

despotism of the Stuarts: James might have kept his throne, and England lost its constitution. But the wise dispensations of Providence in this instance, as in countless others, produced universal good from partial evil. The reformed religion and the civil liberties of Europe depended then on the preservation of freedom in England; and, but for the strong support that the English patriots possessed in the Cromwellian settlement they probably would have failed in the contest. Ireland alone paid the price by which European liberties were purchased, though she reaped little advantage from their blessings.

The conduct of the Duke of Ormond in these transactions has been the theme of unmeasured praise, and equally unmeasured censure. Yet is there no point of fact at issue between his advocates and his opponents. If, for the sake of establishing a Protestant interest in Ireland, it was lawful, and even praiseworthy, to commit treachery, fraud, and universal robbery, then may we join in all the eulogiums that have been heaped upon him; but if the best end cannot be attained by the means—if Maunton and Moloch be unworthy allies to the cause of pure religion—then must we condemn him as one who sacrificed upright principle to questionable policy, and was guilty of atrocious evil to effect a doubtful good. The most instructive commentary on his conduct is the simple fact, that, before the civil war, his estates only yielded him about £7,000 per annum; but, after the final settlement, his annual income was upwards of £80,000, more than ten times the former amount. He felt, to the last hour of his life, a burning consciousness, that the part he had acted would not bear a close examination; and writhed under the attacks made on him in pamphlets by the men he had betrayed and undone. One of these, named "The Unkind Deserter," is distinguished by its superior ability and deep pathos. There are few who could read the simple and touching details of the writer's statements, without pity for the deserted, and indignation against the deserter. Ormond attempted no reply; he suppressed the book, and threw the printer into prison; but he was afraid to give the matter additional publicity, by bringing the question into a court of justice.

There was a time when it would have been neither safe nor prudent to detail the facts recorded in this chapter; but that time is now past forever. There is no longer and prudential motive for concealing the truth; and it has been, therefore, told as simply as our limits would permit, and yet not without some feelings of reluctance; for the writer, being himself descended from Cromwellian settlers, would gladly have given a more favorable account of their proceedings, if he could have done so with truth.

That the strictures passed on the Stuart family by this Protestant writer were fully deserved none will deny, that those passed on Ormond were likewise merited will be further shown in our narration of his dealings with the Irish episcopacy, in which the utter selfishness and unscrupulousness of the man will be made apparent.

PARNELL'S SPEECH.

The following is a *verbatim* report of the speech delivered by Charles Stewart Parnell at the Rotunda Banquet, on the occasion of the presentation of the National Tribute:—

Mr. Parnell, M. P., rose at twenty minutes to eleven. He was received with great cheering, the whole assembly rising and greeting him with the strongest enthusiasm. Again and again the cheers were renewed, and it was almost four minutes before Mr. Parnell could commence his speech. He said: My Lord Mayor, ladies and gentlemen, do not know how adequately to express my feelings with regard not only to your lordship's address, but to the address of the Parnell National Tribute, but also regarding this magnificent demonstration, for I can call it nothing else. But, my Lord, I prefer to leave to the historian the description of to-night, and the expression of an opinion as regards the results of to-night must produce (hear, hear). You, my Lord, have recalled to our memories the historical occasion of the assemblage one hundred years ago in this hall. I trust that those who come after us—not only trust but feel that those who come after us at the centennial anniversary of to-day will occupy a brighter, a higher, and a greater position than we do in this country occupy a greater and a higher position than we are fated to see to-day (cheers). I shall not attempt to reply in any way to your lordship's eulogy, speaking as an Irishman to an assembly of Irishmen and Irishwomen (applause). I shall only say that I believe and I think that the result of the great movement of the last few years shows that I am right in that belief (cheers), that there must have been many Irishmen who thought and felt as I did, many undoubtedly more and more willing than I was ("no, no") to give effect to my thoughts and my wishes.

HOW HIS HEART WAS TOUCHED.

