

MONTREAL GOSSIP.

Private letters from Paris to Montreal confirm the statement made some time ago in our papers to the effect that Prince Roland Buonaparte was sincerely delighted with Canada, and charmed with the Canadians. The Prince himself contributed an article to the *Paris Canada* on the subject of his visit, and in the *salons* of his friends reiterates his gracious words, saying that he found himself "at home" in Canada, that the good society there is equal to that of France, and that he is most grateful to the Canadian people for the reception accorded him. The Prince, who greatly resembles his august grand-uncle in appearance, has been a widower for four years. His wife, who was a great heiress, bequeathed him her entire fortune. He has one little girl whom he has placed in the care of his mother. His Highness expressed his determination to return to Canada next year.

During his sojourn in Montreal the Prince, in company with Mr. Justice Baby and some other gentlemen, visited the Grand Seminary. It was Commencement Day and in the afternoon, so that most of the students had departed, and those who remained were chiefly Americans. In introducing the Prince, the Abbe Colin, the Superior of the Seminary, said:—

"Gentlemen, you have all heard of the great Napoleon, to-day I bring you as a visitor his grand-nephew. Take a good look at him, you do not often see a Prince, so look well at Prince Roland Napoleon Buonaparte."

Whereupon His Highness said laughingly:

"Oui Messieurs, regardez moi tant que vous voudrez, pourvu que vous ne me preniez pas pour une bete curieuse!"

From a cloister in St. Hyacinthe comes the echo of sweet bells chiming—bells that rang us the silver jubilee of the saintly foundress of the order of the Precious Blood. On the 14th September, in every diocese of Canada and in almost every parish of the Province of Quebec, masses were offered and prayers ascended for the intention of the good Mother Catherine. Delicate little missives, written in crimson ink, and bearing the motto "*Vive Jesus!*" made known the glad anniversary to the widely scattered friends of the holy religious, but there was no public celebration owing to the recent death of three of the benefactors and founders of the institution, namely: Mgr. Raymond, Grand Vicar of St. Hyacinthe, Mgr. Joseph Larocque, former titular of the diocese, and Monsieur Lecourt, the retired cure of the town, who died during the past year in the Monastery of the Precious Blood.

On last Sunday there was surely joy in the courts of Heaven, as the suffrages from the entire Catholic world went up to God in pious intercession for the Holy Souls. Town and city, village and hamlet, all did their part, but perhaps nowhere out of Rome were so many masses offered, so many communions made, as in our Catholic city of Montreal.

It would be interesting to know the exact number of the faithful who here approached the sacraments on Sunday morning. From five o'clock until eight the altar rails of the parish churches were seldom visible, so great was the crowd of suppliants kneeling to receive the Bread of Life.

At the High Masses the music was of a most solemn and impressive order. At Notre Dame over one hundred and fifty voices resounded from the choir. At St. Patrick's Professor Fowler invited Professor Buck, of England, to sing. At the Gesu the mass was rendered by the two choirs, that of the Church under the leadership of Rev. Father Garceau, and that of the college.

As the boys in their pretty uniform stood up to sing the plaintive strains of the Church's supplications for her departed children, many an eye in the congregation was moist, and many a thought was given to the brave young master who last year led the college choir, and whose clear voice was wont to resound through the aisles of the Gesu in notes of prayer and praise. And with the tear and the thought of human regret came the prayer of Christian faith, that God had, of His great mercy, granted

to Father Duguay "a place of refreshment, light and peace."

From requiem bells to marriage chimes. Three weddings in our Catholic society, and two of them transplanted the brides to Europe. The first was that of Monsieur Augustin D'Arrican with Mademoiselle Marthe Barron, daughter of Monsieur Philippe Barron, owner of the Barron Block. A few days after, in the Archbishop's private chapel, Mr. Frank A. Wake, of Sheffield, England, was united to Miss Albina Selby, daughter of the late Charles Selby, of Montreal, which auspicious event was followed by the marriage, in the Church of Notre Dame, of Arthur Ferroux, Esq., of the firm of Law, Young & Co., with Mademoiselle Corinne Roy, daughter of Mr. Rouer Roy, Q. C., City Attorney, to all of whom, *Fausta omnia ac Felicia.*

The steamer of the Bossiere line, "Chateau Leoville," sailed from this port the other day, bound from St. Pierre and Miquelon, where she is to pick up twelve hundred fishermen, whom she will convey to their home in St. Malo. She carried as cargo eighteen tons of Indian corn, three hundred tons of Chicago lard, three hundred tons of potatoes, potash, and divers other cases, also two hundred standard planks which she took on board at Pierre-ville.

With regard to the fishermen of St. Pierre, they are likely to be a downhearted set of passengers as the season for cod-fishing, which closed at the end of September, has not been at all productive.

And now what more is there of matters of local chit-chat? M. Rameau de St. Pèrè has been fêted at St. Therese. St. Therese has also been the scene of a joyous ceremony—that of the consecration of the bells of the new church by Monseigneur Isidore Clut, Bishop of Arundel, Vicar Apostolic of Athabaska-Mackenzie.

Chief Jocks, of Caughnawaga, has gone to Florida for his health, and people are wondering at his choice of locality; but it may be that Indian gentlemen are proof against yellow fever.

Great sympathy is felt for the Protestant lunatics of Beauport asylum, who are, according to report, demoralized at the change in their Church ritual from Anglicanism to Presbyterianism, owing to a *dominie* of the latter sect having been recently substituted for a parson of the established Church of England as chaplain to the non-Catholics of the institution.

The Presbyterians have had a great meeting here on the occasion of the opening of the twentieth session of their theological college. The Rev. Louis H. Jordan, pastor of Eiskine Church, delivered an address, taking for his theme the "Ministry of the Deaconesses, a plea for its revival in the Modern Christian Church." The newspaper reports say that after a long review of the good done in former years—in fact from the *fourth* century—(where was Presbyterianism then, if you please, Mr. Jordan), by the deaconesses, the learned lecturer closed with an earnest appeal for the revival of the order in connection with the Presbyterian Church in Canada. Now this is really very good of Mr. Jordan; he is a handsome young bachelor, counting his dollars by hundreds of thousands, and I doubt not that the deaconesses will smile approbation of his championship, and respond with slippers, braces, and other delicately wrought trifles of feminine workmanship. *Vivola bagatelle!*

The news of Mr. Robert White's election was received here with profound satisfaction. The young member for Cardwell is extremely popular in Montreal. Methinks he must be a young man of well regulated mind and not given to undue excitement over the affairs of this life, as three days before the momentous one of the election, he entered a carriage of the C.P.R. Railway, and dropped into a seat near to that occupied by your correspondent, quietly remarking that he was on his way home from Lake St. John, and a day or two after the *Gazette* published a delightful description of the trip—apparently from the pen of its young editor.

Mr. White will shortly be tendered a complimentary banquet.

OLD MORTALITY.