IRELAND AS IT IS.

A Record of British Shame and Irish Sorrow.

I have seen the local constable press for a conviction in the case of a cow "found wandering on the public road," to quote the exact formula, with a ferocity peries ly amazing. And this ofience is often included in the list of outrages submitted to Parliament when a coercion act is called for ! Little boys have been sent to jail called for I Little boys have been sent to jail for whistling derisively at a policeman in New Oastle, West County Limerick. That, mind you, was the charge, "Whistling derisively." If a policeman thinks you are drunk, it is of little consequence that it is he himself who is drunk; your fate is sealed if he has a spite againstyou. He will swear until a conviction is obtained. One swear, as a rule, is sufficient to satisfy the magistrate, another village Dogberry who site on his twopenny throne, but if a hun-dred different awayrs in all the varying moods and tensor be desmed essential, this Irish "Pealer," this transor to the people from whom he sprang, is never found wanting. Mark the sullen grin that steads over his wizened face as he falls in line at the command and armed to the teeth faces with a cowering heart the surg-ing thousands who at the ring of the chapel bell have come down from the mountians and the plains to encourage by their cheers their aufferbrother whose humble home is being levelled to training and whose little pieces of household furniture are being smashed into a thousand fragments and whose family look half naked, and shivering alike from hunger and from cold —all the work of the miserable bailiff whom Archur James Balfour employs. Imagine that 12000 of these ruffians swarm in every village and hamles throughout the land, and then you may form a fairly accurate opinion of what life in Ireland under British rule really means

The Orangeman has done much to keep his country in subjection but the Orangeman is as a rule, the most ignorantland bigoted of our human kind and the worst that can be said of him and of his assumed political beliefs is that he either does not see the truth, or else does not want to see it. But the other fellow leaves the ranks of the people and with deliberation joins the ranks of the seemies of the people. His eyes are open all the time. He shines his boots, and washes his face first of all. Then he takes down the blunt old razor, full of notches, that has been in the family since the time of Cromwell, and tries to smooth away his cheek, but in vain. Next he walks forth into the light of day. He bends his steps toward the police barrack. There he is examined by the County Inspector; measured; weighted; passed upon. He goes out again into the light of day. From that hour a hang-dog look has taken possession of him. Shake himself free he cannot. To look an honest neighbor frankly in the face he cannot. And from that moment this innocent little community is cursed with the presence of a British spy, of a craven hearted coward, who will slander his mother, imprison his father, shoot to death his unoffending neighbor, or swear a hole through a tin can in defence of England and British institutions.

The name Irish Peeler wherever seen or wherever heard deserves to be execuated by wherever heard teserves to be described by honest Irishmen now and forever. Is my imaginary friend to whom I have been addressing myself this while back now convinced? Have I outlined to his envire satisfaction the story of the living Irish question? "Outlined," mind you, in what I have said. And if I have, does he think that this is a condition compatible with Ohristian Government; that it is a condition under which he himself would rest content; that it is a condition under which without forfeiture of self respect, without forfeiture of manbood, any people on the face of the globe who inherit alike a love for law and for liberty

and the English nation are no longer convertible terms. The English people are divided. Some now favor Home Rule for Ireland as adenly as others oppose it. "As the tops of the highest mountains are the first to catch and to reflect the dawn," it is even so in the developments in this great context. The first each of the motors are the land still continues to be spoken of in many quarters, as the most powerful nation in the world; though during the past twenty years that Tibes first on the spoken of the many that the first to catch and to reflect the dawn," it is even so in the developments in this great contest. Like a flash of a meteor as it courses through the Milky Way; like the sudden burst of some new planet whose light, aweeping across the universe more rapidly than the mind can follow, strikes the lens of the belescope and paralyses by its suddenness and its blinding brilliancy the weary and patient astronomer whose lifetime of toil and of worry is at length rewarded; even thus was the giant intellect of the great William Ewart Gladstone struck and stunned as the truth about Ireland flashed upon him and he stood up and in tones of thunder him and he stood up and in tones of thunder made hold avowal. Listen to his words, as six hundred members of the House of Commons and half the aristocracy of Great Britain heard the terrible arrangment. "Go into the length and breadth of the world, ramsack the literature of all countries and find a single voice, a single book, I had almost said a single newspaper article in which England's treatment of Ireland is otherwise received than in terms of profound and bitter condemnation! Are these the tra-ditions by which we are asked to stand? Oh, they are a sad exception to the glory of our country!" And again: "I only ask that you do for Irelend what you have done for England and for Scotland where a course of generations has taught us, not as a dream or as a theory but as a matter of practice and of life, that the best and surest foundations upon which we can build are the foundations afforded in the affec-

