

FATHER BURKE.

THE ELOQUENT PREACHER IN CORK.

SERMON ON ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

The feast of St. Vincent de Paul was celebrated on July 18th with all solemn ceremony, at the beautiful church of the Vincentian Order, Sunday's Well, Cork, which was filled by a large and attentive congregation. At 11 o'clock the Bishop entered the church by the principal entrance, attended by the Archbishop, Precentor Sheehan, and Canon Maguire, and proceeded to the centre of the church, followed by the Very Rev. D. O'Sullivan, Superior of the Order, and the Very Rev. T. N. Burke, O.P. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated, the Very Rev. D. O'Sullivan being Celebrant, the Rev. L. Cahill, Deacon, and the Rev. A. Boyle, Subdeacon, and the Masters of Ceremonies were the Rev. Fathers Hanley and McKenna. Amongst the clergymen present were: The Very Rev. Canon Coghlan, Rev. James Hegarty, A.M.; Rev. Father Willard, O.P.; Rev. Father Deely, O.P.; Rev. P. Cox, Missouri; Rev. Father Lyons, Bandon; Rev. Father Scraphin, O.S.F.C.; Rev. P. Burton, and Rev. T. Morrissey.

After the First Gospel, Very Rev. Father Burke ascended the pulpit. The text was "I found David, a man according to my own heart. With my holy oil I anointed him," from which he preached as follows:— These words are found in the Book of Psalms, amongst the many wonderful works of God, the greatest and most wonderful of all was His saints; therefore it was that the Scripture told them that God was wonderful in His saints. They were told to look on them, to contemplate them, to admire them, and in them and through them to give the praise most acceptable to Almighty God. But why was God so wonderful in His saints? Because the highest effects of God's omnipotence came forth both in the order of His nature, and the order of His grace. They had saints of God who were triumphs of Divine power both in the order of nature, and the order of grace—in the order of nature, because God, when He intended to create a saint, gave to that being a strong, a sweet, and a high and perfect nature. And if there be sought in the elements of that nature that may be repugnant to sanctity, and to the obligation of His highest creation, He gave to that saint a strength and a power of will, and a determination of action by which all that might be faulty or imperfect in nature was easily overcome and constantly put away; so that God's work not only here, even here, as saints would be the brightest and most generous, and most beautiful of all His creations. But no, this foundation of nature was only the beginning of the works of God in His saints. It was only when they were thus prepared, thus strengthened, and thus chastened and subdued, and made conformable in purity and in all other natural virtues to His heart, that the Almighty God poured out on them the veil containing His holy oil of superior charity and sanctity. And, therefore, he first formed them into His own heart, and then, with His holy oil he anointed them. And what was the unction of which the Holy Ghost spoke? It was the anointing of high charity, of the highest form of all virtues in which all the virtues met, as all inferior and partial things are found in the most perfect and complete things. Therefore, charity was said to be the law and love of the perfect, the bond of perfection; and he that loveth has acquired all the virtues and fulfilled all the law.

Let them apply all those principles to the man whose name was upon the lips of the Church on earth to-day in praise, in admiration, in benediction to God, that in a dark and dreary age He gave us so great a saint; let them apply those principles to the man whose glory was celebrated by the Church triumphant in Heaven, sung by the angels, admired by the saints, and from whom to-day God received so large a measure of thanksgiving and glory for the great St. Vincent. First of all, he was a man after God's own heart, even after the order of nature. It was towards the close of the sixteenth century, in the year 1575, that he was born in the Province of Gascony, in France. His parents were holy people in humble circumstances, but deriving their nobility from the true source of all nobility, the purity and sanctity of life. He was one out of five children, and they were all reared in the fear and love of God by their pious parents. All the children were good and pious, but the child Vincent, from the days of his infancy, began to show signs of strange and extraordinary holiness. His idea of amusement and recreation was to steal into some quiet place and there let out his young infant soul in prayer. He seemed to know intuitively all the principles of Divine faith. As he grew from infancy to childhood every grace seemed to grow with him, until at length he came to that age when the passions begin to be stirred by the demons of iniquity. But Vincent was as pure as an angel of God. Whatever faults were in him he painfully and laboriously cast out of his character, until they found him at twenty-five years of age, after years of study, seven of which were spent in the University of Toulouse, fitted for the priesthood in the necessary learning and all other acquirements, but, above all, fitted for the priesthood, inasmuch as he had a virgin soul fit to enter the golden gates of God's sanctuary, unscathed by the slightest touch of anything approaching sin. At twenty-five he was ordained priest; and then there remained but one thing which Almighty God must put him, and try him before he crowned him with the crown of the most heroic charity by which he rose as a giant in the annals of the Church. His was the test of affliction, misery, suffering and trial. The sign of the Cross had not yet been traced into his heart by suffering, and this was the last crowning test to which our Lord put him.

