

a matter of course, when Rosalia rushed with out-
stretched arms and piercing cries of terror, between
him and the uplifted weapons.
"Don't kill him! don't kill the scoundrel!" cried
Le Jay, rising from the earth, re-adjusting his dis-
ordered apparel, and wiping the dust from it with
much haste. "don't kill him! only bring him along—
I shall find a question or two to put to
him when he arrives at headquarters."
"Will you kill Jacopo?" his voice caught
him, "don't kill Jacopo!" he did not enter the
Miles's eye, but merely passed on his way.
"What did he do, did he refuse me justice?"
"Heaven forbid," said the arms of the Confederates
upon his part.
"Hear the traitor!" cried Le Jay; "drag him
along, soldiers."
They resumed their journey to the camp. On
reaching it, Jacopo was committed to the guard-
room, while Le Jay conducted Rosalia to his own
quarters until he should have an opportunity
of making his master aware of her arrival.

CHAPTER V.
When Le Jay entered his master's tent, he found
the latter engaged at chess with a brother officer.
The appearance of the ecyer was enough to put an
end to any interest which the Chevalier had hitherto
taken in the game. Accordingly, he suffered him-
self to be checked as speedily as he decently
could, and allowed his visitor to depart without
making any effort to detain him.
"Well, Le Jay, what news?"
"She is in the camp, my lord."
"Indeed, and where?"
"I thought it prudent, my lord, that she should
remain at my own quarters until I had apprized
you of her arrival."
"It was well done. Hasten now and devise some
means of bringing her here with as little notice as
possible."
"It is not necessary to say what thoughts divided
the mind of the Chevalier, as he paced to and fro
his tent awaiting the return of Le Jay. In some
time after the latter arrived, accompanied by Rosalia,
wrapped in a military cloak. When Le Jay
had retired, the Chevalier approached Rosalia, and
took her hand with a familiar boldness, which be-
came him far less than the air of noble descen-
dancy which she had remarked on his first enter-
ing her mother's cottage. On removing the hood from
her countenance, the Chevalier seemed perplexed
to find her bathed in tears. He was embarrassed
by her grief and her silence, and seemed for some
time at a loss how to interpret it.
"What is the matter?" he asked at length, in an
encouraging tone, "what is it that troubles you?"
"Ah, signor," said Rosalia, "is it possible? I
could not have believed it. Is it you, indeed, who
sent for me?"
"Why do you ask, Rosalia? Do you repent of
having come already?"
"Oh, sir," she exclaimed, clasping her hands and
kneeling before him with a convincing earnestness
of manner, "not all that this world could bestow
would bring me here with my own will! But ever
since your servant delivered your first message, my
mother's heart was changed. I have not known a
moment's peace since then. She has been urging
me in the cruellest manner to do what my heart
abhors—and at last enjoined me to come hither on
pain of becoming an outcast for ever from her
presence. I came then, signor, confiding in your
mercy, in the character which you bear in all coun-
tries, to beg of you to have pity on yourself and me,
and to desist from a pursuit that is bringing misery
on a poor being that never injured you."
The Chevalier had entered her to kneel until this
moment, surprised and touched by what she said.
He now raised her gently from the attitude of
supplication, and said in a kind voice:
"And you tell me then, Rosalia, that it was your
mother forced you to come hither?"
"Indeed, signor, it was."
"What was her reason now, for urging you so
strongly against your will?"
"Alas, signor," replied Rosalia with a fresh burst
of tears, "I know not, unless it was our extreme
poverty that must have drove her beside herself."
"And you are so poor then," said the Knight;
"tell me all—conceal nothing of your circumstances
from me."
In compliance with this desire, Rosalia related all
—the projected marriage—the poverty and distraction
of her mother—the encounter on the road with
Jacopo—all that was natural, with a simplicity and
innocence of manner, that carried conviction with
every sentence—
"—And I pray you, signor," she added, "not to
let this Jacopo suffer for what was solely occasioned
by his love for me. I am sure he had not the least
intention of injuring any one until his passions were
rouged by seeing me, as he thought in man-
ifest danger. He was indiscreet, but he never yet
was malicious."
"And you like this Jacopo, Rosalia?" asked the
Knight.
"I—I—we were betrothed, my lord."
"Where is he now?"
"I believe they keep him a prisoner in the guard-
room. I am very sorry, signor, that he affronted
your servant."
The Chevalier remained for some moments silent,
and then advancing to where Rosalia stood, he took
her hand and addressed her with as much delicacy
as he had been accosting one of the high born
ladies of his sovereign's court:
"Fear nothing, Rosalia," he said, "you shall
have no cause to repent your confidence. What-
ever sentiments I may have entertained towards
you heretofore, I am not ashamed to acknowledge
those which I feel at present. Your grace and your
beauty attracted my admiration, and I believed I
loved you, but I can judge by my present feelings how
far I was from thinking of you as highly as you de-
serve. You have had proof sufficient of my weak-
ness and my wickedness, but I am not wicked
enough to rob you of a virtue which is so dear to
you."
Rosalia was about to sink at his feet, but the
Chevalier prevented her.
"May your last end be happy, signor," she said
with tears, "I can wish you no greater blessing."
(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