concernant of the figures; a majority of thirty against Home Rule, only thirty! The dynamits had penetrated to within a faw feet of the heart of the rock, brushed saids into a thousand fragmants the actions. nears of the rook, brushed aside into a monant fragments the soft outer layers that had been growing and accumulating for ages, and gland-ing off, left only a tall gaunt pillar of granite where before a giant mountain had stood.

I ask what have we received since then!
Need I tell you? You know as well as I my self know and many of you know even better. We have received Balfour with all that his name implies. But he has not cowed, much less frightened us; no, not a jot. He has suppressed the National League, but William O'Brien suppressed the suppressor by unilding up for the people another bulwark of defence in the Plan of Campaign. He has imprisoned at the Han of Campaign. He as impressed as the least one thousand men and even women, but they march boldly to jail singing songs of triumph as they po. The path to liberty is a thorny one, but that path we mean to pursue all sonsecrabed as it is by the genius and sufferings of our fathers.

Freedom hath arisen, Olt from prison bar, Olt from battle's flashes, Oft from heroes' sword,— Oftenest from their sches.

Balfour eats well and drinks well-I shall not venture to say whether he lives well—while thousands of persons in Ireland are starving and are first clubbed and then imprisoned for having the impudence to say that they are starving. Next, with a smile, he announces to his Royal mistress that the "condition of Ireland is im-proving." But the man lies, and knows that he lies, and knows that we know that he knows that he lies. Parnell is still the supreme power. One simple nod, one quiet gesture, one word "hold!" and the Irish in Ireland obey as one man where 50,000 armed soldiers could not en-force obedience. "This must not be," he murmurs. Then drawing forth another arrow charged with a double dose of poison, he takes steady aim, and while the fatal dart goes whizzing through the air he grins with savage delight as he sees it enter the quivering flesh of his victim who, with a gesture of surprise and a momentary exclamation of pain, lays his hand upon the wound and pierces with his keen grey eyes the English assassin who turns and runs eyes the English assassin who turus and runs away certain that the fatal work has been done. The victim is stunned. He recled and staggered for a moment but did not fall. The poisonous dart had been prepared by Richard Pigots, purchased by the London Times and fired by Arthur James Balfour, who said as he went to bed just what Oliver Cromwell said after the massacre at Drogheda: "The Lord hath delivered them into our hands." He slept soundly that night in the Castle of Dublin. The morrow came—a bright day, too. The old Wicklow hills caught the first beams of light and sent them gliding softly through the valley. and sent them gliding softly through the valley. The darkness of but a moment before had fled. The thick mists which precedes the dawn broke and parted—blossomed into a glorious day. Shaking off his sleep, he steps forth into the moroing, and yawns listlessly while he views this panorama of glory. A belegram is placed in his hand; then another. They are both postmarked "Madrid, Spain." One reads: "Send of manbood, any people on the face of the globe who inherit alike a love for law and for liberty would agree to abide by, without telling and emphatic protest, during twenty-four consecutive hours? If he does, then the iron of slavery has entered his soul, too, like his degraded brother the Irish peeler, and he is unworthy to be reakoned as a unit in any free commonwealth where government of the people, by the people and for the people is the law of the land.

Every day that justice to Ireland is witheld the gulf is widened and deepened. Every outstand the folks up in jail; every priest that he looks up in jail; every priest that he drags ruthlessly from his home and detains in the gloom of a prison cell, the gulf is widened and deepened.

Every member of Parliament where a relationship is none other than Charles Stewart Parnell. And now you have my humble pre-

the gloom of a prison cell, the gulf is widened and deepened.

