

FATHER BURKE.

HIS SERMON AT KINVARRA.

"THE MERCY OF GOD"

DEDICATION OF A NEW CONVENT CHURCH.

On Sunday, April 28th, the solemn and impressive ceremony of the dedication of the new convent church of St. Joseph, Kinvarra, was performed by the Most Rev. Dr. McEvilly, Bishop of Galway, in the presence of a vast congregation of the people of Kinvarra and the surrounding parishes.

The building of the convent church of Kinvarra is due to the piety of the late William J. Murray, Esq., J.P., Northampton House, Kinvarra, who bequeathed a sum of £4,000 for the purpose.

"The site of these buildings, with the surrounding fields, in all three acres, is the munificent gift of Capt. Blake Forster, J.P., of Forster street House, Galway, and Castle Forster, Kinvarra. The gift has been bestowed by the proprietor to witness the sacred cause of religion, and as a mark of his esteem for the great zeal and piety and learning of the Most Rev. Doctor McEvilly, Lord Bishop of Galway and Apostolic Administrator of Kilmacduagh and Kiltenera."

The convent, church, and schools form a quadrangular building, in the Romanesque style, and present a very pleasing appearance. The chapel forms one side of the quadrangle, and is eighty-five feet in length. The chancel is beautifully designed and is lighted by a rose window in stained glass. It is cut off from the church by a tastefully moulded semicircular chancel arch. The choir, sacristy, organ gallery, &c., open from the chancel. The choir is separated from a chancel by a beautiful arcade formed with grouped pillar arches and appropriate grills, with the round heads peculiar to the Romanesque character of the buildings.

The convent grounds are beautifully laid out, and enclosed by a high wall; the land is of the best quality; so that the new convent will be one of the most handsomely situated, and one of the best furnished in the West of Ireland. Immediately after the conclusion of the dedication ceremony High Mass was celebrated by the officiating prelate, Most Rev. Dr. McEvilly; Rev. Father Cosidine, Deacon; Rev. Father Nagle, Sub-deacon; and Very Rev. Father Dooley, V.G., Master of Ceremonies.

The other dignitaries and clergymen present were:—The Most Rev. Dr. Duggan, Bishop of Clonfert; Very Rev. T. N. Burke, O.P.; Very Rev. Father Power, P.P., V.G.; Very Rev. Canon Bourke, President of St. Jarlath's, P.P.; Rev. Father Hanrahan, P.P.; Rev. Father Gleeson, P.P.; Rev. Father Connolly, P.P.; Rev. Father Nagle, P.P.; Rev. Father Fahy, P.P.; Rev. Father Ford, P.P.; Rev. Father McDonough, P.P.; Rev. Father Fowell, P.P.; Rev. Father Fothergill, S.J. Among the lay present were Sir Valentine Blake, Christopher Talbot Redington, Captain Blake Forster, Edward Guilloley, Dr. Phayre, Lott S. Managan, Dr. Nolan, Dr. O'Dea, Michael Hayes, L. L. Ferdinand, Dr. Nally, Thomas F. O'Shaughnessy, Thomas Costello, William Hennessy, W. Davy, John McPhillip, W. Costello, R. F. Mullerey, Edward Lynskey, J. Murphy, T. H. McCoy, B. D. O'Connor, Robert Larkin, T. Dempsey, M. Crowley, M. Harlow, &c.

The chapel and grounds were crowded during Mass. The music of the Mass was most effectively rendered by a choir of nuns, one of whom presided at the organ. The day was beautifully fine, and in anticipation of good weather a platform had been erected in the grounds outside the convent, from which the sermon was preached after Mass. The preacher of the day was the great Dominician, Father Burke, and it was to hear him the thousands of people had assembled. The two Bishops and some of the clergy occupied seats on the platform, in front of which was the large congregation. Father Burke took his text from the 88th Psalm—"Misericordias Domini in aeternum cantabo"—"The mercies of the Lord I will sing for ever." He said—

