke of St. Albans' exquisite daughters, the fair Duncombes, and those London beauties whose photographs have been religiously excluded from the shop windows, may well have a showing in this exclusive

volume. Several American beauties, it will be seen, are in it, but the names of those of recent vintage, the beautiful Mrs. Curzon, nee Leiter, for instance do not appear in the favored lists. The portraits of these distinguished fifty-six beauties are reproduced in photogravure from paintings by Lord Leighton, Sir John Millais, J. S. Sargent, Herkomer, Watts, W. B. Richmond, Mr. Adrian Hope and many others. The price of this gorgeous book is commensurate with its contents. Beauty comes high, but society must have it even at five guineas. New York would doubtless exhaust the first issue of three hundred copies if it was given the chance, but it must wait until London subscribers have been satisfied and these precious copies can find their way to the inner sanctuaries at Newport. The names of the subscribers to this work which will also contain original writings, musical compositions and drawings by Zangwill, Hamilton Aide, Kipling, Beerbohm Tree, the Marquis of Lorne, Mallock, Lord Dufferin, Hall Caine and pretty much everybody else of note, are to be printed in gold at the end of the book. It is a harmless bit of human vanity that is to be gratified by this public receipt of cash down, and the "gold print" will have a very comfortable "sound" for certain millionaire ears. In fact, the "Book of Beauty" is in every sense of the word an edition de luxe.

### ADVENTURES IN THE CATACOMBS.

When living at Rome with my mother as a child, I was frequently made the companion of a young artist in his expeditions in the neighborhood. On one occasion he assured me that we were going to see something very wonderful, as we walked on further and further between the white walls of the vineyards and the old ruins of the baths till we were quite outside of Rome. The sun shone hot; the peasants shaded themselves under green branches, placed over their carts, and slept quietly, while the horses left to themselves stepped forward. At last we reached the grotto of Egeria, where we took our breakfast. The whole grotto, the walls and the vault, were covered with the loveliest green, like a carpet of velvet, and around the entrance hung wreaths of ivy. A few steps beyond the grotto there stands, or rather stood, for some ruins of it are all that is now left, a small deserted house, built over a low entrance into the Catacombs. The passage through St. Sebastian's Church and this, through the deserted house, were at that time the only ones remaining. When you descend to these subterranean passages you find one crossing another in a manner calculated to puzzle even those who know their general direction, but my artist friend had no apprehension of danger when he took me down with him. He kindled his light, put another into his pocket, tied the end of a ball of string at the entrance where we descended, and we began our walk.

The passages soon became so low that even I was unable to stand upright; then they rose into high vaults and expanded where they intersected into large quadrangles. We went through the Rotunda with the little stone altar in the middle, where the first Christians offered the Holy Sacrifice, and Federico told me of the fourteen Popes and many thousand martyrs who lie buried here. We held the light close to a great tomb and saw the yellow bones within. We went a few steps further and then he stopped, for the thread was not much longer. He tied the end firmly to his button, fixed the light between the stones, and began to sketch the deep passage, while I sat down upon a stone. He had told me to fold my hands and look up. The candle was half burned out, but a whole one lay close by; besides he had brought flint and steel with him so that he might be able to light it again if it were suddenly extinguished. My imagination conjured up pictures of wonderful objects in the endless passages which were now filled with an impenetrable darkness. All was quiet except when the drops of water, falling with uniform sound, broke the stillness which prevailed.

As I was sitting hurried in thought, I was suddenly terrified by my friend the painter rising with an exclamation of alarm, and rushing about continually stopping down to the ground as if he wished to pick up something; then he lighted the other candle and looked all about. As I became frightened by his singular behavior I got up crying, "For God's sake sit still child," he said, "do you hear?" and then he looked about on the ground again. "I will not remain in this place," I said, "I will not stay down here." He endeavored to coax me, promised me pictures and cakes, and taking his purse out of his pocket gave me all that was in it, but as he did so I felt that his hand was as cold as ice, and that he trembled all over. Then I became still more uneasy and called to my mother, on which he shook me violently by the shoulder and said: "I will beat you if you are not quiet." Then he fastened his handkerchief to my arm to hold me fast, but as he did so he stooped down, and kissing me fervently, said: "Pray to the Madonna."

