THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. -MAY 12, 1876.

IRELAND.

ITS HISTORY and its PEOPLE ITS POSITION AMONG NATIONS.

We transfer to the True WITNESS from the Catholic Record, of April, 1873, the following admirable article on Ireland, from the pen of the late Dr. Moriarty. It will, we are sure, be read with in-

With its back to Europe and its face to the West, receiving the full shock of the mighty billows of the Atlantic on its northern, western, and southern shores, stands the fair and fertile island named Ire-Nature has bestowed on this little isle, this speck of earth, a mere freckle on the surface of the lobe, the most bounteous gifts. As if destined to high fortunes, it is placed on the west of the Continent, an advanced post, the depository of the keys of the ocean, charged to open for European vessels the highways of commerce, and to offer to America's industry the first harbors, fourteen of which can receive is sife anchorage all the navies in the world. The bowels of its ground are enriched with precious metals; the most fertile soil in the world has been poured on the rock that serves as a base; the seaboard teems with a variety of the finest fish. and the land is so marvellously productive that it could maintain a population of twenty millions. Nature having made these rich presents, further labored to embellish the country. She has traced the mountains with infinite grace, interspersed the plains with smiling slopes and glistening lakes; with graceful meadows and full of sap and vegeta-

IRELAND'S PEOPLE.

This first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea, has a history, which, though generally shaded and sad, stretches away back amid the waves of time far beyond the Christian era. A race have trod its soil who have made themselves felt in almost every country of the globe. To civilization they have communicated some of the most quickening impulses; to science, poetry, oratory, history, art, they have given some of their most illustrious mames. Heroic souls, whose achievements are conspicuous on the rolls of fame, and whose thoughts have influenced the world's destinies, claim Ireland as their birthplace. Glory has blended with her dust. It is a land of noble frame, of gorgeous traditions, of heroic memories. Its monuments tell in their gray ruins that have withstood the storms of time, of a great past, to which the hearts of its people fondly and proudly turn. The voice of soldiers, scholars, saints, speaks from the dim past, amid the echoes of ages as they sweep along the avenues

IRELAND'S MUSIC.

It is the land of song, and how rich and plaintive the music that comes from this region of the harp, stirring the pulses with its notes of sadness, or flushing the cheek with its fire and passion. That music, even now favorably received throughout the world, attests the genius of the people from whom these celestial effusions have emanated, and exhibits a state of society conversant with every graceful form of imagery and thought, with innocence that suspects no vice, impulsion that knows no selfishness, and resignation never verging on despair. That music, low and sweet, martial or melancholy, melting into softness or kindling to heroic ardor, has gone direct to the heart of the world. It tells of woes, wrongs, oppressions, as it sighs over the historic past. It seems to be the pathetic utterance of an imaginative, high-souled proud and passionate race, who are endeavoring to the people in relation to religion, pure, holy, and escape from a dreary present by taking refuge in undefiled, genuine civil virtue, pure morality, menthe memories of a gorgeous past. Strikingly doesit contrast with their wit and humor, gay, glancing a prodigy, which we consider the ordeal through tender, buoyant, as though they were strangers to sorrow and tears. And when we add to these the fervor and genius of the people; their passionate love of kindred and country; their pure morals; their courageous faith; their unconquerable fidelity; their bravery; their ardor for civilization, have we not a land worthy the profoundest admiration!

A land of which it is hardly too much to say:

"One-half its soil has walked the rest, In poets, heroes, saints and sages."

The bulk of the population is of the Celtic race. preserved in Ireland in more complete purity than in any other land; but it would be difficult to conceive of any people being more unfavorably circumstanced in regard to national development. That there is no inherent defect in the old Celtic stock is evident from even a slight examination of their history,

ITS ANNALS.