"The holy Psalmist David, inspired and filled with the Holy Ghost, asked what was to be the burden of his song and of his praise; and the answer of the Holy Spirit was, go forth and sing the mercies of the Lord for ever and for ever; and in truth the holy Psalmist, in proclaiming the mercies of God, did nothing more than proclaim the very existence and nature of God. Now, dearly beloved brethren, what is meant by mercy, is the union or blending together, the united action of goodness or love and power. Without goodness or love there can be no mercy, for what is to promote that mercy, if not the goodness and the love from which it comes, and God possesses infinite goodness and infinite power in an infinite degree. His attributes of goodness and of love are actuated by power, for what would they be except united. If I see a poor man dying on the wayside, starving before me, I may have a kind heart and the greatest love for him, but without the power I cannot relieve him. Although those united attributes of the Almighty are quite true, still His mercy becomes more apparent, more palpable, and was brought nearer when through the Incarnation, the Word of God, the true God of true God, came down from Heaven and became man, and dwelt among men, and walked with them, and spoke to them with His divine lips, touched them with His divine hand, and then the mercy of our divine Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, was revealed, and in a more apparent form, that particular attribute in fact, as it were, of the essence of God which shall last to all eternity. The whole life of God was one continual act of mercy—mercy in every form, mercy unequalled, infinite. His hand was

ever ready to break bread to the hungry; and when 4,000 poor souls were hungry what did He do? Did He suffer them to fast? No; He took and broke the bread, and He fed the four thousand with the five barley loaves, for He Himself said, "I have pity on the multitude, and I will not send them away fasting, lest they should faint by the wayside." Whenever there was a heart sorrow-stricken, He was there to bind up the wound, to wipe away the tear, to change sorrow and grief into joy and gladness. When the poor widow, spoken of in the Gospel, was weeping, saying her son, her only son, was dead, that her heart was broken, and that there was nothing on earth for her but to hide her head in a pauper's grave, God came to her and said, "weep no more; cease thy tears;" and raising the lid from the coffin He said, "Dead man arise," and the dead man rose, and He gave him over to her bosom.

But, still, my brethren, one more example, of the infinite mercy of our Lord,—a case worse than those recited, worse than that of five hundred dying on a wayside, worse than any human grief that could be brought before you, and where his love and mercy was supremely shown. A woman came to Him who had forgotten her womanhood, who had lost her character, her modesty, and who had sunk into degradation. It had buried deep in her heart, so deep that she came to the feet of Jesus and, throwing herself down in the bitterness of her heart she wept until her tears wet His sacred feet and though He who was highest in Heaven was addressed by her who was lowest on earth, still touching Mary Magdalen with His sacred hand, He made her as pure and as bright as an archangel; and this act of the Son of God was mercy.

When Christ or Lord was about to depart from this life to go back to the kingdom of His Father, He left behind Him the Church, the holy Roman Catholic Apostolic Church. He established it, and left it never can; and He has merely gone as a sign before her. But He ordained the twelve apostles priests, consecrated them Bishops, and left behind Him to His Church not only the word of truth, which can never fail on earth, for truth is necessary, but He left behind Him His power, all His attributes and great prerogative of mercy; He stamped on the forehead of His Church the sign of mercy and said He would remain with her all days even to the consummation of the world.

In the Catholic Church, therefore, we find not alone the stamp of God Almighty, Himself remains among us. We find Him abiding and remaining on our altars remaining in our tabernacles, ever present in the Catholic Church, and as the Apocalypse says "The Lord shall abide among them, and He shall be their God." With this before us, my dearly beloved brethren, what is better deserved from us than that we should build him a temple suitable to His holy name, and provide Him with dwelling-place and a palace, for He is a King. In the midst of you, my dearly beloved brethren, you have done this; for here to-day is the tabernacle, and here is your Bishop, the pastor of your souls, who has come and with blessed oil and lustral water has consecrated it for Him, making it fit for Him to dwell in, and dwell in the midst of you forever and ever. And side by side with Him, where He dwells, is the house of his sacred spouses, that of the good Sisters of Mercy. When Christ was on earth He used those words—"Do not imagine," He said, "that I am among you with idle hands; but," He said, "I tell you My Father in Heaven works and I work also;" and it is wonderfully symbolic that while He lives in the tabernacle His action lives in good nuns who are to dwell here in the midst of you, and the people of this parish shall see the life of Christ brought out again as if the Lord was in the midst of you, and shall see even His mystic body there which you can praise and glorify, and this, through the instrumentality of the good Sisters of Mercy.

