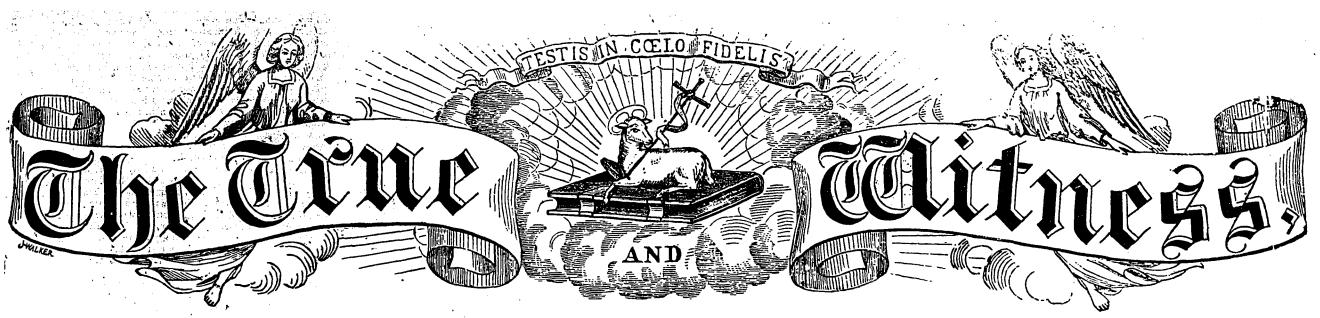
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## CHRONICLE CATHOLIC

# VOL. XXVI.

## MONTREAL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1875.

#### 5. NO.

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#### BETTER THAN GOLD.

BY REV. A. J. RYAN.

Better than grandeur, better than gold, Than rank and titles a thousand fold, Is a healthy body and a mind averse, And simple pleasures that always please ; A heart that can feel for another's woe, And share its joys with a genial glow. With sympathies large enough to enfold All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear, Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere. Doubly blessed with content and health, Untried by the lust or cares of wealth ; Lowly living and lofty thought Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot, For mind and morals in nature's plan

some concealed recess, and there he lay down and

was soon buried in a deep repose. The second day saw him well on towards the camp, but his brow was somewhat clouded, and it might be said that courage had left his heart. From time to time he would stop, and as he brought his trembling hand to his forehead, an excessive agitation would seize his frame and his faltering knees were scarcely able to support him. The expression of his countenance grew darker and darker, and the convulsive tremor of his colorless lips showed the deep emotion that oppressed his soul. What was passing within him? Was it remorse? he that was so long hardened to every sort of crime. Was it cowardice? he whose poignard was already dripping with the blood of his former victime.

He was indeed accustomed to deeds of this kind. He struck without resentment, when his only motive was a smile from his mesters or the promise of a sum of gold. He was however, not without a considerable share of prudence. His craft besides could baffle the wiscat of his enemies, and in these points he excelled as much as he did in the arts of villainy. Accordingly he was not the man to com-promise himself by acting prematurely, or commit-ting any rash or ill-considered crime. He was now not far from the camp, and in proportion as the danger increased, his usual calm composure and tranquil judgment returned. "That impetuous Jubal" he thought; what have I promised? What have I undertaken? Let him wait a little longer, and if he asks me why I have beld back, I will content him by assuring him of my fidelity to his cause ; and that the time for vengeance has not yet come.

The moment the slave began to reflect be grew EACH DIOCESE has its Separate JUBILEE BOOK. himself to the anger of his master? Besides, the soldier whom he had to select as his victim, was valiant and strong. He was a chief too, general of the army, and consequently surrounded perpetually by a formidable escort. How could he approach him ? Find him asleep ? ridiculous ! And what if he could penetrate unobserved into his tent, how could he plunge the dagger into his heart without

alarming the surrounding guards ? Sinister and unwelcome visions formed themselves before the vivid imagination of the trembling slave. He saw himself dragged in chains be-fore a high tribunal and threatened with being put to torture if he would not confess the details of the assassination. The sentence which would condemn him to death already rang in his ears, and it might be said that he suffered in anticipation the agonies of execution. His breast heaved with pain and thick drops of sweat ran down his haggard cheeks, his limbs refused to sustain him, and the once courageous Afer sank to the ground disconcerted, exhausted and overcome. After all he was a coward. He lay motionless for some time, and had any

passed by at the time, he would have said that life had departed. At length, however, he manifested symptoms of returning consciousless, and exerted his remaining strength in crawling under the shade of a tree to protect himself from the ardors of the noonday sun.

will go no farther," he said; "for I have

withered features of the shepherd assumed a fiendish grin, while his palsied hands trembled still more with convulsive agitation. "To strike him whom she loves, to sever the ties of the family, and dep ive her forever of that joy she feels in his company, is not that to strike her herself and pierce her heart with a thousand daggers ? Ah! I feel the sweets of vengeance by anticipation, and my heavt distends at the cherished thought. Say, Afer, wilt thou aid me? Give me thy hand and thou shalt have nothing to regret."

of these lofty mountains and thy flocks supply thy wants.

"Liberty | pure air of the hills ! my flocks ! There was once a time when these blessings would have made me happy, but now, alas! they have no charm for me. When night approaches, under the shade of these grand old trees I lie down, not to repose, but to sigh and weep. Vivia ! Vivia ! happiness would return to this heart now grown cold with sorrow, if my eyes could behold thy life blood flowing, and my ears hear the wailing of thy agony !"

"But what has Vivia done ?" inquired Afer, astonished at the vehemence with which the old man denounced his enemey. "What has she done to drive thee to such fits of desperation ? Has she ever loaded thee with chains or cast thee into a dungeon ? I repeat. I cannot understand thee. Was it not her mother who procured thy freedom and has even given thee the herds which we see around us and which affords thee the means of existence ?"

"True, I admit, but the only treasure I prized in this world has been snatched away from me by that infamous Vivia."

"What doth thou mean, Sylvain ? who is this treasure of which thou speakest? I fear that old age has troubled thy reason."

"Hast thou forgotten, Afer, that I have been a father? The young companion of my youth died years ago, but she left me a pledge of our mutual love. The name of that child was Fatima, I watched over her cracle and guided her infant steps with all the love of a tender parent, and often I returned from the day's work sooner than usual to attend to her little wants. And when the carly dawn would find me at work, the thought of that dear child would renew my vigor and make me forget the drops of sweat that fell from my brow. I would return towards the close of day, and I would feel my heart dilate as I heheld her little hands outstretched to welcome me, as her face beamed with an angelic smile. I would take her up in my arms and press her to my bosom as I covered her with kisses. Often a tear would fall but it was a tear as sweet as those that I have since shed, have been sorrowful and bitter.