which Macaulay sketches the life of this Pontiff, and
we deeply regret to say that it is to the pen of such
a man as Lord Acton, a man whose genius, capaci-
ties and research admit of no kind of doubt, that
we have to attribute the resurrection of one of the
disgraceful scandals with which, in the tremendous
conflict of the militant sixteenth century, certain
unscrupulous men sought to blacken the name of
St. Pius. St. Pius, says the Protestant Macaulay,
was a man who "edited his flock by his numerous
instances of humility, charity, and forgiveness of
injuries." St. Pius, says the Catholic peer, was a man
who did not hesitate to wield the dagger of vicarious
assassins, and who notoriously commissioned men
to murder Queen Elizabeth. Such a charge as this
made by a person of such eminence, is receiving at
all hands, a most careful scrutiny, and is withering
rapidly out of existence, in the fire of honest criti-
cism. Two notable stories there are which seek to
connect the name of the exalted Pius with a design
on the life of the English Queen. One of them is
that of the wretched Henry Parry, a gentleman of
Welsh extraction, and born a Protestant, who died
on the scaffold for an alleged plot against the life of
Elizabeth. "This unhappy man was one of those
creatures, begotten of the miserable distractions of
the sixteenth century, who openly pursued the de-
grading profession of a spy. He travelled abroad
and at home to obtain the secrets of the Catholics,
and he was one of the principal creatures of Burleigh."
This sixteenth century Jonathan Wild shared the
fate of that famous thief-catcher. He sought to in-
veigle Nevill to his ruin by proposing to him a plot
for the murder of Elizabeth. Parry stated to Nevill
that some time since he had been to Rome, and
that while in the Eternal City Cardinal Como had
written to him, urging him in the name of the Pope
to slay the heretical Queen of England. Parry had
mistaken his man. Nevill was himself a spy, and
he hastened with his story to the closet of Burleigh.
The Queen and her Ministers were alarmed. Parry
was seized and executed, and all England rang with
the conspiracy of the Pope against the life of the
Queen. The impartial and judicial pen of Lingard
has ever dissipated this vile and baseless calumny.
That greatest of modern historians has shown, first,
that the character of Parry was such as to make his
testimony worthless; second, that on the scaffold
he declared that the charge against the Pontiff was
a false one; and lastly, that the letter of Cardinal
Como, which Parry declared contained a Papal au-
thorization for him to slay Elizabeth, did not in fact
contain the most remote mention, reference, or hint
of such a crime. Such is one of the two stories on
which it is sought to attach on odious charge to the
memory of the great St. Pius. The other, and the
one on which Lord Acton insists, is that the saint
commissioned one Ridolfi, a Florentine, to murder
the Queen. Ridolfi, according to Lord Acton, hav-
ing first been the spy of the Pope in England went
to Rome to explain the matter to the Pope, and to
seek his aid. "Pius earnestly recommended the
matter to the King of Spain, assuring him that it
was most important for religion." At Madrid Ridolfi
produced credentials which left no room for
doubt that he spoke the real mind of the Pope."
When Ridolfi expressed his mission it became
apparent that it resolved itself into little more than
a plot for murdering Elizabeth. Thus Ridolfi's story
is examined with great care in the last number of
the Tablet, and is simply torn to shreds. It is shown
that Ridolfi was a liar of the first water, forged a
letter of the Duke of Norfolk, pretended to the Pope
that that nobleman was a Catholic, and committed
countless other villainies; that there is not one
shadow or tittle of proof that Ridolfi ever uttered a
syllable about the assassination of the Queen to the
Pope. Finally, that the plot with which Ridolfi
was mixed up, and about which he may have been
the Pope, was a plot, not for the murder of Elizabeth
but for the liberation of Mary Queen of Scots, the
liberation of the Catholics from a cruel persecution,
and the dethronement of Elizabeth (not the death,
be it remembered), justly regarded by all Europe as
a usurper. The charges against the great St. Pius
are, in a word, exploded calumnies, which it ill-
behooves Lord Acton to seek to warm into life.—Dublin
Freeman's Journal.

