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Be convinced of this truth, that in a great number of families the subscription to a journal will prove of really decisive importance for their future, both moral and religious.—*The Bishops of Switzerland.*

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Apparition of Our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque.

“Afterwards, Jesus said, ‘I thirst;’ and they gave him vinegar to drink mingled with gall.”—S. JOHN and S. MATT.

One Nasty Stain.

“NINE-TENTHS of the crimes of the country arise from drink.” So say some of the judges of England as well as of Ireland. The assertion is, no

doubt, an exaggeration; but, taken as a form to express that a very large portion of the private and public violations of morality in the three kingdoms owe their origin to excess of drink, it is unquestionably true. As such, then, this most odious vice, this “parent of ten thousand evils,” deserves special attention. Here in Ireland, however, it has peculiar claims; it is the one nasty stain of the country.

That our Catholic people, children of the *Faith*, without which it is impossible to please God, the only foundation of hope for eternity, and which alone supplies in the one Holy Church the means powerful enough to extirpate vice and to keep man's strong passions in subjection to God's law; that our people, whose love and reverence for Christ's Immaculate Spouse is acknowledged all the world over, should be first in every virtue is a thing to be expected. Nor is it possible for any unprejudiced man to question their title to this most noble superiority. Statistics of every kind, and from every country on earth, give the palm to Ireland by very many marks indeed. For, what country can boast of criminal records so light as hers? The judges are at this moment holding the summer assizes in the different counties of the island, and from almost every one of them the same story comes, that there is very little crime for them to take cognizance of. We cull the following extracts from the assize reports of town and country, and give them as samples fairly representing the whole:—

The Lord Chief Baron, addressing the Grand Jury of the County of Roscommon, said:—"I am happy to inform you that your duties of a criminal nature at this assizes will be of a very light nature—in fact, little more than nominal. I can find nothing in the calendar to cause the slightest uneasiness as to the state of the county. There is no sympathy with crime, and the offences committed are of an ordinary character."

Mr. Justice O'Brien, addressing the County Grand Jury of Limerick, observed that "their labours would be very light, there being only five or six cases to go before them, and he congratulated them on the fact that the county had been entirely free from agrarian crimes." In the city Mr. Justice Keogh told the Grand Jury that "the calendar was a small one."

Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, addressing the Grand Jury of Mayo, said:—"It is exceedingly gratifying to me to be able to tell you that your county is remarkable for the peace and order at present prevailing in it. The offences committed since last assizes are of the very lightest character."

Mr. Justice Morris, in Drogheda, declared that "The record before him showed in other respects a remarkable immunity from crime in this populous community, and he was glad to congratulate them, as they would be, no doubt, glad to hear of such a state of facts."

Mr. Justice Keogh, addressing the Grand Jury of Clare, said he was "glad that their duties would be exceedingly light."

In opening the Monaghan assizes, Mr. Justice Morris, addressing the Grand Jury, said:—"I have read the county inspector's returns, and I find that the number of cases reported show that your county is comparatively free from crime."

At the Fermanagh assizes, the Chief Justice said:—"I am also happy to be able to congratulate you on the state of your county, although that congratulation is attended with a personal disappointment, as I had hoped for a very pleasant perquisite, a pair of white gloves. That has, however, been denied me on this occasion; but I hope that hereafter I may be in a position to receive them in your county."

Baron Deasy presented to the Grand Jury of Queen's County "his unmixed congratulations."

Finally, Baron Dowse was presented with the now very usual compliment in Kilkenny City of a pair of white gloves. He had told the Grand Jury that "they had nothing to do."

These extracts, which are taken at random, present a very consoling picture. In sad contrast with this proud record is the state of the sister country, which so often boasts of its enlightened civilization

and very great superiority in everything. The following extract from the *Catholic Times* of Liverpool, the perfect accuracy of which no sane man can call into question, reveals a most deplorable state, clearly the fruit of the unhappy heresy which strangles all virtue and morality.

"The record of crime," writes that excellent weekly, "being tried in this present summer assize in England is something truly awful in its proportions, and—to borrow the words of a contemporary—it seems only too clear that a spirit of the most outrageous lawlessness is rampant among the population of certain of our manufacturing districts." The judges everywhere speak in the same sense, and the leading newspapers call out loudly for a *lex talionis* beyond all hope of commutation at the hands of the Home Secretary. It is the fashion to ascribe this fast-growing glut of crime to high wages and the prosperity of the working classes: we prefer to seek the causes a little deeper, and we find them in the decline of religion. Without God, men soon become monsters."

Look, then, on this page and look on that, and what lesson do they teach, if not that the true Church, the Spouse of Christ, is doing her ennobling work among our people? But still there remains one nasty stain. The drunkenness of some of our people, not by any means so brutal or so extensive, it is true, as that of England or Scotland, shames us, and makes many of them the foulest disgrace to the religion of which they profess to be members.

But it is next to useless to speak to the brutal drunkard himself. To others, then, do we earnestly appeal. Their prayers and good works will infallibly obtain great graces for these unhappy and criminal men, and, if we persevere, this nasty stain will be removed in great part, at least, from the otherwise pure and noble vesture of moral beauty with which our holy Faith has clad our people. O let each person remember that he can aid very actively and very effectively in blotting out this stain. If he cannot exhort he can avoid the company of drunkards; he can keep others who are innocent from the perverting association with criminals of that class; and then he can perform faithfully, and in common if possible, the easy and simple practices in honour of the Sacred Thirst of our Lord, enjoined by the Confraternity. O, if each of our members fervently and regularly observed the rules and gave these easy spiritual alms to the unhappy drunkard, God, in His mercy, would soon grant us many of the souls of these our erring brethren.

The Jesuits in France and England.

At the late examinations in both these countries, the success with which God has blessed the teaching of the Jesuits is very remarkable. The *Univers* of July 22nd, speaking of the school founded by them in Toulouse, thus addresses a M. Taberlet, who is the French Mr. Whalley. "Here is a little scrap of news," it writes, "which must be interesting to M. Taberlet. He has heard, perhaps, that these dangerous men have formed a preparatory school, destined to furnish Christians and officers to the government schools. . . . To-day we give the result of their efforts. Out of twenty-eight sent

up to the competitive examination for the military school of St. Cyr, twenty-two succeeded!"

A similar blessing has attended the examination of the students sent up from Stonyhurst College to the London University. Of the fourteen presented by them, thirteen succeeded, eight with honours and three with prize marks, in a competition with 537 students from other English colleges, out of which barely one-half, namely, 289, succeeded. In the same proportion Stonyhurst should have only eight out of the fourteen in place of the thirteen who passed.

Serapia :

A STORY OF THE SECOND CENTURY,

By A. M. R. BENNETT.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN ACCIDENT.

WHILST Sabina and Serapia were leading a life of piety and prayer, an unexpected occurrence took place, which greatly disturbed their peace. They had gone out one evening to give consolation to a poor old man, and to take him the succours of Christian charity, when, as they were slowly walking along the flowery banks of the Metaurus, they heard a loud cry. They turned and saw a hunter rushing frantically down a steep declivity on the opposite side of the river. As soon as he had reached the bottom of it, he looked anxiously around, and cried out :—

"Great Jove, how will it be possible to raise him? The poor governor is, perhaps, already dead! He does not move. Signor Berillo! Signor Berillo!"

From these words, Sabina and Serapia gathered that a man must have fallen down the precipice, on which Sabina, calling to the huntsman, asked him of what he was in quest.

"I want some one to help to extricate Signor Berillo, the governor of Umbria, my illustrious master, from the marsh into which, but a moment ago, he fell from the top of the hill."

Sabina made a sign to Serapia, on which the young maiden hastened quickly to the house, and then returned along the other side of the river, accompanied by several servants bearing a litter. In a very short space of time Berillo was conveyed to the house, laid upon a soft couch, and all the usual means employed to restore him to consciousness.

Berillo was passionately addicted to hunting, and never lost an opportunity of indulging in his favourite pastime. The morning of the day on which he was lying half dead in the house of Sabina, he had left Ariminio attended by a numerous escort; and after having successfully pursued the chase in a neighbouring wood, he gave orders, on arriving towards evening at a little village, that the horses should rest there for a while. Meantime he strolled towards a pretty, solitary-looking valley, and having perceived at a little distance a hill, whence he thought he should be able to enjoy a

more extensive view, he ascended it; but whilst he was standing on the summit, his foot slipped, the ground gave way under him, and he was precipitated into the marsh beneath.

Curgio—such was the name of Berillo's companion—was almost in despair, seeing that the governor had not yet given any sign of life; he knew that his friends were awaiting the coming of Berillo; he wanted to go and tell them what had happened, and yet he did not like to leave his master. At last Sabina advised him to dismiss the party, and to tell them that, on account of an accident which had befallen the governor, it would be impossible for him to leave her house that evening.

