

IRELAND'S FIRM ATTACHMENT TO CATHOLICITY AND TO ROME.

BY THE REV. FATHER O'HARE, AFRICAN MISSIONARY.

From the London Weekly Register. Answer to the query, "When and How shall the Catholic Church perish?" "What Power entered her existence?" "Gospel"—"When Jesus entered into a boat His disciples followed Him, and beheld a great tempest arise in the sea, so that the ship was covered with waves; but He was asleep. And His disciples came to Him and awakened Him, saying: Lord, save us, we perish. And Jesus said to them: Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Then, rising up, He commanded the wind and the sea, and there came a great calm. But the men wondered, saying: What manner of man is this, for the wind and the sea obey Him?" (Matt. viii. 23-27).

Apology.—The Gospel read to-day in the churches of the Catholic world is so strikingly suggestive of the times in which we live as to induce the following paper.—The ship may be considered to represent the Church struggling with the winds and waves of a persecuting world, while the awful violence and strength of the tempest causes many to ask, How will all this end? The response is given in the fact that our Lord is in the ship, and in His own time calms the storm. If further words of apology be required for the appearance of this paper at this particular time, it is abundantly contained in the fact that at this day the Catholic Church is passing through heavy trials, and her trials are likely to become ere long still more severe. It is becoming every day more and more a war between Catholicity and Infidelity—it is, in fact, a period of strong and determined effort to upset Revelation, destroy the Church, crush spiritual authority, you, even to discharge God and defy Reason! All this could be in some sense achieved if the Catholic Church, with its venerable and Divinely-constituted head, could be mastered; for the Catholic Church is the guardian of God's revealed truth, and, therefore, to stamp her out of existence would enable the enemies of Divine Faith to raise a headless flag against God Himself, whose word is pledged. "The gates of hell shall not prevail."

To the Catholic student there can be no part of Ecclesiastical History more interesting than a review of the struggles and victories of the Church which give answer in language the most powerfully eloquent to the query: "When and How shall the Catholic Church perish?" For, brethren and fellow-Catholics, besides the natural interest which everyone must feel in reading of bygone times and of men who have passed away, it cannot fail to be a profitable source of instruction and gratification to watch the fruitless efforts of the many enemies of the Catholic Church who, at every time and in every clime, but as from an ocean, have tried to overthrow the gates of hell should not prevail against her, and have thus endeavored to show that she shall fall, that she shall perish in their time and by their power.

The Catholic Church is the great object of hatred to all the enemies of the Faith. In every age the question has been pertinently proposed and splendidly answered—When and How shall the Catholic Church perish? But, while these enemies arise and disappear, or are carried about by every wind of doctrine, the Catholic Church remains ever the same—unchanged and unchangeable, a tower of strength and bulwark to the weary and the repentant, a harbor of refuge and safety to the enemies of God; and, as gold is purified in the crucible, so, after each successive effort of malice, the lustre of the Catholic Church shines more steadily and more brightly than before, demonstrating that by no means and at no time shall the Catholic Church perish.

God can draw good from evil (not as from a cause, but as from an occasion) and make the wickedness of men rebound to His own glory, and from what appears to us our greatest misfortunes. He, the Omnipotent, sometimes effects our greatest good. No doubt it appeared a great misfortune to the primitive Christians that the Church had so few friends and so many enemies; but from among the great ones of the earth—and many at that time probably imagined that it would spread far more rapidly but for the cruel persecutions it had to encounter. But we are now looking back at the same epoch, and knowing how the designs of God have been accomplished can see that these persecutions were in a manner necessary for the planting of Christianity. In the first place, they kept the Christians more united among themselves, and more separated from the evil influences and bad example of the pagan world which surrounded them, and men who were liable at any moment to be called to die for the Faith were careful to obey its precepts and regulate their lives by its maxims.

And in the next place, such as all the nations of the earth then were in scepticism, worldliness, and sensuality, some powerful means were required to arouse them from their lethargy and draw attention to the consideration of another life. The good example of the Christians, it is true, was a means to this end; but, in general, have escaped the notice, or at best have excited but the passing wonder of a preoccupied world, if there genuine and superhuman character had not been tested and fully displayed in the glare of persecution.

And what I say of the early ages of the Church is equally true of later times. From what appeared to men, and what in reality were for the time the greatest losses and misfortunes of the Church, God usually extracted the means of her deliverance, and thus Heaven never ceased to answer the question, "When and How shall the Catholic Church perish?" When discipline began to be relaxed and morals became corrupt, and men became negligent of their duty, God permitted some persecutions or heresy to arise, which though for a while it might cause trouble and scandal, was ultimately by an all-wise Providence made to conduce to the benefit of the Church. As a little poison will sometimes promote health by withdrawing all noxious humors from the body, exciting and invigorating the vital powers, so persecution and misfortune have always had the effect of taking useless and dangerous members from the Church, and of arousing the zeal and devotion of all her faithful children, thus replying to the confusion of her enemies to the question, "When and How shall the Catholic Church perish?"