Every member of Parliament whose voice and vote he throttles at one blow; every public meeting he suppresses; every coarse and brutal reply with which he meets the appeals from the Trish henches on the opposition, the gulf is widened and deepened. Every unfortunate victim whom his haugman kills, whom his peelers kill, whom his bailiffs shoot down, the gulf is widened and deepened—until it shall have become so wide and so deep indeed that it shall seem as one dark fathomless abyss; rivers of blood, oceans of tears, and the curses of an entire nation standing as an impassible barrier between two people who, if justice had been done, might have been in the beginning and continued even unto the gulf is widened and the curses of an entire nation standing as an impassible barrier between two people who, if justice had been done, might have been in the beginning and continued even unto the gulf is widened.

The chief is none other than Charles Stewart Parnell. And now you have my humble presentation of the case of Ireland, of the living Irish question, as it appears to me. I have told indicated, but not told you many things concerning the present condition of Ireland. It is, in truth, a gloomy record. How is it going to end! When is it going to end! When will be there to receive the crowning glory of the great triumph when it does end! Will it be a man of peace as Gladstone is, as Parnell is; or a man of war as was Washington? I must confess that I cannot answer that question. The Irish question, as it appears to me. I have told indicated, but not told you many things concerning the present condition of Ireland, It is, in truth, a gloomy record. How is it going to end! Who will be there to receive the crowning glory of the great triumph when it does end! Will it be a man of peace as Gladstone is, as Parnell is; or a man of war as was Washington? I must confess that I cannot answer that question. The Irish people are often too sanguine. No other nation and done, might have been in the beginning and continued even unto the end to pursue separately their paths in peace!

But glory be to God, eternal praise to the peerless leader, Charles Stewart Paruell, profound acknowledgements to the courage and continued devotion of William Ewart Gladstone, and thanks, a thousand thanks, to the indomitable endurance of our people, Balfour and the English nation are no longer conversitied. world; though during the past twenty years this pretentious assumption has met with many a rude and telling shock. There, for example, was the battle of Majuba Hill, where the hardy Boers forced the fighting, won the day, preserved intact the liberties of their country and made for themselves a name and a fame that shall leat forces. And robody with a deep of Trick last forever. And nobody with a drop of Irish blood in his heart has received with anything but a burst of enthusiasm the recital of the glowing victories of the immertal Zulu Chief glowing victories of the immortal Zulu Chief clewayo when at the battle of Isandula his undaunted warriors swept like a circle of fire over the English lines and killed them all—God Almighty bless them. And then in the same dark continent on the East coast we have a kindly spot in our heart—at least I have—for the brave El Mahdi who scoured the trackless the brave El Mahdi who scoured the trackless desert of the Sondan and forced the invaders to the sea. We heard his argument in the rattle of bullets, in the clash of a hundred thousand spears. We read his cause in the glittering folds of that gorgeous standard which still floats from the fortress of Khartoum; we saw his victory as he forced the gates, entered the City and awallowed up the bosts of plundering invaders who came to steal his life, his fortune and the liberties of his people. "England, the most powerful nation in the world." Very well. Let her foontinue to cherish the delusion and feel happy; but she cannot deny that she been corher continue to cherish the delusion and feel happy; but she cannot deny that she been cornered and defeated time and time again by half-savages tribes in many corners of the globe. But as I have said already, let us try and understand what we have against us; in what spirit and from that motives the enemies of Home Rule mean to fight out this great contest. Lord Salisbury net long ago—and Lord Salisbury is now and was. Prime Minister of England, referred to the Irish as "Hotsunots." There are now no red Indians on the shores of Man-

