

KATHERINA:

A STORY OF IRISH VALOUR AND CATHOLIC VIRTUE IN THE MAORI WAR.

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CHAPTER VI.

But I am constant as the northern star Of those transfixed and resting quail There is no fall in the firmament. SHAKESPEARE'S "JULIUS CÆSAR."

Florence Hastings passed the weary hours under her father's roof at Parnell in anxious forebodings. In the solitude of her own room her troubled spirit poured out its prayers in passionate longings for the man she loved. Her every action appeared to be influenced by the one absorbing passion of her mind, and the daily routine of her previous life but acted as reminders that it was amidst the surroundings of her home that George Bellow first told her of his love. How often she dwelt upon every little incident of the past, and was won't to make the assurance of his love doubly sure. There, a little beyond the limits of the outer garden, where the luxuriant vegetation of *Althea* and *conifers* throw a tropical brilliancy around, just beneath a giant fern tree, it was there George Bellow had said "Florence Hastings, I love you," and, nearer still, on the little terrace under the veranda he had told her, "Come weal, come woe, come joy, come sorrow, Florence, I am yours for life." He filled every crevice of her affection; he wound around her truthful and confiding spirit, and developed all the sensibilities of her nature by the contact. Her love of him was her whole existence, and she surrendered herself to a pious and honest affection with all the quiet fervour of a devoted mind. Her love was not unattended with the sanctity of reason, and had its origin in the depth of respect tinged with admiration. That he should be in danger was to her the keenest sorrow. Every gust of wind that blew from the forest-crowned hills of the Waitakato seemed to moan a dirge over his corpse, and the swift flying kahu appeared to bring evil tidings of her lover, as it swooped on pinioned wings down from the mountains to prey upon the *caribide* of the settlement. Every bulletin from the seat of war was eagerly connoed, and every special or accidental messenger carefully sought after and questioned. In the very midst of her anxiety and sorrow, when the sharpness of her suffering had already caused the colour to fade from her cheek, like dew before the morning sun, Captain St. George strolled towards her home, and accosted her with that easy grace which marks the man bred to good society. Florence Hastings was sitting just where she had parted with George Bellow, and was thinking of the painful incidents with which that parting was surrounded. She was thinking of the words he spoke, and as her eyes dimmed with pious tears of an honest and trusting love, looked towards the head in the avenue, where she had last seen him, the unwelcome person of Captain St. George met her eyes, and for an instant tempered the current of her thoughts. Florence Hastings would have retired could she have done so unobserved, but she should be courteous to a man who had been her father's guest, and between whom there still existed some regard. The tears were quickly brushed away, but their traces remained, and told Captain St. George, as plainly as if the words were written upon the fair face of the girl before him, that there was a tempest of trouble raging in the heart of the calm, quiet, and passive-looking lady, beside whom he stood.

"Miss Hastings, you are still in trouble, I see," he said, raising his hat with a courteous air, "and," he added, "although I may not ask the cause of your anxiety, at least you will permit me to share your grief."

"It is hardly necessary, Captain St. George," replied Miss Hastings, "there are some sorrows that are best unshared, as they are best unspoken, save to a few."

"Then, you cannot even rank me amongst the number of this few," Miss Hastings said, "surely, at least, I can sympathise with the trouble of a woman whom I have loved."

"Sir, I beg of you to cease; I thought, indeed, that all these importunities had ended, and, if you respect me, you will never mention them again."

"I am not here to press my attentions upon you, Miss Hastings, but to bring you news from the front, where our troops have received a small reverse at Okahau."

"Sir, sir," said Miss Hastings, while her eyes distended, and her breath came in short and quick succession, and she even bent towards a man to whom a moment ago she had given a rebuke. Her attitude indicated the keenness of her anxiety, while her face became as pale as alabaster. "Was the—th engaged," she added, looking almost wildly into the countenance of the handsome soldier, who, in return looked into her eyes with the cold scrutiny of a soul troubled with its own misdoings.

"The—th was engaged, Miss Hastings; I am afraid your anxiety betrays your secret, and I hope I am not the bearer of evil tidings, for there have been casualties amongst the officers of that regiment. You can read for yourself," he added, showing her a despatch that had just arrived from the front.