"Is the string lost?" I asked. "We shall find it, we shall find it," he answered and again began his search. Meanwhile the smaller candle had burned down, and as the larger one melted, and became smaller and smaller from the rapidity with which he carried it about, his terror increased. It would be impossible to find our way back without the thread, every step would lead us astray. After a vain search he threw himself down on the ground, put his arm round my neck, and sighed deeply. "Poor child!" he said. At these words I wept bitterly, for it seemed to me that I should never return home again. Lying on the ground he pressed me to him, and my hand slipped down. I involuntarily grasped the sand, and there was the thread between my fingers. "Here it is!" I cried. He seized my hand, and became wild with joy and thankfulness, for our life depended on this single thread. We were saved, and never did the sun shine so brightly, the sky seem so blue, nor the trees so green, as they appeared to us when we once more regained the open air. (I never accompanied Federico on his expedition again.)—Catholic Record.

### FOURTEENTH ANNUAL

## IRISH CATHOLIC PILGRIMAGE

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—TO—

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UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE

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### FIGURES TO SHOW

THE EVILS ARISING FROM MIXED MARRIAGES.

A CLEAR, CONCISE AND CONVINCING ARRAY OF STATISTICS ON THE SUBJECT.

The Rev. T. Donnelly, who has been delivering a series of important and interesting discourses on mixed marriages before the St. Francis Xavier Sodality of Liverpool, Eng., contributed another of these able deliverances last week. We take the following report from an exchange:

To-night I propose to put before you the present state of affairs in the Empire of Germany, with the intent and purpose that it may prove an object-lesson to the Catholics of Great Britain. The Church detests mixed marriages on account of the fatal consequences that too often flow therefrom. In 1841 Prussia left to the Church full and complete power to demand, before the conclusion of the marriage ceremony from the Protestant partner, the fulfilment of the canonical conditions. By the revolutionary movements of 1848 the rest of the German States were forced to follow Prussia's example and give way to the Church. To-day throughout Germany the law acknowledges the right of the parents of fixing before marriage the religion of the children that may be born, and only intervenes in cases where no contract has been entered into by the parents. But, although legal difficulties have disappeared, it does not follow that in practice the position of affairs has much improved, or that the Church has any reason to be pleased with mixed marriages. Just the contrary is the true state of affairs. The Protestant often fails to keep the promises. We have lately seen a crowned head give an unfortunate proof of this. On her side, too, the Catholic woman often shows herself very weak and feeble in demanding the fulfilment of the pledges given. We cannot be much surprised at this because the engagement in such a marriage, without any other guarantee than promises that can be so easily broken and rendered worthless, is but too often a sign of tepidity, and even of religious indifference. Let us turn, however, to statistics, and learn from them a lesson which ought to come home to every Catholic heart.

In 1890 there were 43,154 children born of mixed marriages. Of these 195,288 only are being brought up in the Catholic Faith; the rest, 238,866, are being brought up as Protestants. What is going on in Prussia is being repeated elsewhere. Thus we find in the Grand Duchy of Hesse that of the male children, the issue of mixed marriages, 39 per cent. only are being reared as Catholics. The evil is in most of all felt in the large cities. If we turn to Berlin for instance, we find that by the census of December, 1890, its population was 1,550,000 Protestants, 135,000 Catholics, and about 80,000 Jews. In this population of 1,550,000 Catholics there are more than 20,000 mixed marriages between Catholics and Protestants, and more than 100 between Catholics and Jews. Now, if we turn to the returns for the children, we find that the number of children brought up as Catholics in no wise corresponds to the number of Catholics. The census gives 135,780 Protestants, 13,011 Catholics, and 12,176 Jewish children. Now, perhaps, it may be easier seen that, though the Church tolerates these marriages, her clergy are bound to try every means to turn her children from them. Unfortunately, the voice of the pastor of the flock is not always the strongest. Other influences and attractions make themselves felt. Communication with other lands has become more easy, and along with this intercommunication there is a diminution of the instinctive horror that every loyal Catholic should feel for heresy. The development of trade, and commerce, and manufacture, has caused migrations of Catholics into Protestant countries, and of Protestants into Catholic countries. There has to be reckoned with likewise in the German Empire that vast army of Protestant officials whose main object too often is the conquest of some rich Catholic heiress. But may it not be said that mixed marriages may be counted on as a means of bringing back a nation to the Catholic Faith? At present I am dealing with the German Empire as an object-lesson for ourselves. Later on we shall consider our own position in Great Britain. How stand the two religions in point of numbers in the Empire? We find from the census of 1880 that the Catholics numbered 16,785,734, the Protestants 29,369,847, and the Jews 600,000. In the kingdom of Prussia there were 9,621,763 Catholics, 18,244,405 Protestants. The Catholics are in a majority only in Bavaria, the Grand Duchy of Baden, and Alsace-Lorraine. In Bavaria the Catholics are about 4 millions to 11 million Protestants. In the Grand Duchy of Baden there are more than 1 million Catholics and about half a million Protestants. In Alsace-Lorraine the Catholics number 1,210,000, to 315,000 Protestants. The important point now to be noted is that

