

LETTERS FROM BERMUDA.

LETTER XXVII.

HAMILTON, 18—

MY DEAR BOY—As you will understand from the penal laws of Ireland that no landed property could have remained in the possession of Catholics, only that individual Protestants were a great deal more honest and just than the laws. Of course as Catholics were in a majority of at least seven to one over Protestants, intermarriages took place, and circumstances occurred in which Protestants often found it to their interest to hold property for Catholics to prevent its being seized by others. Some valuable property in Kerry was held in this way for several generations.

"The Freeman family of Castlecor (Protestants) were trustees for a large number of Catholic gentry in the County of Cork without interested motives. In Kerry an honorable and kind man, a Protestant named Hugh Falvey, acted as trustee for many Catholic proprietors there. In Dublin there was a Protestant in very humble circumstances who was trustee for several Catholic gentlemen, and who discharged his trust with perfect integrity." (O'Neill Daunt's Personal Recollections.)

But the law provided for that also. Clause 10: Any Protestant suspecting any other Protestant of holding property in trust for any Catholic might file a bill against the suspected trustee and take the property from him.

Clause 11: Any Catholic gentleman who became a Protestant could at once take his father's property from him, &c., &c.

"All are not just because they do no wrong: But he who will not wrong me when he may, He is the truly just. I praise not those Who in their petty dealings pilfer not; But him whose conscience spurns at secret fraud,

When he might plunder and defy surprise. His be the praise, who, looking down with scorn On the false judgment of the partial herd, Consults his own clear heart and boldly dares

To be, not to be thought, an honest man."

In a former letter I gave you an anecdote which I found in an ancient Bermuda journal (the Gazette) concerning Gratian and Flood, relating how "the storm of Gratian's eloquence swept away all Flood marks without leaving a vestige." Here is an anecdote of O'Connell, recorded in an old paper: During the parliamentary career of the Liberator, the following motion was brought up at one time in the House of Commons. Moved by Mr. Thomas Massey (a great bigot) and seconded by Albert Chueit, that the word *Mass* being too Popish, as part of the word Christmas, shall be discontinued and that the festival shall hereafter be called *Christ tide*, that being a more Saxon appellation and more fitting for the modern times."

Daniel O'Connell rose to reply. He said "I beg leave to call the honorable member's attention to the fact that his own name is deplorably popish. I would therefore suggest that to be consistent, the honorable gentleman should now and henceforth eliminate from his name 'Mass,' the syllable that offends him in the word 'Christmas,' and substitute the Saxon 'Tide,' thus transforming 'Thomas Massey' into 'Thomas Tidey.'"

Mr. Massey's motion never reached a vote.

Apropos of Daniel O'Connell, he proved a grand exception with regard to the system of bribery of that period, for the office of Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer was offered to him and also that of Master of the Rolls; but O'Connell refused both firmly stating that Ireland could not spare him. Flood made a mistake fatal to his influence; after an opposition of fifteen years; he accepted office with the Executive on which he had so long

made war. He may have thought to serve his country better by that change, but for seven years the greatest orator of the Anglo-Irish race was tongue tied and useless. In 1781 he resigned and went again into opposition.

O'Connell used to relate a good story about Mr. Myers, a Catholic gentleman of Roscommon, who owned a large property there. This gentleman was at one time threatened that a "Bill of Discovery" would be filed against him—that is, that one of the enactments of the penal laws would be put in force against Mr. Myers as a Catholic; that he, being a Catholic, could be ejected by a Protestant, who could legally claim his estate. Mr. Myers, fearing to lose his property, posted off to Dublin in haste, visited the Protestant Archbishop, and informed him that he wished to be received into the State Church. After questioning him on the subject, the Archbishop found that Mr. Myers knew nothing about the Protestant religion, and said he must receive some instruction. The Rector of Castlecor was appointed to be the instructor. The Rector was a great friend and boon companion of Mr. Myers, so they dined together every day for nearly a week, when the spiritual instruction and *spirituous consolation* were pleasantly mixed, and on the appointed day Mr. Myers made his abjuration of Popery in presence of the Archbishop. In order to celebrate the happy event, the Prelate invited Myers and several zealous Protestants to dinner. When the cloth was removed his Grace thus addressed the convert: "Mr. Myers, you have this day been received into the true Protestant church; for this you should thank God. Will you be so kind as to state for the edification of the company the grounds upon which you have cast aside Popery and embraced the Church of England."

"Faith, my Lord," replied Myers, "I can easily do that. The grounds of my conversion to the Protestant religion are two thousand five hundred acres of the best grounds in the County Roscommon!"

