

fection with ultimate divergence downward and outward, the effect would be to cause the "rays" of light to fall obliquely on all objects within the immediate area of illumination. And this would, perhaps, obviate the need of colored glasses, which the promoters of the electric light seem to dislike. As it is there is a considerable sacrifice of power in the use of the opaline globe—so much, indeed, that some of the districts lighted by electricity displayed through this medium do not present any very apparent superiority over gas.

Improvements will no doubt be made to remove the objections that have been raised to the use of electric light after the present methods. The electric light will no doubt be the light of the future, especially for streets and large buildings. For the lighting of houses we must express the old-fashioned conviction that in solid comfort and safety we have yet to see anything equal to the wax candle.

SOUND DOCTRINE.

A respected Western contemporary lays down a solid proposition, when it asserts that society cannot exist without virtue, or, in other words, that civilization without religion can have no enduring basis to rest on. At the present time modern civilization, which owes all that it has of good to religion, has assumed towards it an attitude of unmistakable hostility. Since the religious revolt, or, as it has been very aptly termed, the emancipation of the flesh in the sixteenth century, and especially since the great social perturbation of last century, the natural result of that revolt, the various political organisms of the civilized world seem animated by a hatred of truth and a purpose to alienate men's minds from its control. The pagan civilizations of ancient Greece and Rome had within them more of real religion than the baseless structures that modern so-called statesmen have been attempting to rear. Europe has within one hundred years witnessed more gigantic changes, the result of internal dissensions in states, than the ancient world experienced in five hundred. We read in pagan times of revolts, conspiracies and assassinations organized under circumstances of horrible cruelty, but they do not equal in cruelty and are not so numerous as the revolts, assassinations and conspiracies brought into being in these days of modern enlightenment. Can any one believe or claim that society had not shifted from its true and solid basis, religion, all the monstrous deeds of injustice that have blackened the history of the world for the last three centuries would have been perpetrated? But it may be objected that society is just now in a state of transition, ascending from a lower to a higher state. This assertion is, however, untenable in the light of facts. For there has been, if anything, a very decided deterioration observable since the epoch of the so-called reformation. Two tests will establish the truth of this contention, viz., a consideration of the internal polity and a consideration of the external polity of nations since that time. If we consider the internal polity of nations since the reformation, do we find that their domestic legislation is as humane and equitable as in days gone by? Take for instance Britain, which has, after all, adhered more closely to its pre-reformation, or Catholic traditions, than any country in Europe, and what do we see? Its domestic legislation, as far as internal taxation, measures for the promotion of popular education, and for the support of the poor are concerned, indicate a new state of society in that monarchy not comparable in point of its conducting to real and enduring happiness with that of former times. If we consider the external polity of nations, taking any example we will, that of Russia, Germany or France, it will be found that might and not right is the prevalent principle in their dealings with weaker nations. There were instances of injustice in the middle ages, but injustice then did not prevail as it now prevails, nor did it meet with the universal sanction which rewards success, however ill-merited, now-a-days. Man now

seeks to live not only without God, but in defiance of Him. That he cannot so live will become very evident in the course of events clearly at hand.

A GOOD RESOLUTION.

In these days, when legislative bodies decree so many things of a senseless and utterly purposeless character, or adopt measures at variance with the dictates of right reason and conscience, it is pleasing to note a resolution unanimously adopted some weeks ago by the Diet of Tyrol. The resolution was proposed by Count Brandis, and couched in the following terms: The Diet begs of Almighty God to deliver this country from evils similar to those that have in the course of the present autumn fallen on it by means of inundations and to bestow his blessings on the efforts made to repair these disasters thereby caused, and therefore decrees that Tyrol shall celebrate with particular solemnity the feast of St. John Nepomucen in all the parishes. The Diet at the same time begs of the three bishops to take every necessary means to carry this decree into effect and the executive committee of the Diet is hereby charged to communicate with their holiness to obtain this result.

MISSION OF ST. JOACHIM, RUSCOM RIVER.

Blessing of the new Presbytery—Erection of the Stations of the Cross.

