

Cadouin and Its Cloister.

A special correspondent of the East Anglian Daily Times, travelling in France, sends in his paper an article on the above subject, which an English subscriber requests us to reproduce. The "fellow traveller" and "fellow" mentioned by the writer are Cadouin and its cloister.

CADOUIN AND ITS CLOISTER.

From Beaumont, one of the most beautiful spots in the valley of the Dordogne, with its lofty rocks surrounded by one of the most beautiful castles in France, constructed in the 13th and 14th centuries, and still inhabited, though having one part of its outer walls, which time has unroofed, in the hands of careful restorers, I started on the morning of the day on which I now write to take train from Vézère to Le Buisson. I thought, as I proceeded to the railway station of my visit to the castle and its hall, with interesting mural paintings and of the little time that I spent in its chapel, now serving as the parish church, where, as I entered the castle, I found a low and richly-embroidered frontal to the altar, hiding from view with their own handwork an old painting whose colours had almost faded away. I could see the castle almost in its majesty, softly touched with the rays of the early morning sun, when the road abruptly made a turn, just as I had hitherto seen in the dimness of haze and shadow, the castle of Puyrac, itself an imposing structure, a mile or two away on the other side of the broad river.

Broad as it is, the drought has reduced the river's volume, as yesterday, when I was ferried over from Cadouin to ascend to the famous castle of Puyrac, I was made conscious of. I found that if I had put myself into a landing trim I could easily have passed the river's bed. But there is no real water in the valley. Little

MARCAREDES HERE AND THERE

Flow down sloping meadows, and the fountains in the villages are in abundant flow. Yet, at Puyrac, Amador, not far from the laundresses have to take their linen an hour's journey before they can find running water at which to dry on their toll.

From Vézère to Le Buisson is a run of less than an hour. At St. Cyran it seems as if the whole country were a lake. The train is soon crowded with men, women, and children, with their clergy amongst them, on pilgrimage way to Notre Dame de la Vierge, where there is a name of the ecclesiastical guardians of the castle, entering into rivalry with the long and celebrated shrines.

Reaching Le Buisson, I am soon seated in the cabriolet of the courier, an intelligent fellow-traveller, who fills up sundry small gaps in my knowledge of the country I am passing through. The six kilometers are in time traversed, and our driver is within sight of the ancient castle of Cadouin continually tamed their distance from the railway. When the line is being constructed an effort was made to bring it through their little town, but was rendered futile by the attitude of the great landowner of the place. He refused to sell any land, so that he would be compelled to do so, but this is small consolation for those who are so much inconvenienced.

The railway had to follow more closely the course of the Dordogne, and two bridges and two tunnels had to be made, whereas the route through Cadouin would have required only one bridge, and, perhaps, not a single tunnel. The memory of the late landowner is not blessed. A tramway is being thought of, but one-third of the road from the station is an ascent, and towards a descent, and, such ascent and descent are somewhat steep. Hence there is hesitation about the tram-line. Cadouin were more accessible to the church and cloister, and its relic.

For holy abode, if it possesses such, would attract a great stream of visitors, and business matters, too, would be encouraged to enter upon regular activity. But until rails are laid down it can only content itself with a quiet order of things.

To this sleepy hollow, however, I have come to see its grand church and its cloister, both of which during the days when Cadouin was under English rule. For Eleanor of Aquitaine may be considered as the mistress of the church. Her gifts, and those of her royal spouse, Henry II, and of his successors on the English throne, helped it to assume its lofty dimensions. It is a Romanesque monument of singular completeness.

The enrichments of the capitals of the columns in its abbasal east end are very varied. No two are alike, and yet all are equally admirable. It was under the protection of English kings that the Benedictine monks, whose abbey church still stands in enduring majesty, devoted themselves to the adornment with a beautiful series of carved work of the cloister, as well as of their church. They, indeed, rendered their cloister one of all Aquitaine could pride in.

