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The Charlottetown Herald

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R. R. MORAN, J. M. SULLIVAN.

Calendar for January, 1894.

MOON'S CHANGES.

New Moon, 10h, 14 9m., p.m N
First Quarter, 14th day, 3h. 56 7 p.m, S. W.
Full Moon, 21st day, 10h. 56.9m.a .E. N.
Last Quarter, 28th day, 0h. 38.3m p.m, NW

Mo.	Day of Week.	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	The Moon. Rises	The Moon. Sets	High Water Ch'town
		h m	h m	morn	after n	after'n
1	Mon	7 49	4 18	2 48	03 9	6 34
2	Tues	49	19	3 55	1 1	7 36
3	Wed	49	20	5 2	1 28	8 28
4	Thur	49	21	6 6	2 3	9 13
5	Fri	48	22	7 4	2 47	9 56
6	Sat	48	23	7 53	3 40	10 35
7	Sun	48	25	8 34	4 41	11 13
8	Mon	48	26	9 4	5 48	11 48
9	Tues	48	27	9 29	6 56	morn
10	Wed	47	29	9 45	8 9	0 23
11	Thur	47	30	10 7	9 12	0 56
12	Fri	46	31	10 23	10 21	1 31
13	Sat	46	32	10 38	11 32	2 8
14	Sun	45	34	10 54	morn	2 50
15	Mon	45	35	11 12	0 46	3 43
16	Tues	44	37	11 37	2 4	4 54
17	Wed	44	39	aft 9	3 26	6 16
18	Thur	43	40	1 2	4 51	7 30
19	Fri	42	41	2 5	6 8	8 47
20	Sat	42	42	3 24	7 10	9 45
21	Sun	41	43	4 51	8 12	10 50
22	Mon	40	44	6 20	8 47	11 33
23	Tues	39	45	7 43	9 15	aft 4
24	Wed	38	47	9 2	9 35	6 42
25	Thur	37	48	10 15	9 52	1 19
26	Fri	36	50	11 23	11 8	1 58
27	Sat	35	51	morn	10 25	2 39
28	Sun	33	53	0 35	10 42	3 29
29	Mon	33	54	1 46	11 2	4 33
30	Tues	32	56	2 52	41 20	5 40
31	Wed	7 30	4 57	3 56	aft 3	7 5

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This sale of Dress Goods till all is done.

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"FATHER PROUT."

Characteristics of this Irish Writer.

An Account of His Career.

TEMPORARILY ESTRANGED FROM THE CHURCH, HE RETURNED AT LAST.

Most of the students of English literature can easily recall to mind the name of Father Prout, but few are familiar with that of the Rev. Father Mahony. Yet both were one and the same; for Prout was the pseudonym of the Rev. litterateur. There are not many, however, cognizant of the fact that there was at one time a real live Father Prout in the diocese of Cork, who had been for years the pastor of Watergrasshill, a parish in which the famous Blarney stone is located. He was a simple minded, unsophisticated old man when young Mahony knew him, now some six decades ago. The knowledge of moral theology which the P. P. had acquired was sufficient to enable him to take spiritual charge of his flock, but he was absolutely ignorant of literature, history and other mundane subjects. Shortly after the death of the venerable ecclesiastic, Mahony, who was then on the staff of Fraser's Magazine, in London, contributed to that periodical a series of interesting and erratic papers entitled "The Reliques of Father Prout." In introducing them to the notice of his readers, Mahony, who concealed himself behind the pen-name of Oliver Yorke, announced that Father Prout had left him all his valuable M.SS., which would now appear in successive numbers of Fraser. The essays, which astonished the literary world of that day by their scholarly qualities and stately eloquence of style, were written on such themes as "An Apology for Lent;" in which the parish priest of Blarney proved by quotations from the Fathers of the Church and other authorities, that fish was more nutritious and palatable than any kind of meat! "A Defence of the Jesuits," the logic of which dumfounded every light in the Protestant camp; "A Visit of Sir Walter Scott to Blarney," on which occasion the aged Cure proved to him the oriental origin of the stone which the Scotch baronet kissed at a great risk to life and limb; the "Rigueries of Tom Moore," in which the author translated some of the Irish poet's melodies into quaint old classic French, and gave them to the public as originals alleged to have been found in the archives of continental libraries—thus showing up "the poet of all circles and the idol of his own" as a plagiarist of a most shame faced type! These articles, particularly the last, caused the utmost sensation in literary circles all over the British Isles. Moore became as mad as a March hare over the unfounded accusation brought against him. Oliver Yorke simply replied by congratulating him on his skill as a translator. Other articles which demonstrated Father Prout's intimate knowledge of Cork city and its intellectual and political status, caused still a greater sensation on the banks of the Lee, where the worthy Mayor and aldermen woke up one fine morning to find themselves famous—thanks to the publicity given them in Fraser. No one except Dr. Maginn, the then editor, who was, like Mahony himself, a Corkman, had any idea of the identity of the real author of those scathing and talented contributions. In Cork city people nudged each other in the ribs, and laughed their lungs hoarse at the idea that the late Father Prout could have anything whatsoever to do with such learned lucubrations. Nor was it known for years afterwards that the *deus ex machina* was none other than the Rev. Francis Mahony.

