



**EDITORIAL NOTES.**

WE DESIRE to thank the number of our subscribers who have been so prompt and generous in sending in their contributions to THE TRUE WITNESS. Every renewal of subscription is a boon at this juncture and every new subscriber is doubly welcome. We are anxious that those friends who have been so considerate as to send in subscriptions for three, four and five years in advance, should receive due credit for their timely aid to a Catholic paper. There is a great satisfaction in knowing that our humble exertions in the cause of Catholic literature are so widely appreciated; decidedly there is encouragement for the future in the flattering remarks of our numerous correspondents. We can assure all our friends that no pains or exertions will be spared on our part to give them all full satisfaction in the columns at our command.

THE Ave Maria, of Notre Dame, has always been very kind toward us, and in its issue of January 6th a very neat compliment is paid the TRUE WITNESS, in the following lines: "We learn with pleasure that the TRUE WITNESS has successfully weathered the storm which threatened to cut short the usefulness of that bright and vigorous journal. It is also pleasant to note that Mr. J. K. Foran, LL. B., whose name is well-known to our readers, continues in editorial control. That the TRUE WITNESS in its new conditions is to lose none of its old-time energy may be inferred from the fact that the editor, though almost prostrated by temporary illness, still produces a remarkably able and interesting newspaper." If the term may be allowed, we can heartily and fully "return the compliment," for despite his heavy load of work, his countless occupations, and recent physical ailments, the Rev. Editor of the Ave Maria goes on improving and infusing real life into his charming magazine,—each issue only increases the reader's thirst for the next.

PRINCE MAXIMILIAN, nephew of the King of Saxony, was ordained a Catholic Priest at New Year. The ceremony took place at Reichstadt, Saxony. Prince Maximilian was born at Dresden, Nov. 17, 1870. He is the fifth child and next to the youngest son of Prince George, brother of the King of Saxony and the late Maria Anna, Infanta of Portugal. This news sounds like a voice telling of the "Ages of Faith."

WE CANNOT well understand the Chicago Citizen and its attempts to bespatter Lord and Lady Aberdeen with its mud. We always looked upon the Citizen as an ultra-Irish organ; in fact, so Irish that it seems at home on no other subject; and only comfortable when it has that one subject worked up to a fever heat. Yet it seems to us very inconsistent on the part of the Citizen to make it a point, in season and out of season, of attacking the Governor-General

of Canada and Lady Aberdeen. We always thought that gratitude was one of the characteristics of our race; and surely common gratitude to both Lord and Lady Aberdeen would become every true and honest Irish heart. Although in a recent issue, in which a Father O'Mahony's letter of a column and a half appears, "the Citizen assumes no responsibility for the sentiments of correspondents," still it publishes the tirade from Piper City, Ill., and the sentiments therein agree with recent editorials in the same Citizen.

THE NAME of the locality, whence Rev. Bernard Emmet O'Mahony hails, is very appropriate. The man claiming to be an Irishman, an Irish Catholic, and even an Irish Catholic Priest, and knowing all that the Aberdeens have done for Ireland and the Irish, who could pen such a narrow-minded, small-hearted, evil-inspired letter as that from Piper City, is certainly deserving of honest Irish pity. Neither Ireland, nor Canada, nor our Governor-General, nor his Lady will be the least affected by the Citizen's views and its correspondent's ingenious sarcasm.

THAT was a peculiar dinner-party at which two notorious renegades sat down last week, to congratulate each other on their respective careers of religious vagaries. The one a vow-breaking priest, who so glories in his perjury that he celebrates the thirtieth anniversary of that glorious day on which he took unto himself a woman in spite of his solemn, soul-binding vow of perpetual celibacy; the other a poor creature, grown hoary in a life of avowed hypocrisy, descendant of an unbelieving patriot, a Voltarian himself, to-day a Presbyterian. The spectres that hovered around that "feast of skulls" must have grinned with their most hideous expression and chuckled with delight, on beholding two aged renegades striving to persuade each other that they believed in their own professions and each knowing that deep down in the other's soul were stamped the words "deception, shame, falsehood."

FRIDAY last was the hundredth and ninety-fourth anniversary of the death of the Venerable Marguerite Bourgeoys, foundress of the Congregation of Notre Dame. The service was held in the Church of Notre Dame de Pitie. His Grace the Archbishop officiated. The remains of the venerable foundress were saved from the ruins of Villa Maria, and they now lie in the crypt of the little church, under a simple marble monument.