The Irish annals regarding the dark period of the first inhabitants are much of the same complexion as similar traditions of all other countries, giving suspiciously minute accounts of tribes that in succession poured into the country; and how much is legend and how much is fact, in what is recorded of them, no one can tell. Some persons who hate Christian Ireland, give vent to their malignity in revilements of the exalted extravagance of its legendary lore. But we may very justly remark, as Greece without offence had its Achilles, Latium its Eneas, Rome its Romulus, and it affords us literary pleasure to hear Homer and Vigil singing about gods and godlike man," why should not bards and sennachies give to Ireland potentates and warriors of admirable renown, although of mythical character? In the twilight of history, the Celtic tribes of ancient Ireland cannot appear better or worse than their contemporaries in other lands.

When a dawning of historic light breaks through the gloom of antiquity, we find the veritable record of a grand noble tribe which Milesius conducted to Ireland many hundred years before the Christian era. Their tribal name was Scoti, and from the predominance they acquired, the whole population were long called Scots. That they enjoyed a high order of civilization in that far-off time, and were remarkably refined, throughout many generations, when the neighboring people were sunk in bar-barism, is a fact attested by incontrovertible testimony.

ST. PATRICE.

It is close upon fifteen hundred years since a foreign saintly priest with the Roman name Patriclus, arrived in Ireland to preach the gospel to the yet heathen inhabitants. The religion of the people at that period was not a gross, debasing superstition, but a worship of remarkable purity and simplicity. They adored a supreme deity under the name of Bael, and regarded the heat-giving, fruit-giving, and life-giving sun as his visible emblem. They had not to abandon cruel sacrifices or corrupting rites, hence they accepted the gospel without hesitation, and the life of that one Christian missionary saw the conversion of the whole nation. Apart from the special grace of heaven, the reason for this immediate acceptance of the truth lay in the fact that the nation, even then ancient and of an origin lost in the mist of ages, was in a state of high civilization, full of intelligence, fitted for the reception of sublime truth. In other countries the gospel seed had to be watered with mart; rs blood ere it bloomed and fructified; but in Ireland a genial soil was opened to generous hearts for the law of charity, and the smiles of refined hospitality lighted the path for the apostle bearing the glad tidings of salvation.

THE SHAMROCK.

The Shamrock, which on one occasion supplied the holy preacher with a ready figure of the adorable Trinity, has ever since been the national emblem.

nation. The beasts of the field may trample the plant for a season, but the creative breath bedews again brighter and more lasting than ever. A the triune beauty of the favorite pasture land of the divine Shepherd, yet a thousand times they have been foiled and exhausted in the efforts to uproot that which Omnipotence has sown, wisdom has nourished, and sanctity has preserved. No malice can destroy the faith, the mind, and nation, while that token of heaven's covenant grows in the soil of Ireland

From her new birth in Christianity, Ireland is seen moving along the stage of life in a golden age of surpassing brilliancy and marvellous duration. Of this we are informed by the chronicle of Irish worthies which makes up the largest page in the calendar of saints; this fact is attested in the archives of every nation attributing their revived civilization to Irish influence. There is nothing in history better ascertained, or so generally acknowledged, that when all learning in Europe was enveloped in clouds, the sombre darkness was repelled from the Church in Ireland, and the light reflected from the sanctuary preserved in her cloisters the intelligence and science which irradiated whole empires, and eventually became the light of the world in the diffusion of knowledge, together with the sacred gift of revealed religion. Is it not well-known, even by those who have the least historical knowledge, that the barbarians who broke up the Roman empire, which included the whole of the then known civilized world, devoted in their savage march whole libraries to the flames, and sought with ruthless havor to crush in one heap of ruin all the remains of classical antiquity? The lustre of learning, the elegance of fine arts, the sublimity of science, had no charms in the eyes of vandals; on the contrary, rather, served to upraid them with the disgrace of their ignorance.

The DARK Ages.

