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# The Catholic Record.

“Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen.”—(Christian is my Name but Catholic my Surname).—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOLUME XXXI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY MAY 29, 1909.

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## The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1909.

### DECADENT ART.

In "Thoughts of a Parish Priest," Abbe Roux pays his respects to those who call nastiness art, and shrug their shoulders at the ignorance of those who cannot see eye to eye with them. He says: "Antique art clothed the human body in modesty and majesty; modern art unclashes even the nude. It is immodest and sometimes even impudent. Athens diffused the soul over the flesh; Paris diffuses the flesh over the soul. The Greek statue blushed; the French statue causes blushes."

And yet on the walls of some Catholic homes are pictures that would be a source of wonder to a self-respecting Pagan. Not that they wish to see representations that portray indecency; they merely follow the example of their neighbors, who talk about art and know as much about it as they do about Sanscrit.

### TO BE REMEMBERED.

It is well to remember that some of the scribes who write screeds about science, its progress and its efficiency as a destroyer of the Church, are purveyors to a large extent of fiction. We refer to those who echo the frenetic utterances of a Haeckel or who repeat cant words that have no relation to either thought or fact. As the Church is an organization founded for a supernatural end it has as such nothing to do with science. Between its teachings and those of science there can be no real antagonism, for all truth comes from God. If any scientific law seems to be opposed to the Church it is due either to an insufficient observation or correlation of the facts on which the law is based, or to wrong deductions from these facts. The attempt to clothe conjecture and hypothesis in the garb of scientific truth has been condemned by the real scientist, for example, by Dr. Virchow, who declared before the German Naturalists at Munich, 1877, that any attempt to introduce conjectures as a basis of instruction to dispossess the Church and to supplant her dogma with a creed of descent, would entail the greatest peril on the position of science in general.

### THE TRUE SCIENTIST.

The true scientist is concerned with phenomena and their laws—men of the Haeckel type with theories and facts born of an imagination overheated with an insensate hatred of Christianity. The true scientist is a man of patient research and rigid demonstration; the scientific charlatan is a man wedded to the sensational, and content with the acclaim of the ignorant. And while the one speaks reverentially of things beyond the reach of test-tube and microscope, and in his own province eschews the dogmatic tone, the other rails against all that savors of the spirit, and sets up his throne on ground of inventive, and at times of wilful misrepresentation. He claims for science much more than science claims for itself. He has never been, and is not, a contributor to scientific knowledge.

### MERE MOONSHINE.

The talk about the intellectual thralldom of Catholics is somewhat frayed at the edges. It is very odd, and rarely heard save in certain newspaper offices at whose doors enlightenment has not knocked. To chide men for taking the lights of philosophy and faith to guide them, is as unreasonable as it is to berate a navigator for using a compass; while the Catholic enjoys the widest liberty he has also mapped out for him the quagmires and rocks of infidelity. And that an unwavering allegiance to revealed truth is not destructive of profound thought, of patient investigation, of amazing discovery, is clear from the records of the race.

### VERY DISCOURAGING.

It is discouraging to hear that the Church was opposed to the advance of science. The writer forgets to substantiate the assertion, thinking, we presume, that rhetorical clap-trap is amply sufficient for this purpose. But is it true? Does history say that the Reformation liberated science and ended her with power? Writers—and the trouble is that some editors of non-Catholic weeklies do not read their own—declare in no equivocal terms that the Reformation retarded the progress of science for generations. Luther poured out his wrath upon universities,

which he designated as synagogues of perdition. In the springtime of the Reformation the German men of scholarship bewailed the sorry straits into which all learning had fallen. In England there was a similar story. And Draper, in "His Conflict between Science and Religion," is impelled to say that "so far as science is concerned nothing is owed to the Reformation."

