

TEMPLE BAR'S IDEAS ON SPANISH STEWS.

It is "Hail, fellow, well met" in this country, "especially among the peasantry; and you are heartily welcome to a share of the poor man's stew."

"No hay olla sin tocino
Ni sermon sin Agostino,"

says the Spanish proverb. ("No stew without bacon: no sermon without a quotation from St. Augustine.") And, in this refrain, you have the key to Spanish cookery—stewing and salt meat. Another proverb says: "Every Spaniard knows how to stew;" and this is true. In the prisons of Spain it is not the cook who becomes the cook, but the man who conducts himself well, it being taken for granted that he is able to cook. The cookery of the poor is on this fashion: In the cottage is a brick shelf with two little holes, each one about a foot deep and half a foot in diameter; these are called the *ornillas* or cooking stoves. The charcoal is placed in the bottom of these, and is fanned into a flame by the shaking to and fro of a wisp in front of the outlet from the *ornilla*, opening to the front. On the top of the two *ornillas* are placed the two earthenware pots, or *pucheros*, which contain the viands to be converted into *ollas*, or stews. French and English stoves have hardly found their way, as yet, into the Spanish kitchen. In the best houses you will constantly see the cook fanning her charcoal fires, and the two little brown pots simmering over the blue, flickering flame, while the quails and decoy partridges chirrup and chirp as the savory scent fills the air. Roasting, boiling are all but unknown; everything must be stewed. Without a stew our stomach cries aloud! And if to a stew the Andalusian peasant can add a dish of snails so much the better. But, poor fellow, he rarely can do so. Meat is, owing the drought, sold at one shilling and sixpence per pound, and bread at six farthings per pound. In Spain, in the markets and among the poor, the whole account is reckoned in *cuartos*, or farthings; and so the English buyer will be puzzled to be told that he owes fifty-nine farthings! The cheapest stew, that which is eaten by the very poorest, is called *pota*, or pottage—the veritable red pottage of the ancient sacred story. It is composed as follows: Oil, salt, red bird pepper, and water to the brim, are mixed together and poured into a brown jar half full of haricot beans, or *garbanzos* or potatoes; the whole goes on simmering upon the fire until it turns to a kind of thick soup, when it is eaten, with bread, by the whole party out of the self-same open dish into which it has been turned to cool, the family, sitting around, each with wooden spoon in hand, and each dipping his spoon in the dish for his portion with marvellous regularity. But this is the fare of the poorest of the poor. Another dish, also common to the very poor, is the *sopa de ajo*, or garlic soup. This is made of garlic, shredded hard crusts of bread, oil, salt and water; and, as garlic and oil are cheap as dirt, and the bread is bought three days old, it costs hardly anything.—'Temple Bar.'

THE DUTY OF THE LAITY.

ALTHOUGH the duty of preaching and propagating our holy religion belongs in a special manner to the clergy, to co-operate with them and give them every assistance in carrying on this holy work has been ever deemed the glory of the Irish race. As long as they were a free people, that freedom was always manifested in dispensing among the neighboring nations the blessing of their religion, which they never neglected but when they ceased to be free. There is now no overt persecution to create an alarm; but there is an incessant study to introduce educational contrivances through school boards, whose history or example affords no inducement for their adoption. It is to be regretted that several well-meaning men even among the clergy, unsuspecting of the crafty designs of those untiring intermeddlers, suffer themselves to be so easily acquiescent in projects which they have reason to deplore. Besides, all those educational schemes add considerably to the pecuniary burdens of the people. All the school projects now afloat are not unlike those which, some years ago, urged several of the gentry to co-operate with an adverse government in planting over the land very expensive model schools and infidel colleges. What has been the consequence? That the zeal of the clergy and their faithful flocks took the alarm, and those hostile buildings remain to the present day striking monuments of the folly of their projectors, as well as of the zeal and piety of the people. It would be well if a portion of those funds originally belonging to the Catholic Church, of which it has been despoiled, were restored to it, for assisting the education of so many young Levites, bereft of adequate means to complete the varied course of classics, philosophy and theology, required by candidates for the priesthood. In the absence of any such assistance, we are obliged to appeal to the pious generosity of our flocks to come to the seasonable aid of our Church, and to enable our young candidates to realize their aspirations to the priesthood in preference to any secular vocation. It is said, that through the generous contributions of the people, the ecclesiastical students of several other dioceses are enabled to go through their regular course of studies at Maynooth enjoying free places; so creditable a state of things will we trust, have a beneficial influence in persuading our clergy and people to exert themselves in imitating their example.—Archbishop McHale.

A return has just been furnished by the Prussian Ministry of ecclesiastical affairs of the amounts withdrawn from the Catholic bishops, clergy, etc., in virtue of the confiscation law of the 22nd of April, 1875. They come under three heads, namely—1. Bishops, priors and institutions appertaining to them. 2. Salaries, etc., for Catholic clergymen. 3. Improvement of the worldly condition of clergymen and teachers. The annual amount withdrawn from Catholics under these heads are (1) £58,422 8s; (2) £59,726 16s; (3) £17,400 3s; or, altogether, £135,478 7s.