As an Irishman, I have no doubt, in common with many thousands of my countrymen, I looked around me; I saw the artisan in the town struggling for a precarious existence with a torpid trade, with everything against him; I saw the Irish tenant farmer trembling before the eye of his landlord (hear, hear), with the knowledge that in that landlord's power rested the whole of the future of himself and of his family; that his position was literally no better, physically not so good, as the lot of a South African negro (hear, hear), that he was endeavoring to make both ends meet, that his life was a constant struggle to keep the roof over his head and over the head of his family by the most grinding and pinching self-denial. I saw, as you have all seen, the Irish laborer, whose lot even to this day has been but very little improved (hear, hear), but for whom there is now, so I trust, a day of light and hope dawning (cheers and cries of T. P. O'Connor). I saw the Irish laborer the lowest of the low, the slave of the slave, with not even a dry roof over his head, with the rain

from heaven dripping upon the couch on which he was forced to lie; dressed in rags, subsisting upon the meagrest food; and whether I looked up or one side, irresistible conviction was I me back upon me that here was a nation carrying on its life, striving for existence, striving for nationhood under such difficulties as had never beset any other people on the face of Europe (hear, hear).

THE ODDS AGAINST THE LAND MOVEMENT.

Many of us saw these things. To many of us these same thoughts occurred. And some three years ago we resolved—and I am proud and happy to say that at this board to-night there are many present who joined in that resolve—that these things should no longer be if we could help it. And the historian of the future will say for the Land League movement, if he be unprejudiced and truthful, that never was there a movement formed to contend against such an infamous and horrible system—a system which even the British Parliament, and the influence and laws of England, have already partially admitted to be a gigantic system of robbery and fraud (cheers)—that never was there a movement formed to contend against such a system with so much odds against it, in the carrying out of which, I will not say even in connection with which, but in association with which, there was so much moderation and discretion, and such an utter absence of crime, and of the strong passions which agitate men (cheers, in which the closing words of the sentence were lost).

THE FORCE WE HAVE TO FACE.

Ireland is not in a normal condition. If she had been never should have had the system of landlordism which my friend Mr. Davitt has devoted his life and vowed his future to the extermination of. (Cheers.) We never should have had it; and we certainly should not have it now, were it not that this system is upheld by a stronger nation and stronger power than our own. We always have to take into account that no matter how we may strive to keep within the limits of the constitution, this strong people outside of us will and particularly opposed to us will always meet us with the rule of force; and in striving for and obtaining the partial justice that we have yet obtained we have been met with this rule of force. Look about you on every side. You see a general amnesty of the regular army retained in Ireland. You see another and more efficient army of 15,000 policemen for the purpose. You have seen the law, the ancient law, of *habeas corpus*, repeatedly thrown away in regard to Ireland, and the most signal example of this particular breach of the Constitution, out of many breaches which are being constantly made in the British Constitution in Ireland (laughter), was when one hundred Irishmen were thrown into prison by the late lamented Buckshot Forster (groans and laughter). We are now living under a coercion which is the combined result of the Irish question, and how to meet it by coercion, by lawyers, and statesmen of England (groans).

LORD HARRINGTON ANSWERED.

Well, gentlemen, in face of all this—in face of the fact that no man's life, much less his liberty, is at the present moment safe—Lord Harrington has the coolness to tell us that the Liberal party will co-operate with the Irish party (laughter).

A VOICE—If he gets a chance.

Mr. Parnell—When we abandon our unconditional ways and use only constitutional methods (laughter). I would rather have preferred to say that, until the Liberal party abandon their unconditional methods, and betake themselves to the observance of even the British Constitution, there can be no co-operation between English Liberals and Irishmen (cheers) in regard to those matters connected with the advancement of popular liberties and the progress of general reform, to which such co-operation would be fairly permissible under normal conditions (loud cheers). To enable such a co-operation—and I don't know whether such co-operation will ever take place—it does not look likely at the present moment, I must confess to you, that such co-operation will be consistent and permissible with our present position as an independent Irish party, there must be no more coercion and there must be no more emigration (loud and continued cheers).

NO QUARTER FOR EMIGRATIONISTS.

We regard any system of emigration which has yet been tried in this country as a monstrous blot (loud cheers) upon the life of our nation (renewed cheers), accompanied by untold sufferings to the unhappy individuals on whom the experiment is made (cheers). It is useless for the Tuke committee to present us with their carefully selected cases of certain individuals who have been prosperous in their new homes beyond the Atlantic. We know enough from bitter experience that must be the fate of the unfortunate man who has emigrated with his family at the rate of £5 per head, including the passage money (hear, hear); and we have irresistible proof to show that three-fourths of the emigrants who have been sent out from Ireland during the last year or two have been compelled to find their homes in the miserable garrets of New York, Boston, and Montreal (cheers). What ever Mr. Tuke's individual motives may be—and he may be a philanthropist of the purest water for all I know—the proceedings of the committee stand exposed as an indecent attempt to assist the Government to get rid of the Irish difficulty by getting rid of the Irish people, and to shield them from the responsibility which rightly belonged to them of providing for the welfare of the Irish people so long as they insist upon the right of governing us. We can hold no parley with emigrationists or coercionists (applause). If we are to be emigrated and coerced we prefer to have the dose administered by our natural enemies, the Tories (hear, hear), rather than those wivens in sheep's clothing, the Whigs (hisses). If emigration must be tried, if it is such a wonderfully good thing for the poor people, why should they not try it upon some of those congested districts in London (applause). If I mistake not, any attempt to bring into practical operation the theories of Lord Spencer and Lord Derby (hisses) with regard to emigration would lead, as by the way, we never heard of Lord Spencer (hisses) carrying any child out of the slums of St. Giles on board an emigrant ship in the Thames—any such attempt, I say, upon your part, would lead to the opening up of questions and the suggestion of principles by no means palatable to the

