



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

THE AZAMOGLAN.

A TALE OF MODERN GREECE.

The sun was sinking in a flood of rosy light over the hills of the Morea, as the young and beautiful wife of Adrian Soteris sat in the rose-bounded porch of her peaceful dwelling, casting many a longing look towards the bay for the returning sail of her absent husband's corvette...

At that cry the young, the gentle, the timid Helen, appeared animated with the fury of a lioness, who beholds her offspring in the hands of the hunter. Those soft, languishing dark eyes that seemed formed alone to express the tenderest emotions of the soul, darted angry lightning through their streaming tears, as she threw herself between her children and the officers...

With all the obstinate pertinacity of despair she continued to pursue the steps of those who were despoiling her of her child, till she was some miles distant from her home, when one of the Turkish officers called the attention of the leader of the party to the circumstance, and he, turning about, surveyed the young mother with an attention he had not bestowed upon her while intent only on securing her son for the service of the Sultan.

"the mother may prove a prize of greater value than the boy. She is a perfect houri, and has eyes like those of the fair Ionian, whose death has rendered the Grand Vizier, my master, so disconsolate." "If now he should chance to take a fancy to this beautiful Moriet, this might prove a lucky adventure for us," said Murad.

Helen Soteris, who had now overtaken them, imagining, in the simplicity of her heart, that their halt proceeded from motives of compassion, renewed her entreaties for them to restore her child to her.

"It were pity, indeed, to separate ye," said the chief officer, laying hands upon the fair pleader; "and so, my princess, you shall go with us and accompany your son." "Go with you! ye infidel robbers, and leave my dear husband, my pretty baby and my sweet Eustachius! No, that I never will," cried Helen, indignantly.

On their arrival at Constantinople, the Grand Vizier was informed of the adventure by which his officers had become possessed of the beautiful Moriet, and immediately expressed a wish to see her; and, notwithstanding the grief in which she was plunged, she appeared so charming in his sight, that he declared his intention of making her his wife, and taking the little Alexander under his especial protection.

Far from being elated with a change of fortune which filled the hearts of all the ladies of the Vizier's harem with envy and despair, the simple Helen remained in the deepest affliction for the loss of the husband of her youth, the father of her children. But it was in vain that she petitioned to be restored to him—her inclinations were not considered of the slightest importance in a place where the Grand Vizier's will was law; and in spite of her extreme repugnance, a former marriage, and pre-engaged affections, she became the favorite wife and sovereign lady of the Grand Vizier's harem.

In how few words may the important drama of a life be related, if we pause not to dwell on its minor actions and the complicated chain of anticipations, disappointments, and regrets, with which it is checkered, shaded, or brightened!

The active, cheerful Moriet wife and mother, who was wont to rise with the early dawn and cross the dewy mead with naked feet to fetch clear water from the spring, and then returned homewards, singing, to milk the ewes and prepare the morning meal for her husband and children, who spun and carded the wool of which their simple garments were manufactured, and cultivated with the labor of their own hands the little garden on which part of their subsistence depended, now reclined on embroidered cushions in listless inactivity, loaded with the most costly jewels, and dressed in all the splendor of eastern magnificence, surrounded by slaves who watched her very looks, and were obedient to her slightest motions, while the all-powerful delegate of the lord of the East lived but on her smiles, and paid the most unbounded attention to her wishes.

and was considered as very likely to become the second person in the Turkish empire.

But at what a price were these lofty distinctions purchased. As a preliminary to his worldly advancement, the boy had, in common with all the tribute children, been bred a Mussulman. His mother had, it is true, instructed him in the Christian faith, and with great earnestness, during the period of his childhood, when he was much with her; but when he was enrolled in the body of the janissaries, and associated with none but those with whom Christians and Greeks were held in the most profound contempt, he soon ceased to be a Christian, and grew ashamed of having been born a Greek.

The death of the Grand Vizier rendered him the master of great wealth, for the old man bequeathed his vast possessions between his favorite wife and his adopted son. A new light appeared to have dawned upon Helen Soteris from that day. Her languor, her manly and indolence, were gone; her downcast eyes were raised from the ground, and were beaming with hope and animation.

