FOREIGN.

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THE CENTENARY OF CANOSSA.—A meeting of influential Catholics from different Italian cities has been held at Manseca to consider the best means of celebrating the anniversary of Canossa on the 25th of January next.

THE LATE DON FRANCISCO MERRY.—Death recently deprived the Carlist cause of one of the oldes as well as bravest and most devoted of its defenders. Don Francisco Merry was born in Seville on the 6th November, 1793, his father being a resident merchant there of Irish descent, and his mother a lady of noble Andalusian extraction. He entered the British navy as Midshipman, and was present in the Stork frigate at the siege of San Sebastian, in 1813, for which service he afterwards received the naval war medal. In the Spanish navy, which he subsequently joined, he rose to the rank of post-captain, and during the revolutionary troubles of 1820-23 was remarkable for his truly Conservative and Royalist opinions. When Ferdinand VII. was arrested by the Cortes, and thrown into prison at Cadiz, Don Francisco Merry proposed to run in his ship and carry the King off in triumph to Gibralter; but the plan failed, and when the king re-entered Madrid Don Francisco was created a Knight Commander of the Order of Charles III.—*Standard.*

JAPANESE MISSIONS.—The Right Rev. Monseigneur Petitjean, Vicar Apostolic of Japan, is at present in England, for the purpose of soliciting funds in support of his distant mission among the Pagans. He has been labouring for the last eleven years in a land where there once were Christians whose souls were sanctified by the preaching of St. Francis Xavier; and the soil has borne its own blessed fruit, for nearly two millions of natives were won to the Church during the period when missionaries were allowed to carry on their work in Japan. About fifty descendants referred to as having been converted by St. Francis Xavier were found by Monseigneur Petitjean; and at this time he has about 15,000 native Christians in his congregation and schools. We recommend the mission to the benevolence of our readers; and may inform them that, in the Japanese mission, a priest can be supported for the modest sum of £60 per annum.

DEATH OF THE REV. RAPHAEL MELIA, D.D., OF THE PIOUS SOCIETY OF MISSIONS.—On Saturday, the 11th Nov., at the mother-house of his Order, Rome, the above well known priest departed this life, after a short but very severe illness of five days. The day before his death, he received the Holy Viaticum from the hands of the Rector-general, the Very Rev. Dr. Faa di Bruno; and on the following morning he received the Sacrament of Extreme Unction with the greatest fervour and devotion. Dr. Melia was born in Rome, 1802. His early piety led him to embrace the sacerdotal state, in which he has ever shown a truly apostolic zeal. For many years he was employed as *Minutante* at Propaganda. He was afterwards appointed Vice-Rector of the College of Propaganda, in company with the late illustrious Cardinal Reisach, at that time Rector of the same college. About this time the venerable servant of God, Vincent Palotti, was forming his Society of the missions, of which Dr. Melia very soon became a member. In 1844 he was sent by the servant of God to London in order to take spiritual charge of the Italians. At the same time he was commissioned by F. Vincent Palotti to use his endeavors towards building a church for the Italians in London, for the erection of which the servant of God afterwards gave him a considerable sum of money. This served as a nucleus for the building of the Italian church of St. Peter, Hatton-garden. In 1847 he was recalled to Rome, made Rector-General of the Society, and returned to London in 1862, since which year he has remained at the Italian Church until feebleness of health induced him a few months ago to try the effects of his native air Dr. Melia is not unknown in the literary world. His treatise on "Confession" is much esteemed. He has written the "Life of Vincent Palotti"; but perhaps is best known by his erudite work, "The Virgin Mary." This is a work which at once stamps the author as a scholar, well acquainted with patristical lore, and no mean archæologist. Already it has been translated into the French and Italian languages.—*Weekly Register.*

