



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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LECTURE.
"IRISH SOLDIERS IN FOREIGN LANDS."
 (SPAIN, ITALY, FRANCE, GERMANY, &c. &c.)
A LECTURE
 WILL BE GIVEN ON THE ABOVE SUBJECT
 BY
M. W. KIRWAN,
 IN THE
MECHANICS' HALL,
 ON
Tuesday Evening, 29th Jan., '78.
 Proceeds to be devoted to patriotic objects.
 TICKETS—25cts; RESERVED SEATS, 50cts.
 TO BE HAD AT THIS OFFICE.

THE NEW KING OF ITALY.
 Humbert, the new King of Italy, is, if report speaks truly of him, a bad, unprincipled man, a hater of religion, and deeply imbued with the fell spirit of the revolution, yet unpopular with the revolutionary party for whose support he bids high in the following proclamation, issued on his succeeding to the throne:—
 "Italians, the greatest misfortune has suddenly befallen us—Victor Emmanuel, the founder of the kingdom of Italy and its unity, has been taken from us. I received his last sigh, which was for the nation: his last wishes, which were for the happiness of his people. His voice, which will always resound in my heart, bids me banish sorrow and indicates my duty. At this moment there is only one consolation possible, namely, to show ourselves worthy of him—by following in his footsteps, and you, by remaining devoted to those civic virtues by the aid of which he accomplished the difficult task of rendering Italy great and united. I should be mindful of his grand example of devotion to country, love of progress, and faith in liberal institutions. It will be for me to deserve the love of my people. Italians, your first king is dead; his success will prove to you that institutions do not die. Let us unite in this hour of great sorrow, let us strengthen that concord which has always been the salvation of Italy."
 It is not probable that King Humbert's reign will be long.—*St. Johns Freeman.*

A TURKISH ARMY AT PRAYERS.
 A special correspondent at the seat of the war, sends the following interesting account of "A Turkish Army at Prayers."—
 Each man takes his place in the ranks, his hands hanging close by his sides. Then he lifts them to his ears as if to shut out all worldly sounds. Then he lays them on his knees, and bowing his head forward seems lost in contemplation. After a few seconds he sinks on his knees, and leans back upon his heels, and then, bowing with his forehead to the ground, exclaims, or rather chants: "Allah Arkhar" (God is great). Three times he thus bows and chants, and then he stands up, bowing forward, chanting three times "La Allah il Allah" (there is no God but God). The remainder of the somewhat tedious prayers that follow consists principally, as far as I can make out, of long verses of the "Koran" and all his simple religious exercises, the Turkish soldier is devotedness and attention itself, and it is perhaps, most in privacy that is most apparent. I have come very frequently upon some rugged soldier in one of the wild ravines, standing before the ragged overcoat which served him for a praying carpet, and going through his rather active religious motions with a zeal which would do credit to the most self-conscious Pharisee. The stranger who for the first time witnesses the untold prayers of Turkish soldiers in camp is considerably puzzled by the selection of heterogeneous articles brought forward to the place of worship when the Muezzin's call has concluded. Religious custom requires that each man be provided with a praying carpet of one description or another, and that he take off shoes as well. One man brings a jagged sheepskin, another a goat hide, a third a saddle-cloth of his horse, a fourth mayhap, his jacket; everyone has something or another on which to kneel.

AN EVENING SCENE IN THE RUSSIAN CAMP.
 A correspondent of the London News who accompanied the Fourteenth Corps in its march through the Dobrudja, sketched an early evening scene near Trajan's Wall:—
 Along the road, perhaps half a mile away were some Turkish horsemen on the slope of the next hill, and beyond this rise was a long unbroken ridge, with the Turkish camp extended along the summit in an irregular black line, with here and there white tents. The Russian army was drawn up in the foreground for the evening hymn, with an interlude from the bands and bugles. The long lines of men without their accoutrements standing in reverent silence while the bands played a strain and then joining in the chorus with solemn earnestness—the twilight hour, the presence of the enemy the grand lines of the encircling hills, all made it a scene to be remembered. After the hymn, orders were read that the dark uniform were to be put on and that they were to be ready to advance at day-break, and that if any firing was heard in the night they were to lie still and await the bugle call. Every soldier in the camp knew that a battle was expected, and in an hour the whole camp was asleep.