there is an ever-increasing proportion in favour of Protestantism. Taking the whole of the Empire, we find that from 1871 to 1885 the Protestant population increased by 14.8 per cent., and the Catholic population by 12.9 per cent. only. It is chiefly in Oldenburg, Bavaria and Baden that Catholicism is losing ground. Thus, in Baden, in 1846, out of every 1,000 inhabitants 664 were Catholics; in 1867, 646; in 1880, 633; in 1885, 627. In Alsace-Lorraine, in 1871, out of 1,000, 797 were Catholics; in 1885, 774. The proportion of Catholics is also decreasing in the Prussian provinces of the Rhine and Westphalia. It is increasing, thanks especially in the latter case, to the immigration of Catholic Austrian workmen from Bohemia. Moreover, during the five years stretching from 1882 to 1887, I find from the statistics before me that throughout the whole Empire there were only 1,361 conversions from Protestantism to Catholicism, whereas in the same period 11,240 Catholics passed over to the ranks of Protestantism. We find in Germany no such movement as prevails in England towards the Church. In the small states Catholics are an insignificant body, and are just permitted to live. Ecclesiastical work is subject to every kind of difficulty. The active work of the Apostolate is almost impossible. The work of propagating the Faith is punishable, or, in the case of a priest, he will be forbidden to exercise his sacred functions. Under this head would come such an act as the loan of a book, or the treatment of a Catholic child. It is a subject of question from a Catholic point of view. At Lunenburg, where there are only 800 Catholics in a population of 8,000, the text of the law is so formulated that the priest could be forbidden to give up the nuptial blessing at a Catholic wedding, under the pretext that it was favouring the extension of Catholicism. If a Protestant wishes to become a Catholic he must inform his pastor, who is enjoined by law to use every effort to prevent it; and it is only after months of resistance that the neophyte is permitted to be admitted publicly and legally to the Sacraments in a Catholic sanctuary. In that which once was the Duchy of Nassau the formal permission of the Protestant pastor is required, and a certificate stating that he has sufficient knowledge of Protestantism. Moreover the law fixes everywhere an age of reason, before which it is absolutely forbidden to work a conversion. This age varies in the different States from 14 to 20.

### WHAT CAUSED ONE SON'S FALL.

The following incident, which is related by a writer in *Onward*, carries its own moral with it. A story is told of a father who was in the habit of taking every night a glass of whisky and water. Sometimes he took a piece of sugar out of the tin and gave it to his little son, with the words: "Here, Jack, have a bit of sugar, boy." The boy took it willingly, and thought at first the taste of the whisky was unpleasant, he soon overcame this and began to like its flavor. Till at last the father was persuaded by the boy to give him a sip out of the glass. One evening a sister of the boy was standing by, and the father offered her a piece of sugar from his glass. Fortunately at this moment the mother entered and said: "No, stop. Whatever you give to the boy, I cannot allow you to give it to the girl. She shall not learn the taste of intoxicating drinks."

Many years had passed away, and the father had grown old and bent, when he was called upon to perform a most unpleasant duty.

He had to visit his son in prison. How changed was the once bright, happy boy. His face haggard, his eyes sunken, dressed in the meager dress of the convict, he was led out to see his father. He did not welcome him, but looked at him angrily. "Ah," he said, "you see me in my shame and punishment. You think me a bad son, but remember it was your fault that I am thus placed. The sip out of your glass led me to love drink, and that love has been the cause of my crime. I am here because I was taught by you to become a drunkard." The father felt the truth of what his son said. It was an arrow that pierced his heart. He hung his head in sorrow. He had no reply. Surely we should take warning and shun the beginning of evil.

