## THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.—MAY 1, 1874.

GREAT BRITAIN.

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ME. GLADSTONE ON THE STATE OF THE LIBERAL PARTY. The Manchester Evening News publishes a letter from Mr. Gladstone to a gentleman in Ardwick, Manobester, in which he says that he cannot hesitate to express the opinion that all proceedings indiciously taken at the local centres for the reorganisation of the Liberal party, are to be regarded as of great value and peculiarly appropriate at the present time. There is little doubt that superior organization, the fruit of long-continued and patient attention on the part of the Conservative or Tory party, has been the main cause of the victory which they have recently achieved.

Ma Newdegate's Bill. - Mr. Newdegate has obtained leave to introduce his Bill for the supervision of Monastic and Conventual Institutions, and it was read a first time; the fight upon it being left, as it isevery year for the second reading. Mr. Newdegate, in the debate on Mr. Butt's motion, expressed his own conviction that the transaction of business would be much facilitated by the absence of Irish members; but the notice which he gave of his annual Bill was received with some laughter, which was probably not exclusively confined to members from the other side of the Channel.

It does not appear that our Anglican friends attribute much gifts to their so called Bishops. They have their merits, but no one expects them to be apostles. The State can make them a good deal, but not that. The conge d'elire of the Sovereign stops short of that. Very far short, if we may believe a lively writer in the Church Times of the 20th inst. "Putting on the episcopal habit," he says, seems to involve putting off the polite usages of society, and the habits of a gentleman." Our acquaintance with Anglican Bishops,of whom we have known several, would certainly constrain us to speak more respectfully of them than their own clergy do. They are not Bishops, but at least we have always found them to be gentlemen. Apparently the writer in the Church Times does not agree with us. "No gentleman off the episcopal bench could be found," he considers, "who would have conducted himself as Bishop Tait did frequently, as the Bishop of London, Bishop Hervey at Bath and Wells, Bishop Baring at Durham, Bishop Claughton in preaching in London." He has even more to say. "I suppose there never was a time when so little respect was felt and exhibited,"—the latter proposition seems quite indisputable,—" for Bishops as the pre-

sent, and this by laity and clergy alike.
The Taits and the Jacksons and the Barings of the present day possess absolutely no title beyond the possession of some thousands a year to the regard of mankind. To be an unsuccessful master of a public school, to have written a pamphlet on Little Sins, to be a brother to a peer, can afford no inducement to reverence." It evidently fails to secure it. "If the Church of England remains Episcopal, it will be in

spite of her Bishops."-Tablet.

We quote from the Daily News :- A new conspiracy against the Protestant religion has been discovered and unveiled. While the officials of the House of Commons were gravely searching for Guy Fawkes in the vaults under the Houses of Parliament, the watchful Committee of the Protestant Evangelical Mission and Electoral Union bad already found him braving and insulting the sacred presence of her majesty's portrait. The arch-conspirator is no other than Archbishop Manning, and the scene of the conspiracy is the Hall of the Society of Arts. The committee in question having learned "that at a late meeting, Lord Derby being absent, the Most Reverend Archbishop Manning was called to the chair," have expressed to the council their painful surprise at this startling event, and made an energetic remonstrance against the disrespect thus shown to the queen and the royal family. Paintings of these exalted personages adorn the great hall where Dr. Manning presided. Alas, the time is out of joint, and Mr. R. Steele, Secretary of the Protestant Evangelical Mission and Electoral Union, is ordered by the committee to set it right. He threatens that "means will be taken that such an affront shall not be repeated." They cannot burn the archbishop, or we might feel some dread lest their zeal should revive the old penal fires. We trust that they will not propose to burn down the hall, by way of illustration. Empty "remonstrance" is surely not what the occa Protesting by circular is a new form of Protestantism. Unhappily the common sense and good feeling of the public would be apt to make any other form of protest disagreeable to those on whom the duty of making it had fallen, and some prompt means would probably be taken to resent or repel such an affront to a distinguished member of the Society of Arts as this remonstrance feebly attempts.