AN IRISH M. P. ON A SCOTCH GRIEVANCE.
 Recently a meeting of Scotchmen resident in London was held in Mackay's Tavern, Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, for the purpose of renewing the agitation for bringing before Parliament the long-standing grievance between the people of Scotland and the Duke of Athol respecting the pontage dues levied at Dunkeld Bridge. Mr. R. Howie Smith presided, and there was a numerous attendance:—
 Mr. O'Donnell, M. P., who was received with cheers remarked that on many parliamentary questions he was identified with a certain national party, but he took up a question of this kind purely and simply as a member of the Imperial Legislature. He was a member of the Liberal party. In fact, his views were so advanced that they might be called Democratic, and he looked with a considerable amount of regret on the manner in which a certain non-popular class in Scotland had in many cases played fast and loose with the liberties of one of the most freedom-loving people in the world (cheers). Full and searching inquiry was all they wished. The undue influences of powerful landed houses was not confined to Scotland, and in addressing Englishmen in the House of Commons there should be no difficulty in making them fully understand that in putting down an abuse of this kind in Scotland they should also be helping to abolish similar things in England and Ireland. He could only promise that he would bring to bear on this matter a certain doggedness of character (laughter) and if there were any undue obstacles thrown in the way on the first night, that would not deter him from again bringing it forward.
 Resolutions in accordance with the object of the meeting were unanimously carried.

THE CHURCH IN TURKEY.
 The condition of the Catholic Church in the European provinces of Turkey is not likely to be improved if Russia succeeds in either annexing, or obtaining a protectorate over, any of them. The precedent of Servia shows what is in store for the Church if the Schismatics have it their own way. Under Turkish rule the Catholics enjoyed the same civil and political rights as the Greeks. Since the declaration of independence the Servian constitution has been passed, in which there is a proviso excluding the Catholic worship from the territory of the principality. Should a similar regime be introduced in Bosnia and Bulgaria, the same monopoly would be secured to the most barbarous form of Christian worship. A German contemporary says on the subject:—
 "Turkish toleration is better than schismatic intolerance. In most places the Schismatics form a majority, and it is greatly to be apprehended that, having been set by Russia against the Church as well as against the Turks, they will proscribe their Catholic fellow-countrymen, more especially in Bosnia and Turkish Croatia, where the Church has of late developed most satisfactorily, owing to the labors of the Franciscans and Trappists."

It is quite certain that if Russia acts in Bulgaria as she has acted these fifty years in Poland, Catholics will have every reason to wish the Turkish rule back again.

PERILS OF AN IRISH SAILOR AT SEA.
 The following letter appeared in the London Times:—
 Sir—Stories of adventures by sea and land abound at Christmas-tide; but imagination never pictured so moving a tale as the one just narrated to me in simple language by the actor and sole survivor, John McCarthy, one of a crew of 20, all told, left Penarth Roads on the 28th ult., in the Margaret steamer, bound for Malta with coals. On the dark, moonless night of Thursday the 29th, a heavy sea struck the ship; the cargo shifted, and the vessel was thrown upon her beam ends, the sea making a clean breach over her. The lifeboat was cut loose, but capsized, and 11 of the crew were swept away for ever. The remaining nine regained the boat and succeeded in righting her. A few minutes and the ship sank; and these poor fellows were adrift on the waste of waters in a disabled boat—the bows had been stove in—without oars, without provisions, without water. Helpless they drifted, and at daylight two of the number were lying dead in the water with which the boat was half filled. Friday passed; Saturday, no rescue. One by one the sufferers died, dropping quietly, McCarthy says, without any reviving, and were thrown overboard. On Sunday mornin, the only living occupant of the boat was McCarthy, and by his side rested the body of a sailor which he had no strength to move. Then the seaman fell asleep, and in that sleep of exhaustion he, too, would doubtless have soon passed away; but a noise of shouting aroused him. Looking up he saw a large steamer alongside. Half dazed, he cast himself into the sea; a friendly wave washed him against the quarter-deck rail as the ship rolled. An engineer leaning over grasped his arm, and he was saved. The vessel proved to be the Spanish steamer Rivera. The sailor met with the greatest kindness on board, and was eventually landed at Lisbon, whence the British Consul sent him to England. Such was the story told by the young sailor, originally a destitute boy, one of the many thousands rescued by the Marine Society. Sent to sea from Oarspite in 1875, he had, thanks, as he said, to the training he received on board that ship, already reached the rating of "A.B.," I need scarcely mention that the Marine Society gave him some useful assistance. The owners of the Margaret,