"Amongst the list of killed and wounded I regret to have to mention the name of that distinguished young officer Lieutenant Bellow, of the—th, who was basely stabbed by a native in his employment." She read no more, her head swam, her soul appeared to start from out her wild, piercing eyes, and she sank senseless upon the floor, with all the horrible thoughts of being accessory to her lover's death floating around her bewildered brain.

"I thought so," muttered Captain St. George, as he stood over the prostrate form of the beautiful girl, "I thought that that was the secret," and he speculated upon the chances he might have if Mr. Bellow had actually met his death. The despatch might read as either "killed or wounded," and it was evident that it was written with much haste, for the letters were scarcely formed, and the paper was daubed as if hurriedly blotted with sand, and then folded into the envelope. For a second or two he almost forgot the position of Miss Hastings in his selfish anxiety to guess whether George Bellow was alive or dead. Captain St. George was above all things a man who lived for self: He was not a bad man as bad men go in the world, but if events so disposed themselves as to ruin others for his advantage, Captain St. George was not the man to mourn over the tide of such a fortune. He was incapable of harming either the fortune or person of a rival, but if others did so he was more than satisfied—he was happy. He was of the class of men who like to screen their errors; men who to the shadow of better men's errors; men who to the world appear to be imbued with the purity of honest thought, but who chuckle over the fall of better men. He would ruin by innuendo, the most deadly of all artful speech. He wanted the manly qualities of openly disproving, and his whole being was full of the sneaking propensities of hiding his time. For him indeed the aphorism of Voltaire fulfilled its mission, and the speech of Captain St. George was but used by him "to conceal his thoughts." As he paused for a second or two over the still form of Florence Hastings, his thoughts

became wildly active, and he pictured to himself the brilliant triumph of winning such a prize. He, however, became himself again, and gently raised Florence Hastings from the ground, and placed her now half-conscious person upon the settle at his side. She revived quickly enough and staring around looked into the handsome countenance of the man at her side and burst into tears. Her pent-up sorrow was freed and found vent in the passionate exultant that trickled down her cheeks. "There may be hope still, Miss Hastings," said Captain St. George, as he again read the document he still held in his hand. "I see by the wording of the despatch that it is 'amongst the killed,' and wounded the name of Mr. Bellow appears, so that he may after all only be hurt, and even that not dangerously."

Florence Hastings heard and listened, but made no reply, for there was a depth of anguish in her countenance too broad to find expression either in words of hope or fear. Her thoughts were away on the Waitakato, and she pictured the mutilated form of her lover lying upon the rolling fern land on the shores of Lake Taupo. Her mind wandered in its wild imaginings, and again the fields and houses appeared to gambol around her fevered brain, and once more she became insensible, and only awoke when she was placed upon a lounge inside her father's house, and found anxious friends standing by her side. Captain St. George had gone, and even the absence of the bearer of the dreadful tidings appeared to work a revival of her old self upon her now shattered form. She felt indeed, as if she would at once go and see George Bellow, dead or alive, and then the calm temper of experience whispered "imprudence" into her ear, and she surrendered herself to the agony of despair. We will leave her, a prey of suspense, that fell destroyer of the system, which, like jealousy, "mocks the meat it feeds on."

Let us turn again to George Bellow, when he and his party covered under the abundant flora of the forest, when the "coo-ee, coo-ee" came from the small clump of evergreens which concealed the form of the Maori who uttered the call. The "coo-ee" was given as only a New Zealander can give it, and the bird-like message floated on the calm air with a melodious utterance peculiar to itself. It is familiar to all bush travellers, and is the most used by men in the forest to discover each other whereabouts if lost. Often in the depth of the New Zealand timber, away alike from the shade of settler or native, the "coo-ee" of some native wanderer strikes upon the ear, and gives the assurance that the foot of intrepid man has penetrated into the gloomiest fastnesses of the forest. But here, in presence of the Maori foe, the cause was different. It might mean a challenge, it might mean a signal for an attack, but it could hardly mean a message of friendly warning. The place from whence the call proceeded was so detached from the forest that it could be easily surrounded, and Mr. Bellow so disposed his men that he quickly circumvented the spot, and soon saw the white head band, which distinguished a friendly from a hostile Maori, flutter from the branches of totaro creepers upon the edge of the small plantation. The New Zealander was motioned to join the party commanded by Mr. Bellow, and taking the friendly invitation, stepped boldly from out his cover, and made direct for the position occupied by the English troops.