The cloister presents such a harmonious combination of lines, such a multiplicity of ornamentation, such a variety of design in flowing tracery, blended with surprising accord, that it has been called "a symphony in stone." It is composed of twenty equal bays, of which six are in each of the sides or galleries, lying north and south, five are in each of the

eastern and western galleries. In other four being at the corners. The cloister is thus not a true square, but has two adjacent galleries, the north and east, for example, contain respectively eight and seven bays. Each bay is lighted by a pointed arch, supported by a trifoliate capital, which is filled with flamboyant tracery of the richest kind.

WANDERING THROUGH THE VAULTED CLOISTER.

examining its varied sculptures. The grandeur of the vault of each bay is fashioned as a human figure, a priest, an angel, or that a succession of interesting forms is always hovering in the air. There are considerable traces of an earlier Romanesque cloister which with various sculptures of the 12th century character, have in the north gallery been incorporated with the later cloister. So that the work of many generations of monastic artists can be looked upon in this wonderful cloister. There is not a capital in the long array of slender columns which is not fashioned into a sculpture story. Adam and Eve are taking leave of the Eden of Paradise, the story of an angel's fall, a lion on a dunce, a bill and wings and swine, Jonah is in the vessel with the distressed mariners.

I will describe more minutely one strange series of sculptures, representing the story of David and Bathsheba. The rich man is seated at a sumptuous meal, his wife by his side, Lazarus, who has, notwithstanding the vigilance of the porter at the gate, ventured into the banquet hall, begs in vain for a morsel of food. A dog crawls from beneath the table to lick his feet. Even the alms beneath the capitals have sculptured figures projecting out of hollows cut into them. The one supporting this scene of the sumptuous feasting has carved into it the portrait of the rich man's father, with an enraged porter making a commotion at the foot of the staircase, and on an upper stone are two apertures, giving light to the staircase. An angel thrusts himself through one, and dogs through the other, as though the porter had discovered that LAZARUS HAD PASSED UP TO THE PALACE.

Another capital and column sculptures with the scene of the death of Lazarus. He lies beneath a tree on a bed of interlacing branches, all in leaf and flower, his empty platter beside him, his cup and wallet suspended from a bough above. Angels hover in a cluster round the tree. And the highest branches is the venerable figure of Abraham, with the apron of his vestment gathered up, and within it Lazarus drawn close to the shelter and comfort of the patriarchal bosom.

On another of the pilasters or columns is represented the death of the rich man. He lies on a stately bed. His wife has watched over his last moments with a diadem around her brow, but demons have entered the chamber of splendour and of death, to bear the rich man away to a scene of torture. At a higher stage this scene is sculptured. The demons attack the rich man with tooth and nail. The capital above all is a fantastic representation of two towers of flame rising above battlements crested with the heads of demons and of the hopelessness of lust.

On the other scenes also sculptured on the cloister's columns and walls. There are scenes of the Passion, with attendant figures of the Virgin, the disciples and the holy women. There are many others, too, worthy of patient scrutiny. The sculptured work of the monks of old at Cadouin is in truth of exhaustless interest.

The beautiful cloister was during the time of the Revolution seized upon by the Government; but in 1839 was bought by the Department of the Dordogne, and has ever since been entrusted to the care of the Curé of Cadouin for the time being. Both cloister and church have for some time been recognized by the Government as historic monuments, so that henceforth all needful restoration work is assured. But during recent years, from 25,000 to 30,000 francs, privately contributed, have been expended on the restoration of three of the galleries of the cloister. The four gallery which is now in state in the middle of the present century. Forty years ago the Government voted a sum of money towards its restoration. This was unwisely entrusted to local authorities. What they did was to build a series of massive walls separating the bays from one another, and to add to the old buttresses unsightly masses of masonry. The rough dividing walls thus inserted have rectangular openings, so that the perambulation of the cloister might not be interfered with. The gallery thus dealt with is in this way divided into a number of dismal cells, communicating with each other. Much of the money sent by the Government was, by those who arranged for the