The recollection of that brother and sister was still dear even to the blunted affections of Alexander Soteris. The events of that evening on which he was torn from the lovely companions of his early days, were of too striking a nature ever to be effaced from his mind. He could still picture to himself the cottage porch, with its embowering roses glowing in the rich sunset, and casting a brighter reflection on the face of his beautiful mother, as she sat beneath their shade, with her babe upon her knee—that fair girl, just old enough to know him, and to return his caresses, and essay to lip his name—the living, laughing plaything of Eustachius and himself.

It was to no avail that he exerted all his sophistry and all his influence over her mind, to endeavor to dissuade her from a scheme that filled his proud and selfish heart with unnatural regret. Helen Soteris, so mild and complying on every other subject, was firm and immovable in her determination upon this.

allow her to accompany him on his march to the Morea, whither he had been ordered to repair by the Sultan, in order to assist in reducing the patriotic bands of Greece.

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH CONNECTION AND FRENCH INVASION.

(From the New York Phoenix.)

T. F. Meagher delivered his great lecture on the above subject at Irving Hall, on the 20th of February. The following is only an incomplete outline of it; but, as far as it goes, it is correct.

When the cheering that greeted Mr. Meagher had closed, he said:—

A recurrence to old scenes and partialities, was one of the happiest recreations of their lives. Men sickened to death in exile with the thought they should never look upon their native hills and fields again. This was the story of the Foscari—one of the tenderest and grandest ever written—and the Sacred Volume contained no verses more sublime than those which pictured the sorrowfulness of the daughters of Jerusalem, weeping by the waters of Babylon, when they remembered Zion (applause). The vivid pencil, that left them, in an imperishable sketch, the career of Warren Hastings, impressed no incident or feature of that career more forcibly upon the mind, than the constancy with which the impeached magistrate of India reverted to the home of his ancestors (hear, hear). Years before he was born, this home—the beautiful old domain of Daylesford—had been sold. But in the very dawn of his boyhood, when he was not more than seven years old, Macaulay tells us, he vowed to recover it.

Never, in truth, since he first set foot on American soil, had he spoken of Ireland—her wrongs and rights—her claims to an insular sovereignty and her ability to maintain it—as his Irish pride, his affections, his memories, and the assurances of others less doubtful and bolder than himself, prompted him to speak (hear, hear).—Wherefore this silence? Was it that his heart had grown cold and hard in exile? Was it that his mind had been embittered by the capriciousness and calumnies with which some of his countrymen thought it decent to visit him, and that he had fore-sworn the cause which thus brought him nothing but vexation and dejection? Was it, as some of his generous critics alleged, that shaping his course by the prevailing taste and fashions of the day, he had come to the conclusion that it vulgarized an Irish gentleman to be identified with the revolutionary sentiment of his country, and that a reputation for good sense, perfect decorum, and high blood, was best secured by a graceful acknowledgment of the plundering propensities of England? (loud and continued cheering). Was it, in fine, that he had lost faith in the reiterated purpose of Ireland to govern, advance, enrich and exalt herself, and that, convinced of her inability to break the chain which bound her to England, he had numbered her amongst the dead nations of the earth, and, with a sorrowfulness and despair that had no voice, taken his leave of her in silence? (No, no, and loud cheering). Let those who questioned him look back to Ireland, survey her history for the last eleven years, and, in the vagueness and darkness of those years, affirm there was anything to justify from him the language of hopefulness—anything to inspire an exhortation to arms—anything to sanction an appeal to the generosity of the people—anything to quicken the Irish pulse and flush the Irish cheek with pride? (hear, hear). Mr. Meagher here took a rapid but striking retrospect of Irish politics since 1848, coming down to the Crimean war, which gave to Ireland, he said, a better chance than she ever had, since the days of the Volunteers, to right herself, and come to advantageous terms with the world (great cheering). But,