"Tenaquai," said the tattooed Maori, using the familiar form of expression on meeting, and the interpretation of which is "salutation to you."

"Tenaquai," replied Mr. Bellow, who had learned a few words of the Maori tongue, but he immediately asked the New Zealander if he knew "nothing of the language of the Pakeha," to which the native gave an affirmative reply, at the same time producing a letter and asking the officer if he could see the gentleman to whom the document was directed.

"This is for me, my man," said Mr. Bellow, eagerly taking the letter in his hand, as he recognised the well-known characters traced by the fair fingers of Florence Hastings. Faithfulness is, indeed, a noble virtue. To be true to a trust, though good report and evil report, to defend the absent and cherish the past; to eschew the tempting passions of the present, and still cling to the reminiscences of times when other lips spoke the passionate words of a devoted heart; all this is virtue, such virtue as a noble mind alone can absorb. "Be thou faithful unto death," says "Revelations," or as Milton has it—

"O welcome pure-eyed Faith, white handed Hope, Thou hovering angel, gift with golden wings."

The faithful man or woman cannot be of ordinary mould, for faith demands the possession of many virtues; but seldom found in one mind. The custom of the modern world is, indeed, inimical to the propagation of faith and constancy, and to speak of such unalterable love as did Florence Hastings is not the practice in the nice punctilios of modern life. Her love for George Bellow, however, was not tempered by the experience of the martinet with whom she was surrounded, but it was the expression of her whole soul, such a love as we read in the New Testament, as being "the fulfilment of the law." The young soldier was visibly affected by the letter he had received, and if a tear moistened his eyes it was the offering of a generous heart, overflowing with a pure and devoted love, that sprung the mine of his keen susceptibilities. Well has the poet said—

"Go watch the foremost ranks In dangers dark career, Be sure the hand most daring there Has wiped away a tear."

It has been truly said that "the man who can shed a tear is not altogether a brute," for there is a fineness of feeling testified by the act that speaks of a generous and noble mind. Mr. Bellow was too keen a soldier to be perfectly satisfied with the explanation of the Maori who stood before him, and even the confiding words of Florence Hastings could not induce him to relinquish the doubt that impressed itself upon his mind as to the perfect honesty of the native. As to the bearer of her letter, indeed some secret liking bound the man to the kindly associations of the young officer; yet that made him even more guarded in his dealings, for fear individual interest might temper his judgment, or individual longing cause him to neglect the careful suspicion which the Maori should be regarded. He could hardly place the bearer of Florence Hastings' letter under arrest, and yet could not allow even a presumed friendly Maori to wander within the lines, and then to depart, perhaps on a mission of revenge. The one would appear an ungracious recompense; the other an unguarded point of duty. But duty was above all things the predominant quality of George Bellow. The Maori was therefore sent to the rear, and his volunteered services placed under the notice of the officer in command. Thus Iwikau was baffled in his desire to lead George Bellow and his men into a trap which he had ingeniously laid for him in the forest, and from which the chagrined Maories retired, as they saw their chief led captive to the main body of the English troops before them. But the mission of Iwikau was yet unfulfilled. He thirsted for the blood of some distinguished Pakeha, and all the fierce passions of his race were aroused against the people whom he believed were the oppressors of his race, the confiscators of their lands, and the outragers of the native customs of the Maori.

"If I can only remain a few days undisturbed in this camp, I can accomplish enough to test Potatau in his sincerity, and may even have Pakeha's blood to offer to the God of our battles the fierce Tumatauenga."