ing himself and swaying the souls even of his bitterest opponents who latened and looked transfixed, enraptured, he poured forth that ever remarkable appeal to his audience to think; well and pause long before crushing the hopes of a nation. "I feel certain," he said, "that there is in the minds of many of those who are going to vote against us to-night a profound conviction that the end will be as we forsee it and not as you do, that tha ebbing tide is with you and the flowing tide is with us." How sad when we reflect upon it! Great Heavens! Oan it be that centuries had to roll by, that oceans of the countries had to roll by, that oceans of blood, millions of lives, billions of dollars had to be lost before one prime minister of England could be found hrave enough to admit the justice of the Irish claim! What may we expect, what have we received since Gladsbone fresumed his seat that remarkable night and heard the ani ocuncement of the figures; a majerity of thirty. irrespective of age or of sex. An extension of the franchise would, they asserted, degrade the public service by the sudden accession to prominence of all that was ignorant and vicious in the land. And now concerning the setting up of a committee in Dublin "on horror's head horrors accumulate." I quoted Lord Bandolph Churchill—the alleged serious side. I will quote The Kess Letter, the Grangeman's organ, printed in the Orangeman's Paradise—Belfast—the funny side. In a leading editorial in that upper there svery fiber had been steeled by the latter of some side. In a leading editorial in that paper there appeared two years ago this aunouncement:
"If Home Rule were granted, if an Iriah parliament were sitting in Dublin, every Orangeman in Ulster would wake up the next day only to find his throat cut." Yet all these legislative changes have taken place and these prophets of ill-omen have been confounded. And Home Rule will take place and these prophets of illomen be once more confounded. Under the leadership of Parnell, many victories have been won, many redoubts captured; won at a frightful cost, it is true; but still won. The justice, the reasonableness, the moderation of Ireland's claim is filtering slowly but surely through the public mind. The rancorous spirit of hostility between man and man on account of religion or of politics is growing cless even in Ireland, even in Eugland as time rolls on. Whatever tends to elevate the human mind. Whatever tends to draw us nearer and nearer to the truth and to each other. This is progress, this is real progress. Judged in this way the people of Ireland have, I think, after all, made giant strides. They think more. THEY ARE BETTER EDUCATED. They read the newspapers. They dream less than they used to. They are making

> and one in Ireland. Thicker than water in one rill. Through centuries of story, Our Celtic blood hath flown, and still
> We share with you through good and ill
> Its shadow and its glory!

ready in this way for the great responsibility which is bound soon to come. There are now

two great divisions of the Celtic race-one here

The one here is big, brawny and powerful. It has a mighty heart and a glorious pocket. News of the gelden stream that it is ever ready to pour, that it ever is pouring across the ocean has, like the revolutionary shot at Lexington, rung around the world. Go on; go on! We are now in the midst of the fight. The battle is are now in the midst of the high. The lattis is raging. The supplies may soon run out. There at the head stands Parnell calm and determined —A BLOCK OF ICE amid the general flame. His eyes are turned towards the West. He is confident. We are confisent too. We think to-night of what the face of our hapless country bas been and of how glorious it yet may be if we will but stand to our guns. We think—we cannot help thinking—of the thousands, of the tens of thousands, of the hundreds of thousands, of the millions of Irishmen that England has slain for having dared to do battle for their country. Even yet does Balfour and Balfour's methods hold sway in Ireland. But on the other hand, William Ewart Gladstone is striving as far as he can to make some honorable re-

paration.

I conclude with the immortal words of Abraham Lincoln uttered on the battlefield of Get-tysburg: "Let us therefore here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that our nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

Catholic Cullings.

There are four Catholics in the Missouri State

Fifty colored men are studying for the priesthood in Rome. Cardinal Haynald, the Primate of Hungary,

is sectionally ill.
Cardinal Gibbons has started a paper called the Colored Harvest.

The Pope has raised Monsignor Bianti to the dignity of Cardinal.
Chevalier Oliver J. Burke, a Catholic author of eminence, is dead. A grandson of Leopardi, the famous Italian,

has become a Jesuis.

Leo XIII. has given \$8,000 to the new Church of St. Patrick in Rome.

The city of Montreal, with a population of 225,000 has 130,000 Oatholics.

Basel, in Switzerland, once entirely Protes-

tant, contains at present 22,426 Catholics.
Rev. Brother Alexis has been named Knight of the Order of Leopold by the King of the

Belgians The Right Rev. Dr. Dowling, Bishop-elect of

Hamilton, Ont., will be installed in that city about May lat.
The Jesuit Fathers in Ireland have introduced the study of the Irish language into the cur

riculum of Clongowes College.

Sir Charles Russell, the eminent English Catholic lawyer, will go to Canada in August and visit the Catholic institutions there.

La Semana Catolica, of Madrid, prints some of the latest testimony of learned non-Catholic has been contacted in the contact of the catholica in force of the missales of Longdon.

physicians in favour of the miracles of Lourdes. The dignity of a Domestic Prelate of his Holiness Leo XIII., with the title of Right Rev., has been conferred on Canon Carr, V. G., of the

diocese of Liverpool, England.

The Journal de Lourdes has published the statistics of the pilgrimages to the Sanctuary during 1888. In the twelve months Lourdes

during 1888. In the tweive months Lourdes was visited by two Cardinals, eighty-four Archbishops and Bishops, and Il3 pilgrimages.

