CR 22, 1904. have any larger that figure. But by on flesh, and

key is none too of four or six. re black and

h, with heavy hould be whit russed, wet all er and sait, and

at of flour. This a. After placing pan, fill as full ing water, place art, gizzard in, At the end k, is liquid should by the fowl, n sediment basis of the should be mincthe latter.

g is made of the 10-cent loaves Crumble fine; of butter melted. salt, two table-one of black and medium onion. lve stalks parstablespoonful of y fine, and two r, fill your bird ast downward in

ws the juices to esh, making this cy and delicious st up about one g from oven so

fifteen minutes r young fowls; at least twenty ly until half an e, then start up brown and crisp th juices in pan s herein lies the ell-flavored tur-

### Monks of ard.

write again till after Xmas. Hospice of St. d lately a splen-Year to you are the wishes of f King Edward. nied by General Granby, Que. the Hospice in ented a piano to Dear Aunt Becky : stood since in I was so pleased that you mentionprotected by a ed my name in your letter. It is lots scription "Fidelof fun to read all the letters in

us travellers had musement in the untains. untains. g learned that orn out, and so, hrough the Brine. great difficulty,

by sledge over Xmas and happy New Year. ountain roads. the gift joyou A VISIT TO SANTA CLAUS.



36

real

"If you are a very good little girl

# THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1904. OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY

#### Dear Boys and Girls:

near Aunt Becky :

the True Witness.

Dear Aunt Becky :

Montreal.

I remain, your mend,

\* \* \*

+ + +

horses to drive and work, and two

break one of them this winter so he

can drive it. All the children who

have not made their first Commu-

nion have to go to confession to-

. . .

"Close your pretty brown eyes, my

darling, and dream of the angels,"

said Mrs. Wyndham, as she smooth

ed back the dark curls from her

baby's face and tucked her snugly in

quickly from under the blankets.

her little white cat.

mite of seven summers.

colts. Papa says he is going

STELLA.

ROSE.

LIZZIE.

to

So at last the happy Christmas time is with us. One can hear the merry jingle of sleigh bells on the crisp air; busy shoppers are hurry-ing with their last orders to Santa Claus; children's happy, expectant ing with their last orders to the store windows replete with Christmas fan-faces are seen looking into store windows replete with Christmas fan-ing such superabundance as to bewilder the mind of the small onin such superabu looker. Everything bids fair for a jolly time. May Santa Claus cram full all the stockings and so bring joy unlimited to all little hearts that they may realize to the full their brightest anticipations. A merry Christmas to you all.

Your sincere friend. AUNT BECKY.

a corner of his garden. Then, on I always read the letters in the Christmas Eve, he brings them to poor little children."

True Witness, and I find them very nice, and I thought I would write "Oh, then, I'll get one of those trees, too. for I'm a poor child now. one. I am a little girl of 11, and S'pose it will not be so nice as the I went to convent. I am not going one papa would buy, but it will do now, because I went under an operajust the same. Now, mamma, I'll tion in the summer, but I am going after Christmas. I will be glad when close my eyes and dream of Santa Claus." Christmas comes to get my toys,

and, Aunt Becky, put some nice stories in for the children in the Her curly head sank lower into the soft pillow, and in another minuts she was fast asleep. Casting True Witness. I think I will say one last loving look at the little good bye, hoping to see my letter in sleeper, Mrs. Wyndham stole noiselessly from the room. , , Seven years before the little inci-

dent just narrated, Mrs. Wyndham was the happy-some said the lucky wife of Hubert Wyndham, son of a millionaire merchant of Chicago. The

marriage created quite a sensation I am always anxious for the True Witness to come so as to see the at the time, for young Wyndham had letters. I was glad to see that you given up his entire fortune, and inrecognized my letters. Will be very heritance to one of the finest estates busy from now to Xmas. Sister in Cook County, in order to wed Maggie and I are going to West pretty Miss Connor, who was a ste-Shefford on Friday. We went to nographer in a lawyer's office. Brome Lake last summer and had a Of course, like all worldly beautiful time. We all went boat ents, old Wyndham could not see any riding and ate dinner and supper at social or financial advantage for the lake. We all hope to go again his son in such a union, and from next summer. The sleighing ain't the first strongly opposed the marriage. The father was firm-the son very good here. I guess I won'it obstinate. But the marriage took A merry Christmas and happy New place.