If Fatima was ill, I would pass a sleepless night beside her pillow, giving her the most tender care and using every effort to assuage her suffering. en the light of the morning would appear, I others society the whole day long, under the plea of would confide her to the care of my old friend Fa-attending to some embroidery or the like, but in tuma, but not without feelings of anxiety lest any- reality to speak more freely of the new religion ; al slaughter of their enemies. The air will resound thing should happen in my absence. It is true that my mistress often took care of her, and it would be ingratitude to forget the kindness with which she ministered to her wants. Oh I why did she not die in those sufferings ? Why did she not go and join her who had given her birth? Fool that I was, I prayed to the immortal gods to preserve her ! But | they should both be united in the ties of eternal could not lift the impenetrable veil of the future and foresee that I should one day blaspheme the gods for having heard my prayer. Pardon the grief affected by her insiduous tongue? The work was of a father, Afer, and take not scandal from what I have done. Besides, if I mistake not Jupiter inspires you with no more terror than that crucified Jew whom the impious sect of Christians adore. "Fatima grew up the image of her mother, sweet and lovely like her. When I would come home from the fields she would run as usual to meet and wipe the sweat from my brow, and her first word was some kind word of love and encouragement. She would have the water already prepared to wash my fect, and refresh me after the enveloped in white, and before my eyes I still see labors of the day. "She now became the property of Vivia and for two years she received from her the same kind attention which she had before experienced from the wife of Hanno. One day, howev, r, Fatima appeared to me to be somewhat dejected and unhappy ; she appeared grave, thoughtful and serious. Her conversation had lost its natural vivacity and her thoughts were deeply pre-coupied. Was she concealing anything from me; she who was always so open and affectionate ? I was afraid to ask her, for after all there was always something so sweet in her smile, something so tender in her caresses. What was it that gave her pain ? Had she found her po- dreaded Tartarus." sition irksome and unpleasant? Was she suffering from the pride and anger of her mistress ? I could not ask her. One day as I returned home at the usual hour. I was astonished at not seeing Fatima. She had not last of its followers, she is no longer my child. The come out to meet me as she was wont to do and I gods (may they be praised !) have inspired me with could not but rush into all kinds of wild copjec- sufficient courage to continue firm in my resolution tures as to the cause of her absence. The stars had I finally came to this place with Fatume, to live in become bright in the heavens and still I heard not the step of my beloved child. At length I heard the noise of some one approaching. I listened at. tentively. It was she ! I ran to catch her in my arms, but I stood back in horror, as if a thunderbolt from the gods had smote me to the earth ! Fatima no longer wore the dress of an humble slave, but, rardon, O immortal gods! the white robe of a Christian ! A long veil of the same color hung gracefully over her head, half concealing her beautiful hair. Upon her breast glittered a small gold cross, the symbol of the faith which she had embraced. She had been deceived ; her ingenuous simplicity had been abused and she had been induced to apostatise from the worship of those gods which she had been taught to reverence from her infancy, and this to join that impious and accursed sect of Nazarenes. That was the secret she with. held from me; that was the mystery that hung over her and which I was so anxious to find out. I had conjectured many things indeed ! but that had not struck me even in my wildest dreams. It flar "I stood there transfixed, unable to utter a single word. She cast down her eyes and trembled as she

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mind and I rudely cast her back. I reproached her in bitter terms, and though she fell at my feet and besought me to have pity as d forgive her, I raised my hand and imprecated curses upon her head. I bade her begone and never cross the threshold of her father's house. Afer, I hate the Christians. 1 have sworn to have revenge, and by the gods of Olympus I will have it before this withered form is borne to the grave. But I am inconsiderate. Take a little rest, Afer, for thou needest it. The shades

of night have closed in upon the mountains, and repose here in pcace. As for me, I cannot rest. My brain is on fire and my heart beats with the deadliest feelings of rage and hatred. I will tell you all I have to say to-morrow, and 1 will then let you know the project which I have in view and which I hope to realize with the aid of our immortal gods. Success is sure, believe me, and then indeed I shall taste how sweet vengeance is to a heart that hitherto has sighed for it in vain."

"To-morrow be it as thou sayest," replied Afer, rising and pressing the hand of Sylvain ; until then, mayest thou rest in neace."

#### CHAPTER IX .- PAGAN FANATICISM.

Scarcely had the day dawned when Sylvain and Afer rose to continue their conference which the lateness of the preceding night had interrupted. "Fatima," resumed the shepherd, "was united to me by a bond of the most sacred affection, but now there is a wide, impassible gulf between us and we are separated for ever. I have cursed her and have sworn never to behold her again."

"Time assuages grief and calms the impetuosity of an angry mind. This is the rule. I am the exception. The longer I live the more violent is my rage, and the more I thirst for the blood of her that has injured me. Fatima often sought me out, but I avoided her, and would never see her. Frequently she remained hours together at my door weeping and sobbing, as she b gged of me to forgive her and remove from her my malediction. But I was implacable.'

"Julia, the wife of noble Hanno, often called upon me, to remonstrate with me and reproach me for my cruelty ; 'your child,' she would say, 'is inconsolable, her grief and her touching supplications, would soften the heart of a barbarian. It is true she has become a Christian, but she did not intend by this to offend you and forfeit your love. She has not become worse by the change. She is sweet, modest and submissive, and her virtues distinguish her from all around her.' I listened to her simply, because, I could not do otherwise, but when I withdrew from her presence I found that my hatred had only increased.

"I learnt from an old slave in the employ of the family, that from the moment that Fatima became a Christian, Vivia began to treat her no longer as a slave but to enter on terms of the most intimate friendship with her; that they would remain in each others society the whole day long, under the plen of that Vivia never ceased to instruct her in its docnever grew tired of praising in terms which could not but make an impression upon the tender and pliant mind of Fatima; that she promised her the greatest happiness in practising the duties of this fuith, and that if she would embrace it filendship. How could my child resist the influence of those hypocritical embraces and remain unnow commenced; it was finished by that fanatical Priest, well-known in Carthage, called Tertullian" "From the moment that I heard all this I conceived a violent and implacable hatred against Vivia. had to suppress any outward manifestation of what I felt but my feelings were on this account the more vehement and strong. The torrent was stemmed, but the waters were more troubled." "I cannot rest Afer-the image of Futima pursues me waking as in my midnight dreams I see her still glittering the accursed symbol of her apostacy-that cross upon which hangs the crucified." "Ah I Afer, thou knowest not the heart of a father whose affections are concentrated upon an only child. There is a sacred bonil between them and when that is suddenly broken-when the hopes he has long cherished are buried in an eternal separation-when those sweet dreams of the future are dissipated and their beautiful images, like the phantom of the lake, are continually receding as he advances-then indeed sorrow fills his heart, the sun no longer sheds his genial rays upon him but he is enveloped in a darkness as thick and as awful as the "I have sworn never to see Fatima again, for from the moment that she became attached to that religion which is allowed to progress with impunity but which ought to be quenched in the blood of the solitude and escape from the turmoil of this world. But I have carried with me the remembrance of my sorrows and the arrow that pierced my heart there still transfixes its inmost core. Afer, I can die when I have revenge and not before." "I was a long time in ignorance of what was passing in Carthago. I knew not even if Fatima was still in existence. Some days ago, however, a young warrior that was returning from the army passed by, and I was enabled to have achort conversation with him. He told me that Vivia lived still, and that she had become a Christian and moreover, it was expected that Jarbas; her husband, would follow her example. Tertullian, it appears, had acquired considerable influence over his mind, and had almost persuaded him to apostatise from our national faith He, himself, did not conceal his sympathies for the new religion and in the camp his guard, was entirely formed of Christian soldiers. The natural, consequence was that there was general discontent among the soldiers and now dissatisfaction (has (spread among all ranks and has assumed alarming proportions. Fatima, I learnt, had joined her destiny to a man of the same sect, and in order to forget the re-