On a late occasion our Holy Father Pius the Ninth, in replying to a deputation, used the following words, which bear upon this subject. The Holy Father remarked:—"In our days Jesus-Christ is persecuted in His ministers and in His Holy religion; but the modern Pharisees, not content with persecuting the Church, would, like those of old, see her destroyed. Against the people oppose themselves, wherefore the sectarians, the unbelievers, and the free-thinkers, seeing the impotence of their efforts, have turned to the powerful for aid, and

gathered aside from the prime motive in the creation of St. Patrick's. What the See says is, unfortunately, only too correct. Religion is counted as vain superstition, or as the clumsy work of intellectual childhood by the majority of non-Catholics to-day. By the majority, we say, though, perhaps, not in number. "In good standing" is a Protestant phrase, provided only he pay his rent and talk not too loudly. His faith and its observance are purely matters of personal consideration for him. At the same time, the strong intellectual drift of the non-Catholic mind is turning heavily to scepticism, and the people of the West are generally ignorant and care very little of anything but the pleasures of the senses. They know of only one or two forms of Christianity: that taught them in childhood, which they rejected in mature years, of some other which they may have come in contact with later, only to reject also. They judge of Christianity, then, by what they themselves have seen and known, and thus judging, they pronounce the whole thing a sham.

The non-Catholic will not convert these men. It is a living witness, however, of a very striking kind, to a living faith in a living God. It is both on the hearts of the poor and the rich, and on the estates of a handful of wealthy men, who take the government of God to cover the life of Mammon. In it, from generation to generation, the Catholic people will gather to pray, to adore the living God ever present on His altar, to have their children baptised into God's Church, to see them, then, under God's blessing, to see their youths and maidens offer up their souls and bodies as virgin temples to the Most High, to see their dead carried thence hopefully and peacefully, amid the rites and ceremonies of God's Church; in one word, to realize the saying of St. Paul, that "God will give and move and give us grace, that He will indeed the Kingdom and the Grace of human life. Scepticism and unbelief and heresy will go on its way. But here in the midst of it, out of the hearts of Christians, rises up their perpetual prayer and altar of sacrifice to the God of Abraham, of Isaac and Jacob, of Peter and Paul, of all the saints and martyrs, and in the community of all the faithful, and we shall see—what things, indeed, shall we see? New objects of affliction and grief. We shall see, where Spain and Portugal planted the Cross of Jesus Christ, Bishops and sacred ministers in the splendor of prisons, victims immolated to masonic wrath, which excludes all Catholic influence, and shall see some of the most magnificent proofs of their power by exiling Bishops, expelling monks, and tearing the brides of Jesus-Christ from their peaceful retreats in order afterwards to make themselves masters of the sacred patrimony of the Church. And when in the midst of all this delirium, a Republic miraculously arises under the equator, which is distinguished for the rectitude of those who govern it and for the wisdom of those who are governed, who showed himself each day a more obedient son of the Church, affectionate as words can express to this Holy See, and desirous of preserving the spirit of piety and of religion in the public, behind impious awakes, and comes forth to the material good of the people, but associates to the detriment which the people, but associates to the detriment that also, of the spirit, persuaded that this is the true gain, because it looks not so much on the present, which passes away, as on the future, which is eternal. The furious, therefore, do not distinguish between the Republic and its neighboring republics, like voracious sectarians, and under the knife of the assassin—according to public report—he falls a victim to his faith and to his Christian charity towards his country. Also the Mussulman, who during the past years has mastered some show of tolerance, now and then, as a matter of course, has made himself the protector of the Neo-Schismatic, making himself the protector of the most atrocious and the most ancient anti-Christian ferocity. At the aspect of so much evil it might appear that human weakness might give way and fall prostrate beneath the enormous weight of so many misfortunes. No, in the first days of Christianity, the pious saw their efforts crowned, but the spreading of the faith and the punishment of the wicked consoling their hearts of the true believers, who were respectful for their glorious actions, and for the heroism of their patience. The barbarities of the tyrants were the cause of the martyrs who fill the heavens in glorious millions, and whom we venerate on earth."

A CURE FOR RELIGIOUS SCEPTICISM.