Hubert studied law, passed his examination, and built up a fairly good practice. Baby Eva joined the family in the course of time, and for many years unalloyed happiness was the young peoples' treasure.

It was a fatal railway accidentone that appalled the world-that the True Witness. We have three it did in hundreds of others at the wrought havoc in this little home, as same time. The young husband was one of the victims. He was dragged from the debris of the awful wreck, almost unrecognizable, and died leaving his wife and six year old little one to face the world. morrow. Rose and I are going. No Thanks to her good education, more this time. Wishing you a merry however, Mrs. Wyndham was able to accept a position as country

school-teacher, secured for her through the influence of her husband's friends.

On the other hand the millionaire father, ever firm in his resolution, to have nothing to say to an ungrateful child, left the city after his son's marriage, and, unknown to his friends, took possession of a lonely Baby Eva was a winsome little old mansion in the village of St. Anne. There, with one or two ser-"I'll dream about the angels first, vants, he shut himself up with his

if you like, mamma," she answered money and his secret. As the years rolled on he became "But afterwards I'll dream of Santa more and more eccentric, until Claus. For, you know, I want him came to be looked upon in the little to bring me a real live doll this year | settlement as a poor lunatic whom -one that can walk and talk, and it was advisable to leave to his -one that can walk and talk, and open and shut its eyes. Do you fink own queer ways.

Around the old mansion all was perhaps he will, Eva. But my pet quiet, so quiet that to an ordinary must sleep now. Santa Claus will passer-by the place looked unoccu-

## THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

its best to gain access to the dark- is almost ninety, and not try to hurlight penetrated even his cold heart

Suddenly a gentle tap came to the window-pane and, lowering his gaze, he saw the small figure of a httle grandma slipped ?" girl, whose big brown eyes looked up at him imploringly. She wore neither hat nor wrap, and her little form trembled in the cold. The old man was visibly affected. He clutched the sides of the window for support, while his eyes were riveted on those of the child. He He shook in every limb as he pushed up

the window stranger what she wanted. "I just know you are Santa outlived everything but sheumatism Claus," she began, "because mamma and sitting still. Anybody that said he lived in a big house with trees all round, and that he had a

and tell you what I want for Christ- Exchange. mas ?" she asked. "It is very cold out here."

awake, and stooping down to the shivering child, drew her gently into the room. He closed the window room.

Once inside the child looked around to see no end of dolls and toys, and was sadly disappointed. In fact, tears were rising in her brown eyes. change, too, and, swallowing a big lump that had risen in his throat, he stammered out :

"What's your name, little one, and what do you want from Santa Claus? Come and sit on my knee and tell me all about yourself." "My name is Eva," she began, and I want a real, live doll that can talk and walk and go to sleep. Do you fink you can bring me one like that ?" she asked, brightening

"I don't know," he answered absently, fixing his eyes on the tiny pleading figure and stroking her silken curls.

He could scarcely credit that he, a hard, relentless old man, who for years had scarcely spoken a civil word to humanity, should be actually talking to and taking a strange interest in an unknown child. "You have beautiful eyes, little all-important subject of the live doll. "Mamma says they are papa's eyes, but I can't see how that can be," she said, with sweet simplicity. "Is your papa living, dear ?" was the next question.

"Oh, no. My papa died, and we are poor now. That's why I want you to bring me a Christmas tree along with the doll."

"All right, little one, I'll remem ber. But you must tell me your name and where you live.\*\* "Eva Wyndham is my name, and I live with mamma in the schoolhouse."

"Wyndham ! Great God ! Hubert's child. I felt it. I knew it. Oh, this happiness will killme," he cried, clasping the terrified little one to his heart.

"Are you ill, dear Santa Claus?" she asked with wide-open eyes. "Not ill, just happy. Happy after long years of misery. But I'll be miserable no longer. I've found my little granddaughter. Eva, my darling, I am your old grandfather."

in wonder and just a little disappears to have inherited from her his

ened room. He saw it and smiled, ry her. I'm sure I've cautioned him Then, throwing back both curtains as far as they would go, the room fill-ed with sunshine. The heavenly the family party it appeared that ed the Princess and her mother to be and warmed it with a strange, un- grandmother had turned her ankle detained at Innspruck in the Tyrol and was lying on the lounge.