Some ten months since, His Lordship Bishop Walsh formed a new mission out of a portion of Belle River and Stony Point. The new parish, known by the name of St. Joachim, is about at equal distance from the two above mentioned places, and its inhabitants, who are mostly farmers and Canadians, are settled in the neighborhood of the poetical little River of Ruscom, whose verdant banks are most charming and attractive.

At the time mentioned, about ten months since, Rev. Dr. Walsh, Bishop of the Diocese of London, received the service of a worthy priest of Montreal, Rev. Father Lorton, to whom he gave charge of the new mission. Since that period the condition of St. Joachim parish has been one continued success and progress. Since his arrival the zealous pastor, encouraged by the hearty co-operation of the good people of Ruscom River, has been able to construct a church and a presbytery which reflect great credit on the parish.

The church, as our readers may recollect, was solemnly consecrated to the worship of God a few months since. On last Thursday, 11th instant, the new presbytery was blessed by Mr. Bruyere, V.G., attended by nearly all the inhabitants of the mission, and a large concourse of the neighboring parish priests, among whom we recognized Very Rev. Dean Wagner of Windsor; Father Gerard, of Belle River; Father Bauer, of Painescourt; Villeneuve, of Stony Point; Cummings, of Woodlee; Ryan, of Amherstburg; and Father Lorton, the worthy pastor of St. Joachim. At about 10 o'clock, the clergy and people being all assembled in the church, Mr. Bruyere explained briefly the nature of the ceremony he was about to perform, and stated the reasons why the Church blesses whatever is for the use of man. It was fitting, he said, that the dwelling wherein we spend most of our time, take our meals and our rest, should receive a special blessing, the efficacy of which is to draw down upon the new abode divine favor, health, peace, contentment, and to protect the inhabitants of the house against the influence of evil spirits, temptations, diseases, accidents and calamities.

At the close of these remarks the clergy formed into procession and repaired to the presbytery, where the blessing commenced by the recitation of the prayers appointed by the Church, and the singing of appropriate psalms. The blessing over, all returned to the church for the High Mass, which was sung by the Rev. pastor, assisted by a choir of his parishioners, which would be a credit in any cathedral of Ontario. At the end of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, Rev. Mr. Bruyere addressed those present on the important ceremony which he was about to perform, the blessing and the erection of the Stations of the Cross in their new church. He spoke of the origin, excellence, and advantages of the devotion of the Way of the Cross. It is as ancient as Christianity. The first who walked in the Way of the Cross was the blessed Mother of Jesus, St. John the Evangelist and the pious women who accompanied our Saviour from Pilate's house to Mount Calvary. The primitive Christians cherished this precious devotion. They came from every quarter of the globe to the Holy City of Jerusalem, to venerate the sacred places which had been sanctified by the footprints of the Saviour of mankind. When, in course of time, the Holy Land, which had fallen under the tyrannical yoke of the infidel Saracen, could no longer be safely visited by pious pilgrims, the Sovereign Pontiffs established the devotion now known by the name of the Stations of the Cross. To this devotion they attached the same indulgences which are gained by those visiting the holy places, the Sepulchre and Calvary. The pictures which I am going to bless represent to you the various scenes of the Passion of our Lord, the places where, exhausted by loss of blood, He fell upon the ground, where He was scourged. The Rev. gentleman drew practical instructions from the various circumstances of the great drama of Calvary, and exhorted his hearers to learn many important lessons, viz.: The justice of God, the mercy of our Lord, the malice and enormity of our sins, and the eternal gratitude they should ever show Him who redeemed the world at such a price—the shedding of His most precious blood. Before closing his remarks the Rev. gentleman urged upon the good people of St. Joachim the necessity of frequently recalling to their minds the bloody scenes of Golgotha, particularly when tempted to offend against so good a Master, or to give

way to the soul-damning sin of despair. They were exhorted to perform as often as possible the devotions of the Stations of the Cross, on account of the many spiritual advantages they would derive from it.