Messrs. Sparrall, have also been most generous.—I am, sir, yours faithfully, S. WHITECHURCH SADDLER (Paymaster-in-chief, R.N.)

TODLEBEN ON PLEVNA.
 The *Vossische Zeitung* reports the following statement as having been made by General Todleben with regard to the investment and capture of Plevna:—
 "When I came here," he said, "I was continually tormented by anxiety lest Osman should make his sortie too soon before the fortifications were strong enough. I was from the beginning opposed to the theory of taking his strong positions by storm. It was not I, but hunger, that conquered him, though this was only rendered possible by surrounding him so firmly and effectively as was at length done by our trenches. Plevna teaches the lesson that the modern system of defence is quite different from what it used to be, and possesses enormous advantages against an assailant. You have in the Vosges five or six Plevnas. In order to be able to surround a natural position or an entrenched camp, and at the same time to continue to execute great strategic plans, it is necessary for the assailant to bring twice as many soldiers into the field as are required by the defending army. To take such fortified positions by storm is with modern firearms impossible, or, at least, inopportune. One should never require more of an officer or a soldier, however brave he may be, than it is possible for him to do; but the demands made upon our officers and soldiers in the storming of Plevna exceeded the bounds of possibility. Even when such a strategic adventure succeeds it is a mistake. Thoughtless men may say, let 10,000 troops fall, so long as we get the position; but they do not consider that, if the position is lost, not only that 10,000 men fall, but that 50,000 are demoralised."
 My chief care was to arrange matters that, wherever Osman might attempt a sortie, a sufficient mass of troops should at once be concentrated to oppose him. With this object I had a double row of trenches and redoubts made round Plevna, so that, while the first was being attacked at any point, the concentration might be made behind the second. A correspondent having asked the general whether he thought that Osman might under favourable circumstances have saved part of his army, Todleben replied, "No; Osman made the sortie with 25,000 men, the whole force under his command except some 5,000 or 6,000 reserves. If he had attacked us with only half that force it might have been said that the cause of his defeat was the numerical superiority of his enemy. Osman knew this, and attempted a brilliant and daring attack with his whole army; but success was hopeless. In my opinion Osman made a great strategic mistake in not attempting his sortie sooner, and I never could understand why he did not at once evacuate Plevna after the capture of the positions at Teliche. Even so late as six weeks ago he would have had a chance of saving part, if not the whole, of his army; but he let the opportunity pass, and we laboured incessantly to close him in more and more firmly. When such a position as Plevna cannot be relieved from without, the besieged army should endeavour at once to withdraw from it, as the besiegers can strengthen their circle of fortifications every day until the garrison is forced by hunger to capitulate."

A BATTLE IN THE CLOUDS.

