

separable, and shared each other's every feeling. In their case is the only proof I have ever seen; that the love that we are told existed between David and Jonathan is still possible. At the age of sixteen my father insisted, as he had many times before threatened, that Earnest should join the navy; but my brother was determined on college-life with Edward Hartland; they both abhorred the service in either army or navy. He was a resolute, daring boy; I wonder at his daring, as he stood before his father, perfectly respectful, but determined; no threats of punishment could induce him to swerve from his purpose, and my father turned him adrift into the world; but his friend and he clung together and shared every thing. Colonel Hartland was very generous to his son, and by great economy and self-denial, they made what was meant for one provide for two. I have known them both go out and teach school for three months, to assist Earnest in getting on with his classes.

"About this time my poor mother was taken from us, and I was left, at the age of eighteen, with the care of Harry and the house, my father being no more at home than formerly; you will guess that all I could spare went to aid Earnest in his studies. Matters went on in this way, till Harry was placed at the naval school sorely against his will; he was as resolute as Earnest, but he had an instinctive, I think I may say a religious, dread of braving a parent's displeasure. It was my father's secret hope that before Earnest could complete his college course he would be obliged to come to him for help; here he was disappointed. Angry with the whole Hartland family, he had a special aversion to Edward. He returned from the Pacific seas after an absence of more than two years; it was the autumn of the graduation of Dr. Hartland and my brother. He found the affairs of the family in such a state—" Miss Greenwood here faltered in her recital, grew extremely pale, and Rosine perceived her trembling. "Ah, that was a dreadful time," she said at length; "the memory of it is like a withering blast; it was as if the hot breath of a furnace should pass over these japonicas and roses," pointing to the window, "and change them in a single moment of time to dry and withered sticks. Our beautiful country home was broken up, my brother was ordered to choose between his own kindred and his friend; he made his choice, and was forever separate from his family. I had the same choice to make, Rosa," she said, tightly clasping the hand she held, "and my conscience would not let me give up my father, and—yes, the good God has shown me I was right, for through grief and sorrow I learned the way of the Cross, which I had never been taught; but I am wearying you with these memories," she added, as Rosine laid her head upon her shoulder and hid her face.

"Go on, please," she replied in a voice almost inaudible from emotion, "you must let me weep with you."

"Thank you, darling," continued Rosa, "I am afraid I am selfish, but it is a sweet solace to speak to you of these things, and the knowledge of them will lead you to know Dr. Hartland better; but the saddest, saddest tale is yet to tell. The young men finished their professions with high honors. Earnest did not appear to mourn continually for his friends, as I did, but when we met (as we did occasionally by stealth) he could speak but little, only pressing me to his heart, and begging me to do as he had done, pleading for others as well as himself. Colonel Hartland proposed to the young men a voyage to Europe, to recruit his son's health, which was impaired, and a sojourn in Paris for a while as a help to their profession. My father would neither take leave of Earnest, nor suffer me to have one parting word, and O! it was the last time; we had never been wholly separate till I felt the awful sea between us. I cannot tell you of that voyage," she continued, checking the sobs that would have entirely overcome one of less resolute nature, "the papers were full of it at the time—the brave, the good, the great, the abandoned, and the dissolute, went down into one common grave, and three only of the hundreds that crowded that ill-fated steamer, remained to tell what they had seen. Edward Hartland was one of the three, and from him no one has been able to learn the most minute particular. It was long before he reached home, and longer yet before he took his place again among men. My grief at that time was, that my poor longing eyes would never look again upon my beloved brother; but now there is a deeper grief. I mourn for his soul—so uncared for, unwashed, uncleaned. Can it be, that God will forever banish from His presence one so untaught in truth? O, my child, it is for this I weep and pray, if perchance there may be hope even now."

NEWS BY THE SAN FRANCISCO MAIL.

(FROM OUR EXCHANGES.)

NOTHING could so much be calculated to justify the attitude of the Catholics of Turkey in the pending struggle as the way in which the leading schismatic country, Russia, continues to deal with her Catholic subjects. Throughout Western Russia Catholic worship has been practically suppressed along with the use of the Polish language. It is true that even in the last century, when Mohileff and Wilna still belonged to the Republic of Poland, nearly half the population of some of these districts were "dissident," i.e., schismatics, and in the showing of the Russians did not enjoy the same rights as their Catholic neighbors, for which reason the Empress Catherine proclaimed the iniquitous partition of Poland a political necessity. This dastardly crime having been perpetrated in the name of religious freedom, the most barbarous despotism has ever since been exercised, and throughout Western Russia the Catholic Church is now legally proscribed. But even in Poland proper the case is not much better. To be either a Catholic priest or a Catholic landowner is enough to place any man outside the pale of the law. Catholic landowners are taxed out of existence, and German Protestants or Russian schismatics put in their places. If a man devotes himself to the priesthood he is sure of getting a free pass to Siberia sooner or later. Three bishops have died in this hyperborean exile within the last few years, viz., Monsignori Borowski of Zytomierz, Fijalkowski of Kamienec, and Popiel of Plock; whilst three others, viz., Mgr. Lubinski of Lublin, Kalinski

of Chelm, and Krasinski of Wilna, are still pining away in their glacial galls in the far distant North. Besides these, as many as 400 Uniate priests have been transported to Siberia since 1863, simply because they would not forsake their faith. No wonder that no man in his senses can see anything in the present endeavors of Russia but a desire to extend low despotism and forge new chains. Catholics, beware of Russia!

