THE TRUE WITNESS AND GATEGOING CHRONICLE. SEPT. 1, 1876.

WRITTEN FOR THE "TRUE WITNESS."

2

A SUMMER EVEN. O soul of summer beauty, That looks from earth and sky In richest, sweetest glory ! Thy blissful anthems sigh On the enchanted breeze, In magic harmonies, While the bright world lies dreaming Her summer dream of joy. O soul of human heing, Spirit perfect ford of all, Image of the omniscient, Prince in his palace hall! Where is thy grandau and Where is thy grandeur and grace? And thy innocent dream of peace? And thy song of praise and rejoicing ? Discordant its weak notes fall.

O heart of untroubl'd nature, Moving so tranquilly Under the gold of sunset In green wood and dasied lea! The violets at our feet, Send up their odors sweet ; And the tall pine tree swingeth Its mid-air censors free.

Under the stars and the moonlight Thou'lt lie in a beautiful rest ; While dew like a blessing from heaven Falls on thy quiet breast. 'Till the soft gloom is withdrawn, And the sweet, blue light of dawn Sets the happy birds all singing, Each by its own dear nest.

O heart of humanity, beating Restlessly evermore ! There is no balm in the night dew For thy wound so deep and sore, And the morning brings no day, To eyes which look far away For the dawn that still delayeth Afar on the hidden shore.

D. C. DEANE. LOWE, P.Q.

AUG. 20-FEAST OF ST. BERNARD.

EARLY YEARS OF THE SAINT.

Bernarde, ad quid venisti?

Br J. F. L., D.D.

I.

The history of St. Bernard means the history of Christendom during the first half of the twelfth century ; for, as Cantu has well observed, the Abbot of Clairvaux was the soul of the Christian society in that age. His position in the body of Christian society was insignificant. In the Church he ranked as priest; in the world he held no rank at all, for he had left it in becoming a monk. And yet this monk and priest governed and pacified the Church, the world, and the unruly republic of letters.

The biography of St. Bernard is therefore highly interesting; first, because it introduces us to the most amiable character which has appeared among, men and secondly, because it gives us the most ad-vantageous outlook upon a very important epoch in the history of our race.

Our saint, the third son of Tecelin, Lord of Fontaines, near Dijon, in Burgundy, was born in the year 1091. His mother was the daughter of Count Bernard de Montbar, one of the mightiest vassals of his visit u of the Duke of Burgundy. Tecelan is represented interesting. by a contemporary historian as irreproachable in After ref the service of God and of his feudal lord. Alice, the mother of the saint, was a lady of singular piety, who would have embraced monastic life if Providence had not reserved her for another destiny. She gave birth to six sons and one daughter, all of whom abandoned the world for the desert or the cloister.

It is related, that while pregnant with Bernard, Alice had a strange dream. "She dreamt that she

ETTER TAUCLE WITTERVEACE WI mothers their sons-more fearful of losing them in

in the second

this life than the other. At length he gathered a resolute band of thirty. It was now the Saint's concern to choose the mon-astery into which 'they should' retire." There were two principal religious houses in that vicinity, Cluny, the alma mater of Hildebrand, and the lately founded Citeaux. Cluny had relaxed from its original discipline and was gradually decaying, Citeaux bore the reputation of being extremely ausetre, "calm and sustained labor; vigorous silence, habitual recollection, which intensely concentrated the powers of the soul; removal from all dissipation, from every object calculated to excite the imagination and the senses, punctual obedience, poverty, complete relinquishment of material things"-so they lived at Citeaux, and as the Order was young there was no prospect of abatement of vigor.

