

AN AUTHENTIC APPARITION OF SATAN.

A Strange Story of the Raising of the Devil.

Under the title 'Aut Diabolus aut Nihil,' 'The True Story of a Hallucination,' Blackwood publishes a weird story of how a circle of Spiritualists in Paris raised the Devil. The writer gives it as 'the true story of a meeting with the Devil in Paris not many years ago—a story true in every particular, as can be easily proved by a direct application to any of the persons concerned in it, for they are living still.' He says:—"The key to the enigma we cannot find, for we certainly do not put faith in any one of the theories of Spiritualists; but that an apparition such as we have described did appear in the way and under the circumstances we have related is a fact, and we must leave the satisfactory solution of the difficulty to more profound psychologists than ourselves."

The chief persons named are a Russian Prince, Pomerantseff, and a French Abbé, Girod, who ridiculed the whole theory of apparitions. The conversation at a dinner party at the Duc de Frontignan's having turned on spiritualism, the Duke said he had seen the spirit of Love. The Abbé, who was sceptical, had just preached a great sermon demonstrating the existence of the personal Devil, laughed at the Duke, when the Prince declared that this was in no way incredible, inasmuch as he, the Prince, knew and had seen the Devil. I told you, he said, I have seen him, the God of All Evil, the Prince of Darkness, and what is more, I will show him to you. He refused at first, but afterwards, fascinated by the offer, he accepted.

So the matter was arranged, and he, the Abbé Girod, the renowned preacher of the celebrated—Church, who was to meet that very night, by special appointment, at half-past nine, the Prince of Darkness; and this in January, in Paris, at the height of the season, in the capital of civilization—la ville lumineuse! At half-past nine o'clock precisely, the Prince arrived. He was in full evening dress, but—contrary to his usual custom—wearing a ribbon or decoration, and his face was of a deadly pallor. They entered the carriage, and the coachman, evidently instructed beforehand where to go, drove off without delay. The Prince immediately pulled down the blinds, and taking a silk pocket-handkerchief from his pocket, began quietly to fold it lengthwise.

"Must I blindfold you, mon cher," he remarked simply, as if announcing the most ordinary fact.

"Do so," cried the Abbé, now becoming a little nervous. "This is very unpleasant; I like to see where I am going."

On they drove; the time seemed interminable to the Abbé. "Are we near our destination yet?" he inquired at last.

"No; very far off," replied the other in whose hand he held a most sepulchral tone of voice.

All at once, after a drive of about half an hour, but which seemed to the Abbé double that time, Pomerantseff murmured in a low tone, and with a profound sigh, which sounded almost like a sob, "Here we are; and at that moment the Abbé felt the carriage was turning, and he heard the horses' hoofs clatter on what he imagined to be the stones of a courtyard. The carriage stopped; Pomerantseff opened the door himself, and assisted the blindfolded priest to alight. "There are five steps," he said, as he held the Abbé by the arm. "Take care!" The Abbé stumbled up the five steps. When they had proceeded a few yards, Pomerantseff warned him that they were about to ascend a staircase, and up many shallow steps they went. When at length they had reached the top, the Prince guided him by the arm through what the Abbé imagined to be a hall, opened a door, closed and locked it after them, walked on again, opened another door, which he closed and locked likewise, and over which the Abbé heard him pull a heavy curtain. The Prince then took him again by the arm, advanced him a few steps, and in a low whisper:

"Remain quietly standing, where you are. I rely upon your not attempting to remove the pocket-handkerchief from your eyes until you hear voices."

The Abbé folded his arms and stood motionless, while he heard the Prince walk away, and then suddenly all sound ceased. It was evident to the unfortunate priest that the room in which he stood was not dark; for although he could, of course, see nothing, owing to the pocket-handkerchief, which had been bound most skillfully over his eyes, there was a sensation of being in strong light, and his cheeks and hands felt as if they were illuminated.

THE INCANTATION.

Suddenly a horrible sound sent a chill of terror through him—a gentle noise as of naked feet touching the waxed floor—and before he could recover from the shock occasioned by the sound, the voices of many men—voices of men groaning or wailing in some hideous ecstasy—broke the stillness, crying—

"Father and Creator of all Sin and Crime, Prince and King of all Despair and Anguish! come to us, we implore thee!"

The Abbé, wild with terror, tore off the pocket-handkerchief. He found himself in a large old-fashioned room, paneled up to the lofty ceiling with oak, and filled with great light shed from innumerable tapers fitted into sconces on the wall—light which, though by its nature soft, was almost fierce by reason of its gradation and intensity, proceeded from the countless tapers.