THE AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS.—Two thousand agricultural labourers have been locked out in the Newmarket district, and the greatest possible excitement prevails. Letters threatening incendiary fires have been received by farmers at Kirtling, and a monster meeting was held at Newmarket yesterday, addressed by Messrs. Jay, Crick, and Balls. They condemned the farmers who hoped to crush the labourers, and advised the latter to hold out to the last. One speaker urged emigration as the true remedy for the grievances of the labourers, and promised good homes to 50,000 of them. The labourers with flags and a band of music, marched in procession through the town. The agricultural labourers in Buckinghamshire and the neighbouring counties are now holding meetings almost every night in the week, and on the Sundays those of them who are members of the Labourers' Union assemble in what may be called their full uniform, broad, bright blue sashes, rosettes and hat-bands, and walk in procession to attend divine service in their parish church. Nor is there any complaint made with respect to their conduct in church, which is orderly and respectful, although it is impossible to say as much for the congregation which fills the village church to overflowing only to see the Unionists, and interferes not a little with the devotions of the regular attendants. After the service, the labourers gather round one of their chief officers and sing a hymn from the Union Hymn-book before they disperse. With regard to the nightly meetings they are also generally peaceable demonstrations. On Saturday last, a farmer was fined by the Aylesbury magistrates for assaulting a labourer, and Mr. Disraeli's description of the condition of the agricultural labourers in " the rural town of Marney" has been reprinted from Sibyl, and sold in every hamlet of the county he represents. This week a meeting is to be held in Aylesbury to denounce the Commission to inquire into the Labour Laws, and to get up a testimonial to Mr. George Howell. On the other side, the Conservatives have, it is said, resolved to celebrate the triumpn of their principles and the success of their party in the late election at a banquet to which the Premier is to be

We should like very much to know by what right the Daily Telegraph takes upon itself to speak in these insulting terms of a distinguished member of Parliament—"Mr. Whalley is a poculiar individual, and if Peterborough will send him to the house it must take the consequences?" If Mr. Whalley, as the duly recognized play-boy of the House of Commons, acts ridiculously in the eyes of everybody but himself, is that any reason why Peterborough should continue to display its stupidity?—is that any reason why a slur should be cast upon a very popular public entertainer ?- is that any reason why such a transcendental parliamentary luminary should be pilloried before the world as a " peculiar individual?" No; certainly not. We have heard before now of duels—sanguinary duels—resulting from a less palpable insult than this "A" peculiar individual". indeed—a man who has done more than other in the country to uphold "Church and State"—the un- held her and reflected. His income tax he spent | were too deep to be healed by soup or calico. Ire- bred Ward, Colgan, O'Clery, and a host of others.—. woden a got out."

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invited.

flinching champion of Protestantism—the grand for wax—she smiled and called him clever. She land's faith outlived the children's children of their Louvain which has shed its golden rays of science creator and inquisitor of Jesuitical plots—the bosom friend of the illustrious Arthur Orton! Such a charge is preposterous. We should advise our dear old friend to commence an action of libel against the "paper with the largest circulation," &c., and we invite all our readers to join in a subscription towards the establishment of a fund for the defence of the character of this rare specimen of British statesmanship.—Universe.

A STORY OF A Dog.—The Morning Post says a dog who already bore about his muzzle some not inglorious scars accompanied his master, who carried on his breast the Victoria Cross, to the Ashantee cam-paign. Being of the bulldog breed and with a natural turn for fighting, he distinguished himself on several occasions and indeed throughout the campaign. In one instance he rushed into the enemy's ranks and, singling out one of his naked focs, so bit and worried him that he actually brought in his prisoner in triumph. He was such a favorite with the men that, in a heavy engagement, their fire was suspended for a minute to allow of his uninjured retreat from one of his desperate forays. He lives to enjoy his return and his honors, and at this moment is one of the greatest pets of Belgravia.

