

KATHERINA:

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

BY M. W. KIRWAN,

Author of "La Compagnie Irlandaise."

CHAPTER V.

That God's most dreaded instrument In working out a pure intent In man—arrayed for mutual slaughter— Yes, carnage is his daughter.

WORDSWORTH.

It was a lovely moon-lit night when George Bellow commanded the outpost of the grand guard in front of the Maori position on the shores of Lake Taupo. Along the tops of the deep-set bush before him the moon beams play in easy gambols, while the entire forest is bathed in a flood of genial brightness. The star-spangled heavens add additional lustre to the brilliant canopy above, and a path of light traverses the surface of the water, and seems to penetrate to the dark unfathomed caves of the ocean. The firmament over head is indeed unknown to his senses, the sky is, perhaps, blacker than it is in his native Ireland, and impresses a feeling of boundless immensity on his mind. But the Belt of Orion is visible, and it connects the new heavens bending over him with the spotted vault beneath which he was born. It is still December, and a glimpse of a portion of the Greater Bear recalls the memory of home, while the position of the Southern Cross indicates, like a sun-dial in the heavens, that the midnight hour is passed. Beyond the open space in front of the position a belt of timber cuts the rolling plain in two, and looks to his experienced eye as a likely place to conceal a wary foe. The sentinels patrol their beats in quiet solitude, and George Bellow is making the midnight rounds. He is accompanied by the usual escort, and he cautiously approaches the outer posts of the guard to see that all is well. Along the margin of a quickset hedge, where the luxuriant flax plant dots the marshy ground below, where the tender shoots of the solitary palm have been appropriated by some epicurean New Zealander, the "rounds" march on, until at last the familiar "who goes there" of the last of the sentinels brings the group promptly to a halt. The brilliancy of the moonlit landscape, the English troops behind, the Maories, perhaps, in, front, the resolute, yet the quiet attitude of the sentinel, as he stands firmly at the "charge bayonets," and the easy position of the "rounds," as they halt for the usual formalities to be gone through, make up a scene singularly attractive. But it was only for a moment, and as George Bellow looked steadily away in the direction of where he thought the enemy lay, he heard something rustling along the hidden portion of the fence before him. In an instant the revolver that hung from his belt was drawn from its case, followed by his escort, he stealthily advanced towards the scrub whence the noise had proceeded. The moon's rays penetrated through the interwoven saplings, and still the noise continued, as if the origin of the cause proceeded from the very roots of the bush. Every crevice along the quickset ditch was carefully examined, and still the unaccountable noise continued to advance before the officer and his escort, while the soldiers became excited with the singular incident which still prompted them on. The outposts had all been passed, before they lay the suspicious belt of timber, while the patrol still cautiously followed the tearing through the scrub, until at last a ravine stopped their further progress and the mystery was still unsolved. The moon still threw her brilliant rays over the scene, and lit up every dark nook upon the open country around, and even penetrated through the dense foliage of the bush, and bathed the rank vegetation beneath with her softening brilliancy.

Where the fence merged into the bush beyond the ravine, deep crouched, under the dense fern trees, and the broad shadows of the Necow, well concealed under a canopy of leaves, a group of tattooed warriors were gazing with distended eyes at the English patrol beyond. There could not have been less than thirty rifles pointed towards George Bellow and his escort, and but for the well-directed prudence of the officer in seeking cover for his men among the list of casualties on the opening of the Waikato campaign, would have been the names of Lieutenant George Bellow and his patrol. The Maories were evidently somewhat disconcerted at precautionary measures of the English officer, and held hurried conversations as to how they could best circumvent their wary foe.

"Iwikaui," whispered a young man of faultless mould to an aged warrior at his side, "now is the time to see the young Pakeha, for whom you have the token from the fair girl at Auckland; it must be he who commands yonder soldiers, for our spies have told us that that same Pakeha officer would be an outpost duty for the English tonight."

"Heki," said Iwikaui, addressing his son, "this is a mission full of danger, and if I am suspected remember your father's blood will swell the gulf of your revenge upon the Pakeha."