landed proprietors of England (hear, hear) WHO WOULD BE FREE MUST SUFFER.

Now gentlemen, we have not arrived at our present position without having to submit to and to suffer a very great deal. It is the history of every measure of reform, of every advance for public liberties in Ireland, that it has to be accompanied by great suffering for the people, by great sacrifices on the part of individuals, and by relatively small gain in proportion to the exertions which have been made. Who can doubt what would have happened to landlordism in Ireland, if any other European country was faced to face with the movement of the last few years. It would no longer have troubled us. But we have in our country hard facts to meet with and to grapple with. We have such individuals as Lord Spencer and Mr. Trevelyan (groans), and I do not think I exaggerate when I say that although these two individuals have been vastly helped by the Coercion Act, of which they have made such liberal use—I do not think I exaggerate when I say that the present Irish Executive is probably characterized by greater meanness and by greater incapacity (hear, hear) than any others of its predecessors; that it is certain, just as certain as that our poor friend Mr. Forster (groans and laughter) was obliged to retire precipitately from this country, or rather was not allowed to "come back to Erin" (laughter); that it is just as certain that this present Government of Ireland will prove, sooner or later—and probably much sooner than later—and as completely a failure as any of its predecessors (applause).

EARL SPENCER'S GALLOWES GOVERNMENT.

For Lord Spencer there is of course some excuse—he does not owe his position to the fact that he has distinguished himself in the walks of literature (laughter), or to the fact that he is even a representative of the people (renewed laughter). He has been distinguished by none of his own merits, but by the fact that Mr. Forster (groans and laughter). He simply came over to Ireland as the assistant of Mr. Forster (groans), and it is most desirable, since it is so of often dinned into our ears that the mingled gentleness and firmness—I think that is the expression (laughter)—of Lord Spencer, it is most desirable that we should always stand on every side. You see a general amnesty of the regular army retained in Ireland. You see another and more efficient army of 15,000 policemen for the purpose. You have seen the law, the ancient law, of *habeas corpus*, repeatedly thrown away in regard to Ireland, and the most signal example of this particular breach of the Constitution, out of many breaches which are being constantly made in the British Constitution in Ireland (laughter), was when one hundred Irishmen were thrown into prison by the late lamented Buckshot Forster (groans and laughter). We are now living under a coercion which is the combined result of the Irish question, and how to meet it by coercion, by lawyers, and statesmen of England (groans).

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suffer in person and in property for the fault of the boy in his employment; and as we are sitting around this banquet board I think no greater example in a small way can be found of the utter unscrupulousness of our rulers; of their want of common interest (applause) than the fact that Mr. Harrington is still detained as a common felon within prison walls, lying on a prison bed, and eating prison fare ("shame" for an offence of which it must be perfectly well known to these men in Dublin Castle that he is as innocent as I am (applause)).

A VOICE—We will have revenge.

Mr. Parnell—My friend says we will have revenge. All I can say is that he will have to have lots of patience before he has his revenge.

A GOVERNMENT OF TREACHERY AND TRICKERY.

I now come to the last example of this most pernicious and extraordinary Government—the suppression of the National meetings. Mr. Trevelyan may be able to cross the water and hoodwink the simple people of Galashiels, but he is not going to throw dust on any section of the Irish people, either Irish nationalists or Irish Orangemen (cheers); and I can hardly believe that Mr. Trevelyan does himself the honor of believing what he told them (hear, hear). All through his speech it is easy to detect the self-satisfied chuckle of the man who exaggerates for his own purpose the danger likely to arise from the action of a few poor wretched Orangemen, and who deliberately exaggerates for the same purpose the resources for mischief of the large body of them (cheers). He admits the illegality of the proceedings from the top to the bottom. He describes them in the most forcible language, while he enormously magnifies the results likely to arise from them (cheers). And what is the excuse for the action of the Government—an action, you must remember, exactly in accord with the wishes and demands of the law (cheers). He says that it would take 1,000 infantry and cavalry to protect the constitutional right of public meeting, and enable those seeking an alteration in the law to do what they had a legal right to.