His brain was full of device, and every trick of his race was pictured, as he to extricate himself from his now dangerous position. He knew that detection was death, and rather than die unavenged, he was prepared to take the first life that came within his way. The troops had already worked up to the Maori position before the pah at Okahau. The English soldiers were new to the work, and were already becoming exhausted by the continued damp. It was here, indeed, that the services of Iwikau were useful in bending off suspicion from the true mission he had in hand. The morning following his arrest was dull and damp, and the troops found it impossible to light the saturated wood in order to cook their scanty repast. Iwikau, however, was well acquainted with the forest craft of his native wilds, and quickly supplied the deficient fire from the kauri gum that abundantly lay around the position, and which formed a vigorous fire in a few seconds. With some lint for a wick it made some excellent light too, and Iwikau showed the weary soldier how to provide for themselves from the weather by erecting hasty shelter made from the branches of trees, and in initiating the troops in the varied contrivances of men who are by habit accustomed to live amidst the bush. The troops began to think that the services of such a man were invaluable, and Iwikau soon won the good-will if not the trust, of the officers in command. His story was a plausible one: he had simply been the bearer of a message to an officer within the English lines, and if the manner of his giving it was singular, it was only in keeping with the character and customs of his race. He was making himself exceptionally useful in the camp, and professed his willingness to attach himself to the services of Mr. Bellow. Iwikau was a man of keen perception, and possessed an understanding which had been sharpened by contact with the land sharks and unprincipled traders, with which New Zealand at that time abounded. He saw exactly how far he could press his services, and those he carefully confined to little acts of forest craft, which upon many occasions served some good purpose for the troops. Mr. Bellow found Iwikau becoming valuable to himself, and in a few days following the arrest of the Maori the young officer saw how useful the knowledge of bush life possessed by the native could be made. Every hour Iwikau discovered some little mistake amongst the men, who failed to utilize the many elements of forest life which were so familiar to the Maori. At last he became employed as guide, and even penetrated to within half a mile of the Maori's stronghold at Okahau. The bush here was almost impenetrable, and caution was even more rigidly observed than it was before. But Iwikau led the way, and now again it came to George Bellow's turn to head the advance. At last the pah was made, and the nature of the stockade suddenly came in view. The pah stood on a narrow plain, on the verge of a hilly forest and close to the shores of Lake Taupo. It had two rows of wooden palisades and a ditch inside, the external fence being covered with flax to conceal the enemy. The inner palisade was constructed of trunks of trees 15 feet high, and 9 to 20 inches in diameter. Between the inner and outer fence there was a ditch 6 feet deep, with traverses from which the defenders fired through loopholes on a level with the ground, and this ditch communicated with passages under the palisades. Inside the pah there were butts having underground excavation. The whole construction showed a rude knowledge of engineering skill which astonished many of the officers in the English force, and caused them to respect the attitude and position of men whom they had previously despised. Inside the pah there were about 250 fighting Maories armed with single and double barreled guns, while their stock of ammunition testified that they had come prepared for a sharp encounter, and perhaps a long siege. The play upon the pah began from a battery of twelve pounder cannonades, which were fired at ranges from two hundred and fifty yards to eighty yards, but without effect, the jeering shouts of the natives, the wild war songs of the Maori, being the only response to the furious cannonade. Still up nearest the stockade was Mr. Bellow, while Iwikau was at his side, to all appearance anxious for the triumph of the British arms, and the safety of the officer into whose services he had now been taken.

"Pakeha big gun," said Iwikau, as he looked and saw a thirty-two pounder being placed in position on the hill above so as to fire obliquely on the palisades. "Good, good," he repeated as a shot plunged through the stockade and shattered a portion of the outer fence into fragments.

Shot after shot cut away the outer works of the pah, and here and there a small breach was made in that position of the works nearest the English lines. Throughout the day the cannon blazed away at the position of the enemy, and still the defiant shouts of the Maori sounded sharp, clear, and wild upon the still atmosphere. Towards evening the fire slackened, and Mr. Bellow was ordered to retire, keeping, however close watch upon his attendant native. Just as the orders arrived the officer, indeed, thought he detected the Maori ally making some peculiar signal with the rifle with which he had been intrusted, but the native as readily lowered his weapon to the "aim," and fired towards the stockade.