Consider the object of the love and power of the Son of God while on earth, the first for whom He declared His love. Was it the men or women, or the adults? No, but the little children whom He desired to come to Him. He was one day addressing the multitude when the people drew near to Him, and among the first a troop of little children, children with the noise and gaiety of childhood, who made way through the people until they came to our Lord. The apostles came and put them aside as if they were merely in the way; but our Lord said "Little children come unto Me, for yours is the kingdom of Heaven." That proves that the first acts of mercy is to provide for the acts of the young. And what are their wants? Their good, sound, pious education. When Christ was on earth He was here as a teacher, for He taught all men to love and pray; and one of the first things He taught them was the Lord's Prayer—"Our Father who art in Heaven." He first drew their attention to God. Why? Because the first knowledge of every man should be a knowledge of God, so that his education may be founded on religion, and permeated by religion in all its details, and without this, education avails nothing. If instruction or education was to give you a knowledge of everything on earth, and lack giving you a practical knowledge of God, drawing it into your soul through religious principles; if this is not the ground-work, together with strict morality, woe to that education; it were better you never received it; in fact, it were better you remained ignorant; for I tell you, here in presence of prelates of the Church, speaking from my own knowledge and experience, that if education be not grounded on strict, moral, religious teaching, it is a curse and not a blessing. What avail is it to you that your children have knowledge,—what avail that they can read and write, if they lose the faith of their fathers and have no knowledge of God by good Catholic training? I know that many fathers and mothers are often tempted and even bribed to sacrifice their children and send them to schools where they learn human knowledge but to forsake the mysteries of faith—the faith for which the martyrs of old, shed their most precious blood in the days of Ireland's deepest sorrow? I would rather see the child in an early grave; I would rather see him live and not die in the simplicity of comparative ignorance, than see him educated out of the school of Catholic morality. Irish fathers and mothers, I tell you here to-day that the worst enemy that ever crossed your path is the man or woman that dares to tempt you to barter the education of your children for even all the honors of earth; and if such should cross you, drive them from you as the Son of God did the devil, when he brought Him to the mountain top and offered Him all He saw if He would commit one sin. He said, "Satan begone!" The knowledge then, which teaches the truth of God should be the first inculcated; and the object of all should be, first, a religious training.

Such is the merciful teaching of Jesus Christ. And as it was with Him, so it is with His Church;—she seeks to provide, first of all, Catholic education for her children and her people; and we should not expose ourselves to such danger, but try and assist her in the cause. We have a right to this education as Catholics. We have a right to it through our martyred dead; and that right we will maintain as long as the Catholic Church exists. It has been ours since the days of Peter; and to-day you have secured for yourselves the foundation of a religious education which will extend to your children and children's children for a succession of generations. The education of the Church is not of earth; it is of Heaven, for it has come from Heaven. It was taught by Almighty God, Himself, and shall be exercised and go back to Him in prayers and thanksgiving. When the Son of God had provided in His great mercy for the spiritual wants of the people,—when He had taught and enlightened them, for that was the first necessity, He then turned His hand to other works of mercy, and oh! how tender the hand was, though it was