A, Costly Lesson -The story of how one Keenan emigrated to America, and there in eleven years saved £150, which he lost in one day through drinking away his senses in Liverpool, home sickness having induced him to recross the Atlantic, was related at the police court on Saturday. With about £120 in his pocket he visited a publichouse, where he drank till he fell asleep, and when he awoke he found he had not only lost all his money, but he had got into debt with the publican. With the aid of Mr. Dobbie, government emigration agent, he recovered £50, but £70 is still missing, and on Saturday he sought a summons against a man whom he suspected; but the magistrate thought there was not sufficient ground to grant the application.

Anglican Mones in India.—We hear that some Anglican "monks" have arrived in Calcutta. They belong to a missionary congregation called, if we remember right, the "Society of St. John the Evangelist," and wear a costume partly sacerdotal, partly monastic. We have no right to question their zeal, but we certainly pity these gentlemen on account of the false position in which they will be placed. The prevalent ideas about Protestant chaplains and missionaries consort so ill with long gaberdines and knotted cords, that the new arrival will be looked on much in the light of a masquerade.-Indo European Correspondence.

The jewels which the Duchess of Edinburgh brought with her to England are said to be worth \$2,500,000, and include one hundred bracelets. The day before she left St. Petersburg a bracelet was given her, valued at \$125,000.

WELCOME INTELLIGENCE -Chief Justice Coleridge (says a contemporary) has been inaugurating his career as a criminal judge by declaring his intention to punish offences against the person much more severely than offences against property.

A correspondent at Portsmouth describing the preparations in that town to welcome the troops from the Gold Coast, says that a huge flag, with the iuscription "Welcome Home!" had been hoisted over the police station. It was fortunately seen and removed in time.

Experiments made upon a healthy soldier in London go to show that alcohol is useless in a greater quantity than two ounces daily. The same experiments, however, indicate an advantage in its use if employed in rousing a feeble appetite or exciting a feeble circulation of blood.

## UNITED STATES.

Jacques Marquette was born in France, A. D. 1637 He entered the Society of Jesus, A. D. 1654, and was sent to Canada in 1666. He spent nine years in the most arduous missionary labors among savages, en-during at all times great personal privations, and exposing his life to constant danger. He discovered the Mississipi River, which he named River of Conception, June 17, 1673, and thus opened to civilization the richest, the most fertile and acessible teritory in the new world. He celebrated the first Mass of the Kaskaskia Mission, on Maunday Thursday, 1675; and died, in the bloom of youth, worn down by toil, in a lonely spot at the Mouth of Marquette | River, May 18 in the same year. Biographers represent Marquette as liberally educated, careful observer, a man of enlarged views, sound sense, and the strictest integrity. On account of his discovery and exploration of the Mississipi, which from its geographical importance and it results effecting the destiny on nations is ranked among the great events of modern days, coupled with his singularly pure character, historians have assigned him a high place among the great, the good, and the holy, who have honored our land. Marquette's zcal as a missionary his austere, self-sacrificing life, and his sanctity, attracted the veneration of all who knew him, and led many in his own day, and others later, to attribute to him a heroism in virtue beyond that of even the very best of ordinary men. The Marquette Socoety of St. Louis takes its name from this illustrious