"What can I say of her, Afer? Has she not deserted the sacred cause of our gods? And who has been the cause? Vivia, Vivia, thou must die! Let her not count on the protection of her valiant husband; it will avail her little. She will soon wear the garments of a widow and when I shall have feasted my eyes upon her corrupted blood, I can then return to these solitary mountains and die under the consolation of having slain my bitterest enemy,"

The old man could say no more. His lips were hueless and trembled with rage. He tose from his seat and his palsied hands clutched the dagger at his side. His lurid (yes, bloo.tshot from sleepless nights, stared wildly around and a convulsive agitation shook his entire frame. Afer had not the. courage to say a word.

"Afer, listen," resumed Sylvain after these few moments of repose, " listen to the project I spoke of yesterday. Jarbas, it is true was received with enthusinsm after his victory over the wild Numidians, That is now passed. Ho is since then afraid to attack them. They go so far as to accuse him of cowardice and even treason. It is said that he has form da secret alliance with our enemies, that the camps is badly guarded, and that in fine our brave legions are condemned to a dishonorable inaction. It is feared that these barbarians will destroy our superb metropolis."

"Time is precious Afer, let us not lose a moment. Let us go to the camps. We can arrive there be-fore to-morrow night. I will go in the disguise of one of those individuals who are inspired by the gods, and who are the interpreters of their august will to mankind. In the name of those outraged divinities, in the name of the immortal Juno protectrix of our noble Carthage, I will raise the enthusiasm of the soldiers and incite them to revolt. I will place myself at their head and demand of Jarbas, as head of the army, that he offer sacrifico to Mars, the terrible god of war. I will declare loudly and solemnly that this god had appeared to me in the shades of the night and commanded me to present myself before the commander of the armies, and to tell him that the blood-of two young oxen should be shed upon his altar, and that at this price a'one he could purchase a triumph over these almost iuvincible Numidians,"

"The altar, victims, will already be prepared. Jarbas will refuse if it is true that he is a Christian. He will not conceal his true sentiments. This refusal on his part will be the signal of a general rising and our poignards with the aid of the gods will do the rest. Mine will not tremble in my haud. It will be drenched in the blood of Jarbus and I will send it as it is, all dripping with blood to the infamous Vivia, with my name engraven upon it. She will then know that the father of Fatima has commenced the work of vengeance."

"We will then return to Carthage. I will be tho first to carry the news of the death of Jarbas. It will stir up the deepest feelings of revenge against the Christians in the minds of the people, and what will be easier than to rally them round the standard of the gods and secure them reverence by the generwith shouts for the cause of truth and paganism, mingled with crics of Christians to the lions There is a strange magic in this Roman phrase, for all who hear it rise quickly from their apathy and take up the cry with vehemence and ardor. The Christians will then be sought out and among the rest the impious Vivia. I shall see her. I shall exult as she writhes in agony, and when I behold her gasping out her last breath, bleeding and lacerated by the teeth of the savage lions, I will raise these feeble hands and pronounce upon her guilty head my withering curse ! Fatima may suffer with her. Their blood may mingle in the dust of the What matter? Let her die; she is no arena. longer mine." He finished from exhaustion. His frame enfectled by infirmity, now sank under the excitement of a mind which the desire of vengence had well nigh undermined. He fell back exhausted and weak Afer refreshed his lips and temples with water, and opened the rude apertures of the cabin to admit the cooling breeze. He scemed somewhat recovered. He reposed gently on the chair, leading his head upon his arm which rested on the table. His sunken eyes were shut, his livid lips were compressed convulsively, and he appeared to have fallen into a deep slumber. Afer cared little for his plans and if he went to the camp, it was because he saw himself aided by one, who was himself determined to take the initiative and perform the principal part in carrying out their project. Gold and liberty were great incentives to action and it was worth while to brave some little danger in the attainment of such a noble prize. As for the persecution against the Christians that was a matter in which he did not desire to see himself involved. If he were rich and could wander where he liked the Christians might progress as much as they pleased and the immortal gods might exhaust their rage in launching thunderbolts until all Heaven was emptied. Everybody should mind their own business. This should be the prin-ciple upon which his future measures should be based, and the meaning of any enterprise which he might henceforward undertake. The same evening both started for the camp. But it is time to return to the more pleasing scenes. in which those who are inspired by the true sentiments of Christianity, are the actors. Let us trans-port ourselves back to the great City of Carthage, and behold the Bishop clothed in all the insignia of his high and holy office, surrounded by the dignitaries of the Church, and receiving the professions of faith, trom a young and gentle lady, whose pure brow seemed a reflection from the angels that hovered invisibly around.

Are the genuine tests of gentleman

Better than gold is the sweet repose Of the sons of toil when their labors close Better than gold is the poor man's sleep, And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep Bring sleeping draughts to the downy bed Where luxury pillows its aching head, His simple opiate deems A shorter road to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind, That in the realm of books can find A treasure surpassing Australian ore, And live with the great and good of yore. The sage's lore and the poet's lay, The glories of empire pass away; The world's great dream will thus enfold And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home, When all the fireside characters come, The shrine of love, the heaven of life, Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife. However humble the home may be, Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree, The bleedings that never were bought nor sold, And centre there, are better than gold.

## THE LAST DAYS OF ARTHAGE:

#### A SISTER OF FABIOLA.

AFTER THE MANNER OF THE FRENCH.

### CHAPTER VIII .--- THE SHEPHERD OF THE MOUNTAINS.

Afer, the slave of Jubal, pursued his way through the solitary streets of the city, and before the rays of the morning Sun had illuminated the horizon he was far on towards the camp.

