

The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOL 1

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1878.

NO. 1.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

October, 1878.
Friday, 4.—St. Francis Assisium, Confessor Duplex.
Saturday, 5.—Office of the Immaculate Conception, Semi-duplex, Saint Placidus and Companions, Martyrs.
Sunday, 6.—Seventeenth Sunday after Pentecost. Feast of the Most Holy Rosary of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, Duplex Major. Epistle (Leviticus, xxiv, 14-16). Gospel—(Luke xl, 27-28.) Last Gospel—(Matt. xxiii, 35-36).
Monday, 7.—St. Bruno, Confessor, Duplex.
Tuesday, 8.—St. Bridget, Widow, Duplex.
Wednesday, 9.—St. Dennis and Companions, Martyrs.
Thursday, 10.—St. Francis Borgia, Confessor.
Friday, 11.—Office of the ferrial.

The Penitent at Prayer.

BY ELIOT RYDER.
Beneath the grand Cathedral's dome,
The penitent kneels on the marble floor,
With eyes uplifted to the Heavenly home,
Which never seemed so far away before.
Slowly and reverently he tells his beads,
And meditates upon the love of Christ;
For him once more his dying Saviour bleeds!
Once more the Lamb of God is sacrificed!
Peace comes to cheer his heart, and while he prays,
Through the high windows of the dome there steals
A flood of golden sunlight, and the rays
Fall like a benediction where he kneels,
And through his tears he fancies he can trace
A smile upon the Virgin's pictured face.

PROSPECTUS OF THE CATHOLIC RECORD; A NEW WEEKLY NEWSPAPER, —TO BE PUBLISHED BY— WALTER LOCKE, LONDON, ONTARIO.

Many of the Catholics of the large and prosperous Diocese of London have long felt the want of an ably conducted newspaper, the principal object of which would be to defend catholic doctrine and interests. In a Protestant country like this, where the Catholic Church and her doctrines are so often misrepresented, and where any facts affecting catholic interests are so frequently distorted, it is necessary for the good of religion and of the catholic public, that such misrepresentations should be corrected. This need was so strongly felt by our late Holy Father, the glorious and saintly Pope Pious IX., that he frequently encouraged and blessed with all his heart those who devoted themselves to the diffusion of catholic teaching, in which the people would have an antidote against the impiety and perverseness of those who attack the church and her doctrines, or circulate immoral literature. Our own much beloved Bishop, likewise, in a Pastoral letter addressed to the clergy and laity of the Diocese of London, in A. D. 1872, says:—"Our people should take good catholic newspapers which will bring them into more direct relationship with the catholic world, which will tell them what their brethren in this and other lands are doing for the triumph of truth and promotion of catholic interests, and will thus make them take a lively interest in the work and labours and trials of the world-wide church of which they are members and which, in fine, will take them as it were out of their isolation and solitude in the remote townships and back-woods of the country, and make them partake of the great current of catholic life. The catholic press has a great and glorious mission to fulfill in this country, and it should be encouraged and fostered by all who have the sacred interests of the church at heart."

It is for these reasons that the proprietor of the CATHOLIC RECORD proposes to issue a weekly newspaper devoted entirely to catholic interests, and he hopes to meet such encouragement from the public as will enable him to carry out the work with efficiency. He trusts that all who have the interests of truth and of the Catholic Church at heart will, by subscribing for this journal, as soon as possible, render us that assistance which alone can bring our efforts to a successful issue.

The CATHOLIC RECORD will be a 40-column (wide measure) newspaper of eight pages, printed from new type, on superior paper, and will be issued every Friday.

Having succeeded in obtaining some of the most able and educated gentlemen of the country, to assist, as contributors to its columns, and the Literary Department being controlled by an Editor of acknowledged ability, we can guarantee a paper of surpassing excellence.

Each issue will contain one or more chapters of a serial story by a first-class author; one or two religious articles specially directed to the enunciation of Catholic truths; editorials on current topics of the day, with a general synopsis of occurrences both religious and secular, not only of the Diocese of London but of the world.

Attention will be paid specially to the furnishing of such reading matter as will make it a welcome companion in every household, and both young and old shall herald its appearance each week with gladness.

It politics it will be independent: still it will jealously guard Catholic interests whenever these are neglected or outraged by any political party whether in or out of power.

His Lordship, the Rt. Rev. Bishop of London, has kindly favored us with the following recommendation, which we trust will be a sufficient guarantee to the clergy and laity of the Province that we will carry out the promises which we make in this prospectus. We hope, therefore, that they

will aid us in every way to increase our subscription list.

We shall always be happy to receive communications of interests from all parts, and particularly the local news from the different parishes.

The Weekly Record will appear on the first Friday in October, being the 4th day of that month.

The subscription price will be \$2.00 per annum, payable in advance.

Communications to be addressed to the Publisher, at the office of the CATHOLIC RECORD, 388 Richmond Street, opposite City Hall, London, Ontario, and to whom all money orders must be made payable.

October 4th, 1878. WALTER LOCKE.

LETTER OF HIS LORDSHIP THE RIGHT REV. DR. WALSH, BISHOP OF LONDON.

St. Peter's Palace,
London, Ontario, Sept. 22, 78.

WALTER LOCKE, Esq.—

DEAR SIR:

I have been informed that you intend to publish a Catholic newspaper in this city, I beg to say that I approve of the project, and earnestly commend it to the encouragement and patronage of the clergy and laity of this diocese. Although we have no reason to complain of the secular press of this city, which as a rule treats Catholic affairs in a just and friendly spirit; still we are convinced that there is room in our midst for a good Catholic Weekly, and if conducted as it ought to be in an efficient manner and in accordance with Catholic principles, it could not fail to be productive of much good throughout the diocese. Of course whilst giving a general approbation to the contemplated journal, we must not be understood as even implying that we should hold ourselves responsible for its utterances and views, much less that it should be considered as our official organ. Indeed we do not believe in church organs unless when conducted by clergymen under the immediate supervision of the Bishop. But apart from this, reasonable and necessary reserve, we accord a hearty sympathy and wish a God Speed to your laudable undertaking.

Believe me dear sir,
Sincerely yours,
+ John Walsh,
Bishop of London.

CURIOUS HISTORICAL INCIDENTS.

Historical instances are numerous in which State documents of great importance have found their way into the hands of people who had no business with them, and sometimes the course of the world's affairs has been materially influenced by such incidents. But for the hazard which placed under Napoleon's eyes a letter in which Charles I. stated that he had no intention to fulfill the promise which he made to secure peace, the negotiation between the King and the Parliament might have been successful; as it was, Cromwell refused to treat, and it may be said that Charles' unlucky letter cost him his head. Similarly the breach between Louis XVI. and the French people was rendered irreparable when a blacksmith revealed the existence of a famous iron closet in the Tuilleries, which, having been broken open, was found to contain the damaging evidence of the King's negotiations with the Austrian Court in view of the invasion of France.

In 1794 Tallien, having read his name on a piece of paper which Robespierre let fall from his pocket in pulling out his handkerchief, and his name was down for execution, and, at the instigation of his high-spirited wife, immediately took measures which resulted in Robespierre's downfall on the 9th Thermidor.

To come to more recent times, Louis Napoleon's *coup d'etat* was within an ace of falling, owing to the officiousness of a lady in examining the plans to Prince Napoleon, the future Emperor's cousin, who forthwith tried to put some of the Republican leaders on their guard. Victor Hugo gives an account of this affair in the "History of a Crime," and he furnishes some details as to the minute precautions which were taken to insure secrecy at the national printing offices, where Louis Napoleon's proclamations were printed. The place was filled by soldiers and detectives, and not a workman was allowed to leave the building until all copies were struck off and in the hands of the bill stickers. M. Hugo might have added that the original manuscripts of these proclamations were all in the handwriting of Count de Morney, and that no one save that able conspirator and his men were permitted to see them before they were consigned to the printer. St. Arnaud, Maupas, Macquard and Persigny had been favored with the sight of a proclamation worded quite differently, and they grumbled by-and-by at not having been trusted. But De Morney trusted nobody.

In 1870, on the outbreak of the Franco-German war, the world was startled by the publication in the *Times* of a draft of a treaty drawn up by M. Benedetti, and proposing the annexation of Belgium to France. M. Benedetti pretended that he had been entrapped into writing this draft under Count Bismarck's dictation; but anyhow his disclosures had a marked effect in drawing away British sympathies from the French side, and it compelled the Gladstone Administration to sign a treaty binding England to protect Belgian independence.

Three years ago the fortunes of the Monarchist factions in France were terribly damaged by a confidential circular of M. Buele, the Home Minister, which somehow fell into the possession of M. Gambetta. In this document M. Buele suggested a plan for the wholesale corruption of the press out of the public moneys, and when N. Gambetta had read this strangely cynical paper in the *Tribune* such a storm of indignation arose, both in the Parliament and in the country, that the Broglie Cabinet became hopelessly discredited. Soon afterwards M. Buele was obliged to resign, and within a twelve-month from his resignation he committed suicide.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"Doctor," said a wealthy patient to his physician, "I want you to be thorough, and strike at the root of the disease." "Well, I will," said the doctor, as he lifted his cane and brought it down hard enough to break into pieces a bottle and a glass that stood upon the sideboard. It was his last professional visit to that house.

GENERAL SHIELDS.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE VETERAN IRISH AMERICAN SOLDIER AND STATESMAN.

General James Shields was born at a place called Altmory, in the county Tyrone, Ireland, in the year 1810. His mother was early left a widow with three boys on her hands. James, the eldest, gave early evidence of great energy and activity. Before he arrived at the age of sixteen years he had made himself a good English scholar, a good mathematician, and had acquired a tolerable knowledge of the classics and French language.

At that age he left his home and came to the United States. He has now been fifty-two years in the Republic. In 1828 he migrated to Illinois and commenced the practice of law in Randolph county, Here, in "Old Vandalia," he first became acquainted with Abraham Lincoln, Stephen A. Douglas, John J. Hardin, Edward Baker, and many others who have since figured in the public history of the country. The story of his rivalry with Lincoln in the courtship of the girl who afterwards became the wife of President Lincoln, and of the challenge to the duel that ensued, the reader, we suppose, has heard of. The duel was never fought, and ever after the "declaration of peace" also and Shields became fast and warm friends. In 1840 he was elected State Auditor, and discharged the duties of that important position with such efficiency and success that he was unanimously re-elected by both parties—Whigs and Democrats. Douglas, about the same time, was made Secretary of State, so that these two fast friends were once more associated together in public life. In 1846 he was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court; this position he held until the great contest between Douglas and Fremont, when he was appointed to the Supreme Bench the two friends came together again.

When James K. Polk was President of the United States he appointed General Shields Commissioner of the General Land Office, and again he and Douglas came together. Douglas, however, was not elected to Congress. As Commissioner of the General Land Office, General Shields won the respect and admiration of all parties by his strict integrity, industry, and consummate ability.

War soon broke out with Mexico and he was appointed Brigadier-General, and assigned to the command of the Black Hawk, in the State of Illinois, under General Taylor on the Rio Grande; under General Wool in his campaign against Chihuahua, and next under General Scott when he entered on his campaign for the capture of the city of Mexico. At the siege of Vera Cruz he distinguished himself for activity, energy and fearlessness. After the fall of the city, the General ordered that the Black Hawk had to encounter the whole Mexican army at Cerro Gordo, the strongest natural position on the continent. Here General Shields was assigned to attack the Mexican reserve under the command of General Santa Anna in person. This he accomplished with such intrepidity and consummate skill that he fairly flew into the air, and was carried to the hospital, carrying a battery of six pieces of cannon at the point of the bayonet. Unfortunately, before this battery he received a terrible wound, deemed at the time mortal—a cannon grape-shot measuring an inch and a third in diameter having punctured his right lung, tore through his body, and passed out of his back, and he never returned to the field of action. The wound was so severe that the astonishment of the medical staff of the army, in ten weeks he was again in the saddle and at the head of his command. He entered the Valley of Mexico with the American army and was the first American to plant the stars and stripes in the captured city—his brigade consisting of the New York and Pennsylvania regiments, and a battalion of the United States marines.

The first battle fought in the Valley was that of Contreras, where the enemy were strongly posted within their entrenchments. General Persifer Smith was sent against them in the afternoon, and General Shields was sent to join him the same night, and, being timely, was enabled to take the enemy by surprise, and routing them, he made his dispositions to make an attack upon the enemy about daybreak, and approving of the arrangements, he declined to deprive General Smith of the honor of the achievement—"an act of magnanimity," says the historian, "hardly or never heard of in military history." He served under him next morning, the 12th, and was essentially in the attack, which was eminently successful.

The next day was fought the battle of Churubusco, which was one of the most bloody engagements of the war. In this battle General Shields was assigned the command of a division and appointed again to attack the Mexican reserve under the command of General Santa Anna. This he accomplished with rapid and fearless audacity, and although the enemy were five to one, he carried their position, captured their artillery, and drove them broken and shattered into the city of Mexico; but this daring exploit cost him the lives of some of his bravest officers and about one-third of his entire command. The Mexican force and the United States regiment lost half its number in killed and wounded on that bloody field.

Next succeeded the storming of Chapultepec. In this he was again seriously wounded, a musket ball having torn through his arm, passing out near the elbow. Notwithstanding the wound he pursued the enemy to the very gates of the city, having his horse shot under him. The capture of the city followed, and peace being soon after concluded he returned home to Illinois.

The next year, 1849, Illinois, in gratitude for his gallant services, returned him to the Senate of the United States. In that body he and Douglas met again as colleagues. He had the pride and satisfaction of serving six years in the Senate of the United States with Webster, Calhoun, Clay, Benton and Cass. He had the good fortune to be highly respected in that body, and retired from it with the reputation of an honest man and an able and efficient Senator. He next emigrated to Minnesota, which on becoming a State elected him one of its Senators. It was his intention to draw the short term, so that he only served two years from that State. The Minnesota climate proving too severe for him, he made a trip to California, where he married his present wife, remaining in the State a couple of years.

The war of the rebellion broke out while he was sojourning in California. He was again appointed Brigadier-General and telegraphed for by the War Department. On his arrival in Washington he was assigned to the command of the Army of Western Virginia. With this army he entered the Shenandoah Valley and was encountered by General Stonewall Jackson between Winchester and Kernstown. The forces on this occasion were nearly equal. The

battle was a fierce one. The commanders were well matched—both skilful and both fearless. After several hours had fighting the Confederates gave way about dusk, retreating about six miles from the field, and leaving a large number of wounded and prisoners in the hands of the Federals. "Night fell upon us," says General Shields, "leaving us in possession of the field of battle, two guns, and four caissons, 300 prisoners, and about 1,000 stand of small arms." Jackson and Shields both commanded in person, and this was the only time that "Stonewall" was ever whipped. Some time after another engagement took place between a portion of Shields' command and General Jackson, at a place called Port Republic, where the Federals were repulsed. Shields, with the main body of his command, was not there. He was lying at a place called Luray. He despatched a part of two brigades to burn the bridge at Luray to prevent Jackson from crossing until he would arrive with the main body. The commanders, thinking to distinguish themselves in his absence, risked an action and were badly beaten. General Shields, seeing that such men as himself were not likely to receive anything like fair treatment at the hands of the men who then ruled at Washington, requested his old friend, the President, to take him out of the field and send him to California, which the President with a good deal of reluctance consented to.

He remained in California till the war closed, when he returned to the East and selected the State of Missouri for a permanent residence. He purchased a farm in Carroll county in that State, and he remained with his family in peaceful retirement, after a long life as remarkable for adventure as any in our history. He now represents Carroll county in the Legislature—having consented, at the solicitation of his neighbors, to enter public life again in 1874, at the same point where he entered it first in 1825. This may or may not be his last history; but as it is, it constitutes the history of as remarkable a life as any in our American annals.

ATTEMPTED FRATICIDE.

W. W. BROMHAM HURLS HIS BROTHER INTO LONG ISLAND SOUND FIVE MILES FROM LAND—A DESPERATE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

New Haven, September 27.—At about 9 o'clock on Thursday night, September 17, an exhausted swimmer touched with his hands Indian Reef, a spur of Black Rock, in front of the house of L. Mansfield, in the town of East Haven, about six miles from here by road. Resting a little, he plunged in again, and crossed the mouth of the creek known as East Haven River, and then he stood on the mainland, which he recognized. A little walk brought him to Mr. Mansfield's stable, and there he stood not knowing who he was, or how he got there.

"My name is Edward Bromham. I live in New Haven, and am not quite of age. This afternoon, at four o'clock, my only brother—William W. Bromham—and myself hired a sail-boat at White's Dock and went down the harbor. We passed by it into the Sound, and were a mile or two beyond the new light-house when my brother asked me to sit on the stern of the boat, and I began to feel queer. As soon as I had seated myself there, he came behind me and said, 'Ain't that a shark out there?' and as I turned to look where he pointed, he pushed me overboard. At first, when in the water, I thought it must have been an accident, but soon changed to my mind. I asked him to help me, and he put the boat about and didn't try to get me. He told me to swim toward the light, and when I got near he would change her course and go away from me, as if he wanted to lead me out into the Sound. He wouldn't throw me an oar or a rope. In this way he kept me in the water for a long time, and some of the time laughed at me, and asked me if I was very drowsy, and when I said dark he started for home, leaving me in the water four or five miles out. Before he started I had given up all hope of help from him and had started for the shore. In fact, I had been afraid he would strike me with an oar if I should get near the boat. I am a good swimmer, but I had a hard time to keep my head above water, and I was getting long hair struggle for my life. My brother's gaiters gave me most trouble, and I must have gone down five or six times in getting them off. I laid my course for the Old Light-house on the shore, but soon it became dark and I lost my bearings. I kept on, floating at times to rest myself, but did not know where I was until I touched your reef, almost ready to drown, but had been in the water three hours, and had come three or four or five miles to eastward.

