



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1861.

No. 32.

THE AZAMOGLAN.

A TALE OF MODERN GREECE.

(Concluded.)

Ellen Sotteris knew that the light of freedom had at length dawn upon her long-beighted country, and that the Cross had been planted triumphantly on the walls of many a rescued town and city of Greece.

"Mother," said the Pasha Selim, riding up to the covered litter in which she travelled, and drawing back the embroidered silk curtains, "Mother, we have crossed the frontier, and you are again in the Morea."

She threw herself back in the litter and gave way to a passion of tears. The Pasha, who loved his mother better than anything on earth, took her hand in his and speedily succeeded in soothing her into returning fondness; for so completely was he the idol of her heart that it was not possible for her to be angry with him long.

The grand features of the landscape, the wood-crowned hills, the silver streams and romantic glens remained unchanged, but the plains were devastated, the vineyards destroyed, and the villages reduced to blackened ashes.

"It is war that has wrought this change in the face of the country," said the Pasha; and in reply to further questions, proceeded to explain to his astonished mother the cause and progress of the Greek struggle for independence.

Helen Sotteris clasped her hands together and exclaimed, "There will then be no more tributes of male children exorted from Christian parents to serve in the armies of the misbelievers! Oh, may the God of battles hear my prayer, and grant the victory to those who fight for the cross of the Redeemer and the freedom of Greece."

"Was I not an Azamoglan, reared from my childhood for his armies?" replied the Pasha. "Standest thou not, therefore, as a living witness of the wrongs of thy much injured country, my son; and should not the consciousness of all thy parents have suffered on that account incite thee to become a champion of Greece, to avenge her upon those who have armed thee with parricidal weapons against her?"

and traitor. If I have yet another son, my heart tells me he has taken the good part, and fights by his father's side in the cause of Greece. And who knoweth, Alexander, if you go down to fight against your country, but you may become the murderer of your own father, or your brother?"

A few days after this conversation, the long-defended town of — was taken, and, according to the custom of Turkish warfare, given up to the will of the victors. Notwithstanding the resolute manner in which the young Pasha had hardened his heart against the eloquent pleadings of his mother, his Greek blood did at times assert its power during the soul-barrowing scenes that succeeded the fall of —, of which he was a reluctant witness.

"By the bridge of Al Arat!" exclaimed the Pasha, "I no longer wonder at the obstinate manner in which the rebel dogs have defended a place that contained a treasure of which the Sultan himself might envy me the possession!"

"Mercy?" echoed he, with a loud laugh, you shall have more than mercy; I will make you the happiest woman in the East. You shall be the bride of Selim Pasha."

The hue of death overspread the features of the fair Anastasia at these words. Her arm relaxed its hold from the pillar; and she would have fallen with violence upon the pavement, if the Pasha had not received her fainting form in his arms.

Her countrywomen, whom he summoned to her assistance, informed him that she was the bride of the gallant defender of the town, to whom she was tenderly attached. In consequence of his Turkish education, the Pasha received this intelligence with perfect indifference; and causing the still insensible Anastasia to be conveyed to the woman's apartments in the castle, he proceeded to superintend the repairs of the fortifications, and to the execution of other important duties which devolved on him as the provisional Governor of the town.

There was no physician at hand, and the Pasha could only order his unfortunate captive to be conveyed into an apartment in the castle, and laid on a sofa; and then, suddenly recollecting that his mother possessed some knowledge of medicine, he caused her to be summoned to the assistance of her hapless countrywoman.

trious would in all probability have been crowned with success, if the fatal light from the burning castle had not revealed to the Turks the small number of their assailants, who were then compelled to make a hasty retreat. The Pasha was too anxious for the safety of his beloved mother to pursue the unwelcome visitors beyond the lines of the town; but his wrath may be imagined when, on his return, he encountered his fair captive in company with three of the patriotic Greeks.

