

The obdurate figure, however, which he was now quite certain must be Bessy, from his being near enough to ascertain that it was certainly enclosed in a horseman's cloak, glided away, heedless of his entreaties; and the next instant he saw it slide through a gap, somewhat in advance of him, to the opposite side of the hedge.

Thinking he might gain something in the pursuit, by clambering over the hedge where he was without losing time to reach the gap, the persevering pursuer, with lengthened exertions and loss of breath, mounted, and sprang boldly forward on the other side. But old Dodsley has it in his "Precepts of Human Life," that a man who leaps over a fence in haste may fall into a pit on the other side. And even so was it with the ill-fated sergeant-major—ill-fated for that night at least.

To his utter discomfiture, he found himself, after his jump, sunk above his knees in a broad drain filled by recent rains with mud and muddy water, while, as a climax to his annoyance, a low laugh saluted his ear, from the spot where he could perceive the figure standing, as if enjoying his situation.

Uttering a shout of rage and vexation, he attempted to scramble from his uncomfortable berth; but the bank was too high and the moat too deep, and it was only by the assistance of the party, who had been drawn to the spot by his shout, that he was uplifted to the bank, amid their loud or repressed laughter, like some unworldly sea-moaster, that had been left in helpless plight by the retiring tide.

There were neither rapparees nor female now to be seen. Indeed, the sergeant confessed his opinion, that it was not his "hangel" he had been pursuing after all, but either her arch maiden, who had often played him a trick before, and whose voice he thought he had distinguished in the laugh, or some worse shape; and the dragoons were fain to give up the useless chase, a few of them returned to Ffoliot's Grove, and the remainder, after having obtained their cloaks at the cottage, proceeded under the guidance of their comrade (the former guide), to the place where their horses had been left, and thence to their quarters.

(To be continued.)

MASSACRES IN SYRIA.

On Sunday the 9th September, the following pastoral of the Archbishop of Dublin, in reference to the late brutal massacres of Christians in Syria, was read in all the churches in the diocese:—"Paul, by the Grace of God and the Apostolic See, Archbishop of Dublin, Primate of Ireland, and Delegate Apostolic, to the Catholic Clergy of the Diocese of Dublin.

"Very Rev. Brethren—The sad events, of which Syria has lately been the theatre, have undoubtedly attracted your attention, and excited your sympathy and sorrow. Nearly twenty thousand of our Christian brethren in that country have been barbarously massacred by the Mahomedans and Druses; several hundred villages have been sacked and burned; the country has been filled with the sighs and wailings of Christian widows and orphans, and about eighty thousand victims of Turkish cruelty have been left without food, without clothing, without any means of sustenance, and without a roof to shelter them from the inclemency of the weather.

states and of societies are ignored in the hope of inflaming a wound on the Apostolic See, or of depriving it of its temporal dominions; so necessary for the exercise of its spiritual authority. It is not with this view that revolutionary principles are proclaimed. By British statesmen and supported by British swords and British gold? Why are the wicked men, who have sold their country and betrayed their sovereigns now made the theme of universal praise? Is it not through hatred of Catholicity, and the hope that he will introduce Protestantism or infidelity into the regions of Italy, that Garibaldi is proclaimed a hero, and immense sums of money are collected to support him in his career of destruction and anarchy? The friends of such deeds of darkness pretend that they are animated by a love of liberty, and anxiety to promote the welfare and progress of mankind; but their real object is the subversion of the authority of the Pope, and the destruction of the Holy Catholic Church. But, reverend brethren, the persecutions which the Church has to undergo, the sufferings of the faithful, and the trials of the successors of St. Peter should not surprise us.

The Scripture teaches us that all who wish to live piously shall suffer persecution. And the Eternal Shepherd of our souls showed us by His sufferings and death what we are to expect from a wicked world, and be prepared His disciples for every affliction by telling them that he sent them as sheep among wolves, that they would be the object of hatred to corrupt men, and that the time would come when tyrants condemning them to death would imagine that they were rendering homage to God. But as the passion and death of our Redeemer teach us to expect sufferings in this world, so His glorious resurrection and His triumph over His enemies convince us that the cause of truth and justice will in the end prevail, and that the enemies of the Church shall be covered with confusion and disgrace.