OLD BUT EVER YOUNG.

As to the time of her institution the Church is old.
The most ancient of existing kingdoms, dynasties
and human societies are but as yesterday, when
compared with her. But venerable as is the Church,
on account of her antiquity, her venerability is met
that of a ruin nor of an institution which has lost
its pristine vigor and energy, and outlived its use-
fulness.

Until recently it was fashionable among Protestants
to represent the Church as an organization which
embodied and exhibited the life of Christian-
ity until some indefinite and indeterminate date in
the fourth or fifth centuries, but that then it became
corrupt and not only lost its power to benefit men,
but was actually a barrier, for a thousand years, to
any onward movement of humanity. At the door
of the Church were laid, preposterous as was the
charge, the destruction of ancient civilization, the
ignorance of the barbarous peoples who overran
southern and western Europe, and subdued its in-
habitants, and all the disorders of the Middle Ages.
It was attempted to account for the existence of
Christianity by the allegation that it lived not in-
side, but outside of the Church, that it took refuge
among heretical sects, which held and propagated
doctrines, that from a religious and moral point of
view were abominable and which with regard to
social and political order were equally detestable.
In these sects, having no unity among themselves
and no historical connection, it was represented that
Christianity took refuge; and, in denial of our
Saviour's words that his Apostles should always be
the light of the world, concealed itself, and dragged out
a feeble, precarious existence until Luther's time.
But truth, however it may, for a time, be thrust
into the back-ground and hidden from sight by
falsehood, will assert itself and come forth again to
view. And the labors of non-Catholic, as well as
Catholic historians, have utterly exploded the fal-
shood to which we have referred. They have con-
clusively shown that those sects were always teachers
not of Christian truth, but of error, that their prin-
ciples were as destructive of social order and of good
government as they were in religion pernicious,
and that, whatever both of the civilization and
Christian truth existed in the world during the long
period between the fourth and the sixteenth cen-
turies, is due entirely to the Catholic Church; that
it was the Church that taught the nations not only
Christianity but also the industrial arts, science, and
philosophy; in a word, that the Church was the
bearer of the world's civilization in the sphere of
nature as well as the depository of the supernatural
powers given to it by our Divine Lord for the sal-
vation of mankind.