Father Burke then most picturesquely described the capture of the young priest in the Mediterranean by Saracen pirates, and his sufferings as a galley-slave, and afterwards under cruel masters in Africa, until he sang his own misery in the "Psalm of David," and the praises of the Virgin in the "Salve Regina," which, heard by his master's wife and described by her, caused the husband's conversion, and the release of the saint who, by a miraculous intervention of God, escaped to France. Now he was a priest once more in his own land; God had tried him sufficiently, and the sign of the Cross of his Redeemer was now on his heart and soul. He springs at once into a realm and an atmosphere of higher sanctity, and that sanctity took a treble form, and that was the threefold form in which it flamed in the Sacred Heart of Jesus—a trinity of love in the Heart of the Master, and a trinity of love in the Heart of His Child—and in everything he proved himself a man after God's own heart. Take the three master loves of the Sacred Heart of Jesus—love for God the Eternal Father; love for God's poor in every form of misery and distress; and finally, love for God's holy Church. He eloquently reviewed the life of our Divine Lord, to show how particularly he brought into practice this threefold love. Vincent, chastened, purified and sanctified by every element of sanctity, entered on his great career of charity, and from him came the evidences of the love that filled the heart of his Divine Master. Intercourse with God became his very life, at all times and under all circumstances. Even when the agonies of death were on him, when eighty-five years of age, the pains of death, the falling of a long and laborious life, and the sorrow of separation from all he loved in this world were on him, with trembling limbs, with a breaking heart, even then he rose in the morning at four

o'clock, and for three long hours he prayed motionless, as if he were dead—while every fibre of his aged frame was trembling with the agony of death, still he mastered it, and prayed to God.

Next to this was his manifold love for the poor. Every misery that ever came across him was relieved; every sorrow that he ever met was changed to joy; every soul that ever came within the touch of his hand, the sound of his voice, or the glance of his eye, was purified by him. He need not tell them that the corporal or spiritual works of mercy were many. But he was now going to make a great assertion. There was not in the roll of saints that adorned the annals of the Catholic Church one whose charity went forth so powerfully, so wonderfully, so universally, whose charity embraced in distinct action every single corporal and spiritual work of mercy as the great St. Vincent de Paul. In his day society was in a deplorable state. Little children used to be abandoned in the streets of the cities by their unnatural and wicked mothers, to die of want and hunger. St. Vincent de Paul went out and in the streets of the city he found them, took those precious creatures by the hand, and founded large institutions, hospitals, asylums, and refuges for founding children. St. Vincent de Paul stood by the newly-formed grave where the father and mother were laid down to rest, the grave surrounded by the trembling, weeping, hopeless, defenceless and abandoned orphan children, and he was a father to them all; he took them all to him and he founded his great asylums and institutions for orphans.

