

A WONDERFUL SUBTERRANEAN PALACE.

RECENT proceedings in the Hungarian Parliament disclosed a most remarkable discovery. The story, as condensed, from the official reports is that two peasants, from the village of Ivan Egerzeg, near the ancient city of Neszprim, and not far from Lake Balaton, came to Pesth, and to a jeweller, offered some broken fragments of what evidently was some very old golden ornament for female wear, probably a bracelet or band for the upper arm. The jeweller questioned the shepherds, and their answers being unsatisfactory, he had the men arrested on suspicion of being thieves. On the examination they told a tale which was so astonishing that it was communicated to the Minister of the Interior, and this functionary ordered an investigation by scientific officers. The information of the shepherds was, that in the woods skirting Ivan Egerzeg, where they had some huts for shelter when out at night, they had been digging at a little hill. Suddenly they came upon what appeared to be a square structure of brick walls, with a stone covering the aperture. Removing this stone, they found that these walls enclosed an opening into the earth, and resolved to sound its depth. Lowering a stone tied to a rope, they ascertained that the shaft, about three feet in diameter, or nine square feet, descended perpendicularly to a depth of over a hundred square feet. The pebble they had lowered reached what seemed like a stone floor beneath, and from the sound itself they judged that this opening must lead to some subterranean cavern or hall. A day or two afterwards the shepherds were again at work. They prepared a small square board, freighted with stones, and in the centre of it they placed three lighted candles. This they let down through the shaft, and by the light of the candles they saw distinctly that the inner sides of the shaft were smooth and apparently ended in some large apartment. They next prepared a rope ladder of the requisite length, securing several lanterns, and then one of them let himself down the shaft. At the bottom he stood in wonderment as he gazed upon a large square hall, the walls covered with faded paintings, chairs, benches and tables standing around, ornamented with gold and ivory, and large heavy doors, hung on golden hinges, leading to other rooms. The shepherd climbed the ladder and told his companion of the discovery. Both of them went down together, and found themselves in a succession of rooms abounding with elaborately carved furniture of a style they had never seen before. In some of them were low, large stands, evidently once used for beds; there were also closets, bureaus containing armlets, rings, medals, coins, daggers, chains, swords, shields and helmets. There were also breastplates of leather, covered with iron and studded with ornaments in gold. Some of the armlets they took away, broke them up and carried them away to Pesth for sale, in which transaction they were arrested, as above stated. The officers of the Hungarian Ministry of the Interior began their investigation under the ancient law which makes all such discoveries the property of the crown, and their report as communicated to Parliament, is still more startling. Their researches clearly establish it as a fact that this subterranean structure was undoubtedly an old Roman castle, built many centuries before the Huns and Magyars left their Asiatic homes to invade this part of Europe. This section of Hungary was the province of Pannonia, of the Roman Empire, and in the vicinity of Lake Balaton there was a large permanent Roman camp, the agricultural and military settlements of the Roman extending for many miles, and traces of this Roman occupation, which continued down to the sixth century of the Christian era, have repeatedly been found. But how this vast structure, which is said to cover two acres, and built two stories high, with massive walls of stone and brick, was covered with earth to the depth of more than sixty feet, over which a forest of heavy timber had grown up—a forest, too, that is mentioned as existing in the oldest preserved chronicles of the kingdom, the officers have so far found, is impossible to account for. In one room several skeletons of human beings have been found, but the bones were too much decayed to indicate with certainty the race to which they belong. A thorough search of this wonderful building is now proposed. The shaft through which the first discovery was made is believed to have been either a chimney or an observatory or lookout, as iron hooks have been found fastened to the wall inside, to which means of ascent and descent were probably attached.

THE POLISH PERSECUTION.

THE Church of Poland has not ceased to suffer. Her martyrdom continues with unabated ferocity, and her glorious patience is still unexhausted. To read the Polish papers of the last two months, seems like perusing a chapter from the history of the Church of the Catacombs, and they, being placed under the control of the government, contain but a faint outline of the truth. As in the first centuries of Christianity paganism made a supreme effort to quench the light of faith, so schism is now in Poland endeavoring to accomplish the same impossibility. The renewal of the heroic struggle of years has begun, and with the same result. On the one hand we have to record Russian barbarity and violence, and on the other Polish and Catholic constancy and heroism. The question of the suppression of the United Greek Church is still *status quo*, notwithstanding the cruelty and iniquitous violence of the Russian officials. The massacres of Drelow and Pratalin only served to strengthen the faith and increase the spirit of resistance on the part of the unhappy inhabitants of Podlachia. They will not frequent the Russian Church or hold any communication with the Greco Russian priests. The spectacle is consequently presented of an entire people preparing for martyrdom. Recently the Russian mayors of the various villages, ordered that all children should be baptised in the Russian Church. The inhabitants refused obedience to the decree, and the soldiers received the command to take the little ones from their parents and baptise them by force. At Forespol a poor woman had her infant torn from her arms

