

**Genius of Poetry.**

[A Correspondent has favoured us with the following selections of Poetry from a Work, entitled, "The Dying Minstrel and other Poems," by Catharine Carr Harper. It is a beautiful and well got up little volume, price 2s 6d; from the Press of Thomas Richardson & Son, Derby, London, and Dublin:]

**GETHESEMENE.**

'Twas even,—not a breeze might move  
The leaf upon the tree;  
The stars were shining as in love  
O'er fair Gethsemane;  
The flowers were sleeping, yet did seem  
To wear a radiant smile,  
As though some sweetly rapturous dream  
Enthralled them for a while.

The queen of night's pale lustre shone  
On Kedron's silv'ry breast,  
Whilst she surveyed from her bright throne  
The beauteous earth at rest;  
Then, when all else was hushed in sleep  
Gethsemane's dark shade  
Witnessed those tortures long and deep  
By which man's debt was paid.

Ah! wherefore did the stars beam bright,  
Why did the flowers look fair,  
Upon that memorable night  
When Jesus suffered there?  
Oh! that in sympathy to him  
The flowers had lost their bloom:  
Would that the starlight had been dim  
Upon that scene of gloom.

**TO THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.**  
Sweet flower, why dost thou love to dwell  
Like some fair nun within her cell  
As far from public sight?  
Why seek thy quiet water's side?  
Why seek those drooping bells to hide  
So delicately white?

Thou needs not shun thy sister's gay,  
Thou art as beautiful as they  
Though not so richly drest;  
Thy simple robe might please a mind  
To innocence and peace inclined  
Or charm a sterner breast.

True emblem of humility  
Oft do I wish to live like thee  
On some secluded spot;  
Then would I listen to the song  
Of nature's warblers all day long  
And bless thy happy lot.

Then would I only quit my home  
O'er the delightful glade to roam,  
Or o'er the meadow's green;  
Then would I sit beside some brook,  
And ponder o'er a favourite book,  
By mortal eye unseen.

Lily! I'll place thee in my breast,  
And when by vanity possest,  
On thee I'll fondly gaze,  
And meekly strive to imitate  
Thy modest unassuming state,  
Thy carelessness of praise.

**LINES WRITTEN DURING A THUNDER STORM.**

Listen! what is that awful voice  
That falleth on our ears—  
That waketh e'en in christian souls  
A host of tender fears?  
That toucheth those sweet ling'ring chords  
Of grace that still remain,  
Yet seemeth in deep angry words  
Of coldness to complain?  
What is that voice that speaketh now  
In such a solemn tone—  
That speaketh to the heart of man,  
Not to his ears alone?

The voice that emiteth those whom God  
In mercy hath not left,  
That thrilleth worldly souls who yet  
Are not of grace bereft;  
That causeth in such minds to spring  
A fountain of alarms;  
That maketh timid childhood cling  
To fond parental arms;  
That stingeth o'er the Atheist's brow  
A restless troubled air;

It is the voice of God—  
Of God who looks upon us, down  
From his bright throne above,  
But with a dark and threatening frown  
Not with a smile of love!  
It is the voice of him who cares  
For every living thing—  
Of him who deigns to plead, but now  
He speaketh as a king.

What is that light that flits along  
So beautiful—so grand?  
It is the bolt he sendeth forth  
From his Almighty hand.  
It blighteth the tall forest tree  
That spread its branches wide;  
It crusheth the small flower we see  
In beauty by its side.  
The timid birds with trembling wings  
Within their nests retire,  
Deeming that there they may escape  
The quick destroying fire.

And shall it pass presumptuous man  
Alone unheeded by?  
Ah no! it spares him not when God  
Decees that he shall die.  
Yes it shall strike proud man—for he  
Must feel his Maker's power  
As well as the majestic tree  
And as the lovely flower.  
Father, we kneel before thee,—look  
Upon each bending form,  
And waft our souls to bliss, if we  
Must perish in the storm.

[Annals of the Propagation of the Faith.]  
**MISSIONS OF OCEANICA.**

Letter of Father Grange to the Very Reverend  
Father Colin, Superior of the Society of Mary.  
Sydney, September 18, 1847.

"MY VERY REV. FATHER,  
"I had the honour to write to you some time after my arrival at New Caledonia, and to point out to you the extreme cruelty of its inhabitants. Since this epoch, grave transactions have taken place in our Mission, some of which are afflicting, others highly calculated to console us. We had only one establishment in the island; it was at Balade. The savages of this tribe appeared to us so untractable and unmanageable that we deemed it expedient to found a new station at Poébo, which is only three leagues distant from Balade. While we were preparing a residence, the *Anonyme* a vessel of the French Society of Oceanica, arrived very opportunely to assist us in transferring the requisites necessary to this establishment. All was ready on the 15th of April.