man. A TENNESSEE ROMANCE.-He was young, he was fair, and he parted his hair, like the average beau, in the middle, he was proud, he was bold, but the truth must be told, he played like a fiend on the fiddle. Barring his voice, he was everything nice, and his heart was so loving and tender, that he always turned pale when he trod on the tail of the cat lying down by the fender. He clerked in a store, and the way that he tore off calico, jeans, and brown sheeting, would have tickled a calf, and made the brute laugh in the face of a quarterly meeting. He cut quite a dash with a darling moustache which he learned to adore and cherish, for one girl had said, while she dropped her proud head, that 'twould kill her to see the thing perish. On Sundays he'd search the straight road to the church unheeding the voice of the scorner; and demurely he sat, like a young tabby cat, with the saints in the amen corner. He sang like a bird, and his sweet voice was heard fairly tugging away at long metre; and we speak but the truth, when we say that this youth could outshine a hungry mosquito. She was young, she was fair, and she scrambled her hair like the average belle of the city; she was proud, but not bold, yet the truth must be told, the way she chewed wax was a pity. Barring this vice, she was everything nice, and the world admired her bustle; and the Fayetteville boys, being calmed by the noise, walked miles to hear it rustle. She cut quite a swell, did this wax-chewing belle, and men flocked in crowds to meet her; but she gave them the shirk, for she loved the young clerk, who sang like a hungry mosquito. So she hemmed and she hawed, and she sighed and she "chawed" till her heart and jaws were broken; then she walked by his store, while he stood at the door awaiting some lozing token. She raised up her eyes with a mock surprise, and tried to enact the scorner; but, to tell the truth, she grinned at the youth, who loved the amen corner. \* \* They met—alas! what came to pass was soft and sweet and precious, they wooed, they cooed, he talked, she chewed-0, how they loved, good gracious! They had to part; he rose to start; her grief can not be painted; these are the facts; she swallowed her wax, then screamed then choked, then fainted. Her pa appeared; her beau, quite scared, rushed out to get some water; the watch-dog spied his tender hide, and bit him where he "oughter." The tale is sad, the sequel stern—so thinks the youth thus bitten. He sings no more, as oft of yore, he gave that girl the mitten.

She pined apace, her pretty face looked slender and

dejected; her father kind, but somewhat blind, be-

went to work, forgot that clerk, and chawed in bliss forever !- J. Bateman Smith.

At a recent report made to the House of Representatives by the Committee on Public Lands, it is stated that there are yet 1,200,000,000 acres of public lands in the country that are unsurveyed. Out of the vast area of the public lands of the United States, however, after deducting swamp lands, deserts, amount of arable lands available for settlement cannot now exceed 350 to 400 millions of acres. Last year nearly four millions of acres were taken up by homestead settlers, and the estimate of the committee is that before a century elapses, all the arable lands of the country will be absorbed. When we consider what was the area of the past of the United States. inhabited by whites a century ago, this prediction not only seems probable, but there is also a likelihood of the entire arable surface of the country being absorved by settlers long before 1974.

A young man of a prudent turn of mind, who has just entered Harvard College, applied for insurance on his property in a prominent office in Boston A portion of the policy returned read as follows :-Insurance is effected " on his education, raw wrought, and in process, and materials for completing the same, including library of printed books book-cases, musical instruments, eye-glasses and canes, statuary and works of art, wearing apparel, beds and bedding, contained in No.—Thayer Hall, College yard, Cambridge. Permission to work extra hours, not later than 10 P. M., to even-up work, and to play draw-poker until he goes to bed." The young man feels safe.

A woman in Jeffersonville, Ind., dressed up a figure in her absent husband's best Sunday go tomeeting clothes, and set it outside the window. Of course, by the pale light of the absent moon he thought it was a burglar or a rival, and he perforated that figure with six bullet holes, and then cut it into shoe-strings with his bowie-knife before he discovered the mistake. His wife has taken to selling eggs to buy another suit of store clothes.

The Louisville Library Lottery, lately drawn, shows the fondness for gambling which still exists in the American breast. St. Louis purchased \$176,-000 worth of tickets and drew nothing. Chicago invested freely in tickets, but failed to secure a single prize. All over the country small sums were spent in the desperate hope of reaping large returns, and in nearly all the cases disappoinment followed the venture. Is it not about time for the public everywhere to discountenance such questionable attemps to raise funds.

At a school examination an eloquent clergyman made a brief address to the pupils of the necessity of obeying their teachers and growing up loyal and useful citizens. To emphasize his remarks, he pointed to a large national flag spread on one side of the room, and inquired, "Boys, what is that flag for?" A little urchin, who understood the condition of the house better than the speaker, promptly answered, "To bide the dirt sir."

It is conjectured that the immigration to the United States will be reduced one third this year, The New York Froress says that of the immigrants recently arrived at that port nearly the whole body have left for places of destination agreed upon before leaving home, the great West, as usual, absorbing the greatest number. Of one thousand arriving in in New York on Friday only twenty remained in that city.