"One shot," he said in joyous meritment as he walked before the now retiring troops. "One shot for Hongi, Good," and Iwikau walked over the scrubbed ground with the case of a man accustomed to tread upon an uneven surface. The lull was following the storm, when from out the intricate bush that flanked the Maori position upon the right a cloud of natives rushed down upon the English position with all the wild bravery of their race. Their guns were levelled to the charge, and some had their tomahawks fastened on long poles, and all tore down like a rush of demons, upon the English lines. At their head was Heki, rushing with maddened fury towards his nearest foe, and the capture of a flag rewarded the enterprise, and added additional lustre to the fierce campaign inaugurated at Okahau. It was the first British flag ever captured in New Zealand, and the token of success was hoisted inside the fortification, under the flag of Heki. At last the assault had to be made. The troops were about to be butchered to the incapacity of the officers in command. For this awful service 200 men were paraded at 3 p.m. the following morning, and many a brave soul stood upon the brink of eternity amongst the gallant band. The calm resolve of a determined purpose impressed itself upon the faces of all, and yet the shadow of that dreaded bourne of the undiscovered land looked through the wild eyes of the forlorn hope. There are periods in the lives of soldiers when their existence hangs by a hair, when even the gentle pressure of the summer gale may unloosen from its moorings and precipitate life into eternity. As the Mussulman believe that the path to heaven is across a thread one thousand times finer than that to gain the region of perpetual love it is necessary to skate over this almost invisible *asarat* with heel yawning beneath him, and all its horrid fantasies yolling into the ears of the dangerous *voyageur*; so with the soldier on a forlorn hope, he sees all the misdeeds of his life in one great thought, sees hell yawning under his feet, as he parades to mount the *asarat* of his career. But it is only for an instant, and the call of "duty" stills the unbidden monitor, and then for the work in hand. Look at the cool yet anxious countenance of George Bellow as he parades in front of the storming party; for a second or two, indeed, he plays with a locket that contains the portrait of Florence Hastings, a tear may spring to his eye, but it is gone, it is over

and he is again all the daring spirit that he was. He will prove himself worthy of her love, or if he dies it will be in such a way that she will never blush to bear it. But the time is up, the advance is sounded, and with one wild rush the outer stockade is reached amidst a withering volley from the well prepared foe. In vain those gallant bands endeavour to force the breach or move the formidable stockade, the men fall thick and fast around, and the noise is like the roar of demons leaping the giant timbers of the forest with some unearthly weapons of their own. But where is Iwikau now? During the movements of George Bellow, the Maori had been watching all that was going on, and as the men advanced to the attack he moved in a parallel direction and remained in rear of the forlorn hope as they advanced towards the stockade. He had secreted himself behind a small intrenchment which the troops had vacated during the day, and looked with wildly distended eyes at where the combat thickened in his front. He heard the familiar voice of Lieutenant Bellow above the din of the contest, as he called upon the party he commanded to move "to the front, men, to the front." Half his men and his captain had already fallen, and still the vigorous arms of the young soldier pulled at the firmly-planted stockade, which defied all their efforts to remove. The pah was impregnable, and diminished and dispirited the troops retired, while the Maories made a sortie, and with savage yells completed their discomfiture. On came the men bounding over every obstacle in their way, the New Zealanders following quick upon their wake, and tomahawk and gunshot brought many a brave fellow to the ground. It was George Bellow's duty to be last out of the fight, and with the remnant of men saved to him, he occasionally tried to check the furious onslaught of the jubilant Maories. Just at the ditch which concealed Iwikau he halted for the last time, and, turning at bay, received the attack of the natives with all the cool daring of a brave man. For an instant he checked the enemy's advance, and then, as his men retired, he prepared to follow, over the ditch to leave the post of danger. "Pakeha, you die," said the fierce Iwikau, raising his tomahawk and dealing an assassin blow on the dark clustering hair, which was exposed to the wind, and cutting along the scalp, the blow fell upon the shoulder of George Bellow, and left him insensible in the trench. The Maories advanced no further, but a friendly hand had sent Iwikau to dwell in the spirit-land of Maori and Tena Matua; it was the hand of Katherina.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT)

RESTORATION OF THE SCOTTISH HIERARCHY.

According as they are or are not of the number of the faithful, the people of Scotland will hail, with delighted satisfaction or the reverse, the expression of the desire of his Holiness to re-establish the hierarchy in their country. Over the disengaged and heretical imaginations such a measure will naturally lower as the culminating act of a renewed Papal Aggression. In the more healthy view of the sons and daughters of the Church, the restoration of their lost Church government will appear in its true colors, as the fitting and needed completion of the work of rebuilding in Scotland the national sanctuary,—as a well-timed and unequivocal declaration on the part of the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church that there also she means to re-enter, as she has done already in England, into possession of her kingdom.