"The savages of New Caledonia are clever robbers, and, nevertheless, the inhabitants of Poébo suspended on this occasion the exercise of their dexterity in this line. They eagerly tendered their services to convey our property from the ship to the place of residence, without committing the slightest larceny. We regarded this as a prodigy or rather as a stroke of Providence; but Brother Blaise, who new very well the character of this people, told me that these natives had only acted thus in order to be better able to rob at a later period; experience has proved that he was not deceived. It was not the same at Balade; the men of this tribe, who for near four years had pilgaged the Missionaries, seeing that we were less numerous than before, evinced towards us such daring aggression as we had never before experienced from them. Among other motives which excited them against us, I will notice the following facts. In the month of May, an extraordinary famine was felt, principally in the tribe of Puoma' (Balade): a great number of the Islanders proceeded in search of food to Yenguene, about fifteen leagues from the port of Balade. Upon their return they exhibited hostility, and related in a gloomy tone the death of a European who lived at Yenguene. The victim was an Englishman, named Sutton, who had just been massacred; they even added what was false—that they had eaten him and found him very good, not dissembling from us their intention of treating us in the same way. What astonished us was, that, according to the report of one of these natives, the English who came for sandal wood to Yenguene, had told them that the *Ou-ou* (the French) were *tabous* (sorcerers), who caused other men's death. This calumny was calculated to make the greater impression upon us, as a few months before we had been informed of more than a third of the population of more than a third of the island being massacred without mercy. The missionaries, therefore, were suspected of having brought on the plague by witchcraft; and thus superstitious, added to the love of pillage, let loose those savages upon us. After this, they know no bounds; they destroyed our plantations; they came in open day to uproot our bunyan trees and lay waste our garden before our very eyes. Impunity made them more audacious they penetrated even to our store-chest, and took away many articles.

"On the 20th of June, after plotting among themselves, the different villages of the tribe of Balade came in a mass to seize on our dwelling. It was well known that they had the intention of massacring the Missionaries, and pillaging their goods. Our calm and steady demeanour awed them so much, that they did not dare to put their design into execution. We were in the hands of Providence; I had forbidden those who were with me to fire on the savages. Have we not come to carry to them the blessings of the Faith at the risk of any sacrifice, even that of our life? Alas! they could not comprehend it, and they rendered us evil for good.

"Such was our position on the 20th of June, when the Right Rev. Dr. Collomb (1), Bishop of Antiphalles, Vicar-Apostolic of Melanania and Micronesia, arrived at Balade, on board the *Speck*, accompanied by Father Verguet. His Lordship brought some provisions for his own Mission and that of New Caledonia. There was, in addition, on board the *Speck*, articles of exchange to the account of the French Society. All these things were deposited in a shed, where we assembled the natives to instruct them. These latter voluntarily gave their assistance at the unloading, and remained quiet until the 10th of July.

"Dr. Collomb had begged of the commander of the *Speck* that he would continue his route as far as the Islands of Solomon; but the captain had denied him in answer, that his engagements with his owner rendered this voyage impossible and thus his Lordship found himself compelled to wait at Balade for a favourable opportunity.

"There was then at the station of Balade, in addition to the Bishop of Antiphalles and Father Verguet, the Brothers Blaise and Bertrand, Dr. Beaudy, left by the *Arche d'Alliance* to make scientific discoveries on the island, Marie Julien, carpenter of the *Arche d'Alliance*, a Scotchman, George Taylor, and myself.

"On the 10th of July, at six o'clock in the evening, the savages made their way into the shed where the greater part of our articles were deposited; they took away articles to the amount of about twelve pounds, belonging to the French society. We have learned since then that their intention was to allure us to this place, and, taking advantage of the confusion, to massacre us all there. Luckily, we passed out soon enough to discomfit their plans. On the 15th, Father Verguet went to Poébo, to spend a few days there with Father Rougeyron. From thence he wrote to us the next day, that the rumour had reached Poébo, that, immediately after the departure of the *Speck*, the establishment at Balade would be attacked by the combined force of the entire tribe.