MISSING HIS VOCATION.

Mahony was born in Cork in 1804, of a prosperous Kerry family that had settled in that city and become the originators and owners of the celebrated Blarney tweed industry, which, I believe, is still under their control. At an early age the young lad was sent by the Bishop of Cork to the Irish College of Rome, where he prosecuted his ecclesiastical studies for several years. The wonderful nonagenarian, Dr. Kirby, Archbishop of Ephesus, who is still alive, was a fellow-student of Mahony. I had an interview with the Doctor in 1886, at a time when he had been for almost half a century the Rector of that establishment. It was from the lips of this veteran ecclesiastic that I learned the circumstances attendant on the composition of the "Bells of Shandon" by Mahony. These remarkable lines were penciled by their author on the wall of his cell one languid summer afternoon, when the college was enjoying its siesta. The dean of the house saw them as he was making his daily rounds next morning, and while he complimented the youth on his poetical talent, reminded him that his mission in life just then was not to become a poet, but a priest. Mahony, who was at the time a shy and timid lad, took the mild rebuke in good part, and promised to sin no more. His curriculum at the Propaganda was a success from start to finish, and he was very popular with professors and students alike; but when the time came for his taking Holy Orders, he decided that he was unfit for the work of an Irish country priest. He was too fond of books and study to devote himself with sufficient ardor to the many outdoor cares and responsibilities associated with parochial ministrations on a bleak hillside, and among a people who probably would never be able to appreciate him. He then applied for and was granted admission into the Jesuit College fo Amiens, and a few years subsequently was transferred to a college of the same society in Paris, where he read a profound course of theology, and was in due time elevated to the priesthood. His intimate and extensive knowledge of languages and European literature qualified him for a professional chair in the last-named college—a post which he held, however, only for a very short period.

ON THE STAFF OF "FRAZER'S."

He had up to this period in his life been convinced that the career of a religious was suited to his temperament. He now discovered to his dismay that he had no real vocation for the priesthood. He felt bitterly, I am told, at separating himself from his Jesuit colleagues—a step he took once he had resolved on trying his fortune in the literary world of London. "I would have been a jealous priest, and perhaps a most effective preacher," he once said to J. P. Leonard, of Paris, "were it not for the mania which I had for the pen and the secular erudition in which I had been steeped." He proceeded to London, where his first struggles for existence were hard and arduous enough. He would have received financial aid from home if he had asked for it, but he was too proud to do so. At length towards the close of the twenties, he secured an introduction to Dr. Maginn, a fellow-Corkman, who, after having seen and examined some of Mahony's literary wares, offered him a position on the staff of Frazer's Magazine. It was in this periodical that his "Reliques of Father Prout" were first published, and won for the pseudo Oliver Yorke a prominent place among the leading litterateurs of England. The contributors to Frazer's numbered among them the leading writers of the time, and used to assemble once a month in a London restaurant, where they crossed legs under a table, rich with choice viands and crusted wines, around which wit and repartee flashed in brilliancy as clear as crystal and quite as effervescent as the Veuve Clicquot champagne which they quaffed on such occasions. These were what Prout used to call the "nights and suppers of the gods." Maginn called them "Noctes Ambrosianæ." Here the young Irishman clinked glasses with another famous Corkman, Sergeant Murphy, with that dyspeptic and dogmatic ogre, Carlyle, with Thackeray, the humorist, and with Maclise the rollicking artist who illustrated the "Prout Reliques," and who also hailed from the banks of the pleasant Lee. All these writers were the learned luminaries of Frazer's in those days. The predominance of Corknonians in the editorial sanctum of the magazine once drew from Carlyle the admission: "We should transfer our desks and printing press over to the classic purlieus of the Cork quay, my friends; for it is Cork and not London that illumines the pages of our monthly."

HIS RESIDENCE IN PARIS.