Protestants themselves are coming to admit this.
Many of them, overpowered by the concurrent
weight of historical facts, brought to light by recent
historical investigations, after having, for genera-
tions been buried out of sight by falsehoods in-
vented by the enemies of the Church, admit it now.
These latter, secretly, that the denial of the truth
in regard to the religion, which the Catholic Church
of the Middle Ages, sustained both to civilization
and to religion, was greater than the most bigoted
Protestants would admit. It proclaims our
Saviour's declarations, and His promises to
have failed in their fulfilment.
These Protestants, consequently, and they com-
prise the most learned and intelligent portion of
Protestants, who recognize the Church of the Middle
Ages as the bearer of the world's civilization, and
as the depository of the supernatural powers, are
the preservation of all that is valuable in
ancient literature and art, that to her is due the

education of all the peoples of Europe, the subdu-
ing of their ferocity, their conversion from barbarism
and heathenism; the termination of international
and social chaos, the breaking of the chains of serf-
dom, the laying of the foundations of political order
and liberty, and the establishing of governments
that acknowledged in profession, however false, they
fell short in action, the principles of right and justice.
They admit that during all that period of transition,
when barbarous tribes were transformed from savages
into civilized, cultivated peoples,
it was the power, continually exercised upon them
by the Catholic Church, the power that constantly
emanates from the Sovereign-Roman Pontiff, that
produced this wonderful transformation.

But, with strange pertinacity of hatred and injus-
tice, the Protestants who now admit all this, allege,
that what the Catholic Church once did, she is now
no longer able to do. They would fain persuade
themselves and try to persuade others, that the Cath-
olic Church has lost her vigor, her energy, and her
characteristic life that the world has gotten ahead
of her, in the course of human progress, and that
she is her venerable on account of her glorious
triumphs in the past, but unworthy of respect in her
relation to the present; that as a magnificent fossil
of past ages, or an ancient organization, that exists
in form, but has lost its vitality, its present use-
fulness and importance, it may be looked upon with
admiration for its relation to the past, but has no
significance in, or connection with the age in which
we live.

Strange that intelligent men thus deceive them-
selves, and strive to delude others. The world has
not yet progressed beyond the immutable, eternal
truths of the Christian religion. Those truths were
taught by the Catholic Church in all ages past, and
are now taught. From those truths, in connection
with the ever-continuing presence and promise of
her Divine Founder, she continues in the full pos-
session of her indestructible vitality, and her pris-
tine energy, zeal and power. Even in the political
sphere, the truths she taught to all nations during
all past times remain still the immutable principle
and the only firm basis of all just law, of all civil
authority, of all personal freedom, and of all good
government; and those truths she continues to teach.

The world will never advance beyond those truths.
It may forget them and ignore them. In its fancied
progress, it may deny them, get to the side of them,
or behind them; but the truths remain, neverthe-
less, the only basis on which man can fulfil his des-
tiny in time, as well as reach his higher destiny,
after time to him shall be no more.

The Catholic Church old! decrepit! It is "the
wish that is," vainly, "father to the thought."
Where are any signs of her decrepitude to be seen?
In her Visible Head at Rome she this day endures
persecution, and triumphs in it, as did Peter in
pagan Rome. Her Bishops are imprisoned or exiled,
as were her confessor in "primitive times." Her
children in China, to-day, yield up their lives in tes-
timony of the faith, and receive the purple crown of
martyrdom, as they did in by-gone days in other
countries.

Her missionaries penetrate the most inhospitable
countries, and christianize the most barbarous tribes.
Her schools and colleges and universities, her con-
vents and monasteries dot the surface of the whole
world, and, everywhere, centres for the dissemina-
tion of knowledge and of the light of Christian
truth. Her charitable and religious Orders are in-
deatigably busy in works of mercy and of "good-
will" to men. Her children are united in the obedi-
ence of faith as firmly now, as ever, to the Rock,
Peter, the centre and visible source of authority and
of true doctrine. And through her faithful children,
the Church is now, as ever, as active and energetic,
as zealous in work, as efficient in words and deeds,
as she was when she received the commission and
the promise: "Teach all nations." Lo, I am
with you all days, to the consummation of the world."

The Catholic Church is Old but she is also ever
young. Age brings no decrepitude to her. There
are no signs of weakness or decay about her. Her
"youth is renewed like the eagle's," and as a
"giant she rejoices to run the way," though it lies
through hosts of opposing earthly enemies and
legions of devils joined with them.