"I firmly believe my brother meant to drown me. My father has been dead many years, and my mother has married again. My brother and myself were the only children of my father. If I, who am unmarried, die without issue, my share goes to him. He is married, has one child, and is two years older than I am. His action in the boat explains another circumstance hitherto mysterious to me. Some time ago I lived in his house. I am always very careful to turn out my gas before going to bed, but one night while in that house I awoke and smelled gas. It was very drowsy, and I thought my head felt oppressed, with an effort I left the bed, staggered to the window, and had just strength enough to open it. The fresh air revived me, and I looked at my gas-burner. Some one, in my sleep, had turned my gas full on, and the room was full of it. I shall complain to my guardian, Hon. C. B. Bowditch."

Mr. Mansfield took him home that night to his mother's house. His brother had told her of Edward's probable death, and when Edward began to condemn William to her, she restrained him, saying that William had assured her that he had done all in his power to save him, but in vain. But Edward holds to the belief which he communicated to Mr. Mansfield that night, and has told the same story to several persons. He says his brother did not know of his rescue until the next morning, when he was told as he was starting for the shore with the intention of looking for Edward's body, and that he went home that evening and told one of the neighbors except his mother.

William says that Edward fell overboard by accident, and that he was not near him at the time, and did not say anything about a shark; that he did all he could to save him, and after going around him several times he went home, as it was getting dark, and he feared his boat would not stand up against the wind. He got to the dock as early as

6:45. He is surprised that Edward feels so, and says he thinks he will change his mind after deliberation. He also denies that his feelings towards Edward have ever been other than friendly.

Mr. Mansfield was out fishing that afternoon, and says the sea was smooth and the weather pleasant. He considers it almost miraculous, however, that in the dark Edward swam to the shore that night. Edward has had no business. His brother is a book-keeper. Their father was for several years a member of the firm of Booth & Bromham, dealers in paints and oils, in State street. Their successors, Booth & Lawrence, are now in Water street. Mr. Bromham left about \$10,000 worth of property, mostly in real estate, but Edward's share is not thought to be now worth more than from \$10,000 to \$20,000.

THE IRISH GUIDE.

THE STORY OF THE CONVERSION OF MR. S. C. HALL.

An example of self-denial and decision is that of an Irish lad who was instrumental in the conversion of Mr. S. C. Hall, the popular author, to teetotalism. Whilst on an excursion in the county of Wicklow, Mr. Hall visited the far-famed Glenmalur, or Seven Churches. On his entrance to the place he was met by a lad of 16 or 17 years of age, who offered to act as his guide. The offer was accepted, and he proved to be an exceedingly intelligent companion. While rambling about Mr. Hall produced a flask of whiskey and offered his guide a "dam," which the boy refused it, and said he was a teetotaler. Mr. Hall appeared incredulous, and, in order to test his sincerity, he offered him money to tempt him to violate his pledge. Five shillings was offered but without effect. The bribe was increased by degrees to a sovereign, the boy's frame trembled while trembling, and his eyes flashing with indignation. At length he stood forward in an attitude of manly firmness, and with much dignity exclaimed:—"Don't you know what mischief you are attempting to do; young as I am, I have been a drunkard; many is the good half-crown I have earned as a guide in this place, and then spent it on whiskey. The gentleman used to give me a dram out of their bottles, just as you have offered one to me now, and I was then but too willing to accept it. After getting the taste of it, I would go to the public house, and there spend on drink all I had earned during the day. But, sir, this was not the worst of it. I am the only support of my mother, and while I was drinking she was left to starve. Think of her misery, and my selfishness. But the times are changed with me; I have been for some time a teetotaler. I took the pledge from Father Mathew, and with the help of God, I'll keep it while I live. When you engaged me to-day, I wanted you to allow me time to put on my Sunday clothes; for although I am not ill-dressed now, I have much better clothes for Sundays and holidays, none of which was in my possession of a while. I was in the habit of going to the public house, and besides this my mother has every comfort she can desire. All this happiness you are endeavoring to destroy. You tempt me to break my pledge, to become false to my vow, made before God and man. Oh, sir, you do not know what you are doing. I would not break my pledge for all you are worth in the world!" The boy's earnestness and eloquence made a deep impression on Mr. Hall, who saw that he was in the presence of a hero. After a moment's reflection his determination was fixed; he decided on becoming a teetotaler, and, in order to prove to his guide his sincerity, he flung his flask of whiskey high over his head into the lake, in whose excitement he now lies buried. The joy and the excitement of the boy was intense; he danced about in a wild exuberance of delight. It was a scene not soon to be forgotten by either of the actors in it. Mr. Hall often told with pleasure this as one of the happiest events of his life.

The English Ritualists have gained a signal victory over the Low Church party. They are flushed with triumph, and like the people of Ephesus at the time the Council decreed the Divine Maternity of the Blessed Virgin, are singing and dancing with delight. And, strange to say, there is the same cause for joy. The decision of the Court of Queen's Bench permits Mr. Machonochie to have a picture of the Madonna in St. Albans. He was ordered more than a year ago to remove the obnoxious image, but he refused. A decision was obtained from the Court of Arches forbidding him to have the picture in the church. He resisted. Now the highest officer in the realm, Chief Justice Cockburn, has rendered a decision that the picture of the Virgin Mary is a very appropriate decoration for a Christian church, and the beautiful face of Mary will continue to look down in love on the congregation of St. Albans. We may expect to see a picture of the Virgin and Child in every Ritualistic church in the world very soon. We predict many conversions from this. Mary rewards faithfully those who battle for her honor.—*Western Watchman*.

The following incident is taken from a letter of a young volunteer in a French cavalry regiment. He had been a pupil of the Brothers, and writes to one of them who had been his teacher. In the course of his letter he says that the head of his scapular happening to break, the scapular, unknown to him, fell on the floor. One of the soldiers saw it there, and being it would seem, evilly disposed towards anything religious, he spat upon it and trampled it under foot; then lifting it up he asked whose it was—thinking, probably, the owner would be ashamed to acknowledge his property and thereby make himself the butt of the company's ridicule. The young volunteer hesitated a moment, then answered firmly, "It is mine." Nobody said a word. The young soldier was spared the expected humiliation, and one of his companions, edified by his manly conduct, pulled out his scapular to show that he also wore one and was proud of it, and said: "We will henceforward go to Mass together." And they did. As for the man who had vented his impious spleen on the scapular, he on the day following went to water his horse and was found drowned.

A despatch from New Orleans, dated October 1, says:—A train which arrived from Biloxi last night was crowded with refugees from Waterloo places. When it got to Riglets the discovery was made that the fever had broken out on the train. Before New Orleans was reached there were 193 cases. The scene beggared description, men, women and children being stretched out upon the seats, some in delirium and others in the agony of fear.

Recent advices from Paris are to the effect that it is rumored in political circles that the French Cabinet, on the re-assembly of the Chambers will bring in a bill proposing a plebiscite for the purpose of formally ratifying the legacy of the Republic.

FABIOLA;

OR THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS.

BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHRISTIAN HOUSE.

It is on an afternoon in September of the year 302, that we invite our reader to accompany us through the streets of Rome. The sun has declined, and it is about two hours from its setting; the day is cloudless and its heat has cooled, so that multitudes are issuing from their houses, and making their way to Caesar's gardens on one side, or Sallust's on the other, to enjoy their evening walk, and learn the news of the day.

But the part of the city to which we wish to conduct our friendly reader is that known by the name of the Campus Martius. It comprised the flat alluvial plain between the seven hills of older Rome and the Tiber. Before the close of the republican period, this field, once left bare for the athletic and warlike exercises of the people, had begun to be encroached upon by public buildings. Pompey had erected in it his theatre; soon after, Agrippa raised the Pantheon and its adjoining baths. But gradually it became occupied by private dwellings; while the hills, in the early empire the aristocratic portion of the city, were seized upon for greater edifices. Thus the Palatine, after Nero's fire, became almost too small for the imperial residence and its adjoining Circus Maximus. The Esquiline was usurped by Trajan's baths, built on the ruins of the Totten House, the Aventine by Caracalla's; and at the period of which we write, the Emperor Dioclesian was covering the space sufficient for many lordly dwellings, by the erection of his Thermae (hot baths) on the Quirinal, not far from Sallust's garden just alluded to.

The particular spot in the Campus Martius to which we will direct our steps, is one whose situation is so definite, that we can accurately describe it to any one acquainted with the topography of ancient or modern Rome. In republican times there was a large square space in the Campus Martius, surrounded by boarding, and divided into pens, in which the *Comitia*, or meetings of the tribes of the people, were held, for giving their votes. This was called the *Septa*, or *Stile*, from its resemblance to a sheepfold. Augustus carried out a plan, described by Cicero in a letter to Atticus, of transforming this homely contrivance into a magnificent and solid structure. The *Septa Julia*, as it was thenceforth called, was a splendid portico of 1,000 by 500 feet, supported by columns, and adorned with paintings. Its ruins are clearly traceable; and it occupied the space now covered by the Doria and also Verospi palaces (running thus along the present Corso), the Roman College, the Church of St. Ignazio, and the Oratory of the Caravita.

The house to which we invite our readers is exactly opposite, and on the east side of this edifice, including in its area the present church of St. Marcellus, whence it extended back towards the foot of the Quirinal hill. It is thus found to cover, as noble Roman houses did, a considerable extent of ground. From the outside it presents but a blank and dead appearance. The walls are plain, without architectural ornament, not high, and scarcely broken by windows. In the middle of one side of this quadrangle is a door, *in antis*, that is, merely resting on two half columns. Using our privilege as artists of fiction, of invisible ubiquity, we will enter in with our friend, or shadow, as he would have been anciently called. Passing through the porch, on the pavement of which we read with pleasure, in mosaic, the greeting SALVE, or WELCOME, we find ourselves in the *atrium*, or first court of the house, surrounded by a portico or colonnade. (The Pompeian Court in the Crystal Palace will have familiarized many readers with the forms of an ancient house.)

In the centre of the marble pavement a softly warbling jet of pure water, brought by the Claudian aqueduct from the Tuscan hills, springs into the air, now higher, now lower, and falls into an elevated basin of red marble, over the sides of which it flows in downy waves; and before reaching its lower and wider recipient, scatters a gentle shower on the rare and brilliant flowers placed in elegant vases around. Under the portico we see furniture disposed of a rich and sometimes rare character; couches inlaid with ivory, and even silver; tables of oriental woods, bearing conchoidal lamps, and other household implements of bronze or silver; delicately chased busts, vases, tripods, and objects of mere art. On the walls are paintings evidently of a former period, still, however, retaining all their brightness of color and freshness of execution. These are separated by niches with statues, representing indeed, like the pictures, mythological or historical subjects; but we cannot help observing, that nothing meets the eye which could offend the most delicate mind. Here and there an empty niche, or a covered painting, proves that this is not the result of accident.

As outside the columns, the covering roof leaves a large square opening in its centre, called the *impluvium*; there is drawn across it a curtain, or veil of dark canvas, which keeps out the sun and rain. An artificial twilight therefore alone enables us to see all that we have described; but it gives greater effect to what is beyond. Through the arch, opposite to the one where we have entered, we catch a glimpse of an inner and still richer court, paved with variegated marbles, and adorned with bright gilding. The veil of the opening above, which, however, here is closed with thick glass or tulle (*Opis speculatrix*), has been partly withdrawn, and admits a bright but softened ray from the evening sun on to the place, where we see, for the first time, that we are in no enchanted hall, but in an inhabited house.

Beside a table, just outside the columns of the *Thyrsian* marble, sits a matron not beyond the middle of life, whose features, noble yet mild, show traces of having passed through sorrow at some earlier period. But a powerful influence has subdued the recollection of it, or blended it with a sweeter thought; and the two always come together, and have long dwelt united in her heart. The simplicity of her appearance strangely contrasts with the richness of all around her; her hair, streaked with silver, is left uncovered, and uncoiled by any artifice; her robes are of the plainest color and texture, without embroidery, except the purple ribbon sewed on, and called the *strepitosa*, which denotes the state of widowhood, and not a jewel or precious ornament, of which the Roman ladies were so lavish, is to be seen upon her person. The only thing approaching to this is a slight gold cord or chain round her neck, from which apparently hangs some object, carefully concealed within the upper hem of her dress.

At the time that we discover her she is busily

engaged over a piece of work, which evidently has no personal use. Upon a long rich strip of gold cloth she is embroidering with still richer gold thread; and occasionally she has recourse to one or two of the elegant caskets upon the table, from which she takes out a pearl, or a gem set in gold, and introduces it into the design. It looks as if the precious ornaments of earlier days were being devoted to some higher purpose.

But as time goes on, some little uneasiness may be observed to manifest over calm thoughts, hitherto absorbed, to all appearance, in her work. She now occasionally raises her eyes from it towards the entrance; sometimes she listens for footsteps, and seems disappointed. She looks upwards at the sun; then perhaps turns her glance towards a *deaplyta* or water-clock, on a bracket near her; but just as a feeling of more serious anxiety begins to make an impression on her countenance, a cheerful rap strikes the house-door, and she bends forward with a radiant look to meet the welcome visitor.

CHAPTER II.

THE MARTYR'S BOY.

It is a youth full of grace, and spiritiveness, and candour, that comes forward with light and buoyant steps across the atrium, towards the inner hall; and we shall hardly find time to sketch him before he is just entering the house from school. He is tall for that age, with elegance of form and manliness of bearing. His bare neck and limbs are well developed by healthy exercise; his features display an open and warm heart, while his lofty forehead, round which his brown hair naturally curls, beams with a bright intelligence. He wears the usual youth's garment that *hotæta*, reaching below the knee, and a golden *balda*, or hollow spheroid of gold suspended round his neck. A bundle of papers and vellum rolls fastened together, and carried by an old servant behind him, shows us that he is just returning home from school. The usual custom suggests to St. Augustine the beautiful idea, that the Jews were the *politeggi* of Christianity, carrying off to the books which they themselves could not understand.

While we have been thus noting him, he has received his mother's embraces, and she stands by her feet. She gazes upon him for some time in silence, as if to discover in his countenance the cause of his unusual delay, for he is an hour late in his return. But he meets her glance with so frank a look, and with such a smile of innocence, that every cloud of doubt is in moment dispelled, and she addresses him as follows:—

"What has detained you to-day, my dearest boy? No accident, I trust, has happened to you on the way?"

"Oh, none, I assure you, sweetest (the peculiar epithet of the Catacombs) mother; on the contrary, all has been delightful,—so much so, that I can scarcely venture to tell you." "A look of smiling expostulation drew from the open-hearted boy a delicious laugh, as he continued, "I suppose you know I am never late, and cannot sleep, if I have not done all you all the bad and the good of the day about myself." (The mother smiled again, wondering what the bad was?) "I was reading the other day that the Scythians came evening cast into an urn a white or a black stone, depending as the day had been happy or unhappy; if I had done so, I would not have been in white or black, the days on which I have, or have not, an opportunity of relating to you all that I have done. But to-day, for the first time, I have a doubt, a fear of conscience, whether I ought to tell you all."

Did the mother's heart flutter more than usual, as from a first anxiety, or was there a softer solicitude dimming her eye, that the youth should seize her hand and put it tenderly to his lips while he thus replied? "Fear nothing, mother most beloved, your son has done nothing that may give you pain. Only say, do you wish to hear all that has befallen me to-day, or only the cause of my late return home?" "Tell me all, dear Pancretius," she answered; "nothing that concerns you can be indifferent to me."

"Well, then," he began, "this last day of my frequenting school appears to me to have befallen singularly blessed, and yet full of strange occurrences. First, I was crowned as the successful competitor in a declamation, which our good master Cassianus set us for our work during the morning hours; and this led, as you will hear, to some singular discoveries. The subject was a moral philosopher should be ever ready to die for it. I never heard any thing so odd or insipid (I think it is not wrong to say so), as the compositions read by my companions. It was not their fault, poor fellows! what truth can they possess, and what inducements can they have, to die for any of their vain opinions? But to a Christian, what charming suggestions such a theme naturally makes! And so I felt it. My heart glowed, and all my thoughts seemed to burn, as I wrote my essay, full of the lessons you have taught me, and of the domestic examples that are before me. I found that my feelings had nearly fatally betrayed me. In the warmth of my recitation, the word 'Christian' escaped my lips instead of philosopher, and 'faith' instead of truth." At the first he made, I saw the countenance of our good master, I saw a tear glisten in his eye, as he bending affectionately towards me, he said, in a whisper, "Beware, my child; there are sharp ears listening!" "What, then," interrupted the mother, "is Cassianus a Christian? I chose his school for you because it was in the highest repute for learning and for morality; and now indeed I thank God that I did so. But in these days of danger and apprehension we are obliged to live as strangers in our own land, scarcely knowing the faces of our brethren. Certainly, had Cassianus proclaimed his faith, his school would soon have been deserted; and you, my dear boy, were his apprehensive well-grounded?"

"I fear so; for while the great body of my school-fellows, not noticing these slips, vehemently applauded my hearty declamation, I saw the dark eyes of Corvinus bent scornfully upon me, as he bit his lip in manifest anger." "And who is he, my child, that was so displeased, and wherefore?" "He is the oldest and strongest, but, unfortunately, the dullest boy in the school. But this, you know, is not his fault. Only, I know not why, he seems ever to have had an ill-will and grudge against me, the cause of which I cannot understand." "Did he say aught to you, or do?" "Yes, and was the cause of my delay. For when we went forth from school into the field by the river, he addressed me insultingly in the presence of our companions, and said, 'Come, Pancretius, this I understand, is the last time we meet here (he laid a particular emphasis on the word); but I have a long score to demand payment of from you. You have loved to show your superiority in school over me and others older and better than yourself; I saw your supercilious looks at me as you spotted your high-toned declamation to-day; ay, and I caught expressions in it which you may live to rue, and that very soon; for my father, your well-known, is Prefect of the city (the mother slightly started); and something is preparing which may nearly concern you. Before you leave us I must have my revenge. If you are worthy of your name, and it is not an empty word, (the *punctation* was the exercise which combated all other personal contests,—wrestling, boxing, &c.) let us fairly contend in more manly strife than that of the style and tablet. The implements of writing in schools, the tablets being

covered with wax, on which the letters were traced by the sharp point, and effaced by the flat top of the style). Wrestle with me, or try the *cestus* (the hand bandages worn in pugilistic combats) against me. I burn to humble you as you deserve before your fellow-scholars, and my mother's eyes; nor did I ever dream of claiming superiority over you. The anxious mother bent eagerly forward, as she listened, and scarcely breathed. "And what," she exclaimed, "did you answer, my dear son?"