TROUBLE OVER A LOTTERY PRIZE. - Solomon Toabe, a boot and shoe merchan in Memphis, Tennesce, won \$18,000 of the capital prize in the Louisville lottery. His partner, Louis Marks, has filed a bill enjoining Toabe from collecting the prize, and claiming half as a partnership transaction, the five dollars invested being the funds of the firm. The firm has disolved in consequence.

Mr. O'Brien, one of the members of Congress from this city, has introduced a bill authorizing nations and tribes of Indians located within the jurisdiction of the United States, in their organized capacity, and Indians in their individual capacity, to bring suits in the courts of the United States. Such a measure, if passed by Congress, might give a chance for the poor red man to obtain justice -Baltimore Catholic Mirror.

A California paper says of Governor Safford, of Arizona, that he "can go it as long without a plug hat and a biled shirt as any man who ever looked a grizzly square in the face."

A Wisconsin dairyman asks for information about the "cremation" business.

Carl Hermann, of Madison, Wisconsin, has discovered that he is heir to \$500,000 in Austria.

## IRISH CATHOLICITY.

The faith which St. Patrick planted on Irish soil attained such growth and vigor that neither the persecutions nor the wiles of Ireland's enemies were able to uproot it. In order to form some idea of the extreme measures adopted by bigoted and intolerant England, for the suppression of the Faith in Ireland, we shall make a few citations from a code of laws called "Laws of Discovery," enacted by the British Parliament for that purpose:

First-All Roman Catholics were completely dis-

Second-They were declared incompetent to acquire lands.
Third— Entaits were made void and divided

equally among the children. Fourth-If a child abjured the Catholic faith he

inherited the paternal estate though the youngest of the family. Fitth-If the son abjured his religion the father

lost all control over his property, receiving only a pension from his estates which fell to his son. Sixth-No Catholic could take a lease for more than twenty-one years.

Seventh-Unless two-thirds of the yearly value was reserved an informant could obtain the benefit of the lease. Eighth-A priest who celebrated mass was trans-

ported; and if he returned was hanged. Ninth-If a Catholic owned a horse worth over five pounds sterling it was confiscated to the benefit of the informer.

Tenth—according to a regulation of Lord Hard-

wick, Catholics were declared incapable of lending money on mortgage.

This, then, was the way the descendants of the lecherous Henry undertook to carry out his solemn promise to Adrian IV., that he would purify Catholicity in Ireland, and uproot the many abuses which

he falsely represented as existing there.

The people of Ireland were robbed of their possessions, their sons were slaughtered, their daughters defamed; but the more they were oppressed the more fondly did they cling to that faith, which was was dearer to them than life, and died to defend it. If the Roman patrlot cried out from his heart that "it was sweet to die for his country," with greater sincerity did each Irish heart cry out "Tis sweet to die for the Kingdom of Christ, which is alone our true country." When their altars had been overthrown, and their churches either leveled to the dust or appropriated by their oppressors, they as-sembled in the mountain defiles and rocky caves, and there pouring forth the fulness of their souls to God, they nurtured and kept alive that faith which like the Church itself, the gates of hell could not prevail against. When cruelty had failed to produce the desired effect, they had recourse to blandishments, hoping that, by taking advantage of the poyerty to which they had reduced the Irish people, they might envice them to abandon the faith of their ancestors; but like William Hutton, whose wounds were too deep to be healed by cherries, their wounds

tormenters, and stood out before the world as pure and as bright as when Patrick's saintly hand had planted it. Nay, more, the means taken for its extermination became, in the hands of Divine Provithe nations, so that the sun never sets on Irish Catholicity. This might seem to be saying too much, but let us look to the facts:

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Firstly—A war of extermination was waged against Irish Catholics who persisted in the exercise of their religious duties, so that in almost every clime of the then known world, the poor exile of Erin might be found, seeking an asylum from the persecution and oppression raging in his native

Secondly-when that oppression began to exhaust itself, and proud England was extending her conquests and possessions to every quarter of the globe, freland followed in silence, with her children and her missionaries, making conquest of hearts to the religion of Christ, when the cold doctrines of the Anglican Church were unable to make an impression, on them.