FALSE APOLOGIES EXPOSED.

If Nationalists meet together to obtain an alteration of the Land Act—if my Lord Mayor goes to Kerry to deliver a lecture on the extension of the franchise to Ireland, the excuse for protecting the meeting in the one case, and for best winking at the designs of the assassins who fired at him, was that it would take 1,000 infantry and cavalry to do anything else. Did the Government hesitate to protect the Lough Mask expedition in 1850, because it took 1,000 infantry to protect them? Did they ever refuse protection to any landlord engaged in the eviction of his tenants, or to any sheriff engaged in forestalling the Land Act by selling out the interest of the tenant? Did the English Government—as it ever known to refuse all the arms and all the men that might be necessary for the purpose of holding 1,000 untrained men in prison for twelve long months in 1851 and 1852 lest any impediment would be offered to the legal rights of the landlord class? No. All our experience of English force in Ireland results in this, that they are always willing to employ such force to the fullest extent while it is a question of protecting the rights of the minority against the majority (cheers). The proceedings in the North teach us this lesson. Let the law in Ireland be only powerful when the minority applies for protection; it is then quick to strike—it is very vengeful and unmerciful. But when after great struggles it may happen that a statute of beneficence is passed in the House of Commons survives in a mutilated condition the two Houses of Parliament, we find that the operation of the law in putting in force that statute is slow, halting, and ineffectual, and until the English Liberals and Radicals learn the first lesson of their political creed that every nation, every country, has a right to be governed according to the will of the majority (cheers). That country, they will fail, as they have always failed, in their self-imposed task of governing the Irish people (cheers).

PATIENT PERSISTENCE WILL WIN.

Gentlemen, we are told about the franchise. The Liberal party is going, we hear, to extend the franchise to Ireland. I am very much inclined to believe that were it not that there exists in the House of Commons a solid band of solid men—(cheers)—who would vote steadily against any extension of the suffrages in England if Ireland were left out, we would see very little of the inclusion of Ireland in the forthcoming bill. We can survey these contests between the English parties with perfect equanimity. Our position is a strong one. Whether or not we may extend the franchise to Ireland or not we will return, I believe, between seventy or eighty members (cheers). Our cause is undoubtedly a winning cause, and though the progress we may be making at present in the face of coercion must be slow, yet still we are progressing, we are keeping up, and even adding to the impetus that was given to the National cause in the days of the Irish National Land League movement. And although it is hard, although one's blood often boils at witnessing the indignities and suffering and persecutions which the people of this country are obliged to submit to every day and night, we must be patient. We have every reason to be patient. We shall win if we are patient (cheers). The miserable character of the shifts and evasions which the Irish Executive have daily resorted to show that we must win (cheers). Coercion cannot last for ever (cheers), and there is one thing more to be said, as this Coercion Act is running out, and we are living it down—there is one thing we must remember, and remind the English people of—that if there is one fact more certain than another it is the fact that if we are to be coerced, even if the present Coercion Act, or any part of it, is to be renewed, if the constitution is not to be restored to us, these things shall be done by the Tory Government, and not by the Liberal Government (cheers), and shall carry with them in the shape of increased taxation the fruits and penalties inflicted upon us. Beyond a shadow of doubt it will be for the Irish people in England, poorly as they are supported, and isolated as they are, and for your independent members to determine at the next general election whether the Tory or Liberal Ministries

shall rule England. This is a great force and a great power; if we may not rule ourselves we can at least cause them to be ruled as we choose (cheers). This force has already gained for Ireland inclusion in the coming Franchise Bill, and we have reason to be proud, hopeful, and energetic, determined that this generation shall not pass away until it has bequeathed to those who came after us the great birth-right of national independence and prosperity (loud cheers).

THE JESUITS.

We make place with pleasure for the following interesting communication, which lately appeared in the True Witness.

Sir—Your remarks in last week's issue, regarding the barkings of your evangelical contemporaries against the Jesuits, has recalled to my mind an interesting little sketch of the Jesuit mission at Tadoussac in the early days of the colony, which I read not long since, and the record of the daily lives of those devoted men, as portrayed by a venerable Father of the Society, is of a nature to accentuate the indignation which all Catholics justly feel towards the traffickers of the illustrious order of St. Ignatius.