The pictures of the Stations of the Cross were then blessed in the manner prescribed by the Ritual, and hung on the walls of the church, meanwhile the clergy going around the Stations, one of the priests, Father Gerard, of Belle River, reading the subject of meditation appropriate to each Station. The whole ceremony concluded by the singing of the Te Deum and the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

We may be permitted now to congratulate the good people of St. Joachim's mission. Within a few months they have succeeded in constructing a splendid church and a fine presbytery. They have in their midst a zealous and worthy Pastor well deserving the esteem and confidence placed in him. With these advantages before them there is every probability that the mission of St. Joachim will continue to grow in importance and numbers. We are of this mission, the bright prospect of the future, as within sight of the church there are over twenty thousand acres of rich land for sale. These advantages, when known in Lower Canada, will not fail to induce a large number of emigrants to settle in that favored land, which offers every inducement to the hardy countrymen of Jacques Cartier.

TERRIBLE HOLOCAUST.

Burning of a Hotel Full of Guests at Milwaukee.

Milwaukee, Jan. 10.—About three o'clock this morning a fire occurred at the Newhall House, which spread with such rapidity that but few inmates escaped. One hundred lives are lost, fifty bodies, mostly women, already having been found. The majority were killed by jumping from the upper windows, the fire having cut off all means of escape. The inmates jumped by dozens from the upper stories, covering the stone sidewalks with lifeless bodies.

The shrieks of the unfortunate filled the air in a heartrending manner. The people below were unable to render any aid. A number of the terrified guests and employees of the hotel appeared at the windows, and, seeing the distance to the ground, fell back to perish in the flames. The employees of the hotel, which accommodated 800 guests, numbered 65, and were mostly lodged in the sixth story.

Exit by way of the roof was cut off by the fire, and the two hand pipes with fire ladders were unavailable for the same reason. Very few were saved by jumping on the canvas.

During the fire the severe cold hampered the firemen and caused them great suffering. Three steamers went from Chicago in response to the call from the Mayor. The train went to Milwaukee, 90 miles, in little over an hour.

As far as known the following are the dead: Allen Johnston, commission merchant, Milwaukee; and wife, Kitty Bailey; Mary Burns, servants; W. A. Hall, miller; Joseph; Ben Van Hoff, fireman, struck by a falling telegraph pole; Lizzie Kelly; Maggie Owens, Hattie, Annie and Bessie Brown; Kate Strachan; Maggie Sullivan; August Giese; Mary McLade, all servants; Thos. E. Vanhorn, Abbot, N. Y.; J. J. Hough, Marcellus; D. G. Powers, Mrs. Brown; Walter Bark; Mary Anderson; Mary Miller; Mary McMahon, Mary Conroy, servants.

THE MISSING.

The following are missing: W. J. Durand, insurance agent; Geo. G. Smith, passenger agent, Lake Shore Railway; Mrs. L. W. Brown, Miss Challis, dressmaker; Walter and Wm. Gildard.

THE SERIOUSLY INJURED.

are Orange William, residence unknown; Ben. Tice, clerk of the house; L. W. Brown, train master N. W. Road; T. B. Elliot, lawyer, Fally; W. R. Bussenbach, General Western Passenger Agent of the Michigan Central; Rose Burns, Mary Owens, Nancy McLaughlin, Kitty Connors, Doxstown, servants.

It may safely be said that sixty perished, and that thirty are seriously injured. The halls of the hotel were the scene of the wildest confusion. Men, women and children rushed up and down amid dense suffocating smoke, evading the blinding flames and roaring blaze; and in their frantic efforts rushing by stairways and windows leading to fire escapes, stumbling over bodies lying unconscious.

John F. Astide, proprietor of the house, is a young man, running up and down the street, crying, "Oh, my God, who set that fire?" His son and partner is paralyzed with horror. The scene all the morning at the police station is simply indescribable.

A detective says that the girls came down with a thud, and "we tried to catch each one, only to have the corners of the canvas pulled from our hands." At one time the back alley was a mass of gore, and seven girls were piled there dead, while a number groined in agony. Men could hear the cries of the dying as far as the corner of Fourth and Chestnut street. Milwaukee, Jan. 11.—This morning a large gang of laborers resumed work hunting for the dead in the ruins of the Newhall House. The streets in the vicinity are packed with people. The greatest excitement prevails. The entire fire department are pulling down the walls. The police and firemen are confident that fifty are buried in the ruins, including a number not yet published. Crowds are arriving by every train. The hotels are filled with fearful anxious people seeking friends or relatives supposed to be in the fire. The injured are doing pretty well.