It was feared that the Order would die from lack of members. A playue which swept over the country, had carried off the greater portion of the monks, and as many calumnies were spread abroad by the envy of the Cluniaces against the Cistercians, no candidates presented themselves to fill up the decimated ranks. The English Abbot Stephen, was therefore plunged in great affliction. He feared that there might be some truth in the accusations of the enemies of the Order. To quiet his scruples and ascertain the Will of God, he took a strange course. One of his monks was dying. Stephen, in presence of all the religious, commanded him in virtue of holy obedience, if it were the Will of God, to go and return from Heaven and inform him what he was to do. The monk, promising obedience, died, and several days afterwards returned, and bade him dry his tears, for a great number of persons were about to come, and the Order would increase and multiply.

A few days after this occurrence Bernard and his companion begged admittance into the Monastery .--Catholic Standard.

A CALL ON HIS HOLINESS.

The Blessing of the Sovereign Pontiff.

A PROTESTANT'S TRIBUTE TO HIS BENIGSITY-RUDE-NESS OF AMERICANS.

The Philadelphia Catholic Standard extracts from letter to the New York World the following account of the writer's visit to the Vatican and reception by the Holy Father. The writer is a Protes-tant or Liberalist. For this reason the account of his visit and his impressions will be all the more

After referring to the splendor and imposing solemnity of the Church services during Holy Week before the entrance of Victor Emmanuel into Rome, the writer continues as follows:

Things are vastly changed now, and Holy Week is much like Holy Week in Paris or any other Continental city—except that one always teels that the Pope is there, and even the less important ceremon-

ials seem to have a new meaning from being so near to the centre of Catholicism. There is no was carrying in her womb a white dog, which longer the solemn Miserere in the Sistine Chapel, barked incessantly; greatly terrified, she consulted no longer the Pontifical Benediction from the bal of St. Peter's. no longer the gro of Holy Thursday, no longer the great display of costly and magnificent vestments, but there is everywhere the solemn Tenebre service on Good three hundred years been the pride and the boast Friday, with a special prayer for the Church. now undergoing such heavy afflictions in the person of its primal Bishop. We arrived in Rome with no higher expectation than of seeing the Pope in some pageant of Holy or Easter Week, ignorant of the fact that he never left the Vatican, and when we were told that he would take no part in the public observances we were more than a little disappointed. Fortunately for us we expressed this disappointment to an Italian "friend at court," who, to our surprise, obtained for us almost at once a summons to attend an audience at the Vatican. We felt very happy in the possession of that great printed form, with the Papal Seal at the top of it, and our own names figuring about the middle of the sheet. We were very glad also to be told exactly what was expected of us in the way of dress : an evening suit and white necktie for the gentlemen ; a black dress without ornaornament, and a blace veil for the ladies. Fortunate were we in possession of such an invitation, as nearly all requests for presentations at the Papal court had been refused on account of the fatigues none of my readers will be surprised to hear of of Holy Week, which must necessarily rest heavily on so old a man as Pius IX. Besides, we have been repeatedly told how difficult it has become of late for Americans to obtain admission to the Papal apartments. The Pope is especially fond of Americans-in the abstract. He appreciates fully the warm allegiance that American Catholics have paid him ; but he feels keenly the too many violations of courtly etiquette which some Protestant compatriots have been guilty of in his presence. Only a few weeks before our arrival in Rome a Congregational deacon from Boston had, after much persistent seeking, obtained for himself and party an audience card. Everybody is told that etiquette -if no higher feeling -demands that all shall kneel on the Pope's entry to the audience chamber. Common civility demands that his guests shall at least stand. This ill-bred and ill-mannered deacon saw fit to do neither. He firmly resolved that he many lands, which well becomes a gifted son of would eit during the audience, and demanded of the Universal Church. Nicholas Wiseman takes his party that they should follow his example of rank as one of the greatest prelates that ever adorndiscourtesy. I am sorry to say that they were weak enough to yield to this absurd requirement, and Church, and (even apart from thoughts of ecclesiaswent to the Vatican with a deliberate intention of offering an insult to the Pope in his own apartment. Since that day it is much more difficult for American Protestant visitors to obtain access to the Vatican. Our cards told us that the audience would take place at 12 o'clock noon, and we were to be at the Pontifical palace at 11.30. As the clock of St. Peter's struck the half hour we alighted under the grand porte cochere and were escorted by a soldier of the Swiss Guard to the grand staircase leading to the Pope's apartment. At every landing we found soldiers in brilliant uniforms standing ready to direct us through the labyrinthine passages of the palace, nal Wiseman's great talents. A miserable and It was well they were there or we should have lost our way.