"I told him gently that he was quite mistaken; for never had I consciously done any thing that could give pain to him, or any of my school-fellows; nor did I ever dream of claiming superiority over you. And as to what you propose, I added, you know, Corvinus, that I have always refused to indulge in personal combats, which, beginning in a cool trial of skill, end in an angry strife, hatred, and wish for revenge. How much less could I think of entering on them now, when you avow that you are anxious to begin them with those evil feelings which are usually their end?" Our schoolmates had now formed a circle round us; and I clearly saw that they were all against me, for they had hoped to see the delight of their cruel games; I therefore cheerfully added, "And now, my comrades, good-bye, and may all happiness attend you. I part from you as I have lived with you, in peace." "Not so," replied Corvinus, now pale in the face with fury; "but?"

"The boy's countenance became crimsoned, his voice quivered, his body trembled, and half-choked, he sobbed out, 'I cannot go on; I dare not tell the rest!'" "I entreat you, for God's sake, and for the love you bear your father's memory," said the mother, placing her hand upon his head, "conceal nothing from me. I shall never again have you, if you tell me not all. What further said or did Corvinus?"

"The boy recovered himself by a moment's pause and a silent prayer, and then proceeded:— 'Not so,' exclaimed Corvinus, 'but so do you depart, cowardly worshipper of an ass's head! (One of the low calumnies popular among the heathens). You have concealed your rage from us, but I will find you out; till then bear this token of my determined purpose to be revenged on you. So saying he dealt me a furious blow upon the face which made me reel and stagger, while a shout of savage delight broke forth from the boys around us.'"

He burst into tears, which relieved him, and then went on:—"Oh, how I felt my blood boil at that moment! how my heart seemed bursting within me, and a voice appeared to whisper in my ear scornfully the name of 'ward!' It surely was an evil spirit. I felt that I was strong enough, my rising anger made me so—to seize my unjust assailant by the throat, and not him going on in the ground. I heard already the shout of applause that would have hailed my victory and turned the tables against him. It was the hardest struggle of my life; never were flesh and blood so strong within me. O God! may they never be again so tremendously powerful!"

"Well, I suppose you do, then, my darling boy?" he gasped forth the trembling matron. "He replied, 'My good angel conquered the demon at my side. I thought of my blessed Lord in the house of Calphurn, surrounded by scoffing enemies, and struck me down on the cheek, yet meek and forgiving. Could I do otherwise?'" (This speech, which is taken from a real occurrence, I stretched forth my hand to Corvinus, and said, 'May God forgive you, as I freely and fully do; and may He bless you abundantly.' Cassianus came up at that moment, and gave me a hearty embrace, and with a youthful cheer quickly dispersed the crowd.)

By our common faith, now acknowledged between us, not to pursue Corvinus for what he had done; and I obtained his promise. And now, sweet mother," murmured the boy, in soft, gentle accents, "his parting blessing, 'do you not think I may call this a happy day?'"

CHAPTER III.

THE DECLARATION.

While the foregoing conversation was held, the day had fast declined. An aged female servant had been summoned, and lighted a lamp, and placed on marble and bronze candelabra, and quietly retired. A bright light beamed upon the unconscious group of mother and son, as they remained silent, after the holy matron Lucia had answered Pancretius' last question only by kissing his forehead. It was not merely a maternal affection that was agitating her bosom; it was not even the happy feeling of a mother who, having trained her child to certain high and difficult principles, sees them put to the hardest test, and nobly stand by. Neither was it the joy of having for her infant son from her own womb, so bravely virtuous at such an age; for surely, with much greater justice than the mother of the Græchi showed her boys to the astonished matrons of republican Rome as her own jewels, could that Christian mother have boasted to the Church of the son she had brought up.

But to her this was an hour of still deeper, or shall we say, sublimer feeling. It was a period looked forward to anxiously for years; a moment prayed for with all the fervor of a mother's supplication. Many a pious parent has devoted her infant son from her womb to the holy and noble state that earth possesses; has prayed and longed to see him grow up to be, first a spotless Levite, and then a holy priest at the altar; and has watched eagerly each growing inclination, and tried gently to bend the tender thought towards the sanctuary of the Lord of hosts. And if this was only a child, as Samuel was to Anna, that dedication of all that is dear to her keenest affection, may justly be considered as an act of maternal heroism. What then must be said of ancient matrons,—Felicitas, Symphorosa, or the unnamed mother of the Maccabees, who gave up their children to the hands of their persecutors, but, my dear boy, all to be victims whole-brut, rather than priests, to God?"

It was some such thought as this which filled the heart of Lucia in that hour; while, with closed eyes, she raised it high to heaven and prayed for strength. She felt as though called to make a generous sacrifice of what was dearest to her on earth; and though she had long foreseen it and desired it, it was not without a maternal throes that its merit could be gained. And what was passing in that boy's mind as he too remained silent and abstracted? Not any thought of a high destiny awaiting him. No vision of a venerable Basilica, eagerly visited 1,600 years later by the sacred antiquary and the devout pilgrim, and giving his name, which it shall bear, to the neighboring gate of Rome. (Church and gate of San Pancretio). No anticipation of a church in his honor to rise in faithful ages on the banks of the distant Thames, which, even after desecration, should be loved and eagerly sought as their last resting place, by hearts faithful still to his dear Rome. (Old St. Pancretus, the favorite burial place of Catholics, till they cemeteries of their own). No foreboding of a silver canopy or *chobanian*, weighing 287 lbs., to be placed over the porphyry urn that should contain his ashes, by Pope Honorius I. (Anastasius, Biblioth. *in vita Honorii*). No idea that his name would be enrolled in every martyrology, his picture, crowned with rays, hung over many altars, as the boy-martyr of the early Church. He was only the simple-hearted Christian youth, who looked upon it as a matter of course that he must always obey God's law and His Gospel; and only felt happy that he had that day performed his duty, when it came round circumstances of more than usual trial. There was no pride, no self-admiration in the re-

fection; otherwise there would have been no heroism in his act.

When he raised again his eyes, after his calm reverie of peaceful thoughts, in the new light which brightly lit the hall, they met his mother's countenance gazing upon him, radiant with majesty and tenderness such as he never recollected what he would have imagined an angel's eye might be; and he was kneeling before her; and well he might; for was she not to him as a guardian spirit, who had shielded him ever from evil; or might he not well see in her the living saint whose virtues had been his mould from childhood? Lucia broke the silence, in a tone full of grave emotion. "The time is at length come, my dear child," she said, "which has long been the subject of my earnest prayer, which I have yearned for in the exultance of maternal love. Eagerly have I watched in thee the opening germ of each Christian virtue, and thanked God as it appeared. I have noted thy docility, thy gentleness, thy diligence, thy piety, and thy love of God and man. I have seen with joy thy life, and fervently expressed, that thy worthy things, and thy tenderness to the poor. But I have been waiting with anxiety for the hour which should decisively show me, whether thou wouldst be content with the poor legacy of thy mother's weakly virtue, or art the true inheritor of thy martyred father's nobler gifts. That hour, thank God, has come to-day!"

"What have I done, then, that should thus have changed or raised thy opinion of me?" asked Pancretius. "I listen to me, my son. This day, which was to be the last of thy school education, methinks, on our merciful Lord has been pleased to give thee a lesson worth it all; and to prove that thou hast put off the things of a child, and must be treated henceforth as a man; for thou canst think and speak, yet art not as one."

"How dost thou mean, dear mother?" "What thou hast told me of thy declamation this morning," she replied, "proves to me how full thy heart must have been of noble and generous thoughts; thou art too sincere and honest to have written, and fervently expressed, that it was a glorious duty to die for the faith, if thou hadst not believed it, and felt it."

"And truly I do believe and feel it," interrupted the boy. "What greater happiness can a Christian desire on earth?"

"Yes, my child, thou sayest most truly," continued Lucia. "But I should not have been satisfied with words. What followed afterwards has proved to me that thou canst bear intrepidity and patiently, not merely pain, but what I know it must have been for the young patrician blood to stand, the stinging ignominy of a disgraceful blow, and the scornful words and glances of an unfeeling multitude. Nay more; thou hast proved thyself strong enough to forgive and to pray for thy enemy. This day thou hast trodden the higher path of one who is one treasure which I have in my shoulders; one step more, and thou wilt plant it on its summit. This has proved thyself the genuine son of the martyr Quintinus. Dost thou wish to be like him?"

"Mother, mother! dearest, sweetest mother!" broke out the panting youth; "could I be his genuine son, and not wish to resemble him? Though I never enjoyed the happiness of knowing him, has not his image been ever before my mind? Has not been the very pride of my thoughts? When each year the solemn commemoration has been held, has not the image of the white-robed army that surrounds the Lamb, in whose blood he washed his garments, how have my heart and my flesh exulted in his glory; and how have I prayed to him, in the warmth of filial piety, that he would obtain for me, not fame, not distinction, not wealth, not earthly honors, but that I might be like him? And what did you do, then, my mother, that the only thing which he has left on earth may be applied, as I know he now considers it would most usefully and most nobly be?"

"What is that, my son?" "It is his blood," replied the youth, "which yet remains unapplied, and which, in these our days, I know he must wish that it too like what he held in his own, may be poured out in love of his Redeemer, and in testimony of his faith."

"Enough, enough, my child!" exclaimed the mother, thrilling with a holy emotion; "take from me the badge of childhood, and I have a better token to give thee."

He obeyed, and put away the golden bulla. "Thou hast inherited from thy father," spoke the mother, with still deeper solemnity of tone, "a noble name, a high station, ample riches, every worldly advantage. But there is one treasure which I have reserved for thee from his inheritance, till thou shouldst prove thyself worthy of it. I have concealed from thee till now; though I valued it more than gold and jewels. It is now time that I make it over to thee."

"With trembling hands she drew from her neck the golden chain which hung round it, and for the first time her son saw that it supported a small bag or purse richly embroidered with pearls. She opened it, and drew from it a spongy dry indeed, but deeply stained."

"This, my thy father's blood, Pancretius," she said, with faltering voice and streaming eyes, "I gathered it myself from his death-wound, as, disguised, I stood by his side, and saw him die for Christ."

She gazed upon it fondly, and kissed it fervently; and her glistening tears fell on it, and moistened it once more. And thus bled again, its color glowed bright and warm, as if it had only just left the martyr's heart.

The holy matron put it to her son's quivering lips, and they were purpled with its sanctifying touch. Lucia replaced her treasure in its shrine, and hung it round the neck of her son, saying,—"When next it is moistened, may it be from a nobler stream than that which gushes from a weak woman's eyes!" But heaven thought not so; and the future martyr was consecrated, by the blood of his father mingled with his mother's tears.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HEATHEN HOUSEHOLD.

While the scenes described in the three last chapters were taking place, a very different one presented itself in another house, situated in the valley between the Quirinal and Esquiline hills. It was that of Fabius, a man of the equestrian order, whose family, by farming the revenues of Asiatic provinces, had amassed immense wealth. His house was larger and more splendid than that of any we have already visited. It contained a third large peristyle, or court, surrounded by immense apartments; and besides possessing many treasures of European art, it abounded with the rarest productions of the East. Carpets from Persia were laid on the ground, silks from China, many colored stuffs from Babylon, and gold embroidery from India and Phrygia covered the furniture; while curious vases in ivory and in metals, scattered about, were attributed to the inhabitants of islands beyond the Indian ocean, of monstrous form and fabulous descent. Fabius himself, the owner of all this treasure and of large estates, was a true specimen of an en-

going Roman who was determined thoroughly to enjoy this life. In fact he never dreamt of any other. Believing in nothing, yet worshipping, as a matter of course, on all proper occasions, whatever deity happened to have its turn, he was not a man so good as his neighbors; and no one had a right to exact more. The greater part of his day was passed at one or other of the great baths, which, besides the purposes implied in their name, comprised in their many adjuncts the equipments of clubs, reading-rooms, gambling houses, tennis-courts, and gymnasiums. There he took his bath, gossiped, read, and whiled away his hours; or sauntered for a time into the Forum to hear some orator speaking, or some advocate pleading, or into one of the many public gardens, whether the fashionable world of Rome repaired. He returned home to an elegant supper, not later than our dinner; where he had daily guests, either previously invited, or picked up during the day among the many parasites on the look out for good fare.

At home he was a kind and indulgent master. His house was well kept for him by an abundance of slaves; and as trouble was what he most dreaded, so long as every thing was comfortable, he was content, and well-served about him, he let things go on quietly, under the direction of his freedmen.

It is not, however, so much to him that we wish to introduce our reader, as to another inmate of his house, the sharer of his splendid luxury, and the sole heiress of his wealth. This is his daughter, who, according to Roman usage, bears the father's name, softened, however, into the diminutive Fabiola. (Pronounced with the accent on the *i*). As we have done before, we will conduct the reader at once into her apartment. A marble staircase leads to it from the second court, over the sides of which extends a suite of rooms, opening upon a terrace, refreshed and adorned by a graceful fountain, and covered with a profusion of the rarest exotic plants. In these chambers is concentrated whatever is most exquisite and curious in native and foreign art. A refined taste directing ample means, and peculiar opportunities, has evidently presided over the collection and arrangement of all around. At this moment the hour of the evening is approaching, and we discover the mistress of this dainty abode engaged in preparing herself to appear with becoming splendor.

She is reclining on a couch of Athenian workmanship, inlaid with silver, in a room of Cypzic form; that is, having glass windows to the ground, and so opening on the flowery terrace. Against the wall opposite to her hangs a mirror of polished silver, sufficient to reflect a whole standing figure; on a porphyry-table beside it is a collection of the most numerous rare cosmetics and perfumes, of which the Roman ladies had become so fond, and on which they lavished immense sums. (The milk of 500 asses per day was required to furnish Pompey, Nero's wife, with one cosmetic.) On a table of Indian sandal wood, was a rich display of jewels and trinkets in their precious caskets, from which to select for the day's use.

It is by no means our intention, nor our gift, to describe persons or features; we wish more to deal with minds. We will, therefore, content ourselves with saying that Fabiola, now at the age of twenty, was not considered inferior in appearance to other ladies of her rank, age, and fortune, and had many aspirants for her hand. But she was a contrast to her father in temper and in character. Proud, haughty, imperious, and irritable, she ruled like an empress all that surrounded her, with every exception, and exacted humble homage from all that approached her. An only child, whose mother had died in giving her birth, she had been nursed and brought up in indulgence by her careless, good-natured father; she had been provided with the best masters, had been adorned with every accomplishment, and allowed to gratify every extravagant wish. She had never known what it was to deny herself a desire.

Having been left so much to herself, she had read much, and especially in profounder books. She had thus become a complete philosopher of the resolute kind, that is, the infidel and the atheist. Her mind, which had been long fashionable in Rome, she knew nothing of Christianity, except that she understood it to be something very low, material and vulgar, she despised it, in fact, too much to think of anything into it. And as to paganism, with its gods, its vices, its fables, and its idolatry, she merely scorned it, though outwardly she followed it. In fact, she believed in nothing beyond the present life, and thought of nothing except its refined enjoyment. But her very pride threw a shield over her virtues; she loathed the wickedness of her society, as she despised the frivolous youths who paid her jealous attention, though she found amusement in their follies. She was considered cold and selfish, but she was morally irreproachable.

If at the beginning we seem to indulge in long descriptions, we trust that our reader will believe that they are requisite, to put him in possession of the state of material and social Rome at the period of our narrative; and will make this the more intelligible. And should he be tempted to think that we describe things as over-splendid and refined for the age of decline in arts and good taste, we beg to remind him, that the year we are supposed to visit Rome is not so remote from the better periods of Roman art, for example, that of the Antonines, as our age is from that of Cellini, Raffaele, or Donatello; yet in how many Italian palaces are still preserved works by them, fully prized, though no longer imitated! So, no doubt, it was, with the houses belonging to the old and wealthy families of Rome.

We find, then, Fabiola reclining on her couch, holding in her left hand a silver mirror with a handle, and in the other a strange instrument for so fair a hand. It is a sharp-pointed stiletto, with a delicately carved ivory handle, and a gold ring to hold it by. This was the favorite weapon with which Roman ladies punished their slaves, or vented their passion then, upon suffering the least annoyance, or when irritated by pettish anger. Three female slaves are now engaged about their mistress. They belong to different races, and have been purchased at high prices, not merely on account of their appearance, but for some rare accomplishment they are supposed to possess. One is a black; not of the degraded negro stock, but from one of those races, such as the Abyssinians and Numidians, in whom the features are as regular as in the Asiatic people. She is supposed to have great skill in herbs, and their cosmetic and healing properties, perhaps also in more dangerous uses—in compounding plasters, charms, and possibly poisons. She is merely known by her national designation as *Afra*. A Greek comes next, selected for her taste in dress, and for the elegance and purity of her accent; she is therefore called *Gria*. The name which the third bears, Syria, tells us that she comes from Asia; and she is distinguished for her exquisite embroidery, and for her assiduous intelligence. She is quiet, silent, but completely engaged with the duties which now devolve upon her. The other two are garrulous, light, and make great pretence about every little thing they do. Every moment they address the most extravagant flattery to their young mistress, or try to promote the suit of one or other of the prodigal candidates for her hand, who has best or best bribed them.

To be continued.

The admirable lecture "What Catholics do not believe," by Rt. Rev. Bishop Ryan, of St. Louis, has reached a fifth edition, and has been republished in handsome form by Washburne, of London. We learn with much pleasure, that Bishop Ryan is preparing two other lectures.