The *Star* has an interesting and kindly article on the new St. Patrick's Cathedral, that does with the following paragraph:

But, meantime, though this structure has been built of the free-will offerings of pious Catholics, rivaling in their zeal the religious devotion of the Middle Ages, when their Church had undisputed sway over Europe, religious scepticism prevails both here and here, and ecclesiastical authority has little weight with millions of men. In the dominant literature it is scarcely felt, and science pays no heed to it. The revolt was never so large, so strong, so defiant as now. Ancient religious doctrines, which once had implicit credence among all Christians, who, however, no matter how great their ecclesiastical differences, and which found few to assail them even from outside the fold, now provoke criticism, or fall altogether to gain acceptance within the Church itself. And audacious reasoners who reject in authority and demand to be unfettered in their intellectual pursuits, scold them as vain superstitions, or as the clumsy work of intellectual childhood.

Can St. Patrick's Cathedral check this tendency of the age? This is a strange question to put, and yet a suggestive one. St. Patrick's Cathedral was built first and last for the worship of God. It was not intended to check scepticism, or as a rebuke to scepticism. It is God's temple, and that is all. Scepticism was never considered in the matter.

As little is it or was the Cathedral intended as a sort of show-house of religion. The Cathedral is pre-eminently the church of all the people, the common home of the faithful as distinct from the various parish churches. With this view is it large, commodious, and now, as in the old days of faith, seen of all the people. It is richer and more magnificent than other churches because it embraces all, and because all combine to add to the beauty and splendor of the common altar. In this the founder of St. Patrick's only followed the old Catholic tradition and practice.

The rebuke to scepticism, though strong, is also

here, except by men, and only after the track has been removed. The descent, however, is a hard well made road, and is not so difficult. On the west side of the pass the mountains generally grow out of the best of their massive nature. The tribes are distant about eight miles, and here the difficulties. Difficult as the Khyber is to pass, it is evident that what Wade and Pollock did many years ago can be done again. Moreover, the knowledge of these mountain ranges has much improved, and yet the opening of the Khyber would be a most welcome link even for the best of the world. The tribes residing in the pass and its immediate vicinity though nominally owing allegiance to the Ameer of Afghanistan, are yet powerful enough to demand and to obtain subsidies from him in return for the permission they grant in permitting the highway to be made across on their territory. The tribes of the Khyber, the character of the tribes there became a point of interest. They are all, in the true sense of the word, Highlanders, strong, active and warlike, and they live in clans. They are usually armed with some weapon or other, so the leaders are often armed in a peculiar fashion, that leads to some extent to the tribes. The Afghans hold a tradition that they were descended from Saul, and they call themselves Beni-Israel—that is "Children of Israel." There is something of the Jewish type in many of the faces, and Jewish names are common. One of the tribes of the Khyber is called Yusef Zais, or "Sons of Joseph."

The tribes of this region delight in bloodshed, and fight to the death. The tribes residing in the pass received, during the British occupation of Cabul, in 1839-42, 125,000 rupees annually. After the withdrawal of the British, Dost Mahomed paid these tribes a much smaller sum, and they prefer to drop their hatred of the stranger and accept English gold. The Khyber Pass may, after all, be such a terrible obstacle to the English army.

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE TO THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The following beautiful tribute to the Sisters of Charity is from the Holly Springs correspondent of the *Nashville, Miss., Daily Democrat*:

Hotel de Abbott, Holly Springs, Oct. 20, 1878. Major S. P. Power, Dixie Mason—I received your last favor, for which I am much obliged. I am sorry to say that the fever is on the increase. To-day, twenty-two new cases and four deaths. Dr. Conroy, formerly of Jackson, Miss., is down, and his wife is expected to die to-night. But our calamity ended yesterday. The hero of Holly Springs, Col. W. J. L. Holland, was attacked by the fever, and to-night is a very sick man. All that human skill can accomplish is being done for him, and all anxiously hope for his recovery. He is the only remaining member of the original relief committee. The others sleep in the grave, and we would like much to save him. He is a "noble fellow," and has been our main stay.

Major, you know that of late years I have been opposed to priests and preachers, but that beautiful feature in the Catholic Church, the Sisters of Charity, God bless them, has changed me. I have witnessed so much goodness in their devotion to the sick in our hospitals, that I shall always love and respect them. I had the honor of serving them with my meals and mingled with them in their good work, and necessarily became acquainted with them.

It is but a few days since I followed Sister Laurencia, the sixth one, to the grave, and scattered flowers over the graves of all. I am sure I could not have felt my own sister's loss so keenly. In strolling through the streets of the hospital my attention was called to some writing on the wall. It was the tribute of a noble man, Dr. R. M. Swearington, of Austin, Texas, then in charge, to Sister Corintha, who died on the 2nd of October. I will give it to you. It speaks for itself.