Hardly had Curgio gone, than Serapia, who had remained with the unconscious governor, knelt down and prayed fervently for the salvation of his soul. Suddenly she heard a slight movement, followed by the words, "Where am I, Curgio?" She rose quickly, and hastening to the bed, said, in gentle accents :

"Sir, fear not. You are in the house of a friend, and Curgio will shortly return to you."

On hearing her voice, Berillo gazed at the young maiden, who, to distract his attention from herself, offered him something to drink. But he took the cup mechanically, without removing his eyes from her, and murmured :

"It must, of a truth, be a goddess."

Then he swooned once more, but soon coming to himself again—"What beneficent deity is it," he asked, "who has commanded thee to utter the sweet words which still sound in my ears? Or art thou thyself a goddess descended from Olympus to console us, wretched mortals?"

"Sir, I am only a poor slave of Sabina's, ordered to attend thee. Permit me to go and tell her that you have recovered from your swoon."

"What, you would leave me! No, no, remain here. I suffer—I am bruised all over; but to see you" He could not continue, for Serapia had already disappeared.

The innocent girl had no conception of the wicked thoughts with which the heart of the licentious pagan was overflowing. But that gaze—those words inspired her instinctively with a desire to hasten from his presence, and to take refuge in the arms of Sabina, to whom she exclaimed :

"No, I cannot return—I cannot go back to him."

Sabina soothed her, and said :—

"Be at ease; thou shalt not approach him. I will myself go to Berillo, and will take care of him until Curgio returns."

Serapia was greatly relieved when she heard Sabina speak thus, and hastened to her chamber to give thanks to God, whilst the widow betook herself to the bedside of the sick man. He knew already into whose house he had been received, and he had been acquainted with Valentinus; accordingly he treated Sabina most courteously, and was profuse in his expressions of gratitude and respect. But Curgio having returned, she left the room, in order that they might converse more freely together. Hardly had Sabina quitted them than Berillo said :—

"Didst thou see her, Curgio?"

"Whom?"

"Wert thou born to-day, eh?"

"By Jove, if I were to die for it to-day, I could not tell of whom it is you speak."

"What! didst thou not see the girl who was here, and who is as beautiful as Aglasia? She called herself a slave; but I should say she was Venus herself."

"Perhaps you mean the maiden whom I have heard called Serapia?"

"You are right; it was she I saw when I was standing on the edge of the precipice. She was on the other side of the river; and it was whilst I was gazing on her in ecstasy that the ground gave way beneath me, and that I met with the accident which all but cost me my life. But I should care little for that if only I could obtain possession of Serapia. Thou must pave the way for me, and how to do so I have need to teach thee. Go then, and let everything be prepared."

"But, sir, you are very ill, and I ought not to leave you."

"Go, I tell thee; manage the affair well, and be sure that I shall be generous."

On receiving this command the obsequious slave left the room. But as to seeing or speaking to Serapia, he found it was impossible; for at the very moment that he was searching for her, she was reading letters from Sinforosa, announcing to her that many who were very dear to her had been called to quit this life amidst the most horrid tortments.

The new martyrs were Alexandrus, Theodulus, and Evenzius, who, by order of Aurelian, the minister of the Emperor, had been cruelly tortured, being first cast into the brazen horse, and then thrown into the midst of the flames of a fiery furnace, which had not touched a hair of their heads, and finally they had taken flight gloriously to God; Evenzius and Theodulus being beheaded, and the holy pontiff, Alexandrus, expiring under the punctures which had been made all over his body with sharp iron spikes.

Serapia shed floods of tears over the letter; and although she gave thanks to God for having granted these, her friends, the palm of martyrdom, still she was greatly affected whilst dwelling upon the thoughts that the Christians of Rome would be deprived of the instruction and of the support of their zealous pastors, and whilst picturing to herself the feelings of the flock plunged into grief under the loss of its shepherds, dispersed through fear, vacillating in faith and weakened in hope. Then from the bottom of her heart she exclaimed:—

"O Lord, if the blood of thy poor handmaiden may avail in thy eyes the blood of one of our fathers in the faith, deign to take my life, which is not necessary to the world or to thy glory. Torture, burn, tread under foot my body, and spare thy ministers, who are so necessary to thy Church."

The prayer of a fervid soul is as a balsam which heals the deepest wounds. As soon as Serapia had prayed, she rose from her knees strong and resigned; then she began to behold the future under less sombre colours, and to see that the omnipotence of God can, when it so pleases Him, make

pastors to arise after His own heart—to arise out of the midst of the wretchedness in which His people are plunged.

Meanwhile Curgio had returned to Berillo, to inform him that his endeavours to speak with Serapia alone had failed; he had not even been able to see her, for she had remained shut up in her own chamber, whither it was impossible for him to follow her. At these unexpected tidings, the governor became enraged, and the wretched slave had the utmost difficulty in calming him, though he used all the eloquence and cunning he had at his command. As soon as he perceived that Berillo had regained some composure, he said:—

"It is my belief that as long as you stay here, nothing will be done."

"Why?"

"Because I saw that Serapia became alarmed as soon as she saw the glances and heard the words you addressed to her on recovering consciousness."

"What! do you wish to make me believe that she is a vestal virgin, and that the sight of a man causes her to take flight? That would indeed be very curious."

"Most curious, certainly; but I am sure it is true."

"What would you have me do, then?"

"Leave immediately."

"And how can I get on horseback, all bruised as I am."

"I have already thought of everything, and have ordered a very commodious litter to be prepared, on which you can be conveyed with the utmost comfort."

"Then let us leave at once. Inform Sabina of my intentions."

Although in her heart she was thankful to be relieved of his presence, Sabina expressed to Berillo her regret at his sudden resolution, and requested him to remain until he was, at any rate, a little better; but when she saw that he was determined, she ordered refreshments, and then, with many good wishes, they took leave of each other, the governor arriving, after a few hours' journey, at his palace in Rimini.

A Cure at Holywell.

THE Rev. F. Di Pietro, S.J., certifies to the truth of the following narrative:—Lizzie Short, who resides in Newtown, near Liverpool, contracted, when five years old, hip disease, from an accident she met with from a barrow in 1865, and from that time was compelled to use crutches. With these she came to Holywell, and on the 24th of last month (June), having bathed in the miraculous well of St. Winefride, was cured on the spot. She has left her crutches among the others, which bear their silent testimony to the efficacy of these healing waters. This young girl is well known to persons residing in Holywell.

Rome.

*Discourse of His Holiness in reply to an Address—
continued from our last.*

“The besieging army entered, and with it another government replaced the legitimate authority. At this point I ask (and many will ask the same question with me) if the entry of this army really brought with it a *conservative action*? The religious of both sexes expelled, ecclesiastical property usurped, Protestant schools and churches opened, and the many other calamitous changes which all the world is aware of, give the answer for me. This system is not yet exhausted, for at present they are endeavouring to lay their hands on all that has so far escaped the inexorable scythe of the revolution. And the Romans; how do they behave? The Romans bewail the immense damage which is caused to the Eternal City; they raise their voices in plaintive supplication to Heaven, and crowd the churches to implore of God the numerous graces which we need in the midst of the sad circumstances in which we are placed, in order that we may preserve our vigour and our strength.

“In place of the sad and sorrowful spectacle which I have been just describing, I wish to contrast, for your support, the consoling events which are occurring in these days in Rome, in Italy, in Europe, and throughout the entire world. As soon as the voice of the Vatican, inviting to prayer, had been heard, millions and millions of the faithful were at once moved to respond to the great invitation which God has made to them, by means of His unworthy Vicar, to profit by the solemn Jubilee, which opens the gates for repentance, and promises pardon. This uniformity of thought and of heart is a solemn condemnation of the disunion which we are beholding amongst the legislators in parliament, where, in the midst of scandalous discords, accusations are being brought against the government which now rules Italy, that imply complicity with the contrivers and the perpetrators of the most horrible crimes.

“And here, my very dear sons, I will express to you my desire that you would bring to reflection all those (if any such there be) who entertain projects of reconciliation and a mutual understanding, affirming that this state of uncertainty is prolonged too far, and that it is necessary to find some way of getting on together in public affairs for the sake of the general welfare and peace of all. Tell such persons that it is not very agreeable to be walking over a volcano. The earth is trembling beneath our feet, and the alarming growl which is heard along the sides of the mountain forewarns us of fresh eruptions. We should, therefore, leave so dangerous a path and choose a way that is less beset with danger.

“This path you are choosing with the greater number of the Romans; and it is whilst following this path that you have given in these last days an edifying spectacle to the world, by your pious demonstrations and your votive solemnities. These acts of fervent piety have, moreover, been manifested not only in Rome, but throughout Italy; they have yielded their sweet odour, and have caused to spring

forth fresh and bright hopes in the hearts of a great majority of the Italians.