Light was to them as the sunshine to the owlthey loved darkness because their deeds were evil Ireland secured the sacred deposit of religion and of learning, and at the first opportune moment elevated the prostrated mind through the impulses of piety and education. Thus it happened that the missionaries of Christianity and civilization swarmed over Europe from those marvellous hives of erudition, the monasteries and colleges of the fair western Island. Until this day memorials of those benefactors of the nation are found amongst the people living near to the Neva the Danube, and the Rhine. Many names of Irish promoters and patrons of truth and culture are inscribed upon the cathedrals and academies that dot the plains of France, the gardens of Italy and Spain, the mountains of Switzerland and the shores of the Mediterranean and the Baltic. Such monumental history elevates the character of a nation above the fog of myth; legends, and romance, and gives us substantial proof that the spirit of poetry, of Attic elegance, of chivalry, of fervid elequence in religion, in politics, and the social line, all found a congenial home in Ireland.

THE LIGHT SHINES.

This ancient civilization, and the noble titles it bestows, are maintained, so that Ireland enjoys at the present time a vitality prolonging her religious and intellectual age far beyond the duration of other nationalities. In fact, the other character of tal cultivation, and refined civilization, is, indeed, which they have passed. Many thoughtful men, philosophers and scholars, in this country and abroad, have judiciously declared that if any other nation, even the most refined, such as France, Italy. or America, had endured a tithe of the destructive influences that for centuries have operated against Ireland, it would have been desolated like Egypt, Greece, or Carthage; it would be sunk in irretrievable barbarism. In fact, all that Satunical ingenuity could devise and human malignity could excute, has labored for the ruin of Christian Ireland. Infidelity toiled to poison the air of life, murder plied the dagger, robbery spatched the very crumbs of food, the despoiler used every machinery for extermination, so that throughout long ages the bright lines of her history are blotted, every page being wetted with the blood or tears she shed.

ENGLISH TYRANNY.

Under a foreign usurpation, which in the heraldry of iniquity is marked as the vice-royalty of hell atrocious crimes have been committed, that are distinguished by a depravity more aggravated than is signified by their ordinary names in other regions, so that the cruelties, plunderings and assassinations committed in Ireland by barbarous, bloody, brutal Britain, associate ideas of peculiar and unique crime. That which the hell-inspired intruders named law would in the administration of Nero be designated a sanguinary edict. Those emissaries of Satan only legalized murder, it being decreed that it was no crime to kill an Irishman. Parricide was encouraged, the apestate son being rewarded with his father's confiscated property. Holy marriage, God's own tundamental institution, was made a capital felony. The slaughter of the servants of the altar was made a commercial enterprise, five pounds sterling being paid for the head of a mur-dered priest. More than all, Belzebub Britain was not to be satiated by banqueting on flesh and blood within the halls of Time; it coveted to gorge its appetite in spiritual orgies, reaching into the domain of eternity. Yes, it sought for the ruin of the human mind, and forbade the teaching of a school under penalty of death. Let us remember that until a recent period Ireland was systematically and by decrees desolated by pestilence, fire, famine, and the sword. Ten out of the whole eleven millions of acres were confiscated and parcelled out amongst hordes of heathers and publicans; the population was reduced to nine hundred thousand, who had to betake themselves to the forests and the mountains. Now, let us ask, where in that Sahara, in that dreary waste and wilderness seem-ingly moistened only by the spray from each successive wave of foreign intrusion, crested with the foam of iniquity, where, we ask, can be found one single furrow wherein the smallest seed or the slenderest plant of learning and civilization could be set? Yet, mysteriously and magnificently over the whole land waves the everlasting harvest of the mind. With the index of contemporary history pointing to men and facts, we can confidentally declare that in everything belonging to mertil, moral, and manly excellence, Ireland is a prodigy. How is this to be accounted for? Most certainly the civilization that culminated in the refinement of holy faith at the first preaching of the Divine Word, never declined in ever blooming, verdant, fair, and fertile Christian Ireland. Examine the population judiciously, and after the most severe scrutiny, they will be found to be physically. morally, and intellectually, foremost in the human family. In philosophy, in literature, in liberal arts and science, Irishmen are favorably compared with the scholars of every nation.

THE STRENGTH OF IRELAND.