THE OTHER DAY we received a letter from a Jesuit missionary, who had charge of a parish about five hundred miles in length. We call it a parish, but really it is the whole of that desolate north shore of Lake Superior. The writer of that letter is one with whom we played in childhood, with whom we went to a little country school, and of

whom we have ever kept the kindest and warmest recollections. We see by his letter that the hardships of missionary life are still as great in parts of Canada as ever they were in the early days. Imagine a priest going three hundred and fifty miles on sick-calls; seven hundred miles per round trip. Our friend tells us of a small chapel that is being raised for a few Catholic farmers at Murillo, a station west of Port Arthur. We can readily understand how poor these people must be, since he says the work is at a standstill for want of means to complete it. At present the missionary seems to carry his chapel with him, since his altar and sacred vessels are about all he possesses for the purposes of Mass. We wonder if the Rev. Father, our ever cherished friend, would feel hurt were we to suggest the idea of a few contributions from our zealous and wealthy citizens, toward the forest chapel of Murillo? Surely it cannot demand a very great amount to complete that structure: the spirit of sweet charity might touch, perhaps, a few of our friends, and we feel confident that the pleasure thus given to the colonists of that wild region will reconcile the good Father to our presumption in making this suggestion.

AGAIN is it reported that Louis Kosuth, the aged exile and Hungarian patriot, is dead. The rumor was current a few days ago in Buda-Pesth. He was ninety-one in September last, so there is nothing improbable in the report. During the last ten or more years Kosuth has lived in Turin, the capital of Piedmont; he never returned to Hungary since he lost the rights of citizenship in 1879. In 1848-49 he was Governor of Hungary, and under him the unfortunate war of independence broke out, which resulted in his country being crushed by Austria and Russia. He retired into Turkey. A few years afterwards he visited America; then he returned to England, where he wrote strongly urging the Hungarians to join Italy against Austria. He was a deadly enemy of the Hapsburgs. In fine, his name was upon every lip in Europe some fifty years ago. To-day he is almost forgotten; to-morrow he will be in complete oblivion.

ON THURSDAY last, at her residence, Leigh, Lancashire, England, the widow of the famous British novelist, William Makepeace Thackeray, died, aged seventy-five years. On Christmas Eve, 1868, thirty years ago, the great author departed this life. He was buried in Kensal Green, London. They were married in 1838. She was a daughter of Colonel Matthew Shaw, of London. We may be often inclined to deal harshly with Thackeray as an author, and to criticise very severely his often harsh caricatures and his biting sarcasms; but we must pay homage to his undoubted ability and his high character. The death of his widow revives a story that should awaken great sympathy for the novelist. "A few years after marriage,"

says Trollope, "she became ill and her mind failed her," and the novelist thereupon "became, as it were, a widower till the end of his days." The story is told of how he refused to consent to her separation from him and consignment in an asylum, withdrew himself, at great inconvenience, from London, and lived with her in strictest seclusion. During this time he never failed in the affectionate observance of the anniversary of their wedding day, etc., ignoring the fact that he rejoiced alone. A birthday verse offered by him to her during this period was:

I have brought no roses, sweetest,  
I could find no flowers, dear,  
It was when all sweets were over  
You were born to bless the year.

A VERY HIGHLY esteemed friend has sent us one of "ex-Priest" Slattery's hand-bills; similar programmes were circulated all through Des Moines, Iowa. The reading of that announcement of lectures by the "ex-Priest" and his wife is sufficient to show us how low, how degraded, how soaked in immorality and bad rum must be the man, (and above all the woman), who could issue such a circular. What must not the lectures have been! It is thus the Des Moines Register, a Protestant organ, deals with the "ex-Priest." He had already attempted to make capital out of lies against the Register.

Des Moines people who remember "ex-priest" Slattery's infamous lies about The Register when he was in Des Moines, told simply to draw a crowd at 15 cents a head, will be interested in learning that the fellow was not allowed to spout at Davenport. Since he charged an admission fee he had to get the consent of the authorities to deliver his lecture. Mayor Volmer refused to issue a license and told the ex-divine to go ahead with his lecture if he wanted to be attended by people who paid nothing. In other words, Slattery was informed that he could deliver a lecture with free admission but not if he charged to hear his creed. The Tribune, of Davenport says: "The mayor also put the refusal on a moral ground. He stated that from the advertisements and hand bills he believed that the lectures appealed to depraved tastes and sought by immoral allusions to attract a crowd. He had been told that the man had been refused holy orders on account of his immorality, and that in his lectures he made charges against the moral character of the leaders of a religious sect, but he could not pass upon these questions."

IT WAS a sad sight that was witnessed in New Glasgow, N.S., on the sixth of January last, when an ex-M.P. William Ross, was found on the roadside covered with vermin and dying. Nor does it speak well for the officials of that city of churches, that the overseers of the poor refused to provide for him, even the jailer refused him shelter in the only cell in the prison. The former member of parliament died more neglected than the brutes. "Man's inhumanity to man," is here exemplified, and it is an illustration of that forcible saying of St. Thomas a Kempis, "Vanitas vanitatum et omnia vanitas." How very uncertain the life of life; how fleeting the popularity!