The Church has been often assailed, but never vanquished; her children have been massacred and afflicted, but their blood has been the seed of new and more fervent Christians. It was so in the early ages of the Church: that this will be the result in the present times we must admit unless we deny the words of the eternal truth: 'Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church, and I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven.' The gates of hell shall not prevail against it. The holy see will come out of its present struggles more glorious and more powerful than ever it was before, and the Holy Catholic Church, strengthened by the prayers of so many martyrs whose blood will speak more loudly than that of Abel, and edified and encouraged by their noble example, will continue to send her missionaries to regions sitting in darkness and the shades of death, and to exercise her benevolent influence to the extremities of the earth.

Having hinted at the dangers of mixed education, or of separating instruction from the sanctifying influence of religion, you will allow me to call your attention to the case of one of the Turkish commanders, Talir-Pacha, who is mentioned in connexion with the Syrian massacres. If mere education could keep a man in the right course, this officer would not now hold his present unenviable position. It appears from a correspondent of Beyrout on the 12th August last, published in the Times, that he received all the advantages of an English education—having spent six years at his military studies in Woolwich, under the great masters provided by that place. Yet this enlightened and accomplished gentleman, notwithstanding his English education, is stated to have acted with surpassing barbarity, and to have been one of those most actively engaged in promoting the butchery of the Syrian Christians.

The Scripture says 'there is a wisdom that aboundeth in evil.' (Ecclesiast. xii. 15). May we not also say that there is an education that aboundeth in evil, and that the mixed instruction which emancipates itself from the guidance of religion, will most probably lead to the deepest abysses of moral degradation and corruption. When you, rev. brethren, shall have read from the pulpit the report of Fathers Palgrave and De Damas on the Syrian massacres, it will not be necessary to excite your flocks to sympathise with our distant brethren. We are all one kingdom, one fold, one body, all members one of another, all under one head Jesus Christ. If any of our brethren suffer we cannot but be afflicted with them. When we were suffering ourselves, some years ago, from the direful effects of famine, we were assisted by the charity and sympathy of other nations, and many precious lives were thus preserved. Let us now show that we understand the value of charity, and that we are ready to act towards others as we wished that they should act towards us.

Through the length and breadth of the Holy Land, which was watered by the sweat and blood of our Blessed Lord Himself, the words of the Mahomedan and of the heathen, his willing instrument, has raged unchecked, and thousands of Christian victims have sealed their faith with their blood. From the midst of these sorrows and destruction, which equal the most awful deeds recorded in history, whether sacred or profane, the Christians of the Holy Land, as in times of yore, turn their eyes and hopes for help to Christian Europe. We, who have been their pastors, have witnessed these deeds of blood, and who have spent the best years of our lives in teaching them the holy law which our Lord preached to the world in the very country in which they now dwell, having by the mercy of God escaped the massacre to which so many thousands have fallen victims, we come in the name of our flocks, now dispersed and ruined, to solicit your charitable assistance. As the advocates and members of a holy association, established some years ago under the special blessing of the Holy Father, for the relief of the Christians in the East, we feel ourselves called upon now to use every effort to come to their relief in their present dreadful calamities; and therefore we appeal to the charities of the Catholics of England and Ireland for the help of the suffering Christians of the Holy Land. We come to make known their anguish, privations, and wants, and to appeal to your charity in the name of Jesus Christ; and as His Holy Vicar on earth, Pius IX., has so strongly expressed his deep paternal sympathy with their sufferings, we venture confidently to solicit your lordships' support and assistance amongst the pious and charitable members of your flock.