All this passed into his comprehension like a flash of lightning, for hardly had the bandage left his eyes ere his whole attention was riveted upon the group before him.

Twelve men—Pomerantseff among the number—of all ages from five-and-twenty to fifty-five, all dressed in evening dress, and all, so far as one could judge at such a moment, men of culture and refinement, lay nearly prone upon the floor, with their hands linked.

They were bowing forward kissing the floor—which might account for the strange sound heard by Girod—and their faces were illuminated with a light of hellish ecstasy—half distorted, as if in pain, half smiling, as if in triumph.

The Abbé's eyes instinctively sought out the Prince. He was the last on the left-hand side, and his left-hand grasped that of his neighbor, his right was sweeping nervously over the bare waxed floor, as if seeking to animate the boards. His face was more calm than those of the others, but of a deadly pallor, and the "volitions" about the mouth and temples showed he was suffering from intense emotion.

They were all, each after their own fashion praying aloud, one rather loudly, as they writhed in ecstatic adoration.

GLORIOUS AUTUMN.

The autumn, and gold and vivid scarlet

The autumn, and gold and vivid scarlet Takes the place of summer green, Through the air leaves are floating— Rusty brown and ruby-red, And a dappled leafy carpet O'er the ground is richly spread.

The autumn, and the farmhouse burns In crimson light as day declines; The elm trees arch by shadowy turfs The long brown field, the path's gray line, That winds along the river shore, And ends before the low red door.

About the sides dark mosses cling, And years have left their leaden stain; Full many a heart hath danced in spring, And many a soul hath moaned in pain Beneath your roof, where twilight now Bends reverent to the moon's pale brow.

I stand, while all the pretty stars Are twinkling in the azure dome, And gaze beyond the crumbling bars To view the quaint old farmer's home; The windows dim with mellow light That flickers from the hearth fire bright.

BELLE McCL.

Portland, St. John, N.B.

EARLY CHRISTIAN IRISH ART.