The release from English enthusiasm was... The Ohio Mr. on Saturday, dismissing her immorality. Dr. Baird, of Publication of funds of the... been retired from suspended from... A free party was mixed up Montreal, and were strong of the charge. Two British cholera—dismal... and this fact... temperance men broke the peace. Page 25 1/2 circulation in... South America... much thicker, genuine. Own money passing.

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NEWS OF ALL SORTS.

The released Fenians, Condon and Melady, arrived from England at N. Y. on Sunday, and received an enthusiastic welcome.

The Ohio M. E. Conference in session at Columbus, on Saturday, adopted the report of the Committee dismissing Rev. F. A. Spencer from the ministry for immorality.

Dr. Baird, ex-Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Publication, charged with appropriating the funds of the church, &c., at Richmond, Va., has been reinstated in the communion of the church but suspended from the ministry.

A free pardon has been granted McIntosh, who was mixed up in the party riot in July, 1877, at Montreal, and was sent to the Penitentiary. There were strong grounds for believing him innocent of the charge for which he was convicted.

Two British soldiers in Ceylon recently died of cholera—their being the only deaths in the regiment. The dead men happened to be testatorials, and this fact so impressed their comrades that 188 temperance men in the regiment 136 immediately broke the pledge.

Boque, 85 lill. of the Bank of Commerce are in circulation in Toronto. The signature "E. T. Smith" appears on the left hand corner, but has evidently been put on with a rubber stamp, being much thicker, and more rudely finished than the genuine. Our readers will do well to scrutinize the money passing through their hands.

The Pope's Swiss Guards will, it is said, be reduced to 100 men, who will be under command of an officer having the rank and title of major. Herr Von Sonnenberg is to be pensioned, and the new officer will receive 200 francs a month, with lodgings in the Vatican, and pocket money of 150 francs.

Lord Howford has mentioned at a farming society meeting that the latest cattle exports from the United States to Liverpool are Irishmen, who emigrated from his estates near Kells, in 1850. Each of them has brought over at a time as many as £10,000 worth of cattle in one steamer.

The destruction of the "Princess Alice" steamerboat has involved the loss, it now appears, of considerably over six hundred lives. By Thursday evening as many as 627 corpses had been collected from the Thames. A sum of £11,850 had by that time, also been collected by the Mansion House Fund for the relief of the bereaved relatives of those who have been destroyed.

The Cure of Bois d'Haine, in contradicting a report that Louise Lateau, the Belgian stigmatic, has gone to Lourdes to be treated, says she has not been outside her house since the 1st of January, 1874, that she daily receives the Communion, works in the house, and has been visited by more than one hundred doctors of all nationalities, who have not detected the slightest malady.

The latest particulars concerning the Abercrombie Colliery explosion lead to a belief that the number of lives lost is 270. There are still 254 colliers in the mine, but there is no chance of their being saved. A subscription list has been opened for the relief of the destitution which must result from the catastrophe.

From the Registrar-General's return for the month of August it appears that the death rate in the eight principal towns of Scotland was considerably below the average, that of Edinburgh being only 17 per 1,000. In respect to weather, the month was characterized by a high temperature, low barometer and little wind.

Mr. C. D. Sanders of Parkersburg, W. Va., is a tall, straight, robust man, between fifty and sixty. He has not slept for fifteen years; he feels tired sometimes, but never sleeps, though he has tried working continuously for ten or eleven days and nights. Heavy opiates have no effect upon him. At night he goes to bed "as to be out of the way," and lies there and thinks, but does not sleep.

While engaged on Sunday evening in coupling cars on No. 22 freight in the Great Western yard in London, Mr. Wm. Bennett, of this city, had the second and third of his right hand crushed in a jelly. He immediately proceeded to Dr. Moore's surgery, where the injuries were properly dressed. Mr. Bennett has been very unfortunate during his railroad experience, having suffered a similar misfortune some time since. Although suffering intensely he is progressing as favorably as possible under the circumstances.

On 5 G. W. R. express was nearing St. Catharines on Saturday, a woman, named Cogan, and her daughter attempted to cross the trestle work over Twelve Mile Creek on the Great Western Railway ahead of the train. The woman was struck by the cow-catcher and hurled to the bottom of the ravine, 40 feet, and sustained injuries that will likely prove fatal. The girl, in some wonderful manner, escaped.

TO WILLING BY HALF.—Mr. H. Tilden, the Memphis correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, in his last letter to that journal, says: "Yesterday afternoon a communication was received from W. J. Farrow, a telegraph operator at Lonewood, Canada, containing an offer of his professional services to the afflicted Memphians for a consideration of \$150 per month and a guarantee of position for five years. He neglected to include an establishment and servants in his proposal, which was accordingly declined."

The leading feature of English news is the discharge of Condon and Melady, the Fenians, from Portland Prison. They left Portland by the 9:30 train on the 17th ult. for Southampton, Eng., in charge of a deputy-governor of the prison and two wardens, who attended them until they embarked on the North German Lloyd's steamer Mosel, which sailed from Southampton for New York. First-class passengers to New York have been taken for them. Their freedom was handed them immediately previous to sailing.

William E. Foster, one of the leading English Liberals, who will soon visit the United States, is a Yorkshire Quaker, whose benevolence and large charity has given him a world-wide reputation. When, in 1846 and 1847, 4,000,000 of Irishmen were starving from the failure of the potato, and pestilence in the wake of famine was filling the roads of Ireland with the dying and dead, he was foremost in organizing relief, and ministering to the wants of the plague-stricken districts. His benevolent work was not confined to Europe, but the slaves of America found in him a sympathizing friend. Since the emancipation he has been a large contributor to the Freedmen's Benevolent Organization.

TERRIBLE DISASTER. From the Associated Press despatches under date of Sept. 28, we glean the following facts concerning an accident to a steamer in the vicinity of New York. The steamer and New York steamer Adelphi burst her boiler a mile from her dock, at eight this morning, on her way to New York. Six were killed and twenty scalded. The hull and machinery are little injured. There were probably two hundred passengers on board. As far as ascertained the killed are: Unknown man, with memorandum in pocket with name Chas. W. Lord; Mrs. W. H. Boole, South Norwalk; Henry Allen, Norwalk; Mr. Furl, of Philadelphia; Mr. Hoyt, of Harlem; an unknown lady. The other bodies were removed before the names could be ascertained. The most horrendous scenes occurred. Those that are burned suffer excruciatingly. There are some twenty wounded; all but three or four are likely to recover. Boats are still dredging for bodies; but one thus far has been found, and it is

not known that any more are missing. Since writing the above the bodies of Elijah Betts, of North Wilton, Conn.; Miss Sarah E. Leonard, of Bridgeport, Conn., and James H. Johnson (colored), New Haven, have been found.

Thos. Raymond, one of the victims of the Adelphi explosion, died on the following day, making 12 deaths in all resulting therefrom. Thousands visited the scene to-day.

THE NEW DOMINICAN CHURCH IN DROGHEDA.—This splendid edifice was solemnly dedicated on Sunday, September 15, by His Grace the Lord Primate, the Most Rev. Dr. McGearty. The dedication sermon was preached by the illustrious Dominican Father Burke. The Dominican Fathers of Drogheda are confident that, through the generosity of the people, a sufficient sum of money, by the sale of tickets and subscriptions, will be placed at their disposal to clear off the debt still remaining due on the completion of the church.

THE YELLOW FEVER CONTINUES TO RAGE IN THE South with unabated violence. In fact within a day or two climatic and meteorological influences seem to have given it a fresh impetus. It is a most painful thing to chronicle such unexampled affliction as prevails in the stricken cities, particularly in Memphis and New Orleans, and we spare ourselves and readers the recital which will have become sufficiently familiar through the columns of the daily press. Elsewhere will be found a list of, and tribute to the Catholic Clerical and religious dead whose lives were as truly offered as a sacrifice in the cause of humanity as were those of the ancient Martyrs in testimony to their faith.

BALFE'S BURIAL-PLACE.—Sir Robert Stewart lately, in the course of some lectures on music, identified the house in Dublin in which Michael Balfe first drew breath. It is in Pitt street, and it most fortunately happens that the house is the property of one who is himself an accomplished musician, and whose musical tastes run in the ways in which Balfe achieved such a wide renown. Mr. Logan, the gentleman in question, at once intimated his resolve to commemorate the incident at his own expense by erecting a handsome tablet on the house announcing the fact. His purpose has already been carried out. A white marble slab was fitted into the front wall of the house, selections from the great Irish composer's works being played by an efficient band on the day of the unveiling.

STATUE OF PIUS IX.—The object which attracts most attention in the Italian Court of the Paris Exhibition is certainly the statue of Pius IX. by the sculptor Pagninotto. This great work, only completed a few days before the death of the saintly Pontiff, represents him seated in his *solida gestatoria* with outstretched arms, as if to welcome a group of pilgrims who come to pay their homage. The head and figure are majestic, slightly inclined as if to encourage the pilgrims to approach him. The well-known benevolent smile is happily expressed, and the bright intelligent eyes only want life to give them a perfect expression. In alluding to this statue the *Gazette Artistique* says: "This statue is a real work of art. The true character of Pius IX. is here represented in all its dignity and grandeur, frank and intelligent visage, with its benevolent expression, which was its characteristic trait, is finely displayed."

THE PIONEER MISSIONARIES OF CANADA.—Some time ago, says the *Quebec Chronicle*, we noted the discovery of human remains in the ruins of the Jesuit barracks. The particular spot in which they were found was known to be the site of the interior chapel of the early Jesuit Fathers, and it was consequently believed that further research would bring to light many more relics of those zealous pioneers of Christianity on this continent, the original founders and proprietors of the Jesuit College. This belief has not been disappointed. Already the remains of three bodies have been disinterred, and, with the assistance of reliable data, furnished by the *Relations des Jesuites* two of them, at least, have been conclusively identified. The two bodies already recovered and fully identified are those of Father De Quen, the discoverer of Lake St. John, and Brother Legeois, the Architect of the Convent, who was beheaded by the fierce and sanguinary Iroquois, during the Sillery massacre on the 17th of August, 1655.

A MURDEROUS ASSAULT. At Windsor on the night of the 29th ult. a deliberate and determined attempt was made by two Windsor roughs to murder an inoffensive man, frustrated fortunately by the timely arrival of a police officer. The facts seem hereby to be that on the night in question the party, by name Joe Rogers and Geo. Grady were when interrupted by another in the act of carrying the half-dressed body of an apparently dead man in the direction of the water. They dropped their burden however, immediately upon discovery, and endeavored to effect their escape in which Rogers succeeded. Not so, however, Grady who was run down and taken in. Investigation shows that the intended victim, D. G. Howard by name, had been severely, if not fatally injured, and robbed of a sum of money and valuables. He subsequently recovered sufficiently to make a deposition implicating Grady, who will be held pending the result of his injuries. In the meantime a diligent search is being made for his accomplice Rogers.

HANLAN-COURTNEY.

Advices from Montreal, under date of 2nd inst., touching the approaching great rowing contest are to the effect that the city is crowded with strangers, and the excitement on the eve of the contest for the aquatic blue ribbon is at fever heat. Numerous excursion trains and steamers from all parts arrived yesterday, and brought several thousand visitors, whose anxiety to learn the latest of Hanlan and Courtney is intense. The former was out this afternoon for a short spin, and came in sure of victory. His immediate antagonist and backers are very sanguine of success. Courtney did not venture on the water in the afternoon, and has been kept secluded in his cottage. He is in fine spirits, perfectly fit, he says, to row for his life, and expects the race will be a stiff contest. He expresses the opinion that he can bear off the prize. The feeling to-day has veered round in favor of Courtney, and many who thought little of him at first are now his strongest backers. Mr. Ward backed Hanlan for \$5,000 against a similar amount on Courtney by Mr. Barister. Weather fine, with prospect of its continuance. Hanlan has been made a decided favorite, and he is selling in the pools freely at \$100 to \$50.

As we go to press the following reaches us, for which we are indebted to an esteemed daily contemporary:

Lachine, October 2.—The day has opened delightfully fine, with a clear sky and a brilliant sunshine, but the water is too much agitated by a stiff breeze for the men to row unless it calms before the time set for the race. From an early hour by road, rail and steamboat thousands came pouring into Lachine, which place never before presented so lively an appearance. Most of the rowers are from Hanlan's predominance. By noon immense crowds had gathered near the starting place. The betting is strongly in favor of Hanlan, sixteen hundred to six hundred being laid on the Canadian champion. The pools are selling at 100 to 35 on Hanlan. The grand stand is beginning to be occupied, and the steamers are preparing to take advantage of the situation to secure at least a modicum of religious liberty to the millions of German Catholics is the occasion of the delay in the negotiations. It is scarcely likely that good faith will characterize the conduct of Germany whatever arrangements may be finally made, but a measurable relief from recent persecution will doubtless result. Our readers

THE CREAM OF OUR EXCHANGES.

In 1872 Bismarck and the Emperor William banished the Jesuits, and fought the Church. In 1872 the Socialists and Communists made a target of the Emperor.—*Connecticut Catholic*.

For a year thirty-seven skilled workmen have been carving the marble for A. T. Stewart's burial vault, under the Memorial Church on Long Island; the stone alone will cost \$40,000.

The enormous magnitude of the liquor trade of Great Britain is best shown by the extraordinary fact that the sales exceed the entire aggregate of the coal and iron trade of the kingdom.

The Rev. Herbert H. Hayden, pastor of a Protestant church in Meriden, Conn., is on trial in that town, accused of the murder of Miss Mary E. Stannard, a girl whom he seduced.

As James Broadbent, of Indianapolis, Ind., was quietly sleeping in a palace car, on his way to Chicago, Ill., he had \$15,000 taken from him. The money had been stolen in England, and he had kept it about his person for over a year, being afraid to trust the banks.

Operations are now in progress at Holyrood for re-roofing this fine old Royal Palace. The roof, which is now in course of being removed, dates, we believe, from the year 1671, when the palace was rebuilt by Charles II. in its present quadrangular form, after a plan by Sir William Bruce.

At Ha-lepool, England, the other day a man gave up. If up to be returned to his regiment and punished for his desertion. This is the only way in which he can identify himself as the heir to a fortune of £35,000.

In the trial, according to Scotch law, of Wm. McDonald, fisherman, for the murder of his wife at St. Anichanish, on the 13th of July, 1874, by a majority of 13 to 2, found him guilty, with a recommendation to mercy. He was sentenced to be executed at Cupar on the 3rd of October.

The massive wall construction in rear of Mr. Kranze's block, at Berlin, fell in on the afternoon of October 1st, burying under it John Hagen. He was taken out alive but very badly injured. His legs being broken, ribs broken, etc. Two others working with him had narrow escapes.

A man named Dawson Martin, in the employ of V. H. Pearl, at Burlington, met with an untimely end on Tuesday. He was leading his horses through the gate; the wagon was loaded with empty barrels; a barrel fell off the load, striking one of the horses, causing them to jump forward, throwing Martin under foot and killing him. He was so seriously injured that he lived but a few hours.

The New York *Mercury* discussing the subject of over-population says: The province of Mysore in India furnishes a good text for Malthusian Lecturing. A million of lives were lost by famine, and yet the population is increasing faster than there is land or means to support it. The disciples of Malthus need to be frightened about the future of the British Isles. And we have a conundrum on our hands equally interesting. If our population doubles itself every twenty-five years, as statistics affirm, which will be the condition of the people in this country in a century? We shall have more population than Nature can support.

The Cardinal-Archbishop of Santiago, in a Pastoral Letter, thus condemns Liberal Catholicism: "There is but one form of Catholicism," says his Eminence, "that which is represented by the Pope and the Bishops, with the faithful who follow and adore him; and this is the only Catholicism, without any arbitrary distinctions and interpretations. As to the Catholicism which is called Liberal, so often condemned by the Church, its role is to place bounds to true Catholicism. Those who profess the former are with Jesus Christ; as to the latter, under whatever name they may hide itself, those who profess it are against Him."

A RELIC FROM OLD IRELAND IN AMERICA.—At the laying of the foundation, recently, of a Catholic church in Media, Pennsylvania, a fragment of the main altar of St. Mary's Cathedral, Limerick, Ireland, that had been broken by the soldiers of Cromwell during his invasion, and had been brought from Ireland, was discovered. It was inserted with a prayer written on it, that the love and fidelity of the father towards the faith in the midst of suffering and persecution might flourish in the hearts of the children far away from their native shores.

Col. Forney has been collecting some statistics with reference to the rates of wages paid at Brussels. He reports as follows: Gentlemen's upper servants, \$60 a year and boarding; coachman, \$80; lady's maid, \$40; house servants, \$20—each year and found. The following get the sums opposite their trades daily: Women laundresses, 50 cents; tailresses, 35 to 40 cents; washerwomen, 30 cents, and all find themselves. Gentlemen's gaiters, 21 cents; makers, 30 cents; paviors, 30 cents; shoemakers, 60 cents; cigar makers, 30 cents; blacksmiths, 70 cents; locksmiths, 50 cents a day, and all find themselves. Provisions are not very much cheaper than they are now in the United States. Coffee, 30 to 80 cents a pound; rice, 10 cents; butter, 20 cents; sugar, 15 cents; eggs, 2 cents a piece; beef, pork, mutton and veal, which the poor rarely get, average about 25 cents a pound; lard, 45 cents a pound; bread by the pound, from 5 to 6 cents.

WHAT THE ANGLICAN "ESTABLISHMENT" IS COMING TO.—Catholicity of Infidelity. No mistake about it. We have examples of this in Darwinism and the like, and the excitement on the eve of the contest for the Scriptures without a teacher, advocated by Protestantism (notwithstanding the admonition of the Apostle that they contain many things hard to understand, and which the unlearned and unstable wrest to their own destruction), have obtained a number of followers. On the other hand, those who still believe in the faith seek entrance into the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church, the Church of Christ. As an instance of how they come in, we would cite that of the congregation of the new church at Middleborough, England, which was opened by Cardinal Manning a few weeks ago. This congregation numbers, we are told by the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, over two hundred converts to the Faith. Three of these converts contributed \$25,000 towards the erection of the church, being about three-fourths of its total cost.

