

GREAT BRITAIN.

Mr. Gladstone on the State of the Liberal Party.—The Manchester Evening News publishes a letter from Mr. Gladstone to a gentleman in Ardwick, Manchester, in which he says that he cannot hesitate to express the opinion that all proceedings judiciously taken at the local centres for the re-organisation of the Liberal party, are to be regarded as of great value and peculiarly appropriate at the present time.

Mr. 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 Bill upon it being left, as it read a first time; the Bill upon it being left, as it read a first time; the Bill upon it being left, as it read a first time.

It does not appear that our Anglican friends attribute much 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. 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 of a gentleman."

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 property much more severely than offences against person.

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 inscription "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 1668. He spent nine years in the most arduous missionary labors among savages, enduring at all times great personal privations, and exposing his life to constant danger.

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.

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 peculiar 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"?

finching champion of Protestantism—the grand 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.—Univers.

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 Azahzee campaign. 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 foes, so bit and worried him that he actually brought in his prisoner in triumph.

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.

ANGELIC MONKS 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.

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 hide the dirt sir."

It is conjectured that the immigration to the United States will be reduced one third this year. The New York Express 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 New York on Friday only twenty remained in that city.

TOBACCO OVER A LOTTERY PRIZE.—Solomon Toabe, a boot and shoe merchant in Memphis, Tennessee, 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 dissolved 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 pig hat and a billed 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 disarmed.
Second.—They were declared incompetent to acquire lands.
Third.—Entails 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.
Fifth.—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 transported; 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 Hardwick, Catholics were declared incapable of lending money on mortgage.

This, then, was the way the descendants of the lecherous Henry undertook to carry on 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 dearer to them than life, and died to defend it. If the Roman patriot 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 assembled 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 cruelly had failed to produce the desired effect; they had recourse to blandishments, hoping that, by taking advantage of the poverty to which they had reduced the Irish people, they might entice them to abandon the faith of their ancestors; but, like William Hutton, whose wounds were too deep to be healed by cherries, their wounds were too deep to be healed by soup or calico. Ire-

land's faith outlived the children's children of their tormentors, 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 Providence, the very instruments of its diffusion among the 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:

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 land.

Secondly.—when that oppression began to exhaust itself, and proud England was extending her conquests and possessions to every quarter of the globe, Ireland 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 wherever 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 people 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 Boukempf, 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 mankind 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 Kiev. Their doctrines are very similar 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 "Groenars" 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 Kalouga 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 province 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 Pskof a denomination of "Seraphines," consisting chiefly of peasant women. The chief article of their creed is that the end of the world is at hand. Their founder was a monk named Father Seraphin, 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, now "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 fulfillment 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.

CATHOLIC SPAIN.—Spain is the nation on whom 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 grandeur. 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, dissensions 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 exiles 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 erudition, 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 Catholicity and for fame. The institution which cultured and preserved the Irish tongue when it was dying out on its native heath. The institution which bred Ward, Colgan, O'Clery, and a host of others—

Louvain which has shed its golden rays of science and Catholic truth on Ireland, and even on Irish-America to the present day. On the sea, did not Admiral Philip O'Sullivan Beare command the navy of Spain? On land, the O'Neills, the O'Donnells, 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 Ireland, as she did of old.—Western Catholic.

WHAT WE REAPTURE.—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. Duglison, 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, notwithstanding our protest against her dominion. You will scarcely drink after another person from the same glass, yet you will breathe 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 have been cast into the atmosphere by their lungs, because the health of their bodies required them to be thrown off. If the 'timorous 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 midnight carousal, the very polio 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 life—the 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 inebriates 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, forgot 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 demeanor. 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 Age.

A BIRD MAN'S VIEW OF LIGHT.—The Rev. Dr. Mellburn, the blind preacher, says.—Who in fitting strains shall sing the praise of light? At dawn it frets and glows along the eastern sky with its gray hue, and then its purpling or its crimson blush. At the hush 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 pagantry 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 star-wrought canopy. In the still depths beneath the troubled sea it works its strange and silent alchemy, and the worthless oyster becomes a pearl prize. It unshines itself in a pebble, and thenceforth men call that pebble "the mountain of light." It is the apocalypse of the universe. And when you would reader to the intellect the loftiest thought of God, you say that he is Light, and in Him is no darkness at all.

A day or two ago Jones was injudiciously "fall." Being painfully aware of his ineptitude, he endeavored to conceal it from the public by buttoning his coat up very closely, imparting an abnormal stiffness 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 backward without unbending a muscle. Straightway he recovered the upright, splashed with mud, and re-entered, seating himself behind an acquaintance, 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—sleepy then: "Removers' prepiece?" "No." Somnolent cogitation. "Any accidnt?" "Not at all." He took this "piece of information" into his intellectual maw, and digesting it, concluded that he must be very drunk indeed. Anxious to cover up the disgraceful fact and turn the matter off respectfully, he shortly turned again, with the bland observation: "Well, if I'd anona, that I woder a got out."