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AFGHANISTAN.

By Mr. ROBERT MURPHY, EVENING POST. PART V.

FURTHER TRAVELS WITH THE DERVISH. We remained here for the remainder of the day and night, and the following morning, rising up with the lark and under the cool, bright, inspiring influence of a clear sky, we continued our journey. The road this day was, if anything, more intricate and difficult to travel than that previously traversed. It led between the two high cliffs of one of the mountain branches, extending from the far-famed Himalayas, the precipitous sides of which presented a sombre and fearful aspect. Here and there, amid the solemnity of the scene, a sudden break in the monotony of the journey would be occasioned by the gurgling of a sparkling brook as it meandered its way from some unexpected cleft on one side across the path to an also as unexpected a receptacle or passage on the other side. This being the rainy season, these brooks were all swollen to an unusual extent; but the many bones of camels, horses, and even a few of the human species showed that at times a dearth of that ever valuable liquid water, was experienced by some of the few travellers in that part. Travelling along with great difficulty and perseverance, we progressed safely enough, but very slowly. My feet were so sore, and the flinty nature of the road so rough, that the soles of my feet were one regular mass of jelly, and the blood in streams flowed from the wounds inflicted thereon. It was, therefore, with great pain and endurance that I continued my way, but the idea of being left alone in that wild country, without money or friends, made me keep up with my companion, the dervish. And manfully did he fulfil his promise of looking after me. Arriving at one of the small but sparkling brooks, which traversed the road, we stopped and I sank entirely fatigued upon the bank. My companion, with compassionate air and mien, placed my feet in close proximity to the brook's edge and profusely washed them in the pure and clear water. This he did with the most considerate and tender manner, speaking to me all the time with a solicitous air and with words of encouragement. Now and then he would refer to and point out his own feet with an expression of pride at their hardy and hotly appearance. At that moment I almost regretted the civilized custom of the wearing of boots and shoes, and wished that I had never been accustomed to such luxurious material. However, the bathing of my feet gave me great refreshment, and I reclined upon the ground with a sense of perfect relief and contentment, which greatly enhanced my already favorable belief in my poor wandering dervish. Opening his never-ending bag within my reach, we were soon in a close discussion of its contents, the heterogeneous conglomeration of rice, raisins, meat, almonds, and so forth, adding greatly to our already rapacious appetites. Concluding our meal, and filling a small kookah with some majun, he stretched himself out and began another of his experiences in the following strain—

KAFFIRISTAN. Bih lok i Khoohah. By the Grace of God, some three or four years ago I was travelling in a country called Kaffiristan. This is a country which has never been traversed as yet by any known Peringhee, as its boundaries or inlets are well guarded by the natives, who strictly prohibit the advent of any foreigner into their midst. Consequently it is but little known to outsiders. It lies to the north of Cabul, and has, so far as can be ascertained, retained its independence from time immemorial. The Afghans, the Persians, the Moguls, the Tartars, the Turcomans, the Chinese and almost every invading wave that has passed over that part of the world have endeavored to conquer them, but, so far, unsuccessfully. They yet retain their pristine vigor, and never having been subjugated, wear the air and bearing of a free and independent people. With gun, sword, pistol, dagger, and, in many instances, bow and arrow, they constantly perambulate the mountains in search of game, and are ever ready for battle or fray, either with friend or foe. Having heard of this extraordinary people while in Cabul, I suddenly conceived the idea of visiting them, and no sooner thought than done. As a matter of course, I did not want much preparation, and, after having looked in vain for a companion, I determined to depart at once. Arising one cold, bleak morning, and gathering my scanty raiment about me, I set out. Several days' journey having been got over successfully, I approached, one fine evening, high and apparently inaccessible mountains. Knowing these mountains to be the outside limit of the land of Kaffiristan, I gazed with anxious eyes upon them, and from having heard of the many difficulties to be encountered in entering the land, I thought deeply for some time of the ways and means to overcome this well known prohibition. As I pondered, a man of fair and comely aspect, with a flowing beard, dressed in a skull cap and loose-flowing garb, appeared, and gazing on me with seeming interest, enquired where I came from. I replied that I was a native of Hindostan, and was in search of adventure, and having heard of the mysterious and the mysterious land of the Kaffirs, had resolved upon visiting it. This interesting-looking individual answered that he was a native of that country, but was sorry that he could not invite me to enter. No foreigners were ever allowed to pass their frontier, and if any such had the fortune to escape the vigilance of the guards and enter unobserved, they would be certainly killed if discovered. So saying he bade me good-bye and passed on. I watched his retreating figure until it disappeared, as it were, into the heart of the mountains. My determination being, however, in no way shaken, I resolved to await the approach of night before making an attempt and, so sitting down under a scanty bush, I awaited in silence. As soon as it was perfectly dark, I arose and approached the mountains, where, after a short search I found