Business is all but suspended throughout the city, most of the inhabitants swarming about the ruins.

Among those who lost their lives in the Milwaukee fire was Mr. Wiley, a Canadian traveling Passenger Agent of the Michigan Central Railway, with headquarters in Toronto.

May McCauley says she was awakened by the shouts and screams of others, and ran to the hall, which was full of girls rushing madly about, crying and screaming. She rushed to the end of the hall, peered through the door, and saw everything smoke and fire outside. She then ran back, passing a room where seven girls had taken refuge, and joined them,

and they all knelt in prayer. One of the girls had a crucifix and a woman prayed out loud. Just as they had given up hope the window was crashed in, followed by the appearance of a fireman with a ladder.

THE CATHOLIC CLUB.

Father Ryan's Lecture on Moral Philosophy—Mr. Quinn's Essay on Richelieu—Man's Place and Power in the Material, Mental and Moral World.

Father Ryan continued his interesting and instructive lectures last evening, at the usual weekly meeting of this Club. The members assembled in goodly numbers and listened to the lecture and essay with eager attention and evident interest and pleasure. The rev. lecturer began by a brief review of preceding philosophical talks. Philosophy, he said, is the science of first cause; first causes are efficient, final and moral. The lowest and last cause is the material. Physical science considers the material cause, and is, therefore, the lowest in the order of sciences. Mental science considers efficient and final causes. It is superior to physical science, but is in its turn inferior and subordinate to moral science, which considers the final cause, and is highest and noblest in the order of natural sciences. Moral philosophy is the science of thought. Human thought supposes the senses and proves the soul. Thought is not sensation nor mere sensitive cognition; it uses sensation and sensitive perception as material to work upon, but it is above and beyond sensation, for its proper object is not individual sensible things but universal supersensible truths. Such objects and such acts as truths and thoughts imply and prove the existence of a persistent, immaterial, spiritual, immortal substance which we call the soul. This soul it is that thinks and wills; the soul thinking is the object of mental philosophy, the soul willing, the object of moral philosophy. The soul must think before it can will, and it must will before it can act. The soul is the seat of the intellect, the seat of the will, the seat of the emotions, the seat of the affections, the seat of the passions, the seat of the virtues, the seat of the vices, the seat of the soul's life, the seat of the soul's death.

Turning to the subject of the lecture, Father Ryan said that the soul is the seat of the intellect, the seat of the will, the seat of the emotions, the seat of the affections, the seat of the passions, the seat of the virtues, the seat of the vices, the seat of the soul's life, the seat of the soul's death.

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labor and those for whom he labored, and the students of the dead nineteenth century remembered the old teachers as kindly, as gracefully, as generously as the youth of the earlier nineteenth century remembered old Father Fyatt, the patriarch of all our Harvard tutors.

COLONEL JAMES A. MULLIGAN.

An Irish Soldier—A Catholic Gentleman.

Catholic Review. July, 1864, Colonel Mulligan received his death wound while leading his famous "Irish Brigade" on the disastrous field of Winchester, in the Valley of the Shenandoah. "He fell," says a contemporary account, "while rallying his men."

"When we fell back from our position he was sitting erect in his saddle, and with hat off was inspiring to deeds of valor those brave troops who loved him so dearly, and who recognized in him the attributes which constitute the heroic soldier."

"A mimic ball passed through his thigh, and he fell from his horse. He is still gathered around him, and assisted by the brave men of his command, endeavored to bring him off the field. It was almost certain death to every man who approached him, and yet the gallant men of the Irish Brigade, with their colors planted close to his body, rallied around him, determined, if possible, to bear him off the field. The enemy, perceiving their intention, concentrated their whole fire on them for a moment, and every second a dozen men would drop dead around him."

"Lieutenant Nugent, Mulligan's brother-in-law, and an officer on his staff, was wounded in the leg, and at the same moment his horse was killed."