He was accustomed to climb the most rugged and inaccessible mountains, to swim the most swiftly flowing rivers, so that for a journey of that kind, a better choice could not have been made, He continued on at a rapid pace while his mind was absorbed upon the important object of his mission. The reward was great. He would have gold enough to live in ease and quietness for the remainder of his days, and would be enabled to enjoy it in all-the freedom of a noble patrician. He would revisit his native forests and wander with unshackled feet over the immense solitudes, of his native land. He would then forget the chains and slavery of Carthage, and if, perchance, the thought, might return to disturb his rest, he would glory in the idea that it was but an empty, thing of, the past He would chase the lion and, the tiger, and lead the wild romantic life of his daring increators. These reflections made his heart beat with joy, and has left me no repose day nor night. I have never Night came on and he was obliged to halt as the I know he may be good and generous towards his came forward to embrace me. Her lips touched ligion of her father and her youthful days, she has road was not well marked over those rude and slaves but she ! Oh! If my dagger could only reach my forehead and I heard her softly call me father. I would die happy Ah ! ah !' and the But the thought of what she had done came to my of 'Felicitae.'" lent vigor and suppleness to his wearled limbs, been offended by the husband of Vivia. As far as

cherished hopes that were vain, deceitful, and absurd. Liberty ! Gold ! What would be the use of all the liberty he could give me, if I were laden with chains and condemned to die the death of an assassin ? Ah ! I had forgotten ! I have gold in my belt. I should be a fool indeed if I went back to Carthage." His eyes began to get heavy again as he continued in soliloquy. He stretched himself out at full length and with the image of Jubal. Vivia's husband, guards daggers, and felon's chains, dancing in wild confusion before his excited fancy, he fell asleep once more.

Afer took no precaution against being overheard in the vast solitude of the desert. He had lain there for some time and not even a blade of grass had moved in the breathing of the mild and gentle zephyr. But scarcely had he closed his eyes when, hearing some one approach, he bounded up like a lion that the arrow of the hunter had pierced while lying in his den,

An old man stood before him. He was a shepherd. He gazed at Afer silently and without altering his usual composure. His steadfast look would seem to indicate that he knew him, or that his countenance revived for him the reminiscences of

the past. "If I mistake not," he said at length ; "thou art

Afer clutched his dagger as he approached the old man.

What is it to thee ? get thee gone to thy herds or by the gods !---

Hold | Thou art Afer. I know thee. Moreover thou and I are long acquainted. Thou hast forgot-ten me, but it could not be otherwise, for sorrow increased by the infirmities of old age has changed me. Dost thou not icmember poor Sylvain, the slave of Hano ?"

"I remember Sylvain ! Sylvain ! may the gods be propitious to thee! Ah I cannot erase from memory those nights of pleasure. Those games-

" Recall not those sad remembrances-at least they are sad for me. Happiness for me is past. All joy upon this earth is gone, unless indeed—but come into my tent. I heard all. Thou wert speaking of Jarbas whom, no doubt, thou wert charged to assassinate. Can I aid thee? I have no need of gold what should I do with it? But my heart thirsts for vengeance ! Yes, vengeance !" and the eye of the old man flashed with fire so as to make the slave

tremble with fear. A moment after they were both seated in the tent. An old female slave bent down with age served them with something to eat. Presently she retired to attend to her herds.

"Now we can speak," began Sylvain ; " for the old woman Fatuma will not return before night. Afer, conceal nothing from me. It is useless. I have heard all. I have listened to thee and treasured

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

A Boston murderer, in consequence of his poor health, wants his execution delayed.

A Mount Bethel township farmer cut open an old hornet's nest, just to examine the inside arrangement. He says he thinks he will be able to see his barn in about two weeks.

When a man goes to a quilting party about tea time, and sits down on a ball of wicking with a long darning needle in it, he will think of more things connected with darning in a minute than he can mention in two hours.

## THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.-SEPT. 17, 1875.

## CRADLE SONG OF THE POOR.

2

Hush! I cannot bear to see thee Stretch thy tiny hands in vain; Dear. I have no bread to give thee, Nothing, child, to ease thy pain! When God sent thee first to bless me, Proud, and thankful too, was I; Now, my darling, I, thy mother, Almost long to see thee die. Sleep, my darling, thou art weary ; God is good, but life is dreary. 'I have watched thy beauty fading, And the strength sink day by day : Soon, I know, will want and fever Take thy little life away. Famine makes thy father reckless, Hope bath left both him and me: We could suffer all, my baby, Had we but a crust for thee. Sleep, my darling, thou art weary ; God is good, but life is dreary. Better thou shouldst perish early, Starve so soon, my darling one. Than in helpless sin and sorrow Vainly live as I have done. Better that thy angel spirit With my joy, my peace were flown, Than my heart grow cold and carcless, Reckless, hopeless, like my own. Sleep, my darling, thon art weary God is good, but life is dreary. I am wasted, dear, with hunger, And my brain is all opprest-I have scarcely strength to press thee, Wan and feeble, to my breast. Patience, baby-God will help us, Death will come to thee and me ; He will take us to His heaven. Where no want or pain can be Sleep, my darling, thou art weary; God is good, but life is dreary Such the plaint that late and early, Did we listen, we might hear Close beside us—but the thunder Of a city dul's our ear. Every heart, as God's bright angel, Can bid one such sorrow cease ; God has glory when His children Bring His poor ones joy and peace. Listen, nearer, while she sings, Sounds the fluttering of wings ADELAIDE PROCTER.

### THE ORATORS OF IRELAND.

Father Kenay, pastor of the Church of Our Lady - and St. Paulinus, Dewsbury, England, recently de livered a lecture on the above subject. We take the report from the Laverpool Catholic Times :-

