

## ROMAN NEWS.

Count Pianciani, President of the Roman Society for the advancement of Catholic Interests, has presented the annual silver chalice with its epigraph to the Prince of the Apostles in the name of the Roman people.

With the authorization of His Holiness, a funeral service for the repose of M. Carnot was solemnized on Sunday, 22nd, in the Church of St. Louis of the French at Rome. The entire French colony in the Eternal City made its appearance.

The inhabitants of Turin, wrought to enthusiasm by the pilgrimage to the sanctuary of Our Lady of Oropa, have decided to reproduce in their city the shrine and the venerated simulacrum. The site chosen for the chapel is in the parish of the Holy Angels.

The Kolnische Volkszeitung is of opinion that the law removing the restrictions on the return of the Jesuit Fathers to Germany must ultimately pass. But there will be difficulties first, based on the declarations of the King of Wurtemberg, on the Minister Heim of Meiningen, and the demonstrations in Protestant regions.

On the eve of the festival of St. Peter and Paul, His Holiness, attended by his Court, entered the Vatican Basilica, and blessed the Pallii conferred on the Patriarchs, Archbishops, and Bishops who enjoy that privilege, and afterwards prayed before the tomb of the Apostles and kissed the feet of the statue of St. Peter.

## THE BOY POET.

A BEAUTIFUL WORD PICTURE OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A GENIUS.

Annie Murphy of the Ursuline Convent, Enghien, Belgium, writes:

The May month—the sweet, sweet May month! Thousands of wild flowers whisper it to each other, and their breath is fragrant. The birds sing it tenderly in their love lays to the blushing roses; and the brooklet murmurs it softly—oh! so softly, as she glides along by the cot under the hill. The gentle brooklet knows that cot of old. Every year when the May month comes the two friends have a long, long chat. But today the little cot looks sad; for in one of its rooms a young boy, fair as May itself, is dying. The roses and forget-me-nots droop their heads and weep; they loved the bright youth, for he loved all things beautiful; and the brooklet flowing on through many a green lane tells her tale of woe to the flowerets. Sometimes, too, the tall trees bend down to listen, and a sigh escapes their great hearts. One proud, wilful sunbeam alone doubts the brooklet's story, and steals in through the cottage windows to ascertain the truth.

Alas! it is true. A mother watches at the bedside of her dying son—a tired heart struggles against death. The young life is ebbing away, and that heart broken mother begs for strength to the Virgin opposite the sufferer's bed. Ah, thou, who has seen thine own Son die, inspire that mother heart with some of thy sweet calm, murmur mercy and love to him now—his soul is 'e'en on the brink of the boundless sea. Breathe consolation to her now—the dark blue eyes close, the heart of her boy son is stilled.

But a few years hence he was rich in health and joy. No word kind as his, no sympathy sweeter, no laugh merrier, till feeling in his soul music known to the poet alone, wild dreams agitated his being. Yes, the world should hear that melody! His own hills and the cottage home would ring with glory of his name. Dreamer, dreamer, how delusive are thy visions!

London! strong, noble workers have braved thy coldness and thy scorn till the goal of honor was won. Many a great heart is struggling, struggling on. Alas! many a sensitive soul has received its death wound from thy hands.

The youth poured forth the harmony of his soul; the crowd passed on indifferent. And he tried again. The strains were purer, richer than before; but they found no echo in those hearts. Still the boy poet hoped and sang till the music grew discordant with despair. Now the crowd laughed and cried "Fool!"

He wandered back to the mother who

was waiting, ever waiting for her son. But the heart that had beaten so exultingly was broken—the music of the noble soul was too sublime for earth!

The curious little sunbeams, stealing in once more through the window, linger lovingly among the curls of his golden hair. A feeling of peace comes over the weary mother's heart. She knows that beyond the clouds the harmony of her boy's soul is understood by the angels.—*The Republic*.

## PRIVATE FORTUNES.

SOME FIGURES WHICH FURNISH FOOD FOR THOUGHT IN THESE TIMES.

In this country to-day there is one American family whose private fortunes amount to \$274,000,000, or considerably more than one-half the valuation of the great State of Iowa. There are five citizens whose fortunes average \$80,000,000, 50 with \$10,000,000, 100 with \$5,000,000, 200 with \$3,000,000, and there are millionaires almost without number. Less than 2,000 persons own twice as much as all the money in the country, to say nothing of the many millions more that they control. Two thousand capitalists already own more than all the rest of our 85,000,000 of population.

With these figures on one side of them and a million idle men looking for work on the other, what has Congress been doing? It has been dicker and trading over a mere question of taxation in the midst of a scramble of selfish men for the loaves and fishes.