A discussion is now being carried on, as you are no doubt aware, in the French press, and it is to this controversy we are indebted for the venomous attacks which have attracted your attention in the columns of that sanctimonious sheet, "the only (Deo Gratias) religious daily in the course of the year," has secured fitly the Pecksniff and Chadsbands of the Puritanical organs are only too glad of an opportunity to throw dirt at the Jesuits, and are particularly jubilant when the occasion is offered by *son diant* Catholics. A historian (?) of the present day has attempted to write the history of his countrymen, the French Canadians, and in the course of the work he has furnished a criticism, with undue and unwarranted severity, that noble vanguard of the Church; a course which cannot be said to display phenomenal originality, for the same ground has been gone over thousands of times by enemies of the Church ever since the foundation of the Society.

The writer has thus far received encouragement and support from a few "flippant" "chronicles" whose approval carries little weight and whose literary integrity, as shown by divers compromising exploits, may be said to be on a par with the gaming trustworthiness of Bret Harte's famous "Heathen Chinee." That these gentlemen are on the "wrong track" is sufficiently evident from the unsustained praise bestowed upon them by the bitter and unscrupulous enemy of their race and creed—the fanatical Witness—while for their able opponent it has nothing but reviling, of which he, no doubt, is justly proud, for to a serious Catholic abuse from the Witness is a faultless certificate of orthodoxy. Mr. Tache's scholarly attainments, his profound erudition, his inexorable and pure incisive language enable him to expose with pitiless severity the countless errors, contradictions, and misstatements, involuntary and otherwise, which he discovers scattered through the work. Great stress is laid on "commentary" by which the author claims he can substantiate all his statements. Yet a few days since a French Canadian gentleman of the highest standing, in a letter to *La Minerve*, charged the historian with an offense of the gravest character, the falsification of a document, and up to this date the charge has not, as I am aware, been refuted. Mr. Tache's work, which is eagerly read and re-read in Tadoussac, also the reminders of his opponent. But these details are leading me away from the Tadoussac Mission, or rather, from the sketch entitled, "Notice Historique sur la Mission de St. Croix de Tadoussac." We learn from it that Pere de Crepeuil had charge of the Mission from 1671 till 1702, having thus passed more than thirty years of his life among the savages. He left to his successors, to guide and instruct them, a record of his labors, from which we glean minute details of the arduous duties of a missionary in those early days, a life that was a long and weary martyrdom. The missionaries were dependent on the good will of the savages for food and lodging, lived in the most primitive and uncomfortable huts, in which they were obliged to take a sitting posture when not on their knees. In the winter the wigwags were constantly filled with dense smoke, which, together with long marches on the glittering snow, occasioned painful inflammation of the eyes, often delirium from reading their breviaries and writing out necessary papers to be led by the hand. Strong fires were kept up through the day, rendering the wigwags insupportably hot, while at night they were nearly frozen with the intense cold. The cabins were so small that it was impossible to sleep with the form stretched out, and they lay with their heads against the outer snowy margin, much position frequently brought on toothache and other ills. They were obliged to constantly sleep in their clothes, and never removed them except when forced to do so to laniate the vermin which they caught from their savage companions, who, particularly the children, had ever on hand a surplus stock. They were overrun with dogs, fattened many as ten in the wigwag running over and sleeping on them. One solitary dish served for the inmates, including the dogs; the only washing the dish ever received was when it was wiped out with an old greasy skin, or licked by the dogs. The Indians were impressively filthy in their preparation of food, the meat being full of hairs and all sorts of impurities, the missionaries could eat only when food was offered them. They had for napkins old dirty moccasins, while the Indians used their long locks for the purpose. The children kept a constant uproar of crying, and their uncleanly habits created a stench so overpowering that the stomach often rebelled against it. Accompanying the Indians in all their wanderings, they made long weary marches through dense forests, marshy tracts, and snowy plains, often with scanty rations, and with snow water only to quench their thirst. At night they laid themselves down sometimes in

cold cabins, at others on the snow with a few branches of spruce under them, with stockings and clothing soaking wet, hoping to get a few snatches of refreshing sleep. I pass over many details, but have given sufficient to enable us to form an idea of the almost superhuman courage which animated these saintly heroes. They were men, well born, educated and refined, accustomed to the usages and comforts of the foremost nation of the age, yet they gave up all to carry salvation to the poor untutored sons of the forest. To more perfectly serve their Divine Master, they voluntarily abandoned their native land, many amongst them destined never again to behold the fair shores of sunny France, tore themselves from family kindred, and all those tender ties that bind loving human hearts. They did all this to embrace a life of endless toil, privation and hardship; and more than this, many of them died at the martyr's stake after having endured atrocious cruelties, to which death was a relief and a deliverance.

