

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1891.

THE CHAIR OF ST. PETER.

SENTIMENT STRONGLY OPPOSED TO THE POPE LEAVING ROME.

If Italy Coerced Him, Other Catholic Powers Would Come to His Support—Views of Clerics and Laymen on the Present Crisis.

It is not an exaggeration to say that for the past two months the entire Roman catholic communion in all parts of the world has been in tribulation regarding the political situation of the pope. Since the lamentable fracas between the French pilgrims to the vatican and anti-papal Roman mob, it seems as if all the old grievances and asperities, which time had almost worn into historic recollections, had gained new and harsher reality than ever. The old question as to whether the pope should leave the eternal city and establish the chair of St. Peter in some near resting place is again discussed, and in very high quarters. There are even those who argue that he should make his headquarters in the United States, arguing that under the absolute religious freedom of this country the head of the Roman catholic church

deliberations of a conclave. Then there is France. Hostile to Italy as she is, and profoundly catholic as I believe her people are, is it likely she would permit the Piedmontese usurper to control the election of a pontiff who would be the ultimate religious guide and head of her own people? Perhaps you are aware, too, that of the Italian people seventy per cent. of the



DAVID J. MERRICK.

men and ninety per cent. of the women are practical catholics."

"Then why do they permit anti-papal measures to be enforced?"

"Because there is no real political freedom in Italy. The senate is appointed by the king, who would stop all legislation that was even fair to the church, and the test oaths are such that even devout catholics cannot consistently with their consciences enter even the lower house. It may be said that catholics who are faithful to the church are politically disfranchised in Italy."

"Where could the Pope go if he left Rome?"

"Where indeed? He could not go back to Avignon as he did in the fourteenth century. That would be a sad anachronism. The French people, of course, would not surrender temporal rule of the city to him, so how would he be better off than in Rome? The same may be said of Austria or Spain. He does not want to leave Rome to become subject to some new potentate. Malta, under an English protectorate, has been spoken of. Could anything be more absurd than the Pope the vassal of a heretical monarch?"

"And the United States," I suggested.

"Oh, that is what that western gentleman—Mr. Ingalls, I believe—would call an



POPE LEO XIII.

would find himself freer from political intrigue and political domination than in any other part of the world.

The balance of Roman catholic opinion, however, is strongly opposed to the pope leaving Rome except under absolute compulsion by the Italian government. Rome is not only his immortal home, they say, but also his proper titular and hierarchical residence. He is the bishop of Rome. To this end, therefore, all the myriad of prayers and masses which are daily offered up in the Roman catholic churches all over this country are directed, first, that Providence may protect the pope in his tenure of the vatican, and secondly that it may so direct events that the government of King Humbert may abandon Rome and the Campagna, and the temporal power of the Pontiff may be restored, no matter how circumscribed his territory may be.

I had a talk with one of the high dignitaries of the Roman catholic church a day or two ago, in which he gave me a comprehensive view of the situation. I am not allowed to reveal his name, but I may say that he does not rank much below the archbishop in information and understanding of church affairs.

"I regard the incident of the pilgrims as of secondary importance, intrinsically," said he. "It has attracted attention chiefly as showing the peril and mortification by which the Pope is surrounded. The most serious element in the present situation is the declining health of his holiness, Leo XIII. It is a wonder and a mercy that he



PROF. MICHAEL WALSH, LL.D., PH.D.

has been spared so long, but it is not in the nature of things that he should hold out much longer. Now, in the event of his death, the holding of the conclave for the election of a new Pope under the domination of the Italian crown and its infidel ministers might be a most serious matter."

"But was not Leo himself elected after the fall of the temporal power?" I asked.

"Yes, he was," he replied, "but the power of Italy was then much less consolidated than it is now. The occupation was a new thing and the government was anxious to show a conservative spirit."

"But I saw in the cable despatches lately that Austria had demanded guarantees of non-interference in case the conclave were held in Rome."

"Yes, and you saw that Italy gave them—reluctantly."

"Then do you think the pope will be compelled to change the location of the holy see before his death in order to secure the independence of the conclave?"

"Well, hardly that. We all pray that he may not. But let me explain the situation a little. Besides Italy it may be said there are only two formidable catholic powers in Europe—France and Austria. Austria is very profoundly catholic. Both her sovereigns and her people are devoted to the faith. But she is Italy's ally. You observe that in all the war rumors we find the triple alliance of Austria, Germany and Italy against France and Russia. Is it not likely then that for the present the protection of Austria would hold King Humbert's government in check as respects the



THOMAS J. DACEY.

iridescent dream. No, there is only one solution. The Pope, like his Master, must bear his cross until it comes into the inscrutable designs of providence to lift the yoke of persecution from the church."