Three months since, the Christians of the East formed a numerous and flourishing population; they counted in their ranks the various rites of Greeks, Armenians, Syrians, and more especially the Maronites, better known in the West than their brethren of the Oriental rites; their lives passed peacefully on under the direction of their patriarchs, their bishops, and their priests, in perfect union with each other, and due dependence on the Holy See. The Holy Father himself, Pius IX., had lately re-established amongst them the Latin patriarchs of Jerusalem, vacant for more than six centuries. European missionaries furnished these Christian communities with whatever means the zeal and liberality of the West could supply. Thus, among the six hundred thousand Christians who inhabited the eastern shore of the Mediterranean Sea, the good cause prospered, and everything seemed to announce yet better days for the ancient lands where the precious light of the Gospel rose as a day star in the East to enlighten the world.

But now these flourishing Churches, assailed by treachery and massacre, totter to their very foundations, and at the very moment that we write these lines, eighteen thousand Christians lie cruelly massacred, and seventy-five thousand wander in the barren mountains, nor have they where to lay their heads. Eight thousand widows weep over their husbands butchered, and ten thousand orphans are thrown destitute on the world. Twenty-eight schools, established by Catholic Europe for the promotion of religious education, have been destroyed; churches to the number of at least 560 have been razed to the ground; seventy convents plundered and burnt; three hundred and sixty Christian villages reduced to ashes.

Not is this all. The whole produce which the soil of Mount Lebanon affords, with its silks, its vines, its fruit trees, from the northern districts of the Maten to the southerly plains of Nazareth, with all the crops and gardens of the wide plains of Ormo Syria, all the anti-Lebanon ranges, supplies from Hama (the Emath of Scripture) to the limits of Kuria, all the harvest of Hama, the granary of the Holy Land; all this, which the flocks, cattle, herds, and beasts of burden which the ill-fated Christians possessed, in a word, all their means of existence, have been in a few days burned up, carried off, twenty thousand square miles, from Beyrout to St. John of Acre, from the sea coast to the Eastern desert. Over all this land nothing now remains but desolation and death. Once more, and fully as bitterly as of yore, is heard in Rama the voice of wailing, Rachel weeping for her children, and will not be comforted because they are not.

Such disasters, had they occurred among heathens or idolaters, would surely have been more than sufficient to move every heart, and to excite the charitable sympathy of the whole world. But what must be the feelings of Catholics in favorable Europe, when they learn that the only cause of the misery of their Eastern brethren was the profession of the Christian faith, and that their assassins only aim was to extinguish that faith in the blood of the countless martyrs.

Through the length and breadth of the Holy Land, which was watered by the sweat and blood of our Blessed Lord Himself, the words of the Mahomedan and of the heathen, his willing instrument, has raged unchecked, and thousands of Christian victims have sealed their faith with their blood. From the midst of these sorrows and destruction, which equal the most awful deeds recorded in history, whether sacred or profane, the Christians of the Holy Land, as in times of yore, turn their eyes and hopes for help to Christian Europe. We, who have been their pastors, have witnessed these deeds of blood, and who have spent the best years of our lives in teaching them the holy law which our Lord preached to the world in the very country in which they now dwell, having by the mercy of God escaped the massacre to which so many thousands have fallen victims, we come in the name of our flocks, now dispersed and ruined, to solicit your charitable assistance.

"At Beyrout a young Christian was condemned to death with all the forms of a mock legal trial; at the moment of execution he turned to the assembled crowd and said:—'I am but too happy to die in the cause of the Christian religion, and to shed my blood for Christ.'"

"A lady of high rank was seized by the Druses, they seated her on the ground, and butchered on her very knees her husband and her children one by one. She reached Beyrout, her garments still drenched with blood, yet she shed no tears, her look was fixed as of one stupified, yet no feeling of despair found access to her soul; resigned to the will of God, she only saw in those horrors the just punishment, as she thought of her sins, and when she came before the Catholic missionary, she said:—'I am doubtless a great sinner; surely it is my monstrous pride that has drawn down on me the loss of my family in one day.'"