THE ARCHBISHOP OF GRANADA AND THE SPANISH AMBASSADOR.—The Revolutionists have been trying their best to make it appear that the Archbishop of Granada, during the late Spanish Pilgrimage to Rome, refused to call on the Spanish Ambassador to the Holy See, and that the Spanish Pilgrims refused to allow the Spanish Minister to the Quirinal to enter the Basilica of St. Peter on the occasion of the audience given them by the Holy Father. Now the plain truth of the matter is simply this: The Revolutionists in distorting facts, aim first to conceal the *Ambassador*, and put forth only the *Minister*, so as to make it appear that the diplomatic corps having broken the ice by acting with the faithful in religious affairs, the diplomatic corps accredited to the Vatican is no longer a necessity. Besides, the Revolutionists, compelled, through interest, to favor the Spanish Pilgrims, whom they would cheerfully have insulted and persecuted, try to injure them by giving their demonstration of faith a Carlist tinge and a character of hostility against the Madrid Government. To rectify all this, it is only necessary to state that the Archbishop of Granada did refuse to call on the Spanish Ambassador to the Holy See. But his refusal had no political significance whatever; it was merely a question of precedence. Mgr. of Granada did not call upon Senor de Cardenas because he considered it was Senor de Cardenas, place to call on him first. If he had followed the rules of official etiquette, he would have seen that claim, admissible in the case of a *Minister* could not be applied to the person of an *Ambassador* to the Holy See who, according to the etiquette, took precedence of the Archbishop. This incident having, unfortunately, transpired to the public, through the indiscretions of Senor de Coellos, who was only too glad to bring about a conflict between a Spanish Archbishop and his government, and more especially on the occasion of a Spanish Pilgrimage, in the hope of affecting the friendly relations between Rome and Madrid.

THE FRENCH CABINET CRISIS.—Reuter's Paris correspondent telegraphs that the Duke d'Audiffret Pasquier and MM. Grevy and Dufaure had a conference with President MacMahon on Wednesday evening. The Duke stated that if M. Dufaure had asked for a vote of confidence a least one hundred and eighty Senators would have supported the Ministry. The Deputies also had no desire to defeat the Ministry. He thought that because of their inexperience they had acted too hastily. He came to the conclusion that the resignation of the Cabinet ought, for the above reasons, to be considered void. M. Grevy concurred with him, but thought it necessary that a full consideration should be given to the legitimate demands of the Left. M. Dufaure at first persisted in resigning, but afterwards consented to resume his portfolio if all his colleagues would do likewise. A meeting of the Cabinet was held last evening to decide whether the ministers should retain office, the President having requested them to remain. The Council, however, agreed to await full information as to the disposition of the parliamentary groups. In this connection it is noticeable that the Ministry yesterday obtained success in both the Senate and Chamber of Deputies. The Senate rejected the motion for the re-organization of the diplomatic service, which was opposed by the Duke de Cazes. The Deputies, by a vote of 298 to 200, negatived the motion introduced by the irreconcilable radicals to adjourn the debate on the estimates until a new cabinet is formed. At the close of the sitting of the Chamber, the bureau of the Left conferred with M. Grevy on the crisis. M. Grevy assured them concerning President MacMahon's thoroughly loyal, constitutional attitude, as shown at the conference of Wednesday. M. Grevy, however, said the President's opinion was such that he would scarcely be willing to accept as ministers any politicians more inclined towards the Left than Marcere and Say. The bureau of the Left subsequently deliberated on the attitude to be observed with regard to maintaining the present Cabinet. No decision was reached, but the Presidents of the bureau were instructed to confer with the ministers. The journals of the party of the Left state that a majority of that party would oppose a resumption of office by the late Ministry. The *Republique Francaise* says the only alternatives are the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies or the formation of a Cabinet composed solely of members of the Left. No other expedient is possible. The Republicans are resolved to accept no compromise.

NO REDUCTION IN TAXES.—VERSAILLES, December 8.—In the Chamber of Deputies this evening M. Leon Say, Minister of Finance, made a financial statement, in the course of which he demonstrated the absolute impossibility of reducing taxes; he stated that the revenue of the present year, compared with that of 1875, showed an increase of only one per cent., instead of a nominal increase of three per cent. Exports were stationary, in consequence of depression of business abroad. Presidents of various groups of the Left, in their conference with Ministers, proposed a programme which neither President MacMahon nor the Ministers appear as yet to be able to accept. The Presidents of the Left have made a report on their interview to their respective groups. The question upon which they differed from MacMahon probably concerns the appointment of public functionaries, and the limitation of the President's power to interfere therein. The crisis is kept open by this matter and not by questions on which the cabinet suffered defeat in the Chamber of Deputies.