In commencing, Father Kenny remarked that in-dividuals like natio.78 had their history, and the deeds of some men en gro-sed the attention of mankind more than the bri, thtest epochs in the world's annals. The rise and fall of nations, the growth of laws and letters, the progress of the human mind were sometimes considered of less moment than the men through whose instrumentality these great events had been achieved. Then it was that on the broad and brilliant pages of history the deeds of the great men who in the forum, the field, and the senate had left their "footprints on the sands of time" shone out with luminous distinction. The memory of her illustrious sons was dear to every nation. In her archives were preserved the records of their achievements and the storied urn and marble column perpetuated their fame and kept fragrant in the hearts of their countrymen the beautiful lesson of love well and wisely spent in their countries service Who more proud of her brilliant sons than the people of this great land of England? (Hear, hear.) The names of a Stephen Langton, of a St. Thomas a Beckett a Caxton, a Shakespeare, a Bacon, a Sir Isaac Newton, a Howard, a Macaulay, a Cobden, and Brougham, were household words in millions of English homes, and while the world lasted would speak trampet-tongued of the genius and varied gifts of England's worthies, and of the victories they have won in the cause of truth, of justice, of progress and humanity (applause). Gratitude for good and noble actions elevated nations and individuals in the hour of disaster coually as in the hour of victory (hear, hear). In every phrase of her chequered history, Ireland had shown herself true to the characteristic of her children. If she had tasted of the bitter cup of sorrow she had not been unmindful of those who by their great intellectual gifts, heroic constancy, and undying patriotism had won even the admiration of her foes (applause.) In the saddest hour of Ircland's history she had produced in all the walks of life men who would do honour to any people (applause). Goldsmith and Parnell in poetry, Boyle and Berkeley in philosophy, Swift, Sterne, Steele in literature, Burke, Curran, and Grattan in oratory, had enriched the English language with the genius of the Irish race, and in later and more favoured days he might add the names of a Banim, a Gerald Griffin, a Tom Moore, a Thomas Davis, a Duffy, a McCarthy, a McGuire, and a McGee, a Meagher, a Mitchell, and an O'Connell (applause). Amid the dark days of Ireland's national degradation the names of those great Irishmen shone out like rays of sunshine in a stormy sky. From the advent of the Norman to the present hour the story of Ireland often resembled a Siberia of suffering (hear, hear). Torn asunder by foreign conquest, and divided by domestic contentions, her queenly brow had borne the crown of humiliation, yet in the midst of every vicissitude, she had cherished the memories of those who had defended her in the hour of danger, nobly battled for her liberties, and vindicated her fame (applause). And who had vindicated her fame more proudly, who had fought more devotedly to raise her from the dust, and to clothe her once again in the bright robe of freedom, than the illustrious men whose tongues had been touched with the electric fire of Ireland's eloquence ? (applause). To speak of the "orators of Ireland' was to call up before the mind's eye that gifted group of eminent men, born and nurtured upon Irish soil, who by the power of their transcendant eloquence at the bar, and in the Council Chamber, had raised the character of the country, draped its fading glories in the majesty of their glowing genius, and indissolubly associated their names with many of Ireland's most glorious victorics (applause). The locturer in speaking of the orators of Ireland selected from that splendid array of mental capacity and elocutionary power of Burke, Sheridan, Sheridan, Flood Grattan, Curran, and O'Connell as the representatives of the giant genius of the past, and Isaac Butt-the great living leader of the Irish people—as the noblest type of Irish oratory, and the most sagacious advocate of Ireland's constitutional freedom at the present day. Speaking of Burke and Sheridan, he said if they searched the records of Greece and Rome in their palmiest days of oratorical pre-eminence, they would fail in finding anything to surpass the rapturous bursts of eloquence enriched with all the soul stirring melody of song which poured from the fierv tongues and fertile intellects of Ireland's statesmen from the days of Sheridan and Burke to the present time. As a statesman, at a time when men of the heroic mould of Pitt, North, Fox and Chatham ruled the destinies of England, Edmund Burke had fow peers and few superiors. Large and liberal.minded in his views, he was truly conservative in his policy. In words of burning eloquence he denounced the French Revolution: On the other hand, he lent all the force of his influence and his voice to vindicate the young commonwealth of America, established as it was on the safe, platform, of justice and wellordered freedom, and in the Parliament of the old country he defended the cause, guarded in the new | for which their great ones had lived and laboured, | thing recorded in Ireland. And the second second state of the second second

by the gallant sword of Washington. Himself a Protestant, he was a devoted advocate of religious equality, pleaded on behalf of the Catholic claims, and of generous concessions to his Protestant dis-senting fellow-countrymen. His true greateness of soul was so potent that Johnson had left on record his opinion that one could not take shelter with him from a shower of rain, under a gateway, without at once perceiving his vast superiority over ordinary men. With reason, then, was Ireland proud of Edmund Burke. Orator, philosopher, statesman, he climbed to the loftiest pinnacle of fame, and upheld, in an alien assembly, the literary prestige of his native land (applause). Yes, their mother Ireland might justly be proud of the man whose works were esteemed the greatest Parliamentary authority in the present century, whose style was considered the best model of chaste and perfect diction in existence and who, in the greatest deliberative assembly in the world, stood almost unrivalled as an orator and a statesmen: (Renewed applause). The lecturer told that Burke was a good and affectionate son, and a warm and staunch friend, and gave extracts from a letter to his father, and a quotation from the statesman's renowned countryman, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, in proof. Passing on, the rev. gentleman next spoke of Henry Flood, the distinguished Irish orator and statesman. Gifted with splendid talents, and possessing a social position which placed him in the foremost rank of Irish commoners, Flood devoted the whole powers of his soul to the advancement, socially and politically, of his native land. He (the lecturer) desired to hold up to the admiration of the audience that great man's character in its true light, in the light which beheld in him the first Catholic who attained the high position of leading a great Parliamentary party ; of one who, with the clear foresight of a man of genius, saw the necessity of a Parliamentary opposition such as twenty-three years ago was formed by the organising mind of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, and the noble impulses of the large hearted English Catholic gentleman, Frederick Lucas an Irish party such as they saw to-day in the House of Commons doing battle against terrible odds for the Irish cause, with Isaac Butt as its leader, and Sullivan and Power as its lieutenants (applause) To Flood belonged the honour of being the early friend and preceptor of the immortal Henry Grattan. He united the various elements of the Irish people and, led by Grattan, Ireland, in 1872, won legislative independence. After an eloquent tribute to the memory of Flood, the lecturer spoke of Grattan, of his energy, eloquence, and honour. It had been well said, he remarked, that the ballad poetry of a people was one of the best witnesses of their history, and, as an evidence of Grattan's moral power, the following stanza from the song of " The Volunteers," was pretty good evidence :---

When Grattan rose, none dare oppose

The claim he made for freedom They knew our swords to back his words Were ready, did he need them.

Grattan, who was born in Dublin, of which city his father was the recorder, was educated at Trinity College, and called to the Irish bar in 1772, and three ears later took his scat in the Irish Parliament, his egislative career being one of the brightest epochs in the history of Ireland. He asserted, with invincible courage, the right of the Irish nation to sell government. Weak in body, but strong in mind he stood alone as the truest type of Irish oratory. Lord Brougham, himself a public speaker, said of Grattan, " No orator of his age is his equal in the casy and copious flow of the most profound, sagacious and liberal principles, enunciated in terse, strtking, and most appropriate language." Sketches of the lives and characters of John Philpot Curran, and Daniel O'Connell, were next given by the rev. lecturer, but the space at our disposal will not permit of a report of his remarks; but we may record that his tributes to both, especially to O'Connell, were eloquent. He stated that the recollections of his priceless services would remain while there was one of the Irish race left to honour all that is beautiful. eloquent, and patriotic, and that soon within the city that contained the ashes of Ireland's greatest orator, statesman, and patriot would meet from many lands the flower of his people to bless his name and consecrate his memory; eloquence and music, genius and song, hallowed by the prayers of the church and the benediction of its prelates, would soon sound his praises and perpetuate his fame ; and in the leading highway of Ireland's metropolis the model of his clorious features, carved by Foley would tell the story of Irelands gratitude. (Applause). When drawing his lecture towards a close, Father Kenny spoke of Richard Lalor Sheil, O'Connell's principal auxiliary in the work of Catholic emancipation, a great orator, whose polished eloquence held entranced the most distinguished assembly in the would. A brief but very interesting sketch of his life was given, and it was told that in 1839 he became Vice-president of the Board of Trade. and was the first Catholic Commoner raised to the dignity of a Privy Councillor. In 1841 he was Judge Advocate General, in 1846 Master of her Majesty's Mint and five years later, while Plenipotentiary at the Court of Tuscany, he closed his active, most useful. and honourable life. While O'Connell was in the zenith of his fame, and like an uncrowned monarch ruled the millions who at Tara and Mallow hung in rapture on his words " Ireland shall be free," a band of young Irishmen as brilliant as ever graced the struggle of any nation for liberty, ranged themselves beneath the banner of their country. William Smith O'Brien, Thomas Davis, John Mitchell, John Martin, Richard O'Gorman, D'Arcy McGee, Sir. Charles Gavan Duffy, Terence Bellew McManus, and Thomas Francis Meagher were names that would tell to the latest day of the stainless honour glowing genius, chivalrous bearing, and fervid patriotism of the gifted men who composed the ill fated Young Ireland." Of all that noble group, the name of Meagher, the young tribune of freedom, whose sword in after years flashed in the sunlight by the waters of the Potomac, for the land of his adoption, would ever have a charm all its own in the cars of his advancing countrymen (great applause). The lecturer next referred to the efforts of Duffy and Lucas to give new life and vigour to the "Young Ireland" party, and showed that in the face of every peril, and at the cost of untold sacrifice, from the Shannon to the sea, amid the hills of Doncgal, the fields of Connemara, and the plains of gallant Tipperary, the heroic electors of Ireland sent some forty representatives to the Imperial Parliament to demand justice for Ireland, and told how their brightest hopes were doomed to disappointment. No wonder, said he, that the " politics of despair" should have triumphed for a time, and the policy of secret conspiracy should have found favour in the eyes of a betrayed and trampled people (applause). Refer-ring to the State prisoners of 1867 and 1868, he said they were forturate in possessing in Isaac Butt an advocate whose abilities were worthy of the best days. of the Irish bar, and whose splendid eloquence recalled the memories of Curran, Plunkett, and O'Connell. He pointed out that Butt commenced public life as a Conservative of the old school, but he had now realized O'Connell's prophecy concerning him, that he would " be on the side of Ireland vet," After giving a quotation from Mr. Isaac Butt's speech on Home Rule, the lecturer said his task was a great and holy one. To heal the wounds of centuries and to bind in the bonds of amity the people of England and Ireland was the one great task to which he had dedicated his time and talents. Let England listen. to the voice of Ireland's representative and let her grant Ireland's demand to legislate for her own domestic affairs in the old house at home, and the spirit of disaffection should for ever cease. (Loud applause.) In conclusion, the rev. gentleman urged frustrated in consequence." Here clearly are cases his countrymen and countrywomen to love the land calling for a coercion code more forcible than any-