The whole truth flashed on his mind. This daring adventure had been attempted with the view of rescuing her from his power, and it was by her hands that the castle had been fired, for conflagration had not extended beyond the apartments devoted to her use. A fierce but unequal contest ensued upon the spot. The Greeks, animated with the fury of despair, defended their fair countrywomen and themselves for a few moments, till at length the elder of the three, a gray-haired veteran, fell beneath a dreadful blow from the scimitar of Selim Pasha, and the other two were overpowered by their numerous assailants, and disarmed.

Their bold but unsuccessful attempt to deprive him of his lovely prey, and the obstinate valor of their defence, and the tears and passionate pleadings of their beautiful countrywomen in their behalf, added fierceness to the deadly flame of vengeance in the Pasha's breast, and he called aloud for the bowstring to be brought, in a tone that sufficiently indicated to the weeping Anastasia, who had hitherto clung to his garments in agony of supplication, that all entreaties from her lips would be fruitless.

"My husband and my brother! you shall kill me before one hair of their heads falls to the ground!"

The dark impulses of the power of evil, in a heart which he had resolutely stifled against the influence of conscience, was obeyed in that hour of guilty wrath by the Pasha. With his own hands he rudely tore the distracted Anastasia from the arms of her husband and her brother, and held her with a ruthless grasp till the work of vengeance was accomplished on those dear objects of her devoted love.

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"Holy Panagia, how came she by these?" exclaimed Helen Sotteris, in the thrilling accents of her native Moriet tongue. The heart-piercing tone in which the demand was made pierced the abstracted ear of Anastasia, and she replied, in a hollow, broken voice:—

"They were my mother's."

A vague but terrible suspicion of the dreadful possibility raised the cold dews of horror on the brow of the guilty Pasha at these words; and had the blast of the archangel's trumpet broken the awful pause, it could scarcely have sounded more appalling to his ear than did the low-breathed sigh in which Anastasia, in reply to his mother's eager demand of her father's name, replied, "Adrian Sotteris!"

ther, as she snatched the dying Anastasia to her bosom, and held her there with a tenacity that seemed as if she thought her fond grasp could arrest the flight of the departing spirit. "Your father and your brother, where are they?" exclaimed Helen Sotteris.

"Ask the destroyer," replied Anastasia; "he who hath in one brief hour made me brotherless, an orphan, and a widow."

The flush of joy and expectation faded from the cheek of Helen Sotteris at these words, and the death-like hues of Anastasia's features were reflected on her own, as she smote her hands together, exclaiming, "Who hath done this?"

Anastasia turned her glazing eyes slowly and heavily upon the face of the Pasha, and replied, "Their blood shall be required at his hands, in the great and awful day when the wrongs of Greece shall be repaid with fiery vengeance on the head of the oppressor."

But the fire of the wrath unquenchable was already kindled within the heart that had wifullly hardened itself against the voice of conscience. The curse of the evil-doer was upon the renegade Greek, and rather would he have met the death-blast of the lightning in its terror than have encountered the glance of the mother whose warning he had slighted.

It was reported in the Moslem camp that the sudden death of the victorious young Pasha was in consequence of his having taken the infection of the plague from the beautiful Moriet captive, and the decease of his mother was accounted for in the same way; but how few of those who appear to possess the most accurate means of information are aware of the true causes from which the effects which they beheld have proceeded.

INDEPENDENT OPPOSITION.

LENTEN PASTORAL OF THE RIGHT REV. DR. KEANE, BISHOP OF CLOYNE.

To the Catholic Clergy and Laity of his Diocese.

The policy of independent opposition has been called factious, obstructive, unconstitutional; voting black white, &c. &c. To these charges the best answer is, to say that they are simply ridiculous. English parties, Whig and Tory, believe themselves to be acting with dignity, and to be promoting the public welfare, when they assume towards one another the precise position which Irish Members ought to assume to both.

It is sometimes asked—why impose upon Irish members the duty of not seeking for themselves, or for their friends, the advantage of government appointments? Is it not depriving Catholics of the expected fruits of Emancipation?