"Fear not for the son of Iwikaui," replied Heki. "I have many reasons to prompt me on to vengeance. I am not likely to forget our Maori creed; the blood of the father shall be avenged by the son, and the son's son, for the seventh generation."

"Yes, yes, Heki, remember, this war must be prosecuted if we expect to hold even what is left of the land of our fathers. Remember this is not the everlasting abode of the spirit, but here I see the gloomiest prospects for the descendants of Maui. I had a vision not two moons ago, in which I saw my people drying up like a river where there is no rain, and the missionaries will soon toll their bell when there will be none to answer it," and Iwikaui looked vaguely into the open space beyond him, almost forgetting the exciting position in which he was placed. He appeared to think that his end was at hand, that his sands were run, and that the vision he had seen was the precursor of his death. Like Hinawata, he beheld in that vision—

All the secrets of the future, All the land was full of people, Restless, struggling, toiling, striving, In the woodlands rang the axes, Smoked their towns in all the valleys. Over all the lakes and rivers Rushed their great canoes of thunder.

Then a darker, drearier vision Passed before me, vague and cloudlike, I beheld our nations scattered All forgetful of my counsels, Weakened, warring with each other. Saw the remnants of our people Sweeping westward wild and woful Like the cloud rack of a tempest Like the withered leaves in autumn.

The head of Iwikaui sank upon his breast, he breathed as if, in anguish, and "not until the sharp crack of a rifle sounded upon the calm still air did he move from an attitude of deep melancholy thought. A Maori had fired the first gun of the campaign. The shot had cut through the shako of one of the patrol that accompanied George Bellow upon his rounds.

"Curse on the fool," hissed Heki, "we could have brought them quite within our grasp only for that silly shot. Now, son of Iwikaui, to avenge the blood of a generation of sires," and the fierce young man almost became imprudent in his desire to encounter the detached troops before him. Towards the edge of the timber, beneath which the Maories were concealed, the shrub became almost impenetrable, and the pliable supple-jack made a perfect network of elastic cane, through which the Maories writhed with snake-like movements. Every motion brought them nearer their enemy, between whom and themselves, however, there was a broad stretch of open fern land. They knew that whatever was to be done should be done quickly, for the English company already showed signs of activity. The posts were all alarmed, and along the line of advanced guard everything indicated a state of preparedness for which the Maories were quite ready. The almost inaudible "coo-ee, coo-ee," of the New Zealanders occasionally sounded upon the air, and kept up a well-sustained line of communication between the tattooed natives as they directed their movements towards the well-sheltered men in their direct front. Lieutenant Bellow had meantime carefully disposed his men so as to guard against surprise, and knowing that retreat along the sheltered side of the quickset bush was at all times secure, he held to his position with calm persistency. Supports had, indeed, come to his assistance, and he had ordered one of his own men to discharge his gun in order to show the troops that the first shot was not a mere accident. His position overlooked the ravine, and swept the open spaces that divided him from the foe. For either to cross the open ground would have been rashness, and as the Maories had now no hope of cutting off the retreat of the patrol, they set up a yell of defiance. Heki began a song heaping contempt upon the prowess of the English—

An attack! an attack! E ha! A battle! a battle! E ha! A fight on the shores of the lake. It is completely swept and emptied. O you would fight, you would fight. You had better stay at home in Europe. You have suffered a repulse on Lake Taupo. We have driven you back to your god. You must cast your religion on the ground. An attack! an attack! E ha! A battle! a battle! E ha!