"In the Jesuit's Church at Zahleh, when the town was taken, there were gathered together several hundreds of old men, women, and children, amongst them was the Father Superior of the convent, three lay brothers, twenty-one catechists, and fourteen nuns of the Sacred Heart. As soon as the Druses entered, they rushed like demons to the altar, and began to break in pieces the tabernacle with their hatchets. The nuns threw themselves in the way, seized their arms, and cried out, 'Strike us, but do not insult our blessed Lord. Meanwhile one of the lay brothers of the Jesuits, a native of Zahleh, exhorted those who were present to die as martyrs.—His venerable appearance led the Druses to think him a priest; one of them rushed upon him, drove his sword through his breast, then ran to seize the bell rope of the church, and rang the bell in triumph, crying out, 'Bear me witness all of you, mine is the honor to have killed the Christian priest.'"

"The whole were massacred, save a lad whom God miraculously preserved from death, that he might tell the tale. The day before he had said to the Superior—'Father, I will follow you wherever you go; if you escape, I will go with you; if you remain to die, I will die at your side.' When the Turks began to insult the Father Superior, he reproached them with their brutality; they answered him with a gunshot, fired so close that not only the ball passed right through his body but his clothes were set on fire, and his whole side scorched and burnt. As he fell bathed in blood, another assassin, to finish him, laid his shoulder open with a sabre cut, while another seized him by the hair, crying out, 'Take this and die in good earnest, thou Christian dog,' and gashed his forehead with his dagger. They then left him for dead among the corpses; but, after having long lain insensible, on the third day when consciousness returned he dragged himself to a neighboring village, where an old woman and a poor paralytic were the only survivors in the place. They gave him refuge and bound up his wounds. Some Christians coming up, laid him across a mule, and carried him by a mountain-road to Beyrout. During all this painful journey of two days, not a groan, not a word of complaint escaped his lips. Carried to the hospital to be tended by the Sisters of Charity, the stench that exhaled from his wounds, and the worms that swarmed in every gash, showed the necessity of the most vigorous measures to stop the progress of the gangrene already set in. While the surgeons employed the lancet and the burning irons a calm smile played on his features, and when at last after a month of suffering he began to recover, he begged as the only reward of all he had gone through, to be permitted to make the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and to live and die as a lay brother in the Society of Jesus.

"Such are the Christians of the Holy Land; such are the men, my Lords, in whose behalf we implore the charity of your dioceses. As for the eighteen thousand who have already sealed their faith with their blood, they have no need of our compassion, their lot is rather to be envied. But more unhappy is the fate of seventy-five thousand whom death has spared, and who are without home, without food, without clothes, and soon the chill of autumn and the inclemency of winter must aggravate their sufferings. Is it strange if they turn their eyes to Europe and rely on the charitable generosity of their Christian brethren."

"Some years since a society was founded to assist in the conversion of the East, and named the 'Association for the Oriental Schools,' because the principal means for effecting this conversion was by multiplying Christian schools throughout the Turkish Empire. In the present emergency, its members have raised a subscription in every direction on behalf of the Christians of the East, and a great number of cardinals, of archbishops, and of bishops, have offered large sums, the result of their charity and the contribution of their flocks. Already the society has done its utmost to meet the more urgent wants of the desolated East; but what can they do for the ten thousand orphans left by the late massacres, who require the means of permanent subsistence and education—for the countless refugees who have to rebuild and refurnish their villages now in ashes? and who stand in need of cattle to till the ground, of grain to sow, and of all the means of life and existence. My Lords, it is under these circumstances and for this end that we appeal to your charity."

"No Christian heart can be indifferent to such an appeal. If our charity should be universal in its extent—if the Christian, the Catholic, should be ready without distinction of race, of country, of birth, to say with St. Paul: 'Who is weak, and I am not weak?'—how much more should we feel the disasters of the Holy Land, the land watered with the blood of Christ and the tears of the apostles?"

"How holy to the heart of every Christian is the country whose desolation we now mourn?—how rich in hallowed remembrance! The country of the patriarchs of the people of God—the birth-place of the Church of Christ—Tyre, Sidon, Antioch, Damascus, Heliopolis, Bosra, Edessa, Mount Lebanon, the springs of the Jordan, are all names of Holy Writ; and Carmel, Nazareth, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Mount Thabor, Calvary, are names yet more dear to our Christian hearts."