that of Omnipotence, and how tenderly and loving, how easily it moved, through the hand of Almighty God. The people came to Him in their wants, and He consoled them in all their miseries, great and small. He lent a sympathetic ear to them in their poverty, and spoke to them words of advice and counsel. And so it is with those He has left behind Him in His Church; for here to-day is your Bishop, your pastor and, like the Cyrenian lifting the cross from the shoulders of our Lord, He lifts from your shoulders your burden, and carries your cross. In those good Sisters of Mercy, too, you will find words of consolation and acts of mercy, kind hearts and tender hands; they will watch over you with sympathetic eyes; their advice and counsel will come from God, not from this world; and such people you have here, whose every act and every word will be guided by mercy. Like unto Him who fed the people in their want with His own Divine hands, those good Sisters, as long as they have a crust will break it for you, for they are bound to do so by their vows of poverty. There was one description of misery to which our Lord was excessively sensitive, and for which He showed his excessive mercy, and that was for the sick and the dying. We read in the Gospel that He was called more than once to the bed-side of the sick, and whenever called he rose at once and went, and with words of comfort, and actions of power, combined with His unbounded mercy, He lifted His sacred hand; and why? Because He knew that the pressure on His Almighty power and mercy was to Him the more joyful, as He saw the fond wife of that man, the partner of his life, and his beloved children, about him, and he helpless, unable to stir. This poverty is an every-day occurrence, and all you hear from the unfortunate father when addressed by his children is the familiar expression, "I will see to you if God spares me," showing that their dependence is entirely on the Divine mercy. When sickness comes and that your head is tossed on the pillow, when there is feebleness in every member of the body, and when the fear of death comes and seizes the mind, and when a poor man sees about him his children, shrieking out, knowing they will soon be orphans, and sees his wife weeping, for she knows and feels that a day not far distant will find her bent, with tears of sorrow, weeping over his grave,—at such a time the Angel of Christ, Himself, comes and gives consolation, and lifts from off his shoulders the heavy burden which oppresses him. He must be an angel of God coming with the mercy of God, the attributes of God that can bring consolation to that sorrow-stricken soul. And has God promised such an angel? Oh! yes, He has, for when the angel of death comes the Almighty has said, "I will send my angel of peace before, to clear the way for him;" that is, when God comes at the hour of death His minister goes before Him to prepare the way. And here, now, you will have those good Sisters of Mercy, so anxious to attend to you, who will come to you in your bitter trials and cross your path as the Angels did to Abraham. Who can tell what consolation they bring who love God with a love that no human being can yet know the fullness of His affection. I have never yet vibrated to the touch of human affection they come to wipe off the tear from the languid eye, and the pallid cheek. They come, and with words of comfort, cheer the dying soul, and to do so with sympathy and affection for the sake of their God in heaven whom they are here to serve, and they chase away the evil despair which had almost seized the unfortunate man. Such nuns, you have among you here to-day, whose lives are bosoms of purity and love dedicated to God; and they come as His angels with love and mercy on their lips—"Misericordias Domini in aeternum cantabo."

As I set out by telling you what mercy was, I will now tell you, you have friends among you who are merciful; for they have in their power and mercy aided in this great work. They are humane men deserving well of our respect and gratitude. One man has gone down to the grave; but his good works went before him; and we have every reason to believe he now enjoys his just reward and that a halo of glory surrounds his grave. You knew him; he lived amongst you, and I can speak of him with the appreciation of a townsman. I mean the late Mr. Murray, whose memory will be revered. The other remains, the inheritor of a proud and noble name, one to whom has descended a family tradition of the noble acts and glories of his ancestors for generations on generations, Captain Blake Forster. He, also, learned to be merciful as well as being powerful; and in the fullness of his great Catholic heart, he contributed liberally and lent his name honorably to this great work of to-day, which shall be a monument of his fame and of his religion when he shall be no more, and will add one more glorious act to those which characterized his ancestors and which are hereditary in him. And among the many annals of the fame and faith of this family some future historian will relate this act of a lord of the soil, who gave the site of this building with the surrounding land for the erection of an edifice for the praise and glory of our highest Lord, Christ Jesus. One more there is amongst us, of whom I can scarcely speak as he is here within breath of me, and that is the Bishop of the diocese, the Lord Bishop of Galway. I must control my language too much; but among the many things which he did for this ancient race of people, this shall shine forth as a bright gem on the imperishable mitre which awaits him in the bright halls of heaven.

Let us, then, rejoice, first of all, that God has come and taken His dwelling in the midst of us; and, secondly, that He has come like a king with His virgin spouses around Him, with virgin hearts and hands; and let us hope that the blessings which go forth from this place to-day, from this house of God, that is established, that also from the thousands who shall be spread over all parts of the earth who will be educated here, shall descend on those who joined in the charitable work of to-day, for they have left behind them a memorial of Ireland's faith—that which can never be destroyed,—and also have aided to secure the virtue of Ireland's daughters, her greatest glory; and they have erected those schools beside the church, where they will be instructed in that religion which has never yet wavered, for they have placed their reliance in God and His holy Church, and will ever sing—"Misericordias Domini in aeternum cantabo."

After the sermon, Bishop McEvilly imparted the episcopal benediction. In the evening, Rev. Father Moloney entertained the bishops and clergy and several lay gentlemen. It is not quite two years since the foundation of the buildings was laid. The Sisters of Mercy in charge of the convent and schools are a branch from the parent house in Gort. Father Burke returned in the steamer to Galway. The illustrious preacher seems perfectly restored to health.

HOME RULE.

THE BELFAST HOME RULE ASSOCIATION AND THE LEITRIM DEBATE.