### A CHECK TO VOLUBILITY.

The volubility of our contemporary ancient science and the Reformation would be checked by a few doses of Hallam or Lecky. He might be subdued by an inspection of the methods of the theologians of Tubingen, who, in treating of Rome, talked like the Orange Sentinel. These departed worthies used fearsome diction in their protest against the Gregorian calendar. So did England's reformers. When Kepler's advocacy of the Copernican theory left him without friends or country he found defenders among the Jesuits and a refuge in Austria. Tycho Brahe, the Danish astronomer, driven from his native land because his purblind and ignorant countrymen declared his studies to be not only useless but noxious, was welcomed by Catholics. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, received for his distinguished services to medicine opprobrium and insult. Others, such as Jenner, were denounced, and their methods against disease characterized as diabolical operations.

England and Germany would for years have naught to do with quinine because it was introduced into Europe by the Jesuits. Geology at first was regarded by the reformers as a dark art. The real inventor of the steam engine, the second Marquis of Worcester, was ridiculed, ignored, merely because he was a Catholic. Referring to him in his History of England, Vol. 1, p. 408, Macaulay says: "But the Marquis was suspected to be a madman and known to be a Papist. His inventions, therefore, found no favorable reception."

### BOOKS TO READ.

It is also well to remember that the most glorious names on the bead-roll of science are eloquent proof of the falsity of the assertion that the scientist is a disbeliever in religion. They echo the words of a great preacher: "I have traced God's footprints in the works of His creation, and in all of them, even in the least, and in those that border on nothingness, what power, what wisdom, what ineffable perfection." Their researches have but accentuated their belief in the existence of the Creator. To our readers who wish for weapons to parry the blasphemy of the unproved assumptions of those who are trying to rob us of our faith, we commend Father Gerard's pamphlet, published by the Catholic Truth Society, and Father Lambert's "Notes on Ingersoll."

### NO CAUSE TO WORRY.

To a subscriber who, judging from the tone of his letter, is indignant at some of our remarks on the liquor business, we beg to say that we have not so far as we know, transgressed the canons of moderation. We have, it is true, pointed out that the business is falling into disrepute. Our friend should note the signs of the times. Public opinion is becoming more and more opposed to it. Some of our societies exclude him from their halls. We have said, and out of pity, that it is a poor business in which to waste years. And is it not? To give a life to the dispensing of drink, and to know that, so far as the betterment of the community is concerned, he is a nonentity, and that in many homes his name is held in malediction, may well afflict the most hardened. We have exhorted our readers not to sign liquor licenses. Furthermore, we quoted the Fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, who exhorted pastors to "induce all of their flocks who may be engaged in the sale of liquor, to abandon, as soon as they can, the dangerous traffic and to embrace a more becoming way of making a living."

Selfish seeking for happiness is never successful. Seek happiness for somebody else and you will possess it yourself.

Little lies lead to greater lies. Abjure lying altogether. Bishop Spalding well says: "Abhorrence of lies is the test of character."

A strong will, a patient temper, and a sound common sense when united in the same individual are as good as fortune to their possessor.

### THE MAID AND THE CHURCH.

In the Boston Evening Transcript for May 6, under cover of a panegyric for the recently beatified Maid of Orleans, a correspondent from Nantucket has some very bitter things to say about the Catholic Church. The language of sixteenth century controversy is out of place in an enlightened and liberal age, and, to say the least, it is quite ungenerous, while admitting that "no character in history better deserves the title of saint than the peerless Maid of Orleans," to abuse the Catholic Church, the only power in the world capable of bringing the Maid into universal honor. What has the Transcript to say for her life? It is a religious journal subsidized in the interests of ultra-Protestantism; or is it willing, under the guise of a purveyor of news, to become an organ for the dissemination of mis-statements about the Catholic Church?

The Nantucket sage declares that "as you study her (Joan of Arc's) history you feel that she could not be less like an ideal ecclesiastical saint." Has the writer devoted any of his leisure hours to the reading of the lives of the saints? He will find in that wonderful catalogue of the canonized not only the cultured and refined, but along with them the outcast and the beggar. Thomas Edmund Campion, the pride of Oxford University, side by side with Mary of Egypt the penitent, and Benedict Joseph Labre the pauper; Domitilla, the niece of a Roman Emperor, and John Berchmans the son of a shoemaker; Elizabeth the princess of Hungary with Zita the maid-of-all-work. What church patron has been out into shape to serve for the "ideal ecclesiastical saint?"