the bed of what, in the rainy season, must have been a mountain torrent running right out into the plain. I traversed this with great caution, expecting every moment to be assailed, but luckily no such misfortune was then in store for me. Having travelled some ten miles, as I considered, into the heart of the wilds of Kaffiristan, and having reached the top of a high hill, I thought it would be better to camp for the night; so, snuffing the action to the thought, I was soon asleep in the cleft of an overhanging rock. The glare of a bright sun awoke me the following morning. I gazed cautiously around. The rugged aspect of a mountainous country was all that presented itself to my view, not a single habitation or human being to be seen. The picture was one of such desolation, that I felt a tremor at my heart. But, girding my loins, and munch-

THE JESUITS NOT A SECRET SOCIETY.

A few days since we expressed our astonishment at seeing a journal which passes for being gravely serious re-echoing, by reproducing as comparisons the scottish columns the Order of the Jesuits. These columns are founded, as alleged, on certain so-called oaths made to the Pope by the Jesuits, who, by the tenor of the engagements into which they enter, would transform the institution founded by St. Ignatius into a secret society, nothing more nor less than an illegal society, as the Orange body. For the text of these so-called oaths, printed in the Witness in the month of July or August, and brought into service during the examination of the Orange-men, is a text imaginary in every particular.

Schell on his side says: "A conspiracy was formed between the Jansenists and the philosophers. The former, under pretence of religious zeal, the latter, in explaining it as a matter of philanthropy, worked together to overthrow Pontifical authority. Such was the blindness of many well-informed men that they made common cause with a sect which they would have abhorred had they only known the intentions of its members. But in order to overthrow ecclesiastical power, it was considered necessary to isolate it by taking away from it that sacred plianx devoted to the defence of the Pontifical throne—the Jesuits. Such was the true cause of the hatred borne to that society."—Course of History of the European States, volume XLIV., page 71. Leopold Ranke writes thus: "During the whole course of the 18th century, two parties

COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH

THURSDAY AFTERNOON'S SITTING. ST. ANNES BALLOT-BOX STEFFING CASE. Present: Hon. Justice RAMSAY.

At yesterday's sitting of the Court Hon. Justice Ramsay charged the jury in this case in the morning by Justice and in the afternoon in French. In his opening remarks, the Hon. Judge took occasion to refer to the system of voting by ballot, and expressed his opinion that if this trial would throw light on that absurd system, the time of the Court and jury would not have been employed in vain. The indictment against the accused contained three counts: the first charged that the accused had tampered with the ballot-box; the second with destroying legal ballot papers; and the third with unlawfully opening the ballot-box. These three counts might all be included in one bill of indictment. The evidence in ordinary cases was generally of a general character, but in this case there were irregularities, and serious acts, both of omission

and \$200, or one year's imprisonment; Alphonse Christin, \$100, or forty-five days' imprisonment; Adolphe Lamarche, \$100, or forty-five days' imprisonment; Isaac Pilon, \$50, or thirty days' imprisonment. The honorable Justice said that if Forget had taken his oath of office as deputy returning officer, he would have fined him \$1,000 and three years' imprisonment.

THE O. Y. B. CONCERT IN MONTREAL.

