

# THE WHITE FATHERS IN CARTHAGE.

Writing from Tunis to the Freeman's Journal, Dublin, Mr. William O'Brien, who has been taking a brief holiday in the Levant, says in the course of a lengthy letter:—

"I have just enjoyed the famous Roman's luxury of moralizing amidst the ruins of Carthage. Rather, it should be said, amidst the ruins of at least four other powers and dominations as well, that in turn followed Marius by this blue Mediterranean gulf, and in their turn crumbled into bits of ruins and objects of interest for the museum of the White Fathers. A glance from the hill where Cardinal Lavignier has planted his white cathedral, is a whole course of education in the mutability of human grandeur. Somewhere among the caverns of the old aqueducts and the baked-mud-pie villages of those dreary, yellow-skinned peasants in the ragged togas must be the descendants of those who crossed the Alps with Hannibal, and wrestled for the mastery of the world under the walls of Rome. The coins and gravestones of these Punic men are now only to be found several strata down underneath the ruins of subsequent civilisations. Their writings, not at all too unlike our Gaelic remain a message from the dead which not even the ingenious Frenchman who is engaged in digging them out can make much of.

Some twenty-five years ago the French Republic picked a quarrel with the unfortunate Bey, on the pretence of some offence by a tribe of Kroumirs, whose every existence is in doubt, and with a disinterestedness worthy of John Bull in his most God-fearing mood, set up her "protectorate" over Tunis at the muzzles of her new Lebel rifles. Cardinal Lavignier and his White Fathers retook possession of the magnificent see from which Cyprian and Augustine had thundered in the ears of the early Christian world. In the centre of the excavated amphitheatre he set up a simple cross above the rotting dungeons where the early Christian martyrs awaited their doom and the Numidian lion were stabled to eat them. Over the spot where Perpetua and Felicitas, invoked in our Litany of the saints, were torn limb from limb, amidst a joy of their own more entrancing than that of their Roman persecutors in the boxes overhead, he raised a chapel, where on the feast-day of the martyrs all Christian Tunis come to worship. On the height overhead, above the necropolis where the Carthaginian and Roman of two thousand years ago sleep side by side in their cemented catacombs and terra-cotta urns, perched high above the entrance to the gulf like a proud message to the European traveller that Christianity can still wave its flag over the Continent of Augustine, the great Cardinal built his spire-and-span Basilica, capped with mosaic-like cupolas, and decorated with Byzantine extravagance, gleaming white in the sun as the robes of his White Fathers, two hundred of whom are in training in the convent close by for the re-conquest of the dark continent. Finally, when we visited the place to-day, over all the ruins, Roman and Punic, and mediæval, heathen and Christian and Mussulman, peeping into the graves of the warriors who were almost as old as Troy, kneeling under the gilded arcades of the Cardinal's Cathedral, (which is also his grave), gazing with by no means un-intelligent eyes at the glass cases where they could see the Aboli of Hellogabalus and the nose-rings of Hannibal's legionaries, we found the swarming "petits marsouins" of the French Occupation, in their sky-blue overcoats and red breeches—the latest, and, truth to tell, most genial conquerors of the delicious land, suffused with sunshine, and watered by a sapphire sea which lay beneath the verandah of St. Louis Restaurant,

where we munched our oranges, fresh from the tree, whose green sprigs still cling to them, and sipped our black-purple Tunisian wine, and looked down upon the tiny port, where the fleets of two empires had their last encounter.

I have written latest conquerors—not last. Three months ago, when Salisbury presented his Fashoda ultimatum there were not above 500 French troops all told in the Protectorate, and there was a British squadron at Malta, over the way, only awaiting the declaration of war to pounce down upon the neighboring port of Biserta, which the French intend to turn into a second Malta, ready to sink its teeth like a bull-dog into the English merchantmen of the future that passes that way. The French got a very decided surprise and fright; but they were not long repairing the situation. Every steamer from France since has been pouring in line regiments, Zouaves, dragons, artillery, until now there are more than 30,000 troops in the Protectorate ready to give any English visitors from Malta a welcome somewhat different from their cheap experiences with naked Zulus and Derivish spearmen. As we passed under the guns of Goletta at day-break in the French boat from Malta, the fare of a French regiment on the march came to us over the water like a gay assurance that they were not again to be caught napping, and the terraces of the cafes and the carnival crowds in the city of Tunis were sparkling with as many blue and silver hussar uniforms and Zouave breeches as the Parisian boulevards on the 14th of July.