to love it in their daily lives by cultivating a spirit of friendship for the kindly people among whom their lot was cast, and by emulating the virtues which had made Ireland an object of veneration in. the darkest period of her history. Thus they would hasten the hour of their country's regeneration.

"For freedom comes from God's right hand, And needs a Godly train ; Tis righteous men alone can make

Our Isle a nation once again."

The lecturer resumed his seat amid loud cheers. A very cordial vote of thanks was accorded to the lecturer, and a similar compliment having been paid to the chairman, the audience dispersed.

### ARMAGH.

#### THE NATIONAL MSS. OF IRELAND. The city of Armagh is placed amidst scenes of

great national interest. It stands in the centre of historical beacons. There is scarce an age of Ireland's history of which a token is not found in this locality. Each ers, romantic, religious, troubled; has its landmark near to teach or to inspire. A panorama spreads itself out with the events of centuries emblazoned on the canvass before you. Standing in the circumscribed theatre of the city's bounds, the magic wand of imagination will call up crowdded scenes, and people the spot with actors in the midst of stirring events. Under its enchantment, pageant after pageant passes before your eyes. The Book of Armagh in these zincograph MSS: suggests all this-imagination presents the Kings of Ulster here resident-the line of the Irian race, centuries before a line of kings can be produced of any other locality-(Tyernach)-the royal Palace of Esmania -Knights of the Red Cross-regal lines of the O'Neills, guardians of a province, almost ever independent and unconquered. Its bishops appointed by St. Patrick-its famous college-its institution for foreigners-its seat of the Culdees-and last, though not least, its honor, from this very Book of Armagh. For if religious literature confers celebrity, then for this precious volume may Armagh claim honor above any spot in Ireland, because in it alone is extant a perfect copy of the New Testament from the earliest age-it has been transmitted complete while the portions elsewhere are imperfect. But this volume has other treasures alsoand, in a word, a Christian teacher is presented here a diffuser of learning, secular and religious. Mr. Gilbert gives an interesting account of Bishop Graves' discovery of the date of this book's transcription. For its materials or its original are perhaps 100 years older than its date. A few words must suffice. He accomplished this discovery by the use of a weak solution of gallic acid in spirits of wine upon parts of the book where erasures appeared. Traces of the original writing revised a good deal, and by the aid of a magnifying glass he succeeded with much time and labor in deciphering a great part of the erased writing. It appears it was transcribed by Ferdomnach, an accomplished scribe, in 807, from documents old and scarcely leglble, as is shown by Ferdomnach's own marginal notes in the MSS. Most carefully engraved facsimiles are given. The gloss and other tokens seem to establish for it a date reaching back another century-referring the original to about 700. What portraiture, then, of a Christian teacher is suggestd by this book, and plates of other books in these MSS? Unquestionably that of a well informed, energetic representative of Ireland's early Church is strongly figured to imagination. As a diffuser of learning at home the President of Armagh, 'the coarh or successor of St. Patrick, shows this character. The first, or amongst the first, in the representative line, Benen, was distinguished. Among reveral remarkable examples of literary eminence rapidly attained by Irish ecclesiastics, Benen, of Ar magh, deserves honorable mention. A crowd of literary men appear round, or soon succeed him in the Irish Church. Bishop Fiac's beautiful biogra phical poem is given in the plates of the work Many valuable compositions in poetry and prose referrable to that period still exist, possessing much of the same excellence with Fiac's, though not all of equal ability. Even a few are attributed with much probability to a poet laureate of the day, chief composer to the monarch of the island, for the po-ts turned their talents to sacred themes, and consecrated their lyres to ennobling strains. The account of the celebrated College of Armagh is no myth The proficiency of its scholars is no fiction. And while it shines a single star in the bright constellation of smilar colleges at Bangor, Clonard, Mayo and Lismore, its existence and success confer high bonor on the learned and pious literati who found ed and presided over it. Long centuries the world gave Ireland no credit for carly proficiency in eccle siastical music. The exquisite talent of the Celt for melody and song was supposed to have been prisoned in deepest silence, or else to have wasted its sweetness on the desert air, when lo ! the "Antiphonary of Bangor" is brought to light. And this nonument of learning, art, and skill, satisfies Continental professors, and sets the matter at rest for ever. The Irish Christian teacher was acquainted with Hebrew-the sublime language of the oldest divine oracles. A volume from the South of Ireland, marked well with obeli and asterisks, proves this emphatically. He was acquainted with Greek, the other chief sacred language. The zincograph plates give specimens as to this. Latin he cultivated with care. And the existing compositions in Latin, we presume, far outnumber those left by early Irish writers in any other language. He knew astronomy, history of far distant nations, and chronology. The plates of the work corroborate what is recorded by many a witness, that the Holy Scriptures were held in the highest estimation in that period. They occupied the throng among Ireland's literati. They were the object of their sedulous and constant study -the storehouse whence they drew materials for instruction-the armory of weapons against error. Very many instances are given by the editor of orthographical peculiarities in Irish sacred MSS. of early origin. This whole subject is now regarded with the greatest interest by Biblical scholars ; and these Irish copies and readings are bring subjected to the closest scrutiny .- Newry Telegraph. COERCION FOR ENGLAND. Ireland is governed by a coercion code, and mied by an army of spies. England enjoys the fullest political and social freedom, and has the public peace guarded by the civil police or parish constables. Surely crime in one country is rampant and in the other the people repose in Acadian security and haloyon peace. This, at any rate, would be the natural conclusion. Let us see. The judges have been on circuit in Ireland, and we shall hear them on crime in that country. The assize courts bave, also, been open in England, and we shall summarize their revelations. Nay, our task will be easier, and the statement wholly free from suspicion, if we let the Times speak and disclose the criminal condition of England. The assizes in the midlands and the North of England, says the Times disclose a "a state of things which is well calculated to revolt the public mind. The calendars are unusually heavy, and crime, accompanied by the most atrocious violence, too plainly remain in the ascendant. Two murders in Durham, one in Warwick two or three in Liverpool, several in the intermediate districts, and numerous other crimes, atrovious in their enormity, make up the calendar. But this is not all. The presecutors are afraid to appear, witnesses are threatened, others give false evidence through fear, and the ends of justice are