St. Vincent de Paul spent long days, from morning watch until night, among the poorest of the poor in city and in country, teaching and purifying so that he was like the Son of Heaven; wherever he appeared the light of knowledge went forth from him, and the truth of God sprang up in his presence. St. Vincent found the fallen and degraded sinner, the most hopeless of all! The most hopeless of all it seemed indeed, for when Jesus passed away it seemed as if He had forgotten to make provision for the sisters in crime of the woman who crost to His feet. There was no provision made for the abandoned. But St. Vincent was a father to them; he founded Magdalene Asylums wherever he went. The fever-stricken, the paralyzed, the leper, all found in him not merely one helping in an isolated case, but a great organizing charity, that was able to take in hand all their wants like our Divine Lord. A great war broke out in the province of Lorraine, a war followed by the usual curses that come in the train of war and the most terrible pestilences. The history of the famine found no equal in the history of the world until they came to recollect the famine that fell on their dear old land not many years ago. St. Vincent was then a poor man, for everything that was given to him was exhausted in charity, but yet he went amongst the famine and pestilence-stricken people, and during his ministrations there he spent two million lives, an extraordinary sum in those days. He made provision for the galley-slaves, remembering his own misery, by establishing an hospital in Marseilles, so that the castaways of the world found a supporter in him.

This was his life for sixty years, during which he toiled night and day; and every year he brought forth some new evidence of the great energy and the power of charity that was in the heart and hand of this wonderful saint. But there was another love which had taken possession of him, and that was the love for the Church, the Spouse of Jesus. That Church in the days of St. Vincent was threatened by one great danger—the Jansenist heresy in France, a heresy that under the pretence of sanctity would break down Christian law and destroy the purity and virtue of Christian teaching. Against that heresy St. Vincent rose up, and by sanctity and the pretended sanctity of Port Royal and other centres of heresy; he shone their light into darkness, and in his own life and teaching he showed fully and completely the difference between the real idea of sanctity that came from Heaven and the spurious imitation that came forth from the hypocrisy of man.

There was another danger which in those days was very great, and that was that the Church found it difficult to provide herself with holy and devout clergy; and to this Vincent turned himself with all the energy his great charity was capable of. Everywhere he provided for the preparation of the clergy who were to minister at our Altars. At the request of St. Francis de Sales he took charge of the Visitation Order of Nuns, and the testimony of St. Francis was, "I have seen many and heard of many, but I have never seen or heard of a holier or worthier priest than Vincent de Paul." Thus did his heart throb with three loves of Jesus. But a man may have all these characteristics, and may do all these things, and in this way receive a great crown in Heaven, but yet his work might die after him, and have no permanency. Not so with their saint. With him the promise that was made of the Apostles was continued—"These words I have put on thy lips, and the words of the Lord shall not depart from thy lips nor from the lips of thy children after thee." The permanency of the work was the great feature of the labors of Vincent de Paul. Revolutions that had uprooted everything had swept over his work, as well as the works of other men; wars and pestilences, and heresies and infidelities, rapine and cruelty, and slaughter universal had come and gone, and yet, through all this had the work of St. Vincent de Paul gone on; not a single work which he raised with his munificent hand had been destroyed, for they are all fresh to-day. The nuns whom he founded, his spiritual daughters, and of whom he said, when it was objected that he did not give them a veil to cover their faces, "their modesty shall be their veil"—they had multiplied all over the earth. Wherever the Catholic priest in the most distant or barbarous regions had to face the dangers, miseries, privations, which only a man could be supposed to face, the Catholic priest had in all those difficulties the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul with him, suffering with him, laboring with him, going through such trials as no other woman on the face of the earth would think of enduring. But they dared all. The angel of death might stand at the post-house, and every human being might withdraw in terror from him; but the Sister of Charity swept by him and went in; if need be, to suffer and to die. The armies engaged all day in battle might withdraw in the evening, yet angry shots were fired, and death was in the air; the angel of death was yet at his work; the missiles were sweeping over the well fought field; even the stoutest soldier might retire to shelter in that reign of death; yet in the midst of that destruction the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul appeared, bound up the wounds of the wounded, and consoled the dying soldier. She knew no fear, no difficulty; she knew no thought of danger; she knew no worldly shame. In the midst of the wildest society she received the same tribute of respect from Christian, Infidel and Turk—everywhere her modesty was her veil. Thus St. Vincent put the sign of stability on his own great work, and had the three great principles he had spoken of before him when he founded his great Order.