The Archbishop's answer is not recorded, but he must have felt ashamed of the execrable laws which made such duplicity necessary to prevent a man's being reduced to beggary.

The doctrine of "Toleration" as we hold it, the doctrine of the right of every man to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, was unknown to Europe in old times. It was a lesson to be taught, taught slowly and to unwilling listeners, but it was taught in the end. Not by personal violence and persecution can the conscience of man be swayed. Not in this way did Christianity come out of the Catacombs. Not in this way did the grain of mustard seed grow and spread out its branches. Not in this way was Christianity made to triumph over the strong old Paganism of the Roman Empire; and when that Empire, which had driven the Popes of four centuries like "things of evil" underground, fell beneath the greatness of its task, the Throne of the Fisherman stood in the very palace of the Caesars. That city, watered with the blood of Martyrs, became the world-capital of the Papacy. PLACIDIA.

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The Catholic Almanac for Ontario is now to be had from the Office of the Catholic Register, mailed on receipt of price, 25 cents.

LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA.

A DISEASE LONG HELD BY PHYSICIANS TO BE INCURABLE.

His Sufferers are Those of a Living Death—The Victim Helpless, His Torture Intense, Every Effort of Nature and Medicine is a Failure of Family and Friends—A Remedy for the Disease Discovered

Mr. James McLean, a resident of Lafroy, Simcoe County, Ont., is known to every man, woman and child for miles around the vicinity of his home, and all know of the long years during which his condition has been that of a living death. Mr. McLean tells of his injury, his years of torture, and his subsequent release from the agonies of locomotor ataxia, in the following vivid language:—

"In the year 1880 I was thrown from a scaffold, falling on my back on a stone pile. I was badly hurt, and narrowly escaped death. Plasters and liniments were applied, and I seemed to get somewhat better. But the apparent improvement was short lived. My feet began to get unusually cold, and nothing that could be done would warm them. The trouble then spread to my legs, and from the waist down I was attacked with shooting pains flying along the nerves in thousands, and causing the most terrible torture for days and nights at a time. I could get no relief save from the injections of morphine. Six physicians treated me at different times, but appeared only to faintly understand my trouble, and could do nothing for my relief. Some of the doctors declared my trouble was rheumatism, but two of them said it was a disease of the spinal cord that the trouble would get worse and that sooner or later my arms would become affected. This prediction proved true. My left hand dropped at the wrist joint and hung dead and cold, and I had no more control of it than if the hand were not on me. Fly blisters and electricity were resorted to without avail. My stomach was next attacked with a burning, aching, nauseating pain, causing the most distressing vomiting and I often thought I would not see morning. I have vomited almost continually for thirty six hours, and nothing but morphine or chloroform could deaden the anguish I suffered. But worse trouble was in store for me. I lost control of my bowels and water, and my condition became most horrible, necessitating constantly the greatest care and watchfulness. I was now suffering from the top of my head to the point of my toes. I saw double, and had to keep my eyes fixed steadily on the ground to make a step at all, and the moment I raised my eyes I would stagger and fall if I were not grasping something. I could not take a single step in the dark. For nine long years I suffered all the horrors of a living death. In 1889 I was admitted to the Toronto General Hospital, where I was treated for four months. I was told that my trouble was locomotor ataxia, and incurable, and I returned home no better. After returning home I had further medical treatment, but with no better results than before. Finally I was given the following certificate of incurability.

CITRICHILL, July 27th, 1893.

This is to certify that James McLean has a disease of the spinal cord (incurable) that renders him unfit to obtain a living.

A. T. LITTLE, M.D.

About this time I was strongly urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and oh how I wish I had known of this great remedy years ago! What anguish and torture I would have been spared! Soon after beginning the use of Pink Pills I found myself improving. The pains left me and I was able to discontinue the use of the morphine. I regained control of both bowels and bladder and gradually a feeling of life returned to my legs and arms. I can now walk without the aid of either crutches or sticks and can take long strides. My stomach trouble has all left me, and I can eat as heartily as ever in my life. My friends, who never expected to see me about again, are astonished at the wonder Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have wrought in me. When I began the use of the pills my weight was reduced to 136 pounds, and it has now increased to 165. I am a new man and it is not possible for me to say enough in praise of your marvellous medicine. My wife also joins me in thanks and says it was a happy day for her when I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as since then she has been able to get rest at night which she had not done for some long years before. I hope Heaven will direct this into the hands of some other poor sufferer, who may find as I did, release from a living death through your great life-saving remedy. Yours very gratefully, JAMES McLEAN.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a certain cure for all diseases such as St. Vitus dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatitis, the after effects of la grippe, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. Sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink), and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brookville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

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