EXTREME UNCTION.

BUT it is at the sight of the tomb, the silent portico of another world, that Christianity unfolds its sublimity. If the greater part of the ancient religions have consecrated the ashes of the dead, not one of them has thought to prepare the soul for those unknown shores from which it never returns.

In order to see the most beautiful spectacle that the earth can present, you must see the Christian die. That man is no longer the man of the world, he belongs no longer to his country; all his relations with society have ceased. For him the calculation by time is ended, and he dates now only with the great era of eternity. A priest seated at his pillow consoles him. This holy minister communes with the dying one upon the immortality of his soul, and the sublime scene that the entire antiquity has presented but a single time, the first of its dying philosophers, is renewed every day upon the pallet of the lowest (in station) of the dying Christians.

At last the supreme moment has arrived; a Sacrament has opened the gates of the world to this just man, a Sacrament closes them upon him; religion balances him in the cradle of life; its beautiful songs and its material hand still will lull him to sleep in the cradle of death. It prepares the baptism of this second birth; but it is no longer water that it chooses, it is oil, the emblem of celestial incorruptibility. The liberating Sacrament breaks little by little the earthly ties of the faithful one; his soul, half escaped from his body, becomes almost visible upon his countenance. Already he hears the music of the Seraphim; now he is ready to fly away towards those regions where the Divine Hope, the daughter of Virtue and of Death is beckoning him. In the meantime the angel of peace, descending towards this righteous one, touches his weary eyes with her sceptre of gold, and closes them delightfully to the light. He dies, and his friends do not hear his last breath; he dies, and, long after he is no more, they keep silent around his couch, for they think that he still sleeps; thus this Christian has passed beyond (this earth) with delight.—*Chateau-briand*.

GENERAL NEWS.

The 'Pall Mall Gazette's' Dublin special says it is pretty certain that the emigration from Ireland for 1876 will be the smallest since 1841. It was only 51,462 last year.

The Japanese Government, which has set itself the task of completely recasting the institutions of the Empire in a European mould, has just introduced compulsory military service. The decree which bears the date of the 5th of November, provides that every Japanese who has reached the age of twenty and is drawn in the conscription shall serve for three years in the active army, and be trained in his own province. The decree is prefaced by a proclamation from the Mikado, to the effect that the time is arrived for the suppression of one of the unjust laws of feudalism, and a return to the ancient system, under which every citizen was a soldier, and the army was composed of the whole nation. An army in which all the classes in the country are not represented is no better, adds the Mikado, than a Prætorian guard. If this is a correct translation we wonder what idea the comparison will convey to the ordinary Japanese mind. The Mikado's subjects are a remarkably receptive race, but they can hardly yet be very well up in Roman history.

On Sunday, March 26, an imposing religious ceremony was witnessed in the fine old Catholic town of Drogheda. In the morning all the children of St. Peter's parish who had not made their first Communion, attended in the spacious church, in order to make that first great act in their lives. The boys, to the number of three hundred, were the pupils of the Christian Brothers, whose indefatigable and zealous labors cannot be too highly spoken of. The boys assembled in the school of the Christian Brothers, and at half-past eight o'clock they were marshalled in order, under the charge of the good Brothers, Mr. O'Donnell, the respected Superior, being in chief command, and marched to the church. The lads presented a very neat and comfortable appearance as, wearing medals, green scarfs and white rosettes, they marched in compact order through the streets, with uncovered heads, reciting the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin. In front was carried a large banner, bearing the figure of St. Joseph, patron of the schools. The next banner was the Sacred Heart, in crimson satin, elegantly embroidered. The third was a pretty green banner of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland and first Primate of "The Island of Saints." The fourth was a neatly got up banner, in white silk, of the Guardian Angels, and was carried by two little boys. The fifth banner bore the figure of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, patron of schools, with neatly illuminated mottoes—"Obey your parents in the Lord, for this is just;" "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth;" "My father (De la Salle), thou art the guide of my youth," &c.

HISTORICAL! Vide "Jurors Reports and Awards, New Zealand Exhibition." Jurors: J. A. Ewen, J. Butterworth, T. C. Skinner. "So far as the Colony is concerned, the dying of materials is almost entirely confined to the re-dying of Articles of Dress and Upholstery, a most useful art, for there are many kinds of material that lose their colour before the texture is half worn. G. HIRSCH, of Dunedin (DUNEDIN DYING WORKS, George street, opposite Royal George Hotel) exhibits a case of specimens of Dyed Wools, Silks, and Feathers, and dyed Sheepskins. The colors on the whole are very fair, and reflect considerable credit on the Exhibitor, to whom the Jurors recommended an Honorary Certificate should be awarded." Honorary Certificate, 629: Gustav Hirsch, Dunedin, for specimens of Dying in Silk Feathers, &c.