"Turning to the color sergeant of the Twenty-third Illinois, he took the colors from him and desired him to assist in carrying the Colonel off the field."

"Limping along he had not proceeded many steps before he received a second wound and fell, exclaiming: 'Colonel, I am shot.' Mulligan then turned to the men around him and told them to save the flag. 'Boys, don't lose the colors of the Irish Brigade.' This was the last remark he made, after telling the men around him to save themselves, as it was useless to try and save him." Let me add to this another touching reminiscence of the dead hero.

When thus left fatally wounded on the field the dying soldier's thoughts turned to home, to the devoted wife and darling children whom he loved with tender devotion; and there, as he lay with the life's blood streaming from his wounds, he strove to pencil in the little diary which he always carried in his breast, a last message of love and affection to the dear ones who, alas! were never more to see him in life.

That little, precious book, its pages stained with his blood, was after his death with other tender mementoes, delicately given into the hands of her for whose eyes alone the loving words of fidelity and adieu were intended.

It was, indeed, a true heart's last message, sealed with a life's best blood! It is a consolation to know that in his last hours, Colonel Mulligan had the happiness to receive all the blessed rites and ministrations of holy Church—a grace won for him by his noble and exemplary Catholic life. A chaplain attached to the Confederate army was fortunately near, and gave every religious solace to the dying soldier; nor was anything wanting on the part of "the enemy," into whose hands he had fallen, to contribute to the comforts and to soothe the last hours of a few they had long learned to respect on account of his chivalry and well-known humanity.

And so passed away James A. Mulligan. A nobler spirit, a purer character, a tenderer heart, did not perish in that cruel war.

A Catholic, by the priceless inheritance of faith, he was always loyal to its principles, and illustrated in his daily life, with unswerving fidelity, the beauty and benignity of its teaching.

No one ever heard him employ, even under so-called "provocation," a profane, far less an impure word; and in his habits he was from principle a total abstainer. It is said that even during the physical pain attending his last hours, the Colonel heroically refused the offer of brandy tendered by a surgeon, remarking that he had "resolved never to taste it," and would "not break his resolution."

Mulligan would have risen to distinction in civil life, even without the prestige of a military career. Indeed, at the outbreak of the war he was already a man of mark in the community in which he lived. In 1854 he edited with marked ability a Catholic weekly, The Western Tablet, then recently established. He had previously studied and graduated with distinguished honors at the University of St. Mary's, the Lake, Chicago. Devoted to literature, he became a ready, versatile and brilliant writer. As an orator, he was possessed of a rich, brilliant and exuberant imagination, a ready and felicitous flow of language, and a graceful and persuasive manner which won and carried captive listening audiences.

His zeal and energies in the early days were largely given to congenial works of Catholic interest, especially to the building up in Chicago of a creditable Catholic public library, and grouping around it an earnest, active body of Catholic young men. And when away from the city, how his thoughts turned to his favorite hobby; what glowing, stirring appeals came from his fascinating pen, urging others to labor for it!

Turning over a file of old letters (which, indeed, first suggested this random article), my eye catches this pithy sentence about the library: "Be not weary in pushing your project. It is the one, the true, and the beautiful. In the library the Institute will have marrow; shelve it about and you will have girded it with the unfailing charm. In its rekindled existence will be the warmth and vivacity of true life. Then be not weary-hearted." How such words cheered and encouraged!

With voice and pen he pleaded the cause of every charity; and every generous work found in him a friend and an advocate. And Ireland. Mulligan was born in the United States (Utica, N. Y.), but, as is so often the case, he was more Irish than those to "the manner born"—*ipse Hibernior*, etc.

He studied its history with ardor, and

to the end he was enthusiastic in the cause of Ireland. How his cheeks glowed and his eyes glistened as he talked about it; and how eloquently he could publicly discourse on Irish subjects is still a memory among the living.