The following, written in pencil on the wall of one of the Court House rooms (at present the Howard Infirmary), tells its own story of devotion to duty, even unto death:

"Within this room, October 2nd, 1878, Sister Corintha sank into the deep eternal. Among the first of the Holy Sisters to enter this realm of death, she was the last save one to leave. The writer of this humble notice saw her in health, gentle but strong as she moved with needless step and serene smile through the crowded ward. He saw her when the yellow-plumed angel threw his golden shadows over the last sad scene, and eyes unshed to weeping gave the tribute of tears to the brave and beautiful Spirit of Mercy.

"She needs no slab of granite marble, With white and glossy head, To mark the spot where she lay, The virtues of the dead, Let the dew drops pure and white, The epitaphs the angels write, In the stillness of the night."

"R. M. SWEARINGTON." With respects to friends Botto, Lambert, Eddy and all others, and with hopes of soon hearing from you, I am yours, with respect, JONAS ABBOTT.

A HUMOROUS LECTURER'S EXPERIENCE.

Amusing incidents are apt to occur in the rural districts. I remember on one occasion, after the lecture was over, that the audience, which was made up, for the most part, of farmers and their families, seemed disinclined to go, but held their seats, looking up as if expecting some kind of an after-piece. This was so unlike a city audience, who rush for the door before the last words are out of the speaker's mouth, that I couldn't help remarking the fact to the minister who sat with me in the pulpit. "Ah, yes," said he, "our people are not accustomed to lectures, and they are expecting the doxology." "Then, by all means, let them have it," I said. "It will do us all good." "It will do us all good," he said, "I will stand at the bottom of the steps, the people will be glad to shake hands with you, if you please, as they are going out." "Certainly," I said, "with much pleasure." The minister stood up and told the audience that he might have the opportunity of shaking hands with the lecturer. Accordingly I took my position near the door, and if I had been a prize bull dog the people couldn't have been more reluctant to pass me. All stood up, crowding the aisles and passages, to facilitate matters. I seized one old fellow by the hand and gave it a shake, and passed him along. Then came another, and him I also pump-handled. I held out my hand for the next, a rather fat, but looking youth, with red hair and a very speckled face. He approached me in a jerk, and deposited an expression on my extended palm. Before I could get in the mean time the rest began to move a little faster, and by-and-by another fat-fell of copper was thrust into my hand.

At the same time it is equally true that the great body of the authorities of the Church are inclined to look with disfavor upon the movement towards educating all women like men, which is everywhere rapidly spreading. This tendency is shared by the great number of rich-soldier men in the Church, and is one which we are going to defend in this paper. But the ground upon which our opposition is based, is not that teaching of Miss Alice or Miss Mary to read Greek or work an equation, is a thing that offends in the very slightest degree the business of our Church, but it is that the worst sort of prejudice against the education of women, which is a question of faith or morals.

"Good heavens! do they suppose I'm here to take any collection? They're actually putting money in my hand!" said to the minister, stepping back upon the platform. "Oh, no," said he laughingly, "there are only benevolent contributions to be taken without paying, so they think they must pay you." That was all the hand-shaking I wanted, so I let the good poor depart in peace, and they did seem very much relieved when I got up out of their way. It was money in a good cause, and I expect—*London Commercial Advertiser*.

HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

In this age of "Women's Rights," it is by no means uncommon to hear some of the advocates of the movement assert that the Church is opposed to the higher education of women. We are aware that the Church has ever taught anything on this subject. The Church in her teaching occupies herself only with questions relating to faith and morals; and the question whether or not giving a woman a liberal education is a matter of faith or morals is a question of faith or morals.

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Some women are undoubtedly born to be learned, and by nature fitted for it, but this is rare. If a man perceive that his girl has really a taste for learning, that God has really given her talents for education that for a woman's ordinary work providing your condition allow it, by all means give her the good education she craves. That the Roman Pontiff himself have been blind to these exceptional cases is shown by the fact that while the famous linguist Mezzofanti held the chair of Arabic in the University of Bologna—a city in the Papal States—that of Greek was worthily occupied by a young lady. Italy furnishes other examples of young ladies. Remark, too, that in such rare cases, education is naturally on its owners, and these rarely gifted ladies do not forfeit those graces of character which your lot-house blue-stocking does; it is said that no woman was ever more womanly, more domestic than the late Mrs. Mary Somerville, the eminent physical geographer.