Along the stretch of timber in front of the English position the wild chant was tauntingly sung, and gradually died away through the bush as the natives retired to their stronghold at Okaihu, where a formidable pah had been erected, and where the difficulties of the marshy country and impenetrable scrub rendered artillery useless. It was here Potatau had erected his standard, and had surrounded himself with the choice spirits of his people, and it was here Katherina was still under the bright heavens in front of her father's whare, thinking of her protector, George Bellow, who at that same moment was facing a hostile group of her father's people. The village was almost quiet, except here and there some one more anxious than the rest sat through the weary hours of the night regardless of repose. An occasional dog prowled about the place, or some stray animal rooted among the fences that surrounded the small clearings belonging to the proprietors of the respective whares. The moon had become overcast, and the clouds were scudding over the tops of the giant trees that skirted the Maori village. Katherina sat listlessly thinking of the past, of Auckland and its associations, of the sainted Father O'Reilly who had baptised her, and the hours had stolen on, one by one, until her weary eyelids closed in repose. The clouds deepened overhead, and the wind whistled through the branches of the tortora and kauri trees, and moaned a dirge over the faded leaves that were blown in scattered profusion from off their forest stem, still Katherina slept on. Her native hardihood had not been weakened by a residence among the Pakeha, no more than the free-born colour of her cheek had faded under the shelter of an European abode. Katherina was still Maori in physique, and all the native endurance of her race was developed in her beautifully moulded frame. But even she shuddered under the influence of the sudden and penetrating blast that chilled her person. One of these sudden and often severe squalls for which the climate of New Zealand is remarkable had agitated the atmosphere, and had changed the temperature from that of a summer's evening to that of a cold autumn night. But still Katherina slept on, and it was something more than the pressure of the summer gale that caused her to start in alarm from her posture and look wildly into the face of the youthful warrior who stood frowningly before her.

"Heki," said Katherina, drawing back in alarm from the tattooed countenance of the young New Zealander. "What does the son of Iwikaui want with the daughter of Potatau so long before the sun has risen to spread its all-repeating rays upon the land of Maui, 'or,' she added, looking in terrified alarm at the form and countenance of the young man before her, 'are you really Heki, or that spirit of his departed sire who comes with the moons to work some mischief upon his head?'"

"Katherina," replied the youth, "it is not my grandfather's spirit but it is I, Heki, the man whom you have refused for your lover, into whose whare you have refused to enter, and for whom you have refused to work baskets and mats."

"Then why abroad at this early time, when the moon indicates that the dawn is still far off, and the dark enveloping night covers the children of Tane Mahuta?"

"Whence I come is for warrior ears, not for yours," answered Heki; "the daughter of Potatau might, however, wish to know something of the Pakeha soldier of whom she dreams when sleep dwells upon her frame."

"Heki," answered Katherina, in an accent of alarm, while her shrinking form and wildly distended eyes showed how deeply interested she had become, as if the tattooed semi-savage before her had struck the key-note of her very being.

"Yes," continued Heki; "the gods inspire those who sleep soundly, and often have the spirits of Maui, Tangaroro, and Tane Mahuta spoken through the whispered slumbers of their sleeping people."

"You speak in wild riddles, Heki, riddles as unreadable as the incantations of your god of winds and storms, Tawhiri-ma-tea."

"Has Katherina returned to the faith of her fathers, or are her words as 'dangerous as the fearful goddess of death of our people, the terrible Hine Nui-te-poo,' asked Heki, peering into the face of Katherina with an expression akin to hatred impressed upon his swarthy lineaments.

"Katherina does not lie," said the proud girl, a feeling of indignation coursing through her veins, and a slight blush of shame mounting to her brows, and shedding the faintest of blushes through her deeply coloured face. She moved somewhat uneasily, and the Maori advanced towards her now slightly cowering form, and hissed into her ears:

"Katherina, the Atua of the Maori has deserted you, and the evil spirit of our race, the Whiro of the Maori has taken possession of the once fair form of the daughter of Potatau. Yes, Katherina, I speak truly, for the spirit of Uenuku, whose voice is the thunder, and who lives in the rainbow, has not left the son of Iwikaui. Not long ago I stood by your side while the shadow of our god of sleep had passed over your eyes, and when your spirit had left its frame and had wandered away over the fields and through the forests of our native bush. Your spirit could not lie, although your tongue has, when the spirit returned from its wanderings,

