



THE CRISIS IN ITALY.

The Rev. D. S. Phelan, editor of the St. Louis "Western Watchman," writes to his paper from Paris the following considerations on the Italian crisis:

DEAR WATCHMAN:—

I would take you away from France and her politics for one week to direct your attention to affairs likely soon to develop in Italy. The stone of the sepulchre has fallen on the second king of Italy with its heavy weight of oblivion and death, and in so falling has closed an epoch in the history of that country. The revolutionary monarchy of the first Victor Emmanuel is laid to rest forever in the pantheon. The new regime in Italy will be one of conflict, of deadly hand-to-hand grapple with the forces of the revolution.

A LITTLE RESUME OF ITALIAN HISTORY.

Carvour gave the Kingdom of Italy its breath of life. That spirit he also impressed on the revolutionists of his time. That spirit was one of irreconcilable hostility to the Church and the papacy. The popular incarnation of that spirit was Garibaldi. He wrote to his staunch friend and ally, Pyl, "Political assassination; that is the secret for bringing the revolution to its final end. The sovereigns call the friends of the people assassins. The true republicans, like Agésilas, Milano, Pietri, Orsini, Pianori, Monti and Tognetti, were called assassins. They are to-day venerated as martyrs for the people. Nobeling, Moucasi, Passenante, Solovieff, Otero, Hartmann and their companions are the true precursors of the reign of the future social republic. It is the cursed clergy who are the true assassins. It is they who have brought progress to the block and who still assassinate it by lies. Transport the clergy to Siberia, but not the brave companions of Hartmann." The spirit of this letter was the spirit of the Italian "resorgimento." This social republic has passed for nearly half a century under the name of the Kingdom of Italy. Victor Emmanuel was the executive of the lodges and his parliaments simply recorded the last resolutions of the secret meetings of the revolutionary junta. The House of Savoy became the accomplice and the King of Italy the crowned slave of the revolution.

TRYING TO GET RID OF ITS WICKED PARTNERS.

Victor Emmanuel did not like his company and he soon became restive under the restrictions of his gilded slavery. He did not like to see his noble house transplanted to sterile soil where it could never take root. The House of Savoy was of Piedmont, and there could defy all its foes, being deeply rooted in the manners and affections of the people. But what was it to the Lombards, the Tuscans, the Romans and the Neopolitans? Simply the first hasty experiment of the Revolution. Its charter of permanency was conditional upon success, unbroken, unlimited success. The Triple Alliance was an attempt to break away from revolutionary associates. The great army and navy of Italy were evoked by the spectre of the "Roman Question." Under the plea that Italy had to arm herself against the machinations of the

Vatican and the Italian people permitted themselves to be impoverished almost to the point of starvation. The renewal of the Triple Alliance by Rudini was a reprieve for the kingdom. The scandal of the Bank of Rome was the first serious discomfiture of the Kingdom of Italy. Sixty-five millions of lire, in spurious bills, had been placed on the market by the Bank of Rome; spurious because not warranted by law and wholly unauthorized by its grant of powers. This money was employed in placating the revolutionary chieftains. A prosecution was begun in defence of an outraged public opinion. What was to be done, however, to save from disgrace the ministers, the senators and the deputies who had benefited by the robbery? Cavalotti indicted Crispi. The day of the trial was set; but as the high court of impeachment was about to open proceedings, the parliament was prorogued by royal decree. Then the Abyssinian Expedition was organized as a distraction. We all know the disastrous results of that enterprise. With the defeat of the Italian army in Africa, Crispi's fortunes went into final eclipse. Rudini is again called to the helm. A reign of terror is inaugurated among the tumultuous sectaries of the North. The dragonades of General Bara are a blot on the history of the kingdom. Umberto is frightened and he calls to his aid the faithful Piedmontese, Pelloux. No sooner is he sworn in than the director of the Bank of Sicily is assassinated because he resolutely opposed the looting of his bank by the revolutionary leaders who had already squandered the sixty-five millions filched from the Bank of Rome. Then came out the terrible truth that the real head of the Italian Mafia was Crispi. He was its protector and was by it protected in turn. Pelloux determined to make common war on the Socialists and the adherents of the papacy. We know the measures of repression resorted to under his short but disastrous ministry. He appealed to the people and was beaten. The parliament was dissolved and the country ruled by royal decree. Savano was called to power and a new election ordered. Under Pelloux the government majority which was considered unsatisfactory was 107. Under his successor it fell to 28, which is the majority of the government at present. The minority was never better marshalled and never so eager for the fray.