Ireland, in his day, was not forgotten by him. Ireland in the days of Vincent was making her great effort in defence of her religion. The Confederation of Kilkenny was formed; Catholic armies, led by Catholic generals, took their places on Irish battle-fields. The terrible sword of Cromwell waved over and decimated them. All was death, destruction, confiscation and misery, and it seemed as if Ireland had lain down to die. It was then, in the saddest epoch of misery in her history, that Vincent sent some of his first and most holy children to Ireland. "Go," he said, "and help to keep the sacred lamp still burning in that land of faith;—go, and if neces-

sary, add your blood to the blood so gloriously shed by that heroic people." They came, and were angels of consolation and light to us, and their care over us has never failed, for through every corner of the land their voices have been heard resounding in the praises of Jesus and Mary, and imploring in the heart of Ireland more deeply those divine principles of grace with which Almighty God has so richly endowed us as a nation. And well (he concluded) do I remember in that western land—that western land which throws its mighty rocky mountains out to breast the Atlantic's fury; well do I remember when famine passed over the land, when desolation and misery was everywhere in the land, and Protestantism made its last effort to enable the dark angel of heresy to enter through the same gate that let in the angel of God's withering anger, the angel of famine, when they came with their gifts and offered the meats of heresy to a dying, heart-broken, and famishing people, and when that faith was imperilled, and when it seemed as if the strain put upon it was more than it could bear, when many had fallen shamefully, and it seemed as if Ireland was about to lose her last and only remaining treasure—well do I remember the Vincentian Fathers coming down to that western land, and with powerful words, and with holy, sacramental action, and with self-sacrificing labor, almost superhuman, standing there and guarding that faith, bringing back the fallen, raising the renegade from his degradation, confuting the adversary, and putting to flight forever the agents of heresy that dared to invade our land for the corruption of our children. Even in our own province God has chosen a sister of St. Vincent de Paul to offer her virgin in a martyrdom. There is one Sister of Charity at any rate in Heaven, a martyr crowned with a martyr's diadem. And, oh! she must look down surely on this fair church and you assemble here, for it is her brother who is celebrating the mass. Blessed be the Lord! Oh! Lord, accept whatever feeble voice of praise we can send thee to-day. Thou art wonderful in Thy saints. Thou didst find in Vincent a man according to Thy own heart and with Thy holy oil Thou didst graciously anoint him. We are praising him now, but Thy angels around Thy throne are praising him also. Oh! Lord, accept our praise, unworthy though it be, to swell the chorus of praise which shall ring through the vaults of Heaven forever and ever.—Cork Herald.

CARDINAL MANNING.