Let me say at once that as long as there must be conquerors, the French are the pleasantest masters of the art "How do you get on with the English?" I asked a Maltese priest, who was one of our fellow-passengers on his way to Tunis to preach a Lenten retreat to his brother Maltese, who are as thick as figs-trees in Tunis. He shook his mild head, with an almost imperceptible gesture towards a typical Anglo-Saxon in tweed, who was prancing up and down the deck with the of one who was performing an act of national condescension by travelling in a French ship, not to talk of sharing his walk with mere Levantines whom he could kick overboard without ceremony if they forgot the dignity of the British consul. "Ah!" said the poor priest, "you are Irish and you can understand."

There was in a sentence a century of English rule in the little Italian island, hard as the walls of their English forts, and brutal as the growl of their guns. The French can make their guns growl as well, but they can also, if I may use the expression make them sing at times. They can make their conquering march at least to pleasant music.

I must in fairness, avow one disenchantment among the French. I asked a lay brother, in his red fez and white cotton robe, were there any Irishmen in the Order. "Hollandais?" "Mais non, Irlandais." "Ah,"—with a shrug of infinite distress—"comrais pas!" It was withering in its sincerity of ignorance. It was some compensation to national vanity to learn from two Little Sisters of the Poor, who were perambulating the rooms of the Grand Hotel, begging for their poor that their Tunisian convent contains an Irish nun, who speaks of Ireland as enthusiastically as if a sprig of shamrock from an Irish glen were worth more than all the fig and pomegranate orchards that ripen in the golden sun of Tunis. Who knows if it is not recorded on the ivory tablets that the Irish girl has won more glory for her country than the Sirdar Kitchener and all his men mowers?

# LORD DUFFERIN AND HIS TENANTS

A most remarkable piece of evidence was that given, by the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, in the Belfast Court House, before Mr. Justice Meredith, in February last. As it throws a strong light upon certain "Ulster Customs," and also furnishes a fair idea of Lord Dufferin's opinions regarding tenant's rights, we will reproduce the main features of the examination:—

The Marquis of Dufferin was then examined, and in reply to Mr. Campbell said he came of age in 1847, and he did not think there was a farm or school on the estate that he did not visit. Almost the entire of the estate was held under leases of a very ancient date, the lives in some of them being the children of George III. The leases lasted to 60, 70, and even 80 years. When he visited the estate in that manner he found

two and sometimes three generations, descendants of the original tenants, occupying separate portions of the farm. There was the original leaseholder who had made certain improvements, and there were the sub-tenants who in their turn had erected dwelling-houses and farm steadings. In the eye of the landlord or of an agriculturist what they had done was undoubtedly detrimental to the farm. In the eye of the law they had no status as tenants, but in their own apprehension they considered they had made valuable improvements, so did what he imagined every sensible and benevolent man would have done—he entered into fresh contracts with them; he announced that while the buildings erected under the contract of the original lease holder were his property, he regarded the buildings erected by them as their property,

and when they quitted their holdings he would compensate them for their expenditure, so far as it was unexhausted and fairly advantageous. Almost the first thing he did on coming of age was to voluntarily reduce his income by £2,000 a year that the tenants might accumulate capital for a better system of agriculture. But it was obvious that no sensible man would allow the beneficial interest thus created to be sold by an outgoing tenant, and that the outgoing tenant should leave the sitting-tenant, instead of under a reduced rent, under a rack-rent. He therefore instructed his agent to see that the outgoing tenant should not receive from the incoming tenant more than the value of the improvements into the enjoyment of which he was about to enter, for it seemed to him abhorrent that A should be called upon to discharge debts which B had contracted. The agent valued the improvements the outgoing tenant was paid by the landlord, and the incoming tenant was charged by the landlord, either with the whole or a portion of the sum thus indicated, though in many cases the incoming tenant was asked to pay nothing. He had had occasion to resume farms for building and other purposes, and in these cases, in addition to the claim for improvements, he paid a further sum for disturbance. His right to resume was never disputed. No agent of his had ever authority to permit sales except on the basis he stated. From 1847 to 1877 he had spent £63,724 on his estate. Of that £18,000 was compensation to agricultural tenants, no part of which was recouped to him by the incoming tenant. He had spent £3,000 for buildings, £5,400 for drains, £800 for fences, £2,200 for general improvements, £1,000 estate cottages, £9,000 of special abatements in consideration of the tenant making certain improvements, and £2,500 for annuities to decayed tenants who had surrendered their farms. It was certainly the fact that by far the greater proportion of the buildings and the farm house and other improvements on the estate were made by the tenants. In 1857 he got the Ballysallagh property, but as he was not in a position to show or to know what had been the historical principles upon which the former owner managed the property he allowed it to pass under an unrestricted Ulster Tenant Right. The non-alienation clause in the old lease was taken advantage of to prevent extravagant competition. The Dufferin barony, which was the only

estate which he inherited direct from Lord Clancuboye of James I. time was not included in the Clancuboye grant, but was bought by Lord Clancuboye from a Norman family named Le Blanc, who had been in possession from the time of Henry II. Consequently the obligations incumbent upon representatives of the landlords of 1600 under the Clancuboye grant did not apply to the Dufferin estate. And, moreover, said the witness, in regard to my Clancuboye property, I am one of the tenants on behalf of whom these alleged reservations were made (laughter,) and to this day I pay rent to the representatives of that Lord Clancuboye.