"On the 17th, the *Speck*, set sail for Batavia. On the very day of her departure, two young Christians, Anthony and Mary, apprised us that the next day we would in reality be attacked. We did not pay sufficient attention to the words of these children. On the 18th, about eight o'clock in the morning, the principal chief, Boéone, sent word to us by a second one named Gomene, that in order to resume amicable relations with us, the natives had consented to restore the articles taken away on the 10th. The offer was accepted. At one o'clock, Boéone and Gomene came, accompanied by two children, each of whom carried a bundle of the plundered property. Boéone had his lance, and Gomene his tomahaw. While we parleyed from the top of the house, a troop of savages, armed with lances, tomahawks, and hatchets, on an appointed signal fell upon us. Agait was Brother Blaise and myself that they principally sought, so it was upon us two that they made their preference. I avoided the blow of a

father John George Collomb, of the Society of Tarentaise, a Priest of the Society of Mary, appointed as Coadjutor to his Lordship, Dr. Epalle, was preconized at Rome in the month of February, 1846, and consecrated on Pentecost day, 1847, for the Bay of Islands, New Zealand. The Prelate, who set out for his Vicariate after the departure of Dr. Epalle, landed at New Caledonia on the 10th of July, when the Missionaries

together, at the same time that Brother Blaise was wounded by the stroke of a lance in the lower part of the breast. His wound proved mortal.

"I hastened to write to F. Rougeyron to inform him of our distress. The young Mary, who carried the letter, was arrested and commanded by the principal chief, Boéone, to go back under pain of death. On her return, she informed us that they were about to set fire to the shed which served as a church. Almost on the moment, the fire blazed from the top of the roof, thatched with straw; it was impossible to save anything out of the things there. The evening of the same day, Anthony and Mary announced to us, that Boéone had given orders to all the villages of the tribe to assemble the next day to make a general attack, in order to massacre us all. We kept good watch the entire night.  
To be Concluded.

**TO BRITANNIA.**

"Sentinimes errare vis, dum stare valebant,  
Aspiceres, fientes alios, turraque jacentis,  
Lassaque versantes supremo lumina motu."  
Harsh and haughty Queen of Ocean, what fiend of mischief has counselled thee to pour down the throat of thy poor sister, Erin, a bitter dose of wormwood when thou oughtest, by all means, to have offered her the soothing cup of anodyne?

Thy soul misrule has already done her work of death to a fearful extent. Famine has swept away thousands of her brave and unoffending offspring; and thousands are still "wasting with disease and anguish" for want of a mouthful of bread. Oh! it makes one sad and angry to see thee treat poor Erin with a hard-heartedness and cruelty that would make the very angels weep.

Say, Britannia, why rashly try the law's severest means, when justice to her chiefs, and a few crumbs of bread to her starving multitude would warm her heart, and make her thine for ever?

She is brave, Britannia, and generous too, and would'st thou but kindly smile upon her, in lieu of viewing her with the eye of some selfish step mother, she would assist thee in thy day of trouble (which is not far off), and she would fight by thy side, and would be unto thee as a loving and a grateful sister.

But, enough at present. Who knows what embarrassments are in store for thee, thyself, and what mishaps this last outrageous act of thy Legislature may bring upon thee? Had I been one of thy senate, death should have sealed my lips in silence, or I would have consented to the passing of the awful act; an act of woe and sorrow; an act of gall and sulphur.

CHARLES WATERTON.

Walton Hall, July 31st, 1848.

Among the passengers arrived in ship *Stamboul*, is Rev. Benedetto Sestini, S. J. Professor of Astronomy and integral and differential calculus in the Roman College. Father Sestini ranks among the best astronomers of Europe. He is accompanied by Messrs. Henry De-the, and Auguste de Carrero St. Andre, scholastics.—There are also five members of the congregation of Oblates established in Canada: Rev. Augustin Maisonneuve, and Messrs. Eugene Carvin, Jean Tissot, Regis Deleage, and Joseph Mente.—*Catholic Observer.*

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.—It is stated that the Bishop of Chichester refused to go to the Commemoration till he had ascertained that Bishop Hampden would not be present. I believe there is no doubt of the fact, and it seems worth recording.—*Correspondent of the Guardian.*

**Births**

- August 19—Mrs Moore, of a son.
- " 19—Mrs Dawson, of a son.
- " 19—Mrs Shea, of a son.
- " 21—Mrs Garland, of a daughter.
- " 22—Mrs Doyle, of a daughter.
- " 22—Mrs Leahy, of a daughter.
- " 23—Mrs Sullivan, of a daughter.
- " 25—Mrs Deenlay, of a daughter.

**Died.**

Catharine, daughter of Thomas and Mary Grant, aged 7 months. 23rd—Martin Walsh, native of Kilkenny, aged 58 years. Galicias Owen, son of Owen Fitzgerald, aged 8 months and 2 days. 24th—Mary, wife of Patrick Walsh, native of Kilkenny, aged 26 years. Patrick Mcneil, native of Galway, aged 97 years.