and you were once more the Pakeha. Katherina. You do not remember speaking of 'Auckland' a few short minutes ago, of a 'Pakeha officer,' and of a brave and handsome 'protector.' You spoke, too, of 'Church' and 'Missionary Fathers,' and even said your 'Faith, your Hope, and your Charity,' were with the Pakeha. This was the truthful reflex of your spirit as it wandered over the fair fields of Waikato, there was no lie in the words uttered by your second self as it left your body while your frame slumbered, but now you lie, Katherina, lie as darkly as ever did your false swearing missionaries when they came full of 'peace and good will,' and swallowed up our lands, and left the children of Maui wanderers over the fair country of their fathers' people. I tell you, daughter of the Maori King, that you are no true friend of our cause, and that the spirit of my grandfather came to you for some reason which I must interpret as a warning, and not as an evil for our race."

"Heki, the voice Tawhiri-ma-tea gives you my reply, you hear the winds are hushed, and they no longer move through the leafy covering of our forest, so I, Katherina, daughter of Potatau, refuse to answer so gross a charge, and shall hush my voice until the time shall come when, like the God of the winds, can prove my influence upon the enemies of my father's tribe," and Katherina closed the door of the whare, and left Heki in a world of doubt, to follow the footsteps of the group of men who with him had returned from reconnoitering the English position in front of Lake Taupo.

The moon gradually sank away towards the horizon, and the darkest hour quickly preceded the coming dawn. The air had become somewhat keener, although its gentle pressure scarcely rippled the surface of the placid waters of Lake Taupo. There is something immeasurably impressive in the solemn stillness of the hour, and the now dark bending vault above gives a funeral shadow to the murky landscape beneath. At last, the smallest tinge of the coming day dots the ink sky, like a thread of gold over a mourning veil, and soon a perfect cloud of daylight bursts out of the dense atmosphere, and sheds its brilliant and enervating influence upon the dew-covered earth. Again the clouds are tinged with colours of varied hues, blending into each other with a harmony that nature alone can accomplish. Turreted castles of fleecy clouds are quickly demolished by advancing hosts of beleaguering armies, while the fancy can see the combat between the hostile masses deepen into closer quarters, and then all vanishes, and in their stead an open expanse of ocean, dotted here and there with the snow-like sail of frigates running before the breeze, appeals to the strained senses of an imaginative looker-on. Beholding a gorgeous sunrise or sunset, man must, indeed, feel the greatness of nature and the littleness of art. The Alps are "grand," Niagara is "splendid," the Rhine and Killarney are "beautiful," the Vale of Avoca is "pretty," but sunset or sunrise is alone "magnificent." In warm latitudes the effect is singularly impressive. Even men who are by habit accustomed to see nature in her varied mood, stand in wondrous awe at the sublime spectacle of the sun sinking or rising through a tropical atmosphere. To see sunrise or sunset about the Line is worth a journey to the Antipodes alone. In New Zealand, indeed, it does not possess such charms; but even there it is always a gorgeous sight to see the blending colours, harmonising so beautifully in all the shaded splendour of the coming or the parting day. Even Katherina was affected that bright December morning, and as she stood thinking of the events of the last few hours, thinking of Heki, of George Bellow, and of the coming war, she could scarcely help contrasting the changing hues of the brilliant coloured clouds to the varied incidents of her somewhat eventful life. How was it all to end, she asked herself over and over again, as she dwelt in anxious forebodings upon the circumstances of the last few days. Her people at war with the Pakeha, her father's life hanging in the balance, her unspoken but unrequited love praying like a canker-worm upon her sensitive nature, and the painful importunities of Heki—a man whom she had learned to seriously dislike—all weighed upon her mind, and covered the once bright intellect with the shadows of dark funeral clouds, and which Katherina in her simplicity interpreted as the coming events of her career. But Katherina was a woman of action as well as a child of sentiment; indeed the two qualities blended with the happiest results, and left her a creature of nature, toned with the experience of semi-savage and civilised life. She appeared to have absorbed all that was good in European thought, and to have rejected all that was bad. Unlike the vast majority of semi-savage people, Katherina had taken only the gems of civilised customs, into her keeping, and had, too, at an early stage of her intercourse with the Pakeha found out the dross from the real gold of the every-day life of the colonists. Thanks to the tuition of some missionaries, Katherina had been well instructed in the dangers that surround the entry of rude people like her own into the harbour of civilised life. As she looked at the gathering warriors of her father's people assembling around the chiefs of the nation at sunrise that morning she knew that more than one anxious eye was cast upon the whare of Potatau, and that, too, in no pleasant nor friendly glance. The women were preparing the morning meal, while the slaves were polishing the accoutrements of the Maori chiefs. Universal activity was everywhere to be seen in and around the group of huts, as through the interwoven branches of the forest the familiar "coo-ee," "coo-ee," proclaimed that all was well in front of the native posts. Already the people began to move towards the pah with their goods and chattels, and it appeared as if everything but the huts themselves were about to be transported within the stockade. In front of the English position the ground became more difficult every inch of the way the bush became almost impenetrable in density, while the troops had to adopt a method of irregular warfare to which they were unaccustomed. Every step was a false one, and amidst the tangled vines of the New Zealand forest the English troop stumbled at every stride. There was, too, that lurking fear of a hidden foe, which is so demoralizing to the soldier on active service. The troops were, however, early on foot, and pushed on through the intricate timber with as much speed as prudence would allow. The outposts had pushed on, and Lieutenant Bellow was still in the advance, feeling his way through the dangerous bush with all the keen experience of a man who was by intuition a soldier. As the troops halted upon the margin of a ravine, where the bubbling waters beneath course on to the outlet that opens into Lake Taupo an orderly arrives from the colonel commanding with orders to Lieutenant Bellow to fall back under cover of an adjoining wood that skirted the ravine and commanded all its approaches.