In America, Africa, Australia, and Asia or whereever England established her colonies, Ireland was busy with her missionaries, sowing the seed of the Gospel and planting colonies for the salvation of souls. We do not pretend to say that the Irish prople are without faults—they have many failings, it is true; but we do say, and without fear of contradiction, that there is no people under heaven who has shown more attachment to, or manifested more zeal in the defense and propagation of, the religion of Jesus Christ,- Western Catholic.

RUSSIA.—NEW RELIGIOUS SECTS.—The Gazette of St. Petersburg has an article about them which is worthy of notice, the principal facts which it states are in reference to the "Stundists," who were founded by a German of the name of Bounkompf, and who spread themselves chiefly in Little Russia, where until lately the sects of the Dissenters appear to have made but little progress. The "Stundists" are so-called because during the hours—in German Stunden-when the rest of maukind are asleep, they hold their meetings for reading and discussing the Bible. The number of them is already considerable in the provinces of Kerson and Kief. Their doctrines are very similiar to those of the Anabaptists. They re-baptize, and reject fasting and the veneration of images, asserting that they have gone back to the practice of the primitive church. Another sect called the "Groaners" are much more original in their religion. They are so called because instead of praying they think it sufficient to turn their eyes upwards and groan. Their leader is a man of Kalonga named Tikhauf, a shoemaker, or cobbler by trade, who is a strong opponent of every sort of religious ceremony; he allows no kind of address from the creature to the Creator in words; the act of sighing he holds to be the only purely spiritual form of worship. His followers admit no sacrament, not even that of marriage, and regard priests as mere walking pieces of useless lumber. In the same prevince of Kalouga there has also been discovered another sect, which rejects all sacraments, but admits confession of sins made to one of the elders of their community. Lastly, there exists at Pakof a denomination of "Seraphines," consisting chiefly of peasant women. The chiefarticle of their creed is that the end of the world is at hand. Their founder was a monk named Father Scraphin, who lived in a wood. The police routed him out of his hermitage and deported him to Siberia. The Seraphines have lamented his loss ever since, but their body does not gain adherents for want of a director. One remark seems to apply to all the Russian sects; it is curious that anciently they were formed on the principle of a pharisaic adherence to some particular form or ceremony, whereas now their general tendency is to rid themselves of every sort of ritual, and they all agree in holding the Russian clergy in sovereign contempt. The Supreme Pontiff of the Empire, Count Dimitri Tolstoy, thought it his duty to resort to some measure that would enable him to put his forces in motion. He drew up a plan of ecclesiastical reformation, new "Statutum" a la Peter the Great, and he called on the Bishops to give their opinions upon it. One and all have just done so, and their unanimous judgment is that they would prefer resigning their sees rather than subscribe to a Protestant Reformation, and that they would not recognize any authority save that of a Council as competent to effect such a transformation of the Russian Church. Will permission be granted them to assemble at Moscow as they have asked for leave to do? What will come of this crisis in Church affairs that has been provoked by the useless meddling of Count Tolstoy? I own I do attach very great importance to it. It is evidently the beginning of the fulfilment of Count de Maistre's prophecy, who asserted fifty years ago that the Russian Church was like an embalmed corpse, and that its first contact with the free air of Europe would suffice to cause it to fall into the dust like an Egyptian mummy. But a grain of faith can remove mountains, and the present is certainly the time to pray for Russia with redoubled earnestness.