To see how far the opinions stated above coincided with those of other leading catholics in New York, I called on several, both clerics and laymen. I found them all generally agreed. Among those with whom I talked was Mr. John M. Farley, a member of the archbishop's council. He was private secretary of Cardinal McCloskey. He is, besides, rector of St. Gabriel's parish and vicar general of the diocese. When I called on him, he said:

"Nothing is certain the matter of the pope leaving Rome at present. The situation is a most unhappy one, but neither Leo XIII. nor his successors will ever leave the holy see without a desperate struggle, in which the moral aid of all christendom will be invoked. The place of the church's head is in Rome, and I do not believe King Humbert himself would venture to withdraw the guarantees which protect the vatican."

Mr. Michael Walsh, editor of the *Sunday Democrat*, a leading catholic organ, said: "Rome is in a constant ferment. The people of all Italy are in a most unhappy state. They are loaded down with taxation to keep up a big army and navy to gratify the Sardinian pride. This year's crops have



MGR. JOHN M. FARLEY.

failed, and the people are desperate. Just think of it, the taxes range from \$28 to \$30 per capita."

"The city of Rome is crowded with half-starving peasants from the agricultural districts. The streets are thronged with a mob which is ready for any desperate work. King Humbert is beginning to find out that he and his government have made many

mistaken. They are not anxious to persecute the pope at this time I believe. They are taking such precautions as they can to maintain themselves where they are. They dare not brave the possibility of foreign intervention in the papal question. It might end in the evacuation of Rome. If the situation is precipitated, I believe it will not be by the government but by the mob, frenzied with the results of bad rule. It is true that a portion of the populace of Rome is on the verge of pillage or massacre."

"You spoke of foreign intervention."

"Yes. If King Humbert could endeavor to force a climax, the first to interfere would be the Emperor of Germany. His mother has just given \$25,000 to a catholic church in Berlin, and it is even whispered that the empress is a catholic. Then France, Austria, Spain and the minor catholic powers would permit any further aggression on the papal independence."

Father T. J. Ducey, of St. Leo's, is in constant receipt of advices from friends in the American college in Rome. He compared the state of the city to that of a cauldron ready to seethe at any moment. But he did not think it was the policy of the Italian government to precipitate a crisis. Its plan had always been to sequester the pope, and abolish the law of guarantee by imperceptible degrees. The diplomatic situation of Europe at present was such that Italy dare not incur the risk of open foreign interference."

The Rev. A. Merrick, of the Jesuit college, held practically similar views. He thought that any coercion sufficient to make it necessary for the pope to leave Rome would at once bring active remonstrances from all the leading powers of the world. Other priests and laymen with whom I talked took the same view of the situation.

KENTON JAMES.

STONE FIGHTS IN COREA.

How the Mob Attack Each Other and the Spectators Cheer Them On.

The Korean correspondent of a Japan paper gives an account of a curious popular practice in Corea. Kite-flying, which is universal in that country, ceases suddenly on the 15th of the first Korean month, and the next day stone fights take its place as the chief public amusement. In the eastern part of Seoul, the capital, there are large open spaces that have not been built upon, and here occur the most serious and interesting fights. One section of the city is pitted against another, but any one can take a hand on either side at pleasure. There are no recognized leaders, but the mass of fighters readily follows the lead of any one who shows himself to be a little more reckless than the rest. Two mobs, consisting of 50, 70, or 100 men each, are drawn up against each other, with an interval of perhaps 50 yards between them. There is an incessant shower of stones, and each man's business is to hit as many men as he can, and especially to avoid all the stones directed at him. From 10 to 20 men on each side are armed with stout clubs, and wear thick wadded helmets. These form the skirmishing line. They rally out from their respective sides, and, meeting in front of their strike, divide into two groups, each holding up his cloak with his left hand as a shield to ward off the blows of his adversary. After the club fight has lasted about 30 minutes, a new and more dangerous fight begins to give way, which is the signal for a rush of the others. Almost invariably the other side breaks and runs, and sometimes are chased into their houses, but generally some of the pursuing party press too closely upon the fugitives. Then the latter suddenly turn about and deliver a series of blows, which check the pursuers, and in second the tables are turned, and those who a moment ago were flushed with victory are now in full flight with their enemies. Thus the battle goes back and forth across the fields, while the neighboring embankments are crowded with spectators. The effect of the thundering cheers upon the combatants is marvellous. They charge upon each other as if in actual battle, and show what would be bravery if exerted in some useful cause. Near the river are numerous villages, numbering from 100 to 500 houses each. They are situated along the banks at intervals of about half a mile. These keep up a continual series of fights among themselves during the season, one village being arrayed against another. The defeated party fly across the marshy fields to their own village, followed by their enemies, who enter after them, seizing anything on which they can lay their hands—iron, files, doors—to mark their victory. Then the whole village flies against the invaders, and they fly, glad if they can get back without broken heads. The first stone fight of the present season was rather more disastrous than usual. It is reported that six men were killed; but this is probably an exaggeration. A company of soldiers was ordered out to stop it, which they found some difficulty in doing, even with fixed bayonets.