WAR PICTURES IN THE BALKAN MOUNTAINS.
 The following sketch is from the correspondent of the London News, writing November 24th, at the headquarters of Gen. Raich, near Orchanie:—
 The sun was already low in the heavens, and the cannon smoke began to take a delicate purple tinge, when the enemy's battery away down near Pravca fired rapidly, and the echoes of the shots behind the range down in the valley, hidden from us, resounded through the Gora. Rauch was over the mountain, and would soon be in sight, we hoped. Suddenly we saw, away to the right of the opposite range, puffs of smoke on the crest of the flat-topped peak, and then, even before the reports of the shots reached us, a close line of men rose up against the sky on the top of the earthwork, and another and broken line straggled quickly down and away from the first, one or two men stopping to fire, but generally running down the steep declivity into the undergrowth. The black masses which had been lying there all the afternoon were suddenly animated as the horizon became alive with the forms of Russian soldiers, and they swept in a mass down the incline, little puffs of smoke bursting from nearly every rifle, for they fired as they ran. The line of Russians stood a moment on the earthwork, firing rapidly, then leaped down and skimmed after the flying Turks almost within bayoneting distance. This was the attack of General Raich, and it was as unexpected and welcome to us as it must have been surprising and discouraging to the Turks. Almost immediately solid formations were visible on the peak, one company to the left on the further side and a host line of skirmishers, followed by two companies advancing along the path on the side of the nearest summit. This brilliant little episode, occurring as it did in full sight of all the troops, just as if it were enacted on a stage in an immense theatre, caused the greatest enthusiasm and excitement among them. The batteries took the first note of the fight on the mountain as a signal to fire volley after volley into the redoubts on the west end of the range, and the narrow gorge echoed and echoed again, and the mountain sides repeated and magnified the awful sounds of the shells as they tore their way through the thin air. The shrapnel rattled and crackled all over the summit, where the Turks, now excited, kept up a constant rifle fire, and the peaceful quiet of the twilight hour was changed to pandemonium by the clanging, and screaming of the shells pounding the mountain top. A cool breeze springing up from the north, began to drive

the low lying clouds through the valley's just while Raich's advance appeared on the mountain, and soon great masses of mist poured through the gorge rising higher and higher and sweeping over the Turkish redoubts. Just as they were seen to direct their fire with redoubled energy down into the valley towards Pravca there came up to us a sharp popping of musketry below and we knew it was the Moscow regiment. It had accomplished its march and was making its contemplated movement around the range along the road. The fog hid the valley and Pravca from our sight; but until the opposite side was shrouded in the drifting mist, we could tell exactly how far the infantry was advancing by the direction of the Turkish fire from the redoubts. Raich's engagement was literally a battle above the clouds. In a few moments both those below and those in the clouds were enveloped in the same great mass of opaque mist, and the firing ceased.

THE SACK OF ELENA.

GRAPHIC PEN PICTURE OF DESTRUCTION BY BASHI BAZOUKS.
 We are in Elena, and the sack of the place is now in full swing. Here and there along the street lay bodies of Russian soldiers and one or two Bulgarians, but they were soon so trampled and crushed that by the time I came back they were but hideous and shapeless heaps of carrion. Stretched across the street in its broadest part, and about midway, was the triumphal arch, raised by the inhabitants to greet the arrival of the Russians, bearing the inscription, "Welcome to the deliverers of the Bulgarians."
 The inhabitants of Elena must have decamped but very shortly before we entered, for, although all the shop fronts were down and locked, and the dwelling-houses barred with both door and shutter, how hasty the flight had been was amply evident by the state of the houses. Nothing had been taken away, the fires were burning and the stowpans seething on the brick ranges. In the eating-houses the tables were set; the bread was in the ovens, the needlework was lying about, and everything betokened the abrupt interruption of secure existence. Evidently the waking of Elena had been troubled by no foreboding of what was in store; all was industry, comfort, safety, and repose. The deliverers were there under the welcoming sanction of the triumphal arch; there were their camp and their cannon; their bugles echoed through the streets; posted about the town were their regulations, their police ordinances, their sentries. It is not sundown yet and everything is changed; the Bulgarians are fugitive, their houses and property ransacked and wrecked, their protectors, save a few, are prisoners, or lying cold and stark on the field. Only a few old women seem to be left in the place. I saw one or two in my late promenade running bewildered here and there, the objects of jeers and shouts which made the poor creatures shiver and run the faster. But I saw no violence done, and I think I may hope that none was perpetrated.

