

some change of plan was to go to that city instead of St. Louis, as at first proposed, and therefore could not come to Athlaccra.

It was with a heavy heart Leighton returned to his now lonely life, when the last wave of the white signal disappeared with the retreating steamer. His energetic and untiring nature could only be satisfied by constant unwavering efforts for the position he was determined to occupy.

Marion was welcomed by Colonel Hartland's family, not as a stranger, but for Rosine's sake, like one belonging to themselves; and but few days passed, when with her pushing nature she had impressed even Mrs. Hartland with a sense of her energy and power: to her sister she made known the state of things at Inglewood, gave her a description of Leighton, caricatured Dr. Nelson, and talked so much of herself, as to leave such an impression of her importance upon Rosine's mind, as to lead her to wonder how she could very well be spared from Athlaccra.

"Rosa," she said, a little reproachfully, after noting for one week in silence, the pet ways and fond expressions of Doctor Hartland toward her sister, "I told you without reserve all about Horatio, our engagements and plans, and you have never even hinted to me that Dr. Hartland, or Ned, as he bids me call him, is a lover of yours, and that you are as good as engaged."

"What possibly put that into your head?" replied Rosine, with eyes dilated with surprise, and with a start and almost a scream. "He is old enough to be—not quite my father, as he once said, but he is fifteen years older than I, and never had a thought or dream of me except as a younger sister."

"Nor you of him?" inquired Marion, with a slight touch of sarcasm in her tone.

"No," replied Rosine, hurt by the tone and the implied suspicion; "never, I love him to be sure; how could I help it? he is so kind to me, but not in that way. Why, Marion it is absurd!" she added eagerly.

"By no means absurd," said the sister, laughing at her earnestness and evident confusion; "he is a splendid fellow: I don't mean handsome, though he isn't ugly; but he's so genial, funny, and sensible; and then of course he's rich, all these years in his profession, here, and high up in it too; I wonder he has not married before; if I were you—"

"O don't sister!" exclaimed Rosine, fearfully, putting both hands over her sister's mouth; "don't say any more. I don't like to have such thoughts about him, they would mar the freedom of our intercourse, and I am afraid now, I shall think of them when we meet."

"What a funny child you are," said Marion, putting her arm affectionately about her waist; "but I reckon if papa were to see you together, you might have one of his severe lectures on coquetry and flirting, such as he gave me."

"Coquetry! flirting!" exclaimed Rosine, withdrawing a little from the snug embrace; "I think they are both wicked: and I am sure this is no such thing."

Tell me about this Miss Greenwood and her brother," said Marion, seeing how deeply she had wounded her sister, and desirous of changing the subject. "I heard the Doctor joking you about him, when the note came to you to-day from her."

Rosine was glad of any change in the conversation, and though her feelings were smarting under the imputation of a flirt, she was still desirous to conciliate her sister, therefore she drew from her pocket the paper, questioning if she really had a right to read Dora's note to Marion. The sister observed the hesitation with which she moved, and said petulantly, "I wish I had staid at Inglewood; you are afraid to confide in me; new friends have taken the place of old."

RUSSIAN ATROCITIES.

It is not necessary to go back a hundred years to the time of that "most enlightened ruler," the "female philosopher," whom Voltaire affected to worship. She sent hordes of Cossacks and scarcely less brutal regular soldiery into Poland with express instructions to "cut to pieces, with God's help, all Poles and Jews, the betrayers of our holy religion . . . so that their name and memory shall be blotted out." The record of that first Polish campaign tells us that 200,000 men were slain under circumstances of great cruelty. In the single town of Human 16,000 perished. Gallows were erected on which were hung together a noble, a priest, a Jew, and a dog, with the inscription, "All alike." Of course it will be contended that Russia no less, but probably more, than the rest of the world, has progressed within the century. It is unfair, it will be said, to compare the Russians of to-day with the predecessors of Suvaroff, as it would be ridiculous to compare the warfare of to-day with the military methods of that famous commander. This is true to a certain extent. But the Russian Government has not cut itself loose from those Mongol traditions which own the same Asiatic birthplace as the Turkish proceedings that are now so loudly condemned.

Let us put out of sight the events of 1831, the operations which justified Paskievich's memorable despatch: "Order reigns in Warsaw." Let us come to 1863, when Russia was in a position somewhat resembling the present position of Turkey. The Poles were in revolt. They sought to shake off an intolerable yoke and resuscitate a national life, which was in existence less than three quarters of a century before. How did Russia act towards her insurgents? Things were done in the course of that conflict which fully equal, if they do not surpass, the atrocities of Bulgaria. Certainly no Pasha or Aga can claim to have signalised himself in this way more than Mouravieff, or the "hangman" Berg or Majunkin. The details were published at the time, but have probably been forgotten by most who heard of them. There was slaughter of men, women were outraged, there was bayonetting of children, burning of the wounded and other defenceless people, wholesale executions, to pass over plunder, robbery, destruction of property, &c. Besides these horrors fully 250,000 persons were sent to Siberia, or to the northern Governments of European Russia, during the three years 1863-66. Bitter complaints are now made of Turkish disregard for the "red-cross" of those who go to assist the

wounded. At that time all assistance to the wounded was sternly forbidden, and ruthlessly punished wherever discovered.