THE COUNTER-REVOLUTION.

The young king is not a revolutionist by taste and he is therefore quite ready to accept any expedient that will give him relief from the bondage of the lodges. The signs of the times all point to a coalition between the Catholics and the Republicans. The new party has already captured the principal cities and they need only the signal from the Vatican to seize the country. That will mean a reconciliation with the Pope. How far will the House of Savoy make concessions? How far will the Vatican be willing to go in the way of compromise? That is simply a question of detail.

POWERFUL INFLUENCES WORKING FOR A MODUS VIVENDI.

The House of Savoy was always friendly to the Temporal Power. Neither Victor Emmanuel nor his

son, Humbert, relish the position they occupy in respect to the Church. If Queen Margaret had her way the body of Humbert would now be in the Superga, and not in the Pantheon. Women count for a great deal in the present state of Italian politics. The Queen Mother is in favor of a reconciliation with the Pope. The noble princess Clotilda in her solitude prays for peace. The next Queen of Italy, the Duchess of Aosta, Helen of Orleans, is a devoted adherent of the Papacy. Maria Pia of Portugal, the only member of the House of Savoy with whom Leo XIII. can hold diplomatic relations, yearns for peace. They will raise their voices around the throne of the young King, in doleful pleading for reconciliation. It would seem that the end of the long estrangement is near, and that the moral union of Italy will at last follow the material and political union. Will the coming republic give the Pope his city of Rome and the States of the Church? Will the House of Savoy be spared in the general debacle? Nous verrons.

THE JUDGE'S MOTHER.

Mrs. Smith had a paper to write for her club. The subject she had chosen was, "How can women uplift the coming generation?"

She was puzzled to choose the best of the many ways which suggested themselves to her. Should it be through art, lecturing, literature or general reform?

She confided her difficulty to old Judge Adams, who was sitting with her husband on the veranda.

"I can only give you my experience," he said. "I was one of five brothers. All were men who exercised a strong influence in the world, and each one of us owed his bent and force of character to our mother."

"Our father died when we were children. Mother made us what we were. Until we were gray-haired men we went to her whenever we were in perplexity. 'Mother,' we would say, 'what is the right thing to do in this case?' She knew nothing of law or politics, but she always knew the right. I think," said the judge, gravely, "that my mother influenced the next generation to her own more strongly than any other human being I have ever known."

"She no doubt had a powerful mind and a broad education?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"No." The judge smiled. "She got her hold on us in very simple ways. I remember one of them. When we came home from school on cold days, mother was sure to be waiting beside a big fire. Off came our wet shoes and stockings; she rubbed the cold feet warm with her own hands. Then there was always a huge brown jug waiting before the fire, with roused apples and sugar and hot water in it, and each one of us had his mug of the delicious stuff; and then we sat and grew warm, and joked and laughed, and no doubt opened our hearts to the dear, wise woman."

"All day long she was our comrade. We carried to her all our secrets and miseries when we were men, as we had done when we were boys. Two of us were ministers, two legislators who helped to form the laws of new states, but I doubt if one of us ever took an important

step in life without being influenced by the opinion of that good woman."

Mrs. Smith looked uncertainly at her paper on which she had scribbled "artists, lecturers, civil and political reformers."

"You think, then," she said, "that woman's strongest hold upon the world is at home, through love and a Christian life?"

The judge's eyes twinkled. "I can only tell you what I know. I cannot decide for the world," he said.—Youth's Companion.

AN IMMATURE WORLD.

BY AN ENGLISH BANKER.
(Written for the Review.)

In recent articles we have given rein to the imagination, and, assuming in fancy the ethereal powers which we hope to possess in the long hereafter, have visited the centre of our solar system and some of our nearer planetary and errant neighbours. Let us again unfetter ourselves from our earth-shackles, and once more vault far into space, and, on soul-wing, continue our aerial tour.