His was no clap-net devotion, no simulated patriotism, born of sordid motive or merely personal ambition; it had its prompting and inspiration in a more solid and generous foundation. It was based upon an earnest, intelligent love for the land of his fathers; a loyal attachment to principle, a sincere love for liberty, a chivalrous spirit that would aim to achieve by means such as brave men employ, the ends which humanity pleads for and religion may justify and bless.

He proved himself to be in deed and in truth an Irish soldier—a Catholic gentleman.

His life is a precious memory to his family, to his friends, to those who knew and loved him.

It is even more: it is an example! In these—shall I say, evil days—there is unhappily too little of sturdy, loyal Catholic principle illustrated in the public life and character of Catholics, and too much of a disposition everywhere shown to put out of sight or put under the feet every semblance of attachment to the things that ought to be most precious and most dear.

James A. Mulligan was a type of the true-hearted, faithful Catholic gentleman; one of whom I may say without qualification, he was a model for the Catholic young men of our time. This is high praise.

A companion of his studies at college, a friend of his manhood, now an honored Bishop of a Western diocese, in the funeral oration which it fell to his melancholy duty to preach over the remains of his former comrade, and on a subsequent occasion, in a paper read before the Chicago Historical Society, fully and amply anticipated every word of eulogy here written.

More than eighteen years have passed since that fateful day when the life of that gallant soldier ebbed away on the bloody field. His remains were carried back to the city which honored him living and mourned him in death. All that mortal honor and affection's tribute could then bestow was showered on his coffin and festooned over his grave. These have long since withered and perished; but there survives all these perishable things a memory—the memory of a stainless character, a noble Catholic life, a heroic and Christian death.

WILLIAM J. OSAHAN, Chicago, December 6, 1882.

By HOLLANDS at Niagara Falls.

Tired and weary from the din and bustle of city life, I resolved to shake off its cares and to take refuge in Nature's favorite and most favored spot, the world renowned Falls of Niagara, where my expectations were more than realized.

To attempt to delineate the unsurpassed sublimity of this enchanting spot, or the myriad Elens scattered in profusion in its vicinity, would be simply loss of time, as in order even to form an idea of it, the eye must gaze in wonder on the ever varying and yet unchanged scene, the lungs taste the wild fresh breeze of the purest of air, and the ear catch the music of the rushing waters, till the whole being becomes imbued with delight and imbued with a new life and vigor hitherto unknown. But though we may not do justice to the magnificent hand of nature in this locality, yet we rejoice to find that its unrivaled advantages have been appreciated by many, since the magnificent and spacious building known as the Loretto Convent, which crowns the hill, rises with merry voices, and is graced by the youthful forms of many a happy child and graceful maiden. And upon visiting this cultured home, we find it peopled by young ladies from all parts of the Continent, beaming with a radiant glow of health and giving evidence by their elegant bearing even to a casual visitor of the refined culture imparted by the Ladies of Loretto, whose affable and courteous manners induce me to ask for some information regarding the Order. To comply with my desire a biography of the Foundress was handed me from which I gleaned the following: Frances Teresa, sister of the late Judge Hall, a young Dublin lady of good family and large fortune, resolved to consecrate her life to the higher education of persons of her own sex, for which purpose she proceeded to England and became a member of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin—a pious Sisterhood long existing at York, and which had been originally established in Germany in the seventeenth century by some noble English ladies, to supply the means of a sound religious and secular education to their Catholic fellow countrywomen at home.

This Institute, France Hall introduced into Ireland in 1811, and since then it has spread to most of the British colonies, being everywhere productive of the happiest results. The Loretto Sisters may therefore say that the sun never sets upon their Convent homes. You may meet them on the green hillsides and in the pleasant valleys of Ireland, and on the dreary moors of Staffordshire, and among the bustling crowds of busy Manchester. Their banner waves from the rocky fortress that guards the entrance to the Mediterranean; and again at Mauritius its folds are swelled by the breezes that blow across the Indian Ocean. They are toiling zealously by the banks of distant Hoogli, and at the foot of the towering Himalayas, and in the rising cities of Australia, and away on the dark continent, where the cannon roars near the borders of Zululand, and on the margin of Lake Ontario, and where the waters of the Niagara in the ceaseless thunder of the cataract proclaim the majesty of the Creator.