The near probability of such a Reformation, to use the word for this once at least in its right sense, is suggestive of a train of reflections at once pleasant and unpleasant. The well-balanced mind cannot with anything like pleasure, though it may with some profit, go back to that extraordinary storm of political and fanatical passions miscalled the "Reformation," in which the Scottish Hierarchy went down, not to be raised again until these our days. The history of the succeeding two centuries and a half, too, affords matter for only still more depressing reflection. It is, to the religious mind, the repulsive record of a national apostasy from the Truth, and defilement of the mystical Body of Christ, which finds almost no parallel in the long catalogue of heresies. Not only was the life of Catholicity in the land destroyed, but its very traditions were almost completely eradicated. In no other country, perhaps, did the blight of Protestant error fall with more fatal effect upon all the roots of Catholic feeling and action. Retaining in name, and in certain formulas and forms, a place in the family of Christian nations, the Calvinistic Protestantism of the Scottish people, dead not alone to the necessary and saving faith of the Church of Christ but also to the beauty and sublimity of her ritual and practice, degenerated into an organized fanaticism. Some consolation there is in the recollection that in no period of this otherwise utterly dark age was the faith without its steadfast and honorable confessors, and that in the blood of its numerous martyrs there was the happy hope of the future resurrection. That was a gloomy century in the history of Scottish Catholicity which intervened between the death in 1603 of James Betoun, Archbishop of Glasgow, till the appointment by the Holy See, in 1694, of Bishop Nicolson as the first Vicar-Apostolic of the Scottish mission.

During the whole of that period the sacred lamp of Faith was kept alight in the land by such few zealous priests as could manage to elude the close and anything but affectionate attentions of Presbytery and of the High Court of Justiciary. These attentions were eagerly pressed upon good Bishop Nicolson and his successors in the most inhospitable of Vicariates. The increasing life of the mission, however, brought about the erection, in 1731, of the Highlands and the Lowlands of Scotland into two Vicarial charges—a measure which was followed by the arrest and imprisonment of Bishop MacDonal, ending in his trial in the High Court of Justiciary, and an unenforced sentence of perpetual banishment. Bishop Grant was arrested about the same time, but liberated after about a year's imprisonment. More peaceful times brought increased development to the Scottish mission, and, in 1827, the See of Rome sanctioned the erection, which still exists, of the Eastern, Western, and Northern Vicariates. Shortly thereafter there set in from Ireland, the great missionary tide, of which we now witness the wonderful results. We call it a missionary tide, and advisedly so; because, although none, probably, but the devoted army of Levites who followed in the wake of the chosen people of faith had any conception of the mission which they were being moved to work out, none the less did the mission exist. But now that time has made more clear the purpose of Providence in the spreading of his missionaries—as the Irish people may justly be termed—over the lands in which His Church is yet alien, we are in a position to draw the profit, to which we just now alluded, from the history of the Scottish Agency. To our view, the main cause of the terrible punishment which God meted out to the people of Scotland, in withdrawing from them His Faith, is to be sought for and found in the cancer of nationalism which had long before eaten into the life of the Church in Scotland. Of the Unity and Catholicity of the Church, two of her special marks; this Nationalist spirit is ever particularly impatient; and national as well as individual, loss of the faith has invariably followed national as well as individual denial of either the supreme authority of the Chair of Peter or the universality of its application. No less strong now than ever in the minds and hearts of the Scottish people is this narrow and uncatholic

spirit. It is, as it were, the inward spiritual disease of which the Scottish heresy is the visible outcome. For the cure of this disease, Providence seems to be working out the remedy of moral transfusion. When doctors have failed in every other direction, they sometimes succeed in imparting a new life into an otherwise doomed patient by injecting fresh and healthy blood into his veins. In like manner, for the disease of Scottish Nationalism we may look to find a cure in the healthy life of Irish Catholic Faith.

Meantime, may the hour be hastened at which his Holiness, in accomplishment of what we have good reason to believe is his ardent desire, may find it expedient as well as desirable to complete the work of the reconstruction of the Church in Scotland by the restoration to it of the ancient hierarchy, and to add another to the long and glorious list of grand deeds well performed which have already made his Pontificate memorable in the history of great Pontificates.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

To the Editor of the True Witness.

DEAR SIR—According to previous announcement made by the Rev. Father O'Donnell, the Right Rev. Dr. Wadhams, of Ogdensburg, N.Y., delivered a lecture in the R. C. Church, on Sunday evening, the 27th ult., his subject being his recent visit to Rome. In referring to the lecture, Father O'Donnell said that the proceeds were for a most laudable purpose as one half would go towards their own Separate School, the other, to a similar institution in Ogdensburg. He therefore hoped, that as on former occasions, the Catholics of the "old" parish of Prescott would testify by their liberal patronage their desire to sustain and advance sound Catholic education, as well as to show their recognition of the great services rendered the cause of religion by the learned and venerated prelate, who had kindly consented to lecture for them. Accordingly at an early hour in the evening, the church was densely filled, many of whom came from Brockville, and several of whom were Protestants. About 7 p.m. His Lordship accompanied by the Fathers Walsh, Kalahar and O'Donnell entered the sanctuary and having been briefly introduced by the latter clergyman, began a discourse which, though lasting an hour and a half, was listened to with breathless attention by the entire assemblage. The following is but a brief and very imperfect synopsis of his admirable lecture.