DEPLORABLE DISFIGUREMENT OF THE CLOISTER, wasted in eating and drinking. That it is possible for Frenchmen to eat and drink with serene disregard of the cost, when it does not come from their own purses, I was once made aware. For a week I was staying as the guest of an English friend in a chateau situated in the charming national forests of Auvergne. Some years previously the chateau had been built for its owner. A curious compact had been made. No money was to be handed over to the builder; but food and

drink were to be provided for the workmen until the chateau was finished. It was built up in a solid wall, with an imposing flight of steps at its entrance, but the workmen gave themselves up with such devotion to the eating and drinking, that before the last touches could be put to the chateau its owner became embarrassed. He was not able to live in the house in which he had intended to pass his future years, and his accomplished daughters had to go to Paris to find employment as teachers of music and drawing.

I can thus well understand that at Cadouin there was an eye witness to partake of good cheer, when the funds for such came from the central authorities. But there is no danger of the mistake of 40 years ago being repeated. There is a reasonable expectation that the Government will undertake the complete restoration of the gallery so out of harmony with the other three. Forty thousand francs will be required for this work. When this sum is granted, the architect who is now superintending the whole work, and watchful attention will be bestowed on the application of the funds.

The Curé of Cadouin has for his ecclesiastical assistant his vicar, for such is the French word employed, an elderly priest, who for 25 years was a professor in a Roman Catholic college at Toronto. Thus it happens that he has learned to speak English after having the benefit of the Curé's guidance around the cloister, and testing and refreshing himself at the Lion d'Or. I again, for so it is kindly arranged, proceed to the cloister. The Curé's conference I find returned from a little journey, and I hear at once his eager footsteps approaching. With the utmost kindness he walks round the cloister with me again and again. The moments pass beguilingly in English talk. He tells me that an Englishman is living in a fine house at Le Buisson who is MAKING HIS FORTUNE OUT IN CANADA.

As a railway engineer, when he himself was there as a professor. They did not know one another in their Canadian days, but now they are the best of friends, not allowing ecclesiastical matters to be a barrier between them.

As I go back with the courier, whose vehicle by reason of increase of passengers is this time an omnibus, my fellow-travellers are an officer and his wife and daughter just starting for a Pyrenean watering-place. The officer limps somewhat painfully, and explains to me that he has been wounded out in Tonkin, and is going now to see whether the waters of Bagnères will give him any solace for his wounded limb. He talks to me too of the vicar of Canada, and of his knowledge of English. He says that so accustomed has this good priest been to speaking a language not his own, that sometimes, in preaching he will forget himself and pour forth a flood of English words, much to the amusement of his listeners. The wounded officer, and his wife and daughter are much interested in the illustrations in one of my guide-books. I must confess that at the last moment I make too favourable an impression on Madame, who is of a devout turn of mind; for I take from my pocket the little dictionary that I have sometimes to appeal to, and speak of it in French as "my companion, my guide, and my mine own familiar friend." She evidently recognizes the origin of my words, but at once assumes that the little volume, morocco-bound and gilded, is a book of devotion, and as she descends from the omnibus, speaks with delight at my having always at hand "un livre de prières." Before I can deprive my dictionary of the sanctity with which she invests it, she is bowing and uttering her adieux, and the opportunity is lost.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