head a, white skull cap, beneath which one could-see his still whiter hair; on his feet red shoes embroidered with golden crosses, and en his hands thick-knitted half gloves that reached to his fingers and leave the Pontifical ring exposed. The Pope walks like an old man, leaning on a stick, with which staff he emphasizes his words as he talks.

At a signal from one of the secretaries in attendance, all the company rose to their feet. Then the Pope, with as pleasant a smile as I over saw on an old man's face, walked down the line at his right, stopping to speak to each person as he passed.

One by one the company knelt as he approached and to each he gave his hand, that they who wish to do so might kiss his ring. Most of the assembly kissed this symbol of power devoutly, for all the Pope had a kind word. Two Sisters of Charity, who had come all the way from Paris to receive the blessing of the Holy Father, prostrated themselves and kissed the embroidered golden cross upon his shoe.

Having made the round of the chamber, he returned to the place from which he had entered and. raising his hand as a signal, all knelt down, while he, with upraised right hand, pronounced the fol-lowing benediction, in a clear voice and purest French :

I bless you and yours-all who are near and dear for all time and in the hope that my benediction may avail you in the life eternal. I give you an old man's blessing; but it will avail you nothing unless you work it out to the glory of God in good deeds, in purity of life, in steady faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. I bless all the rosaries, crucifixes and religious objects you may have brought with you, trusting that you will find in them souvenirs of the Passion of our Saviour and reminders of the unspeakable gift you have received through Him. I admonish you in this age of herefies and schisms, that you be vigilant in all religious duties, striving so to live that we may all be one in the life of the world to come.

That was all; a simple blessing from an old man —a man against whose personal character no word has ever been breathed. Whatever errors or sins may be counted to the Pope by the enemies of the Ohurch, the record of the man has been stainless. Surely for such a blessing no Protestant could feel ing, the curtains were once more withdrawn, with only pleasant memories of our audience. We gathered up our rosaries and crucifixes, and left the Vatican by the same circuitous way we had come. We left, speaking of the Pope as a man whose face was sweet and tender, with the " beauty of holiness," who, whatever his relations with the Church and the world may be, is a gentle, kind old man, who has faith in the future of the Church he loves. and does not allow its reverses to make him less affable to those who seek his blessing.

A WEEK OF GRAND MEMORIES.

The week which closes to day is one which contains four anniversaries on which every Catholic except, perhaps, the debate in the House of Parlia-heart must feel sentiments of deep gratitude to God. ment on the possibility of England joining in Let us attempt to glance at them somewhat in detail, although to do even one of them justice would

occupy many columns of our space. On Monday the Church celebrated

heavy, white watered silk about his body; on his and deep learning as a constitutional lawyer. He guided her safely through many perils. His teachings never cost Ireland the life of even one of her children, and he led Catholics to religious liberty without injury to the creed of any other son of the "old land."

Such are some of the memories which the present week suggests. Let Catholics prize them dearly and clasp them to the heart with books of steel.

They are indeed most precious heirlooms. Who that aspires to be worthy of the glorious and sublime name of Catholic ought not to feel proud of the men to whose names we have endeavoured to pay homage? Our enemies weary themselves in trying to make little of our great men. Can they produce a St. Ignatius Loyola, a St. Dominic, a Nicholas Wiseman, or a Daniel O'Connell? No; not even one such a man can be found in Protestant history.