"Bobby," said the mother re-proachfully, "where were you when

"Now I won't have that boy blamed," said grandmother, briskly, smiling up into Bobby's remorseful "We came to a fine ice slide, face. and he asked me n I thought we could do it, and I told him I did. And I want you children to remember one thing; when you get to be most ninety you'll count a turned and asked the little ankle a small thing compared with having somebody forget that you've

likes can rub this ankle a minute or two with some liniment, but I want long beard. May I please come in Bobby next me at dinner, mind !"-

# The old man brushed his hand across his eyes to make sure he was

The story of Charles Wogan, the but not the curtains, and the sun- gay and debonnair, the generous beams continued to brighten the old Quixote, the correspondent of Swift,

the champion of the Exiles, and, more than all, the knightly rescuer in wonder. Evidently she expected of Clementina Sobieski, is the most romantically attractive in the annals of the Irish Jacobites on the Continent; and it is doubtful if either The old man noticed the sudden history or fiction affords a more striking record of chivalrous devotion to failing fortunes or faithful and enduring patriotism in exile.

One of the Wogans of Rathcoffey, and nephew of the great Tyrconnell, Charles was seventeen and his brother Nicholas two years younger, when they both ran off to join the rebels in "The Fifteen." When the Jacobite army surrendered at Preston, Nicholas, who had saved the life of an English officer during the

negotiations for surrender, was pardoned and released, but Charles was lodged in Newgate, charged with treason.

Decapitation or slavery on the plantations of America appeared to be the boy's certain fate, when he was fortunate enough to have prison door opened for him. A fel low prisoner, the celebrated Brigadier Mackintosh, managed to get his irons off, crept down stairs at 11 one," he said, digressing from the p.m., got behind the door, and when it was opened to admit a servant, slipped out and knocked the turnkey down with a stunning blow. Four teen other prisoners who were the plot got away, and though history does not expressly state otherwise, there is no reason to believe

that young Wogan was last into the street Eight were recaptured, but the

rest, including Wogan, got  $awa_V$  to France, though £500 was placed on each of their heads. In France he joined Dillon's Regiment, but as no fighting was going on at the time, he followed the 'Pretender'' to Rome, and eventual-

ly he became a Major-General and Governor of La Mancha, the home of the immortal Don Quixote-a connection which, as Wogan's contemporaries were agreed, could scarcely have been more appropriate. But the chief incident in Wogan's career was the carrying off of the Polish Princess, Clementina Sobieski,

from "durance vile" to be the bride of the "Pretender" and the mother "Grandfather ?" asked the child of Bonnie Prince Charlie, who ap-

But the British Ambassador until further orders.

The Pope protested, and the relatives of the lady raised a storm, but the British Ambassador was the British Ambassador was per-emptory. In desperation the "Pretender" commissioned Wogan to get his bride for him by any means, however dosperate, that might suggest itself, and the gallant young Irishman set about the task with a consummate skill and prudence sufficiently surprising in themselves, but doubly astonishing in a mere boy of 20.

His first difficulty was with the Princess Sobieski-the mother of Clementina-who could not make up her mind on her own responsibility to set the Emperor at defiance; and he had to travel all the way to Silesia and back in order to bring Prince Sobieski's authority for the venture. He next flew off to Alsace, where Dillon's Regiment was quartered and arranged with several Irish friends and relatives of his own to help him in an attempt to carry off the Prin-

cess. A chivalrous little band was soon enlisted and ready to set out. Wogan had taken care to get from the Emperor's Ambassador at Rome a passport for "Count Cernes, a Flemish nobleman going to Loretto with his family to fulfil a vow," and the party was constituted on these lines

Major Gaydon was the "Count," and Mrs. Missett was the "Countess." The latter, born in ireland but brought up in France, was a sweet, comely lady, in delicate health at the time, and constitutionally timorous; but her womanly spirit had been aroused, and she was eager to carry out her part, which was to be that of chaperone and travelling companion to the young Princess.

Captain Missett, Captain O'Toole and Wogan's servant Michael, (who had already rendered himself famous by assisting in the escape of Lord Nithsdale from the Tower of London), were the "Count's" servants and Wogan himself was the "Countess' " brother. Mrs. Missett's maid Jane, a gay and pretty girl, of about the same height and figure as the Princess, was also of the party. On the eve of their departure, Wogan and the other officers went to take formal leave of the Governor of the town, when they discovered, to their consternation, that he had just received an order that all officers were to be back at their posts by April 20 on pain of being broken. The dilemma was a cruel one, but such was the generous devotion the band that they agreed to face the risk of ruin rather than forego their plans.