The reader is informed that "there is no evidence that she devoted herself to virginity." No evidence! There is scarcely a case in history where the evidence is so overwhelming. There is not only the unanimous testimony of her contemporaries to the spotlessness of her life, but there is also her own repeated and sworn declaration that by direction of her Voices she had consecrated her virginity to God.

The oracular pronouncement that "the stately Church of Rome can add no lustre to the peerless Maid of Orleans," is belied by the writer's own heroic deeds and saintly living, whatever his religious sympathies might be, would have rejoiced with the vast crowd that stood under the mighty dome of St. Peter's when the Catholic Church added Joan of Arc to the bead roll of her saints. Are to the most natural of which in ten thousand churches throughout Christendom the Hosannas and Alleluias are chanted in her honor, when her praises are recounted from ten thousand pulpits, and prayerful multitudes invoke her intercession, is there no lustre which the Church of Rome can add to the simple record of a life of such heroic and unblemished holiness? The Church's initiative would have lain buried in the dusty tombs of the libraries of France?

Then comes the statement that "She never became a miracle-monger, never assumed supernatural authority." But was it less than a miracle for an unlettered peasant girl, unskilled in the arts of war, to lead to victory the invasions of the king's army, outnumbered and demoralized, against an enemy strongly entrenched and flushed with success? How can one say that "she never assumed supernatural authority" when she constantly declared that the Voices of Heaven commissioned her to repel the English invasions of her country and place Charles again on the throne of his fathers?

The writer notes with "profound satisfaction that the Church has no relics of the Maid. No withered and ghostly (or is it this a misprint for ghostly?) remnants of her martyr's body to carry in solemn procession or employ in the creation of new miracles." Where has he ever beheld the withered and ghostly (or ghostly) remnants of a martyr carried in solemn procession? Is not this assertion the creation of a mind diseased? It is not so long since the reputed remains of "relics" of John Paul Jones were brought in solemn state to this country from an unhonored grave in Europe. A short time ago the crumbling remains of Major L'Enfant, the architect of the Capitol and the designer of "the city of magnificent distances," were taken in stately procession from the rotunda of the Capitol to the National Cemetery at Arlington; to be there reinterred with pomp and ceremony among the distinguished dead. Who, without offending every patriotic sentiment would, when referring to these posthumous honors, speak of "withered and ghostly remnants?" Why should the sacred dust of the heroes and heroines of the Church be trodden with less respect than the bones of the dead? "She cannot be confined to one communion, however great," says the writer, "she is the priceless possession of that Universal Church of which Rome is but a fragment and a sect." It is something new to hear the Church of Rome styled a fragment and a sect. A fragment of what? A sect of what? A fragment of the lava or a portion of the ashes she emits in eruption; two hundred and fifty millions are not a sect and history has still to reveal when and by whom they have been cut off from the One True Church founded by Christ.

"Go teach all nations" defines her mission and explains her success. As Christ did for men, so the Church preaches for all, and among the many means she uses to attract the world to the authenticity of her claim to be the mouth-piece of the Holy Ghost and

the Pillar of Truth, is the solemn ceremonial of beatification by which she holds up before the world her confessors and martyrs for the veneration of all Christians and pagans alike.—E. S. in America.

### ONE WOMAN'S VIEW OF THE SUBJECT OF MIXED MARRIAGE.

SAYS CATHOLIC WIFE OF NON-CATHOLIC HUSBAND ENDANGERS BOTH HER HAPPINESS AND FAITH.

I am the Catholic wife of a non-Catholic husband, and consequently in a position to fully realize the dangers to which a Catholic who contracts such a marriage is exposed, not only as regards her happiness, but also as regards her faith. I have felt for some time that we who can estimate the risks should not leave it to the priests alone to sound a warning. Young people are apt to discount what the priests say about mixed marriages, thinking that if the Church permits them there can be no so much danger. They know instances of Catholics who married non-Catholics that afterward became converts; and these instances they dwell upon, forgetting all about other cases where the non-Catholic husband or wife did not change, and still others where the Catholic fell away.