The Atlantean endurance of a world of oppressions proves the giant strength of the nation. The population is the wonder of the universe; it rises like the swell of the ocean, despite the drains of

guarantee of a living soul, a living religion, a living, allow it to achieve at home, but works the factories, opens the mines, digs the canals, constructs the roads, mans the navies, recruits the armics, and it; the sun of heaven shines upon it; the air of tills the soil of half the world that speaks the divine providence freshens it and it springs to life English language. Ireland is a competitor, most frequently a crowned rival in every arena where thousand times "the heathen raged and imagined laudable ambition aspires, and virtuous bonor is a vain thing," nothing less than the extirpation of rewarded. What feat of arms cannot the Irish people perform-what Senate will they not enliven with brilliant oratory—what forum will they not enrich with legal lore? A very fair estimate of the character of Christian Ircland, may be obtained by the method of comparison. Let us then compare with its only malignant reviler, brutal, blaspheming England. Although every earthly dis-advantage has been on the side of Ireland, and every advantage has been enjoyed for centuries by her invetorate foe, if we take the mass of the people or man for man, we will find in all that appertains to cultivation of mind and heart, that the Irish are as superior to the English, as Americans are to Hottentots. The ignorance of the English people has been denounced in Parliament; it is published in reports of government inspectors; it has been proclaimed in the speeches of philanthropists; and from those sources of reliable information, we receive the exhibition of a social condition inferior to that of the Cannibal Islands. The rural population, the peasantry proper, are the least moral, the most ignorant and stupid in the world; they are named by an English writer, " Barn-door Savages." Whatever intelligence the operatives possess is applied to purposes of infidelity and immorality; crimes that cannot be named pass with them as ordinary usages of life. Ireland is the very opposite of all this English deformity.

IRISH VALOR.

The philosophy of history teaches that when a nation is inspired by piety and pure morality it is preserved in a generous blood, in a vitality always youthful and blooming. Hence always spring the gallant races, the rigorous stocks, the beautiful and robust nations of the earth. Such is the condition of Ireland. The military reputation of the Irish is a truism of history, and by it they are ranked amongst the bravest of the brave. It is principally on this account that France claims them for a kindred people. "In the long wars of Louis XIV.," says the Duke St. Simon, "the Irish performed pro-digies of valor." Hence it occurred that the Great Monarch declared: "It is my will that the Irish enjoy the rights of Frenchmen without having need of naturalization." Spain verifies the tradition of the Milesian emigration from her shores, and claiming to be a kind of mother country of the Irish race feels proud of her progeny. The present opportu nity will not allow the full narrative of the martial deeds of Irishmen when battling alongside the noble Spaniard, when they felt the throb of the ancient kindred, and the blood of a common origin warmed their hearts, and they marched together when " Europe trembled beneath the tread of Spanish infantry." We may briefly and satisfactorily conclude on this point from Lord Holland's reminiscences of foreign travels, in which, speaking of Spain, he says: "There, amidst the most aucient and chivalrous nobility of Europe, the descendants of the Irish rank highest." We are sorry to see the chivalry of Ireland shaded by the piratical flag of perfidious Britain; but it serves our present purpose to notice the fact that the Irish are the principal strength of the British army, and have generally insured a victory. An Irishman, Wellington, with an army that was principally made up of Irishmen, swept the Peninsula, and immortalized the name of Waterloo. An Irishman, Keane, with Irish soldiers won the battle of Afghanistan, and planted the standard at Ghuznee. An Irishman, Gough, with the same forces subdued China, and afterwards conquered at Guzerat and the terrible battles of the Sutledge. We must pass over a vast number of heroic decds conspicuous within this century; but we cannot omit the great battle of Meanee in Northern India, when Sir Charles Napier, an Irishman, conquered the armies of Scinde. Against fifty thousand enemies he had only three thousand soldiers, of these four hundred only were Europeans, an Irish regiment of Tipperary men. When the General beheld them, sustaining singlehanded the brunt of battle, with dauntless valor withstanding countless hoards, then dashing forward, sweeping all before them, he could not avoid exclaiming, " Magnificent Tipperary!"