In every state, hue, and circumstance of life, Cardinal Manning is at home. In his titular church at Rome, addressing his clergy in Italian, and the crowd of his own countrymen, assembled to witness his installation, in English; in his pro-cathedral at Kensington, preaching to a congregation half composed of "heretics," who have come as much to see him as to hear him; at a garden-party at Chiswick; at Exeter Hall, pleading the cause of total abstinence with all the fervour of an apostle; at the Vatican Basilica, swaying the debates and shaping the decisions of an Ecumenical Council; at a bright Oxford banquet, in honour of some academic festival, reappearing for a brief hour, as if from another world, on the stage of his early triumphs and first friendships—wherever the work which he has chosen to take in hand may be in any way advanced, Cardinal Manning is to be found, always saying the right word and doing the right thing, as by a sort of natural gift and instinctive wisdom. The servant who admits you tells you probably, that his Eminence is engaged at that moment; he has some one with him, and several other persons are waiting to see him. You send up your card, and patiently wait your turn in a spacious chamber plainly furnished, upon the walls of which hang a few religious paintings and engravings. You pass the time in looking at them, and in turning over a few costly illustrated book—presentation copies apparently—which lie upon the tables. Perhaps you venture to glance through an open door to the right, at a large apartment beyond, which is, in fact, the chief reception-room. Here, under a glass case, is the scarlet beretta conferred upon the Cardinal by pontifical hands upon the occasion of his appointment to the Sacred College. On the other side of the room, under a canopy, is a large silver crozier. The minutes slip away; the visitors who have preceded you—some of whom bear very suspicious resemblance to ritualistic clergymen or ex-clergymen—ous by one disappear; and at last the butler tells you that your turn has come, and that his Eminence will now see you. Passing through the library, you find yourself in his study, a tranquil cheerful-looking room, the most noticeable decorations of which are two photographs over the mantelpiece, representing St. Edward the Confessor's shrine in Westminster Abbey, as it was in the thirteenth century, and as it is in the nineteenth. Here, among a mass of books and papers, Cardinal Manning sits and works, in spite of perpetual interruptions and distractions, getting through more business in seven or eight hours than most men could accomplish in sixteen. The Cardinal's ascetic face, with its keen penetrating eyes and sharply cut features, wears the stamp of intellectual supremacy. "Plain living and high thinking" are written upon every line of it. The table at which he is sitting speaks significantly of the variety of his occupations, bearing, as it does, proof-sheets of an article for the Nineteenth Century; the M.S. of a paper to be read at the Catholic Academia; notes of two or three sermons to be preached on the next Sunday; a pile of letters read, and duly indorsed for the guidance of secretaries; another pile, scarcely less formidable, still to be disposed of; a number of Latin documents, impressed with the archiepiscopal seal, and apparently awaiting the archiepiscopal signature. He wears the ordinary undress robe of a Catholic bishop, his scarlet skull-cap and stockings denoting his cardinalial rank; and as he rises to greet you, his attenuated figure gives an impression of greater tallness than he really possesses. He receives you with an unstudied dignity and a frank kindness, and at once leads you to talk of the business which has brought you to see him. His minutes are too precious to admit of his devoting more of them than is absolutely necessary to the conventional phrases which "eat out the heart of good time."

The Cardinal's indefatigable personal labours among the poor, his crusade against their besetting sin of drunkenness, his earnest advocacy of the claims of the agricultural labourer to something more than a pittance barely sufficient to sustain life, his efforts to improve the social and intellectual position of the artisan, have secured the generous and ungrudging admiration of the most cordial enemies of his Church. But what is less generally known is the work which he has done for the poor children of his flock. The movement associated with the name of the "Westminster Diocesan Education Fund" is perhaps the achievement to which he looks back with the greatest satisfaction. Originated by him ten years ago, it has gone on in spite of every obstacle, until, as he will tell you, of the 33,000 Roman Catholic children of London, some 30,000 are now receiving such education as their State affords. Of the other 3,000, 1,200 are detained—the word is pronounced with an intonation which leaves no doubt that it has been advisedly chosen—in the district or workhouse schools of the metropolis, whence it is his unceasing efforts to deliver them upon any pecuniary terms the guardians choose to fix. In the private chapel is a chest half filled with cloths dipped in the blood of the martyrs who suffered under the Elizabethan legislation. Other highly-prized relics of this little oratory are the mitre and maniple of St. Thomas a Becket, which stand under glass on the altar, and autograph letters of St. Theresa and St. Francis de Sales. It is