The number of converte to the Catholic Church among literary mea in England includes Mr. Burnand, of Punch, Mr. Clement Scott, of the Daily Telegram, and several other journalists of prominence. Father Spencer's three Hail Marya are working.

Weather Wisdom.

A corona growing smaller indicates rain growing larger, fair weather, A morning rainbow indicates rain; and an evening rainbow, fine weather.
Unusual clearness of the atmosphere, or

brightness of the stars, indicates rain. A halo or large circle around the sun or moon after fine weather indicates a storm.

A grey lowering sunset, or one where the sky is green or yellowish green, indicates rain. The first frost and last frost are usually

preceded by a temperature very much above the mean.

A deep blue color of the sky, even when seen through clouds, indicates fair weather; a glowing whiteness, an approaching storm.

By the Eminent Historian Von Helst.

It is a fact worthy of note that so eminent a scholar and rare and impartial a historian as Dr. Herman Von Holst should, have written upon John Brown. Unbiased by prejudice, but strongly impressed by the grandeur of the subject of his essay, which is published by Cupples & Hurd of Boston, he narrates facts and explains causes with just consideration. In order to give some indication of the quality of Von Holst's intimate appreciation and admiration of the man hardly yet understood by his own people we will quote from the prelude to the bistory :-

the history:—
"The Brown whom friends and neighbors had known for half a century, had bravely tossed about on the stormy seas of American business life, but the waters had gone as they had come. That which was to make of him a figure in the world's history lay unnoticed and mostly unknown in the quiet depths of his soul. The deed of his life armong from a critical coultiers. child; but it was performed by a man whose every fiber had been steeled by the stern discipline of life, and whose inner being was so absolutely ruled by the categorical imperative that his will could be neither broken nor bent. Tender and soft as a girl who nestles in her mather's lap, and yet every inch a man; as ignorest of the power of actual facts as a hermit in the desert and at the same time wonderfully fitted by nature and training to seize the best chance at first sight under the most difficult circumstances, and to accomplish the most with the smallest means; illogical as a child, and yet following his own path as steadily as the sun; with a horror of fighting and yet offering up himself and his family in an insane war against the whole nation; so tender-hearted that he stakes and loses his own life and the life of his followers, of his sons-in-law and sons, merely to save a few strangers from their anxiety less the train with their relatives should not arrive at the right time, and at the same time so terribly stern that he unconditionally approves a horrible five-fold murder; never excited to revenge even by the worst injustice exercised toward himself and toward those dearest to him, but goaded on to such a rage by the wrong done to the negro slaves that he recklesely transgresses all positive law and only recognizes as binding what he considers to be Code command and what he considers to be God's command—suc is the portrait of the first man who died by the hand of the executioner for a political crime in the United States." The elequence of Von Holst is of a quality to awaken enthusiasm in Holst is of a quality to awaken enthusiasm in those who have it not, but he is as just as he is eloquent and fairly weighs the evidence on either side. The essay is followed by D. A. Wasson's poem. "The Floods," and that by various appendices. The editor, Frank Prestous appendices. The editor, Frank Prestous appendices, who was assisted in the translation by Phillippe Marcou, a philologist of Cambridge, prefaces the work with an introduction. introduction, and occupies some space in an appendix on the unfriendly criticisms on John Brown. Mr. Stearns says: "The late attacks upon the memory of John Brown aroused me to a sense of the danger which might result from them. Fortunately I found close at hand an honest and sympathetic secount of him by a German writer who has within the last few years achieved the highest renk as an authority on American history, recognized by liberal and conservative alike as an impartial judge of our public affairs." There are cuts of the bust of Brown by Brakkett, and the gold medal presented in 1874 to Mr. Brown by eminent Frenchmen, Victor Hugo heading the lat. The frontispiece is a view of John Brown's grave which was most fitly chosen. Buried on the slope of a generous hill, in a spot he had loved, his grave is designated by a huge bowlder, on the side of which is cut the inscription, "John Brown, 1859."

The Long Journey.

A traveller once started on a long journey. There were all classes of people in the train with him; men of every race and color, happy white-haired old men, and crying babies; mothers with their innocent children about them, and manacled crininals going to prison.