The Ulster Examiner of May 2 says:—At a meeting of the Belfast Home Rule Association, held last night in St. Mary's Hall, the following resolution was unanimously passed—J. G. Biggar, Esq., M.P., occupying the chair:—"That this council feel it their duty to support the Irish members, Messrs. O'Donnell, Parnell, and O'Connor Power, who in their place in the House of Commons vindicated the character of the Irish people, and exposed the tyrannical proceedings of the late Lord Leitrim."

AN OLD SAILOR'S YARN.

MURDER WILL OUT—THE GHOST THAT DISTURBED THE CREW OF A PACKET.

"Burr" as the weather is somewhat warmer, sir, sold the old sailor, "I should say as ale would be more soothing than rum, besides more appropriate for smokin', which goes better with beer than with any strong tipple, as no doubt you has observed. If, then, it wouldn't be displeasin' to you sir, as may take whatever you likes, I would say let him bring me a mug of ale."

"I were a thinkin', sir, to-day, as I were a comin' here, of the curious way in which things will come out, if so be as it's reckoned up for 'em not to be hidden. I mind once when I were fore the mast in the ship New York, Black Ball packet, bound from Liverpool to New York, leavin' there on the 8th of March, with passengers, the second day out we found a stowaway. He weren't like the ordinary run of stowaways neither, bein' much better dressed than the ordinary run, and a chap as had evidently moved in much better circles than was usually the case with sich, and it were a matter of wonder to us why sich a man should have come aboard in sich a underhand sort of way. He were in the hold amongst the cargo, and when we went down to serve out the water he crawled out and gave himself up, bein' half starved, havin' been there three days without any grub. Well of course he couldn't be chucked overboard; there he were, and the only way were to get as much work out of him as possible; so he were sent for'ard with us in the fore-cabin bein' put into our watch."

"We had ordinary weather down channel, the wind bein' from the s'uth'ard and s'uth'ard and west'ard, and it were not till the sixth day out that we passed Taskar. Our side came up at twelve o'clock one night just arter we'd passed the light, and afore one bell, the wind went in to the east'ard. We sent out the port booms, the wind bein' about three p'ints onto that quarter, and set all stun-sails onto that side, which we had no sooner got done than it be to square the yard agin, the wind haulin' dead aft. We got the spanker and fore-spencer braild up, hauled up the crochick and mainmast snug and hauled down the head-sails. Havin' a lot of pig-iron into her, and no coal under it to raise it up into her, she began to roll very heavy as soon as the wind got aft, and she lost the steadyin' power of the sails. The word had been gev' to rig out the star-board booms, and I were jist out to the shearpole of the fore-riggin' goin' aloft when there come the most onarthy screech I ever heard in my life, and startled me so I were nigh losin' my hold of the riggin' and goin' overboard."

"The voice were that of a woman, seemin'ly in mortal agony, and the cry were 'Murder!'—not at once like as I've told it, but as if it were two words, this way—Mur—der! the sound bein' prolonged like as though the woman were in extreme terror. The second mate were standin' on the fore'ard, part of the poop and he come a runnin' for'ard, the slack of the fore-spencer rang catchin' him under the chin as he come and fetchin' him up all standin'."

"Why—don't you haul them ranges tant? says he as he rounded down the slack of it and took a turn under the pin; 'who the — was that that sang out?'"

"That were exactly what we all wanted to know. Everybody had heard it, and all hands had been galled by it. I were jist standin' out to the shearpole, the strength bein' all took out of me; but the strangest thing of all were the effect it had onto this here stowaway. When he heard the cry he jist dropped down into a fit, frightened clear out of his senses. It weren't no wonder, neither, seein' as how it had frightened even us old sailormen, and we didn't think it at all strange as it should have keeled him over entirely."

"Draw up a bucket of water and chuck over him," says the second mate; "and then go below, one of you, and see if anythin' is wrong with any of the passengers; it's some old maid down there and has got the nightmairs and dreamed she were married; says he, a-tryin' to laugh it off; but he were jist as much troubled over it as any of us. Well, the chap come up, and said as how everythin' were right below; there was some of the passengers awake, and they said they heard it, but it weren't down there."

"Well, go ahead and git the stun-sails out, anyhow," says the second mate. "If it's the devil we'll try and outail him, and accordin' we done it, and save and except that one horrid cry we heard nothin' else."