So much for the great question of equitable distribution. Now let us look at the land question. Mr. Vanderbilt "owns" 2,000,000 acres of land. Mr. Disston, of Pennsylvania, boasts of his 4,000,000 broad acres. The Schenley estate owns 2,000 acres within the cities of Pittsburgh and Allegheny. The California millionaire, Murphy, owns an area of land bigger than the whole State of Massachusetts. Foreign noblemen, who owe no allegiance to this country, are permanently absentee landlords, and spend all their money abroad, own 21,000,000 acres of land in this country, or more than the entire area of Ireland. Lord Scully, of Ireland, owns 90,000 acres of farming land in Illinois, which he rents out in small parcels to tenant farmers, and pockets his annual \$200,000 in rents to spend abroad.

Now, while over one-half the people of this country are landless, what has Congress ever done with the land question? Since 1861 it has given 181,000,000 acres of the people's land to railroad, of which the Illinois Central alone got a subsidy of 2,500,000 acres, a good part of which has been put into house lots, whereby to extort rent and profits from the landless and houseless.—*Donohoe's Magazine*.

## ST. LEON SPRINGS HOTEL.

## LATEST ARRIVALS.

Hon Wilfrid Provost, St. Jerome; Judge Champagne, St. Eustache; Judge Mathieu, L'Hon L. Tourville, Rod Tourville, Delle Trestell, Delle Archambault, P. Chaput, Ed Lafleur, S. Hart B. Myers, Dr. Pillet and family, R. Lemieux, Mad T. Carlin and daughter, Montreal; S. E. Nutting, Woodville, N. H.; Geo. L. Perry, John H. Durand, H. Swinton, Chas. Lariviere, Delle Lariviere, Madame A. Leduc and family, Arthur Desjardins, Mad Fauteux, Delle Fauteux, Delle Desjardins, C. Gelinas, Dame D. Forget, Percy Douglass, Leandre Fauteux, J. Leclair and wife, Miss A. Brunet, Fred J. Doran and wife, N. Lemire and wife, Henri de Martigny, Delle Marie Robert, Robert Gardner, E. Gagnon and wife, Dame Beausoleil and family, A. M. St. Arneault, E. Champagne, J. A. Ethier, J. Laing, J. C. Fleck, Miss Hebert, C. Moretti, Montreal; S. Fortin and family, R. Poitras, Dame Chas. Depocas, Valleyfield; Dlle Ida Tanguay, Syracuse; Mrs. L. A. Hoerner, Mrs. F. Farmer, Miss F. Farmer, Miss F. Farmer, Three Rivers; J. H. Morse, Miss Catherine Morse, Haverhill, N. H.; F. H. Mathieu, Delle Alphonsine Mathieu, Ste Scholastique; C. H. Larocque and family, C. A. McConville, Mdme Mons F. Rivard, Dame A. H. Larocque and family, Joliette; Jos. Beaudry, Three Rivers; Alphonse Valliere, Quebec; A. R. Baldwin and wife, Boston, Mass.; E. Baldwin and wife, S. S. Reach, Thos. Anlie, Wells River, U. S.; W. G. Poupore, Morrisburg; Frank Penny and wife, Delle Lapointe, Quebec; J. A. Garenon, Three Rivers; L. A. Hudon, Jos. Giroux, Quebec; H. Beauchemin,

H. C. Charland, Sorel; Doctor Lusier and family, St. Vincent; D. P. M. Guay, Etchemin; Dame J. A. Gibault, Miss Gertrude McDonnell, Syracuse; Maurice Frigon, St. Maurice.

## AN ABSURD ASSERTION.

HOW HISTORY IS MANUFACTURED TO SUPPLY MATERIAL FOR THE A. P. A.

A writer in the current issue of one of the leading magazines asserts that the chief reason why the ill-starred attempt to make the Austrian Archduke Maximilian the Emperor of Mexico was undertaken, consisted in the fact that the Catholic powers of Europe, among whom he includes the Papacy, were jealous of the existence of this great Protestant country, and fearful that its influence would lead to the weakening, if not the extinction, of the faith in the lands of Central and South America. He also intimates that the Holy See blessed Maximilian's undertaking, and did so principally to express its dislike for our republican form of government.

The latter assertion is easily disposed of. The Holy See never blessed in the true sense of the term the attempt to put Maximilian on a Mexican throne. After all the preliminaries for the expedition had been arranged, the Austrian archduke went to Rome and was received by the Holy Father in precisely the same manner any other person of his rank would be. If he asked for a Papal blessing for himself, he undoubtedly obtained it; but if he had presumed to ask for one for his undertaking, with the understanding that it would be interpreted as committing the Holy See to the sanction and support of his plans, he would quickly have been given to understand that his request was one that would under no circumstances be granted.

As to the other assertion that the Catholic powers of Europe, the Papacy included, wished to put Maximilian on a Mexican throne, in order to offset the influence of this Protestant republic, such a declaration is simply absurd. In the first place, the Catholic powers of Europe concern themselves very little with the spiritual affairs of any other people than their own, and, unfortunately, too often neglect those. The last Napoleon, it can be assuredly said, never gave a thought to the state of religion in Mexico, yet it was he who furnished the ill-fated duke with the forces that accompanied him to Mexico, as it was he also who perfidiously deserted him in the hour of his greatest need.