THE KISSING CONFERENCE.

The negotiations pending between the Holy See and the Empire of Germany are in *stato quo*, or more properly speaking, as they have been ever since their inception. Originating as they did in the dire necessity of Bismarck to secure allies against the growing income tax resistance, which is another name for communism, against which the Church has in all ages set its face, it may reasonably be inferred that there is no heart on the German side of the question, which makes it the more incumbent on the Holy See to secure the strongest guarantees, which, if not given, will be a hindrance to Germany, a place that power in an attitude calculated to draw down upon it the contempt of the world, and more particularly the European world for a breach of faith. The desire on the one hand to secure the countenance and moral support of the Church in a pending political struggle at the least possible cost in conscience, and on the other to take advantage of the situation to secure at least a modicum of religious liberty to the millions of German Catholics is the occasion of the delay in the negotiations. It is scarcely likely that good faith will characterize the conduct of Germany whatever arrangements may be finally made, but a measurable relief from recent persecution will doubtless result. Our readers

will be kept informed as to the progress of negotiations, and in common with countless millions of others throughout the world, will, no doubt, anxiously watch the result.

A leading Catholic journal, published in Berlin, in a recent issue has the following interesting news from Brischlewald, the scene of apparitions of the Blessed Virgin a year ago: "Notwithstanding the hardest time, between seven and eight thousand people were present here on the Feast of the Portiuncula. The pilgrims came from Erieland, Posen, Western Prussia, Upper Silesia, Galicia, and even from Berlin and the Neumark, many of them being persons of distinction. When the Rosary was recited in the morning, it is said that the apparition of the Blessed Virgin took place, as had been predicted last year. The two persons favored to behold it were Elizabeth Billewska, a widow, and a young girl named Catharine Wiszorek. It is said that the two little girls who first witnessed the apparition, and who are now attending a convent school in Austria, manifested at the time the same symptoms of ecstacy as last year, and were quite unconscious." Ernest exhortations to change life, especially abstinence from alcoholic liquors, warning against infidelity, admonition to say the beads, and other pious injunctions, were made by the apparition. So frequent were the calls at the confessional that only very few in proportion to the number that applied could be heard. Not the least disturbance occurred, and the *genovesinos* did not interfere in the least. New miraculous cures have been examined and duly recorded by the parish priest and by trustworthy physicians.

NINE DAYS IN AN OPEN BOAT.

The crew of the Cardiff bark, *Lady Elma Bruce* have just arrived at Liverpool from Maranhau, in the steamer *Banzanza*, bringing particulars of the loss of their vessel and the terrible privations which they subsequently underwent in an open boat. The *Lady Elma Bruce* was a bark of 800 tons, registered under command of Captain Glover. The vessel arrived at St. Vincent on Aug. 30. Seventeen days after leaving St. Vincent she sprang a leak, making as much as 18 inches of water per hour when first discovered. The pumps were kept going till the captain and crew abandoned the ship, which was gradually settling down. The crew of eighteen hands left the ship in two boats. The two boats, both of which contained a quantity of provisions and water, then steered for Maranhau, which was the nearest place. On the second day after the abandonment a series of gales were encountered, which continued for five days. Heavy seas struck the boats, and nearly upset them. The men were being constantly wet by the waves, and the heat was also excessive, and between the two the men suffered fearfully. They ran short of water, and for four days the crew were placed on short allowance—short, indeed, that when they complained of thirst they could only have their mouths wet. They finally reached Santa Anna, an uninhabited island of sand, and here they were fortunate enough to obtain water. They were also placed on short allowance as regards their provisions, which had run short, and after suffering in this manner for several days, the whole of the eighteen men had to subsist for two days on two small tins of preserved meat. Immediately on touching at Santa Anna two or three of the strongest of the men went to a small village for assistance, and on the following morning five natives, armed with bows and arrows, came to the encampment. They were all armed with large bladed bowie knives, which at first somewhat scared the crew. They were, however, friendly, and piloted them to a village, where they obtained a little food. They at last reached Maranhau, being exactly nine days in their small open boats. On their arrival they were in the most deplorable condition from exhaustion, and had to be treated medically. Four of the men were taken to the hospital, two of them, named Wm. Gordon, of London, Eng., and Gregory Savers, of Venice, dying shortly afterward, while a third named Edward Williams, of London, remained in the hospital in a hopeless condition when the rest of the crew left.

A MUTUAL BUT SERIOUS MISTAKE.

There was a funny encounter, albeit having many unpleasant features to the participants, in a California town—the other day. The *Oakland Tribune* thus describes it:—Two gentlemen were proceeding along San Pablo avenue about eleven o'clock Saturday night when they heard a feeble cry for help proceeding from the vacant space between the avenue and Grove street, this side of the junction. Going to the spot they found a well-dressed white man and a well-dressed Chinaman engaged in a life and death struggle, both covered with blood and nearly exhausted. The Chinaman had scratched all the skin off the white man's face, torn a piece out of his nose, and seriously injured one of his arms. The white man, disabled and nearly exhausted from the loss of blood, was clinging to the Chinaman's queue with a grip of death. When separated each accused the other of having attempted to rob him, and each demanded that the other be arrested. After hearing their story, the police officers concluded that the difficulty grew out of a mutual misunderstanding, and allowed the parties to go. They said they had been fighting more than a quarter of an hour. Nearly a quarter of an acre of ground where they fought was torn up as if a ball fight had taken place on the premises.

JUDGE KEOGH.

AN ENGLISH JOURNAL WANTS TO KNOW WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH HIM.

A London journal, the *Refuge*, writes thus of Judge Keogh, in reference to the fearful assault that he made on his valet:— "What is going to be done with Mr. Justice Keogh? Is he, because he is a judge, to commit murderous assaults with impunity? Why is he not in custody? Why have not the Irish authorities investigated the matter? Why have not the English authorities taken it up? 'He is insane,' you answer. How do you know that? His friend says so. Good! but hundreds of people who commit crimes are insane! Friendliness, who stole Suggden's jewels, is undoubtedly insane, but not being a judge is at present in prison awaiting his trial. This is a serious question. I am sorry for Keogh, and if he is proved insane he shall have my best sympathy; but I object to his front consulting himself and his judge to jury in this case. His next move may be to clump me over the head, or to smash my windows; he may kick Lord Beaconsfield, insult the Queen of the Belgians, and walk quietly away whistling. 'You mustn't touch me; I'm mad, you know.' Think this over. Doolittle, a poor, friendly clergyman, is imprisoned, and sentenced to confinement, practically for the firing of a leadless pistol. Keogh, a judge, tries to murder a servant, and we are assured that he is 'progressing favorably, and it is hoped with care he will speedily recover.'"

The London *Telegraph* says a circular, signed by all the Scotch banks, has been issued announcing that the City of Glasgow Bank will not open its doors on Wednesday, and will cease to issue notes. In order to lessen inconvenience to the public, other Scotch banks will accept the notes as usual. The City of Glasgow Bank has a paid up capital of one million pounds.

Mr. Armstrong, J. P., of Kirkfield, Ont., while out shooting on Saturday last, had his arm badly wounded by the accidental discharge of his gun. The arm had to be amputated close to his shoulder.

HIS HAIR TURNED WHITE.

A TERRIBLE STORY OF THE PETERSBURG CRATER—HOW TWO CONFEDERATES WERE BURIED ALIVE AND THE STRANGE EFFECT THE EXPERIENCE HAD ON ONE OF THEM.

When Grant sprang the "mine," or "blow-up," as many call it, in front of Petersburg, Va., at twilight on the morning of the 30th of July, 1864, the point immediately over it was occupied by a Virginia battery. In one of the bomb-proofs on the extreme right of Eighteenth South Carolina Volunteers, and just to the left of the mine, Lieut. Willard Hill, Company E, and Sergeant Greer, Company A, Eighteenth South Carolina Volunteers, having been relieved from duty an hour before were sleeping. The first they realized of it was the shock,

and then a consciousness that the mine had been sprung and that they had been buried. How deep they could not imagine. Their first impulse was a deep, indescribable despair—heart-sickening, heart-rending, hopeless, that left them almost powerless for a time. But what could they do? They had nothing to dig out with but a bayonet that Sergeant Greer had in his belt, and there was but a canteen of water in the cell. But what was going on above them? Simultaneous with the deaf, dead sound and quiver of the earth there arose in the air a cloud of dust and smoke, and timbers, men and muskets, and all manner of shapes and fragments were flying in every direction—and then for a moment a stillness—and it seemed as if every cannon on the whole Federal line was turned back upon our lines. Shells shrieked through the air, musket-balls and fragments of shell fell in every direction, blowing up the earth and cutting off limbs from the few trees that the relentless hand of war had spared.

Then came the charge. High above all the confusion and smoke and dust and the groans of the wounded could be heard the battle cry of the Federal, and the words of encouragement of gallant officers—the few that are left of the Eighteenth and Twenty-second South Carolina Volunteers, and of those Virginians whose battery was

BURIED IN A COMMON GRAVE.

with nearly every soldier who manned it. But the Confederate lines were broken in twain. Federals and negroes had made breastworks of the boulders that were blown up by the explosion. Soon came General Mahone with reinforcements; and after one of the most gallant fights of all the war, he carried the works, and the crater turned to a grave for its captives. I had heard of pools of blood—it was there that I saw them. Then silence reigned, that painful silence which always follows on the battle field after death has held high carnival. Then came the sad duty of counting up the cost. Among the missing are Lieutenant Hill and Sergeant Greer. We left them in their almost living grave; Greer dug with his bayonet, while Hill passed back the dirt with all the desperation of despair. They hear not, heed not the battle that is raging above them, but toil on. Often how would spring up in their hearts to give way only to despair. Hill has often told me how, when he awoke to a consciousness of his condition, the thoughts that flashed through his brain like lightning; how he thought if he could only see one ray of light, or breathe the fresh air again; that if he could only let his wife know how and where he died, that death would be a relief to him. Almost suffocated for want of fresh air, they worked on at last it seemed to them that someone had brushed them; they had dug through the boulders, and the light burst upon them. They both, overcome with the sudden transition from their suffering and despair to light and hope, fainted. How long they remained there they knew not. When they awoke from their swoon, the first sound that broke on their ears was the dash of arms, and the quick rolling roar of the battle as it raged around and above. Almost in stupor, trying to realize that they could again see the light of Heaven, and hear the voice of a living creature, they lay still until they recovered their minds enough to know what was going on. Hill told me that when he awoke he knew and realized that it was a battle, the sound was

THE SWEETEST MUSIC

that had ever greeted his ears. At last the cry of victory rose high above everything else. They knew that somebody was vanquished, and that somebody was victor, who, they knew not. They emerged from their awful torments, wore iron bodies, and with limbs almost crazed. They knew not how long they had been there; they did not even know their old comrades. Nor could they realize that it was the same day that they were buried.

They were brought back to meet at the field hospital, more dead than alive, for strange as it may seem they were the most sadly changed men that I ever beheld. Both were fine-looking soldiers before; now they were weak, with sunken cheeks and eyes. Lieut. Hill, whose hair twenty-four hours before was black, without a single grey hair in it (as he was only thirty years old) was almost as white as snow. Whether it turned from horror at his condition, or the deathly heat of his subterranean bed, or both, I do not pretend to say. I simply give the facts, not as I heard, but as I saw, them, and he still lives to verify that this is no romance. HUGH TOLAND, M. D.

Scandal-mongers can learn a lesson from the story told of a woman who freely used her tongue to the scandal of what she had done. He gave her a ripe thistle-top, and told her to go in various directions to scatter the seed one by one. Wondering at the penance, she obeyed, and then returned and told her confessor. To her amazement he bade her go back and gather the scattered seeds; and she objected that it would be impossible; he replied that it would be still more difficult to gather up and destroy all the evil reports she had circulated about others. Any thoughtless, careless child can scatter a handful of thistle seeds before the wind in a moment, but the strongest and wisest man cannot gather them again. So the slanderer may scatter seeds of discord that no effort can remove, and the grave can scarcely cover.

The Catholic Episcopate in 1878.

The number of bishops in the Catholic Church in the year 1878 is 1,117. Of these prelates two were created by Pope Leo XII.—namely, Dr. MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam, who was promoted the 8th of March 1825, and Monsignor d'Argenteau, a Belgian, created Archbishop of Tyre in *partibus infidelium* the 2d of October, 1826. Seventy-seven bishops are still alive who were appointed by Gregory XVI., and 1,028 bishops who were appointed by Pius IX. Thirty bishops were created by the reigning Pontiff, Leo XIII. The prelates pertaining to religious orders are 251, including nine cardinals, two patriarchs, forty-seven archbishops, and 194 bishops. The Franciscans have forty-three prelates; the Dominicans, twenty-eight; the Benedictines, twenty-four; the Augustinians and Conventuals, sixteen. The Paris Society of Missions has twenty-four and the Capuchins twenty bishops. The Oblates of Mary have twelve, the Carmelites eight, and the Redemptorists seven. Other congregations have a smaller number of prelates.—N. F. Todd.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD,

Published every Friday morning at 388 Richmond Street, opposite City Hall, London, Ont.

Annual subscription..... \$2 00 Semi-annual..... 1 00

RATES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

Ten cents per line for first, and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Advertisements measured in nonpareil type 12 lines to an inch.

Contract advertisements for three, six or twelve months, special terms. All advertisements should be handed in not later than Thursday morning.

We solicit and shall at all times be pleased to receive contributions on subjects of interest to our readers and Catholics generally, which will be inserted when not in conflict with our own views as to their conformity in this respect.

All communications should be addressed to the undersigned accompanied by the full name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

WALTER LOCKE, PUBLISHER, 388 Richmond Street, London, Ont.

The Catholic Record

LONDON, FRIDAY, OCT. 4, 1878.

TO OUR PATRONS.

As to-day we issue the first number of the CATHOLIC RECORD, it is but fit that we should begin by thanking all who have kindly encouraged us in our proposed enterprise, either by subscribing for our journal, or by recommending it to others.

The letter with which His Lordship the Right Reverend Bishop of London has favored us, and the extract from his Pastoral, which is published in our Prospectus, show the importance of good Catholic newspapers, and that they ought to be received in every Catholic family.

Our faith teaches us that the purpose of God in creating and redeeming us is that our whole life should be devoted to His service. Hence, while our mundane condition obliges us to attend to secular matters, the great end of man on earth, that we should know and serve God faithfully, ought never to be left out of sight.

Were we required to requite these immeasurable sacrifices in silver and gold, lukewarmness might be regarded as a simple manifestation of old Adam—i. e., a selfish regard for our own pockets. But what are the facts? Hundreds of thousands of saintly men and spotless women are in all quarters of the world engaged in this service whose only expected reward is the salvation to the Church, and triumphant resurrection of its children's children, the sole aim of each one of these devoted lives being to induce Catholic parents to give their children Catholic education.

The importance of a good Catholic newspaper in a Catholic community cannot easily be over-estimated. There are excellent newspapers of this kind published in other cities of America and Europe, but the want of one such has long been felt for the important dioceses of Western Ontario.

A truly Catholic newspaper is wanted which will be independent in politics; one which will give the local Catholic news of the West, while not neglecting the general news of the world, and this want the CATHOLIC RECORD is intended to supply.

We cordially invite correspondence on interesting local matters, from all the parishes of the Dominion. We shall be especially thankful to those who furnish us with well-written articles on the current topics of the day; still, any correspondents who feel that they can give us the facts in regard to any interesting occurrence, will put us under an obligation of thankfulness by sending us the bare facts, and we can ourselves put them into a form suitable to our columns.

THE IMPORTANCE OF CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

Dating from the inception of the great schism or apostasy, falsely named the Reformation, the Catholic Church has in every clime sought to so ground its children, and particularly those whose minds had not yet matured, in the principles of their holy religion that even contact with its enemies and the exponents of their pernicious tenets could not shake the foundations of their faith.

The devotion of many thousands of lives and great intellects to a work which can in no case yield any remuneration on this side of the grave, the abnegation by a large fraction of humanity of all the physical enjoyments which are commonly considered essentials of life, the severing of all the ties which naturally link them to friends and kindred, for the sole purpose of rescuing a few of their brethren from that ignorance which, in its practical results, too often involves spiritual as well as temporal destruction, surely merits some recognition at our hands.

As the sapling is bent, so will it grow, or the some remnant of its early inclination may only remain in after years, there will inevitably for the term of its life, be leaning in the direction of its early course and the trace of its early training.

It will be noticed by our prospectus that we promised a paper of forty-eight columns. We hope our friends will not be under the impression that we have deceived them in this regard. We could have given forty-eight columns on the sheet we publish; but on consideration we have decided to make the columns about three-eighths of an inch wider, and give only five instead of six to the page.

the Almighty on those entrusted with the care and training of the young. In too many cases parents, who otherwise conform to all the requirements of the church, deem that they have done their whole duty by their offspring when they have fed and clothed them, and at the proper age obliged them to attend mass weekly and approach the sacraments at intervals. And in the case of those who realize that in the present age the man who is without education is apt to be at the heel of the hunt, it too often happens that they hug the flattering unctious to their souls, that in view of their weekly attendance at their own church and occasional reception of the sacraments, it matters but little what school their children attend.

And then forsooth when these children eventuate as ingrates and drunkards, addicted to every form of depravity and mayhap, personally abuse and assault, even the authors of their being, the lamentation is—"After doing all I could, bearing the pains of labor or the toil of many days this is my return." The anguish is genuine! The tears spring from the deepest font of a wounded heart.

After this admittedly long preamble we approach its natural sequence and our object in discussing this question. The necessity for Catholic Education. Parents fail not in the performance of this duty as you hope to meet your children in heaven! Fail not in this duty, as you rely on the aid of your offspring in the winter of your lives when all other resources fail! Fail not in this duty, as you trust yourselves to eventually attain that communion with the saints a belief in which you express at your nightly prayers!