"At eight bells when the other side come up we telled them, and fust off they were inclined for to laugh us out of it; but weren't no go, 'cause all of us had heard it platin' enough. These were a old grey-headed shiver-the-mizen into that watch as was nigh into eighty years old. He says, says he, 'it means as there's a murderer aboard of this here ship as is follered by a ghost, or else it means as we're goin' to have heavy weather or misfortin' of some kind, or else it means as there'll be a pestilence aboard of this here ship, or else it means—'"

"Shut up your croakin' old fly-trap, or else I'll mean that I'll shy a sea-boot at your head," says one of the chaps which were young and didn't pay much respect to age as were seemly, and the old feller didn't say no more."

"Most all of us was pretty solemncholy over it, how's'er, knowin' it must mean somethin'. Nothin' more were heard of it, how's'er, when in a day or two it begin to wear off. We held the east'ary wind all along the coast of Ireland and out by Cape Clear. Then we catched it double and twisted from the west'ard, one gale arter another till we were clean beat. One night when it were our middle watch we were a wallerin' in a tremendous sea with nothin' set but a couple of close reefed topsails and a fore-topmast stay-sail, and she a lurchin' to wind-ard sometimes, fit to take the sticks out of her."

"Reeve off a tackle," says the second mate, "and let's get the fore-opener onto her to stiddy her. Well, we got the tackle led along and hooked onto the clew of the sail, slacked up the lee rang, and was jist a gatherin' aft the slack of the clew when clear and distinct above all the roar of the gale came that woman's voice once more with its long drawn-out cry of 'Mur—der!'"

"Well, sir, to say we were frightened don't half tell it. The spencer-brails had been let go and the sail were a shakin' like ten legions of devils, and we be together aft the slack of the sheet, ghost or no ghost, while the head of the sail was forced by the wind half-way out on the gaff; but arter we got the sail set we begin to ask ourselves whatever it all meant. That the ship were haunted there weren't no longer any manner of doubt, and that this here stowaway had somethin' to do with it we begin for to have our suspicions, 'cause he were more dreadfully affected by this here second visitation than he were by the first, and it were a long while afore we could bring him round."

"The old chap as I were a-tellin' you about were dreadfully affected when we telled him how it had come agin, and says he, 'Good-bye, boys; it means as I'm to go,' which he were a old fool, for sayin', for he lived five years arter that to my sartin' knowledge. You must admit, sir, that we had reasons for to be galled, this here thing havin' come twice onto us in the middle of the night, givin' jist its one, horrible yell and thoo, yashin'; but though there weren't none of us but what were more or less troubled, there weren't nobody as took it so hard as this here stowaway. He stashed his

grub, and wasted away till he were as thin as the leave of a palm book. The wind hung on well to the north'ard, moderatin' somewhat so as we got single-reefed topsails onto her, and we kep' her along onto the starboard tack, headin' about west for a matter of ten days, durin' which time we got well down to the s'uth'ard and into finer weather. Durin' all this time we didn't hear nothin' of the ghost; and except onto the stowaway the effect were a beginnin' to wear off."

"One night about four bells in the middle watch, our side bein' below, she broke off to son west and all hands was called for to wear ship. We goes on deck and brails up the spanker and fore-spencer, and hauled up the mainmast, and then took our stations at the braces. As she went off we rounded in the after-yards, and lo and behold, jist as she got the wind aft, we heard the ghost agin. This time the women were not content with one cry, but she repeated it three times, the voice ringin' out on the night air with a piercin' sharpness that made the blood cridle in our veins. We went on, however, a bracin' up the yards and then went for'ard to the head-braces. Arter we had got everythin' trimmed and the mainmast and spanker set the mate singe out for to set the fore-spencer, and says he, 'One of you chaps get the slush-bracket and lay aloft and grease the jaws of that gaff, and you'll find then the ghost that has been a-frightenin' the wits out of all of you.' Sure enough, sir, that were what it were. The fore-spencer were rigged diffeent from many ships, and instead of a eye-bolt onto the after-part of the truss-band and a goose-neck onto the gaff, she had a trysail mast aft the foremast, and the gaff was fitted with jaws. There were a piece of copper round the trysail mast in the wake of the gaff, and it was chafed through, so that when the gaff got a good swing the chafe of it into this ragged copper made the noise we'd heard."