CHINA AND OPIUM.

According to Dr. Watt, the practice of opium-smoking is first heard of in China as late as 1712. The habit was a fresh grief to the Confucian mind, already shocked by the quick development of tobacco-taking. Edict after edict was issued by the Imperial government—edicts inspired by the same feeling and achieving the same effect as good King James's "Counterblast" a century before. The battle endured for more than a hundred years. Death is the penalty for every person (except the smokers) taking part in the opium traffic; but the cultivation of the poppy spreads rapidly within the empire, while the import gradually but steadily increases. Up to 1781 the foreign trade is in the hands of Portuguese or English merchants; but in that year the East India company takes it over from the private traders, and there with the control of Indian poppy culture from the Moghul rulers of Bengal. In 1790 the Chinese imperial government issues fresh edicts against opium, and in 1800 forbids its importation; and then begins the smuggling period that ended in the war of 1841.

SKIN GRAFTING.

A Few Hints as to the Possibilities of the New Operation.

A remarkable thing about the new surgical operation known as skin grafting is said to be that the person operated on develops some of the characteristics of the person who furnishes the skin.

For example, a Philadelphia man who had very little hair on his body received a graft from a person with a great deal of hair. His new skin was covered with a much thicker growth of hair than his old.

A New York charity patient received

VIEW
THESE REMARKS
CONCERNING
PEPTONIZED
ALE AND BEEF,

FROM THE WIFE OF THE COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS,
HALIFAX, N.S.

DEAR SIR: Your Peptonized Ale and Beef has been of such benefit to me that I can recommend it as a most valuable tonic.

MRS. W. D. HARRINGTON.

HALIFAX HOTEL, Nov. 3, 1891.

Could anything be more convincing of the merits of Ale and Beef Peptonized.

A RUSSIAN PRISON.

A Horrible Place Where the Enemies of the Government Live and Die.

Some fifty miles from St. Petersburg, upon the Lake of Ladoga, there is a small granite island entirely occupied by a fortress. It is Schlussemburg, the dreadful prison of state, worse than the French Bastille, worse than the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul with its Troubetzkoi and Alenevsky ravines and its underground cells. The most resolute of the revolutionists, men and women who have taken part in actual conspiracies, whom it is not considered safe to keep in the fortress of Peter and Paul, are sent there. The absence of any inhabitants, except those employed in the service, renders it possible to isolate the prisoners to a degree unattainable anywhere else. No one is allowed to land upon the island; sentinels have orders to shoot any one who approaches.

If the near relatives of a prisoner inquire concerning him at the police department in St. Petersburg, they are sometimes told "alive" or "dead"; sometimes no answer is given. The soldiers and guards are themselves prisoners, who mingle only with each other, and are carefully watched on the rare occasions when they are allowed to make a visit to the mainland. It was possible to establish secret communications with even the most jealously guarded ravelins of the St. Petersburg fortress. But the fortress of Schlussemburg remained dumb like the grave it is. Though some of the men of the revolutionary party, in whom the greatest interest was felt among the whole body of revolutionists, were kept there, we rarely could even tell whether they were alive or dead.

A few months ago, however, our friends in Russia received some news from this place of endless misery. It is very brief, only such as can be conveyed upon a bit of paper smuggled with the greatest danger through some friendly hand. It merely tells which of the prisoners are dead and which are still alive, but even this summary is eloquent enough. We learn from it that out of the fifty-two prisoners sent there in the course of the last eight years, twenty, or about 40 per cent, are already dead. Several of those who survive should be added to the list of the dead. They are insane, and have lost what is as precious, if not more precious, to a man than life.—*Free Russia*.

SKIN GRAFTING.

A Few Hints as to the Possibilities of the New Operation.

A remarkable thing about the new surgical operation known as skin grafting is said to be that the person operated on develops some of the characteristics of the person who furnishes the skin.

For example, a Philadelphia man who had very little hair on his body received a graft from a person with a great deal of hair. His new skin was covered with a much thicker growth of hair than his old.

A New York charity patient received

GRAFTS FROM THE ARMS OF SEVERAL REPORTERS.

Formerly she cared nothing about newspapers, but now she eagerly reads every paper she can get.