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

It will be noticed by our prospectus that we promised a paper of forty-eight columns. We hope our friends will not be under the impression that we have deceived them in this regard. We could have given forty-eight columns on the sheet we publish; but on consideration we have decided to make the columns about three-eighths of an inch wider, and give only five instead of six to the page.

MIXED MARRIAGES.

"The evil of mixed marriages was never more painfully illustrated than it has been within the last few days by the decision of Sir Richard Malins, the vice-Chancellor, in regard to the case of Mr. and Mrs. Agar Ellis. That decision was in favor of the right of the Protestant husband to change his mind, whenever he so pleased, as to the religion in which his child or children should be brought up; although, as in this very instance, prior to his marriage he had deliberately, formally, and solemnly pledged himself to have whatever children might be born to him as the fruits of that marriage brought up in the Catholic religion, that being the religion of his wife.

It is one of the difficulties that the Church has to contend with in Canada, that some of her own children are not sufficiently impressed with the importance of obeying implicitly and devotedly the laws, and even the recommendations of their Mother the Church, established by Christ for the express purpose of pointing out to us the path to Heaven.

From these premises it is clear that indifference to our divine faith, or that lukewarmness which puts it on a par, or nearly so, with modern sects, is a most dangerous error. As reasonably may truth be compared with falsehood, or the light of the sun at noon with the darkness of midnight.

In the case of mixed marriages there is nearly always this error lurking in the mind of the Catholic party, or else a gross negligence of the obligation of parents to their children. Since religion is of such paramount importance, proper provision ought always to be made by parents for the religious education of their children. This provision is usually neglected when one of the parents is a non-Catholic, for even if the latter has made all the promises which the Church requires, permitting the Catholic parent to give the children a Catholic training, still the example of the non-Catholic parent, as well as the moral influence the latter will naturally exercise, sometimes directly, always at least indirectly, over his or her own children, will tend to produce a certain amount of indifference to truth in them, and will

be very prejudicial to their true interests. This being the case even when a Catholic education is given to the children, how much greater does the danger become when mixed marriages are entered upon without the solemn promises required by the Church being made by the non-Catholic, or when the promises have been made only to be broken? And yet experience shows that these promises are often violated as they were by Mr. Agar Ellis, who, according to the extract above cited from the Weekly Register, violated the promises made when he married the Hon. Miss Stonor.

A case of mixed marriage, not unlike that of Mr. Agar Ellis, occurred not long ago under circumstances which brought it prominently under the notice of the Canadian public within the last few months. A Mr. K., a Protestant, a native of Dundee, Scotland, was married a Catholic lady by the celebrated Dr. Keenan, author of the well-known Controversial Catechism, which is in the libraries of many of our Catholic readers. Their marriage took place about 27 years ago, and as Rev. Dr. Keenan certainly knew his duties as pastor, we cannot doubt he required all the conditions to be fulfilled which were required by the Canons of the Catholic Church.

The story commences, entitled seen, written by tionsally one of the writers that the current century might appear from stance that its taken from ancient of antiquarian labor abounding dent, the fortunate by the chief ones last. The reader sufferings and he tians of the early tion, will rise from with the livelies made and deaths religion's sake; of ancient eccles be more powerful the sublime forti to the will of Go of the early Ch beautifully port the great and should fail to re ning, having on necessarily rath for the first few repaid by the int and is fully sust

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Mixed marriages, then, are exceedingly dangerous to religion. But not only are they dangerous to the religion of the children; the same reasons which we have adduced show their danger even to the Catholic parent; for if the example of the Protestant parent leads to indifference in the children, will it not likewise have a similar effect upon the Catholic parent? Any of our readers need only recall to mind the cases of mixed marriages

which have come and they will find Catholic parties th ful to religion, ma been so led away husbands or wives faith altogether, only when the par the Church, and h vision for the Cath dren, but even wh contracted before gagements require made. Frail hum and there is no ter to the evil of relig example of a husb tant sharer of on ought by his or h with affection ar Church therefore marriages, as a r conditions she t without the disp authority of grant sometimes delega limited number of

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THE ACADEMY OF THE SACRED HEART.—In another column will be seen the advertisement of this institution. The Sacred Heart Academy in this city is one of the finest and most successful educational establishments in America, as it imparts to the young ladies who study there a first-class education, and while secular studies are carefully attended to, the moral and religious training of the pupils is especially cared for. The situation of the Academy is one of the finest in the city, and is fitted up with all the latest improvements in heating and lighting, and they are attached to the institution a delightful grove in which the pupils can spend their hours of recreation. The charges for tuition are exceedingly low so as to be within reach of families of moderate means. We recommend strongly to parents to send their girls to this Academy where they will receive so excellent a training both in secular and religious branches of study.

In view of the fact that at the hour of going to press the Western Fair is but fairly under way, we defer reporting on exhibits &c. until next week, when our readers will receive the benefit of our observations.

RATTLESLAKE NATURE.

SOME INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS THAT NECESSITATED THE SACRIFICE OF THIRTY LIVES.

Prof. Piper was in Indianapolis week before last, and by the courtesy of Dr. L. R. Hayes he was invited to witness a series of experiments made by the Doctor, with a view to studying the effect of snake poison upon the blood and tissues of the animal system. Of course, this involves a long and patient use of the microscope.

Dr. Hayes had a fine rattlesnake about eleven years old, and three and a half or four feet long, confined in a cage of woven wire. One object of his experiments was to note the effects of the poison with reference to its use as a remedial agent in certain cases of disease.

Some thirty animals were used by Dr. Hayes in his experiments. The animals were rats, hens, pigeons and rabbits. They lived varying periods after being bitten, not following in any regular sequence of time, as is generally believed. One rat died in eight minutes, one in twelve, and the next rat lived twenty-seven hours, the next one surviving twenty hours. A pigeon died in seventy-five minutes. A hen, which was struck three times, lived for three days in a stupor condition, and finally recovered. This was a regular snake, and was not a rattlesnake. She showed fight and drew blood from the snake. The symptoms were labored breathing, paralysis of the hind extremities in the quadrupeds, and absence of blood in the extremities. After death the hearts were found gored with blood in a fluid state. This non-regulation of blood in these cases might not be due to the poison, Professor Piper has often met with the same fact in cases of death from operations, accidents and violence, both in human beings and animals. The authorities mention similar cases. Professor Piper was inclined to attribute the non-regulation of the blood to fright or excitement just before death. This he thought, perhaps, explained the old trial for murder by the ordeal of touch. According to this ordeal the suspected person was compelled to touch the body of the victim, and if the blood flowed from wounds it was regarded as a verdict against the accused. If the blood in the victim of murder was not conglutinated a very slight touch would make it flow even more freely than water. Dr. Piper said the rattlesnake appeared capable of striking from several different positions, according as it suited his convenience, but when about to strike there were always two lateral curves of the body, one backward and one forward. The rattlesnake springs only two-thirds of its own length.

As to the remedy for the bite of the rattlesnake Professor Piper had not paid particular attention to the matter, but a physician in Western Pennsylvania assured him that whiskey was a specific. In this case a bite from the serpent of the still proved the antidote for a bite from the other serpent. Similia similibus curantur. This Pennsylvania doctor told him that he treated twenty or thirty persons a year for rattlesnake bites, and the bites rarely proved fatal when whiskey was in season. In one case, a man reaching for a piece of bark and was struck by a snake coiled under the bark and died in two hours. No remedy was applied. This man was struck in the neck. The rattlesnake always strikes at the neck, or as high up as he can get. In the experiments at Indianapolis every animal put into the snake's cage was struck on the neck except one, that received the fatal blow immediately over the eye. The snake's fang makes a very small wound, and but little blood escapes. Inflammation sets in at once. The animal struck seems to suffer very little pain, but to be rather in a stupefied condition. Human beings are said to suffer acute pain from the wound. It is not known whether or not the rattlesnake poisons the animal that it desires for food, but it is known that it can swallow its own poison with impunity. It is said also that a human being may swallow rattlesnake poison with perfect safety if there be no wound about the mouth.

There is one animal that appears to be invulnerable, so far as the rattlesnake is concerned, and that is the hog. The hog not only appears proof against the rattlesnake's bite, but it cherishes feelings of the bitterest hostility against all snakes, innocent and poisonous, and destroys them with eagerness. This fact suggests a course of theological questions. Was it St. Patrick or the numerous hogs of the peasantry that cleared Ireland of snakes? The Scriptures relate that on one occasion several millions of the devil, that old serpent, as he is sometimes called, induced a lot of hogs to run violently down a steep place into the lake and drown themselves, and the question arises whether this is not the origin of the swinish enmity to serpents.

These matters, however, were not suggested by Prof. Piper; they are interpolations.

During the Indianapolis experiments Prof. Piper tried to get an idea of the method in which the snake struck, but it was impossible. The snake's motion was so rapid that no eye could follow it. Lightning was not more sudden in its movements.

Dr. Hayes cut off the points of the teeth of a large rat that he put into the cage lest the snake should be rendered incapable of performing any more experiments. The rat tried to keep away from the snake, but the rat felt that his promises were invaded, and struck at the rat. The latter, partially disarmed as he was, at once turned around and made a sturdy fight for a few seconds. He bit the snake, and the snake struck him three or four times. At last he felt the effects of the poison, and walked off as from the snake as he could get. He lived for twenty-seven hours after this.

The dove showed no signs of fear of the snake, and showed no signs of suffering after being struck. Nor, in fact, did the wound seem to have any effect on the bird for a time. About an hour after the wound was made the bird's breathing was short and hard. This was the first symptom of poisoning, and in fifteen minutes more the bird was dead.

CHIPS AND CHUNKS OF HUMOR.

The ladies give, as a reason for marrying for money, that they now seldom find anything else in a man worth having.

A husband of six months experience gives it as his opinion that wedding rings should be re-christened a fer-rings. His wife says she came to the same conclusion before she had been married two months.

The next person who sends a poem on "the Autumn Leaves" to this office will be publicly exposed. People haven't got sense enough to know that the autumn leaves are in winter. How's that?

"Why does lightning so rarely strike twice in the same place?" Professor Wortman asked the new boy as little as possible in natural philosophy. "Huh!" said the boy, "it never needs to." And is a little singular that nobody had thought of that reason before.

Ira Lewis, the Grace Darling of America, has a baby. The way in which she rescues it from drowning in its wash-tub is one of those sights which make one long for the time when down-trodden woman shall pool her woes in the full view of tyranny and oppression.

An elderly Scotch woman went one day to an apothecary's shop with a prescription for two grains of colic for a child. Seeing the druggist weigh the medicine with scrupulous exactness, and not thinking he did this from anxiety not to get an overdose, but from his penuriousness or desire to give as little as possible for the money, she said, "Dinna be sae mean wi' man; it's for a pair fatherless bairn."

Patrick Malloy, a well-known political aspirant, was found by his friend in a saloon the other day, looking very disconsolate and beery. "Why, Pat, what's the matter? You look as blue as a toad under a harrow." "Faith and ye've good reason to be. We've had twins in the family, and they're both born politicians. They are alternates, and work the ward lively. One yells all day and the other yells all night, and, begorra, between the two I haven't slept a wink for the last ten days."

John Banks, a yardman in the employ of the Grand Trunk Railway, was killed at Stratford, on September 20. He was about turning the wheel when his foot caught in a frog. An engine backing up towards him threw him down and ran over him. His head was smashed to a jelly, and several of his ribs were broken. He was much respected by his fellow-employees for his general qualities, and was a member of the Catholic choir. An inquest was held on the following day.

Job, the good man of the Bible, who, as everybody knows, kept a second-hand clothing store in Jerusalem, was generally supposed to be a patient man. One day a stranger called in and asked to look at some ulsters. Job showed him one of the nicest kind, with pockets in the sleeves and silver buckles. The man hinted that the coat was not all wool, but Job simply smiled. And even when he said something about a bad fit and pockets being out of style, Job didn't get mad. But when the stranger insinuated that the buckles were plated, and that the whole affair was a fetch about a dollar and a half, then Job didn't smile for a cent, but rose up and made a place on that man's forehead for a first-class blow.

A medical practitioner had as a patient an elderly man who was sadly afflicted with deafness. One prescription after another had been given but still the patient was shut out from his fellow-man by want of hearing. In these circumstances his wife called at the house of a physician and said, "I've just come to you because my husband is deaf, but the doctor says he can't do anything for him. I can't see how you can help him. I'm sure you can't do anything for him, but I dare say it matters little whether or no, for really there's naughting gain the noo that's worth the hearing."

In a remote part of Scotland, a dealer in fish used to drive his cart a considerable way inland, on one occasion, when passing through a small hamlet, where although there had long been a resident schoolmaster, the knowledge of the inhabitants was not very extensive, he dropped a lobster. Some children picked it up, and wondering what the strange creature was, they took it to the village blacksmith, who had a reputation for superior learning. On seeing it, Vulcan, who was an old man, put on his spectacles, and turning it over and over, examined it carefully. After he had finished a most minute examination of all its parts, he said, "Weel, I knee naught of the animal's creation; I may say I ken them a' except twa, and these twa I ken naught. The twa I mean are an elephant and a turtle dove, so this, I am sure must be one o' the twa."

NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES.

Mrs. Lincoln, of Boston, has two tame lions—great, tawny, handsome beasts, about two years and a half old. She took them when they were first born, and has brought them up as household pets. Until very lately they were in her parlor, and went about the house as freely as a dog and a cat, but the city authorities requested that they should be kept under some restraint. They now live in a room back of the parlor, and opening into it by a grated door, which is said to be strong, but which is often open, as Mrs. Lincoln goes in and out of the room, playing with the lions, petting them, and making them do their tricks. "When I saw them," says the correspondent of the Worcester Spy, "Willy, as the lion is called, was eating his breakfast, and did not like to be disturbed. However, at Mrs. Lincoln's command, he stretched up his hind paws, to show how big he was, rolled over, and did other infantile tricks. Mrs. Lincoln then opened a window, and window, and called pleasantly, "Martha, little girl, come here," and up trotted the lioness, who was taking her morning walk in the narrow way. Both lions kissed Mrs. Lincoln, and she had no fear of them. They seem to be her thoroughly tame, in spite of their hearty diet of raw meat, that she cannot understand how any visitor can be afraid."

RAMMING A CROQUET Mallet DOWN A COW'S THROAT.

A few nights since an employee of a Manchester, N. H., gentleman went to a field where a highly prized cow is kept, to milk the bovine. Upon reaching the pasture it was found that the beast had partially swallowed a hard Baldwin apple, which she could neither eject from a spot in her throat nor swallow. The cow was frothing at the mouth and apparently suffering great agony. The assistance of two workmen in a field nearby was secured, and the trio then commenced a series of experiments for the removal of the apple. At first each tried to work the apple up and down with the hand, but this failed. They then tried to loosen it by striking this cow in the throat with a rubber hose and a croquet mallet; this also failed. The next move was to take a small bunch of an apple tree, cleanly trimmed, and tie a piece of cloth around the large end, and push it down her throat. This plan was tried several times, but like all the others, it was of no avail. What method to adopt next was, for a moment, unknown. Finally one suggested that the handle of the croquet mallet be rammed down the cow's throat. It was done, and no relief was afforded the suffering beast. As her case was every moment growing worse, and the chances for her recovery less, as a last resort, two of the men held up the cow's head and the third took the croquet mallet and showed the handle deep her throat to the end. He then worked it up and down like a trombone, until he succeeded in pushing the apple down into her stomach. The beast then breathed easier, and the three surgeons pronounced her out of danger. It was a novel treatment, but the cow went to eating meal in three minutes after the Baldwin disappeared, so it might be called a successful one.

Times When People Should Inter and Times When they Shouldn't.

(From the Austin Revue.)

He slipped into an ice-cream saloon very softly, and when the girl asked him what he wanted he replied:—

"Corn beef, fried potatoes, pickles and mince pie."

"This is not a restaurant; this is an ice-cream parlor," she said.

"Then why did you ask me what I wanted for? Why didn't you bring on your ice-cream?"

She went after it, and as she returned he continued:—

"You see, my dear girl, you must infer—no matter how. It isn't likely that I would come into an ice-cream parlor to buy a grid-iron, is it? You didn't think I came here to ask if you had any lard, did you?"

She looked at him in great surprise, and he went on:—

"If I owned a hardware store, and you came in, I would infer that you came in my line. I wouldn't step out and ask you if you wanted to buy a mule, would I?"

He went away highly indignant. An old lady was devouring a slice of ice-cream at the next table, and the stranger, after watching her for a moment, called out to:—

"My dear woman, have you found any hairs or buttons in your dish?"

"Mercy, no!" she exclaimed, as she wheeled around and dropped her spoon.

"Well, I'm glad of it," he continued. "If you find any just let me know."

She looked at him for half a minute, picked up the spoon, laid it down again, and then up and left the room. She must have said something to the proprietor, for he came running in and exclaimed:—

"Did you tell that woman that there were hairs and buttons in my ice-cream?"

"No, sir."

"You didn't?"

"No, sir, I did not; I merely requested her, in case she found any such ingredients, to inform me."

"Well, sir, that was a mean trick."

"My dear sir," said the stranger, smiling softly, "did you expect me to ask the woman if she had found a crowbar or a sledge-hammer in her cream? It is impossible, sir, for such articles to be hidden away in such small dishes."

The proprietor went away growling, and as the stranger quietly slipped away at his cream two young ladies came in, sat down near him, and ordered cream and cakes. He waited until they had eaten a little, and then remarked:—

"My kind friend, had you observed anything peculiar in the taste of this milk?"

They tasted, snatched their lips, and were not certain.

"Does it taste to you as if a plug of tobacco had fallen into the freezer?" he asked.

"Bye-gone, ladies, but do you observe anything peculiar in the taste of this milk?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"See here, what in blazes are you talking about?" he demanded. "What do you mean by plug tobacco?"

"My kind friend, I asked the ladies if this cream tasted of plug tobacco. I don't taste any such taste, and I don't believe you use a bit of tobacco in it."

"Well, you don't want to talk that way around here," continued the proprietor. "My ice-cream is pure, and the man who says it isn't tells a bold lie."