THE RELIGION OF IRELAND.

Charity, humanity, generosity, and all the noblest virtues of the heart, are at this hour the conspicuous characteristics of Christian Ireland, and they are the genuine results of its religion. The inestimable treasures of faith, hope and charity, it has preserved amid the corruptions and confusion of the surround ing world. The bitter enemies of Christianity have betimes endeavored to detract from the honor of Ireland by dragging into notice some examples of degeneracy which have become depraved by falling into the purlieus of corruption. Those exceptions, which, from their rarity, are the more noticeable, confirm the rule. The influx of evil associations from other regions, their political corruption and social contamination, have not been able to efface the honorable traits engraven on the national char-

Attacked in all his rights the Irishman had to yield to force in all save one-that of worshipping God according to his conscience. In the defence of his religion-the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Faith—the Irishman has never been conquered; invaded, oppressed, driven from his native soil by the "gates of hell," in the preservation of his religion he has enjoyed the sanctuary and the altar as a country a home. Neither infidelity, heresy, nor schism, could ever supplant "the faith once given to the saints." All trials, and tribulations, anguish famine, pestilence, expatriation, death have been endured, all, except apostacy from Christ and His Gospel. Although we have to listen betimes to the invectives of heathens and publicans poured out in the Gentile rage against Christian Ireland, it is plea sant to hear the good things that people have to say about us. It is pleasant, therefore, to remember that Ireland's greatest enemies have been forced again and again to acknowledge that whatever faults and fallings may be noticed in a few wanderers from the path of justice scattered about on the outskirts of civilization, no great national blotrests on their social and domestic lives. The voice of Ireland has never called for a divorce court. The voice of Ireland has never cast contempt on the Lord's own institution of holy matrimony. Not from Ireland has come that scorn for the old-that irreverance for years—that hatred of all religious influences so characteristic of the present day. Not from Ireland has come that degraded idea of womanhood, which would sacrifice the dignity of the mother and the spotless innocence of the maid on the altar of a wild recklessness, the sure and awful forerunner of a wilder licentiousness. Not from Ireland have come those fashionable mothers who care not for children, those fashionable wives who talk to their third and fourth husband whilst the first is living. The Irish have faults, and their parents to the time of Adam to answer for, but as a rule Irish homes are pure; national morality is a real thing: and this blessing is due to that reverence for religion which has always been warmly cherished. This strikes the observation of intelligent and upright men, who gratify their curiosity in researches after the beautiful, the good, and the true. Out of a vast number of impartial testimonies on this score I will be satisfied with one, Mr. Belley, a French gentleman and scholar. In a narrative of his travels the eminent foreigner says of Ireland: "The most re-

tribulations, but that sacred emblem is still the all which the jealousy of heathen England will population itself. No European race, that of the men visited him and came to the conclusion that tribulations, but that sacred emblem is still the all which the jealousy of heathen England will population itself. No European race, that of the men visited him and came to the conclusion that tribulations, but that sacred emblem is still the all which the jealousy of heathen England will population itself. No European race, that of the men visited him and came to the conclusion that tribulations, but that sacred emblem is still the all which the jealousy of heathen England will population itself. No European race, that of the men visited him and came to the conclusion that tribulations, but that sacred emblem is still the all which the jealousy of heathen England will population itself. No European race, that of the men visited him and came to the conclusion that The Irish blood is of a purity and distinction which strikes all strangers with astonishment."

THE TRAITS OF THE PEOPLE.