The many friends of the memory of the "pious and the immortal King Billy" rolled up in large numbers to the concert held in the Mechanics' Hall Monday night. This was the second grand concert of the "Prince of Orange Lodge" of that juvenile fraternity known as Orange Young Britons, and nobly did the friends respond, the hall being filled throughout almost to saturation. Among the many females, the "Orange Lady" was particularly noticeable by her excited eye and restless demeanor, more especially when ever the "Boiling Water" was heard. On the platform were seated a portion of the members, Brother Douglas, the Most Worshipful Master, occupying the chair; while in a back seat, dimly visible in the far distance, could every now and then be observed the head and shoulders of the Rev. Campbell, of the St. Gabriel Street Presbyterian Church. The members of the order were in all regal and what with "True Blues," "Orange Young Britons" and the regular full-blooded Orangemen, all decked with golden ornaments, the scene was delightful. A special particularity noticeable among the audience was the large number of the African race, who, by the way, were even more vociferous and demonstrative than even the martyrs Grant. The programme, which consisted of song and dances were begun by the sudden tearing aside of the red screen, when to behold forth was vouchsafed the "Band," who with martial air and firm tread advanced in file, then forming up, began the "Boone Water." Loud and long were the cheers that deafened our poor unfortunate reporter. Again were the "Band" brought in and delighted their audience to a perfect stage of frenzy by playing "Rise Sons of William, Rise." Brother Douglas then began one of the most extraordinary speeches ever heard by mortal ears. He began about the unfortunate Guy Fawkes and before any one knew what he meant, Her Majesty Queen Victoria's name was brought in. And then, while expecting to hear something really interesting, the speaker suddenly dashed into William III., the days of Cromwell, Haddock, and the late five martyrs. Mr. Douglas, no doubt, thought that he was a perfect encyclopedia of English history. Suddenly, and amidst a blaze of light, a female of Amazonian aspect, with a flush face, flash upon the stage, dressed in virgin white with a golden fillet around her forehead, and, without a word of preparation, began a song which was composed of one hundred and forty-seven verses. The first verse which is as follows, will be a sufficient infliction upon our readers:—

MRS. THE DEAD COW. "Come all ye gallant Britons, And listen unto me, And I will relate to you A tale of a great victory." Our reporter fell asleep four separate times during the interval, notwithstanding the enthusiasm and yells that surrounded him, and in one of his contemplative moods composed the following:— "Where oh! where is that poet gone. Where oh! where is he? He ought to have his ears cut off. Who, oh! who is he?" The remainder of the programme was of the same stamp, the band playing all sorts of party tunes, the latest being one specially invented for the five noble martyrs, styled "We'll kick before we starve." The Rev. Mr. Campbell delivered one of his usual addresses and the performance concluded with "Brigham Young."

Thus our readers will see that this "purely religious society" can descend to buffoonery, and where our reporter expected to see a prayer-meeting he found but a band of howling bigots.

All who desire to purchase tickets for the grand lottery, to aid in the completion of the hospital for the aged and infirm poor of the Grey Nuns of Montreal, can do so by addressing any of the following agents, where circulars and all other information can be had:—Devins & Bolton, 195 Notre Dame street; Henry Prince, 305 Notre Dame street; F. & G. Suddler, 275 Notre Dame street; B. E. McGale, 301 St. Joseph street; P. Wright, 557 St. Mary street; N. Rheume, 75 St. Lawrence Main street.