Rich men rode in gorgeous special cars, striving to hold themselves aloof from the others; the working people, crowded together in the emigrant cars, were herds of pale, anxious, thinly clad, ill and suffering, and but poorly fed by the way.

scenary, through storm and fair w night and day. The trees nodded in friendly greeting to the travellers, as they were hurried slong, the moon smiled at them—even the road-side weeds had a message for them. Some of them leard these greetings, and understood; some of them, busy with their food and clothes, or idle chatter, were deaf to all.

One mysterious circumstance about these travellers was that not one of them knew whence he came, nor could remember a moment of time before the beginning of this journey, nor could anyone tell him this secret about himself.

Another was that no matter how much he wished to hold himself apart from his fellow-voyagers, and to keep his thoughts and feelings and beliefs to himself, he was forced to share them all, to hold intimate relations with the

poor as well as the rich, the vile and the pure.

Do what he would to hide his heart, it was known to all who came near him on the way.

He was recognized and marked as mean, or honorable, selfish, or generous, good or evil.

Each one of the travellers, too, had the chance given him to help his companions, no matter

how poor or helpless they might be. Every hour of the day had a messenger entered the train and beckened to one of the namengers who went out and disappeared in the surrounding darkness. Sometimes it was a delicate woman who was thus summoned into the vast unknown space without, sometimes a strong man or an infant. Each went, and went alone. Not one came back again to tell how it had fared with him.

Once called, the chance never returned which had been given them to help their companions, and to speak good loving words to them.

When the journey was done not one of the passengers remained. The train passes and repasses continually

over the same road, but a different company of travellers fill it each time. How far has our reader travelled on this journey? Does he remember the chance given him to help his comrades? He has already seen some of them, when called to go out alone into the darkness; does he ever think the messenger will soon come and bekon to him.

History of the Rosary.

The history of the Rosary is briefly as follows: While the glorious patriarch St. Dominic was engaged in preaching to the Albigenses, and trying to win them back to the Faith, he was accustomed to retire each night, after his ex-hausting labours during the day, to the forest of Bouconne, near Toulouse, in order to give him-self up to uninterrupted prayer. Here, night noise of battlewill have been done away with. after night, he offered his tears, his blood, his It is alleged that the French will suffer most life for the conversion of this wicked people. Yet Heaven for a long time seemed deaf to his cries. At length, one night, while rapt in ecstary, he beheld the Immaculate Virgin surrounded by a heavenly light descend before him. tions, and the convictions and the will of man."

In closing the delate on the second reading that all the results and evonderful man appealed to the Tories and the follows that we have against us; in what mirits and evonderful man appealed to the Tories and the follows of the third of the follows of the

AN ESTIMATE OF JOHN BROWN.

GRECORY 31KKP BERTARIE

Bless Your Souls! My brother farmers, why pay 10 or 20 cts. for a seed catalogue, when you can receive one containing Just as many and very probably more varieties and all new vegetables that are really valuable, for just NOTHING? It may have less paint about the covers, but, great Scott! we are not after paint, but seed, fresh and true to name, such as will make with a master's handits own picture all over our farms and sarders. the covers, but, great Scott we are not all make with a master's fresh and true to name, such as will make with a master's shand its own picture all over our farms and gardens; seed I am not afraid to WAEEANT on the cover of my catalogue. Conce, my leinow farmers, and join the thousands, who for thirty years have been users of my seed; why, we were a goodly company and having pleasant times together before the great majority of the present race of seedamen (bleas the boys!) had left their nurse's arms! Send for a catalogue.

JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehend, Masse Jesephine and Manelcon. But if Napoleon betrayed his principles, so, it

graces, and shall always find me ready to aid them in their necessities. This is the precious gift which I leave thee and thy children." Returning to Toulouse, St. Dominic found that, by a mysterious dispensation of God, nearly all the inhabitants of the town had assembled in the inhabitants of the town had assembled in a the principal church. He entered, ascended the principal church. He entered, ascended the pulpit, and began to explain the Rosary. His words melted the hearts of that hitherto stiff-necked people. Their conversion was effected. With one impulse they sought admission into the Rosary. From that time to the present the Rosary has become the great devotion of Catholics, the distinguishing mark of the true believers, the bulwark of the Church, the saying the sayour of the faithful. the armour of the faithful.

Superstitions and Figures.