Some years after the retirement of Maginn from Frazer's Francis Mahony, tired of London, returned to Paris, and spent almost the remainder of his career in the capacity of correspondent of the London Globe. His contributions to that journal were marvels of style, and full of interest—his pictures of Parisian life being particularly faithful to nature, and winning for his newspaper an immense popularity in London. Prout—this was the name by which he was known in the French capital—used to rent a modest suite of rooms in the Latin quarter close to the Sorbonne. Six times every week he would cross the Seine to the reading-room of Galignani's Messenger in the Rue de Rivoli. Here he would write his daily letter, and afterwards stroll out into the Tuileries gardens, opposite, where he would spend many of his evenings in reverie. At Galignani's he met at times such congenial Bohemian spirits as the late John Mitchel, of '48 fame, rebel and refugee, James Stephenson, the founder of the old Fenian organization, and the late J. P. Leonard, who enjoyed the unofficial title of Irish Ambassador in Paris. Politically Prout was a rank Tory; but he managed to pull on very well socially with these compatriots of his, two of whom professed very radical ideas on the Irish question. On a certain occasion, however, when an Englishman formed one of the company, Prout's Irish spirit could not restrain itself. It happened thus: The Anglo-Saxon happening to remark that Ireland needed the superior intelligence of Englishmen to control her destinies properly, Prout glared at him through his spectacles, and retorted: "All the same, sir our forefathers were saints and scholars when yours were savages!"

ADHERING TO THE OLD RELIGION.

One summer's day Father Prout and John Mitchel were taking a stroll through the woods of St. Cloud, a Parisian suburb. The weather was oppressively hot. Prout, who wore a cotton shirt, opened his collar to give himself more comfort—a circumstance which revealed the sight of a scapular to the astonished gaze of the Irish Presbyterian. Leonard was of the opinion that—disguise it as he tried to do—Prout was always a Catholic at heart. In England he affected a mild regard for Protestantism which was not sincere. In Paris his Catholicity secretly gained complete mastery over him once more. I was assured on good authority that he used to be often seen going at night to Notre Dame Cathedral, and kneeling in prayer before a side chapel dedicated to the Madonna.

HIS LAST RESTING PLACE.

These inner manifestations of piety had at last their logical results. He abandoned the pen and the world forever, and retired to a monastery, where he passed several years in penitential sorrow and suffering for any scandal he might have caused by his defection from the Church. Here he died in the early portion of 1866. In the May of that year his remains were transported to Cork, Ireland, where they were buried in the churchyard of St. Ann, Shandon, under the shadow of the steeple whose bells he had immortalized in the heyday of his youth and the springtide of his political ambition.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MAN.

Prout, like Ronan and other ecclesiastics, dressed very severely, and looked like a clergymen in the dark austere clothes which he habitually wore. In conversation he had a slight Munster accent which, he was glad to admit, no amount of travel could ever wholly eradicate from his tongue. He had a high intellectual forehead, bald on top, and two piercingly critical eyes, usually bespectacled, which seemed to analyze the hidden soul of everybody with whom he was thrown in contact. Despite the severe expression of his face, he was nevertheless the wittiest of scholarly wags, and a genial humorist.—Eugene Davis in the Rosary.

What We Don't Know.

"Shure," remarked an Irish gardener, looking up admiringly at his employer, a great scholar, "your honor must know a terrible lot."

"Thank you, Pat," returned the Professor. "I ought to know a great deal, for my entire life has been given up to study."

"It has," echoed the admiring gardener; "and is there anything your honor doesn't know?"

"Oh yes," was the answer, "plenty of things."

"Shure," came the unexpected reply, "and if there's anything you know you don't know, I'd like you to tell me what it is."

Now, to be asked to state exactly what one does not know is rather difficult in many ways, because if we knew what we didn't know there would be something wrong somewhere. The more you think over this problem of Pat's the more involved it becomes. It is interesting, however, to look at the question in a different light, and then we discover how ignorant we really are. There are plenty of things we know of, but are unable to explain. A school-boy might instruct an ancient philosopher in many things to-day, but that school-boy could puzzle the greatest scholar or scientist alive with his questions. We have advanced greatly in knowledge, it is very true, but if, like Pat, you want to know what no one knows, a few simple questions will be enough to start with. The simpler the question the better, for they are hardest to answer. For instance what is electricity?—and there at once you have something with which every one is familiar, and nobody knows.

So far as is known, the Mediterranean Sea is deepest between Malta and Crete, the depth being 14,436 feet.

K. D. C. has proved itself the Great est Cure of the Age. Try it! Test it Prove it for yourself and be convinced of its great Merits! !!

An Irish Patriot's Adventure.