Let not our thoughts, however, run into empty and unprofitable vanity. It is good, indeed, to honour the memory of the illustrious dead, to pay homage to their exalted virtues and to be proud of claiming religious relationship with those who have done glorious service for the Church of God. But let us not forget that we, too, have duties, and most important duties, to perform. We may not have to cross seas to save souls, like the Jesuits, or to beat down the enemies of the Church, like St. Dominic, to you, present and absent, not to-day alone, but or to produce learned and eloquent discourses like a Wiseman, or to rouse a nation to fight for religious liberty like an O'Connell, but every true Catholic may do something in his own sphere to advance the holy cause of truth.

> Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime ; And, departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time-Footprints that perhaps another, Toiling o'er life's troubled main, Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother, Seeing, may take heart again. -London Universe, Aug. 5th.

WHEN IRISHMEN ARE NOT IRISH MEN.

It cannot be accident; it cannot be ignorance Must we conclude that it is design-that is, part the worse. As soon as the Pope had ceased speak- and parcel of the same old principle, the same ald treatment, the same old ignoring of everything creditable to Ireland, and the same old magnifying that is discreditable to Ireland—that same old principle, the acting upon which has succeeded so eminently in alienating "Ireland and the Irish" so everlastingly from the interests of the two more favoured members of the United Kingdom and the lengthened duration of which has made it a sort of second nature to otherwise intelligent ann enlighttened and liberal Englishmen?

However we may dislike the conclusion, there is no other way for accounting for the remarkable fact that in none of the London daily newspaper notices that we have seen of the Balfe festival-the greatest and most interesting event of the week, the war on the Continent-has there been a reference to the fact that Balfe was an Irishman.

If a poor Irishman or any member of his family, n London life and

nothing when compared with the horrors of this Turkish invasion. The correspondent of the London Times, writing from the spot, declares that he "cannot command words which will enable his readers to realize" what he saw. He bad described in glowing language the magnificence of the country on the frontier of Servia, which had been the theatre of the operations of last week. "The Turk has blighted all. Such an exodus! Never since the flight of the Israelties had the like of it been witfight of the Israelics had the fike of it been wit-nessed. . . . I believe that, could all Europe have seen it as I did yesterday, all Europe would rise in indignation. Thousands of Christians, the inhabitants of the villages along the frontier of Servia, were flying for their lives and for the honour of their wives and daughters from the cruei and remorseless Turk." The man who wrote this was an Englishman who had witnessed scenes of war else-Englishman who had witnessed scenes of war else-where, and knew how to distinguish between in-evitable hardship and ruthless savagery. Now, it has been all along understood that the Powers will not allow the Porte to reconquer Servia, to re-annex it to its dominion. But surely this understand. ing implies that the Ottoman commanders will not be permitted to lay the whole of this fruitful land desolate, and exterminate its people. If this, how, ever, is not to be the fate of Servia, there is scarcely an hour to be lost for interposition of a most decided and effective character. Austria cannot afford to allow a victorious Turkish army to appear again on that historic platform, once stormed by Prince Eugene. All her Southern provinces would be in a flame, and the knell of Magyar supremacy East of the Danube would have struck. As for Russia, not a word need be said. Her government has been quiescent all these weeks in spite of the rising tide of Russian feeling. The news that the Turkish hordes are overrunning Servia will overbear all resistance of the Russian government. Set us turn our eyes now to the South-east. A few weeks ago, the correspondent of the Daily News, writing from Constantinople, stated that shocking atrocities had been perpetrated in Bulgaria, under pretence of suppressing insurrectionary movements. The Eng. lish Ministers, when interrogated in the House of Commons, did not hesitate to declare that those statements were untrue. Being, however, pressed on the subject, they consented to direct the ambas. sador at Constantinople to make inquiries . Meantime, the Daily News' correspondent reiterated his statements, and they were confirmed by the special correspondent of the Times. Yet Mr. Disraeli had the unaccountable hardihood or folly to deride the whole story as the "coffee-house babble of a romancing Bulgarian" 1 One of the secretaries of the English embassy, Mr. Baring, who seems to be an honourable man, but with strong leanings to the side of "authority"—ie., in this case, the Otto-man tyranny—reports that, from the rough information gleaned by him, he must estimate that "at least 12,000 Bulgarian Christians have perished" It seems that Mr. Baring is accompanied by a Turkish escort, that he does not speak the language of the country, that has an interpreter "who bullies the natives and is favourable to the Turks," and that he himself draws most of the information from the Turkish authorities, whom he describes as "being just men." When, under these circumstances, he reports that he "estimates" the destruction of life at three times the number killed at the battle of Solferino, it is clear that the real story must have been ineffably horrible. Mr. Baring's