DUBLIN, Oct. 6.—Before passing to other

branches of early Christian Art Miss Stock tracks the feet of Irish artists as they travelled, books in hand, over the continent of Europe, not only visiting monasteries already established, but making their way to places where Christianity had never reached—Poland, Bulgaria, Russia, Iceland. When they had found a suitable spot they settled down and built their huts within a large enclosed space, the church rising in the centre with its round tower, which served both as belfry and as place of refuge in times of need. Then they again took up their gams and went to work, as is evidenced by the treasures they have left behind, as in the Ambrosian Library in Milan, the University Library at Turin, and in the Real Biblioteca Borbonica at Naples. All these remains belonging to Italy were originally gathered together at Bobbio, a monastery in Piedmont, founded by Columbanus in the year 613. Katisbon, Nuremberg, Basle, Schaffhausen, in the Grisons, Eichstätt, Würzburg, Tübingen, in Bavaria, are but a few of the places where Irish illuminated MSS. are treasured in libraries or cathedrals. At Würzburg the bible found in St. Kilian's tomb, in the year 743, is still exposed on the altar of the Cathedral Church, on St. Kilian's day. In this manuscript there is a curious representation of the Crucifixion, where the cherubim are seen ministering to the penitent thief, whilst illuminated birds peck at him who remained impenitent. The most important Irish settlement in Bavaria was at Katisbon, this monastery being the parent of many others. Here is preserved the "Life of the Holy Mariannus Scotus, of Dunegal," circa 1067, and also his "Commentary on the Psalms of David." A strong resemblance is traced between the doorway of the old Church of St. Peter and those of the decorated Irish Romanesque buildings of the twelfth century. This church, known as Weigh Saint Peter, was given to Mariannus Scotus by the Abbas Emma, of the Convent of Oostmunster, when he resolved on settling for life and founding a monastery at Katisbon. In the course of his travels Mariannus stopped at the Convent for some time, occupied in writing missals and other religious books, and when the time came to depart he was persuaded by an Irish hermit called Murtogh to let it be determined by Providence whether he was to proceed on his way or remain at Katisbon. During a dark night in Murtogh's cell it was made known to him that on the spot from which he beheld the rising sun there he should fix his abode. Leaving Obermunster before day, he entered the Church of St. Peter to implore a blessing on his journey, and as he came forth he saw the sun appearing above the horizon. "Here," he said, "shall I rest, and here shall be my monastery." The population rejoiced to keep the holy scribe among them, and he wrote from beginning to end, with his own hand, the Old and New Testaments, with explanatory commentaries, and he wrote many smaller books—"psalters for distressed widows and poor clerics"—without any but a heavenly gain or reward. "Furthermore," it is recorded, "through the grace of God, many congregations of the monastic order, which in faith and charity and imitation of the Blessed Mariannus are derived from the aforesaid Ireland and inhabit Bavaria and Franconia, are sustained by the writings of the Blessed Mariannus." A copy of the Epistles of St. Paul, written by Mariannus, for his "pilgrim brethren" is preserved now in the Imperial Library at Vienna. Of the Irish monastery at Katisbon, it is stated, by the old Bavarian Chronicler, translated by Stephen White, when professor at Würzburg, about the year 1650, that the before-named place was there a more noble monastery, such magnificent towers, walls, pillars and roofs, so rapidly created, so perfectly finished, as in this monastery, because of the wealth and money sent by the king and princes of Ireland." The king alluded to was Conor O'Brien, King of Munster, in 1127. Later Murtogh O'Brien supplied a large sum of money to the Irish monastery of St. James at Katisbon, which was deposited with the Archbishop of Cashel and applied by the Abbé to the purchase of many farms, villages, plots of ground, houses and sumptuous buildings in the city of Katisbon, and the old building at Katisbon was thrown down, rebuilt anew from top to bottom with square blocks of stone, roofed with lead, the pavement being of polished stones, diamond-shaped. The precious writings of our scribes deposited in various foreign treasuries are too numerous to be mentioned here. One is alluded to, the description of which, by Wattenbach, gives some idea of the nature of all. It came originally from the Benedictine Convent of Saint Arnoul in Metz, on the Moselle in France, and was found in the library of the Prince of Oettingen-Wallerstein in the German Museum of Nuremberg, by Mr. Wattenbach, who says:—"This magnificent copy of the Gospels, belonging to the library of the Princess of Oettingen-Wallerstein, at Möettingen, which has been deposited in the German Museum of Nuremberg, where I met with it, may first be added to the number of remarkably illuminated manuscripts of Irish origin, which have been already described. The peculiar characteristics of Irish illumination are immediately recognizable in the initial letters Q and I, which form the headings of the Gospels of St. Luke and St. John in this manuscript, and which are here reproduced, such as the spirals, birds' heads and frame work of red dots. The text exhibits that beautiful round character, which in some measure resembles the usual writing, but is distinguish-

JOHN SAVAGE, LL.D.

Death of the Poet, Patriot, and Journalist.

The chronicle of the final successful struggle of Ireland for her birthright of liberty will give a bright page to the memory of John Savage, who died Oct. 10, at his home in Spragueville, Pa. During his life of sixty years he had done far more than one man's work for Ireland. Historian of men whose life-work and life-blood were seemingly given for the sacred cause—and Ireland on the very threshold of victory.

John Savage was born in Dublin, Dec. 19, 1828. The family from which he was descended came over to Ireland in the Anglo-Norman invasion settling in Ulster in 1172. Like the Geraldines and others of similar origin, they became the most patriotic of Irishmen. A grandfather of the deceased was a rebel of '88, and was arrested for adherence to Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Mr. Savage studied at Harold's Cross Monastery, at Trinity College, and at the art schools of the Royal Dublin Society, where he won a number of prizes. While yet in his teens he was active in the Young Ireland movement and a contributor of patriotic poems to the Nation. The best remembered of his earlier poems is "Shannon's Head," a dramatic transcription of the feelings of a clansman of Shannon Neill on seeing the head of his murdered chief on a pole before Dublin Castle.

It is a poem of terrific force; and is heard nearly as often at Irish gatherings as Davis' "Footstep." Mr. Savage started a course of revolutionary journals, which the Government suppressed, and in the fall of 1848 organized with O'Mahoney and led the armed peasants in the south at Portlaw, Rathgormack, and other places on the Comeragh Mountains.