Thomas H. Hassett, one of the Irish patriots who was sent into penal servitude for life for deserting from the English army in Dublin during the attempted revolution in Ireland in 1865, died in New York recently. He was born in Cork fifty years ago. The story of his rescue from Western Australia is an interesting one. The rescue was planned by the Irish revolutionary party in New York, and $30,000 was raised for the purpose. John Boyle O'Reilly had already escaped from the penal prison at Freemantle, and he furnished the information upon which the plans were laid. The rescue party concluded to operate from the sea, and bought and fitted out the whaling vessel Catalpa. She left New York in 1874. Communication was opened with the prisoner through Irishmen who were employed as wardens in the prison. The men whom it was found possible to rescue were *Hassett*, Color Sergeant Darrow, Michael Harrington, and Martin Hogan. They were all good conduct prisoners, and had earned a certain amount of liberty. On the morning upon which it had been agreed to meet them, each made an excuse for not going to his regular work, and they met about a mile from the prison. There Brennan and Captain Anthony, of the Catalpa, were in waiting with horses. They rode twenty-eight miles to the coast at Rockingham beach, chased by the prison police, found their ship's boat on the beach, and were not more than 250 yards out at sea before the police reached the shore they had just left. The Catalpa, as had been arranged, was kept out of sight of land. They did not gain on her until the following day, and shortly afterward she was stopped by a British man-of-war, whose captain declared she had fugitive convicts on board, and demanded their surrender. Captain Anthony denied this, and defied the British to violate the protection of the Stars and Stripes. The war-ship let them go.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Catholic Notes.

The Pope will shortly publish a jubilee encyclical, which will be a political, religious and social testament.

Mr. Dwight Benton, a Protestant minister of note, in charge of churches in Indian Territory, was received into the Catholic Church at Guthrie, Oklahoma, last month.

A Society of the Holy Name has been organized in the United States Navy by Rev. Wm. J. Reany, U. S. N., the chaplain of the Charleston. Father Reany is at present with the fleet at Rio Janeiro, South America.

With the approval of the Pope, Father Martin, General of the Jesuits, has written to the German Emperor a letter of thanks for the progress of the Bill of Repeal of the May Laws. Father Martin promises that the members of the Society will devote themselves to Catholic education and to the training of the missionaries who shall carry the Gospel and the Cross to the colonies of the Empire.

The election at Paris of a superior general of the Sulpician order resulted in Rev. Abbe Captier, procurator of St. Sulpice at Rome being chosen. He is a native of Lyons and is now sixty-five years old. Abbe Captier was formerly superior of the Sulpician seminary in Orleans, and his brother, a Dominican priest, was shot in the streets of Paris at the time of the Commune.

The Cornell Catholic Club is a society organized among the Catholic students of Cornell University for the purpose of promoting the best interests, religiously, intellectually and socially, of the Catholic students in attendance at that seat of learning. It has the nucleus of a good library of Catholic authors, largely contributed through the generous and thoughtful kindness of a distinguished ecclesiastic. The club meets every two weeks, when interesting discussions, papers and addresses form the main feature of the evening's entertainment.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Catholic's Liberty.

RIDICULOUS ASSERTION REGARDING HIS FREEDOM OF THOUGHT.

How many centuries will it take to remove from the minds of the Protestants—even those of them who have received a liberal education and pass for persons of culture—the ridiculous notions with regard to Catholicism circulated by its antagonists in the sixteenth century? Mr. Alfred Wilcox has written for the current issue of the Humanitarian a readable article on "The Pulpit and the Press," and in it we find him repeating the statement that the Catholic pulpit has denied the right of the individual to keep the key of his own conscience. A more unfounded assertion it would be impossible to make.

In point of fact, there is no religious denomination in which the sense of individual responsibility to God and conscience is so strongly felt and inculcated as among Catholics. To be a genuine Catholic one must accept the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. This he finds in the Magisterium of the Church, which, in accordance with Christ's promise, is inspired by the Holy Ghost, and he is not at the mercy of human caprice. The Protestant, on the other hand, is blown about by every wind of doctrine. His guiding authority at each given moment is the latest artful speaker he has met or the latest clever work he has picked up at his bookseller's. And all the while his Church assures him that there is no such thing as certitude. When this is so, how can he entertain any confidence in religious teaching or feel that he is bound to believe and act up to the truth?—Liverpool Catholic Times.

Was St. Patrick a Welshman?

REV. ALBERT BARRY SAYS IRELAND'S APOSTLE WAS BORN IN NORTH WALES.