In Ireland there are as many different physiognomies as individualities. Rags, misery and manual labor have no effect upon those native endowments. Even beneath the thatched cabin of the poor peasant in the midst of the potato field, which yields the sole nourishment, those traits develop themselves with unmistakable vividness. In the most wretched streets of the older quarters of Dublin, the most ideal tintings of the peucil would grow pale before the beauty of the children; and in the crowd which each day passes along the various thoroughfares there is certainly the most magnificent collection of human beings it is possible to meet. The race is as strong as it is handsome, as vigorous as it is charming and owes to the fervor of religious faith a domestic morality quite exceptional. All those beauteous young girls, with eyes so pure, fore-heads of snowy whiteness, and of stature so commanding, know not even the name of evil. One can clearly see that the blood which flows in their veins has never been vitiated by the misdeeds of preceding generations.

We produce those references to Irish worth without any impulse of clannish egotism, or the vulgar conceit of national adulation. Our motive is to pay the tribute due to Christian Ireland, and thus elicit gratitude for the gifts of heaven; and benediction to Him who condescends to make His name glorious amongst the Gentiles. In the pursuance of such honorable purposes, it is gratifying to notice the repulsion of the howlings of the heathen through the admiration expressed for Ireland by Christians, scholars and gentlemen. Therefore, we cannot omit a recent testimony of an American gentleman in relation to Ireland, which is a most valuable retort upon the stupid, sordid, and sacrilegious calumniators of "The Holy Isle."

THE NORTH AND SOUTH.

In a lecture lately delivered before a crowded audience at Memphis, Tennessee, Mr. Walk, an eminent Protestant minister of the Episcopalian denomination, spoke of Ireland as follows: " My business is to state facts, not to make them. Of course I had ever been taught, in fact, I had read it in the Sunday school book, that the North of Ireland, which is supposed to be Protestant, is greatly superior to the South of Ireland, which is supposed to be Catholic. Now, I have been through Ireland, from the extreme South to the extreme North, and I aver, upon the honor of a gentleman and a Christian, that a grander fraud than the assumed superiority of the Protes ant over the Catholic population of Ireland was never palmed off upon an innocent and unsuspecting public. It is pitiful when men attempt to coin religious capital out of such material. On the other hand, I saw more squalor, more abject misery, more poverty and wretchedness in Glasgow and Edinburgh, than in the whole of Ireland put together. Scotland is Protestant; Ireland is Catholic. I say it is my business to state facts as I see them, and not to allow religious prejudice to blind my eyes to the truth. The sun of heaven shines on no fairer land than the South of Ireland. From Mallow, on the Blackwater, to Cork, on the Lee, it is pure and beautiful as a dream in the heart of a sinless maiden. I saw just two cities in Europe which I should care to live in. One of these is Dundee, in Scotland; the other Cork, in Ireland, with a decided preference for Cork. Everywhere in Ireland I was treated like a gentleman. Never for a single instant was I maltreated by a human being. Comparing the types of female beauty in the various lands I visited, I must say that the Irish ladies are pre-eminently the most beautiful. There is no exaggerating the peerless, queenly beauty of your Irish lady. There are no such complexious in all this world."

When we see so many pages of history darkened by the accumulated calamities that oppressed Ireland during so many generations, it may be asked, Why has so much woe befallen a nation so Christian, so pure and generous, in return for the great services rendered to religion and civilization?" All preplexity on this score vanishes when the enlightenment of gospel knowledge conducts us beyond all that appertains to manly honor, to pure morality, and sincere religion, Ireland is unchanged, and preserved as an exemplary fact of the greatest of particular individuals, but even in a whole nation, the beauty of integrity will not wither in the cold, dreary catacomb; will not pine in the captive's cell; will not perish at the burning stake, nor die out on the martyr's scaffold; but will live imperishably until it smiles in the joyous light of eternal day. Ireland inspired by gospel truth, arose bright and glorious to the dignity of "Island of Saints." Until the present time she carried that noble distinction, unblemished and untarnished; and she triumphs in the hope that, like a summer's setting sun in our fair western sky, she will carry it in luminous type ioto the ocean of eternity, to be recorded in celestial glory.

METMPSYCHOSIS.

EXCHANGE OF SOULS-SCIENCE BAFFLED.