"With every feeling of the deepest respect, permit me, my Lords, to sign ourselves your Lordships' truly devoted and humble servants, *FRANCOIS DE DAMAS, Member of the Committee. PATRICK WM. PALGRAVE, Syrian Missionary. Notes—Office of the Association of Oriental Schools, Rue du Regard, No. 12, Paris. President—Admiral Mathieu. Director—Mons. L'Abbe Lavigerie.*"

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

PRESENTATION OF THE MACMAHON SWORD OF HONOUR.

The deputation sent by Ireland to present the Sword of Honour to the renowned and far-famed Marshal MacMahon, have discharged their duty; and the hero of the Malakoff and the hard-fought field of Magenta is now in possession of his keen and trusty Irish weapon.

The idea of paying such a mark of esteem and love to the descendant of one of Ireland's regal sons, was a happy one; and to the credit of our country, it was carried out to the last with the most praiseworthy spirit. North and South, East and West, vied with each other in pouring contributions into the treasurer's hands, till the sum of £500 was there to purchase the Sword of Honour. And on last Sunday, at the Camp of Chalons, amidst a brilliant crowd of admiring generals and officers of gallant France, the offering was laid at the Marshal's feet.

If the great warrior was proud when the Emperor recognised his valor, and rewarded the evidence he gave of his military genius in the hour of danger and of trial; certain we are that he felt a greater thrill of joy on beholding his own nation preparing to honour his heroism. That nation had fought for her freedom for four hundred years.—She had triumphed when her sons united; and it was only when the foe divided her people and weakened her ranks that she was struck down.—But beaten or victorious, in glory or in chains, the prowess of her sons in the shock of battle was undisputed. It was not necessary to prove their courage standing on the soil of France. The glorious victory of Fontenoy, where they routed a Saxon king and his army, and stood as victors on the battle field attested their matchless bravery.

A Sword of honour coming from such a race must have been most welcome to the great General. And full of that idea, taking the weapon from the scabbard, he declared that 'he should one day leave to his eldest son, Patrick, that magnificent sword. It should be for the son, as it was for the father, a new pledge of those close ties which ought to unite him for ever to the noble country of his ancestors.' These are words which will be treasured up by the brave and honest men of Ireland. It is a source of joy to them that one of their race, one in whose veins the pure blood of Ireland flows, has won such distinction in France. They saw him with pride decorated with the highest military honours the Emperor—the Eldest Son of the Church—could bestow upon him; and they, a race of warriors, and the descendants of men who fought for centuries for 'happy homes and altars free,' have placed in his hand a weapon which he has proved himself able to wield in the field of battle.

All these considerations are calculated to ennoble still further the men of both nations, and cement their friendship. France must have looked on the presentation with pleasure, and felt a thrill of happiness on seeing a chivalrous country like Ireland, paying homage to her greatest general. And Ireland, too, feels her pulse quicken on viewing the scenes at Chalons. It tells her that, notwithstanding all she has suffered from a relentless foe, the memory of her gallant deeds is yet fresh in the mind of Europe; that her old spirit is still buoyant and vigorous; and that the day star of her freedom, bright, dazzling, and resplendent, is visible on the horizon, ready, when the moment arrives, to flash its light on a free and liberated nation.

We (*Dundalk Democrat*) take from the *Morning News* the following description of THE PRESENTATION BEFORE THE CAMP! On Sunday the Irish deputation arrived at the Camp of Chalons. They were received with honors. Marshal MacMahon was attended by a crowd of generals and officers, invited for the occasion.—The deputation presented the Sword to the Marshal accompanied by the following address:—

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE MARSHAL DUKE OF MAGENTA. EXCELLENCY—It is from that Isle, the native land of your ancestors—it is in the name of a nation which, through all the vicissitudes of its history, through good as through ill-fortune, has ever known how (even amid blood and tears) to recognise worth, and to show its sympathy for true valor—that we come to offer this tribute of affection to the genius and bravery of the gallant warrior who has once more identified the hereditary chivalry of Erin with the glory of Imperial France.