Away upon the furthest end of the bush a solitary Maori was hid in the deepest gloom that the surrounding timber could afford to his swarthy form, and the wild and passionate expression that passed over his countenance told of the deep anxiety that filled his untutored mind. His face was deeply tattooed, and the curvatures that were traced over his countenance indicated that he was a man of rank amongst his native race. He had neither rifle nor tomahawk, and a simple sheath knife, so indispensable in the bush, was the only weapon he wore. Detection was hardly possible, for his place of concealment was not an objective point to gain, for it could neither flank nor trouble the English position, and the Maori observed all that passed in security. His eyes appeared to follow every movement of George Bellow, and when at last the officer fell back he drew a deep sigh of relief, and audibly said—"Now is my time."

"Coo-ee—coo-ee" came in gentle yet firm accents from his tattooed lips. In an instant the soldiers were under cover, not a shako was to be seen through the matted saplings, while every rifle was at full cock, and every finger was playing around the trigger guards.

"Coo-ee, coo-ee," again came from the concealed Maori, who appeared desirous of drawing the attention of the British troops upon his place of concealment, as the reverberation of "coo-ee, coo-ee," sounded again through the forest and caused that anxious thrill to course through the veins of men who believed they stood in danger.

(To be continued in our next.)

forms the full ceremonial. He blessed the tumbling. The Benedictus was most feelingly sung by the pilgrim choir.

The woman who took care of him with filial tenderness ere he died, began to cry. A splash and all is over. The procession of priests reciting the De profundis, return to midships. The flag is hoisted to the peak. Fresh to moderate and cloudy. 17th.—Fair progress. Light to moderate breeze and fine; greater part calm. 18th.—The ship "In Irons." The broken fan counteracts the rudder when calm prevails, and the prow drifted round by degrees to westward. The captain lowered the boat No. 5 plinnace on starboard side, to give some passengers a sail. The priests Fathers Tasse, Dowling and Sheehy and some pilgrims got down the ladder by the side, after some difficulty got off. We sailed a circle round the ship, radius one mile. We faced the sun as he went down, and thought of New York. Our ship drifted considerably to the east by a lateral motion, which kept us actually towards Eastnet.

At two o'clock a. m. 19th she turns. South-east light air bears her along at 2½ knots an hour. At half past eight a bark passes us. Full sail, fair breeze. Cheering.