The religious training of the majority of non-Catholics to-day is either nil or so indefinite and haphazard as to be useless as a practical guide to conduct, especially under temptation. When temptation comes they fight the matter out along the lines of self-respect, the honor in the abstract, and decency or yield or not depends upon the comparative strength of the temptation and their instincts for good. They have no definite idea as to what is necessary for salvation and usually refuse to give the matter any thought.

A Catholic girl marries a non-Catholic man. We will suppose the husband to be a fairly good Protestant who believes in God and in the authenticity of the Bible. During his courtship he protested that he had not the slightest prejudice against the Catholic religion and argued that there is no reason why a Catholic and Protestant who marry can not be as happy as two of the same faith; and he was sincere. But deep down there is prejudice and a feeling of superiority over Catholics which comes to the surface in the course of time. The marvel would be if it were otherwise. Anyone can readily realize this who has gone through a public high school and studied the general and English histories in use, or read the novels of Scott, the works of Macaulay and Carlyle and other authors of their day. People who have no special reason for doing so do not delve below the surface, and the average non-Catholic student and reader is bound to conclude from his desultory reading that the general run of Catholics are ignorant, superstitious, simple-minded folk who believe all their crafty priests tell them. This feeling will surely be there and it will crop out occasionally without provocation; and the Catholic wife will arouse it many times by taking up the gauntlet in defense of the faith unnecessarily or in an unwise manner. They are not too many satisfied with the world as they are, and hot-tempered human being hasn't his or her tongue or his or her temper under very good control.

Here are some of the "arguments" the non-Catholic husband will use and which will prove a constant irritant to the Catholic wife; the Protestant nations are progressive, the Catholic Church likes to keep the people in ignorance; during the Middle Ages men were tortured and burned if they dared to express an original opinion; the Irish are quarrelsome, improvident, untidy and too much given to drink; the Spaniards, ignorant, bigoted and unbelievably cruel; the French (whom he still considers Catholic when speaking of undesirable qualities, but non-Catholics when speaking of their progressiveness), are frivolous and immoral. He condemns the Italian with the single word "Dago." The fact that the Pope and the Cardinals are Italians positively incenses him—"he wouldn't be ruled in anything by narrow-minded, unprogressive Italians."

The tone is different when he speaks of the Protestant peoples; the English are a great nation, a broad-minded, enlightened people; the Germans industrious, law-abiding citizens and most progressive thinkers, etc., etc.

Here are the seeds of many arguments and arguments breed dissension and put people on the defensive toward each other. Instead of a feeling of oneness and harmony there is a note of discord in the family, a sore spot which to touch is, to say the least, dangerous. But suppose the non-Catholic has imbibed much of the poison of the times. He is nothing loth to question the authenticity of the Bible, the divinity of Christ and the existence of God. Through pride of intellect, coupled perhaps with dislike of self-denial he says within himself, "I will not serve. Picture a conscientious Catholic married to such a man and loving him dearly. She realizes that his ignorance of the Faith is rendered sinful by the pride and rebellion which keep him from bending the knee to God. She knows unless he changes he has no chance of salvation; and it takes a lifetime to break the pride in some hearts, and some go to their graves rebellious still. Oh, the weary waiting! Perhaps to end in despair.

The majority of the young men to-day outside of the Church have such lax notions on any questions of morality that the Catholic wife will be dismayed when she finds out the true state

of her husband's mind. He will consider his own view the broad-minded, liberal one, and think his wife narrow, unreasonable, and a goody-good if she disagrees with him. He thinks that it is better for people who can not agree to get a divorce and remarry; that it is impossible for an unmarried man to remain pure; that poor people should not have so many children; that a questionable story, now and then, between husband and wife should be laughed at and enjoyed; that occasionally, evil in a mixed company, it is no great harm; that, if we have not all the things we expect to give to others, even to help support the Church; that the priests have a pretty soft snap and bleed the people more or less; that one religion is as good as another; that it is an open question whether there is a God and a life beyond; that therefore a man should make sure of a good time here, that either a man or a woman may, on occasion indulge too freely in intoxicants if he or she does not make a habit of it. He will probably consider it his privilege to swear when he feels like it; to get angry or impatient when impulse prompts; to think and speak with license of the forms of other women, to tease a little child to anger or to judge it unwisely. In his heart he thinks that if he is true to his wife and kind according to his notions, if he provides for his family and commits neither theft, arson nor murder, and does not sell his vote he is a model man.