NEW CABINET.—LONDON, December 9.—A special to the *Times* from Paris, at midnight, says:—"The following list of members of a new cabinet is circulating here to-night:—Dufaure, President of the Council and Minister of Worship; Bandoux, Keeper of the Seals; Simon, Minister of the Interior Other heads of Departments unchanged. This gives the Ministries of the Interior and Justice to the pure Left. The question is whether President MacMahon will accept this list, to which the majority of the Left consent.

THE DEFENCES OF CONSTANTINOPLE.—Constantinople occupies a triangular space between the Sea of Marmora and the Golden Horn, the apex being formed by the Seraglio and Citadel, while the base or landward side is protected by a wall of about four miles long. This wall is in very tolerable repair, and, though built long before modern artillery was known, it is quite capable of being strenghtened by earthworks so as to be able to resist anything but a regular siege from the sea. So long as Turkey can hold the two entrances to the Sea of Marmora—the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles—Constantinople need fear no attack. The Bosphorus is a winding channel, 19 miles in length, and protected by numerous batteries mounting nearly 400 heavy guns. The width of the straits is nowhere greater than two miles and a half, and in its narrowest part there is a formidable accumulation of forts so situated that a concentrated fire of 166 guns can be brought to bear on any ship that might have the temerity to venture to try the passage. The Dardanelles form a longer and wider entrance than the Bosphorus, but are not less strongly fortified. Any attempt therefore, to force a passage into the Sea of Marmora without having reduced these batteries would be madness; but they are open to an attack on the land side, and it is with a view to render them impregnable that Colonel Valentine Baker has submitted a plan for the fortification of the land approaches. It will be seen, on reference to a map, that the Bosphorus can only be attacked from the north by a narrow belt of land protected on the south by the Sea of Marmora, and on the north by the Black Sea. This narrow strip is further reduced in width by Lake Derkos, and by the harbour of Buyuk Chekmege. At this point the land is only about 19 miles broad, and Colonel Baker proposes to fortify it by a chain of outlying forts. The experience of the Prussian army before Paris in 1871 has shown that this style of defence is the most effective that can be adopted; and it is a curious coincidence that the ancient defenders of Byzantium seem to have felt that this point was one requiring special care; for only a few miles to the north of the village of Derkos are the ruins of an old Greek fortification, formerly known as the Makron Tiechos, or Long Wall. In the same way Colonel Baker proposes to defend the approach to the Dardanelles by a line of earthworks across the isthmus connecting the Chersonese with Roumelia. This isthmus is not four miles across, and the water on both sides is deep enough to allow ships of war to come close in-shore and assist in the defence of the position. By means of these two lines of forts Constantinople would be completely defended from the north. An attack from the other side of the Sea of Marmora would be hardly probable; the nearest part of Russia is the Caucasus, 900 miles distant, and the country is utterly destitute of roads for artillery and supplies; and Turkey has 14 monitors for service on Lake Scutari, which would materially interfere with any attack from the south. The Turkish ironclad navy consists of 15 vessels ready for sea, besides two nearly completed and two building. Of the vessels in commission seven are frigates; and eight corvetes; they are all armed with Armstrong guns of which the corvettes carry four or five, and the frigates from eight to 16, giving a total, according to the *Journal des Debats*, of 130 heavy guns. In addition to these vessels there are a large number of obsolete ships, from the old screw liner down to the *aviso*, or despatch-boat all of which might be used to co-operate with the troops manning the two lines of forts before alluded to. The Turkish navy musters about 50,000 men; they are on active service for seven years, and in the Rediff, or Reserve, for five more. All the engineers and a large number of the officers are English. The total number of the crew of a frigate is 640 men, but the number on board in time of peace does not exceed 300; the crew of a corvette is, in war, 119 and in peace about 140. The navy is stated now to be in a very efficient state, but before it was in the hands of an English admiral no discipline existed and it was said to be no uncommon thing for the watch of a man of war to go to sleep, leaving the lower deck posts open. A story is told of a Turkish ship being sent on a cruise from Constantinople to Malta after an absence of some weeks she returned without having been able to reach her destination, her captain gravely declaring that the island had vanished, —*London Echo,*