The impassiveness with which the Catholic population, both of Herzegovina and Bosnia have thus far withheld from any participation in the insurrection against the Turks, is very readily accounted for. There is not a more intolerant sect in the world than Greek schismatics, who recognise the iron-heeled Czar as their spiritual leader. The Turk is gentle enough after a fashion, in quiet times, and never commits excesses save when he has his back put up by provocation; but the Photian Slav will never allow any form of Christian worship to exist by the side of his own petrified rites if he has the power to repress it. For this reason the Catholics of North-Western Turkey, having the option between two unavoidable evils, very naturally prefer the minor to the greater, and rather side with the Moslem, or, at least, offer no resistance to him, than contribute to the triumph of a sect who would be sure to forge heavier chains for them than those they ever bore before. This view is clearly pointed out by the "Voce della Verità," which, in an article on the subject, remarks:—"If it be true that the Cross stands on one side and the Half-moon on the other, it is no less certain that he who, in this instance wields the cross, is the ally of schismatic despotism and of revolutionist godlessness, with Russia, the cruel enemy of Catholicity, at his back. Between the Turks of to-day, whose policy is religious freedom, and Muscovite despotism, which is intolerant *par excellence*, the choice can scarcely be doubtful."

A lady well known in Europe for her benevolence, and moving in the highest circles of society, has just received from the depths of Siberia the following touching letter from Polish priests exiled in Siberia, which we have been requested to publish; we give it almost in full, suppressing, however, for obvious reasons, the name of the writer:—"Overwhelmed by the greatest calamity, we take the liberty to present to you, gracious Princess, our request. After the events of 1863, we were sent to work as convicts in the mines of Siberia for a period varying from 12 to 20 years. In 1874 we were transported to the Presidency of Wologda, where, without the slightest means of subsistence, we are living scattered about in different villages. The most of us are priests, 70 or 80 years of age, who have consecrated their lives to the holy Apostolate and to the teaching of the doctrine of the Saviour of the World. After having suffered for 11 years in the cause of truth and justice, we are reduced to such a state of destitution as not to have wherewith to buy a morsel of bread; and God is our witness that sometimes for days we live without food. For some months past, left to our own resources, we have had to dispose of our clothes in order that we might not die of hunger; we know not what to do. The inhabitants persecute us; we are interdicted from living in any town; we are without help, without hospitals, without postal communication, without clothing, and with no means for paying for a lodging. We have addressed a petition to the Government, but before it gives us success we may all die of hunger. . . .

After having traversed 9,000 *versies*, our state is still more terrible than when we were working as convicts; for then at least we had a lodging and bread. The cold, which is as low as 40 degrees, and hunger, will kill us if the mercy of God does not send us a plank of safety. May, 1876." Offerings in aid of these Polish priests may be sent to M. Emile Clarisse, the zealous proprietor of the Apostolate of the Press, and correspondent of the Count Ladislas Plater, 21 Rue de Calais, Saint-Omer (Pas-de-Calais) or at the office of the "Westminster Gazette."

Public feeling has been much excited by the alleged atrocities in Bulgaria, but has been somewhat allayed by the authentic information which Mr. Disraeli on Monday was enabled to lay before the House of Commons. It now appears by the reports of Sir H. Elliot, extracts of which were read by the prime minister, that foreign agitators had commenced the disturbances in Bulgaria by the burning of Mussulman villages and outrages on the Mussulman population. The Circassians took revenge for these excesses, although their misdeeds have, according to Sir H. Elliot's reports, being greatly exaggerated. We, in common with every right-feeling man, have read with horror the accounts transmitted to this country—the cart-loads of heads, the sale of girls in the streets, the thousands of Bulgarians slaughtered, imprisoned and tortured—and we rejoice, for the sake of our common humanity, to learn from Sir Henry Elliot's latest despatch that though there had unquestionably been excesses on both sides, yet the details referred to, coming from Russian and Bulgarian sources, were so monstrously exaggerated as to deprive them of any claim to attention.

The Holy Father seems to have received renewed vigor of mind and body on entering into his eighty-fifth year. Every day thousands of the faithful flock to the Vatican from every part of the world; and whilst they are filled with admiration of the firmness of soul of the grand old man, and his incomparable goodness, they are no less struck with his wondrous solicitude for all the churches; no country on the globe escapes him, there is none so distant or so humble as to be absent from his thoughtful care. From the Vatican he directs the movements of the numerous army of missionaries he has sent out to conquer the pagan, Protestant, or schismatic world. Neither the labors, nor the fatigues, nor the dangers of those humble and gallant soldiers of the Cross are unknown to him. He inflames the zeal of some, he gives confidence to others, and all have a share in his counsel, encouragement, and praise. If the needs of their missions call them to Rome, close to the infallible chair of Peter, to imbibe thence fresh ardor and courage, how cordially are they welcomed! With what interest does the illustrious Pontiff listen to the recital of their struggles and their success; and how lavish to them is his generous heart of consolations and of spiritual favors!