here that the Cardinal says his daily Mass, after which he not unfrequently administers the "Sacrament of Confirmation" to admitted "converts." Such are the surroundings in which Cardinal Manning finds his present home—different, *totus alio loco* from the scenes in which the earlier years of his career were spent. It requires an effort of something more than memory to figure to oneself this prince of the Catholic Church—who seems the embodiment of all that is ascetic, hierarchical, and distinctly Roman—as a Protestant clergyman. And yet it is only thirty years ago that he was very prominently before the world in that capacity. The lines fell to him in pleasant places while he was a beneficed officer of the Established Church. Lavington, with its cosy rectory and its pretty church just rebuilt by him—its dark hanging woods, its heathery common, and brown copse, and the long vale through which the Rother glides—could not have been left without many a pang. But even in those days Archbishop Manning was of a spirit ecclesiastical very far removed from the traditions of the Church of England sedulously maintained by his clerical neighbours. Old Oxfordmen tell you of the flutter which used to take place in the University when it was known that he was about to come up. Every one was on his good behaviour. The influence of the born ruler of men was as strongly felt in the Oxford movement as in the Vatican Council.

But in truth, in the case of Cardinal Manning, one is more inclined to dwell upon his present, or to speculate upon his future, than to go back to a page in his life, memorable, indeed, but finished and turned down. He is essentially a man of action, little inclined to linger "amongst the mouldered ledges of the past," or to lead others to linger there. His untiring energy, his indomitable courage, his profound ecclesiastical statesmanship, are amply displayed to men in his present position, and are mutually appreciated more on the continent of Europe than by his own countrymen. There is perhaps no other member of the Sacred College whose great qualities are so generally recognized throughout the Catholic world. Is it in store for him to display those qualities in a still more exalted position? Are we one day to see him at home at the Vatican? Perhaps the objection which most readily occurs, that Cardinal Manning is not an Italian, is in truth a strong recommendation. There is a growling feeling among the wisest and the clearest heads of the Roman Church that the local influences which for the last three centuries have so much narrowed the choice of the electors to the chair of Peter are intimately connected with the present misfortunes of the Papacy, and that no more emphatic proclamation of its ecumenical character could be made than by the election of a successor of Pius IX., who could in no sense be claimed as a subject of Victor Emmanuel.—London Paper.

HOME RULE MEMBERS AND PARLIAMENTARY OBSTRUCTION.

A special meeting of the Irish parliamentary party was held at the committee-rooms, King-street, Westminster, on the 4th August, to consider the conduct of a section of Home-rule members recently in the House of Commons. It being reported that Mr. Butt would personally attend and tender his resignation of the leadership of the Home-rule party, considerable interest was manifested in the meeting. The Home-rule members of the House of Commons who attended were Messrs. Biggar, Butt, Callan, Delahanty, Downing, Errington, King-Harman, Owen Louis, Meldou, A. Moore, Nolan, O'Belne, Sir P. O'Brien, Messrs. O'Byrne, O'Clery, O'Shaughnessy, Parnell, O'Connor-Power, Redmond, and W. Shaw. Mr. Arthur Moore took the chair, which, on his being compelled to leave the meeting on other business, was occupied by Mr. Delahanty.

Mr. Butt entered into a lengthy statement of recent proceedings in parliament, conducted, as he said, by a small section of Irish Home-rule members. He contended that the Home-rule members were, above all a parliamentary party; and if they were not they had no *raison d'être*. But the proceedings to which they referred were not parliamentary. They were revolutionary tactics as compared with parliamentary proceedings—such tactics as would be reasonable in the field of revolutionary war, but were not compatible with the objects of a deliberative assembly. As leader of the Irish party he was publicly held responsible for his conduct; and the recent proceedings had been taken without consultation with him or without consultation with the party. His control was denied, and the result was that, through the action of a section the whole Irish parliamentary party was brought into discredit and its influence partially destroyed. Mr. McCarthy Downing also depreciated the "obstructive proceeding of the party, and pointed out that for any object they were useless, inasmuch as parliament could adopt any process the majority chose for putting an end to them. They made Irish members ridiculous before English and Scotchmen; and besides, instead of drawing opinion to their main principles, estranged it from them as a party. He called attention to a recent resolution of the Irish-parliamentary party on this very question of obstruction, by which it was determined that members should consult the party generally and act with the majority. He moved a resolution declaring that, inasmuch as recent proceedings of a small section of the party had been taken without consultation, they were, therefore, reprehensible and calculated to be disastrous to the Home-rule cause.