The following is the abstract of the log of the City of Brussels, Frederick Watkins Commander: (The nautical day commences at twelve o'clock and ends at twelve next day.)

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Tuesday, May 1st—19 m; Wednesday 2nd—71 m; Thursday 3rd—73 m; Friday 4th—105 m; Saturday 5th—28 m; Sunday 6th—155 m; Monday 7th—183 m; Tuesday 8th—33 m; Wednesday 9th—101 m; Thursday 10th—49 m; Friday 11th—20 m; Saturday 12th—89 m; Sunday 13th—60 m; Monday 14th—114 m; Tuesday 15th—179 m; Wednesday 16th—174 m; Thursday 17th—110 m; Friday 18th—61 m; Saturday 19th—22 m; (These figures speak for all the distance travelled on or off her course by the ship) Sunday—22 m; Monday—27 miles.

THE CANADIAN PILGRIMS.

The French Canadian pilgrims were admitted to special audience on the 11th of May, in company with those of the Diocese of Rodez. The latter were among the French pilgrims who had been received on the 6th. Mgr. Racine, Bishop of Sherbrooke, read an affecting address which shows how lively is the faith of those who inhabit the banks of the St. Lawrence. He then banded over to the Sovereign Pontiff the Peter's Pence of the ecclesiastical Province of Quebec, which amounted to \$17,000. Other particular offerings were equally presented, among which were particularly noticeable a sum of \$250 from Mr. Poulcot, M. P., a chalice of enamelled gold from the Canadian contingent of the Pontifical Zoaves, vermilion crucets from M. Globensky Esq., of Saint Eustache, and the sum of \$150 from the Catholic Union of Montreal. The poor also sent their contributions. A Mr. Fournier, who is in the service of Mgr. Racine, sent \$8, and a poor man from Rimonski gave \$4. The Abbe Bosquet read the address from the Rodez pilgrims. The Holy Father replied to both addresses by a beautiful improvisation in French. He told them with considerable emotion, how much he was consoled in his captivity by this great pilgrimage movement. He praised in particular the zeal of the Canadians who went across the ocean to strengthen their faith. Those who had a shorter journey to make, said the Holy Father alluding to the Rodez pilgrims, profess as lively a faith and equal devotedness, and that was the reason why he was so much consoled. He then recommended them to pray constantly and confidently. He here made several allusions to Scripture, to show the power of prayer which, in a certain sense, puts the omnipotence of God at the disposal of the Christian. Referring to the conversion of sinners as one of the principal objects, the Pope enumerated the evils which are now tormenting society. He called these evils /evers, nor could he better characterize the absolute folly of the evil passions. Returning then to the efficacy of prayer he said that it appears very difficult, for example, to convert such and such a minister who now presides over public affairs. This, he added, would be a great miracle, and yet we must despair of nothing when we are armed with prayer.

9th.—Gale; not very favorable, South-east; not far out of our course. Confessions at intervals from 1 p. m. to 10.

Ascension Day.—Calm and beautiful. The pilgrims are dressed in their best; community mass at 7 o'clock; every pilgrim communicates; the priests who did not say mass communicate in cassock and white stole. The ladies take one side of the saloon; deities through the centre of the saloon to the altar and receive, two by two. Light to moderate variable winds and ten hours calm.

Friday.—Becalmed and monotonous; many ladies cry. No wind; lying in the trough of the sea. Light variable winds and fifteen hours calm. At 6 p. m., a nice west breeze springs up; concert; violin, piano, accordion and vocal accompaniment; sweet music, "Haste to the Wedding," "Marsellaise," "Erin go Bragh," "Auld Lang Syne" and the Welsh national air, "March of the Men of Harlech." Many say our friends at home do not know what happy folks they fret about. All religious exercises as usual, and punctually attended.