The Church is venerable in her age, but full of
the strength of youth. She is old but ever young.
—Philadelphia Catholic Standard.

A SAD STORY OF THE IRISH FAMINE.

Far away in the west portions of Ireland—far
away in those bleak parts where the Atlantic ocean
comes in thunderingly to the shores of the west—
there the hand of God seemed to fall most heavily
during the famine year. Some of the people were
moved far away from the towns, and were isolated
by long patches of bog land, and so, when the crops
failed, nothing remained but to lay down and die.
In a remote village an aged woman lived; she was
the mother of a large family; she brought up her
children in the love and fear of God; she had reared
them as she herself was reared. Her sons, stalwart
Irishmen, full of faith, and pure in their morals; her
daughters with the stamp of the purity and modesty
of the Virgin Mary on them. As they grew up the
times came hard upon them and at last nearly all
of them were forced to emigrate. Some emigrated
to America, some went to the east, others to the west
and some died.

At length, of all her brood only one remained—
her youngest son. The young boy earned as long
as he could get work, but at length utter desolation
came, and the aged widow and the young boy set
down in the house, but they had no food. Day fol-
lowed day and they had no food. The young man
first failed. His young, strong, vigorous health was
unable to meet the terrible trial. Fever took him,
and he lay down on the bare, damp floor of the cabin
and his famished mother kneeling by his side, held
his head until he died. When he was dead there be-
fore her she was so weak with hunger that she had not
the strength to take him and dig a grave for him. The
neighbors were all famished like herself, and could
render no assistance. She was four days without
food, and then she crawled to her dead child; she
lay down with him—the dying with the dead—and
she offered up the greatest sorrow to God. Sunday
morning came, the last day. This pooraged, white-
headed woman, lay there with her dead boy in her
arms, and she heard the chapel bell calling the peo-
ple to morning Mass, calling them to adore their
God. She laid down her dead burden out of her arms,
she was not able to lift herself; she tried to rise,
but could not; she crawled on her knees to the door;
out from the cabin she crawled in the same way to
the road, and she turned her dying eyes to the church.
Three times she faintly in her efforts to reach the
chapel to hear Mass for the last time.

She recovered herself each time, and she plucked
the green grass and the dock leaves from the road-
side, she eat the grass thinking that the rank her-
bage would give her life to crawl to the altar. When
she came to a turn in the road, she saw that altar
from which she was never absent. She could not
see the lights—she saw the priest preparing
for his Mass. She felt her strength fail her, that
death had at last come. Her mouth was green from
the dock leaves she turned towards that altar. Now
that all her hope was gone her heart was broken—
nothing remained but that altar and that altar's God.
She lifted herself painfully on her knees, and raising
her wasted hands, she cried out in the Irish lan-
guage: "Glory and Benediction to the Virgin's child."
And she died.

papers grave—oh, they threw her into a pauper's
grave, but there was a throne in heaven prepared
for her, that mighty soul, that died in the act of love
and zeal for the altar of God. (That mighty soul
passed through the ranks of the admiral's flagship
near the Blessed Mother in heaven, and great, shall
we see, was her glory, when we have the happiness
of going to heaven.)

REV. FATHER GAUTHIER.