by the military. She clung to it, and the soldier actually cut her fingers off with his sword, in order to force her to release the child. At Siedlec and at Biala 300 Catholics were recently arrested and sent into Siberia, for refusing to embrace the Orthodox religion as it is called. The mitred Abbot Zegera, and the priest Rososz Dmochowski have been banished and the churches which they served closed. The churches of Lesna, Koden, Mattora, Gorra, Rososz, Terespol, and Pratalin have been desecrated and those of Biala and Lesna converted into Russo Greek churches. The splendid monastery of Biala has been suppressed and turned into barracks for soldiers, the famous collection of pictures which it contained ruined, and its ancient cemetery desecrated and the bones of the dead scattered abroad, to enable the troops to dig a garden on its site. Governor Gromiecka, the principal author of the Podlachian excesses, which were so universally condemned last year, and which were even blamed by the Russian press, has been deposed, and, strange to say, he owes his downfall to the Russian Archbishop Joanicus, who was unable to tolerate his cynicism and cruelty. This estimable man, although a schismatic, when recently in Podlachia on a pastoral tour, was so disgusted at what he saw there that he publicly upbraided the Governor and Russian priests for their monstrous behaviour in persecuting the poor Catholics, and on his return to Warsaw, reported all he had seen to the Government in such a manner that it was obliged to remove Gromiecka, but at the same time it took care to translate Archbishop Joanicus to the distant see of Czernichow. It is to this gentleman that the Podlachians owe the temporary suspension of their persecution, which, however, is beginning again, now that his excellent influence is no longer exerted on their behalf. Many Catholic priests have been lately exiled, and not a few sent to Siberia. Amongst these was the Rev. V. Kalinsky, whose father was barbarously murdered by the Russians last year. This unfortunate priest actually died of starvation, for he was driven from his home penniless in the dead of winter to seek an asylum in some foreign country. He walked for many miles, but fell upon the road to Piotrkow, and was found dead some days afterwards, a martyr to the faith of Christ. It seems actually impossible that such horrors can be permitted in a century like the present, which boasts so much of its superior civilisation and toleration; but Russia appears to be a privileged country and is allowed to do with the people over whom she tyrannises as she chooses, without provoking much indignation even in free America and England. The truth is, we know and hear little about the evil doings of this vast empire, and good care is taken that we shall hear and know as little as possible. The Russian and Polish press dare not raise a complaint, and consequently the German, which obtains its news from them, tells but very little concerning the movements of the Russians in the interior of Poland. It is only through the exiles that we obtain genuine information, or by chance, as we did last year, through the American Ambassador. Our readers will remember that it is to Minister Jewell we owe the knowledge of the truth concerning those horrible massacres of Catholics in the interior of Poland, which produced so painful an impression throughout the civilised world.—*Catholic Review.*

A RACE WITH AN AVALANCHE.

It was four years ago last winter. I was coming down with a train loaded with cattle. The weather had been bad for weeks, and the snow lay deep, but was melting off fast in the warm weather that had lasted nearly a week. The ground was saturated, and I noticed that things looked shaky on the mountain. I was feeling my way carefully, thinking the track might spring, as the bed was wet and sloppy, when just as I got around the point of this ridge, I looked up, and it seemed to me that the whole mountain above me had broken loose. For hundreds of feet wide the hillside was in motion and charging down on me.

The slide started 100 yards above the track, and was coming right down on me like lightning. Rocks, trees, and snow drifts plunged down the face of the mountain with a thundering roar, and seemed bent on overwhelming us and burying us in the canon thousands of feet below, I was never so close to death before, although I have had my share of perils on the road.

For a moment I was stupefied, the danger was so great and escape so hopeless, but only for a moment. I determined not to die without an effort, but clapped on all steam, while the brakes were thrown off at the same time. You can see for yourself that the grade is heavy here, and can believe that we made fast time. The engine seemed to know her danger, and to gather herself for an effort, she leaning, quivering, and snorting down the grade in the maddest race I ever saw.

Down came the avalanche like lightning directly upon us, throwing up clouds of flying snow and splinters and rocks, and away flew the old engine like a thing of life and beauty, as she was, dragging the cars like the wind down the grade after her, abreast the slide. But it seemed doomed to be all in vain. The avalanche came faster every moment. It was almost upon us. The rocks began to bound against the cars and over them, and the train was hidden in a cloud of snow. But we were flying through the air now; the wheels seemed never to touch the rail, and just as I was giving up hope the engine rushed past the little point of land just back there where the little ravine comes down. This turned the current of the slide, so to speak, a little, and was our salvation.

The engine rushed past the point just as the slide reached the track, and a big pine, uprooted in the edge of the avalanche, fell across the next car to the last one, and crushed it. The track was swept away like a cobweb in a gale, the coupling of the cars broke, and the cars fell into the chasm left in the wake of the slide, and were carried down to the river a thousand yards below. What there is left of them lies there yet. The jerk made the engine and train jump the track, but she kept on her feet, and got off with a few bruises. That I account one of the greatest dangers I ever met in my twenty years of railroading.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*