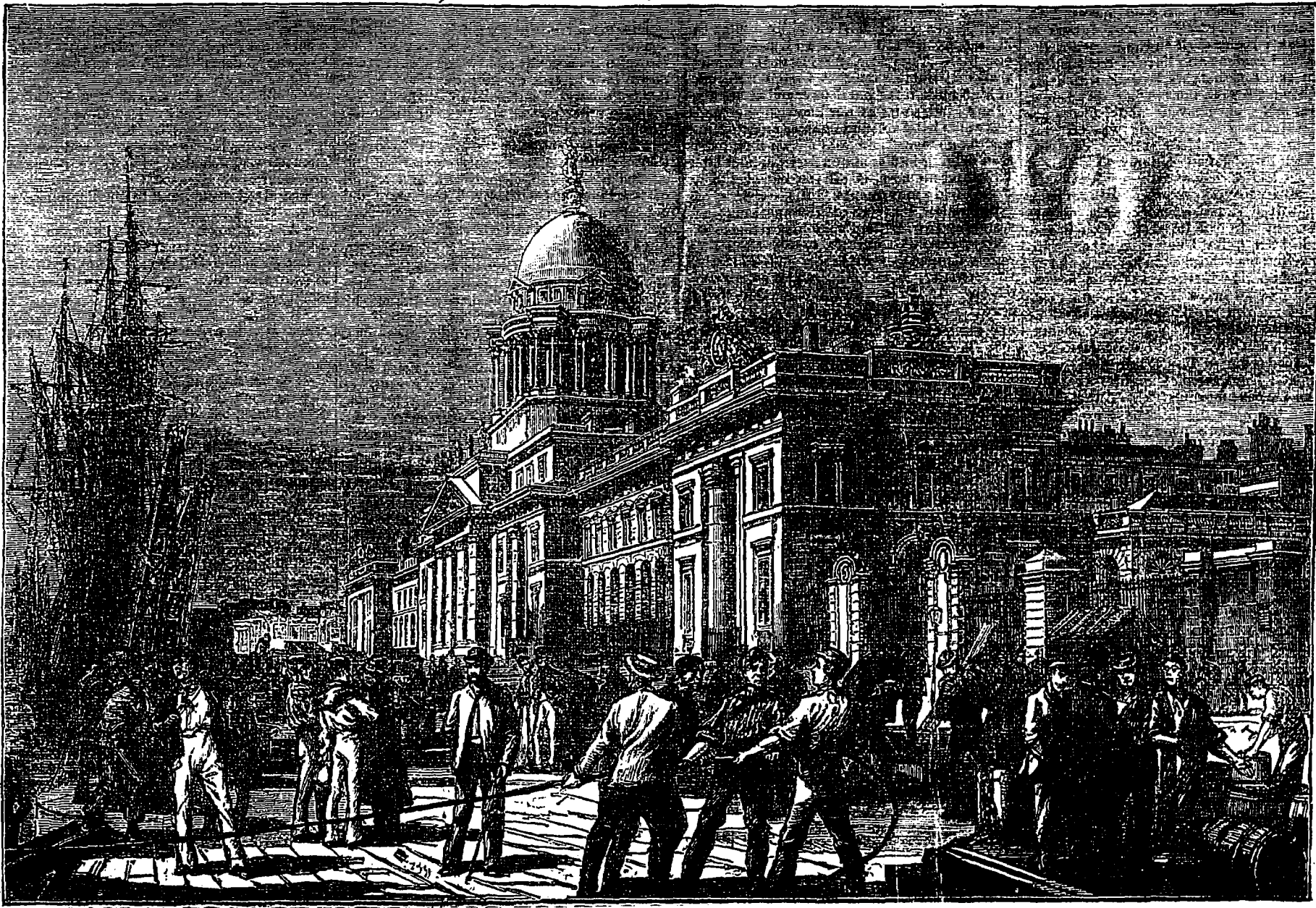
The Brantford cigar makers have struck for an increase of wages.

One of the most reliable medicines for headache is Dr. Harvey's Anti-bilious and Purgative Pills.

Mr. George J. Forbes, of Louchibongane N. B., is in California taking possession of a fortune amounting to \$1,500,000, which has just been left him.

A terrible thing is a pain in the small of the back; it may come from disordered kidneys, from a cold or a wrench. But in all cases BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, and Family Liniment, will rubbed in, will afford instantaneous relief, and ultimately remove the cause of the trouble.

This is a season of the year when children teething are almost sure to have dysentery and diarrhoea. "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP" is a never-failing remedy. It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will almost instantly cure griping in the bowels and wind colic. Mothers, don't fail to procure it.