The Sisters of St. Joseph in charge of the Sacred Heart Orphanage, Sunnyside, desire to express their sincere thanks for the following Christmas donations:—Very Rev. J. J. McCann, Adm., two turkeys; Rev. F. Rohleder, a turkey; Rev. F. Ryan, one turkey; Hugh Ryan, twelve turkeys; a side of beef; and a dressed hog; A. Friend, \$25; Messrs. L. Conrath, \$10; The Wm. Ryan Co., eight turkeys and a box of cranberries; Mr. E. O'Keefe, a side of beef; Mr. J. Stock, a quarter of beef; Mr. R. Ross, \$5; Mr. P. Temple, \$5; Messrs. Christie, Brown & Co., 20 barrels of biscuits; the Misses Smith, a case of oranges; The Eby, Blain Co., 20 pounds of sugar and a box of raisins; Mr. Geo. Foy, \$5; Mr. Martin, \$5; Messrs. J. Sloan & Co., 10 pounds of tea, also nuts and raisins; Miss Coffey, a case of oranges; Messrs. H. P. Eckardt & Co., a large box of raisins; Mr. E. W. Gillet, baking powder, yeast, and lye; Messrs. Boeckh Bros., & Co., \$2; Mrs. B. Hughes, \$5; Mr. A. Heck, \$2; Mr. Barry, a turkey; Mrs. A. V. Harrison, a box of oranges; Miss Foy, a pair of candy; Mrs. R. S. Gallagher, a case of oranges; Mrs. Reeves, a turkey, also nuts and meat; Mr. Henry, a turkey; Mr. S. Halligan, a quarter of beef; Mr. J. J. McCann, \$5; Mr. A. Heck, \$2; Mr. A. V. Harrison, \$5; Messrs. Christie, Brown & Co., a dozen knives; Major H. Gray, two turkeys; Messrs. L. Conrath & Co., five bags of flour; Mr. J. F. Brown, \$1; Mrs. Geo. Foy, a turkey, also candy and raisins; Mrs. J. J. Kenny, preserved fruit; The Toronto Silver Plate Co., \$1; The Gurney Foundry Co., \$1; Messrs. Elliott & Co., \$1; Mr. Tracey, a barrel of flour; Mr. R. Watson, candy; Mr. Talbot, a turkey; Mrs. Hayes, a number of dolls; Mr. J. J. Hendon, \$1; Mrs. King, \$1; Mrs. Gibson, toys and candy; Mrs. P. Temple, six pairs of children's shoes; Mrs. James, \$1; Mrs. Moriarty, two dozen dolls; Mrs. M. McConnell,

candy and toys, Mrs. O'Leary, a goose; Mrs. J. J. McCann, \$5; Mrs. A. V. Harrison, \$5; Mrs. J. J. Hendon, \$1; The Toronto Lithographing Co., a number of chromos, calendars, etc.; Mr. J. H. Hoar, a goose and some boys' clothing; Mrs. S. Halligan, skates and toys. Rice, L. & Co., three pairs of skates and a dozen pocket knives; Messrs. W. A. Murray & Co., toys and games, Mr. P. J. Mulken, \$1.

The Sisters of St. Joseph in charge of the House of Providence, thankfully acknowledge the following Christmas offerings:—Very Rev. Administrator, Father McCann, three turkeys; Rev. F. Ryan, one turkey; Rev. E. Murray, \$5; Rev. F. Rohleder, one turkey; Mr. Hugh Ryan, one turkey; a side of beef; one side of beef, and one caddy of tobacco; The William Ryan Co., 5 turkeys and 2 cases plums; Friend, \$25; Mr. J. W. Conrath, cash \$5; D. O. O'Keefe, \$5; Mr. E. O'Keefe, 1 quarter of beef; Mr. Robert Davies, one barrel of ale; Dr. Galloway, one turkey; Misses Smith, one case oranges and one box figs; Mr. R. B. Hughes, oranges, apples, and nuts; Messrs. Robert Watson & Co., choice candies; Messrs. Husband Bros., case oranges, berries and figs; Miss Foy, quantity of sugar; Mr. J. J. Hendon, fruit, one case oranges, one box figs; Messrs. L. Conrath & Co., one barrel ale, Messrs. Reinhardt & Co., ale; Messrs. Christie, Brown & Co., 2 barrels assorted biscuits; Messrs. L. Conrath & Co., 10 bags flour; Mr. Chas. Schmidt, cakes; Messrs. H. & C. Blanchford, 5 pairs shoes; Mr. O'Neill, \$1; one bag flour; Mr. A. McFarren, one bag flour; Mrs. O'Dea, one bag flour; Mr. J. C. Smyth, 2 bags flour and one barrel rolled oats; Mr. Andrew Cottam, one turkey; Mr. Peter Small, one quarter beef; Mr. T. M. Gibson, one quarter beef; Mr. Alex. Thompson, one bag flour; Mrs. Ross, one turkey; Messrs. John Sloan & Co., one box raisins and one box figs; Messrs. John Mallon & Co., 5 turkeys; Messrs. Clancy Bros., 2 geese; Messrs. Davis and Lawrence, Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil; Messrs. M. & W. Bredin, 62 loaves bread; Messrs. Dawson Bros., oranges; Mr. Moyer, oranges; Messrs. McWilliams & Everist, vegetables; Messrs. Barton Bros., vegetables; Messrs. Park, Blackwell & Co., chickens; Mr. G. N. Ferrier, vegetables; Mr. Alex. Kingston, bananas; Mr. Lucas, 500 vegetables; Miss O'Laughlin, tobacco; Mrs. McMahon, cake; Miss Nolan, oranges, and Mrs. Ryan, oranges, cake, and candy.