A profane, irreverent man in Chicago was given grafts from the skin of a minister. He now attends church regularly and has completely abandoned his former wicked ways.

These examples suggest new uses to which skin grafting might be put.

If a man wished to train himself for a life insurance agent he might develop the necessary check by getting a graft from the cheek of some one who had been long in the business.

If he wished to learn how to drive a sharp bargain in trade he might get some skin from one of that class of tradesmen which the "Century Dictionary" describes as "sheeny."

If he were in a position where it was necessary for him to assume the air of one who owns the world and a slice of Jupiter, a graft from a gatekeeper at a railroad station would just about fix him. No man can ever feel that the existence of society really does depend on himself alone until he has been a railroad gatekeeper or a street car conductor.

These are only a few instances, but the reader will easily think of more. There are unlimited possibilities in skin grafting.—*Buffalo Express*.

THREE BRAVE WOMEN.

Hardships Which the Faith of Christian Women Endured.

Three women recently footed it from the Indian Ocean, over 200 miles, to Mashonaland. They were members of an Episcopal order, and were trained nurses sent out to take charge of the hospital which has been started in that new country. The Bishop of Mashonaland expected that provisions would be made to carry these young women in hammocks into the interior, but the force of porters was unexpectedly small, and the women said they would endeavor to walk.

With extraordinary courage they set out on the journey. There was no wagon road, and for much of the way no paths were found. The party suffered terribly at times from thirst. At night the bush was always alive with lions, hyenas, buffaloes, leopards and other animals. At one time the party observed two lions drinking quietly thirty rods from them.

The grass often exceeded twelve feet in height for miles and miles, and some days the little caravan marched through incessant rain. They suffered severely from the desertion of their porters, and of the thirty-two carriers with whom they started out only four remained at the end of the journey. The women had no tents to sleep in, and altogether they made the journey under conditions which would have tried the strength and courage of the stoutest men.

They safely reached their destination, however, and they are the first white women to have made such a journey into the interior of Africa, the others travelling either on steamboats or being carried either on hammocks or chairs.

A New York charity patient received

LATENT MUSCULARITY.

The Professor Who Thought a Boa Constrictor's Strength Exaggerated.

One day a celebrated naturalist entered the shop of the late Charles Jamrach, the noted London collector of animals, and said: "Now, Jamrach, about the muscular power of the boa constrictor, I suspect it has been exaggerated." "Not a bit, sir," said the collector, taking a very fine specimen out of a box. "He seems very lazy and sleepy," said the professor; "I don't think he could exert himself in this cold climate if he tried." "You bet, sir," Jamrach said, and wound him gently round the professor's body. He laughed. "I thought so, Jamrach," he says; "I feel nothing." But presently he sings out, "Take him off, Jamrach! take him off, man; he's strangling me!" So Jamrach just caught hold of the boa's tail and unwound him off the professor, ring by ring. When he had got his breath again, the professor admitted there was more "latent muscularity" about the creature than he had suspected. "Now, sir," said Jamrach afterward, "that boa was half asleep and stupid, for he had just swallowed two rabbits, six guinea pigs, and thirteen pounds of raw beef. If he'd been fasting it's my belief he'd have swallowed the professor himself bodily, for he was a small gentleman."

Upon another occasion a quiet family bought a wild beast, warranted to be a quiet and manageable pet—perhaps a sloth or a tapir. Some days after Mr. Jamrach, examining his books, perceived that the item tapir or sloth, or whatever the animal may have been, was not entered with proper regularity on the ledger and day book—was, indeed, mixed up with some other entry.

Suspecting something wrong, Mr. Jamrach called a hansom and drove at once to the suburban residence of his customer. His ring was not answered; but at length the cook, pale and trembling appeared behind the area railings. "For God's sake, Mr. Jamrach," she cried, "save me from that awful wild beast! Master and mistress couldn't stand it any longer and have gone to the seaside, and the housemaid and I haven't leave the kitchen for fear of being eaten." At that moment a very fine and very hungry puma—one of the fiercest, perhaps, put its head out of the drawing room window. The mistake was a clerk's—the wrong beast was sent home.—*London Telegraph*.

A Lady's Trick.

A youthful countess, bearer of one of the most ancient titles in the Austrian nobility, recently having the misfortune to be despoiled of her treasures by thieves while travelling, published the following list of articles as stolen from her trunk: "One gold cigarette case, meerschaum mouthpiece, set in gold; an aluminium cigarette case; an Irish pipe, almost black in appearance, gold mounted, with an onyx mouthpiece; a silver match box; a gold cigarette pipe; four plain cigarette cases in gold, silver and platinum, and one set with diamonds and rubies." Rather a formidable outfit for a lady of high degree.