Exiled in 1848, John Savage made his way to New York City, and found employment as a proof-reader in the office of the Times, which newspaper was then a warm friend of Ireland. He soon attracted favorable attention through literary work in leading reviews and newspapers. In 1850 he published a volume of poems, "Love of Eireland," and in 1853 a tragedy, "Sibyll," which had a great literary merit, and proved, on the stage, a successful venture. He was on the staff of various newspapers in New York and New Orleans; among them John Mitchell's Citizen; and from 1857-61 he was chief editorial writer on the States newspaper, Washington, D.C. At the breaking out of the Civil War he was assistant editor of the Irish Times, New York, but left it to enlist in the famous Sixty-Ninth Regiment of New York. His pen, as well as his sword, were active in the Union cause. Memorable among the lyrics of that stirring time is his grand patriotic poem, "The Muster of the North."

In 1863 he published another volume of poems, "Faith and Fancy," and in 1870 another and complete collection, "Poems—Lyrical, Dramatic and Romantic."

Up to 1863 Mr. Savage had kept aloof from Irish politics in this country, but in that year he was induced to accept the office of Head Centre of the Fenian Brotherhood by his friend, the founder of the order, John O'Mahoney. He made heroic efforts to reconcile the violent factions of the order, but was unsuccessful. While acting as Head Centre he was appointed United States Consul at Leeds, England, by President Johnson. Not expecting the English Government to grant him an exequatur, he proceeded to his consulate by way of Paris, where, through the indirect influence of General John A. Dix, American Minister, he began negotiations which resulted in the liberation of a number of Fenian prisoners in England. Mr. Savage was in good repute as an orator, and was in great demand among Catholic colleges and societies.

He was for some years editor of the Manhattan Monthly, a magazine of high literary quality, which he would not have been allowed to drop out of existence, I. 1879, St. John's College, Fordham, conferred on Mr. Savage the degree of LL. D.

Among Dr. Savage's prose works are '98 and '48,' "Fenian Heroes and Martyrs," and "Living Representative Men." He wrote also the text of "Picturesque Ireland," and the article on Ireland in the revised edition of the American Encyclopedia.

One little poem of Dr. Savage's appears in nearly all the anthologies; and is constantly quoted as an example of calm grandeur of conception and vigor of expression. It is called

THE DEAD YEAT.

Yet another chief is carried From life's battle on his spears To the great Valhalla cloisters Of the ever-living years.

Yet another year—the mummy Of a warlike giant vast— Is niched within the pyramid Of the ever-growing past.

Years roll through the palm of ages As the drooping weary spears Through the cold and paining fingers Of a hermit at his beads.

One year falls and ends in penance, One arises with its needs, And 'tis ever thus prays Nature, Only telling years for beads.

Years, like acorns from the branches Of the giant Oak of Time, Fill the earth with healthy seedlings For a future more sublime.

DEAFNESS CURED.

A very interesting 132 page Illustrated Book on Deafness. Noises in the head. How they can be cured at your home. Post free 3d.—Address Dr. NICHOLSON, 30, St John Street, Montreal. 8-6

REVOLUTION IN VENEZUELA.

Over the whole of Venezuela hangs an impending cloud of revolution and anarchy, hanging far in advance shadows of financial and political darkness. Guzman Blanco is away in France, but his spirit is still feared; and the coming Presidential election is regarded as a sure signal for disturbance.

As a leading merchant said to me to-day: "It is not possible to have matters worse—any change will be welcome." Perhaps; but to an American, a change involving bloodshed, general anarchy and years of national retrogression, would be worth avoiding at any sacrifice. What I said in these columns last year has come true, and it is a sad thing for Venezuela that Guzman Blanco's tired hands have laid down the reins of State.

Government House, the official residence of the President, faces a little square; a commodious building of white stone, where I was presented to His Excellency, President José M. Guzmán Blanco, who rules the great State of Bolívar, which is composed of the smaller ones—Apure and Guayana. He is a courteous gentleman of liberal education and high appreciation of this country's value, holding a position similar to our State Governors, excepting that he is directly and personally responsible to the Central Government at Caracas for his administration.—Dr. Wm. F. Hutchinson, in The American Magazine for October.

WILL POSITIVELY OVER SICK HEADACHE and prevent its return. Carter's Little Liver Pills. This is not talk, but truth. One pill does it. See advertisement. Small pill. Small dose. Small price.

A lady from Syracuse writes: "I have been seven years before taking Northrop's Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and Dr. Phipps' Cure. I suffered from a complaint very distressing to my sex. I was unable to walk any distance or stand on my feet for more than a few minutes at a time without feeling exhausted, but now I am thankful to say, I can walk two miles without feeling the least inconvenience." For Female Complaints it has no equal.

THE NAMES OF NATIONS.