I do not mean to intimate that Catholics are all saints and non-Catholics sinners. But if the husband be a practical Catholic, the wife has a point of leverage; if he expects her to consent to wrong-doing of any sort, and she refuses, giving her reasons, he will see the justice of her attitude, if not at once at least after a time; since both consider it essential to salvation to obey the commandments of God and His Church, and hence consider the matter from the same point of view.

The chances for happiness of a good Catholic girl who marries a fallen-away Catholic seem to me very slight also. Don't be fooled, girls, by that world-old fallacy that you can do anything with a man if he loves you. Look around you at the married couples you know and judge if the men differ much from what they were before marriage; and remember these men loved their sweethearts just as ardently as you love when he comes will love you; and that the love which most of them bear you is in a truer love than they bore their sweethearts, since it has less of self in it. It will seem incredible to you that bald-headed, irascible, John Sweeney and his dumpy, old-fashioned wife should feel any very tender sentiment for each other. Nevertheless their love is probably just as deep and tender as the love you will know. And if in the pride of your heart, thinking you will be able to inspire a nobler, more self-sacrificing love than other women do, you marry a man with the expectation of changing his ideas after marriage, you will repent that pride in bitterness of soul. There is only one true test—will your salvation be aided or hindered by this marriage, and are you giving your children, that will be the good chance for salvation which they have a right to demand of you?

And all is not yet said on the subject. The divergence between the ideals of the world and of the Church concerning conduct, disposition and character, is growing wider every day. The Catholic wife of a mixed marriage, when with her husband's family, can not feel herself an outsider. If they are very worldly people who consider themselves too smart to believe in old-fashioned notions of God, heaven and hell, they will ridicule such foolishness and laugh at her simplicity. They will repudiate self-denial and boast of their broad-minded, liberal notions. Nevertheless they will probably have charming qualities which win from the Catholic a genuine, deep affection. She will, in consequence, suffer many a headache over their prospects in the life to come. For the love of every true woman toward all her friends has a maternal quality. And when death comes to one of those dear ones imagine the inconsolable bitterness of such a grief.

The man and woman who contract a mixed marriage have no mutual home of the soul—none of that sweet companionship in loving thoughts of God. The Catholic wife is ever conscious that her soul's home is but a strange habitation to her husband. They cannot take counsel together and sustain each other in matters of Faith. Husband and wife are not fighting the battle of salvation side by side; he is one of the besiegers who would break down her barriers. She feels her disposition growing belligerent because she must always be girding up her loins against some danger threatening. She will long for a season among her own people where she can take off her armor and rest secure not ever fearful that the poisonous arrows of indifference to conscience, worldliness and unbelief may in unguarded moment find entrance into her soul.

How much resolution it takes to be ever girded up and pushing onward in the teeth of hostile forces and how wearisome it becomes! That soul which is always in the thick of the fight is ever weary and may never rest. How it longs for rest in the bosom of God! And how it begs of God to save the souls of its loved ones and bring them home!—Catholic Wife of a Non-Catholic Husband in Extension Magazine.

Men who live for self never succeeded in satisfying self, or in quite satisfying anybody else; men who live for others in God like unselfishness, have joy themselves while giving joy to others.