How does Russia act in time of peace towards those who violate no laws? It is well known that the Turks do not trouble themselves about the religious concerns of their Christian subjects, unless moved to do so, for interested reasons, by others. All who fulfil their civil obligations towards the State are unmolested, or rather are protected. Is this the case in Russia? By the fifth article of the treaty of partition, 1773, Russia expressly binds herself to "leave the Catholics of both rites in statu quo, that is, in the free exercise of their worship (culte) and discipline, and never to avail itself of its rights of supremacy to the prejudice of the *status in quo* of the Roman Catholic Church." Has this solemn obligation been fulfilled? From the very outset it is notorious that the imperial agents devoted themselves to suppress Catholicity, especially among the Uniates. Catharine, first, and subsequently Nicholas, forced millions into schism through horrid cruelties. Minsk is a name which will not be easily forgotten. Lately the present Tsar, who has the reputation of being a mild-mannered man, took upon himself to complete the unfinished work of forcing every Catholic of the Greek rite into the ranks of the schism. How this has been done is only too well known. The property of the unfortunate peasantry who were to be "converted" was ruined by dragonnades, the poor people were driven with whips, cudgels, musket-blows, bayonet-thrusts, into the schismatic churches, and then entered in the registers of the "Orthodox." At Drelu, Pratuliu, Polubice, places in the Government of Siedlec, occurrences happened which were, on a small scale, an anticipation of Bulgaria. Men, and even women, were killed, others were thrown into prison, and many were sent off into Siberia, not for any crime, but merely because they would not be "converted." The peasants paid the contribution charged upon them; they submitted to their cattle being taken away in discharge of fines and penalties; but into the schismatic churches they will not set their foot. When this movement of sympathy towards the Christian Slavs of Turkey began to spread, the notion seems to have occurred to some among these poor persecuted Poles that perhaps the Russian Government would relent in its treatment of themselves, who are Christians and Slavs as much as those at the other side of the Danube. Some of them began again to practise their own forms of worship. What took place? The correspondent of the 'Neue Freie Presse' of Vienna—not a Catholic paper he it remembered—writing from the scene on August 18 (only a fortnight ago, and while the flood of Russian sympathy for the Turkish Slavs threatened to break down all the barriers of international propriety), tells us that those persons were attacked by the military "for opposing themselves to the religious arrangements of the Russian Government. There were many killed and wounded. . . . Many women also were killed. . . . About one hundred peasants, twenty peasant women, and four clergymen have been taken prisoners to the fortress of Warsaw. The arrests have not yet ceased." And these persons suffered thus, not because they were insurgents, or for any offence against public order or the laws, but for practising a form of Christian worship which Russia swore to protect when first she seized upon Poland.—London Tablet.

THE FIFTEENTH OF AUGUST AT GLENVY.

THE Fifteenth of August did not pass off so quietly as one might have expected in this now notorious little village. The bigotry and intolerance for which this place is so noted should be ventilated by the Orange rowdies on this occasion. It was well known that some of the Catholics had passed through the village in the morning for Hannahstown—the scene of the great National demonstration—and the return journey was to be marked by the "disapprobation" of these bloodthirsty scoundrels. Accordingly, on the appearance of the first contingent of Catholics in the village they were suddenly attacked; a rush was made at the car, the horse was caught hold of, and the poor animal felled to the ground by a blow from some heavy instrument; at the same time others of the mob were not idle in their attention to the occupants of the car (three of whom were females). Stones were flung with great violence. The females, shrieking and crying for mercy, leaped off the car, and were being conducted to the door of the house opposite by one of their friends for safety, named Mc Cann, who was struck a heavy blow on the head with a sharp instrument (surmised by some to be a slater's knife), which brought him to the ground, where he lay weltering in blood till he was raised from the place by a Catholic woman who was attracted to the scene by the noise and report of the blows. This woman heroically rushed forward, and with the aid of her servant succeeded in bringing the poor man into her house, had a doctor sent for, and the wounds dressed. The poor man is progressing slowly, but is not yet out of danger, as erysipelas may at any time set in. One arrest has been made, and it is to be hoped that others who participated in this brutal attack on these poor unsuspecting Catholics will be brought to justice, and be impressed with the conviction that the time has gone by when they could have perpetrated such acts with impunity. It was rather a strange thing that the police, who were on duty at this place, were not to be seen at the time the attack was made, although it was at a comparatively early hour of the evening. On the following evening (Wednesday), near the same place, a young man returning from Belfast, where he had been attending market, was attacked with stones from behind the hedge, and but for the spirited action of his horse the same fate might have befallen him as that which befell Mc Cann. If such conduct be not put a stop to speedily and effectively the consequences may be fearful to contemplate, as this is the season when the farmers of necessity must attend market with their produce, and on their journey to and from Belfast must pass through this village, and there is no guarantee that similar treatment is not in store for them. A police station is much wanted in this village, and until this want be supplied we cannot calculate in being safe from the cowardly attacks of these savage and untutored rowdies.—Ulster Examiner.