“France, too, has uttered a cry of joy, and we have seen millions of Catholics flocking to the hundred sanctuaries which she possesses. The city of Paris has presented a most edifying spectacle at the laying the foundation-stone of the temple which is to be erected in honour of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The immense gathering of people, and amongst them so many distinguished personages; the presence of our venerable brother the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, surrounded by other illustrious prelates; in fine, the general emotion, all conspired to make the spectacle one of very special edification. But this is not all. France has just been making the most noble efforts to establish that liberty in education which is absolutely refused to us in Italy.

Elsewhere, at Vienna, and in the Austrian empire, the effects of the Jubilee, celebrated in many different places, have everywhere filled the good with joy. Belgium, Bavaria, and so many other countries of Europe, have also courageously pursued the same noble and holy career. America has given the most splendid proofs of sympathy towards the Holy See.

“Spain, in fine, in the midst of the difficulties which surround her, demands Catholic unity with firmness and unwavering constancy.

“I omit other consoling facts in order to turn to you, my very dear sons, and to congratulate you anew on your constancy, as well as to say to you, with the Apostle, ‘To stand firm in the Lord, most dearly-beloved.’ Remain always thus united and faithful to this centre of truth, to this chair of sound doctrine; by this union and concord we shall obtain most readily from God the realization of our common desires, and the fulfilment of the innumerable prayers, which, like odoriferous incense, are raised on high from all parts of the world to the throne of Jesus Christ.

“As for me, I unite myself with the prayers of all; and in order to discharge my duty, as well as to guarantee the rights of the Holy See, I renew the protestations which I have before made against the manifold usurpations which are being committed—usurpations which are in such open contradiction with the promise which was made of maintaining a *conservative* policy.

“May the blessing of God descend upon you, and giving fresh force to your constancy, may it strengthen it within your breasts, and preserve you unshaken in the principles of faith and Christian charity. Be united in your families and in your associations. Christian union will give us the victory.”

Six more convents have been added within the last few days to the sad list of expropriated religious houses in Rome. They are the convents of the Passionists at SS. John and Paul, and at the Scala Sancta; of the Capuchins at the Barberini and at S. Lorenzo, outside the walls; of the Augustinian Nuns at the Sette Dolori, and of the Oblate Nuns at the Tor de Specchi. Other convents of the Franciscans and Capuchins, outside Rome, as at Albano and near the Lago di Nemi,

have likewise been lately seized, and the inmates turned out of their homes, with the miserable pension of a few pence per day.

Our Last Letter.

I WISH that a howl of execration from the Catholic world could ring in the ears of these Italian usurpers each time that some new act of spoliation and robbery is accomplished. Unfortunately, the seizure of religious property in Rome, and in the Roman provinces, the expropriation of the houses, convents, and lands of the religious of every order, the confiscation and carting away of their books to government store-houses, from the libraries which holy and learned men have founded, and which their fostering care and self-sacrificing generosity had furnished with thousands of volumes during centuries of literary toil, is going on in Rome and in Italy, noiselessly and daily, with a vigour and an amount of devastation not witnessed since the irruption into Italy of Alaric the Goth or the dreadful havoc perpetrated in the city by Robert Guiscard the Norman. The monasteries in Rome and Italy, whose very names are dear to the Catholic reader of history, those religious houses wherein so many have spent the years of an angelic life, happy in their Nazareth till the death-summons had bidden them to the heavenly Jerusalem, those abodes of poverty and happy seclusion where saints lived and won their crowns, are now closed against the religious who are their rightful owners. The Convent of the Ara Cœli, of the Capuchins at the Barberini, the Ritiro of St. Bonaventure on the Palatine, the Gesù, the great Dominican Convent of the Minerva, and more than one hundred others in Rome alone, have their cells, their chapter-rooms and refectories, their chapels and their libraries, given over as barrack-rooms to companies of soldiers, or as lodging apartments for gangs of policemen, with their wives and children. And if beneath the soil, as on the Palatine, it is conjectured that some ruined wall, or other remnant of the Cæsars, may lie buried, convents and holy shrines are ruthlessly pulled down and the monks are cruelly driven forth from the venerated homes which the sacred memories of three hundred years have consecrated, that the Palatine may become in the midst of Rome a pagan museum for the benefit of tourists.

Meanwhile, amidst and around the expropriated monasteries and religious houses, which Charlemagne and a host of Catholic heroes in past ages would have given their life-blood to defend and preserve, the city is daily extending itself into flimsy rows of modern-looking houses, with straight-cut streets and pretentious little squares, which may help the London tourist to recall the building speculations with which he is familiar in the neighbourhood of Kennington-oval or Bethnel-green.

I visited yesterday the Convent of S. Bonaventure, on the Palatine, the suppression and expropriation of which was lately announced. The monks are Franciscans, of the reformed rule. They lead the most austere lives in their poor unfurnished convent, and are worthy followers of St. Francis in his strictest poverty. All Rome is witness of the unblemished holiness of their lives;

and along the ascent to their monastery, which stands in humble triumph of the Christian law, near the ruined palaces of the proud Emperors of Rome, many a weary heart has journeyed to seek advice and consolation from the good fathers, or, if poor, to receive the hospitable dole which was refused to none at the convent gate.

I inquired from a monk whom I met in the convent, how soon the religious would have to leave? He replied: "Last Saturday was the termination of the fifteen days' notice to quit given us by the Giunta."

"Will any of you be allowed to remain?" I asked.

"We do not yet know; we expect to learn tomorrow whether a few will be permitted to stay to look after the church."

"How many religious are now inmates of the monastery?"

"Forty, all included."

"Where will you go when you are driven out?"

"We do not know."

"And the room in which St. Leonard of Port Maurice lived and died, what will be done with that?"

"We fear that the whole monastery is to be pulled down, in order to continue the excavations which are being made in search of old Roman buildings."

An instance occurred the other day of the brutal and harpy-like rapacity with which the government officials carry out these expropriations. The convent of the Tor de Specchi, in which Roman ladies of rank live under regular rule, has lately been expropriated. The Princess Massimo, an excellent Catholic lady, called at the convent one afternoon about ten days ago to pay a visit of condolence and sympathy with the good nuns. A detective, in plain clothes, who was watching the convent outside, suspected in this visit of the princess a plan to carry off some of the valuables belonging to the convent. He thereupon accosted the princess just at the moment of her departure, and requested her to get down from her carriage. She indignantly asked the man his name and his business, which he refused to give, coupling his refusal with an expression which is too blasphemous to record. The princess was ultimately compelled to descend from the carriage, which the man then closely examined, turning over the cushions and looking into every corner. Nothing, however, was found, and it was only when he was threatened with an action for his conduct that he produced his police warrants.

A further annoyance, which often attends these expropriations of monasteries and convents, has lately been the subject of great complaint against the government officials. It is stated that when these officials visit a monastery or convent, in order to take what they term legal possession, and make an inventory of the goods of the monastery, they are frequently accompanied in this domiciliary visit by a prowling crew of newspaper scribblers of the lowest class, who pry into every nook and corner in search of something on which to fasten the ribald outpourings of their hatred against religion and against religious. The poor Capuchins of the Piazza Barberini were lately the subject of the putrid ribaldry of these scribes. But a Catholic

writer in a Roman paper administered to them, in consequence, a well-merited castigation. In a letter which he sent to the secretary of the Giunta, to complain of the attendance at the expropriation of these malignant revilers of the religious, he indignantly observes: "We know these anonymous scribblers, scented dandies, whose habits and places of usual resort are such that, in the interests of morality, we prefer not to uplift the veil which hides the vicious depravity of their private life."

But in this war, which the infidel sect is waging against the Catholic religion in the name and under the pretext of forwarding the cause of Italian unity, it is not merely convents and monasteries which are taken from their rightful owners, but bishops also are wantonly and unjustifiably expelled from the palaces of their dioceses.

A recent protest, presented by the Bishop of Bovino on the occasion of his expulsion, will best explain the iniquity of these tyrannical proceedings of the government:—

"I, the undersigned Bishop of Bovino, having ascertained, with regret, for it is already rumoured in the city and diocese that it is intended to force me out of this venerable episcopal dwelling, in which I peacefully reside and attend to the government of the Christian flock confided to me three years ago; inspired by all the authority with which I am invested, I frankly, though with pain, and strictly fulfil my duty as a bishop of protesting, as by this document I protest, as efficaciously as I can, that to this act of expulsion I cannot, I ought not, I will not give my assent.

"1° Because, by the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius the Ninth, the admirable Vicar of Jesus Christ, I was canonically elected and appointed bishop of this city and diocese.

"2° Because Holy Church, our Mother and infallible Mistress, in her sacred canons bids me to stand firm at my post as the watchful and faithful guardian of the mystic Israel, and therefore my conscience earnestly forbids me to abandon it, even for a moment.

"3° Because, by yielding to the unjust pretension, I should prejudice the sacred claims of my canonical possession, and moreover should render myself an accomplice in another's guilt, and should so become liable to the penalties established against the violators of ecclesiastical immunities.