The members of the Medical Juridical Society of St. Petersburg, have been greatly perplexed, and placed in extreme doubt and astonishment on being made aware of the following circumstances.

By an order of the Emperor of Russia, an investigation has been made into an extraordinary case of Metempsychosis, or the transmigration of one human soul into the body of another. The authenticity of this case is guaranteed by the medical hebdomadal Journal of St. Petersburg. The facts were detailed in a newspaper published at New Westminster. British Columbia; these were afterwards affirmed by the Imperial Russian Governor at Orenburg, were minutely examined by Professor Orlow of St. Petersburg, and were attested by several medical men of New York, to whom Prof. Orlow communicated the whole facts and circumstances. In the month of September, 1874, a wealthy Israelite named Abraham Charkow, was very ill, confined to bed, and suffering from a very aggravated attack of typhoid fever, at his residence at Orenburg in

Russia. He was a native of the place, was married, the father of seven children, and known to every one in the locality. On the 22nd of the same month, he seemed to be on the point of death, and the doctor who attended him lost all hope of his recovery. Many Jews were invited to attend the last obsequies of their dying friend. They had commenced to recite the prayers for the dead wax tapers were lighted, and the wife and children wept bitterly. Suddenly the dying

man rose up in his bed, drew a long sigh, and com-

menced to breathe more freely. He looked with

astonishment on those who stood by his bed, and

then fell off into a deep sleep.

The physician announced that the sick man would recover. He slept peaceably all night, but what happened next day is almost incredible. When he awoke from sleep, he could not recognize his wife and children, and pushed them angrily from him, when they approached. He spoke, besides, a language which no one could understand. Formerly he could speak nothing, but a corrupted dialect of German, Hebrew and Russian but when they spoke to him in that language which he had always hitherto employed, he could not understand one It is a type of the inseparable connection between war, impoverishment, pestilence, and emigration, because it has all the virtues that render it, promotion between because it has all the virtues that render it, promotion between because it has all the virtues that render it, promotion between because it has all the virtues that render it, promotion the same moment of time, in the most remove and an arrangement of the same moment of time, in the

very thin and had dark hair. His beard was long and black, and his forehead was deeply furrowed

He continued to speak in an unintelligible lan-guage and refused to recognize his family. His father and mother appeared also strangers to him One day by chance he saw himself in the mirror, ind he gave utterance to a joid and fearful cry. He fell/down rubbing his long Hebrew oriental nose, passed his fingers through his long curling hair and flowing beard, and again he cried out in the bitterness of anguish and became unconscious. The circumstances produced the utmost sensation

at Orenburg, and a report of it was made to the medical section of the Ministry of the Interior at St. Petersburg. The Government ordered that the Jew, his family and other witnesses should be sent immediately to St.Petersburg to be interrogated and examined by the medical faculty there.

The enquiry was conducted by Professor Orlow one of the most scientific men in Russia. What was the astonishment of the Professor when the illiterate Jew of Orenburg spoke the purest Erglish with fluency and even with elc-He wrote that language grammatic. quence. ally, and his orthography was correct; his family and his relations insisted on maintaining that Abraham, during his whole life had never spoken anything but a jargon, consisting of Hebrew. German and Russian and that he could only write in the Hebrew character.

The astonishment of the professor augmented when the Jew informed him in English that he was not Abraham Charkow at all that those whom they said were his wife and children and relations were perfect strangers to him-that he was not a native of Orenburg-that he had never lived there, and that he was not a Russian—that his name was Abraham Durham-that he was born in the town of New Westminster, British Columbia—that he was a furrier, that he had a wife and one child there, that by some strange unaccountable accident he found himself changed in appearance, that he had always been of low stature and stout and had fair skin and light colored whickers and hair.