For the past three or four weeks there has been a
little stir amongst the Catholics of Gananoque; they
had heard that their Pastor, the Rev. Father Gauthier,
was on his point of leaving them (for another
Mission) but refused to credit the painful rumor,
confirmed by an official announcement. Finding the
matter decided, and that petitions to the ecclesiastical
authorities were of no avail, they resolved not to
allow him to depart without bearing with him at
least some slight memorial of them. In conse-
quence, on Friday, the 29th of January last, the
Treasurer, Mr. Matthew Cheevers, in behalf of the
congregation, visited on him at his residence, and
read to him an address expressing, as far as it was
in the power of words, their profound respect for
him, their just appreciation of his merits, their heart-
felt gratitude for his many services in their behalf,
the affection and love they had and would ever have
for him, the joy with which they had always looked
forward to a long continuance of their happy rela-
tions, and the intense sorrow into which the news
of his intended departure had plunged them. On
presenting the address to him they accompanied it
with a purse, the contents of which, with the Christ-
mas donation received a few days previous, made up
the handsome amount of Seven Hundred Dollars,
and well worthy was the Rev. Father of so splendid
a tribute of regard. During the five short years of
his pastorate he has done wonders. On taking
charge of the Mission of Gananoque he found that
under the name were comprised four different
Parishes, covering a large tract of country, and
having but wretched and difficult means of com-
munication; two churches had already been erected
some thousands of dollars were still required to
place them in a state of perfect repair and finish,
whilst two new Churches had immediately to be built
to meet the increasing wants of the Parishes. The
means at his disposal were sadly out of proportion to
the work which it was desirable to accomplish, the
people were few, they were widely scattered, and they
enjoyed but a meagre portion of this world's bless-
ings.

Nothing daunted, however, by the prospect, and
with a bold reliance on the Divine Providence, Fa-
ther Gauthier at once threw himself fearlessly into
the work, and at the cost of severe personal sacrifices
of which he alone seemed unconscious, and by dint
of unwearied energy and perseverance, he finally
triumphed over all obstacles, and happily succeeded
in bringing all projects to a complete and perfect
issue. The ardent zeal and self sacrifice of the
Pastor so stimulated the people to a holy emula-
tion that out of their own scanty resources they
enabled him to pursue and finish all the works he
had undertaken, without taxing the generosity of
any one without the mission.

These projects, however, though consuming so
much of his time and entailing so great labour and
fatigue, were never permitted to interfere with
other and higher interests; no inclemency of the
weather, no unseasonableness of the hour, no
difficulties of the way prevented him from promptly
attending to the call of the sick, or the dying; his
earnest and oft repeated injunction being, never to
consult his convenience, where his ministrations
were needed or desired.

His ardor in reclaiming sinners was proof against
every rebuff and insult, and with God's grace, was
rewarded by the return of many a strayed sheep to
the fold, even those who for years had never entered
a Church, could not long remain deaf to his im-
pressive warnings and admonitions; nor untouched
by his affecting appeals but yielding to his gentle
influence, shook off their sloth and indifference, and
became thereafter in reality what before they had
been scarcely even in name.

To these happy results nothing contributed more
than his Pulpit utterances. Possessing a mind of
high order that was richly stored with the treasures
of science; gifted with rare oratorical powers, which
a most careful cultivation evidently had developed
to their utmost perfection, he was eminently one
qualified to announce and explain and enforce the
teachings of the Church. His discourses were plain,
logical and eloquent, abounding in felicity of illus-
trations, delivered in a manner always impressive,
at times fervid and impassioned, and breathing
throughout a spirit of genuine piety and zeal; never
failing to produce a profound and lasting impres-
sion on his hearers, faith was confirmed, error refuted,
prejudices dissipated and our holy religion made
not only known, but respected.

But the young claimed his special care, and in
their instruction seemed to be his chief delight.
Never weary or disheartened, with infinite patience
and kindness, he loved to call forth all the power
of those talents that naturally sought to grapple with
and convince the matured intellect, in unfolding to
the opening mind the beauties of religion, in incul-
cating and impressing deeply thereon the truths of
eternal life, no other obligation was permitted to
interfere with his sacred duty, and the Catholic pa-
rents of Gananoque have to thank him—and they do
thank him most profoundly for the unexampled
proficiency of their children in the knowledge of the
Catechism.

The cause of Temperance too reaped the benefit
of his powerful advocacy. Herein his success was
so great, that on the day of departure, it was his
consolation to know that not one of his congrega-
tion whose abuse of stimulating liquors had at
any time been the cause of scandal to religion, and
of injury to society and himself, who had not solemnly
and for ever forewarned the evil.