"4° Because I am bound to avoid, as far as it is in my power, any prejudice to the authority of the Church, and any injury to the sacred episcopal dignity, which would redound as a grave offence against the Holy Spirit, which, as it is written in the Acts of the Holy Apostles, 'has appointed bishops to rule the Church of God, which He has purchased by His blood' (Acts xx., 28).

"5° Because a bishop cannot properly attend to the ruling of the Church of God, that is, to his diocese, if he possess not a suitable and fixed residence, with all the appropriate offices annexed, where he may have at hand all that is needful for the exercise of the spiritual power or entire ecclesiastical jurisdiction.

"6° Because this episcopal palace of Bovino, which every one knows was built by the bishops, my legitimate predecessors, entirely out of their

ecclesiastical savings in the years preceding this century, belongs in a most special manner, and by every title and right, to the Church; and any one who would presume to affirm the contrary would ignore the first principles of every law, natural and civil.

"7° Because the writer of this protest, besides having kept the building in repair up to this time, without help or assistance from any one, and whilst even deprived of his legitimate revenues, has also made several considerable improvements, amongst which may be specially mentioned a library, a printing establishment, and an expensive addition to the water supply for the benefit of the adjoining diocesan seminary. Even though these reasons, so just, to omit many others, and this protest, which it is our duty to make, should not be of any avail, and though force and might be used against us, we know that God Almighty, who is the upholder of every true right, and the avenger of every wrong in defence of His ministers, is stronger than all, and that, as the Seraphic Doctor has expressed it, '*Whatever may happen, the Church will finally triumph.*' In any case, most firmly relying on what my conscience dictates, and deeply convinced of the justice of my cause, I again protest, under a sense of duty, that my person will only be forced to quit this residence by sacrilegious violence.

"For the rest, I heartily confide myself to the protection of the Blessed Virgin, the help of Christians, on which festival I have given expression to these my sentiments.

"Dated from Bovino, from this venerable episcopal residence, the 24th of June, 1875."

Two days after the bishop had drawn up this protest, the prefect came with an armed force and compelled the bishop to leave his episcopal palace. The bishop then formally handed his protest to the prefect, and required from him a written acknowledgment that the protest had been delivered to him.

This great injustice of withholding from the bishops the revenues of their sees, and expelling them from their episcopal residences, is being perpetrated by this infidel government all over Italy, whenever the appointment to the bishopric has taken place since the advent of these liberals to power, by the usurpation of the various sovereign ties of the country. This unjust treatment of the bishops has accompanied the progress of these Piedmontese invaders into the Tuscan, the Neapolitan, and now into the Roman provinces.

A Letter from Switzerland.

GENEVA.

HARDLY anything can be more deplorable than the aspect presented by the city of Geneva at the present moment. In addition to its deserted streets, and the blight which has fallen on its trade and commerce in consequence of the absence of tourists, it has now the appearance of a town which has suffered from a merciless bombardment at the hands of an implacable enemy. It would be im-

possible for any one who has not visited the place since the great and memorable storm of the 7th and 8th ult., to form any idea of the devastation which it occasioned. Hardly a window remains intact, trees are bereft of their leaves and branches; and the Jardin Anglais is become a wilderness. The damage caused to buildings, gardens, vineyards, and fields, during that frightful night, are incalculable; and it will take a very long time ere the city and neighbourhood recover from the effects of a disaster more terrible than any known in the memory of man.

A DUTY.

Spite of the compassion, however, which everyone must feel for the victims of this signal visitation of God, I must still impress upon tourists the desirability—nay, the duty—of refraining from a sojourn in the city whilst the present system of persecution of the Catholic Church continues in force. And here I would warn such persons as may perchance be ignorant of the events which have lately taken place there, that it is the practice of some of the proprietors of hotels in the town, when they are asked the way to a Catholic church, to direct the enquirer to Notre Dame and St. Germain's, in both of which buildings none but sacrilegious Masses are celebrated. But in requesting travellers to choose other routes than such as will take them to or through Geneva, they are not required to sacrifice much; there is little of interest to be seen in the city itself, and the far-famed view from it is equalled and surpassed by many in other parts of the country. The nearest route from Paris to Switzerland is that by way of Pontarlier, whence the tourist can go, *via* Neuchatel, to Lausanne, and then betake himself to the shores of the lake, where he will find Catholic churches both at Vevey and at Montreux. At the latter place, one wing of the *dépendance* of the Hotel Suisse has been converted into a chapel, where Masses are said on Sundays and week-days by a resident priest, a saintly old French abbé, who numbers some hundreds of Catholics among his flock, which is scattered over the district between Montreux and Villeneuve, at the head of the lake.

AIGLE.

A little beyond the last-named place, another Catholic church is to be met with at Aigle, a picturesque little town at the foot of the valley of the Ormonts, or Golden Mountains. Here, also, Masses are said on week-days and Sundays by a worthy *chanoine* from the abbey of St. Maurice, in the valley of the Rhone. On account of the mildness of its climate and the extraordinary salubrity of its soil, Aigle is well suited for a winter residence, especially for consumptive patients. Within half a mile of the town, beautifully situated on rising ground overlooking the Grande Eau, which runs through the valley, and at an easy distance from the church, is a large and handsome hotel, furnished with all kinds of baths, and where invalids may avail themselves of the skill and experience of a very eminent physician, resident all the year round at Aigle.

SEPEY—A TOUCHING SCENE.

Many beautiful excursions may be made in the lovely neighbourhood during the summer months,

one of the most favourite of which is to Sepey, a romantic village lying about half-way up the valley of the Ormonts. On the mountains, which rise around and high above the village, many Catholics are to be found, several of whom consist of Italians, who are very generally employed in Switzerland in constructing the roads which every year are being made throughout the country. The Catholics at Sepey and on the mountains have no church nearer than the one at Aigle, from which they are two hours distant; whilst many who live higher up the mountains are double that distance from it. Nevertheless, they are wonderfully regular in their attendance both winter and summer. Last year, a sick lady, who was spending some time on a mountain above Sepey, obtained permission from the Holy Father to have Mass celebrated in her chalet. Its one sitting-room, which opened into the kitchen, was converted into a chapel, where an altar was placed, and profusely decorated with the wild flowers which grow in such abundance on the Alpine pastures. Notice was given to the Catholics who live in the village that Mass would be celebrated every Sunday, and that all who wished to assist at it would be welcome. The tidings quickly spread over the mountain, and on the following Sunday numbers of persons were seen, early in the morning, climbing up the steep path which led to the chalet. So numerous was the congregation, that the chapel was insufficient to contain them, and both kitchen and outside gallery were crammed. The scene was a most affecting one. From the windows of the little chapel could be seen, about a quarter of a mile distant, the Lutheran church, which once was Catholic, but whence, for a period of more than 250 years, He had been exiled who was now returning, to visit and bless with His presence the little band of worshippers gathered together within the humble walls of a chalet. The good priest, when addressing the people, could scarcely contain his emotion. How striking a type, he said, did the assembly before him present of the unity of the Catholic Church, for amongst those who were present might be numbered individuals belonging to six nationalities—Swiss, German, Italian, French, English, and Scotch—all joining together in the same act, all proclaiming by their presence, after the lapse of nearly three centuries, the unity and indivisibility of the One, Holy, Catholic, Roman, and Apostolic Church. Long, indeed, will it be before the remembrance of that memorable day is effaced from the hearts of any who were present.

A WOODEN CHURCH.

Sunday after Sunday, during a space of three months, the same touching scene was repeated, each individual, before leaving the chapel, making an offering in order to help to defray the expenses of the little mission; and very generous-hearted did the poor people show themselves to be. At last, autumn came, and with it the cessation of the services. But so keenly had those who had been present at them appreciated their value, that they became very anxious to build a wooden church for themselves. The cost of its construction will amount to about 800 francs, or a little over £30,

which seems a small sum in itself, but it is a large one when compared with the resources of the Swiss mountaineers and Italian workmen, and it is not likely they will be able to raise it without help

I have devoted too much space, perhaps, to the Canton de Vaud ; but I have done so for the purpose of showing that there are still Protestant districts in Switzerland which Catholics may visit with-



DANIEL O'CONNELL.

comes to them from other quarters. If, however, they are enabled in the end to build their church, it will be a great boon, not only to themselves, but to Catholic tourists, who might then be tempted to make a longer sojourn than at present they would like to do amidst scenery which is as beautiful as any in Switzerland.

out the fear of having to undergo any spiritual deprivations, and because also it is the easiest of access to travellers who may enter the country *via* Pontarlier and Neuchatel. Others proceeding thither by way of Germany and Bâle, need not, however, be at a loss where first to halt. As a preparation for and introduction to the grander scenery which

they will find among the higher Alps, in the purely Catholic cantons of Lucerne, Schwytz, Unterwald, Tug, Fribourg, and the Valais, it may not be amiss that they should make a short sojourn in the lovely and rural canton of Argovie.

BADEN AND ZURICH.