He went away again, and a woman with a long neck and a sad face sat down, and said to the girl that she would take a small dish of lemon ice.

"All! kish!" they exclaimed, dropping their spoons and trying to spit out what they had eaten. Both rushed out, and it wasn't long before the proprietor rushed in.

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HOUSEWIVES COLUMN.

TO CLEAN CARPETS.—A solution of ammonia and water, lukewarm, will if well rubbed in carpets, take out all stains; take one part of ammonia, three of water.

TOMATO SOUP.—Take six large tomatoes, boil till one point of water until done; then put them on the stove and stir in one quart of milk, and season with plenty of butter, pepper and salt. Let it come to a boil, when it is ready for use. We think it the next thing to oyster soup.

TOMATO CHOW-CHOW.—Six large ripe tomatoes, one large onion, one green pepper, one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, one pint of vinegar; peel and cut fine the tomatoes, chop fine the onion and pepper; add salt, sugar, and vinegar; stew gently one hour.

Every parent is like a looking-glass for his children to dress themselves by. Therefore, parents should take care to keep the glass bright and clean, and not dull and spotted, as their good example is an inheritance for the rising generation.

TO CLEAN BLACK LACE.—Take the lace and wipe off all the dust carefully with a cambric handkerchief, then pin it to a board, inserting a pin in each projecting point of lace, wash it all over with table-lin, and do not remove the pins until it is perfectly dry. It will look fresh and new.

EGGS AND OYSTER OMELET.—Beat up four eggs and season to suit the taste; chop up six large oysters; make a batter of half a cup of flour and half a pint of milk; mix the whole together, stir well and fry slowly.

FRIED POTATOES.—Peel, wash, and slice them raw, dry in a napkin; have pan of hot lard, and put in a few at a time and fry a light brown, sprinkle with salt, and turn with a fork, take out with a wire spoon, and put in a dish and set in the oven until all are cooked. To be eaten either hot or cold.

CABBAGE SALAD.—Shave a hard, white cabbage into small strips take the yolks of four well beaten eggs, a cup and a half of good cider vinegar, two teaspoonfuls of thick cream, one teaspoonful of mustard mixed in a little boiling water, salt and pepper to suit the taste. Mix all but the eggs together and let it boil; then stir in the eggs, rapidly turn the cabbage into the mixture, and stir well. Make enough for two days at once, and it keeps perfectly, and is an excellent relish for all kinds of meat.

This being peak season the following can be tried by omitting half a cup, with which to moisten two teaspoonfuls of corn starch; when the quart boils add the corn starch, stir constantly till thick, then remove from the fire; add one spoonful of butter, and allow the mixture to cool; then beat in the yolks of three eggs till the mixture seems light and creamy; add half a cup of powdered sugar. Cover the bottom of a well buttered baking dish with two or three layers of rich, juicy peaches, pears, lard and stoned; sprinkle over three spoonfuls powdered sugar; pour over the custard carefully, and bake twenty minutes; then spread with the light beaten whites, well sweetened, and return to the oven till brown. To be eaten warm with rich sauce, or cold with sweetened cream.

Waiting the Auspicious Moment.

Every night he visited the revival meeting at the First Presbyterian Church, and looked intently up at the rostrum as if drinking in every word that the evangelist said. Friday night, the minister, seeing his earnestness, said to him:—

"My friend, are you a Christian?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"You seem to be always looking towards the rostrum with great earnestness. I hope an interest has been awakened in your heart."

"I am just waiting to see what man up there in the choir with the blonde mustache and projecting teeth will decide to do."

"Ah, my dear sir," said the pastor, "you must not wait till your friends come to Christ. You must act for yourself. You must embrace your Saviour whether anyone else does or not."

"Oh, that ain't it. You see that man always gets right every revival, and I am just kin' low for him to come forward and say that he has had a change of heart, so that I can stand at the door when he comes out and ask him to pay me that \$10 he owes me before he has a chance to backslide."

The minister turned sadly away.

A Dream That Was Literally Verified.

There are many well-authenticated cases in ancient and modern times of dreams being realized cannot be denied by any reasonable person. The connection between the dream and the verification of it is, however, a mystery which is unsolved, and is likely to remain so. A story comes from Australia which has the advantage of being vouched for by private letters received by the same mail. The son of a gentleman emigrant in Queensland was appointed to a clerkship in a bank at Brisbane. It was part of his duty to collect money in outlying places, and deposit it at the head office at Brisbane. On one of these occasions he received a considerable amount in gold and checks. These he placed as usual in the iron safe, in the presence of two or three of his fellow clerks. Having to meet some members of his family in the town, he then left the bank to join them, and did not return until the following morning. On again opening the safe he made the discovery that the whole of the gold had been stolen. No suspicion was attached to him, and the matter was placed in the hands of the police. The young man's friends were, however, much distressed at the circumstance, and some months afterwards his father dreamed that the stolen money was buried in the Botanical Gardens at Brisbane. He thought he saw the exact place, which he recognized from having frequently visited the gardens. The reality of the impression produced by the dream had such an effect upon him that he was persuaded of the necessity of communicating with the bank. He delayed doing so several days; but, finding the mental pressure becoming intolerable he made the journey to Brisbane, and was there informed that four days before his arrival one of the other clerks had confessed to the robbery, and that 900 sovereigns out of the 1,300 that had been stolen were found buried in the Botanical Gardens, at the precise spot indicated in the dream.

PUZZLER'S CORNER.



April Be as Merry as You Can.

To the Readers of the CATHOLIC RECORD.—DEAR FRIENDS.—The proprietor of the CATHOLIC RECORD has given us charge of a corner in the new journal, which will be known as "The Puzzler's Corner." We propose to make this corner both instructive and amusing to many of our readers, and with the help of witty friends who will contribute to it, we are confident that the "Puzzler's Corner" will be not the least welcomed column of the RECORD at many firesides.

We cordially invite riddlers, mathematicians and puzzlers generally to send us, as far as possible, original communications suited to the "corner." Problems, riddles, &c., which appear every week, and will become more interesting as we shall find it requisite in order to meet the wishes of our contributors. To give sufficient time for solutions, the answers will be given in each case, two weeks after the appearance of each problem. Solutions should reach us by the Monday previous to their proposed publication. In every case the real name and address of the contributor should be made known to us; and the solutions should accompany all original problems. Communications intended for this corner should be addressed:—

"PUZZLER,"
CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE,
385 Richmond St., London, Ont.

I ENIGMA.

1. Find the name of a religious order; read backwards and forwards the same.
2. The name of a Hebrew King; read backwards and forwards the same.
3. A legal document; read backwards and forwards the same.
4. A well-known female name; read backwards and forwards the same.
5. A word commanding silence; read backwards and forwards the same.
6. The initials of these express a title addressed respectfully to a lady; read backwards and forwards the same.

The following enigma has appeared before now in print, but as we consider it a good one, we insert it at the request of its author:—

First, let half a circle a straight line meet.
Then on Euclid's plan make a circle complete;
From a low horizontal line, a vertical line, produce two sides of a scalene triangle.
Let a fine make right angles with an upright line,
Then describe with your compass a circle in fine,
These figures made with mathematical care,
Give a most noble method of square.

CHARADE.

My vessel is a bolt, sometimes sweet,
Sometimes exceedingly bitter,
Of the Fenian party, I am the first,
Causes far more of a titter.
My total, a traveller from afar,
While the sages led by the holy star,
Delights to witness the extant traces
Of events that occurred in such places.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEMS.

1. A vessel has three leaks, the first of which would empty it in two days, the second in three days, the third in four days. In what time will it be emptied if all the leaks are open together?

2. My library consists of seven sets of books of three volumes each, five of five volumes, and eight of six volumes. I have five shelves, each of which will hold 22 volumes. How shall I arrange the books so that the volumes of no one work shall be separated from each other?

A POLICEMAN'S PHILOSOPHY.—A policeman having been called upon to shoot a dog in a yard on Brush street yesterday, took a seat on a fence, drew up his legs out of danger, and remarked to himself, as he took aim: "The seat of all vanity is the heart, and here goes." A cow in the lot beyond them threw up her head and went galloping around, and the dog trotted over the yard as if perfectly at home. The officer got a good ready and observed: "The fear of death is often as strongly exhibited in beasts as in man, and their dying agonies have been known to bring tears to the eyes of their executioners." Bang! A woman who was working up an old knot in the alley flung down the axe, put her head over the fence and warned the policeman that she didn't want to be bothered any more, though she wouldn't object to his shooting up in the air if the police regulations required it. "Natural history asserts that the most numerous of all animals are the flies, and that they are subject to fourteen different diseases. I will now take that chap right behind the ear, penetrating skull and brain and causing death in from two to four minutes." The snook had scarcely lifted when a mela peddler, whose horse was coming down the street at a slow pace, rose up in his wagon, and called out: "If you boys don't stop shootin' beams at me I'll wallop the hull crowd, rich ones' and all! That 'ere last one just tickled my nose!" "Natural hist'—?" began the officer, when the dog discovered a hole under a fence and slipped into the street and off. "Natural history," repeated the blue-coat as he dropped off the fence, "explicitly states that dogs must stand still when being shot at, and if I didn't hit him it's the fault of education."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The New Haven Palladium says:—"Miss Lucy A. Osborne, of New-Milford, whose scalp, right ear, and part of the right cheek were torn off in September, 1874, by machinery in which her hair caught, and who has since been at a New York hospital, is now at home. A new scalp has grown upon her head by the grafting thereon of minute bits of skin. The pieces were contributed from the arms of the hospital surgeons. The total number of pieces used in this operation is 12,000. One of the surgeons contributed from his person 1,202 pieces, and another gave 865. The appearance of the scalp now is similar to that of a healed wound. Of course, there can be no growth of hair thereon. The eyes still present a slightly drawn appearance. The wounds of the cheek and ear have been neatly dressed, the former leaving scarcely a scar. In the first of the grafting process bits of skin the size of nickel pieces were employed, but not with good success, and at the suggestion of an English surgeon much smaller pieces were substituted, and with excellent results. Miss Osborne is now 22 years old.

Tried

Lord, may this lead me to
This in love, and
That I will
May my poor
To these
Marking each
Love's offering

Tried and True.

Lord, may this rugged path Lead me to Thee! This is love, not wrath, Thou tryest me, May my poor sudden heart To Thee still cling, Making each wounding dart Love's offering.

Blessed be Thou, O Lord In all Thy ways; Ever be Thou adored, True be all praise, What, though at Thy command, Sorrow should come, I will but kiss the Hand Guiding me Home.

Thy cross didst weigh thee down— Mine let me bear!— Thine was thy crown— Flowers would I wear? No, Lord, I pray with Thee, "Thy will be done!" Thy love is all to me— Make me Thine own!

ELIZA M. V. BELGER, IN AVE MARIA.

OUR SPECIAL IRISH CORRESPONDENCE.

ITEMISED NEWS FROM THE EMERALD ISLE, COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

Dublin, Sept. 22, 1878.

I fear that this the first of my contributions to the CATHOLIC RECORD will reach you too late for publication in the inaugural number as desired, but in that case you will kindly consider that the task assigned to me of collecting news from all points of the island was one which could not be executed on such short notice. And even this, which I have been at great pains to correct to date according to the latest and most authentic information available, is far from being all that I could wish and intend subsequent contributions to be.

Coming to itemization, I find that meagre as my notes seem there is some difficulty in classifying them. Shall I give precedence to the North or South? Well, methinks neither. I will take them as counties, in alphabetical order, so far as my reports extend. From Antrim the only item worth recording is that a Protestant magistrate neglected two prisoners respectively charged with robbing the Pope and King William, the former twenty and the latter ten shillings. There is, therefore, some hope for Antrim yet.

In Clare I am only able to chronicle disaster. At Lahinch a pleasure party composed of two gentlemen and as many ladies, who had embarked in a boat for a pleasure trip, were drowned by a capsizing which owing to the death of all concerned cannot be explained, in view of the fact that the sea was calm at the time.

It is also my painful duty to record a casualty in Ennis, viz.—a fire, resulting in the loss of two lives at the time and prospectively two more, who are gravely injured. The fire occurring at night and the unfortunate people being finding no other alternative but to jump from the second story of the burning house, with the result above stated.

My Cork correspondence epitomized is as follows: Three young ladies, daughters of landed gentry of the county, took the final vows binding them to a celibate and religious life two days since.

It may also be mentioned with great rejoicing is meant that throughout the county over the release of the Fenian prisoners, especially Omeara Condon.

From Down, reports of Orange riots have been received, the occasion, or rather excuse, being a Catholic picnic. Many stones were thrown and some few people injured, among them a constable. At the time of the disturbance was Newry.

In Dublin D. O'Shaughnessy has endeavored to expedite his wife's journey to the happy hunting-ground. A table knife was the insufficient weapon employed to this end.

John Lawlor, less fortunate, fell under the wheels of his own wagon, and death was the result of injuries so sustained.

To complete the chapter of accidents, an unknown man having a large sum of money on his person, and whose name is conjectured to have been Sheridan, saw fit to commit *felo de se* in Coffey's Hotel, on Bridge street, two days since.

My only item from Fermanagh records the death of the Rev. P. J. Keenan, for many years P.P. of the parish of Derrygonally, in that county. The funeral cortege was unusually large.

Galway's sensation is the arrest of a leading railway official, for several years in charge of the terminal station of the Midland & Great Western Railway, on a charge of conversion of property entrusted to him in the service of the railway. The official, Hamilton by name, had been, previous to this affair, held in high estimation by his neighbors.

Kilkenny reports are meagre, in fact, simply chronicle the visit of a Pittsburg, Pa., priest to his birthplace—i. e. Rev. J. Hickey.

In King's County a married woman's sudden death led to investigation which developed poison as a promoting cause. An analysis of the intestines is being made, but in the meantime the police have made no arrests.

From Limerick I learned on the one hand that the Franciscan missionaries are conducting a very successful mission in Fermanagh, and on the other that success has been equally won in another willing instrument in the person of a would-be wife murderer, one Quinn, who is held in the county jail pending the result of injuries inflicted on his spouse with a table-knife in the course of a family quarrel.

The month's mind for the late Bishop of Arlath and Apostolic Delegate of Canada, Mgr. Connors, was celebrated at the Cathedral, at Longford, on the 11th inst. Referring to the obsequies of the lamented prelate a local paper says: "There were priests from nearly every part of Ireland, and there would have been many more had there been a more decided announcement as to the date and time of the obsequies. His own native Diocese of Armagh; his native County of Louth; Dublin, with which he was so intimately connected; Arlath, with which his relationships were necessarily so close and affectionate, all were represented, and all were equally sympathetic in their testimonies of reverence and of sorrow. The procession was closed by their Lordships the Bishop of Galera, the Bishop of St. John's, Newfoundland (who lovingly accompanied the corpse of his friend and fellow prelate on their ocean journey from the western world), the Coadjutor-Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, and His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin. The Most Rev. Dr. McCarthy, Bishop Designate of Kerry, was present in the choir. When His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop had taken his seat upon the Episcopal Throne, the Office of the Dead was recited. At the conclusion of the Office High Mass was celebrated by his Lordship the Bishop of Galera. When the Mass had ended, the absolutions at the catafalque were pronounced by the Coadjutor Bishop of Kildare, the Bishop of St. John's, the Bishop of Galera, the Very Rev. Dean Meagher and the Cardinal Archbishop. The funeral Office took place in the Cathedral of the St. Mel, in Longford, Aug. 20.

On Sept. 5th the town of Milford and neighborhood was thrown into a considerable state of excitement on hearing that the widow Algeo and her two sons, who had been evicted about two years ago by the late Lord Leitrim, had reached Milford from Glasgow, where they have been since the eviction, and took possession of the house formerly occupied by them at Hardin, within a mile of the scene of the

recent murders, and which had only been vacated that morning by John McBride, a bailiff, and caretaker of the place, who had resigned. The entrance was effected by breaking in through one of the back windows. On hearing of the event Captain Dopping, agent to the late Earl of Leitrim, accompanied by a few bailiffs, proceeded to the house and made a formal demand of possession, which was refused. After the eviction Mrs. Algeo obtained about £500 compensation, which, on appeal was reduced to £290 by Judge Battersby.

Of Louth there is little to report this week, save the details of an unfortunate occurrence, resulting in the death of a child, the particulars of which are briefly, that during a recent intense deluge of rain two old thatched cabins fell in at Corry's Hill, Drogheda. It was found that one little girl of six years old, the daughter of the owner, Teresa Gaffrey, had been buried in the ruins. Subsequent search being made amongst the debris, she was taken out dead, having been smothered by the falling roof.

In Mayo the chief topic of interest just now is the prospective election to Parliament of a brother of Mr. Stuart Parnell, the well-known Home Rule member for Meath, the political views of the gentleman being identical.

In Meath, at Culmullen, a new chapel has just been opened with imposing ceremonies conducted by the Most Rev. Dr. McNaught, Bishop of the Diocese, in the presence of a large congregation. The new sacred edifice is one of the handsomest of its style in Ireland, and reflects great credit on those who by their exertions succeeded in all but completing it within the last three years. The style of architecture is Gothic, and the site of the church is on the bend of a road within a mile or two of the village of Dunshinglin, in close proximity to the old parish church.

At the late Roscommon races a dispute occurred between two parties who, chancing to meet subsequently in the suburbs at about midnight, became involved in a row, the result of which was the sustaining of such injuries by one Edward Brady that he has since died from the wounds he received. A young man named Dominic Larkin, who vainly endeavored to save Brady, is lying in the county infirmary in a dangerous state, from a fracture of the head. Four men have been arrested.

Through a friendly correspondent in Tipperary I learn that a strong temperance movement is on foot there. It appears that on the 1st of September, the third Sunday of the mission at Killoscully, in the Archdiocese of Cashel and Emly, Father Smith, of the Order of Franciscans, preached a most effective sermon. The chapel was filled to repletion, and numbers had to remain outside. There were two temperance bands in attendance, which, in the evening, played a series of popular airs, beginning with "God Save Ireland," "Bold Tipperary," and "Garryowen." Every public house in the parish was closed. The young and old of the united parishes of Killoscully and Ballinahinch had rallied around the unfurled banner of temperance, and Sunday closing has been anticipated in these parishes.