A great part of the success of his ministrations
must indeed be ascribed to his thorough apprecia-
tion of the old aphorism, "example is better than
precept." A fervent zeal for all that concerns God's
honor and man's salvation; a deep and simple piety
and unblemished propriety of conduct, a large and
warmhearted charity, that took in all the wants of
his people and made them his own. All this threw
an attractive grace about religion, won him the
hearts of the good, stirred up the sluggish to action,
and shamed the careless and irreligious into an
imitation.

Whilst his intellectual attainments challenged
and compelled the respect of every one who knew
him, a charming courtesy of manner, a kind and so-
ciable disposition made him a favorite with all, and
produced a praiseworthy harmony of feeling, and a
frequent interchange of good offices, between his
own people and those of other denominations.
His many virtues when known, obtained the usual
respect. His people not only obeyed and respected
him; as his position demanded, they took him into
their hearts, they felt a personal pride in him, and
deemed it an honor to honor a Pastor in whom they
saw in perfection, that most admirable and desirable
combination of qualities, the zealous Priest, the spe-
cialist, and the accomplished gentleman.
No wonder then that his people should have been
grief-stricken at his departure. Having endeavored
himself to them by an utter devotion to their inter-
ests, entering so thoroughly into their feelings, re-
joicing in their joys, and sorrowing with their sor-
rows, or having been so faithfully their friend, their
adviser, and their helper, it was natural, their hearts
should be filled to overflowing with sorrow, and re-
gret at this unexpected and unbidden parting.
The best wishes and the prayers of the congrega-
tion accompanied Father Gauthier to his new home.

We must not forget to mention the generosity of
Miss Gauthier, his amable and beloved sister with
whom she has been as a token of their esteem.
—Father Gauthier's new mission is Westport.

THE DANGER OF RUSSIA FROM
THE SITUATION OF EUROPE.

The situation of Europe is becoming more and
more seriously deserving the attention of British
Statesmen of all parties. The ex-Premier, Lord
Russell, has been able to discover nothing so menacing
to the peace of the Empire as that peaceful Catholic
Church of their forefathers. We may, however, al-
low ourselves to hope that Mr. Gladstone's successor
in the leadership of the Liberal party will receive
his inspirations on the subject of his country's
friends and enemies from some other source than
the whispers of an excommunicated Munich mis-
chief-maker. A few words will suffice to picture
the outlines of the existing peril. On the one hand,
Germany and Russia alone will command in a few
years the services of upwards of six millions of
trained soldiers, unequally trained indeed, but still
disciplined combatants, while at the same time
England possesses, and is likely to possess, consid-
erably less than two hundred thousand, or, includ-
ing the wretched Native Army in India, three hun-
dred thousand men. On the other hand, the British
Empire is the most scattered, the least rapidly de-
fensible, and as regards its Asiatic dependencies the
most vulnerable in the world. The Caspian Sea is
now a Russian lake. The Russian railways, like the
Russian annexations, are steadily converging on
the Indian frontier. The Valley of the Atzek, the
direct road to Herat, is, in spite of British protests
and Russian disclaimers a couple of years ago, de-
finitively annexed and fortified as Russian territory.
At the same time the Russian province of Georgia,
just south of the Caucasus and completely outflank-
ing Asiatic Turkey, has become a military district
of the first order, which, through the new facilities
of communication with the central provinces of
Russia, could be overflowed with reinforcements
destined to conquer Asia Minor, while the Turkish
armies were desperately engaged in trying to make
head against the insurrection of its Christian vassals
and the invasion of Muscovite forces on the banks
of the Danube. The Indian Correspondent of the
Times recently confessed that we could not concen-
trate thirty thousand men for any expedition in In-
dia, and before an additional regiment had arrived
from England a quarter of a million of Russians
would have already approached by half-dozen
routes the passes of the frontier mountains. There
are no natural difficulties which could stop the
veterans who crossed the deserts of Khiva, and if
we are not prepared we are undone.

