

"POPULAR" CATHOLICS.

We are like others in this, that we are men; that we are members of the same State with them—subjects, contented subjects, of the same sovereign; that we have a dependence on them, and have them dependent on us; that, like them, we feel pain when ill-used, and are grateful when well treated. We need not be ashamed of a fellowship like this, and those who recognise it in us are generous in doing so. But we have much cause to be ashamed, and much cause to be anxious what God thinks of us, if we gain their support by giving them a false impression in our persons of what the Catholic Church is, and what Catholics are bound to be, what bound to believe, and to do; and is not this the case often, and the world takes up your interest because you share its sins?

Nature is one with nature, grace with grace; the world then witnesses against you, by being good friends with you; you could not have got on so well, without surrendering something which was precious and sacred.

The world likes you all but your professed creed; distinguishes you from your creed by its judgment of you, and would fain separate you from it in fact. Men say, "These persons are better than their Church; we have not a word to say for their Church; but Catholics are not what they were; they are very much like other men now. Their creed certainly is bigoted and cruel, but what would you have of them? You cannot expect them to confess this; let them change quietly—no one changes in public; be satisfied that they are changed. They are as fond of the world as we are; they take up political objects as warmly; they like their own way just as well; they do not like strictness a whit better; they hate spiritual thralldom, and are half ashamed of the Pope and his Councils. They hardly believe any miracles now, and are annoyed when their own brethren officiously proclaim them; they never speak of Purgatory; they are sore about images; they avoid the subject of indulgences; and they will not commit themselves to the doctrine of exclusive salvation. The Catholic doctrines are now mere badges of party. Catholics think for themselves, and judge for themselves, just as we do; they are kept in their Church by a point of honor and a reluctance at seeming to abandon a fallen cause."

Such is the judgment of the world, and you, my brethren, are shocked to hear it; but may it not be that the world knows more about you than you know about yourselves? "If ye had been of the world," says Christ, "the world would love its own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." So speaks Christ of His Apostles. How run His words when applied to you? "If ye be of the world the world will love its own, therefore ye are of the world, and I have not chosen you out of the world, because the world loveth you."

Do not complain of the world's imputing to you more than is true; those who live as the world give color to those who think them of the world, and seem to form but one party with them. In proportion as you put off the yoke of Christ, so does the world by a sort of instinct recognize you and think well of you accordingly. Its highest compliment is to tell you that you disbelieve.

O my brethren, there is an eternal enmity between the world and the Church. The Church declares by the mouth of an Apostle, "Whoso will be a friend of the world becomes an enemy of God," and the world retorts and calls the Church apostate, sorceress, Beelzebub, and Antichrist. She is the image and the mother of the predestinate, and if you would be found among her children when you die, you must have part in her reproaches while you live.

Does not the world scoff at all that is glorious, all that is majestic in our holy religion? Does it not speak against the special creations of God's grace? Does it not disbelieve in the possibility of purity and chastity? Does it not slander the profession of celibacy? Does it not deny the virginity of Mary? Does it not cast out her very name as evil? Does it not scorn her as a dead woman, whom you know to be the Mother of all living, and the great Intercessor of the faithful? Does it not ridicule the saints? Does it not make light of their relics? Does it not despise the Sacraments? Does it not blaspheme the awful Presence which dwells upon our altars, and mock bitterly and fiercely at our believing that what it calls bread and wine is that very same Body and Blood of the Lamb which lay in Mary's womb, and hung on the cross? What are we, that we should be better treated than our Lord and His Mother, and His servants and His works? Nay, what are we, if we be better treated, but the friends of those who treat us well, and who ill-treat Him?—Dr. Newman.

HOW THE LAST POLISH REVOLT WAS STAMPED OUT.

HEAR what the 'Dziennik Polski, a highly respectable Sarmatian paper, has to say with respect to the demeanor of the Russian officers and soldiers who were charged by the Czar Alexander Nicolaievich with the suppression of the Polish insurrection in 1863. Many of the facts it recounts have never reached beyond the limits of Poland; others have been known and forgotten. The moment is, perhaps, not inopportune for once more bringing these tragedies under the strong light of publicity:—

"A name is still pronounced with trembling lips in Poland, when the insurrection of 1863 is spoken of; it is that of General de Bellegarde. His headquarters were established in Radom. He was a lean man of lofty stature, with the profile of a bird of prey. Whenever a few fugitive insurgents were brought before him, and their mothers, betrothed, or sisters plead for mercy to them, he used to exclaim, in his loud, harsh voice, 'They shall hang; *basta!*' or, 'They shall be slaughtered, and you with them!' Close to Radom, to the left of the high road to Warsaw, there is a little meadow. Upon this spot Bellegarde had a permanent gallows erected, upon which hundreds of insurgent prisoners were strangled in cold blood. Their bodies were thrust into a large trench hard by. Some women of Radom crept out of the town during the night and strewed flowers upon the corpses

lying in the open trench. Bellegarde heard of this, and forthwith had the pit filled up, ordered a number of Cossacks to compel their horses to trample upon it until it was level with the surrounding ground, and then had the whole meadow covered with dung, so that the place of burial might be totally effaced. The murdered insurgents were Christians, nevertheless; but then, so was their murderer!