The Professor and his brethren did not know what to think. The man spoke English correctly whilst the wife and children and the other witnesses insisted that he was a Russian Jew without education and that his name was Abraham Char-

Whilst the enquiry was in progress and the Charkow family were kept under surveillance Abraham disappered one fine morning on board an English vessel bound for Hull. After his departure, his case fell out of mind, but the facts that subsequently came out are still more wonderful. In 1875 Professor Orlow was sent by the Russian

Government to America to make arrangements on behalf of his Government for the exposition of Russian produce at the Centennial Exhibition. Being in New York, a copy of the New West. minster Press happened to come under his notice,

and he read the following notice. An event has just happened in New Westminister which has caused the greatest wonder through. out the whole territory of British Columbia. On the 22nd September 1874, a fur merchant of this town, suffering from typhoid fever was not expected to recover. He had been given over by his medical attendant, and there seemed to be no hope for his recovery; but the dying man regained his strength, and soon became convalsecent. A most astonishing circumstance, however, developed itself. The patient who was an intelligent English. man, had completely forgotten his mother-tongue and spoke a language, of which none of his friends understood one syllable, but a person living in the town recognized in his words an idiom mixed with German and Hebrew.

The patient before his illness, was short, stout and fair, but now he has become thin and cadaverous in appearance and did not recognize his wife or his child. He persisted in saying, that he had a wife and children in another country. Every one came to the conclusion that he was laboring under a mental delusion. A. short time afterward a traveller came suddenly from Europe, who possess. ed the classic type of the Jew, and he insisted that he was the husband of the wife of the patient. He the limitations of sensuality, unto a consideration spoke to the woman in the same language that her of our relations with the supernatural order. In husband had been accustomed to speak to her. He entered into the most minute details of their past domestic life, to the great astonishment of the family. On hearing them speak and converse the importance. It is shown that, not only in the case past, the woman was so much moved that she nearly lost her reason. She said to him, Who are you? How do you pretend to be my husband? When she heard him speak she was ready to believe that he was her husband, but the moment she looked at him, the charm was broken, for that stranger with the distinct Jewish type of features could certainly not be the husband whom she had nursed with so much care during his illness. But the man established his rights by divulging to her the most intimate secrets of their 'past conjugal life.

The Professor read and re-read this strange recital. The affair at Orenburg came at once to his recollection, and he was convinced that the two cases must have a connection with each other. He wrote to the Russian Minister of the Interior an account of the facts, as set forth in the newspaper, and obtained permission to go to British Columbia to make full and particular inquiries. In the month of June the Professor arrived at New Westminister, and to his great surprise be found the Jew of Orenburg there, Abraham Charkow, who had disappeared from St. Petersburg, insisting that his name was Abraham Durbam.

But there was also the man whom the Jew had described to him; a man of small stature, stout, of a fair skin and light colored hair. This man, his wife, his friends and the neighbors called Abraham Durham an intelligent and well educated Englishman. But ever since the crisis of his disease, on the 22 September, 1874, exactly at midday, this man had completely forgotten his personal identity, and the English language which he formerly spoke, and then spoke anidiom which no one could understand. Having conversed with him, the Professor at once perceived that he spoke the ordinary Jewish dialect of Orenburg. He asked him who he was and he replied that he was Abraham Charkow, a Jewish merchant born and resident at Orenburg, in Russia, where his parents resided. He gave correctly the names and ages of all his relations, and described exactly their appearance and physiognomy.

The Professor was almost struck dumb with astonishment.

There was evidently no trickery about the matter, for both these individuals were serious in their statements, and each had completely lost the language he had previously spoken and inversely had acquired the language of the other. Incomprehensible it was, that the change between the two men occurred precisely at the same moment of time on the 22nd September, 1874. Both men were ill of the same disease, typhoid fever, and both were in articulo mortis (on the point of death.)

The distance between Orenburg and New Westminster is about 9000 miles, but the two places stand exactly opposite to each other on the terrestrial globe, whence Professor Orlow concluded, that if Metempsychosis or the transmigration of souls were within the bounds of possibility, the case of these two Abrahams, the one in Russia, the other in America, offered an indisputable proof. His opinion was fortified by the fact that these two individuals had undergone the change at precisely the same moment of time. The crisis of the Ru-