THE CZAR REVIEWING HIS TROOPS.—A London *Times'* correspondent gives an account of a review held by the Czar at St. Petersburg. In about five minutes the shouting of the multitude announced the approach of the Emperor, and very soon after a sledge drawn by a single horse came quickly round the corner followed by another drawn by three horses at a full galop. Odd as it may appear, in the small one-horse sledge was seated the Emperor, without any footman or aide-de-camp, according to his usual custom of going about, while out of the *troika*, or three-horsed sledge, which followed, jumped the aide-de-camp in waiting. His Majesty mounted his horse, and was met by the Grand Duke Nicholas; commanding the troops of the military circle of St. Petersburg, which were to be reviewed. It was a great day for the Grand Duke Nicholas, as he had just been appointed to command the active army in the south, and will leave St. Petesburg to occupy his new post. The Emperor started at a canter, and, followed by the whole of his staff and all the foreign officers, rode through the garden of Paul's Palace, where part of the artillery had been stationed. I followed as best I could, when my English ideas, formed chiefly from what I have seen of the Household Brigade in London, were somewhat shocked by hearing the shouts with which the Emperor was greeted by the troops. I have since learned that this is the custom of the country, and that when any military authority inspects troops he says, "How do you do, my brothers?" to which the soldiers are drilled to answer in loud chorus. Having seen this commencement of the inspection, I proceeded as fast as my legs and the snow would allow me to the Champ de Mars, and was enabled to see the Emperor and his Staff canter down the lines. When, on account of the darkness caused by the falling snow, I was unable to follow the Staff with my eyes, the direction which it took was always made apparent by the shouts of the troops as the Emperor passed them. After inspecting every regiment minutely, His Majesty took up his position at what we should call the flagstaff. The army was withdrawn to the opposite side of the square, and the march past commenced. It is but due to the Russians to say that, whatever they may be in the field, on the parade ground their drill is perfection. No shouting, no noise, no superfluous galloping about of aides-de-camp, who hardly know the orders they are carrying, but perfect quiet and self-possession on the part of all appeared to prevail. The march past was opened by a squadron of the military Gendarmes, at whose head rode the chief of the Secret Police, who is at the same time commandant of all the gendarmes of the Empire. Next followed the Emperor's private escort, consisting of Circassians in their picturesque dresses. After them came the famous Preobrajensky regiment, made up of four battalions of men of such size as no country could produce without the system of conscription. Division after Division of, I might say, almost equally fine men followed the Preobrajensky until all the infantry had passed their Sovereign. Then appeared the Foot Artillery, with the men sitting on the guns and limbers. Next came the Cavalry, headed by a division of Cuirassiers, who answer to our Life Guards, and resemble them somewhat in dress, but not in numbers, considering that one squad of the former looks as if it could swallow up a whole regiment of Life Guards or Blues. Behind the Cuirassiers came the Light Division, composed of Hussars, Lancers, mounted Grenadiers, and Cossacks. The two latter corps struck me much by the entire absence of noise during their march. There was no clanking of swords, no noise of any kind; one would even have thought that the horses had been taught not to champ their bits, so noiselessly did they go past the saluting point, and their movements were rendered quite inaudible at a short distance by the impossibility of hearing the footfall of their horses in the deep snow. With these horsemen ended the passing of the cavalry, and the rear was brought up by the horse artillery.

A Startling Story.