Mr. W. R. O'Byrne, M.P., seconded the resolution, and a protracted and somewhat warm discussion ensued. Mr. O'Shaughnessy objected to such a wholesale condemnation of any members of the Irish party, and argued that the section named were not complained of as neglecting or refusing duty on Irish subjects. He did not agree with their action generally, but he felt that on many points they ought to have been more generally supported by their colleagues. Mr. Parnell, observing that there could be no doubt as to whom the resolution referred to, denied that there had been either obstructive or unparliamentary, or in contravention of their pledges and duties as Home-rule members. They were simply called "obstructive" because they were so few, and the government had acknowledged that they were not "obstructive" by gratefully accepting their proposals on more than one question.

Mr. Biggar argued in the same line, and ultimately, Mr. Shaw, M.P., proposed an amendment declaring the resolution inopportune, and contending that Irish members had a right to independent action on other than Irish questions. Mr. O'Connor Power seconded the amendment, and argued that members who interfered with Imperial questions might do so without breaking their allegiance to the leader of the Home-rule party. Mr. Callan and other members entered into a desultory discussion, and finally the meeting adjourned without any resolution being come to. At a meeting of the Home-rule League, held on Saturday, in Dublin, the following resolution, proposed in accordance with notice previously given, was passed—"That we strongly recommend to the consideration of Mr. Butt the desirability of calling together within the period of the parliamentary recess a national conference in Dublin to consult and advise upon the interests of the Home-rule movement." This is regarded in Dublin as an evasion of the existing difficulty, and an attempt to postpone the dilemma caused by the rivalry as to leadership between the partisans of Mr. Butt and Mr. Parnell. Among the rank and file of the Home-rule body there seems to be a strong feeling against

what they call the "do nothing" of Mr. Butt. At the council meeting at which this resolution was passed the only members of parliament present were Sir Joseph McKenna and Dr. O'Leary.—London Tablet.

OPINIONS OF THE RUSSIAN PRESS.

The Odessa *Novorossy Telegraph* of July 27 contains the following under the caption of "Opinions of the Russian Press":— Constantinople at the one extremity, England at the other; these are the two ends of what is popularly known as the Eastern question. Will we or will we not be in Constantinople? This is the sensational question, the chief topic of the hour. If yes, how would the other end—England—reply? The St. Petersburg *Golos* believes that the terms of peace can be satisfactorily arranged before the Russian occupancy of Constantinople.

Says the *Odessa Gazette*, "There is only one way in which the English Government can prevent the occupation of Constantinople, and that is by inducing the Porte, by moral suasion, to accept the terms offered by Russia in any negotiation for peace. Even then our Russian troops shall bivouac beneath the walls of Stamboul. Peace might be arranged at Adrianople, but the English people will do well to remember that no treaty of peace will be entered into unless guarantees are specified looking to the amelioration of the Turkish Christians, and providing for the free navigation of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. These will be the main terms of the treaty. If the English Ministry feel at all inclined to advise the Porte to accept these terms, the whole matter can be satisfactorily arranged, we believe before the Russians shall have taken occupation of Constantinople. If they feel so inclined—aye, that's the rub. That inclination does not exist. England's bias favors her interference in the war. As an outgrowth of this interference is the question. Will she stop our march to the walls of Constantinople?"

In the opinion of the *Birzevoi Vedomosti* (St. Petersburg *Trade Journal*), English interference cannot stop the movement of the Russian troops to the capital of the Turkish Empire, though it may cause a temporary delay.

England, says the *Odessa Gazette*, must make up her mind to permit the settlement of a peace in Constantinople, and to withdraw all her pretensions to the control of Eastern Europe, and the forts on the south side of the Black Sea. This England must accept as the penalty of the near-sighted, if not blind, policy on the part of her Ministry.