instead of doing so, they found the aldermen of half a dozen cities, from Ballyhack to Lough Neagh, down on their marrow-bones, in their red petticoats, begging for a brass gun or two, as Ireland's share of the spoils [loud laughter and cheers]. Then came the desperate revolt in India. Once more was Ireland the supreme mistress of her destinies [cheers]. But once again did it strangely happen that she thought fit to abdicate in favor of that power to which she owed vengeance instead of fealty, and the presence of which, upon her soil, had been to her the source of excessive misery at home, and great shame abroad [hear, hear]. These events occurring, how could he have spoken with pride and hopefulness of Ireland? Not able to speak of her with hopefulness and pride, he was unwilling to speak of her at all [hear, hear].—Hence his silence. Those who knew him intimately, knew that it was the result of a mournfulness which the events transpiring in Ireland, during the period to which he alluded, tended every day to deepen [hear, hear]. But now there was an awakening highness flashing across the Irish sky [enthusiastic cheering].—There was the return of the Brigade from Rome [tremendous cheering] headed by an O'Reilly, who was in every respect a worthy kinsman of Andrew, of Ballylough, whose splendid charge with his army of dragoons saved the wreck of the Austrian at Austerlitz—and who was well entitled, moreover, to wear the spurs of Myles the Slasher, (laughter and cheer).—who fell at the bridge of Fines, fighting against the Cromwellians, having, with his own hand, slain four and twenty of the foe [loud cheer]. As to the righteousness and glory of the cause in which they fought, there was, as the Irish know, a wide difference of opinion. Some said it was the noblest and holiest of causes. Others regarded it as the cause of the rank and file. Lord Brougham praised Gambetta to the skies. The Marquis of Normandy recognized in him the foremost champion of civilization and religion. Catholics, as well as Protestants, were divided on the question. Nevertheless, the Pope, as the beneficent old man stood there in his beleaguered palace, protesting against the invasion of his ancient and glorious domain, could not but be regarded with respect and sympathy [hear, hear, and loud cheering] and all the world must admit that, fighting for him and his principality, was, to say the least of it, as reputable a military service as that which Austria exacts from her soldiers in the occupation of Venetia, or that which the Hesse Guards of London compensate with satin saddle-bags, claret jugs of gold, and the pillow of an Empress torn from the royal sanctuaries of Peking [hear, hear, and loud cheering]. But the English press had denounced it as an infamous cause; and whilst the Orange press of Ireland had with a virulent alacrity taken up the cry against it, they had here the Paris press, though it condemned lager-beer and brass bands on Sundays as the vilest profanities, shrieking—"To hell with the Pope!" at a pitch which, had it been heard in Scotland in the time of Macbeth, would have scared the scraggy witches themselves [loud laughter and great cheering]. Not satisfied with this, however, the English press went further; and faithful to its malignant mission of detraction, wherever an honest manhood repudiated its teachings, a torrent of defamation was let loose upon the soldiers who had gone forth from the cities and fields of Ireland, from the ancestral mansion as well as from the poorest cabin, to vindicate on foreign battle-grounds the unmemorial fidelity of Ireland to the oracular authority of Rome [enthusiastic cheering]. Mr. Meagher recapitulated here the slanders of the London Times and other papers against the Irish Brigade, saying that, in the end, they had charged the soldiers of O'Reilly with cowardice and an ignominious capitulation [sensation].—"When they came," wrote the Times, "within reach of the soldiers of Gaidinn, they literally threw down their arms and begged for quarter." Those words flashed like lightning to the core of the Irish heart. They awoke a slumbering race—stung it to the quick—inflamed its jealousy, indignation, and resentment—and instead of a tranquillized, an obsequious and abject province, they now beheld the old nation on its feet once more, haughtily flinging back the aspersions cast upon her children, and to prevent the recurrence of such insults, as well as for still higher purposes, demanding a distinct and sovereign voice in the political controversies, the commerce, and great transactions of the day [loud and enthusiastic cheering]. The calumniated soldiers are everywhere received with enthusiasm and pride. The steamship which conveys them to Cork is hailed by a swarm of boats and yachts, dancing brightly on the waters of the noblest harbour in the world; and as they ascend the river of Gougane Barra, the bells of Shandon and Saint Finbar strike in and make glorious music with the cheers and thunders that announce the safe return of the gallant lads who, at Spoleto, were