report was dated July 22. But the correspondent of the Daily News has written to his newspaper ten days later. For the purposes of protection he had

a holy man; he, filled with the spirit of prophecy made answer: 'That dog which thou wilt bring forth, shall be a faithful guardian of the house of God, and loudly shall he bark against the enemies of the faith. As a preacher he shall be excellent, and his tongue shall heal the wounds of many." The mother's terror was changed into joy by this voice from heaven, and she determined to consecrate her child to the service of God.

As early as possible, Bernard was placed at the Church of Chatillon-sur Seine, where there was a school of great renown. The youth was full of genius, and surpassed his mother's expectations both in learning and plety. "For in letters be made rapid progress, outstripping his schoolmates; and he took to works of piety and mortification as if perfection were natural to him."

He is described as "loving to be alone, fleeing publicity, wondrously pensive; obedient and subject to his parents, gracious and kind to all; open-hearted and quiet at home, seldom to be seen without; incredibly bashful; devout and pure : directing all his studies toward the more perfect intelligence of the Scriptures."

Bernard mastered the various sciences which were taught at Chatillon, and his works prove that his education was not far from "complete." I hope education in the twelfth century. Modern Ages have added less to the stock of learning which the human race possessed centuries ago, than many believe. It would take a Bernard or a Thomas very little time to learn all the truths which have been discovered since their death (they would find it more difficult to count our errors); whereas it would take us years to fathom the depth of their wisdom.

Bernard's mind being unusually brilliant, he completed his course of studies in his nineteenth year, after which he returned to his family in Fontaines. Six months afterwards he lost his pious mother "concerning whom," says the ancient biographer of the Saint, "it is just to say she was an exemplary wife and mother. In her wedded estate and in the midst of the world she seemed to vie with the monks and hermits in her abstinences, simplicity of dress, and aversion to the pomps and vanities of the worldings." "She was often seen. alone and on foot-on the road from Fontaines to Dijon, entering the houses of the poor, visiting the sick, distributing food and medicine, carrying all kinds of succor and consolation to the afflicted. We may readily believe that "the happy passage of Alice's soul was a subject of joy to the Angels of Heaven, but on earth an occasion of heavy grief and mourning to the poor of Jesus Christ, to the widows and orphans to whom she had been a mother."

Bernard felt keenly the separation from his mother. He had arrived at the age when temptations are most violent and a mother's warning voice invaluable. The sensitive heart of the Saint, prone to love, left him open to the allurements of the Upon one occasion, not having sufficiently world guarded his eyes, he was troubled with a thought which terrified his pure soul. Having endeavored in vain to drive it from his mind, he plunged into a half frozen pond, and stayed resolutely in the water until he was near dead. In recompense for his resolution, he was freed from such temptations | lofty and gorgeously frescoed. Here and there in the future.

At last we came to a magnificent room. long and stately footmen in the Pope's livery were moving It was time for him to choose his state of life about fine looking men in orimson velvet and His birth, talents and education were such as to in- | brocade: 'One of these "fine gentlemen" relieved

great and glorious St. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of that illustrious Order which has for more than of every truly Catholic heart. Wherever danger threatened most, there was the Jesuit. It might be to bear the glad tidings of salvation to the wild "children of the sun" in the far East. It might be to console the dying soldier amid the din and peril of the battle-field, or to face the horrors of halter Church such illustrious champions!