Virgil tells us that the gods esteemed odd There were seven wise men in antiquity and

seven wonders of the world.

Miraculous powers are supposed to be possessed by the seventh daughter.

Nine grains of wheat laid on a four-leaved clover enables one to see the fairies.

It is an ancient belief that a change in the

body of a man occurs every seventh year.

Falstaff says: "They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either by nativity, chance or death."

The number three was the perfect number of the Pythagoreans, who said it represented the beginning, middle and end. In the Aaros Islands there is a superstition that seals east off their skins every ninth month

and assume the human shape.

Among the Chinese heaven is odd, earth is even, and the numbers 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9 belong to heaven, while the digits are of the earth earthly. The Siamese have a regard for odd numbers and insist on having an odd number of doors, windows and rooms in their houses, and that all staircases must have an odd number of steps,-Fort Worth, Tex., Gazette.

THE CROMLECH OF CASTLEMANY. ITS PRESENT CONDITION AND THE PURPOSE

FOR WHICK IT HAS BEEN USED IN DRUIDLIC WORSHIP.

North of the road leading from Cloyne to Aghad a village at the east end of Cerk Harbor, lies the spiendid demense and deerpark of Uastlemany belonging to the Longfield family, near whose fine old mansion, Castlemany House, stands an ancient Cromlect, or, as more properly designated, a Druid's stone or sitar so named from the bolief that these rude erections were once used in Druidio worship. This Cromlech is a large mass of limestone rock, in its natural state, untouched by the hand of art, but weather-beaten and moss-grown; and is made up of one great table-like stone, which is supported at its western end by two upright stones much smaller than it in size. The other end rests on the ground, thus giv ing it that inclined position which characterizes these Druid alters, whence probably comes their name Crom leach, i. e., the bending-atone; although, writes Windell, the local historian, from whom we are queting, it is just as probable the name may have been applied because they were alters of Crom, the Jupiter Tonans of the ancient Irish.

The slope of the great altar-atone is from west to east. Its western, or highest point, is six feet above the ground; its length is fifteen feet, its breadth is eight feet, and thickness three and-a-half feet, and it approaches somewhat to an irregular oval in

About five feet southwest of this Cromlech is another small altar, similarly arranged. This faces the south, is nearly triangular in shape, and like the great altar is rough and The train rushed on, through all kinds of unhewn, and is supported at one end by two feet in length, five and a half feet in breadth, and is about one foct in thickness.

The ancient grove of oak trees which once must have stood here, has long since disarpeared ; like the Druids, who were formerly thought to have used these atones in offering up human sacrifices. Yet by some it has been disputed that the Drudical order of priesthood ever existed in Ireland.

The whole body of ancient Irish literature and tradition, however, attests the prevalence and supremacy of this order; and its exist-ence may be clearly traced down to the eleventh century, although long sunk into utter insignificance by that time.

The religious system of the Druids combined Sabaism, or Star worship, and the ad-oration of Fire, which is one of the earliest known and most widespread forms of idola-

The cromlech, termed by the French dolmen, the stone circles to which the French gave the name of crowlech, and the pillarstones (menhirs) found in Ireland, are also found in England, France, Germany, and even so far off as Malabar and other parts of

India. In 1834 there were seventeen gromlechs in the country of Cork alone. That at Castle, many was formerly called Carrigacotta, a name referring to those Cuthite or Scotle emigrants who formed the dominant race in INFORMATION WANTED Ireland before the introduction of Christianity. Carrig-a-Grioth, or the Rock of the Sun, another name by which it was known, would make it an altar dedicated to Belus or Baal, a survival of whose worship still exists in Ireland, Malta, and other places; in the bon fires lit on the hill-tops, and in the smaller towns, on S. John's, or, Mid-summer eve. According to Miss Stokes' "Early Christian Architecture in Ireland," there are still no less than 266 cromlechs in the Emer-

Silent Battles.

ald Isle.