Oh, poor weak-kneed, effeminate children of this puffed-up nineteenth century, shudder as we read the sickening details of the cruel torments and appalling suffering borne with such heroic endurance. Even the ordinary everyday discomforts of their life amongst the savages—could we have endured them for a single week, much less lingering weary years? Oh, no! but ennobled in our snug offices or sumptuous homes, we can coolly criticize and presumptuously impugn their motives, and tell their brethren brethren of to-day that they brought their troubles on themselves by an excess of religious zeal. The Jesuits despised nor feared no ordeals, however repugnant to weak human nature; they came to win souls to God. While they thankfully accepted from their savage hosts and pupils rancid meat and disgusting stews, let us, wise children of our generation, merrily sing gastronomic lyrics in honor of succulent hickories, and the other good things of our day, in which we delight to indulge. While they, surrounded by well nigh insuperable difficulties and exasperating distraction, laboriously wrote annals which to-day are of priceless value, and which we do not disdain to consult in order to acquire renown as historians, let us gaily dash off pompous odes to greet the advent of disreputable wandering players, whose damaged reputations and most unsavory antecedents forever banish them from the pale of respectable society. Let us in stilted verse pass homage to their gaunt and questionable charms. They may perchance be disolute and shameless; what matter; they are "chiefs," that suffices.

While the Jesuits, with heaven-inspired generosity, gave their talents, their labors, and their lives for the formation and well being of the colony, let us, with patriotic ardor, give joy to their most implacable enemies (and our own for that matter) by covert sneers and open disparagement. While they labored incessantly wherever good was to be accomplished, yet we shall ever look upon them as crafty intriguers, thirsting to usurp civil power. When their martyrs are extolled, let us, with colossal puerility, protest that colonists were also massacred, therefore the Jesuits shall not be honored. We may from time to time award to them a puny meed of praise, in order that we may acquire the right to censure them, and when our patriotic labors shall have been brought to a close, perhaps the Royal Society of Canada may graciously accord to us an academic crown.

H. M.

Montreal, December 10th, 1853.

What it did for an Old Lady.

COGNITION STATION, N. Y., Dec. 25, 1878.

GENTS—A number of people had been using your Bitters here, and with marked effect. In one case a lady of over seventy years, had been sick for years, and for the past ten years has not been able to be around half the time. About six months ago she got so feeble she was helpless. Her old remedies, or physicians being of no avail, I sent to Depot, forty-five miles away, and got a bottle of Hop Bitters. It improved her so she was able to dress herself and walk about the house. When she had taken the second bottle she was able to take care of her own room and walk out to her neighbors and has improved all the time since. My wife and children also have derived great benefit from their use.

W. B. HATHAWAY,

Ag't., U. S. E. C. Co.

A Common Annoyance.

Many people suffer from distressing attacks of sick headache, nausea, and other bilious troubles, who might easily be cured by Burdock Blood Bitters. It cured Lottie Howard, of Buffalo, N. Y., of this complaint, and she writes it highly.

Dr. J. Corlis, St. Thomas, writes: "During ten years active practice I have had occasion to prescribe Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Since Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda came under my notice, I have tried it, and take great pleasure in saying that it has given great satisfaction, and is to be preferred to any I have ever used or recommended. I have used it in my own family almost as a beverage during heavy colds, and in every instance a happy result has followed. I cheerfully recommend its use in all cases of debility arising from weakness of the muscular or nervous system."

Tried in Toronto.

Mrs. Mary Thompson, of Toronto, reports the removal of eight feet of tapeworm by the use of one bottle of Dr. Low's Pleasant Fruit Syrup. This medicine is reliable for all kinds of worms that afflict children or adults.

Caution.

We advise all who are afflicted with a cough or cold to beware of opiates and all medicines that smother and check a cough suddenly, as serious results surely follow. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam loosens and breaks up coughs and colds in a safe and effectual manner.

The cheapest medicine in use is Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, because so very little of it is required to effect a cure. For cramp, diphtheria, and diseases of the lungs and throat, whether used for bathing the chest or throat, for taking internally or inhaling, it is a matchless compound.