But, outside of these phenomena, the general result of universal higher education in woman is experimentally summed up in a sentence of the late Mrs. Gosnell, we think: "A woman who speaks Greek can never cook a pudding well." In other words, a woman who has passed time when she ought to have been learning cooking, sewing and other feminine work, in reading Greek and reading over mathematics, will live in after life a little taste for looking after the kitchen or managing the house, and what is more, will not know how to do it. Worse still, her studies will have given her new tastes which will take away in reading the time she should employ in the greatest of her works, training and forming her own children. The result in a family is calamitous.—*Catholic Herald*.

English Peculiarities. Some curious customs of our English cousins. Flag-staffs are poked out of the Church steeples. Omnibus drivers are quite disdainful in dress, wear gloves, and sometimes a rose in the button-hole. Local elections and business notices are posted on the church doors. Grave stones in old churches are paved with epitaphs. No drug stores open on Sunday until 6 o'clock p. m. A single woman, after forty, is called "Mrs." out of courtesy. No free lounging offices or halls in the streets. Every bar-room is a "public house." Women and men are promiscuous patrons of bars. In dress, women are comely and baggy about the skirts. Average female shoes clumsy and ill-fitting. Sad change from the Parisian gilette in plain black, white collar, low slipper and bare head. But the English Soldier is far beyond the French in build, carriage, uniform and general appearance. Fine animals. Shops for selling cooked food abundant; such as roasts of all kinds, corned beef and boiled vegetables. Fine meat, too. For six pence a square meal may be bought and carried home in a paper, also, red and kidney pies for a penny. "Noted Ed Pie Houses" all over London. A workman may buy his steak or chop at the butcher's and have it cooked at the chop house. The sign: "No charge for cooking." A cup of tea one penny, coffee ditto. The tea is good; the coffee villainous. This is a plain poor man's living. A penny will give a poor man a meal, viz., bowl of soup and bread. Shops much ornamented with heavy brass mouldings mounted on wood. In this damp climate it's one eternal scrub to keep them bright. They are frequently moveable and are taken within at night, otherwise they are stolen. Singular sight, though, to see a shopman thus dismounting the ornamentation of his shop doors and windows. There are miles on miles of small two-story cottages. In these live the working people. Six-story tenements *a la* New York row and grays, but the house has more comfort than that of Gotham. Tens of thousands in London have their bit of back yard and strip of front garden. Baths, warm and cold are abundant. Cold, one penny; warm, two pence, including soap and towel. Excellent gin at forty cents per pint. The stuff sold in New York for "old Tom" at one dollar per bottle is cheap in comparison. One needs not visit Europe to learn what good liquor means. Dirt is abundant on both men and women in East London. For greasy and rotten rags on men and women, London may stand A. J. "Stains" steam ferry boats, cheap, dingy and dirty. Faneral cheap. Can be buried for \$25, with four or five good mourners. Like a pirate's flag, red, black suits, well inked at seams. Don't know who you are, what you are where you come from, or where you're going to. No matter. Will mourn all the same, and after funeral adjourn to nearest public house and pray for another subject to mourn over. More gin in stir, bottle and street shows, such as "Punch and Judy," band of street negro minstrel, Irish ballad singers, Highland pipers Italian ditto, German bands pavement skedaddling artists with colored chalks, Bible readers, performing dogs, cats, mice and birds, acrobats and tumblers.—*Graphic*.

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IN THE KHYBER PASS. From Motie's Illustrated Weekly.

The Khyber Pass may be said, generally speaking, to commence at Jamrood, ten miles west of Peshawar, and to extend as far as Daska, a distance of about thirty-three miles. The actual entrance to the defile, however, is at Kadama, a place three miles west of Jamrood, which is a small village surrounded by a mud wall. There still exists the ruins of an old fort built in 1837, after the defeat of the Afghan army on the adjacent plains by the Khals army under Hurree Singh. Within one thousand yards of Kadama the gorge narrows to one hundred and fifty yards, with steep, precipitous cliffs on either hand. Between this and the Afghan frontier fort of Ah Musjid, distant about ten miles, the mountains on either hand are about fifteen hundred feet in height, slaty, bare, and to all appearance inaccessible; the width of the pass varies from two hundred and ninety to forty feet. For a distance of two miles and a half beyond Ah Musjid the pass remains of difficult character. It then enters into Beg Valley, about six miles in length, with an average breadth of a mile and a half. The western end of the valley, however, finds the road entering a still narrower defile, there being scarcely room for two camels to pass each other. The Landi Khana pass is distant from this point about a mile and a half; the ascent over it is narrow, rugged, steep, and is generally the most difficult part of the road. Guns could not be drawn