A WONDERFUL CLOCK MADE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

In Mengel's building, Reading, Pa., is now on exhibition in all probability the most wonderful clock in the world. It was built by Stephen D. Engle, a watchmaker, at Hazleton. He is about forty-five years of age, and was about twenty years in perfecting the clock. Mr. Reid paid Engle \$5,000 for it. Engle never saw the Strasburg clock. In fact, he has not travelled more than two hundred miles from home at any time. This clock stands eleven feet high. At its base it is about four feet wide and at the top about two. It is about three feet deep at the base, gradually less towards the top. Its colors are brown and gold. The Strasburg clock is thirty feet high, yet its mechanism is not so intricate, nor has it as many figures as the Hazleton clock. The Strasburg clock's figures are about three feet high, and the American clock about nine inches. Three minutes before the hour a pipe organ inside the clock plays an anthem. It has five tunes. Bells are then rung, and when the hour is struck, double doors in an alcove open, and a figure of Jesus appears. Double doors to the left then open, and the apostles appear slowly one by one, in procession. As they appear and pass Jesus, they turn towards him. Jesus bows, the apostles turn again and proceed through the double doors, in an alcove on the right. As Peter approaches, Satan looks out of a window above, and tempts him. Five times the devil appears, and when Peter passes, denying Christ, the cock flaps its wings and crows. When Judas appears, Satan comes down from his window and follows Judas out in the procession, and then goes back up to his place to watch Judas, appearing on both sides. As the procession has passed, Judas and the three Marys disappear, and the doors are closed. This scene can be repeated seven times in an hour, if necessary, and the natural motion of the clock produces it four times per hour, whereas the Strasburg procession is made but once a day, at 12 o'clock. Below the plaza is the main dial, about thirteen inches in diameter. To its right is a figure of Time with an hour-glass. Above this there is a window, at which appear figures representing youth, manhood, and old age. To the left of the dial is a skeleton representing Death. When the hour-hand approaches the first quarter, Time reverses his hour-glass and strikes one on a bell with his scythe, when another bell inside responds; then Childhood appears instantly. When the hour-hand approaches the second quarter, or half-hour, there are heard the strokes of two bells. Then Youth appears, and the organ plays a hymn. After this Time strikes two and reverses his hour-glass, when two bells respond inside. One minute after this a chime of bells is heard, when a folding-door opens in the upper porch, and one at the right of the court, when the Saviour comes walking out. Then the apostles appear in procession. The clock also tells of the moon's changes, the tides, the seasons, days, and day of the month and year, and the signs of the zodiac; and on top a soldier is constantly on guard, walking back and forward. As the hours advance, Manhood, Old Age, and Death take part in the panorama.

THE VAST POPULATION OF BRITISH INDIA.

A statistical abstract relating to British India, just presented to Parliament, shows that the area under British administration is 909,834 miles, with a population of 191,065,445. The native States comprise 573,052 miles, and a population of 48,233,978. Including the French and Portuguese possessions, the total area of all India is 1,484,150 square miles with a population of 239,978,595. Of the 191,000,000 inhabitants of British India, the religious denominations are given as follows: Hindoos, 139,343,820; Sikhs, 1,174,436; Mahomedans, 40,867,125; Buddhists and Jains, 2,832,851; Christians, 897,682; others, 5,417,304; and "religion not known," 532,227.

"SULEIMAN PASHA, A REAL IRISHMAN."

Sir.—I beg to communicate what may be interesting to yourself and your readers, that which has reached me through newspapers and letters, signed by most respectable people in Australia and England.
 The illustrious General no other than Patrick Sullivan, or as he is called in Cork, Pat. Sullivan (Suleiman Pasha) is the son of a small farmer, John Sullivan, who lived between Dripsey Paper Mills and Macroom, Co. Cork, but better known as "Karrica Druidad" on the river Lee. He was ejected for non-payment of rent in 1845. The family then went to Bantry, to settle on a piece of ground obtained from the relations of the old man's wife, the M'Swinies and the M'Carthys of Bantry; to them while the family were connected by marriage.
 The Sullivans did not make a good thing of the land at Bantry, and bordering on the famine of 1847, the Bantry little property was sold for a nominal sum, the whole family, consisting of two sons and a daughter, going to Cork city.
 JOHN, EVELDEN, ILEN.