was conferred the merited title of "Catholic."-France obtained the title of the most "Christian" in times when Christianity and Islamism were contending for the mastery. But when the great revolution of the fifteenth century arose, and the Catholic Church had to contend with Protestantism, then Spain was the nation which upheld the authority of the Church and championed the cause of Catholicity. Charles V. raised that once illustrious nation to the height of grandcur. Philip II. maintained Spain in the greatness, in which he found her.— During her days of glory, she was Catholic. Materialism has sadly defaced the beauty of her appearance and strength of her gait. But whoever may look down on Spain in her troubles, difficulties, dissentions and misfortunes, it certainly does not become the Irish Catholic to do so. He does remember that when his country was a prey to the devouring wolves of the so-called Reformation; when the Irish prelates were banished, imprisoned, tortured, hanged; when the universities, colleges and schools of the Irish people were invaded and misappropriated; when the estates of the Irish Catholics were confiscated and the properties of the people plundered; when the noble and brave had to leave their own land and seek employment in foreign countries, then it was that Spain planned for the rescue of Ireland; that she conferred place, honor and wealth on the Irish exilos in her service; that she educated the Irish priesthood and created names that are beacon lights in the dark history of their country; that she founded institutions of learning on the continent for the Irish nation, and endowed and sustained them, thereby fanning the flame of Irish Catholic crudition, lest it might go out through the oppression of England. Names. near and dear to us in the past as in the present, received, in the collegiate institutions founded by Spain, the knowledge that rendered them worthy, useful and famous. Then should the Irish Catholic remember Catholic Spain with gratitude; should mourn her misfortunes, and hope for her prosperity and happiness, when he thinks of the trials of his forefathers and recollects that Florence Conroy, the able defender, in those days, of the Immaculate Conception, was befriended by Philip II. who sent him out in the Grand Armada; who, at his suggestion, founded the Irish College of Louvain and caused his own daughter, the Infanta Isabella, to lay its corner-stone. That famous institution which has reared so many names for Ireland, for Cathousity and for fame. The institution which cultured and preserved the Irish tongue when it was dying out on its native heath. The institution which

CATHOLIC SPAIN .- Spain is the nation on whom

and Catholic truth on Ireland, and even on Irish-America to the present day. On the sea, did not Admiral Philip O'Sullivan Bears command the navy of Spain? On land, the O'Neils, the O'Dondence, the very instruments of its diffusion among nells, the Blakes, fought and gained renown in her armies. Therefore, do we have sympathy for Spain, and hope to see her restored to her greatness, religion, and learning of former days, when her right arm may be extended to raise the suffering Pontiff, and her sympathy afforded, if not her power wielded, in defense of Catholic Ircland, as she did of old. - Western Catholic.

> What we Breathe .- The Scientific American says : We have all heard of the Black Hole at Calcutta. It was a room eighteen feet square. In this room one hundred and forty-six persons were confined. It had but one window, and that a small one. Dr. Dunglison, in his 'Elements of Hygiene,' says: 'In less than an hour many of the prisoners were delirious, and the place was filled with incoherent ravings, in which the cry for water was predominant. This was handed them by the sentinels, but without the effect of allaying their thirst. In less than four hours many were suffocated or died in delirium. In five hours the survivors, except those at the gate, were frantic and outrageous. At length many of them became insensible. Eleven hours after they were imprisoned, twenty-three only of the one hundred and forty-six came out alive, and these were in a highly putrid fever.' There are many 'black holes' like this used for sleeping-rooms, says the London Co-operator; the difference between them and the one at Calcutta is that they are not crammed quite so full of human beings. In a word, then, we may say a sleeping apartment should be large, lofty, and airy. It is a poor economy for health to have large and airy parlors, and small, ill-ventilated bedrooms. Fashion, however, is a reigning deity in this respect, and will, no doubt continue to bear sway, nothwithstanding our protest against her dominion. You will scarcely drink after another person from the same glass, yet you will breath over and over the same air, charged with the filth and poison of a hundred human bodies around you. You cannot bear to touch a dead body because it is so poisonous and polluting; but you can take right into your lungs, and consequently into your body, your system those poisonous particles and noxious exhalations which the bodies around you have refused, and which have been cast into the atmosphere by their lungs, because the health of their bodies required them to be thrown off. If the "timorously nice creatures who can scarcely set a foot on the ground," who are so delicate that they run distracted at the crawling of a worm, flying of a bat, or squeaking of a mouse, could see what they breathe at the mid-night carousal, the very police ball, and bright theatre, they could never be caught in such company again. Nay, if they could see what they breathe in their own dwellings, after the doors and windows had been closed a little while, they would soon keep open houses. More sickness is caused by vitiated air than can be named. It is one of the most prominent causes of scrofula which is another name for half of the diseases that attack the human body. It vitiates and destroys the whole fountain of lifethe blood. In the sick room it often augments the disease, or renders it incurable. If the physician comes in and opens a window, or a door stands ajar for a moment, the good nurse or tender mother, or the kind wife, or the loving sister, will fly up and close it as though the life of the sick were at stake. All this is a well meant kindness, but real cruel. If you would have health, breathe fresh air; open your windows every morning, and often during the day; leave off your mufflers from the chin. For twenty years I was accustomed to never going out without a handkerchief tied closely around the mouth, and for nearly that period have left it off. I have had fewer colds and suffer far less from changes of climate than previously. Let the air into your bedrooms; you cannot have too much of it, provided it does not blow directly upon you.