These are derived principally from some peculiar cause or object. For instance, Ireland—which Julius Cæsar first called Hibernia—is a kind of modification of Eris, or the country of the West.

Scotland from Scotia, a tribe which originally came from Ireland. It was anciently called Caledonia, which means a mountainous country—forest and lands.

Portugal, the ancient Lusitania, was so named from a town on the river Douro, called Cale, opposite to which the inhabitants built a city called Porto or Oporto. And when the country was recovered from the Moors the inhabitants combined the words and called it the Kingdom of Portucale—hence Portugal.

Spain, the ancient Iberia, from the river Iberus or Hispania, from the Phœnician Spania, which signifies abounding with rabbits, which animals are very numerous in that country—hence Spain.

France, from the Franks, a people of Germany, who conquered that country. Its ancient name was Celta, Gaul, or Gallia, Barochaitis, the latter signifying striped beeches which were worn by the natives.

Switzerland, the ancient Helvetia, was so named by the Latins, who called the inhabitants of these mountainous countries Schwitzers.

Holland, the ancient Batavi, a warlike people, was so named from the German word Hohl, the English of which is hollow, implying a very low country. The inhabitants are called Dutch, from the German deutsch.

Sweden and Norway were anciently called Scandinavia, which the modern antiquarians think means a country the woods of which have been burned or destroyed. The appellation Sweden is derived from Stotuna or Svitthod. The native term Norway, or the northern way, explains itself.

Prussia, from Puzzi, a Slavonic race; but some writers suppose it took its name from some adjacent or near.

Danish means the marches, territories, or boundaries of the Danes.

Russia is the ancient Sarmatia, which has been subsequently named Muscovy. It derived its present name from Rusaia, a Sclavonic tribe who founded the Russian monarchy. The original savage inhabitants used to paint their bodies in order to appear more terrible in battle. These generally lived in the mountains and their chariots were their only habitations.

Turkey took its name from the Turks or Turcomans, which signifies wanderers, and originally belonged to the Scythians or Tartars. It is sometimes called the Ottoman empire, from Othoman, one of the principal adepts.

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Established in 1864, under the Act of Quebec, 39 Vic. Chap. 35, for the benefit of the Diocesan Societies of the Province of Quebec. The 17th Monthly Dr. wing will take place WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 21st, 1888. AT TWO O'CLOCK P.M.

PRIZES VALUE: Capital prize, 1 Real Estate worth \$50,000.00. Tickets, \$1.00. Offers are made to all winners to pay their prizes cash, less commission of 10 p. c. Winners' names not published unless specially authorized. Drawings on the 21st Wednesday of every month. 8, St. LAFRANCOIS, Secretary. Offices: 19 St. James street, Montreal, Can.

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NERVOUSNESS CURED BY ONE BOTTLE. Sherman House Barber Shop, W. A. Eitelich, prop. CHICAGO, Oct. 1887. The wife of the undersigned was troubled with nervousness about a year and a half ago to such an extent that she was almost without any sleep for some months. Physicians and medicines were without avail, and it appeared at last necessary that she should have to be removed to an asylum, but upon advice of the physician a last trial was made with a change of climate, but without having derived any benefit whatever. After an eight-weeks' sojourn she returned home, and was then advised to try Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and am glad to say now that the first dose of the medicine improved her condition, and after taking one bottle full of it she recovered her health entirely. So that since then she has needed no doctor or medicine.

Our pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain the medicine free of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of St. Mary's, Wis., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by

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AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWEL. IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE SICK HEADACHE and relieve all the troubles attendant to a bilious state of the system, and Distensions, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress eating, Pain in the side, etc. While their remarkable success has been shown in cure

SICK HEADACHE, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills equally valuable in Constipation, curing and removing all the troubles attendant upon the same. They regulate the bowels. Even if they cure.

ACHES they would be almost worthless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but their timely goodness does not end here, and who once try them will find that they will not be able to do without them.—But after all

WIVES AND HUSBANDS, ONE MUST RIDE BEFORE.

Wise Mr. Libandere writes, in London Truth: "The fact is that married life is governed by a rule anterior to all creeds and codes—the simple, obvious rule, that when two people ride on one horse one must ride in front."—So the stronger (generally the male, but occasionally the female), perhaps, as of right (and he, or she, takes it as a matter of course), is allotted the seat next the mane of the conjugal steed. For the weaker party (male or female, as the case may be), there is no choice but the seat next the tail of the matrimonial quadruped.

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