The religions of Waterford have to lament the death of Sister Mary Dymphna Raphael Power, aged twenty-three years, who died recently in Goresbridge Convent. The Sister was daughter of Mr. James Power, Broad street, Waterford.

At a recent meeting of the Council, the Town Clerk read a letter from Mgr. Kirby, stating that he had presented to Pope Leo the address and congratulatory of the Council on his accession to the Pontifical throne. His Holiness expressed his deep gratitude, and his appreciation of the attachment of the Catholic municipality of Waterford to the Holy See, and he sent them his Apostolic benediction.

In Wicklow, Matthew Graham was returned to Quarter Sessions for stabbing Charles Doyle, at Anuncura, on the last fair day of Aughrim. The blade passed through the muscular part of the right fore arm, penetrating the skin on both sides. Charles Doyle, a young man, apparently of the farming class, was, in turn, sentenced to two months' imprisonment for an aggravated assault upon a man named Cavanagh.

I shall endeavor in future letters to give the Record a fuller and more comprehensive summary of Irish news, and in the present instance trust to the indulgence of yourself and readers in view of the short notice upon which this letter was written.

J. R. O'M.

OUR MANCHESTER LETTER.

INTERESTING SUMMARY OF CITY IMPROVEMENTS.—TRADE QUESTION.—CONTINUATION OF THE STRIFE BETWEEN LABOR AND CAPITAL.

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

Manchester, England, 15th Sept., 1878.

The fierce gales we have experienced the last few days indicate but too plainly the fine weather we have enjoyed so long is giving way to changeable winter. And what a winter it will be to thousands in this neighborhood! Already the streets are thronged with people idling about, and whose faces and clothes bear the unmistakable marks of poverty. The recent strikes at Lumley and Preston, and the still more recent closing of cotton mills in the immediate neighborhood show at what a low ebb trade is with us. Things are deplorable, although it has been found necessary to run the mills only three or four days a week. This helps the crisis but little, and many of the mill owners have given up business altogether. The operators had a hard struggle against a reduction in their wages of 5 and 10 per cent, yet the result is even yet a loss both to employers and employed. To stop the machinery altogether, it is admitted now, would involve serious loss to mill owners, but though it may be said that the concession in wages made by the operatives reduces the masters' losses, it does not entirely save him; hence the gloomy anticipation we have for the future. All sorts of theories are advanced in a remedial sense. Cease over production, say some, and then prices will improve, while others contend that it is the lessened demand which is the root of all the evil. Cotton goods have been at the lowest possible prices, yet there is no demand for them, and this is owing, without doubt, to the depressed resources of all commercial countries, and in some measures to the war which recently afflicted Europe. There is one thing which our work-people will not admit, and that is that we have lost our hold on many of the foreign markets. They still cherish the idea, but which is thoroughly erroneous, that England need feel no rivalry in the cotton industry. It is a fact that during the past 10 years immense sums have been taken by the United States and the continent of Europe to manufacture for themselves, and not only for themselves but even to cater in markets which we thought exclusively our own. When will our eyes be opened? One of the causes of our present troubles is the reaction consequent on the inflation in our trade, which has recovered until long periods of prosperity have proved that the depression was one only incidental to commerce.

The wonderful growth in wealth of this city during the last half century is very remarkable. The old narrow winding business streets have been gradually disappearing, and good, famously paved thoroughfares have been forced to give way. Amongst the principal streets have been put away grand rooms with immense plate glass windows. And for the warehouses or stores, palaces would be the more correct word to use. If any of your readers remember old Manchester a wonderful transformation would meet their eyes if they were to retrace the old streets of the city. The grand old buildings have been put away for business purposes unequalled. But our newest triumph of this kind is the Town Hall. It is without exception the finest building devoted to municipal purposes in Europe. The style of the architecture is Gothic, and though its shape is remarkable, being triangular, yet it is very striking viewed from every side. The foundation stone was laid in October, 1848, and, though not complete, some of the rooms were not used for business purposes until July, 1875. It may interest some of your readers to learn that the first guest officially received in the new building was General Grant, to whom the new Council presented an address in May, 1877, and he was the first to occupy the bed-rooms set apart for distinguished visitors. The formal inauguration of the building was made in September, 1877, to which it was expected the Queen would come, but neither she nor any member of the Royal Family graced the proceedings with their Royal presence. The interior of the Town Hall is very interesting for want of orders, and the view is strikingly varied by its circular staircases which are very fine, and from which excellent views of the interior are obtained. The public hall, the council chamber and the reception rooms are not only worthy of such a building but are splendid in their decorations. All the offices connected with the city are now found in the basement. The cells where they be for gas, water, health, building, sanitary, nuisance, scavenging or markets, paving and highways, lamps department, or lackney coach committees. The town clerk, too, has his offices, as also the city treasurer, while the chief constable has a central room above easily reached from all sides. The cells and police parade are in the basement. Other offices connected with the city are provided for in this building which, though it has cost the ratepayers more than they care to mention, yet is complete in every way for the requirements of the city, and is to all intents and purposes a model building for a Town Hall. The opening ceremonies were carried out with great magnificence; the trades people and police parade are in the basement. As Manchester is deservedly called a musical city we have not failed to place in the large hall an organ made by the greatest of French organ builders, and which combines all the latest improvements and appliances. A series of organ recitals are given by the best local and other organists whose efforts are all appreciated by the town's people.

A serious accident occurred at Berlin, September 30, about a mile from town, whereby a man named Charles Fromon and his son Henry lost their lives. While engaged with another young man, named Helm, in cutting a drain some 20 feet deep, the earth caved in, covering father and son, who appear to have been in a stupor for some time. The young man Helm saw the earth moving and succeeded partly in making his way up some planks, when the whole side broke in, covering him to the shoulders, and from which position he by some means extricated himself and gave the alarm. Some three hours elapsed before the dead bodies were recovered.

PEACE AND GOOD WILL.

Excellent Advice of Lord Dufferin to Protestant Irishmen.

Representatives of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society of Toronto presented an address to the Governor-General on Wednesday, 24th ult. His Excellency replied as follows:

GENTLEMEN,—Few things could have given me greater pleasure than to receive such an address as that with which you have presented me. I recollect the friendly reception you gave me on my first arrival, and I rejoice at the opportunity of bidding you farewell. I am well aware of the useful nature of the task you have set yourselves, and of the broad and liberal spirit in which you execute it; and it is therefore to you, and through you to the rest of our Irish fellow-countrymen in Canada, that I feel irresistibly impelled to convey one last and earnest entreaty. No one can have watched the recent course of events without having observed, almost with feelings of terror, the unaccountable exacerbation and re-encrudescence of those party feuds and religious animosities from which for many a long day we have been comparatively free. Now, gentlemen, this is a most serious matter. (Hear, hear.) Its import cannot be exaggerated; and I would beseech you and every Canadian in the land who exercises any influence amid the circle of his acquaintance—nay every Canadian woman, whether wife, sister or daughter, to strain every nerve, to exert every faculty they possess, to still and pacify the passions, and to make a "root of bitterness" from amongst us. (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, I have had a terrible experience in these matters. I have seen one of the greatest and most prosperous towns of Ireland—the city of Belfast—helplessly given over for an entire week into the hands of two contending religious factions. I have seen the streets and back lanes, the dead bodies of young men in the prime of life lying stark and cold upon the hospital floor; the delicate faces of innocent women writhing in agony upon hospital beds; and every one of these struck down by an unknown quarrel, towards whom they felt no animosity, and to whom, probably, he who encroached them in the intercourse of ordinary life, they would have desired to show every kindness and good-will. (Hear, hear.) But where these tragedies occurred, senseless and wicked as were the occasions which produced them, there had long existed between the contending parties traditions of animosity and ill-will and the memory of ancient grievances. But what can be more Cain-like, more heinous, than to import into this country—unjustified as it is by any evil record of civil strife—a stainless Paradise fresh and bright from the hands of its Maker, where all have been freely admitted upon equal terms—the bloodthirsty strife and brutal quarrels of the Old World. (Hear, hear.) Divided as you are into various powerful communities, none of which are entitled to claim pre-eminence or ascendancy over the other, but each of which reckons amongst its adherents enormous masses of the population, what hope can you have except in mutual forbearance and a generous liberality of sentiment? (Hear, hear.) Why, your very existence depends upon the disappearance of the ancient feuds. Be wise, therefore, in time, I say, which is still time, for it is the property of these hateful quarrels to feed on their own excesses. If once engendered they widen their bloody circuit from year to year till they engulf the entire community in internecine strife. Unhappily, it is not by legislation or statutory restrictions, or even by the interposition of the armed Executive, that the evil can be effectually and radically remedied. Such alternatives—even when successful at the time—I am not alluding to anything that has taken place in Canada, but to my Irish experiences—were apt to leave a sense of injustice and of a partial administration of the law ranking in the minds of one or other of the parties, but surely, when reinforced by such obvious considerations of self-interest as those I have indicated, the public opinion of the community at large ought to be sufficient to repress the evil. Believe me, if you desire to avert an impending calamity it is the duty of every human being amongst you—Protestant and Catholic—Orange-men and Union-men—to consider with regard to all these matters what is the real duty they owe to God, their country and each other. (Applause.) And now, gentlemen, I have done. I trust that nothing I have said has wounded the susceptibilities of any of those who have listened to me. God knows I have had but one thought in addressing these observations to you, and that is to make the most of this exceptional occasion, and to take the utmost advantage of the good will with which I know you regard me, in order to effect an object upon which your own happiness and that of future generations so greatly depend.

A DAYS EXPERIENCE AT MEMPHIS.

On a recent morning early a loud rap on my door awakened me from a short, troubled sleep—the first I had in twenty-four hours—and in response to my inquiry as to what was desired, was informed by my landlady that she had just discovered a house in the immediate vicinity in which were three colored men some deal of other two delirious with fever, and, said the kind-hearted lady, "For God's sake go for a doctor, or they will all be dead in an hour." Hurrying from the house in quest of a doctor, I was somewhat startled by moans and cries of "Oh God, oh God!" emanating from a small brick house, No. 18 St. Martin Street. Entering, I found on the bed the man, calling feverishly for water, and yellow as gold, with lips and hands stained with a fatal black vomit. At her side, in the same bed, was another child, perhaps two years younger, with the fire of the terrible fever slowly but surely consuming her young life, while the mother, crazed with the agony of her surroundings, almost exhausted, lay on the floor, calling for God to enter her house. Leaving this sad scene of death, and approaching the commencement of St. Martin Street, (at Beale Street), a colored woman, with bloodshot eyes, dishevelled hair, and grief-stricken appearance, asked, "Would massa be so good as to send the funeral man; her two children were dead, and her husband would soon follow?" As I turned the corner of St. Martin and Beale Streets, I encountered one of the visitors of the Howards, with the bravery which characterizes many of them, immediately accompanied me to the house No. 32 St. Martin Street, where the three colored men resided. In it we found a fight before which even the bravest heart would flutter. On a pallet on the floor, half nude, with eyes protruding, and with the sockets, firm-set teeth, and dark congealed blood slowly oozing from his nostrils, lay the dead body of Frank Johnson, while in a rule bed near by, tossed in wild delirium, lay two mulatto men, one of whom, after almost superhuman efforts to battle with his approaching dissolution, gave one loud, long scream, gasped at an invisible end, seized it, and quietly passed away five-fourth.

The poor man at Memphis is the sufferer; the man of wealth has gone away with his money, or locked it up behind him. Says the *Avanlar*, a paper published in the city—"Memphis has many rich men who own palatial stores along Main Street. There is not one of these rich men here to-day, in the hour of our greatest calamity. These rich men are neither represented in person nor by their surplus dollars. The majority of the men who are standing in the deadly breach, fighting the most gigantic plague that ever cursed American soil, are men who do not own \$1.00 in real estate in Memphis." Where, it asks, is this man and that

man, giving their names, "and a score of others that we propose to mention at a future time? Have we seen the light of their countenances or the color of their money? Facts are stubborn things, and we are now treating of facts. The men who are to-day standing in the fore front of the battle have no capital but their manhood. God bless them." *Phos.*

England's Last Fight in Afghan.

The smallness of the force employed in it has given to England's Afghan campaign of 1841-2 a less prominent place in history than it deserves. In reality, it was the severest check ever experienced by the British arms in Asia, and quite as disastrous, in proportion, as Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, the destruction barely stopping short of absolute annihilation. The evils of irruption have seldom been more fatally exemplified. When the revolt first broke out in November, 1841, the city of Cabul itself was held by 16,000 Anglo-Indian troops, who might either have crushed the nascent insurrection, or by a vigorous blow, or have maintained themselves in the impregnable citadel of the town till the arrival of reinforcements. But General Elphinstone, a sickly and feeble-minded old man, lingered inactive day after day, till at length the capture of his commissariat by the insurgents, leaving him almost destitute of supplies, opened his eyes to the necessity of retreat, when retreat was already too late. The scene which followed has no parallel in military history. Half starved, and already running short of ammunition, the ill-fated army, in the depth of a winter whose insupportable cold swept down the Hindu soldiers like leaves, dragged itself wearily through a gloomy gorge many miles in length, shut in by unscalable precipices, which were all one blaze and crackle of hostile musketry, every bullet telling fatally upon the helpless mass below. "The breath froze upon our mustaches," said one of the few officers who survived the fatal day, "and the fingers of the men were so benumbed that many of them lost their muskets." A regimental surgeon named Brydon was the only man who reached Jellalabad, and but few of the captured officers escaped the treacherous cruelty of Akbar Khan. The heroic defense of Candahar by General Nott, and of Jellalabad by Sir Robert Sale, did, indeed, retrieve the lost prestige of England; and Cabul was again occupied in the ensuing autumn; but with the tragedy of the Khoord-Cabul Pass ended all thoughts of conquering Afghanistan.

The War Cloud in Afghanistan.

The breach between the Ameer and the British Government, has, within a few days, been greatly widened. There can be little doubt that the difficulty originated in the machinations of Russian emissaries. While this is disputed by the latter power the evidence to the contrary is so strong a character that it is not improbable that at an early day the English Ministry will take formal measures to obtain an explanation. Indeed war between the two great powers appears a most improbable contingency, for while Russia has distinctly disclaimed any agency in the present difficulty, there is indubitable evidence of the Bears presence, at least by proxy, at the court of the Ameer. Our latest European news records the shipment of troops and munitions to the seat of difficulty, and in view of the present complexion of affairs, stirring news may possibly reach us ere our second number leaves the press. Appropos of this question the following are appended:—

London, Oct. 2.—The *Times* correspondent at Calcutta telegraphs as follows:—"Unless Shere Ali gives us satisfaction the present occasion will be seized to secure for ourselves the passes piercing the mountain ranges along the whole frontier from the Khyber to the Bolan; and further strategic measures will be adopted to dominate the Sulaiman Range and Hindu-Koosh mountains. The present condition of affairs on the Afghan frontier and the relations with the Hill tribes should once for all cease to exist, and we may think the Ameer and more especially Russia in the Caucasus anxious for affording us the opportunity of consolidating the defence of our Indian empire by the strategic and military reconstruction of our frontier.

London, Oct. 2.—Five batteries of artillery leave Portsmouth on the 15th inst. for India. The 2nd Batt. 14th Regt., at the Currah, embark at Queenstown for India on Saturday.

A despatch from Simla says all preparations are advancing with the utmost speed. Several regiments have already been mobilized, but the Commissariat Department requires a reasonable time for its completion. The army is enthusiastic. The spirit of the native troops is admirable.

Vienna, Oct. 2.—A constantissimo despatch states that Shere Ali Khan, the secret enemy of the Ameer of Afghanistan, is instructed to claim the Sultan's intervention in the pending difficulty, in order that England shall not declare war against Afghanistan. He is further to convince the Sultan that an alliance with Russia is advisable for the Mussulman race, and that the Ameer, personally, has decided to conclude such an alliance.

THINGS TO REMEMBER.—Remember that mirrors should never be hung where the sun shines directly upon them. They soon look misty, grow rough and granulated, and no longer give back a correct picture. The analagous error is committed in tinted with mercury, which is spread on glass to form a looking-glass, is easily ruined by the direct continued exposure to the solar rays. Remember that lemons can be kept sweet and fresh for months by putting them in a clean, tight cask or jar and covering them with cold water. The water must be changed as often as every other day, and the cask kept in a good place. Remember that a tablespoonful of black pepper will prevent grey or buff linen from spotting if stirred into first water in which they are washed. It will also prevent the colors running, when washing black or colored cambrics or muslins, and the water is not injured by it; but is just as soft as before the pepper was put in. Remember that one can leave the hands in soap suds with soft soap without injury to the skin, if the hands are dipped in vinegar or lemon juice immediately after. The acid destroys the corrosive effects of the alkali and makes the hands soft and white. Indian meal and vinegar or lemon juice used on the hands when roughened by cold or labor, will heal and soften them. Rub the hands with this; then wash off thoroughly and rub in glycerine. Those who suffer from chapped hands in the winter will find this comforting. Remember never to leave clothes out week after week, but take them down and wind them on a reel, as soon as the clothes are dry, with this care a redness will last for years. But if left out, wind and dry, and the redness will rot the line and make it worthless. Ailed to this, the clothes will be colored from the line, and dirty streaks impossible to remove will be seen where they rested on it.

A tramp was pulled off the tracks of a passenger car the other day, and after unwillingly submitting to the accustomed kick, turned to the conductor and said—"Old man, you can belt away at me with that mule's head that you carry on the end of yer leg till you kick me so full o' holes that my hide won't hold sagebrush, but you can't knock the glory out o' me or keep me from shrouthin' over the thought that I'm just 315 miles ahead of this criminal monkey. I froze to this train at Reno. Whoop!"—*Elks Post.*