The Holy See certainly never had any such apprehensions regarding this country as this writer ascribes to it in common with the other European Catholic powers. Pius IX. was then the reigning Pontiff, and it is a matter of history that he once asserted that the Catholic Church was nowhere freer than in the United States. The unlikelihood of his having any fear that American Protestantism, which did not interfere with religious liberty here, would invade Mexico and other Catholic countries to the South of us, is, therefore, apparent; and it should not be forgotten that the unfortunate Carlotta's endeavors to induce Pius IX. to interfere in Maximilian's behalf, when his downfall was assured, all proved futile.

If non-Catholic writers would only remember that the Holy See favors all rightfully constituted authority, and has no predilections in favor of this or that form of government, they would avoid making such stupid assertions as this writer has put in print over his name.—*Catholic Columbian*.

## WHAT A CANNON-BALL CAN DO.

A shot weighing 250 pounds from an 8-inch gun of Fort Valdivia in Valparaiso harbor struck the cruiser *Blanco Encalada* above the armor belt, passed through the thin steel plate on the side, went through the captain's cabin, took the pillow from under his head, dropped his head on the mattress with a thump, but without injuring a hair, passed through the open door into the mess-room, where it struck the floor, and then glanced to the ceiling. Then it went through a wooden bulkhead one inch thick into a room 25 by 42 feet where 40 men were sleeping in hammocks. It killed six of them outright, and wounded six others, three of whom died, after which it passed through a steel bulkhead five inches thick, and ended its course by striking a battery outside, in

which it made a dent nearly two inches deep. It was filled with sand. Had it released deadly gases no one knows what damage it might have done.

A 450-pound missile from a 10-inch gun in the same fort struck the same vessel on its 8-inch armor. It hit square on a bolt. The shell did not pierce the armor, but burst outside the vessel. It drove the bolt clear through, and in its flight the bolt struck an 8 inch gun, completely disabling it. Such is the power of the smaller-sized guns.—*Century*.

## ROME AND RUSSIA.

POSSIBLE OUTCOME OF M. ISWOLSKY'S APPOINTMENT.

Nothing that has taken place in the diplomatic world during the last dozen years can compare in importance with the announcement that the Tsar has resumed diplomatic relations with the Holy See. The appointment of M. Iswolsky as resident Minister for Russia at the Vatican opens up a long vista of possibilities, possibilities which concern not only the amelioration of the condition of Catholics in Russia and Russian Poland, but also the balance of the armed strength of the world.

The establishment of a direct and open means of communication between Leo XIII. and Alexander III. is calculated to strengthen the influence of the Holy See in Europe, and so to give to the world another guarantee for the preservation of peace. We learn from a well-informed quarter that the immediate occasion of this unexpected step on the part of the Tsar was his discovery that the official denials of the recent outrages in Lithuania were absolutely untrue. It will be remembered that these outrages were first reported in *The Tablet*, and then—in consequence of Russian representations, accepted by the Holy See as satisfactory—spoken of as much exaggerated.

It now appears that the first accounts (see *Tablet*, January 21) were correct, and the Tsar, in his angry desire to make such misunderstandings more difficult in the future, with characteristic promptitude determined to have his own envoy at the Vatican. The isolation of England in this respect is now complete. Great Britain is the only great power which declines to make commonsense arrangements to have itself represented at the Holy See.—*London Tablet*.

## ANCIENT IRISH MONKS AS CIVILIZERS.

The ancient Irish monks raised from the soil all that was needful. Their corn was always ground in their own mills; they obtained milk, cheese, and butter from their own herds; they kept their own sheep, and made their garments from the wool, which they combed and spun themselves, they cut the turf and quarried stone on their own lands; they made their own simple furniture and kitchen utensils. When they died they were buried without pomp or delay, in the monastic habit, with the cowl drawn over the face. They were no burden to the community; food, clothing, shelter, they provided for themselves—even the soil they tilled. The community scarcely afforded them protection, though it owed them everything.

They taught the children, developed the land, dried the swamps, irrigated the fields, felled the forests, bridged the rivers. They schooled the eye and the ear and the hand of the thousand mysteries of colors and sounds, and how to use the tools of the sculptor and the painter and the architect. They kept alive the respect for law in an age of general lawlessness, the memory of civil order and peace in the midst of anarchy, the reminiscences of Hellenic culture in a rough and barbarous society.—Rev. Dr. SHAHAN, in "July Donahoe's."

TRACT DISTRIBUTOR: My dear friend, you will find much food for reflection in this little tract. Dear Friend unemployed: I don't want no food for reflection. What I want is food for digestion—a steak and kidney pie, or something filling, would do me a treat.

A CREATURE OF HABIT.—Prison Warder: Tell me why you object to occupy the other cell. Prisoner: Oh, do put me into No. 76. I have got so used to my old cell. I never could sleep in a strange bed, you know.