They set out on April 6, and after an exciting journey, during which they were nearly found out on more than one occasion, arrived at a village near Innspruck, where, in order to gain time for the arranging of details, the "Countess" pretended to be sick.

Jane was now instructed as to the part she was to play, and was told that Captain O'Toole was to carry off a rich heiress, who was shut up because she would not marry a man of three score. The girl was somewhat alarmed at the unusual drama before her, but the gift of a new damask gown and petticoat from her mistress stilled her doubts. O'Toole now rode into Innspruck

not be here for three days yet. He pied. And yet the miserable old pointment. "So you are not Santa converted and romantic disposition." The story, to convey any real idea to settle on a place of meeting, and from the staircase to the door, where the chaise was placed when the party drove up. The night was propitious; rain and snow fell and overflowed the streets. It was very dark, and this obviated the use the cord that had been provided and the window exit. Jane, Wogan and Chateaudoux, a French gentleman in attendance on the Princess, then went to the place of rendezvous. Jane, hearing "Princess" mentioned, became alarmed, but was told by Wogan that lady was only called Princess be cause she was so pretty. In the meantime, as we are told in the narrative of Friar Bonaventure Boylan, "the Princess, having some time before this supped with he accustomed agreeable air, took leave of her mother, gave good-night to Countess Gabrielle, her gouvernante said to them that she would go to bed, as being somewhat disordered by the foulness of the weather, and would not be up the next day until it was late.



tess Gabrielle, packed her jewels in the pockets of an apron she had specially prepared for wearing under her. dress, and . . . "in this way the granddaughter of the great Sobieski undertook a long and dangerous journey."

She went to her mother's room and waited for the fatal hour. Jane, we are told, spoke familiarly to her, kissed her, put her own cloak around her, and told her in all good faith that "a lovely gentleman" was awaiting her at the inn. Jane was taken secretly to the Princess' apartments, and the Princess herself, after bidding a sorrowful adieu to her mother, slipped out in the dark and joined Wogan, sinking up to her knees in mud and slush.

The "Countess" looked after her, and dried her wet clothes while the men harnessed the horses. It was soon dawn, and the host and hostess were stirring, but O'Toole left them in the kitchen haggling over the bill while the Princess entered the chaise.

When they got out of the town the Princess was in consternation to find that she had left her jewels in her room in the 'inn, but O'Toole rode back, and happily recovered them without being seen in the act. They now mounted Brenner Pass

in the Alps, 12,000 feet above sea level. The Princess fainted, but soon recovered, and talked "lively and graciously." Going down the other side, great dangers beset the occupants of the chaise, for the coachman, continually falling asleep, nearly took them over the precipice; but O'Toole, the ever-on-the-spot, riding alongside, gave him a taste of the whip now and then just to remind him.

For three nights the Princess, sustained by excitement, went without sleep. They were nearing the frontier and safety when the axle-tree broke. Wogan took the Princess in his arms to prevent her from being injured, but in his concern to rescue Mrs. Missett as well, he set Clementina down in a running gutter, whereat the Princess showed her Royal and Polish spirit by making a joke of it.

The axle was patched up, and a few more miles were negotiated, but fresh alarms beset them, for O'Toole and Missett, who had halted some distance back to watch for a possible courier, did not turn up, and it was feared they had been arrested. The coachman, too, grew suspicious at their desperate hurry to get across the frontier, and had to be heavily bribed before he would go any further. Finally they secured a wretched country cart; the gentlemen walked, and in this wise they at last

reached the Venetian frontier, where they all sang "Allebria." Their joy was rendered complete when, a little later, O'Toole and Missett rode gayly up; they had been overtaken at an inn by a cou-

ier sent with instructions to the officers on the frontier to stop the fugitives, and had made him drunk and left him. The party arrived safely at Bologna, where the Princess was married

by proxy. She then went to Rome, where she was received by Clement XI. as a daughter, and where, in the delightful words of Friar Bonaventure Boylan, who was in Rome at

the

had he wished it, have been one of that we've changed our house, mamthe happiest of mortals. And he Does he know that papa' is was thinking so himself, this Christdead and that we are poor now ?' mas Eve, for the first time in sever she asked, drawing her mother's face years. Thinking and wondering if down close to hers.