France, Austria and Germany have adopted smokeless gunpowder for their armies, and are conducting experiments to get an explesive also as nearly noiseless as possible. A fair degree of success has been reached, and experts have no doubt that by the time the next European war begins, the smoke and by this, as the men of that nation are least able to withstand the terrorizing effect of being mowed down by silent missiles from un-

But if Napoleon betrayed his principles, so, it must be admitted, did Josephine betray her instincts. Napoleon was resolved upon a divorce. That she could not help. She could have helped consenting to it. She had deprecated his assumption of the estate of monarch, foreseeing, foredreading what it meant for her, but I find no share of testimony that she ever took has stand upon eternal right and wrong. I find no evidence that she ever presented to him, or herself discerned, the imperiousness of moral obligation, the inviolable sacredness of the marriage vow, the certain duty they owed to civilization and Christianity beyond any uncertain duty of founding a dynamic dynasty. Josephine did but as many wives do—threw all the anguished energy of her heroism into conforming her own than into conforming her husband, rather than into conforming her husband's will to the will of God, to the everlacting law of rightsousness. Without vulgar contention, with active participation, by simply refusing to esign her name, by submitting to be a victim but declining to become an accomplice, Josephine would have preserved the full dignity of her declining to become an accomplice, Josephine would have preserved the full dignity of her position. Napoleon would have completed the divorce, would have compelled the sacrifice of her hapiness; but she could not have compromised herself. Her position would have been commanding. As it was, she did but vie with him in his own line, and missed the great opportunity for a great deed—a helpless but imperial protest against wrong. She went further. She not only gave in her adhesion to his will—which was not even a virtue, since his will was law—but she ran ahead of his will, bought or sought his continued friendship and companionship by taking a part, hideously unbecoming, in his unposition. Napoleon would have completed the taking a part, hideously unbecoming, in his un-holy alliance. She entertained and expressed a preference as to the wife he should choose, and even offered her services to secure the Austrian connection; thus demonstrating that, in the matter of this divorce, her morale was no higher than Napoleon's.—Gail Hamilton in North

Burning Irish Homes.

American Review for April.

Correspondents of the Dublin Freeman give details of the night attack on the evicted cabina on the Clongorey estate, Nass, County Kildare, Ireland, on March 28. Two days previous, a large number of tenants had been turned out of there miserable cabins. They made absolutely no resistance. A sick boy, certified to be unfit for removal, was carried out by an Empedent of the country o ergency man. Towards 3 A. M. Thursday, 28th uits, the people of the little hamlet of Clongorey, wakened by cries of "Fire," found the evicted homesteads ablaze in every quarter. Naturally supposing the fires the result of accident, they gathered and tried to extinguish them, but were held back by the police and the Emergency men. Agent Routlege, protected by two policemen, was out enjoying the spect. acle. Before daybreak, the houses which were not burned down were levelled to the ground with hatchets and crow-bars. Agent Rout-ledge is, it is stated, taking steps to obtain legal power to throw down some huts built by public subscription for the shelter of these un-

fortunate tenants.

The Bawn of Clongorey, as the desolated hamlet is locally called, is neighbored by the Bog of Allen, and overshadowed by the Hill of Allen. The land is probaby the worst in Kildare. The tenants were largely dependent on sale of turf, and for the right to dig it, they were taxed enormously by the landlord. The rents were excessive, the agent tyrannical.

Three years ago a rise in the River Liffey

flooded the poor cabins of Clongorey. Public charity kept the afflicted people from sinking under this mifortune. An unsuccessful strug-gle for a reduction in rent followed; than the evictions, and then the burned-out homesteads. No wonder the men of the Highland Light Infantry openly expressed their horror and dis-guest at the task assigned them.

It is rumored that an attempt was made upon the life of the Czar on Sunday and that His The affair is said to have been hushed up by the



DROVINGE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. Superior Court. No. 556.

DAME ROSE EMMA SOULIERE, duly authorised to
seter en justice, of Montreal, Plaintiff, vs. LOUIS
MARTIN PARENT, yeoman, of the same place, Defendant. An action in separation as to property has
been instituted in this cause.

Montreal, 1st April, 1869.

D. C. DUMAS.

D. C. DUMAS, Attorney for the Plaintiff. 86-5

of one Ellen Elligett, daughter of John Elligett deceased, who lived in the Parish of Kilkon-nelly, County of Kerry, Ireland, Blacksmith. The party who desires this information is James Elligett, a brother of Ellen. The last known of Ellen Elligett was that she left Ireland for Causda about twenty-six years ago. Parties having any knowledge of the whereabouts of Ellen Elligett are requested to address

JAMES ELLIGETT, Fremont, Ohio.

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