"General Siemiatycz-Manjukin had his headquarters at Siedlin. He alone caused 700 human beings, some insurgents, others only suspected of having taken part in the revolt, to be hanged opposite his house. Every time an execution came off he stood smiling and watching it at his window, and always appeared highly diverted when the women standing round the foot of the gallows shrieked louder than usual in their agony. When women came to him to implore his mercy he was wont to beat them furiously with his fists, throw them on the ground and stamp upon them with his spurred heels. The priest Stanislaus Brzozka held out with a few resolute adherents in the neighborhood of Lublin, when the revolt was already nearly quelled. He was taken at last, and when he was brought before the General, the latter shouted, 'Give me the scoundrel here!' A fearful scene was enacted. Manjukin seized the priest, struck him with clenched fist in the eyes, knocked his teeth out, flung him down on the floor, throttled him, and trampled upon him. When the poor victim was senseless, he was carried out to the gallows and hanged.

"Another instructive example of Muscovite philanthropy was afforded by a colonel who commanded the Russian forces in the engagement at Fajslawice. At the close of the struggle, which ended disastrously for the Poles, there was found amongst the wounded a non-commissioned officer who had been an orderly of Kruk. The Colonel, when he heard this, had the wounded man brought to him, and said to him, 'Kruk has always let his Russian prisoners go, and even gave them half a ruble apiece to keep them from starving on their road; so I will also let you go free!' But before the man was set at liberty this monster caused him to be mutilated in a manner indescribable—so that the unfortunate wretch died next day. He caused another wounded prisoner belonging to Kruk's detachment to be twisted up in a number of straw ropes, and then burnt alive.

"A long list of names could be made out of such unnatural monsters from amongst the Russian generals who took an active part in putting down the insurrection. Zarkisoff, Assiejeff, Mednikoff, and Wahl, Count Berg's nephew, figure in the foremost rank of these butchers and mutilators of humanity. How many peaceful chateaux of noblemen and peasant colonies were, without the least pretext, pounced upon, pillaged, and burnt to the ground by these Christian officers! The men were held down on the ground and knouted till they lay mangled and lifeless; the women were mercilessly violated by the Cossacks. General Assiejeff, a Circassian by birth, spread terror wherever he went by the following method of proceeding: When he encountered a carriage or cart on the public roads, he made the occupants get out, and had them knouted till their bodies streamed with blood. If they asked why they were treated in so barbarous a manner, he invariably replied: 'It is only the prologue to my question of "Where are the Insurgents?" Now you will be well disposed to give an answer!'

"At Wilkomiciecz, on November 20, 1863, the insurgent Stanislaus Kossakowski, who had formerly been an artillery officer in the Russian service, was condemned to be shot. The soldiers told off to execute him, however, aimed so badly, that after several volleys he was not dead—only horribly mangled. They got tired of firing at him, and flung him, still alive, into a deep ditch full of water, where he drowned. A peasant woman who had witnessed the whole proceeding was so appalled and outraged by the cruelty of this final act, that she broke out into loud execrations against its perpetrators; whereupon they seized her, flung her into the water, and drowned her by force.

"The two brothers Koncewicz, in Mohilew, despite their entreaties to be shot, were buried alive.

"Numerous townships—as, for instance, Wengrow, Miechow, Ciemiatyca—were *totally destroyed*. Old men, women, and children were slaughtered in them by hundreds."

The 'Dziennik Polski' solemnly affirms that every atrocity above quoted was committed in the manner related, and by the persons named. It declares itself ready and able to prove every assertion contained in its statements, and lays particular stress upon the fact that these ghastly crimes were not committed by irregulars, such as are the Bashi-Bazouks and Circassians in Bulgaria, but by soldiers of the regular Russian army. "And," concludes the 'Dziennik Polski,' "not only common soldiers, but officers of high rank, generals, and colonels, erected this monument for themselves in Poland. How, with such a reckoning as this upon their consciences, the Russians can dare to pronounce lamentations over foreign deeds of darkness, is indeed a psychological novelty which the present age owes exclusively to—the Russians!"

CONDENSED HISTORY OF STEAM.

ABOUT 280 years B.C., Hero of Alexandria formed a toy which exhibited some of the powers of steam and was moved by its power.

A.D. 540, an architect arranged several caldrons of water, each covered with the wide bottom of a leather tube, which rose to a narrow top, with pipes extended to the rafters of the adjoining building. A fire was kindled beneath the caldron, and the house was shaken with the efforts of the steam ascending the tubes. This is the first notice of the power of steam recorded.

In 1543, June 17th, Brasco de Garay tried a steamboat at 200 tons with tolerable success at Barcelona, Spain. It consisted of a caldron of boiling water, and a moveable wheel on each side of the ship. It was laid aside as impracticable. A present, however, was made to Garay.

In 1630, the first railroad was constructed at Newcastle on the Tyne.