Previously to the year 1789, the city of Paris possessed as guardian of its safety and chief minister of police a man of rare talent and integrity. At the same period the parish of St. Germains, in the quarter of the Rue St. Antoine, had for its cure a venerable old man, whose life was spent in doing good to both the souls and bodies, of his fellow-creatures, whose consistency and dignified courage caused him to be loved by the good, and respected by even the most abandoned characters. One cold dark winter's night the bell at the cure's door was rung loudly, and he although in bed, rose and opened the door anticipating a summons to some sick or dying bed. A person richly dressed with his features partially concealed by a large false beard, stood outside. Addressing the cure in a courteous and graceful manner he apologized for his unseasonable visit, which as he said, the high reputation of monsieur, had induced him to make.

"A great and terrible, but necessary and inevitable deed," he continued, "is to be done. Time presses, the soul about to pass into eternity, implores your ministry. If you come you must allow your eyes to be bandaged, ask no questions and consent to act simply as spiritual consoler of a dying woman. If you refuse to accompany me no other priest shall be admitted, and her spirit must pass alone."

After a moment's secret prayer the cure answered "I will go with you." Without asking any further explanation, he allowed his eyes to be bandaged, and leaned on the arm of his suspicious visitor. They both got into a coach, the windows were immediately covered with wooden shutters, and they drove off rapidly. They seemed to go a long way and make many doublings and turnings ere the coach drove under a wide archway and then stopped.

During this time not a word had been exchanged between the travellers, and ere they got out the stranger assured himself the bandage over his companion's eyes had not been displaced, and then, taking the old man respectfully by the hand, he assisted him to alight and to ascend the wide steps of a staircase as far as the second story. A great door as if of itself, and several thickly carpeted rooms were traversed in silence. At length another door was opened by the guide, and the cure felt his bandage removed. They were in a solemn looking chamber. Near a bed, veiled by thick damask curtains, was a small table supporting two wax lights which feebly illuminated the cold, death-like apartment. The stranger [he was the Duke de———], then bowing to the cure, led him towards the bed, drew back the curtain, and said in a solemn tone.

"Minister of God, before you is a woman who has betrayed the blood of her ancestors, and whose doom is irrevocably fixed. She knows on what conditions an interview with you has been granted her; she knows too that all supplications would be useless. You know your duty, M. le Cure. I leave you to fulfil it, and will return to seek you in an hour."

So saying, he departed and this agitated priest saw lying on a bed a beautiful girl bathed in tears, battling in despair, and calling in her bitter agony for the comforts of religion. No investigation was possible for the unhappy creature declared herself bound by a terrible oath to conceal her name; besides, she knew not in what place she was.

"I am," she said, "the victim of a secret family tribunal, whose sentence is irrevocable. More I cannot tell, I forgive my enemies as I trust God will forgive me. Pray for me."

The minister of religion invoked the divine promises of the Gospel to soothe her troubled soul, and he succeeded. Her countenance after a time became composed; she clasped her hands in fervent prayer, and then extended them toward her consoler. As she did so, the cure perceived the sleeve of her robe was stained with blood.

"My child," he said with a trembling voice "what is this?"

"Father, it is the vein they have already opened, and the bandage no doubt was carelessly put on."

At these words a sudden thought struck the priest. He unrolled the dressing, allowed the blood to flow, stuffed his handkerchief within his vest, and whispered—

"Farewell, my daughter, take courage and have confidence in God!"

The hour had expired, and the step of his terrible conductor was heard approaching.

"I am ready," said the cure. And having allowed his eyes to be covered, he took the arm of the Duke de———, and left the awful room.

Arriving at the foot of the staircase, the old man succeeded without his guide's knowledge in slightly displacing the thick bandage so as to admit a partial ray of lamplight. Finding himself in the carriage gateway, he managed to stumble and fall, with both hands forward, in a dark corner. The Duke hastened to raise him, both resumed their places in the carriage, and after repassing through the same circuitous route, the cure was set down in safety at his own door.

Without a moment's delay he called his servant.

"Pierre," he said, "arm yourself with a stick and give me your support; I must instantly go to the minister of police."