Speeding toward that brilliant and mighty planet Jupiter, we are astounded at his gigantic proportions, his relative size as compared with the earth being as that of a tennis ball to a grain of pepper. The great planet, however, is evidently not yet sufficiently mature for habitation, being evidently in the condition in which our earth was towards the close of the first æon or the commencement of the second, an epoch when the sun, moon and stars had not yet been made to appear: for he is completely surrounded with dense, impenetrable masses of thick cloud, which must effectually and completely obscure the heavens from view. When, however, in the course of the æons, the giant watery world has cooled down, the dry land has been formed, and the vapours have disappeared, except such moderate volume of passing cloud as is necessary for the irrigation of the planet, owing to his numerous satellites the future inhabitants will very seldom have the opportunity of enjoying the glorious spectacle of a starry night. For, except perhaps about once or twice in a century, one or more of his five moons is always shining, and, like our moon, concealing by their superior brilliancy all but the brightest of the stars. How favoured is this earth by having but one moon: for had we as many as some of the larger planets the mighty vault of the universe, with its serried ranks of brilliant stars, would never have been seen by mortal eye, and the wonderful immensity of space would never have been revealed.

In other respects, too, we are more favoured than Jupiter, for this year having ten times the length of our own, each of his seasons is two and a half years in duration, while his days and nights are only five hours each.

That which, however, strikes us with the greatest astonishment, is the diminutive apparent size of the sun, which appears to be only about double the size of Jupiter as seen from the earth, though of course infinitely more brilliant. Full bright sunshine, therefore, as we enjoy it, can never be seen on

that planet.

Leaving this great immature world let us take flight through the ether and visit the little sun-immersed planet Mercury. Now we see the orb of day as an enormous fiery globe hanging threateningly above us, infinitely more brilliant and dazzling than he appears to us, his rays producing a burning heat so intense that if our own planet were exposed to it universal conflagration would probably ensue. Doubtless, however, there is some provision of Nature to mitigate the vehemence of the scorching heat: the atmosphere possibly being of such a nature as to obstruct and modify the fervency of the light and heat rays.

Returning now to our native earth, we congratulate ourselves that

Of all these shining orbs, Man has his fixed seat in the fairest and most perfect of them all; and when we compare the leaden gloom of cloud-enveloped Jupiter, or the fiery blaze of sun-parched Mercury, with the lovely adornments of our own beautiful earth, a feeling of gladdened satisfaction must arise within us that we are earth-born.

And not only is she physically beautiful above her fellows, but, far more momentous still, she has been honoured with a lengthened personal visit from the Eternal Son of God, who here gave Himself a Ransom for each and every one claiming that substituted expiation, the guilt of their misdeeds being then and there eternally obliterated and expunged from the Great Book.

MISTOOK THE COURTESY.

A very pretty girl who lives in Frankfort went to Wilmington the other day with her uncle, says the Reporter's Nosegay.

In the evening she stood on a corner in front of a huge church, waiting for a car. Many laboring men, with empty dinner-pails on their arms, were passing on their way home from work, and it touched and pleased the young girl to see how respectfully these honest, brawny fellows bowed and raised their hats to her. "They are but lately come from the mother country," she thought, as she acknowledged with a gracious smile each salutation; "and they think from my appearance that I am some distinguished person—the daughter of a senator or a governor—and they suppose it is the custom here, as it is at their home, to make obeisance humbly to such as I. It is very pleasant and nice of them," she said to herself, "but I must have acknowledged fifty or sixty bows by this time, and my neck and face are getting tired with so much smiling and nodding." On that account, however, she would not be so rude as to ignore the lowly workmen's bows, and she was working away like Mr. McKinley reviewing a parade when her uncle, who had stepped into a drug store, rejoined her.

"What in the world are you doing, Marie?" he asked. The young girl explained. "Why, you silly girl," said the uncle, "don't you see it's a Catholic church you're standing in front of? These men are Catholics and it's to their church they are lifting their hats, not to you." The uncle did not know, neither did the Reporter's Nosegay, that they were bowing to Him whose real bodily presence makes every Catholic church a hallowed spot.