The Moscow *Vedomosti* examines the situation from an English standpoint, and reaches the conclusion that, so far as Russia is concerned there is nothing hostile or dangerous in the attitude of the British Government. And, indeed, we Russians ought not to be afraid of her, because England will not single-handed rush into the fray, and in order to obtain assistance it will be necessary for her to make an absolutely hostile complication of European politics, and in such a juncture Russia will not be compelled to alone bear the brunt of a Continental war. We do not anticipate finding any enemies; but we do prefer an open enemy to a double-faced friend.

The *Gazette* says that the neutrality position of England is a subject of much comment on the part of our official organs, and even they have not yet determined fully what it is. The political issues of the war, from its inception to the present, have yet to be explained.

The Russian *Invalide* says that different versions have been made public of the relations of England and Austria, and their policy in relation to our war with Turkey. This policy is still full of uncertainty, and at the present is a conundrum which no one can guess. Until it shall be satisfactorily explained, Serbia will remain neutral. Should Austria occupy Bosnia and Herzegovina, and the Kingdom of Servia, then in that event would Turkey be free from all danger from our troops on this side, thus giving the Porte an opportunity to mass all its forces against our Danubian army. The Roumanian army—no matter how little it be—will preserve the integrity of Roumania, and preserve intact its neutrality. So, far as can be judged from the latest news, Russia will be obliged to limit herself to her own resources solely.

Nevertheless, this is of great advantage to, and so much the better for, Russia. For in this contingency the Russian armies will not be compelled to array themselves against the Indian allies of England. This view of the situation again recalls the political manoeuvres of the British Cabinet, and these are, to a large extent, inexplicable. The British Ministry do not place the most assured faith in the loyalty of her Hindostanee subjects. On the Indian question we find an interesting article in the St. Petersburg *Vedomosti*, which says that England has virtually confessed that her Indian Empire is a weak link in her national chain. The political status of her 250,000,000 Mohammedan subjects is in a critical situation. Give them the slightest opportunity for a mutiny, and they will inaugurate another Sepoy rebellion. But while England is inwardly nervous over this almost certain danger, she betrays no outward fear. On the contrary, she plays the bluff game, and is desirous of frightening other nations.

The St. Petersburg *Vedomosti*, in discussing this same question, believes that England will act with as much self-confidence in the Russo-Turkish complications that she will, if possible, induce the other nations of Europe to believe that no such contingency menaces her, though it is not impossible that, in case the Indian Sepoys should express an open discontent. British intrigue might divert their attention from the wrong of which they complain to the precarious situation of their co-religionists on the banks of the Bosphorus, and induce them to take the part of their Turkish brethren. To incite for this purpose an uprising of the Mohammedan world would be to reverse the logic of history and falsify the issues of the war. Such action of the British Cabinet would evoke the dissatisfaction of all Europe, and would meet with an energetic protest even in England, whose thinking people will not commend such political duplicity. More than that, should England adopt that policy and allow herself to be dragged into what would then become an unholy war, it would endanger her interests in Asia Minor.

SINGULAR CAPTURE OF A PIGEON.

A blue pigeon with red legs lighted on board the steam tug "Quickstep," of North Shields, Captain Chisholm at 11 a.m. on Sunday last, the 29th July, Seaham Harbour, on the east coast of England, bearing west, distant eight miles. Attached to its leg was a piece of paper, of which the following is an exact copy:—"Edward is landed here at our house, and William is at work again; My uncle is a deal better; he is going to start work next week. Wm. Stoker, Quebec. Set up at a quarter past twelve o'clock." The bird appeared to be very tired and hungry. If correct that it was sent up at Quebec, it would be interesting to know when. There is no date on the paper.—Yorkshire Chronicle, Aug. 4.

FLATTERING TO CANADA.

The *Connaught Telegraph* of the 11th of August says:— Information has been received at Liverpool from the Admiralty that cattle from Canada will not be slaughtered upon arrival, there being no cattle disease in that country.