"It came too late for this here stowaway, however. He bein' off his feed for so long, couldn't bear up agin this third visitation, and were a ravin' maniac, so as he had to have a strait-jacket put onto him. Then it had all come out, he confessin' everythin' in his ravin's, and answerin' all questions therein. He had lived up Scotland Roadway, and in a fit of jealousy he had killed his wife, and then come down to the docks and stowed himself away in the hold of our ship. He kep' a growin' gradually weaker, and some three days afore we got into New York he slipped his wind for a full dive, and we sewed him up and launched him, thus savin' all expense of tryin' him for his crime. The old man reported the case to the British Consul, and he sent the facts back to England."

"All hands were satisfied except this old grey-headed chap. He says—'It's all very well for to say it were the jaws of the fore-spencer-gaff as needed slushin', but there were somethin' behint all that my lads, and shows as I was right in the fust place, when I told you as there was a murderer on board and the ghost of the victim were a follerin' him.'—New York World."

A NEW SUBMARINE TORPEDO BOAT.

A new torpedo boat, designed to work under water, has just been brought under the notice of the Admiralty, and a model four feet eight inches long has been made. The boat was originally designed by the late Lord Milton, who was well known at Wentworth Woodhouse for his skill as a mechanic, assisted by Mr. Turner, of the same place, and recently improved by Mr. Councilior White, of Thorpe, near Rotheman.

The new torpedo boat is intended to work under water by means of compressed air, and in every respect resembles a fish. In the fore-part or head there are two large eyes, from which radiate a strong electric light that will exhibit the keel of an enemy's vessel from a considerable distance, while a powerful ram is placed just above, capable of penetrating an armor-clad. In what may be termed the nostril there is a revolving gun, worked by hydraulic power and fired by electricity with a new explosive, one pound of which, in a recent test, displaced 137 tons of iron stone *in situ*. The tail plays an important part, for it is not only the propeller, but, being perforated on either side, serves to expel either water or foul air. There are no masts, the deck being level, while inside the boat is divided into compartments charged with compressed air. The boat is sunk to the depth required by taking water in at the bottom, and she then could remain under water, Mr. White states, from three to nine hours, while in attacking a vessel the speed would be about eighteen knots an hour.

The gun, which was the invention of Lord Milton, differs from all others. It is rotatory, but has four chambers, placed like the spokes of a wheel, so that while one shot is being fired a second is being charged, a third sponged and a fourth cleaned, so that the shots can be fired in rapid succession. Such is a brief outline of the latest invention connected with torpedoes, the inventors of which state that they can prove that it can accomplish all that has been said it was capable of doing.—London Times.

GERMANY.

GERMAN OPINION OF THE INDIAN ARMY.

The Berlin correspondent of the Times says:—"Speaking of Anglo-Indian troops, your military readers may be interested to learn a German official opinion upon this part of the British force. The annual of the German Central Staff for 1876 calls the native forces a mass of men who, unless thoroughly reorganised, are unfit for active service in the field. The same annual for 1877, advertin' to the large train of the native regiments, mentions this as a circumstance which renders their employment in Europe exceedingly difficult. The train being chiefly occasioned by the religious rites of the Hindoos, division into Hindoos and Mahomedans is proposed as a preliminary to reform. Another remark of the annual adverts to a want of skill in the native regiments in skirmishing as required by the new breech-loading rifle. With all these animadversions, it is universally admitted in military circles here that if England succeeds in organising native armies competent to cope with European troops she will become as formidable on land as she is already on sea. The experiment now being made has taken everybody by surprise, and will be watched by critical eyes."

VICTOR EMMANUEL.

HOW HE VISITED THE POPE.

The Journal de Bruxelles states that toward the end of December Victor Emmanuel became a prey to gloomy presentiments, and watched the approach of the year 1878 with nervous terror, being full of apprehensions both for himself and his country. In this frame of mind he resolved to pay a visit to the Pope, and a gentleman in his confidence was despatched to the Vatican to ask, whether His Holiness would receive the King. Plus IX., had preserved for him a friendship which was mingled with tenderness and composition. He at once consented to the interview and appointed a time. One evening Victor Emmanuel took a carriage, and after various detours, to prevent any notice where he went, was seen down at the Vatican. It was near midnight when he entered the Pope's chamber, and threw himself on his knees. He remained with him for three hours. No one else was present.