> TRY THE POWER OF LOVE. - Thousands of unfortunate incbriates are on the high road to ruin. that might be rescued, if proper efforts were made. Many of us in our anxiety to save the lost-to reclaim the drunkard, forget that every slave to Alcohol, imagines that he has the right to drink, the right to ruin himself if he chooses. Any attempt, therefore, to force them to abandon it, either by the use of severe argument, or ridicule, or abuse, defeats its object. Men are jealous of their rights, and they hug closely the delusion to their bosoms, that all such attempts are breaches upon their liberties. The fears of some and the shame of others have been reached, and they have been led to abandon the habit. But the number is small. But would you draw men from dangers which they do not really perceive? they must be labored with. Persuasion may jostle them from their position, when sharp words would utterly fail. Above all the most potent agent that one man can employ with another in leading him from vice and ruin, is love. You must convince him by every effort, that you are prompted solely by the interest you feel for him personally. This interest must be shown by your affectionate demeaner. You must convince him that you love him, he yields at once to a power which he cannot resist. When once you have done this, this the last link that holds him to his cups is the fear, the dread that he can't quit. Cut that link and you have saved him. Try, then, the power of love .--Spirit of the Aye.

> A BLIND MAN'S VIEW OF LIGHT .- The Rev. Dr. Melburn, the blind preacher, says:—Who in fitting strains shall sing the praise of light? At dawn is frets and glows along the eastern sky with its gray hue, and then its purling or its crimson blush. At the husb of summer mid-day, in country places, it seems to flood the firmament and earth with a silent sea of glory. Behind the retiring storm, it builds across the heavens the triple arch of beauty, not in token of the tempest's victory, but in pledge that floods and winds shall no longer be triumphant. At the end of the day's circuit, it gathers the clouds from the pageantry of sunset, arrays them in their thousand liveries of dazzling, softening radiance, and then the bridegroom, clad in amber robes, is gone, sends them to sleep, or to float beneath the starwrought canopy. In the still depths beneath the troubled sea it works its strange and silent alchemy, and the worthless oyster becomes a pearl price. It enshrines itself in a pebble, and thenceforth men call that pebble " the mountain of light." It is the apocaylpse of the universe. And when you would render to the intellect the loftiest thought of God, you say that he is Light, and in Him is no darkness

A day or two ago Jones was injudiciously "full." Being painfully aware of his inebriety, he endeavored to conceal it from the public by buttoning his coat up very closely, imparting an abnormal stiffnes to his knees, and tripping over his own heels. He stalked up to a street car, walked briskly in just as the horse started forward—and instantly tumbled out again backword without unbending a muscle. Straightway he recovered the upright, splashed with mud, and re-entered, seating bimself behind an acquaintonce, making no sign of his mishap: Presently he turned to this individual and queried:
"Kilzshun?" "No." He considered a moment,
and then again asked: ""Off the track?" "No." More reflection-sleeply then : "Runoversprespice?" "No." Somnolent cognitation. "Any accordit?"
"Not at all." He took this piece of information into his intellectual maw, and digesting it, concluded that he must be very drunk indeed. Auxious to cover up the disgraceful fact and turn the matter off respectably, he shortly turned again with the bland observation: "Well, if I'd anone that