Here are indeed, in an aggravated form, the very grounds on which coercion for Ireland was justified. It was not, it was pleaded, that Ireland was more criminal thus other nations. It was that the Irish winked at crime and shielded criminals. This was the lie the world was asked to believe. This the justification for trampling on the constitution and outraging liberty. According to the Times-According to the whole English Press-according to the records of the courts, England to day is seething in crime. According to the same authorities it is notorious that criminals escape punishment because of conspiracies to intimidate witnesses. Here are all the conditions on which Coercion for Ireland was and is justified. Why then have we not a Coer-

cion Code for England ? pointing out the means by which Irish members of Parliament may either force the Ministry into adopting coercive legislation for England, or make them stand in a false position before the world, it will be instructive to point out how Ireland stands in criminal matters when compared with England .-To do this we have the authority of the Arsize Courts on either side, and the comments of the Engish press on their own criminal statistics. In twothirds of the counties and boroughs of counties in Ircland there is not a criminal case-in some the judges have been presented with white gloves-in numerous instances their duties were almost confined to the pleasure of congratulating the grandjuries on the absence of crime in their several districts. This was the case in Limerick, Louth, Meath, Fermanagh, Mavo, Monaghan, Antrim, the town of Galway, Kerry, Cork, Carricktergus, Kil-kenny County, while in Kilkenny City Baron Dowse declared that he could preach no sermon as he had no text, and was accordingly presented with white gloves. The same learned and jocose authority declared a few days later at Clonmel, that the cases for trial were "of a trivial character," and that there were no cases of "agrarian conspiracy." There is a similar record from Westmeath, where Mr. Justice Barry declared there were no bills of indictment to go before the grand jury, and the more serious of the remaining cases (19 in all) only amounted to sending threatening letters-crimes, which in most cases, are the acts of mischievous boys : or the amusement of village policemen, whe find it pleasant and profitable to scare the neighborhood when looking after promotion.

Now, all these places are, in the eyes of the peaceloving English people, the centres of blood-thirsty passions and reeking crime-and are accordingly bound down by English statesmen in the galling and degrading bonds of coercion, while these same peace and justice-loving English people freely commit crime, and conspire and threaten to shield murderers. Surely there is something wanting somewhere. British statesmen must be blind in England to crimes which they magnify a thousand fold in Ireland. If they are logical and just----if coercion has repressed crime in Ireland, why not apply the remedy to England, where, according to their own authorities, it is wanted ten times worse? If not necessary in England why apply it in Ireland, which has almost an immunity from ordinary crime? The Times recommends the "cat" as the corrective of crime in England. We have no objection to the experiment, if thought necessary, and must say, it is well deserved. In Iteland it is not needed. What we do need is the liberty to diminish crime by elevating the people. In Ireland more freedom and less crime are convertible terms. Let the English people ask themselves if they can say so much; and if not, why then apply to Ireland a rule they would not themselves tolerate for an hour?

From Newcastle to Bristol-from Southampton to Liverpool, the English Assizes show that crime prevails. The judges announce it from the Bench. The press proclaims it to the people. Crime is concealed, and criminals are sheltered.

But there is no coercion code for England. In Ireland, from North to South, there is an almost total absence of crime of a serious nature .--The judges say so-and the press finds scarcely a case calling for comment.

But Ireland still groans under a coercion code. Now, we have a suggestion for our Irish legislators, which we desire seriously to commend to their consideration-and venture to add, that we think it of more importance to Ireland than the interests of Don Carlos in Spain-the consideration of high imperial policy in India, or the many other universal memb rs devo uestioi selves. English and Scotch members of parliament, in their desire to secure the peace and happiness of Ireland, almost unanimously decided that coercion was the cure for the crime that oppressed her. Now, one good turn deserves another-and, as the English papers tell us that the absence of crime in Ireland is due to coercion, we are charitable enough to desire that crime in England should be checked by the means which they tell us has proved so efficacious in Ireland. We desire not to be ungrateful for past favors. and would therefore ask our members of parliament -the Party, in fact-to ask leave to introduce a measure into parliament for the suppression of crime in England. If a Peace Preservation Act has prevented crime in Ireland it is necessary in Engand. If it is not needed to suppress crime in England, it is tyrannous in Ireland. This is the case as it stands. Will the Party take it up, and if not is there a member bold enough to do so on his own responsibility ? We are sure that Irish sentiment would be entirely with him. and know we could sustain him against any sinister action on the part of the friends of Irish coercion whether in parliament or out of it.-United Irishman.

had been to the Stuarts in 1688, went into emigrat. ion with them and returned with them. More fortunate than many of the emigrating no-blesse of France, he recovered his property when he came back in 1815. The Marshal-Pres. dent was his second son, and was known in his youth as Count Maurice de MacMahon. The older b:other succeeded to the Marquisate, and married a lady of rank, who has survived her husband, and is now well known in the vicinity of Autun, where she resides, for her charity, her wit, and her eccentri-cities. The Marshal-President, in 1854, when he returned as a General of Division to Paris (rom Algiers on his way to assume a command in the Crimea, married a lady of one of the proudest of the old families of France, Mile, de la Croix de Castries, All this of course, makes him neither, the better nor the worse soldier and man, but it at least explains in a manner not discreditable to the Marshal's character, the sympathies with legitimacy which he has never attempted to conceal, and which really enhance the merit of his soldierly fidelity to the josth he has taken as Tresident of the French Republic. Marshal MacMahon can hardly be called a great man. But he has always shown himself to be a man of rare honor, probity, and simplicity of character, qualities which perhaps are of more use to France in her present position, than intellectual brillancy or the perilous audacities of political genius.