It seems as difficult to decide where was the birthplace of the Irish national apostle as to assign the exact natal spot of Homer. The claims of Armoric Gaul, the banks of the Clyde and Lancashire have all been ably and exhaustively advocated, and now Rev. Albert Barry, C. SS. R., contributes a learned article to the Irish Ecclesiastical Record, in which he maintains that St. Patrick was a native of North Wales. The Saint's father, Calphurnus, he points out, held sensational rank as a citizen of the great Brito Roman city of Caer-Legion or Caerleon, on the Dee, the modern Chester.

Like the other magistrates and civil rulers of that city, he possessed a country villa, and Father Barry concludes that this villa must have been in the Vale of Clwyd, where, according to ancient Irish writers, St. Patrick was born. The Vale of Clywd is, it is true, many miles from Chester, but in those days, observes the Rev. gentleman, "well-trained steeds bore men swiftly to and fro upon the splendid road." Father Barry supports his arguments with no mean skill, and his contention, whether it be accepted or rejected, must excite a widespread interest.

The Printer's Devil.

SURMISES AS TO THE ORIGIN OF THIS EXPRESSION.

The origin of the word has led to many surmises, says an exchange. Superstitious people used to think that in order to produce copies so rapidly a printer must have the assistance of the black art, and therefore his apprentice was called the devil. The story goes that when Aldus Manutius commenced printing in Venice he had in his services a negro boy who became famous all over the city as "the little black devil," and it was whispered he was the representative of his Satanic Majesty. This was very annoying to Aldus, so he publicly exhibited the boy and said:

"Be it known to Venice that I, Aldus Manutius printer to the Holy Church and Doge, have this very day made public exposure of the printer's devil. All those who think he is not flesh and blood may come and pinch him."

A more probable origin of the phrase, however, is the following: The first apprentice William Caxton had was the son of a French gentleman named De Ville of Deville. So the word came into general use for the boys who did the printer's dirty work.

A Mutual Disarmament.

GLADSTONE ASKED TO SUGGEST ONE TO EUROPEAN POWERS.

In the House of Commons recently, Mr. William Byles, Liberal, editor and proprietor of the Bradford Observer, asked if the Government, before it embarked upon costly naval expenditures, could see a way to communicate with the other European powers with a view to establishing a policy of mutual disarmament.

Mr. Gladstone replied that the question was one of great importance. He added: "I am not sure whether the House is aware that when the Earl of Clarendon was foreign secretary he made an attempt in this direction. I do not know that it was done in a strictly official sense, and it was, therefore, not made the subject of a document communicating the fact to Parliament. The Earl of Clarendon received an encouraging answer from one great European government. He was unable to carry the matter further. I am bound to say that I am very doubtful whether the present occasion is one when such representations could be advantageously made."

The Earl of Clarendon referred to by Mr. Gladstone as having made overtures for a general disarmament was British Foreign Secretary in 1853-58. He was again appointed to the office in 1865, and resigned in 1866. For the third time he became Foreign Secretary in 1868. He died in 1870.

Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett asked the Government if Russia had ordered the construction of three new battle ships, their building to begin this year, thus bringing the number of Russia's battle ships built and building up to seventeen.

Sir U. Kay Shuttleworth, parliamentary secretary of the Admiralty replied that the facts of Russia's naval developments were necessarily being observed by the Admiralty, but, he added, it is not desirable that any official statement be made, at any rate not until the British estimates for the coming year are completed.

Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett then asked if it was a fact that in the course of 1894 France and Russia would build sixteen new battle ships, while England would build only the three that had just been commenced. The Secretary replied that he must ask the House to await the announcement of the Admiralty's programme.

Lord Berisford, convicted at Rome, Ga., last year for forgery, and sentenced to five years in the state penitentiary, escaped from the convict camp at Neyamer the other night, and boarded the train for Florida. It is supposed he made his arrangements to sail from a Southern port to England.

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"Gentlemen: For the benefit of suffering humanity I wish to state a few facts: For several years I have suffered from catarrh and heart failure, getting so bad I could not work and

Could Scarcely Walk

I had a very bad spell of paralysis of the throat some time ago. My throat seemed closed and I could not swallow. The doctors said it was caused by heart failure, and gave medicine, which I took according to directions, but it did not seem to do me any good. My wife urged me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, telling me of Mr. Joseph C. Smith, who had been

At Death's Door

but was entirely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. After talking with Mr. Smith, I concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. When I had taken two bottles I felt very much better. I have continued taking it, and am now feeling excellent. I thank God, and

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and my wife for my restoration to perfect health." HARVEY HEED, Laceyville, O.

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