Few amongst my readers will, perhaps, have heard of the baths of Baden, fewer still will have visited them; but I can assure all such persons that a stay there will be one of unmixed pleasure, and of benefit also to any who, afflicted by the common British complaints of gout and rheumatism, may be inclined to try a course of its mineral waters. Baden is only half-an-hour's distance from Zurich, one of the chief forcing-beds for Old Catholicism which exists in Switzerland, but none of its poisonous seeds have as yet been wafted into the place, nor is there the least likelihood that they ever will be. From time immemorial there has been a feud between the two towns; nor has Zurich ever forgiven Baden for always taking part with the Catholic cantons during the happy period when the latter was a free and independent town; whilst, on its side, Baden can never forget the insults and injuries it has received at the hands of its neighbour, and, above all, that it was the Zurichois who, in their day of triumph, ordered the people of Baden to dismantle their romantic fortress, and with its stones to build the only Protestant church which exists in the place.

The town is most picturesquely situated, on a height overlooking the rushing river Limmat, its ruined castle and ancient gateway, together with the many-coloured tiled spire of its church, forming the most prominent objects in the foreground. The tall houses in the narrow, quaint old streets of the upper town, with their overhanging cornices, which exactly resemble those so common at Florence, give to Baden a characteristic and interesting individuality, which may be sought for in vain in the generality of Swiss towns. The stately tower at the entrance of the principal street, and the covered bridge with its old castle, once the residence of the Counts of Hapsburg, are also very picturesque objects. All round the town rise a succession of lovely hills, covered in some places with forest, and in others with vines; and beyond all are clearly to be seen the magnificent ranges of the higher Alps. It would not be possible to find, throughout the whole of Switzerland, a cleaner town; and a stranger visiting it for the first time might imagine that the houses were painted and whitewashed every three months. The people are very fond of flowers, and in every window is a brilliant show of rich and fragrant blossoms, whilst on either side the doors, or in the terraced gardens, are placed pomegranate and orange trees, oleanders and myrtles. The churches are beautifully kept, and the services conducted with great decorum and solemnity. At High Mass in the collegiate church, the orchestra is composed of the band which, during the week-days, plays every morning in the gardens of the different hotels, and in the afternoon on the terrace in front of the newly-erected Kurhaus.

At Baden, too, the sweet Angelus bell peals from all the churches in the early mornings, at eleven

o'clock, and in the evening, when, after a short pause, the *De profundis* is also rung, and then all is silence. The people are very devotional, and it is delightful to hear the hearty way in which the rosary is recited in the village churches in the neighbourhood. They are also very genial and courteous in their manners; and owing to the district in which Baden is situated being comparatively unknown to English and American tourists, the inhabitants are as yet unsophisticated, and do not seem to look upon it as their first and highest duty to fleece their guests in every possible way. The hotels are numerous, well ordered, and of different grades, so that all classes of persons may be suited according to their likings and their purses. The hot springs, which are about half-a-mile from Baden proper, are exceedingly powerful, and the "cures" are, generally speaking, wonderfully successful; in fact, they are frequently had recourse to for the purpose of preventing attacks of gout and rheumatism, as well as to obtain relief from those maladies.

Unknown, or at least rarely visited, however, though Baden may be by the generality of travellers, it was a favourite watering-place in the time of the Romans, and its baths rank as belonging to the highest class in regard to their power and efficacy. Its history is full of stirring events; and all such persons as are interested in geology, archæology, or botany, will find in its neighbourhood an ample field for their researches. Several able works on the subject of the mineral springs have been written, and no one visiting Baden should omit to consult one which has lately been published by Dr. Minnich, a native of Baden, and its most distinguished physician.

LUCERNE.

Having rested a while at Baden, and made himself acquainted with all the beautiful walks and views to be obtained from the heights which surround the town, the traveller may proceed to Lucerne, which is not more than three hours distant. From thence innumerable excursions may be made to the lovely spots which abound near the shores of the lake, where nothing exists calculated to wound the feelings of a Catholic, and much to impress and delight him, both as regards the scenery and the people. This will be found to be especially the case in the cantons of Lug and of Schwytz, whence a delightful drive will take the tourist to the famous abbey of Einsideln, whither all who may be visiting Switzerland should not fail to make a pilgrimage, if it be for no other purpose than to pray for the victims of the persecution, and to say an *ave* for the conversion of those who are the instigators or the chief actors in it.

Spain.

ACCORDING to Madrid telegrams, the Carlists and the Carlist cause must be now at death's door. But the *Observer* remarks: "If FOR ONCE the official news should prove correct, the recent victories will do much to strengthen the new dynasty."

If, however, *in accordance with all past precedent*, the royal armies should suspend operations at the very moment when, according to their own statement, complete success is imminent," Alfonso is in great danger. The *Church Herald* adds: "Our readers have learned by this time to appreciate at their full value the falsehoods of the Liberal news." Then the writer continues: "We are not, we think, over sanguine in expressing our belief that a calm review of the facts will prove how utterly unfounded are the conclusions at which our contemporaries have almost unanimously arrived."

The facts are as follow:—Dorregaray was in the centre, at the head of an army numbering 17,000 men, ill-armed and ill-disciplined, and who, as the *Tablet*—for some time so unfair to the Carlists—admits, could not be trained soldiers yet. This skilful general, therefore, could not hold out against the well-drilled and well-appointed army, very much outnumbering his, which Jovellar brought against him. He therefore retreated, and Cantavieja, with 600 Carlists—not 2,000, as the Madrid telegrams made out—were lost; and a slight check was suffered by him at Nanclares. The most this general could have done, he has done. By a masterly and most brilliant series of movement, as all admit, he escaped out of a circle which the Alfonsists were straining every nerve to close round him, actually crossed the Ebro in their teeth, and, capturing Barbastro on his way, succeeded in uniting his forces intact with Saballs in Catalonia; the report that 2,000 of his troops having crossed over into France being simply untrue. Perhaps 200 have done so, but not more. The countless other Alfonsist victories of Madrid announcement are either not true, or are merely accounts of the most insignificant of insignificant skirmishes. We must not, however, count among these the relief of Vittoria. This was a decided Alfonsist gain, but one for which we were prepared in the case. As yet, then, spite of these reverses, the Carlist army is untouched, and not unlikely to show before long that the beginning of a campaign is not sufficient to decide its result.

We had written so far, when the following items were sent us by our respected Carlist correspondent:—

Notwithstanding all the boastful telegrams from Madrid, the news of the fortnight is summed up in this; that Dorregaray, being opposed by overwhelming forces, has led his adversaries a wild-goose chase, and when the Alfonsists were in vain trying to persuade the world that they had trampled out Carlism, we are enabled to place before our readers the following official telegram from the head quarters of the Catholic King, under date of the 20th July, 4.5 p.m.:—"After marches and counter-marches ever successful, General Dorregaray arrived on the 13th in the valley of Tresp, in Catalonia, with 14,000 men, 1,200 cavalry. His army, already united to that of Saballs, will shortly give battle to Martinez Campos. Saballs, neither this time nor on the former occasion, has lost any of his artillery before Puigcerda. Seo de Urgel is not invested. The double news of the pistol fired at the King, Charles VII., and of the wound of Dorregaray are pure inventions. Whilst the *Epoca* pretends that Don Juan, father of Don Carlos, is at Paris, our

agent on the frontier has received a telegram from him from Norway."

From Tolosa, on the morning of the same day, we hear that: "The confiscations of the possessions, the exile of the families or friends of Carlists, the burning of their harvests, continue on a great scale. In view of the ferocity of these measures, the prefects of San Sebastian, Pampeluna, and other capitals, have resigned, and many Alfonsist officers refuse to put in execution these barbarous orders. Special bands of incendiaries, of which women form a part, are being organized, and will be attached to each division." This, with the employment of lancers on a late occasion, looks very much like Prussian interference. "The seizures consist of real and personal possessions, funds, jewels, and plate, even when deposited in a bank, public establishments, coffee-houses, hotels, etc., and even the merchandise belonging to merchants.

"A heavy bribe is offered to all who denounce Carlist possessions. These odious measures, which are a disgrace to liberalism, produce an effect diametrically opposite to that intended by the Canovas Ministry—which Europe has already named the Terror Ministry!

"The expulsions and those seized already exceed the enormous number of five thousand."

To these statements we add the following appreciation of the campaign and its results from *The Universe*:—

"The storm that visited the Carlist cause a fortnight since," it writes, "seems to have blown over for the present, after exhausting its violence. The success of the Alfonsist arms in the present instance hinged exclusively upon the combat in Central Spain, so much so that if Jovellar and Martinez Campos had succeeded in cutting off the retreat of Dorregaray, they would have, at the same time, cut off the thin end of the wedge the Carlists have been busy driving into the trunk of Spain for more than three years. As it is, the wily old *cabe-cilla* has managed to steal a good five days' march on his opponents, and, according to the latest news, has found his way into Catalonia and combined his forces with those of Saballs. So little does the hardened sinner seem to have felt his position (as they say at the Old Bailey) that on his way he actually spent some time at Barbastro, a town of 8,000 inhabitants, and devoted his leisure moments to levying several quarters' taxation. The fall of Cantavieja, over which the Alfonsists have been crowing so lustily, cannot be said to have affected the Carlists very injuriously after all. The few hundred prisoners they lost along with the place will be readily exchanged for Alfonsists in their hands; and the half dozen old guns, of which Jovellar has been making so much, will fetch no more than their weight in brass at a marine-store dealer's. So it cannot be said that affairs look very desperate in the eastern half of the peninsula."