## SCOTCH VITAL STATISTICS.

The Scotch. Registrar-General has published his seventeenth annual report, of the births, draths, and marriages which occurred in Scotland in 1871. This is as near to our time as the Registrar-General has been able to go, it seems. The history of a twelvemonth which has lapsed four years ago is, in our days of change and hurry, little more interesting, if at all so much, as the social statistics of the Year One would be. However, since the official and his staff have not been able to bring the process of population and depepulation closer to our ken, we must take the report for 1871 as a tardy step in advance. It has the advantage of relating to the Census year, whereby we have the information, in addition to that which it gives specifically, that the population in Scotland in 1871 was 3,367,922 persons. Of this grand total, 1,607,276 were males, and 1,760,646 females, the weaker sex in this as in all other comparative aggregates of population, avenging themselves by preponderance of number for their inferiority in other respects to the lord of creation. During the year there were 116,128 birthsregistered in Scotland, this number being the largest ever recorded in the land of scoues and sulphur. Examination of the returns shows that the birthrate was highest where the population was most dense and lowest in the sparsely inhabited districts. Of the registered births, 11,077, or 91 per cent. were illegitimate. This is a proportion large enough to justify the familiar estimate of the popular morality among our Northern kindred. At the same time it is something to learn that the rate of illegitimacy was not so low since 1861, when it was 9.2 per cent, To be plain about it, the fractional difference, even multiplying it by the whole number of births, shows no great improvement, and is a still smaller matter of congratulation in face of the fact that the interval of the decade-1861-71-showed an unhappy development of the national failing. During the ten years terminating with 1870 the illegitimate births constituted very nearly 10 per cent. of all births which took place in Scotland-that is, one out of every ten children born was illegitimate. We have no means in this Blue Book of knowing whether the improved morality of 1871 has been continued since, but from recent figures published on calcula. tion it is to be feared that the ugly per centage of the period given has been fully equalled. Of the total births there were 60,029 boys and 56,099 girls; in other words, for every 180 female births there were 107 male births, a proportion of a usual kind. In 1871 twin births occurred in Scotland ,299 times, triplet births 17 times. One mother had twins after having been married five-and-twenty years. There were registered in Scotland in 1871 a total number of 24,019 marriages. This exceeded the numbers of the previous year by 165, and gave a proportion of 71 mairiages in every 10,000 of the population. Of the total number of marriages, 10,-985 were contracted by members of the Established Church, 5,404 by Free Church people, 3,325 by United Presbyterians, 2,087 by Roman Catholics, 551 by Episcopalians, other denominations footing up 1,498, while 105 are entered under the head of irregular marriages. The proportion of women to men who married under the age of 21 was 1 to 3. More than 85 out of every 100 marriages took place between batchelors and spinsters. Sawney was wary of widows in 1871, when only 21 per cent. of the total marriages were between bach-lors and widows, spinisters more recklessly trusting themselves to widowrs in the proportion of nearly 9 per cent. Widowers and widows, both having a knowledge of matrimony by experience, dared that dubious state once more in the proportion of 31 per cent. of the whole number enlisted under Hymen during the year. It is interesting to note that of the total number married, 90 per cent. of the bridegrooms wrote their own names in the register, while of the brides over 80 per cent, were able to sign for themselves. If we take the numbers who from shyness, or confusion, or unwillingness, or some other cause besides blank ignorance of writing, made only their mark, we shall have in the aggregate a very forcible picture of the diffusiveness of education in Scotland. During 1871 there were registered 74,712 deaths, a mortality slightly in excess of that of previous years. This feature of excess was also observable in England in the same year. With regard to the proportions in which the death rate shows in different districts, the Registrar-General observes that it seems impossible to resiat the inference that the descending scale of mortality indicated in them between the large and small towns and the thickly and thinly populated districts, is connected with the degree of dersity with which the population may be aggregated. That is to say, the death rate was highest where the population was densest, a conclusion and a fact natural to draw and not likely to be disputed. Of the total deaths in Scotland in 1871, 36,827, were those of males, and 37,-885 of females. While more males are born, as a rule than females, the number of living females always exceeds that of males. The difference of mortality between the sexes is very strongly marked in the tables given here, and appears at every stage of life and in every division of the country. In this respect it is a real advantage to be a woman, for not only in Scotland, but cleewhere, they have upon the whole, a longer term of this vale of tears than the sex they so often drive for refuge to another world.

## MARSHAL MacMAHON'S ORIGIN.

A French gentleman, the estates of whose family are situated in the ancient province of Burgundy, at no great distance from Sacy, the village so often and so grotesquely celebrated by that most unique of French writers of the eighteenth century, Restif de la Bretonne, informs us that, as might have been expected, the Bonapartist Parisian journal which we cited on Friday is all wrong, and that Vapereau's biographical dictionary is all right in regard to the parentage and ancestry of the Marshal-President of the French Republic. The Bonapartist journal in question having discovered in the Parisian Cimetiere du Sud the tomb of a certain Dr. Patrick MacMahon, who died in 1833, and whose epitaph credits him with many public and private virtues, jumped to the conclusion, or pretended to jump to the conclusion, that this was the father of the Duke of Magenta, and that consequently the claim made by his (riends for the Duke that his leanings towards Legitimacy came to him naturally by the influences of his birth and family associations, was false and fraudulent.

It curiously illustrates the recklessness of a large portion of the Parisian press, that the fact of the Duke's origin are as well ascertained as the facts of the origin of the Marquis of Nonilles or the Duke of Luynes. The father of the Marshal-President was, as Vapercau states that he was, " a peer of France" and a warm personal friend of the last legitimate King of France and Navarre, Charles by the grace of God, Tenth of the name. This nobleman bore the title by inheritance of Marquis of MacMahon. His first ancestor in France was an Irish contleman of ancient blood, who followed thither the fortunes of the House of Stuart after the expulsion of James II., in 1688. He must have taken to France something more substantial than his pedigree and his sword. For he purchased an estate in Burgundy near Epinay, which his descendants still hold, and Louis XV. conferred upon his successor the title of little absently: "About ten years," said the dumb Marquis. The father of the Marshal-President was man, thrown of his guard." The local instantly reas faithful to the Bourbons in 1792 as his succestor | sumed his labors and the mendicane did not persist. ered forming from from the second concerts reprise reprise to stand the baseline to the concert of the second s I the colored of known the second statement of the statement to a statement of the second statement of the second

When ten men will cheerfully lay down their lives for a woman, only one will carry her a scuttle of coal.-Danbury News.

People who carry chewing gum and postage stamps loose in their pockets do not complain of lack of business.-Danbury News.

The editor of the Dresden Doings is rather absent minded. "He held the position of local on the St. Albans Pi.neer ? several years ago, and was alone in the office writing up some items one morning, when a stranger came in and presented a scrap of paper with the words scrawled awkwardly :"I am dumb and deaf, and have nothing to buy bread : can you help me ?" Wheeling glanced at it, looked up, then out of the window, trying to recall a local item. "How long have you been that way," he asked, a