Mr. Campbell—Then, Lord Dufferin it comes to this, that as regards a considerable portion of your property you are actually a tenant yourself who ought to be entitled to the benefits of the terms of the plantation? Yes.

And the way you have got it is, you have been compelled to pay the same rent ever since? Yes, I pay £1,000 a year.

In other words, you are the victim of those "cuttings and cosherings?" Yes.

Cross-examined by Mr. Greer—Am I right in saying, Lord Dufferin, that at one time prior to the Act of 1860 and the Act of 1870 your lordship entertained a very strong opinion as to the necessity for protecting the Tenant Right Custom of Ulster? Certainly.

I find in this book in your evidence in 1865 you were asked: "Are you of opinion that the tenant having that protection has more inducement to improve than a tenant in other parts of Ireland where no such custom or protection exists?" and you say "Yes I think so?" Certainly.

"Would you think it necessary to supply the same inducement in the other three provinces of Ireland in which the custom of tenant right gives a strength of security does not exist?" I said "Yes," probably.

You said, "If it could be managed I should be glad that every tenant in Ireland should feel assured when he makes a bona fide improvement that he would receive fair compensation?" Certainly.

And you entertain these opinions still? Still.

The rest of the cross-examination is merely a series of questions regarding speeches delivered from time to time, by Lord Dufferin, in the House of Lords, and adds nothing to the foregoing.

# PUBLIC SCHOOL SAVINGS BANKS.

The news comes from Galt, Ont., that a few days ago the public school savings banks were practically inaugurated. In the three schools 251 scholars made deposits. The following are the results of the opening day, with the average attendance at each of the schools last month:—

Central School—\$33.53, deposited by 113 scholars; average attendance, 363.

Dickson School—\$22.50, deposited by 75 scholars; average attendance, 386.

Victoria School—\$18.32, deposited by 66 scholars; average attendance, 354.

The total deposit amounts to \$74.35, an average of about 30 cents per depositor. According to a Toronto exchange, the School Board anticipate that shortly there will be fully 400 school children in Galt, having bank accounts of their own, as they have taken hold of the idea with much enthusiasm. The money is deposited every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

# THE GREAT PRIEST COMPOSER.

The New York Herald contains a lengthy criticism of the musical achievements of the young Italian priest—Father Perosi—whose wonderful oratorios are creating a general sensation throughout Italy. In the course of his review the critic says:—

Don Lorenzo Perosi, the young priest composer, "the Wagner of church music," as one of his enthusiastic admirers has called him, is still the sensation of the day in Italy. A few weeks ago his new oratorio, "The Resurrection," was produced in Milan, and, like its three predecessors, made a tremendous depression.

Not only musical Italy, but all musical Europe, is stirred up over the remarkable work of this youthful clerical musician who, for the time being at least, has thrown in the shade his fellow-countrymen, the opera composers of the new Italian school, the Mascagnis, the Leoncavallos, the Puccinis, and their associates. Unfortunately the American public may have to wait some time before it will have an opportunity of hearing any of Don Perosi's oratorios given in full, with adequate vocalists and orchestra, as it is said his publishers demand \$5,000 for the rights, a sum which no manager has thus far seen fit to pay.

At Venice the priest-composer found himself amid surroundings that brought him constant inspiration, and the flow of music from his pen became more and more rapid. As time went on, to a number of masses, motets and other church compositions, there came to be added the oratorios which first won the young musician a reputation outside his own immediate circle. Perosi conceived the idea of illustrating in twelve of these works the Gospel narratives of Christ's life on earth. In quick succession four of these oratorios have been produced, indeed, if I am not wrong, the last twelvemonth has given birth to all. To "La Passione di Cristo" succeeded "La Transfigurazione di Cristo," this was followed by "La Risurrezione di Lazzaro" while the latest of the series is "La Risurrezione di Cristo," to which Milan has just been listening.

These are works by which, thus far, we have to plumb the depths of Perosi's genius; these are the compositions which are fast pouring the riches of this world into the young priest's lap, and which have so far won him the Pope's patronage and good will that he stands to-day Maestro di Cappella at the Sistine Chapel. Perosi, I am told, accepts his

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IT IS THE BEST.

good fortune in a calm and modest spirit. In person he answers to a type not uncommon among the Italian priesthood. He has a clear and benignant eye, hair that curls upward from the forehead, and a downward twist to the corners of his mouth that would seem to betoken a determined, if not an obstinate spirit.