Saturday.—Light to fresh breeze and cloudy, 3.25 p. m., a full-rigged ship is a mile away, bearing down on our port quarter. Signalled to come close; she near us. Her white sails look handsome; she signals her name by the flag—"Glenfiart." The captain looks in the "International Commercial Code of signals." He finds she is from Glasgow to Montreal, 1,530 tons burden. In the last 24 hours we have thrown 110 tons of meat overboard consigned for the English market. It is worth in Liverpool \$40,000. Changing cargo from forward to aft to trim the keel, till eighty tons of cargo replaces the tainted meat. The ship will not answer her helm; we are going out of our course.

Sunday, May 13th.—Equable with a high northerly swell. Masses as usual. Sailors at work, except during the Anglican service. Ship steadier. Terrible rolling all night. Even the timid praying for a storm. Nothing frightful now, but calm. Monday morning in our course. All well. Helms answering. Quick sailing. Direct western breeze. Enthusiasm.

2.10 p. m. Lat. 48 deg., 52 min., N. Long 32 deg., 17 min., W. 880 miles from Fastnet Lighthouse. Meet the steamer Celtic of the White Star Line. We go eight knots an hour. Gentle breeze directly west. Celtic no sails set. Wind ahead. Four masts. Four hundred yards to leeward. We put up three small flags, B. Q. C., of Commercial Code. Meaning, Please report us. All well.

They hoist the answering pennant, dip their ensign, waving adieu and hurrahing we part; 6 p. m., great rain; westerly wind, a half gale it seems; we run faster; good cheer. We hope to see the South coast of Ireland in six days.

We had a regular wind all night; nobody slept; we ran before the wind on our course ten knots an hour; many were afraid. Most of us felt glorious.

This morning mass was said under difficulties by Father Dowling; the wind continued; occasional squalls. Passed a steamer at 9 a. m.; she did not seem to see us till half-past; she turns and pursues us. We ask him to report us well. Still he pursues and we fly. We would not lose a moment for any one; we all think the captain of the coming ship must be a good natured man; 750 miles from New York. He bears down on our starboard quarter. She has two masts and red funnel, and belongs to the Keystone Company of Philadelphia. We are delighted with her kindness. At ten minutes to 11 she bade us adieu. Terrible stroke of a wave. The steamer shivers, the broken screw quivers; a little fight all around. Afternoon moderate; strong breeze with a high following sea; gale squalls.

A DEATH AT SEA.

A death in the steerage. John Fay fortified by the Catholic sacraments, and anxiously and patiently awaiting for the fulfilment of God's will, departed at 2 o'clock, Father Crombleholme present. The deceased was 76 years of age.

Wednesday, 16.—Steady progress; funeral at 10 o'clock a. m. The ensign flag hangs at half mast from the mizzen peak. The bell tolls mournfully. The main gangway of the forward portside is opened, and the coffin covered with a large union (British) flag is laid on a plank to which a rope is attached. All the priests are present and also all the officers with heads uncovered, and all the passengers. Father Crombleholme, in sniplice and stole per-

forms the full ceremonial. He blessed the tumbling. The Benedictus was most feelingly sung by the pilgrim choir.

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Tuesday, May 1st—19 m; Wednesday 2nd—71 m; Thursday 3rd—73 m; Friday 4th—105 m; Saturday 5th—28 m; Sunday 6th—155 m; Monday 7th—183 m; Tuesday 8th—33 m; Wednesday 9th—101 m; Thursday 10th—49 m; Friday 11th—20 m; Saturday 12th—89 m; Sunday 13th—60 m; Monday 14th—114 m; Tuesday 15th—179 m; Wednesday 16th—174 m; Thursday 17th—110 m; Friday 18th—61 m; Saturday 19th—22 m; (These figures speak for all the distance travelled on or off her course by the ship) Sunday—22 m; Monday—27 miles.

THE CANADIAN PILGRIMS.