Yesterday the Church honoured the memory of the great St. Dominic, who at a critical moment in her history was sent by God to defend her against many fierce and dangerous enemies. We who live in the calm days when no man has in these lands to die for his faith, caunot easily realize the time when the true and faithful sons of the Church had to go forth and do battle against the enemies of truth. St. Dominic laboured in times when no honest man could be neutral. He nobly and generously abandoned all that earth could give ; he relinquished rank, wealth, and worldly promotion in order to give all his wondrous energies to God. Every educated Catholic knows his history, and we need not dwell upon the wondrous narrative. Like the Jesuits, the Dominicans have been bitterly assailed by the enemies of God's Church. Like them they have "overcome the world." The wondrous eloquence of such illustrious men as Father Lacordaire and Father Burke has proved that genius has come down from olden time in that grand Order which gave to the world, many centuries ago, the deep learning of a St. Thomas Aquinas and the exquisite artistic skill of a Bartolomio and an Angelico.

The birthday of Cardinal Wiseman occurs also this week, and it, too, is a "grand memory." That great man (Irish by descent on both sides) was born in Catholic Spain in 1802, was educated in Ireland, England and Rome, and thus belongs to ed the long and chequered annals of the Catholic tical subjects) no man ever rendered greater services to social science and the progress of true civilization. His splendid and persuasive eloquence has never been surpassed, and the head of the Catholic Church in England at present was well justified in

describing him as "the great cardinal," for great he assuredly was. His Irish ancestors suffered much for the Catbolic faith, a fact in which the cardinal evidently felt honourable pride, for he gloried in it in his eloquent speech in 1858, at Waterford, the city of his parents. The restoration of the Catholic, hierarchy in England, which was done at the right time and in the right way, fully brought out Cardiwretched clique of biguts lashed England into fury, but the cardinal soon calmed the storm and-

Defluis saxis agitatus humor.

The Times thought to annoy him by calling him "Irish," but he gloried in the land of his fathers-a land which has faithfully preserved the Catholic sure him a high position in Church or State. His us of our wrappings and hats, helped us to arrange faith for fourteen hundred years. Born in the old | the case may be .-- London Universe.

temptation and into trouble there is never any doubt as to his nationality. No matter what the offence, no matter if the delinquent be even English born, and his father before him, as long as he happer to have an Irish name the newspapers of the next morning are certain to have the conduct of denizens of the forests in the far West, or to the this particular specimen of the people of Ireland prominently chronicled, and on that country is made to fall the disgrace of such conduct.

Let an Irishman come to London and distinguish and ripping-knife on an English scaffold. No mathematical himself as an author or a journalist, or an artist or ter. The Jesuit stood fearless and undaunted, a musician, or as a great military genius, his nationdeeming everything an honour which tended ad ality is carefully ignored, he is never mentioned as majorem Dei gloriam. May God long preserve to His an Irishman, everything possible is done to make it appear he cannot be other than English, and his native land comes in for no share of the renown attachable to his name.

Hundreds of instances of this, to Irishmen tantalizing fact could be readily advanced. We presume that most of our readers have personal knowledge of many such cases.

The Balfe festival is a remarkable instance.

Poor Balfe! If ever a musical genius existed, he was. If ever a really clever man had difficulties to contend against, he had. If ever a man fought successfully against well nigh overwhelming national prejudices, and, worse still, the insidious opposition of powerful professional cliques, he did.