### Nothing is Easy.

Nothing at all is easy in life. Nothing worth while can be done with ease; A stern, brave battle is that of strife. On the hills of blue or the conquering seas. Nothing is easy to do that's great With lofty purpose and art supreme. Toll and struggle and grief and care— Nothing in life is a moment's dream! Nothing worth winning is won with ease. The goal worth reaching is sacred ground, And it can't be reached in a gentle walk. Or a burst of speed and a leap and bound. The eagle of victory perches high, And the climbing soul has far to climb, With death and doubt in the vales below. And the stars far off on the hills of time.

Nothing one does, if he does it well, Is easy and simple and quick and light— The task of life is a difficult task. To do it well and to do it right, Nothing comes easy, the strife is hard, But the thing worth doing—ah, that repays For the ache and grief and the dust and grime And the infinite pain of the toiling days!

—Baltimore Sun.

### CATHOLIC NOTES.

A movement has been started in the southern part of California to give the name of the late Madame Modjeska to a mountain in that section. It would be a graceful tribute to the memory of a good and gifted woman.

Miss Bridget Roche, one of the best and most widely known Catholic women of Huntington, Ind., passed away Easter Saturday. The erection of St. Mary's Church at Huntington entailed an expenditure of \$75,000 the entire amount of which was paid by Miss Roche, in memory of her deceased brother, John Roche.

Canada's great wonder-spot, the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, is about to be invaded by sordid worldly enterprises. Two or three moving picture halls are being erected. The Redemptorist Fathers went personally before the legislature, now in session at Quebec, and implored the members to pass a law which would prevent the profaning of the most venerated spot in Canada. But the members refused to interfere.

Bishop Fabio Landi, O. F. M., of North China, is in this country on his way back to his diocese, having made his *ad limina* visit to Rome. His diocese is about 50,000 square miles in extent, and his population of 10,000,000 souls, only 19,000 of whom are Catholics. He has thirty-eight priests who baptize on an average 1,500 adults a year. Bishop Landi will take home with him a zealous recruit in Rev. Father Murphy, O. F. M., of Boston, who desires to enter the foreign mission field.

The Rev. Dr. Herbert Vaughan, who came here from England a year ago to study the system of the mission bands, in order to make use of it in the work of the Catholic Missionary Society for England, is returning to take up the extension of the organization throughout the various English dioceses. In response to his appeal for financial aid the Catholic Missionary Union has given him \$500. As his mother is an American, Dr. Vaughan thinks he has what he calls "a wee claim" on the generosity of those enthused with the missionary spirit on this side of the Atlantic.

It is not generally known that there is a boat called St. Francis D'Assisi, which plies along the coast of Iceland and Newfoundland, giving help, temporal and spiritual, to the fisher folk for the three months that they are practically at sea, following their dangerous calling. The fishing vessels of the fleet number approximately three hundred, and as each little vessel carries a crew of twenty or twenty-five men, the good ship St. Francis has a great work to do. When weather permits, Mass is said aboard daily, and on Sundays the accommodations are severely taxed.

Catholic Opinion, of Lewiston, Me., chronicles the death of Colonel Albert W. Bradbury, of Portland, a distinguished soldier of the Civil War, who owed his conversion to the devotion of Catholic nuns on the battlefield and in military hospitals. While wounded and in a hospital he had the opportunity of witnessing the unselfish devotion of the good Sisters. Of a luminous mind and warm heart, the grace of God touched him and he resolved to become a Catholic, and so continued for forty-five years a loyal and zealous adherent of the ancient faith. His funeral took place from the Cathedral, Portland, Bishop Walsh and many priests officiating.

Chauncey Oloott, the noted Irish tenor drew up his will several days ago and provided for the Franciscan Brothers of Brooklyn to the extent of \$10,000. For many years Mr. Oloott has been an ardent admirer of the Franciscan Brothers and on many occasions he has made substantial manifestations of the esteem which he has entertained for them. He appears whenever possible at their annual entertainments. On one occasion, being unable to appear owing to his mother's death, he sent the brothers a check for \$100. The charities of Mr. Oloott are known to comparatively few. He has made frequent donations not only in this country, but abroad, especially in Ireland, the land which, after his own, is dearest to his heart. There are charities in the city of Dublin that bless the name of Chauncey Oloott every day of the year.