### AN ANATOMICAL SUBJECT.

New York is just now entertaining a man of the not uncommon name of Fitzgerald, who claims that he is the pioneer in his line of work, and he doesn't fear rivalry. Several of the recently published medical text books contain many photographs of Fitzgerald, and one glance at them will convince any one that the original isn't likely to suffer by competition. Fitzgerald is an undersized, wiry-looking man with muscles of iron. He doesn't look like a freak, and he is only one when he chooses. For nearly twenty years now he has made a living as an anatomical subject for various medical colleges. His value as an illustration for a teacher of anatomy is due to the fact that he can, at will, dislocate almost any bone in his body. He can also stop his pulse or control the large arteries in his thigh so that various veins will result.

"I have been doing this sort of thing for nearly twenty years," he said a day or two ago, "and I haven't suffered any serious results. Once in a while my muscles knot up and I suffer severe pain for a few minutes, but otherwise I am perfectly well. How did I find that I had the power to dislocate my bones? Well, I found it out accidentally, and then I began to experiment and develop this power. I have appeared before almost every medical college in this country, and I am frequently called upon to give private exhibitions before little groups of doctors."

### THE HARP OF BRIAN BORU.

The sight-seer in Dublin who fails to visit the Trinity College and spend a day among the treasures preserved in the great museum belonging to that institution makes the mistake of his life. In that museum there are hundreds of thousands of relics, but the one in which most people take the greatest interest is the harp which once belonged to Brian

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Borlome, or Brian Boru as he is more commonly called. Brian Boru was the Irish monarch who was killed in the great battle at Clontarf in the year 1014 A.D. Brian left his harp and his crown to his son, Donagh, who succeeded as King. Soon after Donagh was deposed by a warlike nephew and was forced to retire to Rome. He took his father's crown and harp with him, and they were kept in the Vatican collection for several centuries—the crown which is of massive hammered gold, being still numbered among the Pope's treasures. The harp, however, was sent to Henry VIII., and he presented it to the first Earl of Clanciarde. It was deposited in the museum mentioned in the opening of the year 1872. The harp is 32 inches high, and of good workmanship, the carving on the oak being equal to anything that could be done to-day. It is well preserved, and does not look to be an instrument upward of a thousand years old.—St. Louis Republic.

### LOOKS OF GREAT MEN.

THE MAJORITY OF THEM HAVE NOT BEEN REMARKABLE IN APPEARANCE.

So far as can be ascertained from portraits or statues that have come down to us, the majority of great men have not been striking in personal appearance. The greatest intellect of all time, William Shakspeare, would not have attracted the attention of passersby in the streets of London. Milton, Wordsworth and Tennyson displayed in the eye and brow the thoughtfulness of the student, but nothing more, says the *New York Mercury*.

Of the great statesman Oliver Cromwell might have passed as a respectable farmer, Walpole and Fox as bluff squires and the younger Pitt as a private gentleman. The hawk nose and piercing eyes of the elder Pitt did indeed indicate exceptional powers.

Our great warriors certainly did not evince their genius in their physical appearance.

Marlborough had a handsome courtier-like face. Nelson would not have looked out of place in a surplice, and Wellington in a frock coat might have passed for a country gentleman. The same will hold good for the great men of other nations.

Bismarck indeed has a strong, determined countenance, but there are hundreds of German faces that might belong to a genius equal to his. The appearance of Napoleon Bonaparte was certainly remarkable, but some of the younger Bonapartes have displayed his lineaments without his genius.

The portraits of Columbus, Galileo, William the Silent, Dante and a host of other leaders of men do not usually convey the impression of extraordinary genius, and the same remark will apply to the representations that have come down to us of Alexander, Cesar, Socrates and other ancients.—*Boston Republic*.

### ONE HUNDRED AND SEVEN YEARS OLD.

Dr. William Salmon, of Penlynn Court, Glamorganshire (to whom last year Mr. Gladstone sent "sincere wishes here and hereafter," has entered on his 107th year. He was born in Suffolk in 1790, and moved with his father, also a doctor, to Cowbridge in 1798. He has been for fifty years a magistrate for Glamorganshire, and claims to be the oldest Freeman in the world. He has had eight children, but only one, a daughter, is alive. He sleeps well, rises at noon, dines at 6 o'clock (when he takes two glasses of wine), and goes to bed at 9. He has not smoked since he was 50, nor has he been out for a drive since his 100th year.

A WORD TO OUR READERS.—Readers will help THE TRUE WITNESS materially by dealing with those who advertise in its columns. The Catholic population of Montreal should patronize those who lend aid in building up the business of their favorite paper.