Soon afterwards the official gate was opened to admit the well-known venerable pastor.

"Monseigneur," he said, addressing the minister, "a terrible deed will soon be accomplished if you are not in time to prevent it. Let your agents visit, before daybreak, every carriage gateway in Paris; in the inner angle of one of them will be found a stained hankerchief. The blood is that of a young female whose murder, already begun has been miraculously suspended. Her family have condemned their victim to have her veins opened one by one, and thus to perish slowly in expiation of a fault already more than punished by her mortal agony. Courage, my friend you have already some hours May God assist you—I can only pray."

The same morning, at eight o'clock the Minister of police entered the cure's room.

"My friend," said he, "I confess my inferiority, you are able to instruct me in expedients."

"Saved!" cried the old man, bursting into tears.

"Saved," said the minister, "and rescued from the power of her cruel relations. But the next time, dear Abbe that you want my assistance in a benevolent enterprise. I wish you would give more time to accomplish it."

Within the next twenty-four hours by an express order from the king, the Duke de——— and his accomplices were secretly removed from Paris, and conveyed out of the kingdom. The young woman received all the care her precarious state required, and when fully recovered, removed to a quiet country village, where the royal protection assured her safety. It is scarcely needed to say that, next to her Maker, the cure of St. Germains was the object of her deepest love and gratitude. During fifteen years the holy man received from time to time the expressions of her grateful affection, and at length, when, from extreme old age, he was on the brink of the grave, he received the intelligence that she had departed in peace. Never until then had a word of the mysterious adventure passed from the good cure's lips. On his death bed, however, he confided the recital to a bishop, one of his particular friends.

This is the exact truth.

Kissing the Blarney Stone.

All that is left of Blarney Castle, a mere shell, stands somewhat apart from the village of Blarney and the lake, though it is near to the mansion now occupied by the possessors of the estate. I was admitted to the castle by the woman, who bade me climb till I came to the top, and she did not omit to caution me against falling off on the way up. I climbed, and climbed, and climbed. Three or four times on the way to the turrets I might have dropped down from the doorless passages that open into the interior. There is not a door left in it from the foundation to the top. The castle is like an enormous chimney full of small windows. By the side of the spiral stairs that screw their way up one corner of the building there are small chambers—hardly large enough for sleeping rooms, though perhaps once used for that purpose—with walls of amazing thickness. On the top I followed the wall, quite broad enough for a footpath, till I came to that part of it where the famous stone is lodged, held in its place by strong bars of iron. The outer ruin or turret is larger than the castle, and is held in its place by protruding stones; anywhere along the top between these supports you may look down the wall of the castle through the gap, and the sight on a windy day, when the ruins seems to quake under you, is by no means inspiring. The Blarney stone is clasped to the outer parapet by the irons I have already referred to, and in order to reach it you must lean out over the open space, between two and three feet in width. It is quite impossible to touch it with your lips without the assistance of a second party, who hangs on to you in the rear to prevent your diving out through the chasm beneath. I was alone; the wind whistled about my ears; all the grass and fern tufts that have sprouted among the decaying mortar hissed spitefully. I cautiously crept to the edge of the wall, and while the earth seemed to swim under me, while the walls of the old castle seemed to sway to and fro, I reached out to the parapet and touched the stone with my finger tips. This is as near as I ever got to it; but I have had enough. There is a stone downstairs on the ground floor which is far more convenient, and is usually substituted for the original. For more than four hundred years this castle has been the sole feature of importance in a very cheerful though lovely landscape. The square tower, with its machicolated battlement—all that is left of the castle—has been visited by pilgrims from every clime. But it doesn't pay. It is very dreary and very tiresome. The man on the lawn who sells bog-oak ornaments is more attractive. The woman who holds the keys of the castle, and who talks as if she had been brought up on Blarney stones, is better worth your attention.

A Palace of Silence.