We may add that the Alfonsists are beginning to retreat. Quesada has fallen back and taken up a position near Vittoria; and now that Dorregaray is sufficiently reinforced, he is awaiting fearlessly the Alfonsist attack.

Home News.

THE synod of the Irish bishops is to be held in Maynooth on the 17th of August.

His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin will grant a dispensation for all his subjects to eat meat on Friday, the 6th, the centenary of O'Connell's birthday.

£800 have been already forwarded to France

from Ireland in aid of the sufferers from the late inundation.

The Catholic Union of Ireland sent, some time since, a letter of sympathy to the first of Bismarck's victims, his Eminence Cardinal Ledochowski, who is still in prison, and treated, of course, with the brutality usual in German prisons for the truly great men who serve God faithfully, spite of what persecution can do. No answer has yet come. No doubt the letter never reached the illustrious prisoner of Christ.

O'CONNELL MEDAL.—Finding in the *Nation* the following well-merited eulogium on Mr. Lalor's medal of O'Connell, we give it in place of what we had ourselves intended saying:—"A very suitable and handsome medal has been produced by Mr. J. J. Lalor. It is massive and well-finished, being about the size of a crown piece, and of substantial thickness. On one side it bears, in bold relief, a head of O'Connell, which strikes one at a glance as giving a very striking and most characteristic likeness of the bold and gifted leader in his prime. The inscription 'Daniel O'Connell' appears with crosses and shamrocks within a well-devised and neatly-finished border. On the other side of the medal are the Irish harp and crown, executed with pleasing accuracy and taste, and around them three polished ovals, with the inscriptions in plain bold letters: 'Born Aug. 6, 1775. Clare Election, 1828. Emancipation, 1829.' 'The Repeal Association founded, 1840.' 'Died, May 15, 1847.' 'My heart to Rome, my body to Ireland, my soul to Heaven.' These oval spaces are separated by ingenious tracery, and beneath, on frosted work, is '1875,' with 'O'Connell Centenary' in Gaelic text. This pretty and appropriate medal can be had either in bronze gilt or white polished metal from Mr. J. J. Lalor, 52 Phibsboro'-road, Dublin."

THE FLOODS.—In the catastrophes with which the world is at this moment visited, Catholics should always adore the providence of God which sends them. In the last number of the *Illustrated Monitor* a short sketch of the terrible inundation which devastated a large portion of Southern France and flung so many thousands out of employment was given. Other floods are since reported from other quarters, not merely in France but also in Hungary, Italy and England. All these are punishments from the hand of God, and we cannot but admit that they are well merited. "*Sin maketh nations miserable,*" says the Holy Ghost. The countless sins against God committed with impunity, so far as human justice goes, must bring down maledictions on an unrepenting people. There are, no doubt, very many good people; but we have, on the other side, in the matter of drink, in these three kingdoms alone, an army of 600,000 habitual drunkards to bring down God's heaviest wrath on the whole empire.

HERESY IN ACTION.

The Orange celebrations of the 12th instant may, with perfect fairness, be taken as exemplifying heresy in action. The words and deeds of "the brethren" have the sanction of their sect, for it is not a few uneducated and prejudiced clowns who stir up the fierce passions of their fanatical and

bigoted following; but it is especially Presbyterian or Protestant ministers who do it, and who give utterance to sentiments which, beside being untrue, pander to the lowest instincts of their hearers, and are also, in many instances, simply blasphemous. We give a few items:—

The *Ulster Examiner* relates a very disgraceful outrage at the Tea-lane Mill, Belfast. When the Catholic girls were going to their work in the morning, they were obliged to pass through a lane of roughs prepared for their reception, and to run the gauntlet of the most offensive abuse, and even of actual and cowardly assault. The dastardly assailants went so far as to snatch from the poor girls the vessels containing their breakfasts, and cast the contents either about the street or on the persons of their victims.

The *Belfast News-Letter* reports: "At Crossgar, the chairman of the meeting, Mr. Johnston, said: 'The Orange flag means something, and the Orange principles mean this—that we shall resist, peaceably, if possible, but at any rate by every means, the disintegration of the British Empire. On the question of National Education we are also determined that there shall be no Romeward advances on the part of any Chief Secretary or any government. There shall be no further concessions to the Ultramon-tanes.' Mr. Black, a Protestant minister, said: 'They had heard of a man of the name of Cardinal Cullen. He and his minions had conceived a plan for extorting, if they could, from British Protestants a system of denominational education; he wanted them to oppose that, and to vote against any candidate who would join Cardinal Cullen in his struggle for denominational education.'"

At Belvoir Park the chairman said: "The Loyal Orange Institution is founded on the word of God; it is founded on a free and open Bible." This gentleman was followed by J. W. Dickinson, a Protestant minister, who illustrated the professions of the chairman thus: "We will bear true allegiance to Her Majesty, her heirs and successors, *as long as they support Protestant ascendancy.* They would never truckle to Rome."

Mr. Charles Seaver, also a minister, said: "The Jesuits are not men to be trifled with; they are a *military* organization who desire to subject all things to their own rule, and to make their chief master above even the Pope himself. They are a most powerful band of conspirators, which are found everywhere, with more than Satanic courage and perseverance labouring for the destruction of God's truth upon earth, and for the destruction of the liberties of the people. They must be banished from England and Ireland. The best organization to meet them is the Orange institution."

Mr. Ross, another minister, spoke thus: "Jesuits were in Protestant pulpits—and he pledged his word (!!!) that a Jesuit had managed to get an opportunity of preaching from a Protestant pulpit. Protestantism ennobles a country—Romanism degrades it. England allowed herself to be degraded by the passing of Catholic Emancipation, of the Ecclesiastical, and Diplomatic Relations and the National Education Bills." If this gentleman's veracity be a gauge of his moral worth, he has very little to spare.

These are fair samples of the various addresses, and they need no comment. The *Ulster Examiner* states that even some Orangemen present expressed openly their disgust at the language used by the parsons. Surely no honest Protestant can help being deeply humiliated by this painful exhibition of the *ennobling* influence of Protestantism, especially when supported by Orangeism.

FALSEHOOD must always be sustained by falsehood. We have an instance of this, in the shape of a tract, entitled "The Dying Priest and the Cleansing Blood," presented to the enlightened people of Scotland, with the *imprimatur* of the so-called Mr. J. H. Wilson, Protestant Minister, Barclay Church, Edinburgh. The marrow of the tract is this, that a Catholic priest, who was stationed in Edinburgh in the year 1872, left shortly afterwards for America, where, falling into ill-health, he renounced the Catholic faith and embraced Protestantism, and died in it. A simple-minded person might ask here, what is his name? The reason of the writer of the tract for withholding the name, however, is obvious. We have before us a reply, written by J. Lucas Miller, of Edinburgh, with a certificate from the Right Rev. Dr. Strain, of the accuracy of his statements. The writer extracts, from the "Catholic Directory," the names of all the clergy who have been stationed in Edinburgh from 1872 to 1875 inclusively, and accounts for every one of them. In fact, all are at present on active duty, except one, who died in the beginning of *the present year at Crieff*. This fact at once disposes of the supposed perversion.

THE CENTENARY.

THE O'Connell Centenary celebration bids fair to be a splendid success in Dublin. Subscriptions are coming in plentifully to defray the necessary expenses, and perfect unanimity exists amongst those who have charge of the arrangements. A few isolated attempts were made to cause discord, but failed miserably.

There will be many distinguished foreigners in Dublin for the occasion, amongst them, the illustrious champion of Catholic education in France, the Bishop of Orleans, also Mgr. Nardi, Prelate of the Papal Household, and two members of the German Parliament. Lord O'Hagan will deliver the oration. The religious ceremonies in the Pro-Cathedral, Marlborough-street, will be on a most imposing scale. Dr. Croke, the newly-appointed Archbishop of Cashel, will preach on the occasion. From reports to hand there will also be magnificent celebrations in New York, Halifax, and Melbourne.

Finding that we could not do justice, in the small space at our command, to the life of the illustrious Liberator, and knowing that all the dailies and weeklies will give, beside full reports of the sermon and speeches which will be delivered on the occasion, lengthened memoirs, we are content with merely giving his Portrait by an Irish artist.

[An accident prevented the insertion of our German News.]

O'Connell's Centenary.

"God bless thy gray hairs! bless this boy, too, and maiden!