We presume that every Irishman knows Balle was born in Dublin in 1808, and that he died in England in 1870. He was not 22 years of age when he accomplished the f-at of writing within twenty days an Italian opera, I Rivali, which was produced with much success. Two other operas followed soon after. This was in Italy. When he returned to England in 1835 he managed after some trouble to get his Siege of Rochelle produced at Drury Lane Theatre, and notwithstanding the determined opposition of the press of that period, Balfe and his composition carried all before them. Balfe during his time wrote and what is more produced successfully twenty-nine operas. Of twenty one of them which have been set to English words several have been translated into Italian, German, and French, and have been played in every city, of any pretensions to music, in the world, There are, besides his dramatic cantata Mazeppa, settings by him of some of Longfellow's poems and numerous songs, ducts, &o., the sale of which has realized fortunes for more than one music publisher. Furthermore he was a vocalist himself of no small ability ; he was a capital instrumentalist-it is said that in his early days he "played on the fiddle like an angel;" and he was also an able conductor.

A great, splendid, practical, hard-working, and ultimately successful genius, truly. Now that he is dead it is generally admitted that his music has become so popular that, it may be looked upon as national, and a Balfs festival at the Alexandra Palace has been held for the purpose of founding a free scholarship in Balfe's name, at the English Royal Academy of Music. But in all this glorification of the deceased musician there is not a word about the land that gave him birth.

How different would it have been had. Balfe of Dublin distinguished himself as a drunkard and an incorrigible vagrant! Then he would baye been studiously credited with the fact that he was an Irishman ; and at his death, his wife and children would have been foroibly expelled from England and sent to the North or the South Dublin Union,

obtained permission to accompany Mr. Baring, so that he saw what the British commissioner saw. and he wrote knowing that any falsification would be exposed by the commissioner's report. This gentleman visited a Bulgarian town-Batok. Ten weeks ago it had 9,000 inhabitants. They were all gone. The houses were all wrecked, most of them burned, and within them were dead hodies. Within a church the dead lay more than knee-deep ; the road that led to it was covered with corpses. Three thousand dead bodies were counted in and about that church. In a schoolhouse 200 women had been burned alive. As near as could be ascertained 7,000 of the inhabitants had been massacred, after scenes which a European could not pen. The remaining 2,000 were swept away into perhaps a worse doom. Last Tuesday the Times, in a leading article which must have startled England, declares that " we are on the verge of revelations surpassing anything that the imagination of civilized men could have conceived." It says that there has been "a slaughter of men, women, and children, more horrible than the worst atrocities of the Indian mutiny." Now, we know the picture which Englishmen drew of "the atrocities of the Indian mutiny;" also know the terrible vengence which was taken for those "atrocities." What, then, should be the punishment exacted by Europe for crimes "more horrible than the worst of those attocities"? Plainly the "leading journal" declares that England must know how "ignorance" of those horrible cruelties could have been possible either with the ambassador at Constantinople or with the Minister in London. It declares "that the more worthy party of English society is deeply pained by the evident desire to diminish or excuse what has happened." And, in the House of Commons on Llonday night, Lord Hartington protested that the Turkish government would utterly lose all sympathy in England "unless there he some complete defence against those terrible allegations." May we not hope that, since no defence can be made, the end is near at hand, and that those "heirs of the Scourge of God," who have tyrannised over those lovely regions for five long centuries will soon be utterly chased out of Europe ?- Dublin Nation.

MUSICAL ROCKS .- Pottstown, Pa., can boast of as great a curiosity, says the Philadelphia Press, 85 nearly any town in the Union. We speak of the Ringing Rocks, that are situated three and a half miles northeast of Pottstown post-office. We started in the morning, and after walking through and gazing on as fine and picturesques scenery as can be found in this State, we came in sight of the rocks: A wilder looking place it is hard to imagine. On the rocks are advertisements and autographs of people from all parts of the country.-There is an eating and refreshment stand close by for parties, etc; On striking the rocks with our hammer they sent forth as rich and delicate sounds as the finest music-box. By striking different rocks we could get sounds of every note of an octave, and it is certainly the oddest freak of nature we have ever scen ... The rocks cover about one acre. 0 ground, and areas perfectimess of confusion; being plied together as if they had been upheaved by an dreds of people/must

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