His Lordship said in commencing that different individuals would find in Rome different objects to instruct, please and interest them; its historical incidents, its unrivaled paintings and sculptures, together with its famous libraries were all profoundly interesting. He spoke of the founding of the city by Romulus and Remus, the early struggles, the mode of life, and religion of its inhabitants; described in graphic and lucid terms the different forms of government, the dates and transitions from one form to another; the heroic deeds of the ancient pagan Romans, their unparalleled success in making conquests, the gradual decline of its power, until the accession of Constantine the Great when Christianity became the religion of the empire. The system of government, and the prosperity of the city under the Roman Pontiffs, the harrowing vicissitudes, caused from time to time, by restless designing politicians, through which its rulers passed, until the assumption of authority by Victor Emmanuel as king of united Italy, were next described. His Lordship spoke next of the magnificent costly edifices, the marvellous works of art which still remain extant to attest the liberality, genius and taste of the Romans of ancient and modern times; he enumerated and described in the choicest language the most noted of its structures, such as the Pantheon, Coliseum, and St. Peter's the latter, especially, being referred to with great minuteness and at considerable length. A glowing tribute was paid to Michael Angelo and Raphael the distinguished architects, who designed this great, most magnificent of architectural monuments; the time occupied in its erection, the cost, the area it covers, and the different chapels, such as the Sistine, the Pauline, etc., which it contains were severally mentioned.

He said the solemn grandeur of the august ceremonies celebrated within this sacred edifice was calculated to impress the beholder with feelings of awe and veneration for the Most High, that even time failed to obliterate from the memory. What he saw and heard would never depart from his recollection, particularly the singing, which, as he could not command language adequate to describe, he would just say was inexpressibly delightful. Perhaps one of the most impressive of ceremonies to be witnessed in Rome was the illumination of St. Peter's which takes place on the festival of Easter. The ascension of the countless lights and their gradual transition from a silvery to a golden tint were dazzlingly brilliant, and impressed the mind of the Catholic worshipper with a confidence in, and a veneration for, the religious thoughts of which they were symbolical, that must ever remain unchangeable. The peroration of the Right Reverend lecturer was a fitting conclusion to his interesting discourse. He made a touching reference to the cruel and unprovoked persecution which the Church is suffering at present at the hands of a powerful and ruthless enemy; she had passed through such trying ordeals in former times but, as hers was a struggle of Right against Wrong, of Virtue against Vice, she would, with the assistance of Him who promised always to remain with her, emerge from the contest, purer, holier and more triumphant than ever; and hoped that the members of that grand old Church against which the waves of intolerance, tyranny, and persecution had washed in vain for nineteen centuries, would persevere unceasingly in working out their salvation, so that hereafter they would all have the happiness of being numbered amongst the elect of God in heaven.

At the conclusion of the lecture there was benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament, his Lordship officiating. The music by the choir was faultlessly rendered. The solos by Mr. M. E. O'Brien, and Miss G. Bertrand merit especial mention. These accomplished vocalists were in excellent voice, and gave an additional charm to the occasion. In concluding this imperfect sketch, it may be stated that the Catholics of Prescott deserve to be congratulated on having such a devoted pastor as Father O'Donnell. They would be an ungrateful people, indeed, who could ever forget the great services he has rendered in the cause of religion and education; they have been as successful and beneficial as they have been untiring, and well directed.

Yours &c.,

Prescott, June 4th, 1877.

RELIGION IN RUSSIA.

By the census of 1873 the population of the European portion of the Russian Empire, including Poland, Finland and the Caucasus, was 78,456,400, and excluding Finland and the Caucasus, 71,730,980. At that time the latter population was divided up religiously as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Religion and Population. Includes Orthodox Greek Church, Roman Catholics, Jews, Protestants, Mahomedans, Heathen, and Unknown.