ST. CLEMENT'S CATHOLIC CLUB.

St. Clement's Catholic Club is an organization, the object of which is to unite more closely the Catholic young men of Toronto, and provide for them a place of meeting and amusement, acting also in affiliation with the League of the Sacred Heart. This club was organized some four years ago by the Rev. Fr. Dedworth, under whose careful supervision it has attained its present high standing. At the dissolution of St. Alphonsus Club, the Rev. Fr. Wynn, who was then pastor of St. Patrick's Church, transferred their headquarters to William street, and presented them to Father Dedworth for the use of the members of St. Clement's Club. The generosity and deep interest he manifested for the young men shall long be remembered. The Club House is a large three-story brick building, a lawn at either side, being adorned with flower beds and shade trees. In all presenting a very picturesque sight in the Kingston road and summer.

The building contains a billiard and pool-room, library, parlour, card-room, committee-room, gymnasium and lavatories.

The billiard-room contains an up-to-date billiard table and pool table, with decorations and furniture to match. The library is a quiet and bright retreat for those disposed to literature, being stocked with the best Catholic and other intellectual works of the age, together with the different Catholic periodicals and magazines.

The parlour is handsomely furnished and decorated throughout, having a piano at the pleasure of the members, where many a pleasant evening is spent.

The card-room is a cheerful spot for those given to this sort of amusement, having eight tables, numerous chess and checker boards, and other games.

The gymnasium, though rather small, is well stocked with all the latest and best athletic equipment, such as horizontal bars, clubs, dumb-bells, punching-bag, boxing gloves, rowing machine, Whitley exercisers, etc.

In the lavatory, adjoining the gymnasium, is erected a large shower-bath, with hot and cold water attachments, where many avail themselves of a refreshing plunge after a vigorous exercise.

The spiritual welfare of the members is under the personal guidance of the Priest in charge; he having the controlling voice in all matters relative to the club.

The constitution reads that every member shall be a practical Catholic, and recommends that he receive communion once a month.

The right is always reserved during church services, but especially at the other times, till the hour of 10 p.m. There appears to be no doubt that if every Catholic young man, with the interests of his religion at heart, would avail himself of the privileges afforded by this club, on his becoming a member, that in time it would become one of the grandest and largest Catholic organizations in Canada, commanding a notice of no mean value in public affairs. Such is the case in most large cities of the United States, why should not we follow the example in Toronto? The club has amongst its mem-

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DIVIDEND No. 79

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the capital stock of the company has been declared for the two months ending 31st December, 1897, payable on and after the 1st day of February, 1898, at the office of the company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide streets, Toronto.

The transfer books will be closed the 16th to the 31st January inclusive. Notice is hereby given that the general annual meeting of the company will be held at 12 p.m. on Wednesday, February the 16th, 1898, at the office of the company, for the purpose of receiving the annual report, the election of directors, &c.

By order of the board, S. C. WOOD, Managing Director. Toronto, December 21, 1898.

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