Away upon the hill that overlooks Naples stands the Carthusian Monastery of San Martino. The monks who once inhabited the glorious palace—for it is nothing less—were men of noble birth and vast fortune. The church is now one of the most magnificent in Italy. Agate, jasper, lapis-lazuli, amethyist, Egytian granite and fossil wood, together with marbles of every tint, are blended in mosaics that line the whole edifice, and the carvings are so rich and graceful, that the interior of some of the chapels seem like Eden bowers transfixed by a miracle and frozen into stone. And in this spot lived a Brotherhood who came from the first circle of society and buried themselves in this gorgeous tomb, for it was little else.

The monks took a vow of perpetual silence, lived apart, ate apart, and met only for the unsocial hours of prayer, when each was wrapped in his own meditation, and no one uttered a syllable. Each one of the little cells where they slept had a small window or closet communicating with one of the corridors and in this closet was placed the frugal meal which was then taken into the cell and eaten in solitude. Every quarter of an hour a bell struck to remind the listeners that they are so much nearer their death. In the gardens the railings are ornamented with marble skulls, and the only sounds that used to disturb this splendid solitude were the tread of sandaled feet, the rustle of long, white robes, or the clang of the bell that tolled off, their solemn lives, in brief moments, and yet have seemed long to them. These monks, like most others in Italy have been driven from their retreat, and all their treasures confiscated by Victor Emmanuel.

Dull Great Men.

Descartes, the famous mathemetician and philosopher; La Fontaine, celebrated for his witty fables; and Buffon the naturalist, were all singularly deficient in the powers of conversation. Marmontel, the novelist, was so dull in society that a friend said of him after an interview, "I must go and read his tales in recompense to myself for the weariness of hearing him." As to Cornellie, the greatest dramatist of France, he was completely lost in society—so absent and embarrased that he wrote of himself a witty couplet importing that he was never intelligible but through the mouth of another. Wit on paper seems to be widely different from that play of words in conversation, which, while its sparkles dies; for Charles II., the wittiest of monarchs, was so charmed with the humor of "Hudibras" that he caused himself to be iatroduced in the character of a private gentleman to Butler, the author. The witty King found the author a very dull companion, and was of opinion, with many others, that so stupid a fellow could never have written so clever a book. Addison, whose classic elegance has long been considered the model of style was shy and absent in society, preserving even before a single stranger formal and dignified silence. In conversation Dante was taciturn and satirical. Gray and Alfieri seldom talked or smiled. Russeau was remarkably tame in conversation, without a word of fancy or eloquence in his speech, Milton was unsocial and sarcastic when much pressed by strangers.

The Timidity of Orators.

A writer in the *Fortnightly Review* asks whether artists and especially orators, are peculiarly liable to the sensation of pain and to fear. He thinks that they are, and attributes it to an unusually sensitive organization. Peel, he says, owed his death to being unable to bear an operation which a less sensitive man might have borne. An eminent operator describes Bishop Wilberforce as a "bundle of nerves," and as the most sensitive patient he had ever known. Orators, as a rule, show a painful anxiety about their own speeches, and toilsome uneasiness seems a conditions of their success. A junior counsel once congratulated Sir William Follet on his perfect composure in prospect of a great case. Sir William merely asked his friend to feel his hand, which was wet with anxiety. The late Lord Derby said that his principal speeches cost him two sleepless nights—one in which he was thinking what to say, and the other in which he was lamenting what he might have said better. Cicero, according to Plutarch, "not only wanted courage in arms, but in his speaking also; he began timidly, and, in many cases, he scarcely left off trembling and shaking even when he got thoroughly into the current and substance of his speech."

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Secretary and Treasurer.
Allumette Island, Nov. 8, 1876. 14-3

WANTED for Public School, Penetanguishene, Ont. Teacher, Catholic, male or female, with second or third class certificate. Duties to commence in January. Apply stating salary expected, experience, etc. etc., with testimonials to M. J. Mundy, Esq. Trustee, Penetanguishene, Ont. Knowledge of French desirable, but not required. 16-

MALE Teacher Wanted. (Holder of second or third class certificate). For Roman Catholic Separate School in the town of Amherstburg. Must be capable of teaching French. Apply stating salary expected to
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