John was equipped by the old man for the colonies in the beginning of 1848. Patrick was intended for the Church in the flowery days of the family, and while in his youth Patrick, the present Turkish Pasha, was intended for the priesthood but his wild inclinations quite unsuited him for that office. He is said to have been a remarkably smart boy at school, excelling all his fellows, at geography and Latin especially. He is said to write Latin prose and verse with the greatest ease. This is not a wonder, as the Cork and Kerry people, to the surprise of English visitors, can do this easily, even those of very modest origin. The daughter Evelden, a tall handsome young woman, remarkable for her long neck and jet black hair, "Ileen Day," went to America to East Troy, to the Conways, acquaintances of the old man, Patrick, the Turkish Pasha, was attorney's clerk in Cork to Mr. O'Connell, Patrick Sullivan, clerk to Mr. O'Callaghan, belongs to another family and is not in any way connected with the Pasha. Patrick the Pasha, remained for a year and nine months with Mr. O'Connell, during which time his father died, probably broken-hearted at the loss of his property and deserted by his children. Patrick is said not to have forgotten his very pious mother, whom he intensely loved.

When his sister embarked at Cork for East Troy, Canada, he was not apparently moved but when he returned home he was noticed while solacing his mother to burst out in emotional tears for his sister. He left off his favourite game of "Knock," a Cork game, and Bacquets, and his aged mother would say to him, "What is the matter, Paddy?" "Nothing, mother, I can't live in Cork." In 1849 he is found in London. He applied at the *Talbot* office for employment to Mr. Heather or Mr. Heathcote the manager of the paper at that time. He was not employed at Solomons the Jews at the Minorities. He has been employed in the Borough side of London by Ingram and Ruston, the office of which did not suit his tastes. He was known to send home remittances to his mother every two and three months from London, and to have written articles and done the work of copyist for several daily papers and Periodicals. "Union Bank, Ireland, have paid their remittances."

He embarked for Constantinople in the ship "Snow," under Captain D'Vere, a Belgian but naturalized Turk, who had friends in Constantinople and Scutari, he paid a second-class passage was generally useful on board of ship, made great fun with the few words of Persian he knew and the smattering of French. Immediately after landing he enlisted at Constantinople. He applied and was several times refused by his commanding officer to be permitted to enter in the Military College. Without means to defray the expenses whether the friends of D'Vere stood to him or not is not clear but he got money somehow and entered the college as a military cadet. In his application to his commanding officer he said, I will make myself generally useful and instruct those who want to learn English and Latin as far as I know if you will kindly recommend my entrance. He was commissioned in 1854. He has sent money to his mother through the Union Bank up to 1857. He came out of college with distinguished honor and is mentioned in the college by "zaras" as a very promising Turk. Up to then he was a Christian, whatever he may be now. Patrick Sullivan, alias Suleiman Pasha, is known to be a man about 5 feet 9 inches, jet black hair, large grey eyes, broad shouldered, heavy eyebrows, and eyelashes, with a piercing fierce look.
 The Pasha had relations in Newmarket or Green-Field near Kanturk County Cork, and he is believed to have attended the National School there under Mr. Crook during the Rev. F. Fegan and Dr. O'Regan's time. He was an excellent reader and geographer while a very young little fellow. He got praise for his derivations from Latin and Greek roots to English while at Kanturk N. School.
 This is no idle talk but from reliable proof for which I beg to enclose my card.

VERITAS,
 Lahore Civil and Military Gazette.

TRAVELLER WANTED an experienced TRAVELLER, whose sole occupation it shall be to push the circulation of the "True Witness." To a suitable man a liberal commission will be given.