"It makes mamma sad when her baby talks like that," she whispered, as her head nestled beside the child's on the pillow. "So if Eva wants to be mother's darling, she must close her eyes and talk to the angels."

"But if Santa Claus doesn't know where we live he can't come to us with good things, mamma. That's what I fink."

"But Santa Claus knows very well where all good children live, answer ed the mother with a suppres was thinking of the few try dollars that by dint of care ful m hagement she had saved since the time of her husband's death. "Where does Santa Claus live mamma?" still persisted the little ne, not knowing that every word rought a pain to the mother'

"He lives all alone in a big how surrounded by trees. Every day, for weeks before Christmas, he cuts n those trees and puts them in

instead of having been an unnatural father to his cherished son, he had

taken him to his heart and blessed him and the woman of his choice, what a different world this would have been to him.

"But God has punished me." h groaned, as he pushed aside the dust-laden curtains of the cheerless parlor, and looked out on the snowy

ountry "God has punished me, and rightly. My boy was always noble, ob ent and good. But I was a fool. I expected too much of human nature. I might have known that the eart of a Wyndham could not be trifled with, for my son is a living xample. What would his moth said to me had she lived to this day ?" and the old recluse bent his gray head on his outstretched arm, that still held back the dusty rtain.

"God rest her soul," he m "and make me a better man." He raised his head and looked out. A tiny stream of sunlight was doing

"No, dear, I'm not Santa Claus," replied the old man. "But I know him very well," he added, by way of encouragement.

"And will you promise to tell him 'bout my/doll and Christmas tree?" "That I surely will. I'll see him to-night and tell him all about you Now, will you kiss me and take me to see your mother ?"

She threw her arms around his neck and covered him with Kisses. Just then an anxious face appeared at the window, and Eva recognized her mother.

"Mamma, mamma," she called. come in, come in." And she entered. + +

COMRADES.

alarmingly light-hearted and careless young person. It was supposed, however, that he would be capable of escorting his grandmother to the family Christmas dinner, one block away from her home, without mis-

He was tall for his age, and he a gallant and satisfactory manner as they started off together. "I hope he will remember that she

of the chivalrous and devoted nature of Wogan, must be given in some detail, and is as follows:

When the son of James II., yielding to the importunities of his followers, determined to marry and perpetuate his unfortunate race, he fixed upon Clementina Sobieski, granddaughter of the great John Sobieski,

King of Poland, and cousin-german to the Emperor, as a most suitable spouse. The lady was a Catholic and of Royal descent; she had good looks, and was only 16; her dowry was not inconsiderable, and it might reasonably be expected that her connection with the Hapsburgs would secure sympathy, if not support,

from Vienna for the Stuart cause. The last appears to have been the Bobby was ten years old, and an chief reason for the selection, as it

certainly was for the intrigues and difficulties that followed. Wogan was deputed by the Prince to arrange matters, and he set out secretly for Silesia, where he found the Princess and her parents in a complaisant mood. The marriage

contract was signed, and the Princess and her mother started for Bo ogna, where it was arranged that the marriage ceremony should take

"Being come to her chamber, sh ndressed, told her maids sh undress told her maids she had a great many prayers to say, and bid them go to bed." She then wrote to her mother and the Coun-

for the majesty of her countenance, the agreeableness of her air, the beauty of her features, the sweetness of her temper, the vivacity of her wit, and perfections which the most inveterate of her enemies cannot refuse her." The "abduction" naturally caused

an immense sensation throughout the Courts of Europe. The chagrip felt at the Court of his Britannic Majesty was only equalled by the joy in the scattered and forlorn ranks of the Jacobites, among whom young Wogan was hailed as a preux chevalier and the hero of the age.

The Pope made him a Roman Se nator, and the "Pretender" rewarded him with a baronetcy; but it was as the Chevalier Wogan that he was generally known in his own time .-J. A. Cameron, in Sydney Catholic Press.

#### A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT.

By His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. in December Donahoe's.

"Every step towards peacetic, national, or universal-is a step towards Bethlehem and Him who came to bring peace to mankind."