For these fit to speak—thou by years overladen,
Wilt tell me why come you this morning to pray?
What feast or fast keep you in Ireland to-day?

"The shops are all closed, the church-doors are wide;

Men, women and children flow thro' like the tide :—
Oh, come you in gladness? or come you in sorrow?
For the past to give thanks, or in fear for the morrow?"

"Would fear wake such music from belfry and steeple?

Would sorrow thus light up the eyes of the people?
See the smoke of the incense! the altar ablaze!
And hark, the loud organ! 'tis the anthem of praise!

"*Te Deum laudamus!*—thro' aisle and thro' nave
The jubilant numbers roll wave upon wave—
A hundred years since if our fathers e'er chaunted,
With the sad note of sorrow the music was haunted.

"A hundred years since, round the thatch-covered altar,

Miserere was all that they sung from the psalter;
Of Ireland the past and the present times vary,
Like joyful *Te Deum* and sad *Miserere*."

"And this change—who has wrought it?" "Thine, thine, Lord, the praise!

Who else of the wilderness knoweth the ways?
Who else out of Egypt can lead to the shore
Where the fair land of promise spreads smiling before?"

"But of mortals, say, father, did none point the way?"

"He, stranger, whose feast we are keeping to-day."

"With power was he armed like the prophet of old?
Saw you the waves at his breath backward rolled?"

"Faith for a breast-plate was all that he wore,
And reason and truth were the weapons he bore;
Of eloquence his were the thunders to wield,
All the passions of man to his breath we've seen yield.

"Like the blast that gives life to a winter-bound ocean,
O'Connell's voice called, Ireland sprang into motion;
From her limbs fell the chain, from her heart went the sadness—

Te Deum laudamus! she cried, full of gladness.

"O how could our sires sing the words of this anthem?
It is only the lips of the free that can chant them.
May the next hundred years bring another O'Connell!

Then no more shall we grieve for O'Neill and O'Donnell."

THE MISSION OF CHARLES VII.

(By a Correspondent.)

THE *Civiltà Cattolica*, No. 600, dedicates an article to the consideration of this momentous subject.

"Now for three years," the writer says, "the young prince, who bears aloft in the battle-fields of Spain the banner bearing the device 'God, Country, King,' fills Europe with his renown." He is regarded as one of those heaven-sent men who appear marked out to exercise a powerful influence on their own age—with honour by the one party, and with hatred by the other. His victories fill his enemies with despair, his friends with hope. But the scope of his mission is that which concerns us. "Called," says he, "to slay the revolution in my own country, I will slay it." Thus spoke he on the 6th January, 1875, a few weeks before the victorious battle of Lorca. "This proclamation," wrote the illustrious Bishop of Urgel, a month later, in a letter to the king, "has confirmed my intimate conviction that your Majesty has received from the Most High the mission of crushing the revolution and of pursuing its remnants even to destruction. I consider these last and splendid victories as a reward of that great faith and of that great courage which will cause you to be called Charles the Great (Charlemagne)." To whom Don Carlos, declaring more expressly his own idea, answered: "I believe, like you, my lord, that it is the will of God I should crush the revolution, which causes our Church to mourn so deeply, and casts this chivalrous nation into the depths of shame and ruin. I feel within myself the courage necessary to fight for so noble an end, and the most profound confidence of success. With the help of God, and the bravery of my army, my banner, which is now the terror of the revolution, will soon become an emblem of peace, and will give a refuge within its folds to the faith of my people, to true freedom, and to true Christian civilization. Our constant victories make me hope that God has heard our prayers. All true Spaniards, I am certain, will continue to ask from Him the triumph of my cause, which is that of all the Christian people throughout the world."

This, then, is Charles Seventh's mission, which he believes himself chosen by Heaven to fulfil, directly in Spain, and indirectly in the whole of Christendom. "The Carlist war," writes one who knows his country, "has a triple scope, to re-establish the historic monarchy, which alone can give to Spain a lasting peace, Catholic unity, of which all Spaniards are more than ever tenacious, and, lastly, external credit and reputation. Thence to oppose to the cosmopolite revolution a first barrier, which may protect, in Rome, the free exercise of the authority of the Pope, and in Europe, Catholic practice and consciences." (*Univers*, 3rd April, 1875.)

The revolution denies the rights of God, of country, and of king; and strives, by force of deceit, to banish them from the earth. Charles, opposing force to force, and Catholic truth to sectarian lies, intends to restore to God His rights, to his country its repose, and to the king his majesty. It is his will to overthrow in Spain the tower of Babel of Freemasonry, and to put in its place that Christian rule which, for long ages, was the cornerstone of its greatness, and the root of a prosperity without equal.

The example and influence of Spain will not be

long in producing elsewhere most salutary effects. This magnanimous and truly royal design is the secret of the power of the young hero. After Pius IX., there is no one in the world who, in these latter years, has been so honoured and glorified by the anger and scorn of the revolution as Charles VII.; and it is a noteworthy fact that Bismarck, personifying in himself the most hateful tyranny of our days, and hence the idol most adored by Masonry, persecutes and hates no one, after the Roman Pontiff, so much as the young king who, in the name of Christian freedom, weaves fresh laurels every day with those of yesterday in the battle-fields of Spain, and with brow erect proclaims that it is his will to slay the revolution, and that he will slay it. *The man of blood and iron*, who everywhere overthrows the weak, and causes his principle of force ruling right to triumph, rages and roars against this invincible prince, who with his cannon is determined to replace right upon its pedestal—that is, upon the throne. Now, if the design of Charles VII. were matter for scorn, and a mere dream, that proud enemy of all Christian liberty would not deign to wage against it so savage a war as that by which he opposes it. That bully only fears the powerful. And yet, with all this, we hear pusillanimous souls asking—what, then, has Don Carlos done in all these three years? As if, forsooth, it were nothing to have begun from nothing; to have gone through the most unheard-of hardships in order to do what he has; and that the fruit of incredible sacrifices, of iron constancy, and of unbending will; so that he who entered Spain at the head of thirty men, now sees himself at the head of an army of some 100,000 men, inured to fatigue, and the conquerors in a hundred fights; master of a third of Spain, soon to become the master of the whole, when the opposing army, exhausted, shall lay down its arms. Since he began his campaign, he has rendered three governments impossible—that of Amadeus of Savoy, that of Castelar, and that of Serrano; not to speak of a fourth, which is already tottering, and against which he is pointing his victorious cannon.

(To be continued.)

Switzerland.

(Our Own Correspondent.)

M. LOYSON.

A traveller, passing through Geneva, gives the following account of the last phase of M. Loyson's career:—

"Having read," he says, "a notice announcing that M. Loyson would deliver, in the Casino S. Pierre, a lecture on 'the Position of the Catholic Reformation in Switzerland,' I was tempted to betake myself to the locality indicated. After a ceremony somewhat resembling a Mass, M. Loyson came forward and made a speech, in which he reminded his hearers that he had been the first to utter the cry of the reformation, that the Genevese had requested him to come amongst them, promising that the 'reform should be what he would make it'; that he had accepted the curé of St. Germain's; that he had made an oath to the state, etc., etc., and then he exclaimed, in his loudest tone of voice, that at that time he had been under the influence

of *delusion*. "I have been so unfortunate as to make an oath," he said; "I ask pardon for it from God and from all the Catholics of Geneva. Soon I shall have to appear before God; my *personal sins* will be enough for me to answer for. No; I will not proceed further; I will not adhere to this national church, which you call a glorious birth, and which I term a wretched abortion. This national church has nothing Catholic about it. You may name as curés either atheists or prophets; it signifies nothing. I was under a delusion at the beginning, and those who have followed me know as well as I do that they have taken a wrong road.

"I have a child. As soon as he is able to walk I will remove him from Switzerland. Some future day some one will say to him: Was it your father who went to celebrate a baptism, protected by bayonets, at Compesières? He will answer, No. Was it your father who ordered the doors of Notre Dame to be wrenched open in order to steal the church from its noble possessors? He will answer, No, no, no! I will have nothing to do with this Church, which is neither Catholic nor liberal."

Is it thus, then, that M. Loyson anathematizes a church which he confesses to have founded? His protestations remind one of the old saying: "When the Pope weeds his garden, he throws all the rubbish over the wall."

Why does M. Loyson complain of the weeds which have sprung up beneath his footsteps? Was it likely that his little plot of reformed garden should bring forth anything that was good? At the same time, it is curious to see this *ci-devant* monk so embarrassed by the briars and thorns into the midst of which he so hastily threw himself. But he must be left to his remorse and his disenchantment!

THE CONFSSIONALS OF NOTRE DAME AT GENEVA.