In reply to these questions, be prepared, all at once, to admit, that in the distribution of places of dignity and of emolument, neither have Irish Protestants, nor Irish Catholics, a proportionately fair share. The policy of the English people in the government of the United Kingdom, and in the expenditure of a large annual revenue, has been always able, national, and selfish.

In inviting you, beloved brethren, to weigh our words calmly and deliberately, we have no doubt but that you will give ready assent to a course of policy that received the sanction of the Catholics of the United Kingdom at the great Dublin meeting, that was adopted and found so powerful by a large body of members of Parliament, and that was again recommended to the people of Ireland in the Bishop's Pastoral of '59. But, beloved brethren, we want more than your assent; we want your manly, stern, and uncompromising resolve to carry it out with untiring patience and enduring firmness. Be not deceived; and be not discouraged. Nations must carve out their own fortunes, and judging by the standard of human policy, their fate is the fate they deserve.

part of about twenty men, whose social position already places at their command all the comforts, if not the luxuries, of life. To them Irish Priests and Irish Constituents will say:—In the nicely-balanced state of parties in England, your votes, at critical moments, can decide the fate of any ministry; for the present, you can do without place or pension; seek not the patronage of any minister for yourselves, for us, or for our mutual friends, because by so doing, you bind yourself to support that minister; but with the fear of an adverse vote, press on whatever party may be in power the claims of the Catholic poor, thousands of whom, together with their children, are in various ways exposed to perversion; save the faith from the many dangers to which it is exposed; insist that Irish Catholics be placed on a level with Irish Protestants, and that both be treated as their English fellow-subjects; do this, and when you have secured the fruits of Emancipation for thousands, you may expect the support of an admiring and grateful nation to secure for you the places which then you can accept with honor.

Had this course been pursued, only a few years ago, by earnest men, there cannot be a doubt but that the land question would have been long since satisfactorily settled, and that provision would have been made for the spiritual wants of poor Catholics. In various ways the benefits would have been immense. Well, beloved brethren, it was not pursued; it was disgracefully abandoned; and what is the result?—As a set-off against the countless blessings which the poor of various classes would have derived from it, you are invited to count up the number of appointments given as a reward of treachery. The task will not be difficult. Such appointments are but few; they are only just enough to satisfy the cupidity of some who, when they have served the purpose for which they are wanted, are put aside to be neglected or forgotten; to excite the hopes of others who may be doomed to suffer delay or disappointment; and thus to destroy a power which, if properly exercised, would have obtained justice for thousands.

The laity will thus see, that when Clergymen interfere in politics their sole object is to protect the faith and to provide for the wants of their suffering brethren, the great majority of whom in all the departments alluded to must of necessity be Irish. For themselves they ask nothing. A state pension or endowment they will continue to refuse. All they want is, to be allowed, in the free exercise of a ministry given to them from Heaven, to labor for a people whom they love, and by whom they are loved in turn. They blush to find that Irish Catholic gentlemen, at whose disposal fortune and position place all the enjoyments of life, refuse, even for a short time, to exercise the noble virtue of self-denial; and that they thus, for mere selfish purposes, destroy a power strong enough to effect the highest and the holiest objects. From the crimes and excesses of revolution they instinctively shrink. But being made to feel every day that the injuries of the past and of the present, that the cold disdain with which the claims of Ireland are treated, and that the stinging insults of the English press, are producing in the minds of a sensitive people the bitterest discontent, they prefer to an outburst of passion the more constitutional means of parliamentary action. Taught, however, by lessons of experience, and by the miseries of eviction brought on conscientious voters, they will not, in future, encourage the people to promote at the risk of ruin to themselves and to their families, the personal aggrandisement of candidates for parliamentary honors and government appointments, who, throwing their whole weight into the scales of a hostile ministry, become dangerous in proportion to their personal worth and talents; and who, when provided for, will leave to priests and people the profitless task of serving as convenient scaffolding for the elevation of other aspirants.

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