Let us just imagine, what is possibly the fact, that
a secret treaty in existence dividing Austria and
Turkey between Germany and Russia, with a small
remainder to a Roumano-Serbian confederation, and
also securing to Germany the possession of Holland.
What could England do, or England and France to-
gether? In the first place, our present fleet if it
were sent to the defence of Constantinople could
not operate in the German Ocean, and if it were
kept for service in the German Ocean, it could
not defend Constantinople. In any case, as both
Constantinople and Holland can be reached by land,
naval assistance would not count for much. Be-
sides, we might have to guard Ireland. It is un-
necessary to add that with the British fleet trifled
away between contending anxieties at the opposite
sides of the world, the formidable navies of Ger-
many and Russia would at the least hold the French
navy in check. At the utmost the Anglo-French
alliance would only possess a slight, but not a
crushing preponderance at sea. As regards the land
forces, if trouble was brewing in India, we could
not spare a man for the Continent. France in a
few years may have a million of men. Austria,
honeycombed by the Liberal German dry rot, might
muster half a million of halfhearted Germans and
Slavs against the great centres of German and Slav
aspirations. On the other hand, Germany could at
once send fully equal forces against France, and
direct another million against Austria, while Russia
was overflowing Hungary, the Danubian Principa-
lities, and Asia Minor with at least a million men,
leaving a reserve of a couple millions more to sup-
ply reinforcements and to furnish auxiliary expedi-
tions towards Persia and India. How would such
a war be conducted? Germany would make one
rapid rush on Holland, and Holland, practically
squeezed, would confine herself to a defensive policy
against France, defying with equal force the at-
tempts of the French Marshals to pass the terrible
group of the Lorraine, Alsace, and Rhineland for-
tresses, Metz, Strasbourg, Mainz, and Coblenz. No
mere defensive policy in the East, however. Then
the word to nearly two millions of Germans and
Russians would be "Vienna" and "Constantinople,"
nor is it credible that a month would pass before
Vienna and Constantinople would be in the hands
of the Hohenzollern and the Romanoff. Then the
defensive policy would be given up in the West as
well, and the million of Germans, already posted
along the Rhine valley, from its mouths at Rotter-
dam to its source at the base of the hills of Switzer-
land, would be reinforced by another million of
combined Germans and Russians, borne by a thou-
sand trains from the subjugated empires of Hapsburg
and Ottoman. This is not in the slightest degree a
fancy picture, except in the sense that it has not
been actually realized. It may be realized before
the year 1877, and it wants nothing for its realiza-
tion except the alliance, which may already be ar-
ranged, of the two great despots, whose ambi-
tions are openly, notoriously, and unflatteringly
the very ambitions that this sketch presupposes, namely,
the annihilation of France and absorption of Hol-
land and German Austria down to Trieste on the
part of Germany, and the absorption of the best part
of Turkey, with boundless prospects of dominion in
Asia on the part of Russia. Of course, as a poet
says—
England is rich, she shakes her spear
O'er isles of spice and realms of pine,
Can shake her thunder o'er the brine,
And teach the mightiest how to fear.

At least that used to be the case. Our entire
system, however, is still constructed on the theory
of those vanished times when wars gathered head
slowly, progressed almost decorously, and gave
everybody time to fight it out fairly and squarely
all round. Under present circumstances, however,
the Continent might be submerged twice over by the
time that we were nearly ready to make use of our
latent strength. And great as that latent strength
is, if we can only make our appearance when our
allies are annihilated, farewell to the rule of Britain.
—London Tables.

ILLINOIS ROMANCE.—Alphonse Barrett of Ottoville,
married a second wife, a handsome lady, about
twenty eight years of age, a year since, and died last
July, leaving among other assets a son aged twenty-
five. The young son of the house of Barrett cele-
brated New Year's day by marrying his father's
widow, and the happy couple are living in the old
homestead, a far from a prudent course.
The spirit that animates the black legislator in
his wise and beneficial law making, is fully illus-
trated by a speech of one of those despotic patriots.
Mr. Speaker said he would like to see the laws
of this State, as they are. He would like to see
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