What then are the characteristics of these new oratorios?

Chiefly, one notes the absence of set recitatives and airs, and the preponderance of irregular phrases, either fluent or declamatory, designed to enforce the meaning and sentiment of the words delivered by the soloists. Sometimes these are supported for a while by a consistent instrumental figure; sometimes the accompaniment is more undecided in shape; sometimes it verges on the amorphous. The works are divided into parts, and each part shows an abundance of sections which, although "full closes" are frequent, are intended to follow one another without a break. The choruses, many of which have a Gregorian foundation, give the works their chief grandeur, and must needs be most moving in performance.

# GRANDMOTHERS OLD AND NEW

No one can read the papers nowadays without being led to the conclusion that the subject of paramount interest to women is how to keep young. The advertising columns teem with laudations of creams and lotions, each of which is guaranteed to be a perennial fountain of perpetual youth, and the women's page is loaded to the guards with advice about massage to ward off wrinkles, and physical culture exercises to keep down fat or promote plumpness, until one wonders if this kind of thing goes on what we are going to do for grandmothers in the future—for women who are frankly and avowedly and contentedly old.

Of course, everybody is glad of the lengthening span of youth that modern ideas give women. It is good for the world that they should keep their bodies strong and supple with outdoor exercise, and their hearts and minds young with new thoughts and new interests, but when one sees an elderly woman pinning false frizzes on over her honest gray hair before she puts on a sailor hat and starts out on her wheel, one can but sigh for the good old days when a woman was content, when age had come to her, to wear caps and sit quietly at home in her corner.

Many of us cherish without hallowed memories such a picture. Other people might come and go. Domestic events might raise cyclones that swept over the other parts of the house, but grandmother's corner was like a shrine up to which the troubled waters might indeed creep, but from which they rolled back, calmed and stilled. She was never too busy to hear the story of childish woes, or to mend a broken toy or a broken heart. Grandmother, in all her life,



The descent is certain from weak lungs, lingering coughs, throat troubles or bronchial affections through bleeding lungs, to consumption, if the first stages are neglected. Thousands of people who are now in their graves would be alive and well to-day if they had heeded the first warnings of those troubles which lead to consumption and death.

The hacking cough, spitting of blood, weak lungs, and all similar troubles of the organs of breathing, will surely lead to consumption, if they are not already the signs of it. Then there are the other indications of the approach of consumption, such as night-sweats, emaciation, or wasting away of flesh from bad nutrition, which, if neglected, lead to certain death.

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"I had been troubled with bronchitis for several years," writes Mrs. Orin O'Hara, Box 112, Ferguson Falls, Ontario, Co., Minn. "In the first place, I had sore throat. I doctored with different physicians and took various medicines, but got no relief. I raised from my throat a sticky substance like the white of an egg. Could not sleep, and had made up my mind that I would not live through the winter. I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Favorite Prescription alternately, and in a few days began to see that I was better. I took eight bottles. I have not felt as well in years as since using these medicines."

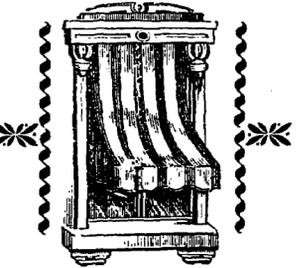
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had never prayed in public and would have died of fright at the sound of her own voice in a woman's meeting, but long after the words of the most eloquent preachers turned to dust, the sermons she preached in the quiet dusks to the children at her knee came back to shape their lives for them. Grandma knew nothing of logic, but before the saintly light of the old face that had been turned so long towards the new Jerusalem it had caught some of its radiance, all the poor arguments of infidelity and agnosticism slunk back abashed.

It is hard to believe that the new grandmother is going to be any improvement on the old, and we can but feel a thrill of pity for the little people who will have no such gracious and tender memories, but instead will, in after years, recall a painted and powdered and frizzed woman making desperate efforts to hold on to a vanquished youth, and who even taught their baby lips to call her some silly name instead of grandmother, ashamed of the very title that time had brought her. Of course, the new grandmother is a far more learned woman than her predecessor, and knows things of which she never dreamed. She is progressive and up-to-date, and perfectly capable of entering into the details of her grandson's football game or her grand-daughters' flirtations, but it may be even doubted if in this hail-fellow-well-met companionship the influence for good is as strong as in the old days when there were things one could not have told grandmother any more than one could have violated a sanctuary. Modern times have brought about many improvements, but the old-fashioned grandmother was the best.—New Orleans Daily Picayune.

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