"VULGAR fanatics, grotesque and awkward apes of the German persecution." Such is the sentence pronounced by M. de Pressensé upon the actors in the events of which Geneva has been the scene. These cutting words, falling from a pen, the impartiality of which is incontestable, seeing that he is Protestant as regards religion and radical as regards politics, ought to have infused a salutary shame into the breasts of those who by their conduct have been the means of inflicting upon Switzerland such severe denunciations. But it is quite otherwise. For instance, the Commission of Notre Dame and the Council of the Parish, a short time ago, committed another raid upon property which does not belong to them. On Tuesday, the 15th of June, at seven o'clock in the morning, thus choosing—as is their cowardly wont—an early hour for the commission of deeds too evil to be exposed to the blaze of mid-day, three or four men, dressed in blouses, amongst whom there were, perhaps, one or two Protestants, entered Notre Dame, and pulled down and broke up the six confessionals with which the church is furnished, after which they threw them pell-mell upon the terrace outside the sacred building. On visiting Geneva, some ten days later, I saw these confessionals still lying in a confused heap within the enclosure, where, no doubt, they will be allowed to remain for an indefinite period, perhaps until

notice arrives when the materials may be used for fire-wood. One can hardly believe that such things are indeed possible; that in this age of so-called civilization, progress, and toleration, men are to be found so void of all sense of decency and of respect for the feelings of their fellows as thus to dare insult the faith of Catholics in the sacrament of penance. Such conduct can be regarded in no other light than that of a shameless defiance of justice, and of a declaration made by the individuals who have taken possession of Notre Dame through violence, that they mean to remain there and to treat as matters unworthy of a moment's thought the sacred rights of property; for these confessionals, as well as everything else within the church, belong to M. Dunoyer. In fact, circumstances do not admit of any other explanation. If the intention had merely been to do away with this vestige of Catholicism, it would have been easy to find a place whither to convey the confessionals and withdraw them from the offended gaze of the schismatics without openly insulting all true Catholics. But if it be the intention to efface from the church everything which will inflict a bitter sting upon their conscience, they will never arrive at the end of their mutilations. Some day or other the shame of the renegade priests who have perjured their vows of celibacy will fall upon the features of Pope Gregory VII., who visited with such indignation the sins of which they have been guilty; and they will pass before the image of St. Francis de Sales, who will reproach them with continuing to make Geneva the centre of every kind of apostasy; St. Clotilda, their queen (for all these apostates are French), will look down from the beautiful window on which her semblance is traced, and will for ever repeat to them that they were dishonouring their country, which, in spite of their having crossed the frontier, has to bear the shame of their apostasy. Nor will they have reached the end, even should they succeed in destroying all the material arguments of wood and stone which unite themselves with the parishioners of Notre Dame in protesting that these men are not Catholics, and that they are sheltering their hypocritical sacrileges beneath a roof which does not belong to them. In thus attacking and carrying away the confessionals, they need not imagine that they will succeed in doing away with the sacrament of penance, which the Protestants of the sixteenth century found it impossible to annihilate. On the contrary, this fresh insult to confession will only stir up the Catholics of Geneva to greater fervour, and render them more frequent than ever in the performance of their religious duties and in their approach to the sacraments. It is in this way that the attacks of impiety can best be repelled, and, judging from the events of the past three years, it is the weapon to which the Catholics will ever have recourse.

Paray-le-Monial:

THE idea of an Irish chapel in the church to be erected in Paray-le-Monial seems to us in every way deserving of support. It would indeed be a shame

if the most Catholic nation in the world would not send money enough to have a chapel as well as other nationalities. Some subscriptions have already come to hand, and those received before the 17th instant were acknowledged in our last. In this number only one is added to the list.

It is well to remind our readers that this project has the sanction of His Holiness, and that Belgium has sent in subscriptions enough to defray the expenses necessary.

Subscription List.

Already acknowledged	£1 15 0
In Mem. R. J. O'S.	0 10 0

New Books.

We have received from the author of the "Dove of the Tabernacle" his new book, "The Angel of the Altar" (M'Glashan and Gill, Upper Sackville-street); but we regret that we have not been able yet to do more than dip in here and there through it. But, this may be no loss to the author or his book, since in the first few pages of it we find from the pens of the ablest bishops of Ireland, a string of eulogy which more than makes up for any appreciation we could give of its worth. For instance His Grace of Tuam, writes: "With the few chapters I had leisure to read I have been much pleased;" the Bishop of Limerick says, "no one can read it in the proper spirit without being strongly moved to love our dear Lord more and serve him better." The Bishop of Kerry describes it as "wholly and accurately instructive;" and these eulogies are echoed by thirteen other prelates. Surely a work so commended requires no commendation from us.

We are happy to find that Monsigneur Dupanloup's excellent work, "The Child" (M'Glashan and Gill, Dublin), has reached a second edition. We recommend its careful perusal to all parents. The experience of the bishop and his success in the cause of education entitle him to speak with authority. Attention to his lessons, aided by prayer and God's grace, will save parents from committing many serious faults in the education of their children.

Facts and Correspondents.

I.—An English Priest writes:—"We are making an effort, in common with so many others, against the curse of the day—intemperance. Six months ago I began the crusade, and, so far, it has, thank God, done a great deal of good among our poor people. Twelve of our members are subscribers to your *Illustrated Monitor*, of which I cannot speak in too high terms. This last number is especially good. But the evil one is doing all he can to oppose the good work commenced. I see it specially in the fact that when some of our members have had the misfortune to slip, a something seems to come over them which makes them go on and on in spite of themselves, as they say. I take it if the devil, seeing them once in his clutches, knows now that he must keep them there, and he makes them so ashamed that they will not return, as they ought, after falling. We must pray, then; he cannot resist earnest prayers. Now, there are at least ten fathers and six or eight young men about whom I am at present very anxious, and moved by the report of the great benefits that others have obtained through the prayers of your association, I wish to ask the special favour to have these persons, and, indeed, all the members of our crusade, earnestly recommended to the prayers of the association. They are all, I think without exception, countrymen of your own."

II.—A Priest from the West says:—"The *Illustrated Monitor* has given very general satisfaction to those who have subscribed for it in this locality; and I am happy to say that in several instances subscribers to it have become sober, industrious men, from being notorious drunkards."

III.—A Lady writes:—"I am most happy to be able to make known to you the conversion of a married man, very nearly connected with me, who had been for many years a confirmed drunkard. The *Monitor*, and the prayers of the Confraternity, have achieved this heavenly work."

IV.—A Gentleman writes from Waterford:—"I am sure you will be greatly pleased to find that the vice of drunkenness is decreasing in this city. The people now see well enough that almost all their miseries can be traced to this horrid vice, which enchains both body and soul in perpetual bondage. Only habitual drunkards now appear in the police courts of this city, and—I have it on good authority—these are few in number. Regarding the *Illustrated Monitor*, I have had many opportunities by which I can estimate its value. One of your correspondents has called it the only serious attempt ever made against intemperance; and I will call it the only serious attempt ever made against immoral reading. The reading of bad books is one of the greatest and most powerful weapons in the possession of the archfiend for the destruction of souls, and it is one which has been specially propagated amongst our Irish people. There is scarcely a book-stall in the whole country but which is sure to contain some of those licentious publications which are daily issuing from the press of the modern Babylon; and if our people want to read, they can scarcely obtain anything but these pestiferous journals. However, the *Illustrated Monitor* has supplied, in a great measure, this want of good literature, and I wish it God-speed."

V.—The Confraternity of the Sacred Thirst was instituted in the parishes of Barntown and Crossabeg. Rev. R. Kelly, S.J., preached a triduum in the churches of both.

VI.—A Clerical Friend, who was present at the retreat given to the clergy of the diocese of Ferns, assures us that his lordship the bishop of the diocese again called the attention of the priests to the Confraternity of the Sacred Thirst, and recommended its establishment in every parish of his diocese. His lordship, who has ever taken the liveliest interest in our work, has already done wonders for his diocese by his never-ceasing advocacy of temperance. By his holy zeal he has stopped very many often shameful crimes.

The *Wexford Independent* says:—"We have to congratulate the public on the appearance of a periodical in Dublin, edited by the Rev. R. Kelly, entitled *The Illustrated Monitor*," which is doing good service in the cause of Temperance, and we cordially recommend its circulation amongst the people. The reverend and learned divine has lately conducted missions in Ballymurrin, Crossabeg, Glynn, Barntown, &c., and we hope that the happy fruits of his teachings will spread throughout the length and breadth of the county; for, to use his own words—"Had our people, with all their other noble qualities of mind and heart, their talent, their energy, their irrepressible contentedness, their generosity, their love of justice, their unconquerable faith, this one gift of temperance, they would be the very salt of the earth."

NOTICE.

The fourth part of the *Illustrated Monitor*, containing 7 numbers, in a neatly printed wrapper, price One Shilling, will be ready on the 14th August. Kindly send your orders early.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No anonymous correspondence can be attended to. The Editor will gratefully receive Reports of the Proceedings of Societies, &c. Letters for the Editor are to be sent to Rev. Robert Kelly, S.J., Upper Gardiner-st., Dublin; ALL business letters to Mr. Joseph Dollard, 13 & 14 Dame-street.

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