The French Canadian pilgrims were admitted to special audience on the 11th of May, in company with those of the Diocese of Rodez. The latter were among the French pilgrims who had been received on the 6th. Mgr. Racine, Bishop of Sherbrooke, read an affecting address which shows how lively is the faith of those who inhabit the banks of the St. Lawrence. He then banded over to the Sovereign Pontiff the Peter's Pence of the ecclesiastical Province of Quebec, which amounted to \$17,000. Other particular offerings were equally presented, among which were particularly noticeable a sum of \$250 from Mr. Poulcot, M. P., a chalice of enamelled gold from the Canadian contingent of the Pontifical Zoaves, vermilion crucets from M. Globensky Esq., of Saint Eustache, and the sum of \$150 from the Catholic Union of Montreal. The poor also sent their contributions. A Mr. Fournier, who is in the service of Mgr. Racine, sent \$8, and a poor man from Rimonski gave \$4. The Abbe Bosquet read the address from the Rodez pilgrims. The Holy Father replied to both addresses by a beautiful improvisation in French. He told them with considerable emotion, how much he was consoled in his captivity by this great pilgrimage movement. He praised in particular the zeal of the Canadians who went across the ocean to strengthen their faith. Those who had a shorter journey to make, said the Holy Father alluding to the Rodez pilgrims, profess as lively a faith and equal devotedness, and that was the reason why he was so much consoled. He then recommended them to pray constantly and confidently. He here made several allusions to Scripture, to show the power of prayer which, in a certain sense, puts the omnipotence of God at the disposal of the Christian. Referring to the conversion of sinners as one of the principal objects, the Pope enumerated the evils which are now tormenting society. He called these evils /evers, nor could he better characterize the absolute folly of the evil passions. Returning then to the efficacy of prayer he said that it appears very difficult, for example, to convert such and such a minister who now presides over public affairs. This, he added, would be a great miracle, and yet we must despair of nothing when we are armed with prayer.

THE POISONING OF THE ARCH-BISHOP OF QUITO.

Full details have at length reached us of the appalling crime committed in the Cathedral of Quito on Good Friday. When the Archbishop had almost completed the sacred ceremonies, he felt himself attacked by a very acute pain which he attributed to the wine served to him at the mass. He at once made haste to reach his residence. Two physicians were sent for immediately who arrived only in time to see him dead, and dead evidently from the effects of poisoning. The crime was committed in the church. The assassin, or assassins, had poured strychnine into the chalice containing the wine, at the time when the Archbishop and his clergy were engaged in the adoration of the cross. The cathedral was immediately closed and, as is stated, remains closed since. The funeral services were held in the Jesuits' church amid the deepest emotion of an enormous multitude of the faithful. From the feeling which pervades all the people it would not be unnatural to expect a fresh revolution and a religious war similar to that which has so lately desolated the United States of Columbia, and most probably with an entirely different result. Everyone knows who were responsible for that national crime, and it is much easier fixing the responsibility of what may occur now in a State which was once peaceful and prosperous under a purely Catholic Government; and that the government of Garcia Moreno, the Christian hero who was basely assassinated in this same city of Quito on the 6th of August 1875. This is the mere statement of the event as it happened and the effect which it has produced on the minds of the people. How it was brought about, and who perpetrated it or urged its perpetration, are the next questions to be investigated and answered.

Mgr. Jose Ignacio Checa, as the martyred prelate was called, had, a short time previously, protested in a pastoral letter against a circular, dated March 12, addressed by the Minister of the Interior to the governors of the various departments. The real criminal has been discovered there in hardly any room to doubt. He is an officer in Veintimilla's army, and for the dastardly act which he has committed he received no less than \$6,000 from some of the highest personages in the State. This discovery puts an end to the calumnious insinuations of the President himself and his subordinates.

THERE'S MILLIONS IN IT.

The Paris Patrie gives some particulars about the "treasures of Islam." It says that all the pilgrims who visit Mecca cast an offering into the three sepulchres for the defence of Islam. The writer calculates that not less than \$3,000,000 a year are thus contributed and adds that from one of the sepulchres, which was opened in 1829 immense sums were drawn. Another sepulchre was opened during the Crimean war and now the Sheikh-ul-Islam has gone to Mecca to draw funds from the third, which has not been opened since 1415. Taking the three sepulchres together, it is computed that they must contain about \$120,000,000.