CUSTOM HOUSE, DUBLIN

ing a piece of cake, I travelled on. Towards noon I observed what seemed to be a flock of sheep grazing upon the scanty herbage of a mountain side, and approaching cautiously, found my surmise to be correct. No shepherd was, however, visible, and passing them by a circuitous route, I reached the top of the hill and gazed down upon one of the most lovely valleys that had as yet met my gaze. A broad silvery stream ran through the centre, while the vegetation was of a most luxuriant growth. Agriculture was apparently well known, as fields upon fields of glowing corn and wheat and gardens of roses and vegetables were profusely scattered around. Orchards containing almost every variety of fruit were also there. Along the both banks of the stream were clustered houses, entwined in foliage of luxuriant growth, while a few rustic bridges across the river connected both sides together. As I gazed upon this terrestrial paradise I became so envious that I was just about to descend and risk the chance of being made prisoner or of getting killed, when a loud shout to one side of my position attracted my attention. Looking up, I saw three men rushing towards me, sword in hand. My feelings of distress and fatigue immediately departed, and with the fear of my life, I arose and fled, hotly pursued, while shouts in an unknown tongue were sent after me. Not heeding these I continued my headlong course, and like the hunted chamois, sprung from rock to rock. But my pursuers were equally agile, and I almost gave myself up for lost, when suddenly turning the corner of a large rock I perceived a hole, into which I darted and was scarcely snugly encoined, when the three men rushed by speaking in their unknown gibberish. As soon as they had passed from view, I fled in another direction and having had enough of the country made my way as fast and as cautiously as I could towards the frontier. As night began to creep over the earth, I arrived at the top of a high cliff which overlooked the plain, my place of refuge, below, but I could not see how to descend. However, after a search of a few minutes I was fortunate enough to discover a gentle grade, down which I slipped, and, muttering a hearty curse upon the country and its inhabitants, took my way across the plain. Hardly had I set out when a shout of anger and the whistle of a couple of bullets around my ears accelerated my flight once more. It being quite dark, I could not see properly whether I was pursued or not, but this was, no doubt, a fortunate circumstance for me as I was never troubled with the villains afterwards.

Thus the dervish concluded his adventures in Kaffiristan. Examining and appreciating the motives which led to the proscription of the Jesuits in Portugal, France, Spain and the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, these same historians state that the proscription was caused solely on account of hatred to their religion, the Papacy, and monarchy. In prosecuting the society of the Jesuits, Pombal said that it was not because they belonged to a culpable institution, nor in consequence of professing immoral and pernicious maxims, but simply because they were less faithful than their predecessors to the principles of Saint Ignatius. History of the fall of the Jesuits, page 25, Paris, 1846. But Pombal secretly reproached the Jesuits with having opposed his project of Protestantizing Portugal, and of handing it over to England. Schlosser, in explaining the cause of the suppression of the Jesuits in France says:—"In the state for many years the most irreconcilable hatred was sworn to the Catholic faith." To complete this internal revolution and to take from the religious and Catholic edifice its principal support, the different branches of the house of Bourbon ignoring that by such means they would place the education of the youth in different hands, united against the Jesuits, to whom the Jansenites had for a long time, and often by equivocal means, caused the loss of the esteem acquired for centuries. History of the political and literary revolutions in the 18th century.

were in existence, one of which waged war against the Papacy—the other seeking to maintain affairs as they were, and to preserve the prerogative of the Universal Church. The latter party was principally represented by the Jesuits. This order seemed to be the most formidable safeguard of Catholic principles, and against it a storm was immediately directed. "Since 1764" says Schell, "the duke of Choiseul had expelled the Jesuits, and continued to persecute them even in Spain. Every means was employed to cause them to be subject of terror to the King (Charles III.), and at last such efforts were successful as means of an atrocious calumny. A letter was placed before him which was alleged to have been written by Father Ricci, Superior General of the Jesuit Order, and which the duke of Choiseul is accused of having fabricated, a letter in which the General is supposed to be in possession of documents which would prove, without a doubt, that Charles III. was born in adultery. This absurd invention made such an impression on the King that he allowed himself to be swayed into granting the order for the expulsion of the Jesuits." Course of history of the European States, vol. XXXIX., p. 53. The reasons for this expulsion did not seem clear to D'Alembert, for he wrote to Voltaire on the 4th of May, 1767, that the Jesuits had been expelled from Spain for reasons which were known only to Charles III., but which he would have done well to divulge. As we see, Protestant historians shirk the question of the abolition of the Jesuit Order, the members of which were calumniated and sacrificed by philosophers who were imbued with a hatred of religion, the Papacy and monarchy. The English historian, Adams, gives a resume in the following few lines:— "We can do without wounding our feelings, accept as doubtful the crimes and evil intentions attributed to the Jesuits, and it is more natural to believe that an enemy, not only of their society as a body, but also an enemy of the Christian religion in general, brought about their ruin."—History of Spain, volume IV., page 494. But let it be remarked that none of these historians speak of the terrible and mysterious oaths which a certain journal was so easily led into publishing and accepting as true, which goes to show that the journal in question is not conversant with history, or has an interest in falsifying the facts. The latter alternative is certainly not to its advantage.

A great many fugitives from justice have caused their obstinacies to be written as if they died of yellow fever.