HEROES AND HEROINES.

By J. F. L., D. D.

I now bid farewell to the above heading, though not to my readers. The feast days of St. Bernard and of St. Augustine are coming on apace, and as these great Fathers deserve more than a passing notice, and must be treated after a different manner from the foregoing saints, we may consider the series of "Heroes and Heroines" to be closed. Take it, gentle reader, for what it is worth. If you have found as much pleasure in the reading, as I have found in the writing of it, we have no cause to complain. I have culled this handful of flowers from the garden of the Church merely to exhibit them as specimens. There are myriads of others as fair as these. Enter in an cull for yourselves.

JULY 8.—THE BLESSED POPE EUGENE III.

I.

We have many reasons to feel grateful to Pius IX., not the least of which is that he has swept away the dust that for ages had accumulated on the tomb of this humble disciple of St. Bernard. It is strange that Pope Eugene should have slept in oblivion for seven centuries, but on the other hand it is not clearly a disposition of Providence that the honor of placing the *aureola* upon his head should have been reserved for a Pontiff whose history is so analogous to his own?

"Blessed Eugene," says the *Civilta Cattolica*, "was both a Monk and a Pope, and of all the Popes he suffered most in defending the rights and the temporal sovereignty of the Roman Church. And now the solemn approval of his cult is made just when, in the midst of Rome itself, the deadly war which the European Revolution has been for years waging against the Religious Orders. The Papacy, and its Temporal Sovereignity, is culminating in the last and the decisive assault."

It is interesting to see how much is contained in the old saying, "History repeats itself." The enemies of the Papacy in the nineteenth century are actuated by the same motives which urged on Arnaldo in the twelfth. Their principles, their mode of warfare, their watchwords are identical. The revolutions of those days were vanquished in the end, and in this respect, too, history will repeat itself.

I will add, that in this sketch of Blessed Eugene, which is intended as an introduction to the sketch of St. Bernard, the name of the latter will frequently occur.

Concerning the parentage, birth-place, and even the name of Eugene, each of his biographers has advanced a different opinion. All that can be affirmed as certain is that he was born somewhere in the territory subject to Pisa. Whether he was of the noble family of the Paganelli, and whether he received the name of Bernard in baptism or only upon entering religion, and whether the ancient tradition correctly assigns as his birth-place the ruined *Casa del Papa*, are questions which the historian must hand over in despair to the more ingenious antiquarian.

The future Pope was educated in Pisa, and after his ordination was made Canon of the Cathedral. His piety attracted the attention of his Bishop, who raised him to the important office of *vidame* (vicedominus.) The duties of a *vidame* were to administer the temporalities of the Church, to decide questions between the vassals of the Bishop, to take care of the poor and pilgrims, and in case the Bishop should die to maintain order. Hence, it required virtue and learning to fill the position, and it was generally the stepping-stone to a Bishopric.

But Bernard was not aspiring to honors; and, to the surprise of all who knew him, and were prophesying his advancement, he resigned his position and declared his intention of embracing the monastic life. He was led to carry out this magnanimous resolution chiefly by the advice and eloquence of St. Bernard.

This great saint had come to Pisa in the year 1130, in order to pacify the Pisans, then at war with the Genoese. Friendship sprung up between him and the *vidame*, which grew stronger in proportion as each perceived more clearly the virtues of the other. When the holy Abbot returned to Pisa four years later, to assist at the Council which was then being held, our Bernard begged to be received as his disciple, a request which St. Bernard joyfully granted.

The humble novice entered Clairvaux, fondly expecting to spend his days within its walls. He was supremely happy in the company of those holy monks. St. Bernard admired in him the qualities which afterwards raised him to the Chair of Peter, and committed to him several important affairs.

Meanwhile Providence was working out His high designs. Pope Innocent II. had just then founded a monastery at the Church of St. Vincent and Anastasius *ad aquas Sil vias*, the site of St. Paul's martyrdom. He ordered the Saint to send him some monks, with whom to people this new monastery. Similar requests were sent to Clairvaux from all sides. St. Bernard had a short time before dispatched the Pisan Bernard with a colony of monks to the Abbot of Farfa, and had soon to give to the Pope. Innocent, impatient of delay, took the monks whom St. Bernard had sent to Farfa and placed them in his new abbey.

Bernard of Pisa was appointed abbot and ruled the monastery with great ability for several years. In the year 1145 Lucius II. was killed in a sedition of the Romans, and in the ensuing conclave the forty-three Cardinals unanimously elected our Bernard to succeed him, with the name of Eugene III. No more certain proof could be desired of the esteem in which the virtuous abbot was held, than that in such troublous times the entire body of Cardinals should turn to him in derogation from the custom which was even then in force, that none but a Cardinal should receive the election.

Before we enter upon the Pontificate of Eugene, it will be necessary to glance at the condition of the Eternal City when he ascended the throne. This we shall do in the next number.

Meanwhile the news of Eugene's elevation reached the ears of St. Bernard. How it affected him may be best learned from his letters. He wrote a letter to the Cardinals rebuking them for having dragged from his tomb a man who was buried. "Where was the sense or reason of your rushing on a sudden upon a rustic, and, wrenching from his hands the ax or hoe, dragging him into a palace, clothing him in purple robes, girding him with a sword to execute vengeance upon the nations, chastisements among the people, to bind their kings with fetters and their nobles with manacles of iron? And was there not among you all one wise and experienced man? It surely seems ridiculous that a poor little man covered with rags should be chosen to preside over Princes, command Bishops, and dispose of Kingdoms and Emperors."

St. Bernard then exhorts the Cardinals to assist and support Eugene now that they have forced him from his retreat.

But his letter to Eugene himself is remarkably touching. He commences by chiding the Pope for neglecting to inform him by letter or messenger of his elevation. "I was expecting that some one of my children would return to assuage the grief of their father and assure him: '*Joseph thy son is living, and he is ruler in all the land of Egypt.*'"—But now I dare not call thee son. The son has become the father, and the father is now the son."

He congratulates him, but at the same time trembles when he considers the dazzling height of the Papacy. The conclusion of this letter is well-known.

"Who will give to me, before I die, to see the Church of God as she was in the days of old, when the Apostles let down their nets, not to take gold or silver, but to take souls? How I desire to hear from your lips those words of him whose chair you fill, "Let thy money perish with thee!" But in all thy works remember thou art but a man. How many Roman Pontiffs thou hast seen with thy own eyes die! Let these thy predecessors admonish thee of thine own demise, for as thou didst follow them upon the throne, so surely shalt thou follow them to the grave."—*Catholic Standard.*

HOME RULE.

THE HISTORY AND PERSONNEL OF THE MOVEMENT.

In the issue of the *Catholic World* for the current month, an article on "The Irish Home Rule Movement" appears from the pen of Alexander M. Sullivan, Esq., Editor of the Dublin *Nation*, Member of Parliament for the county of Louth, and, next to Mr. Butt, confessedly the ablest man connected with the direction of the movement. The editor of the *Catholic World*, in introducing the article says:—

"The movement is one of great importance and significance. It has many enemies. It has been, and continues to be, much misrepresented. For these reasons we open our pages to one of its ablest and most eloquent exponents to give its history to our readers. Mr. Sullivan will resume and close the subject in the next number of the *Catholic World*."

As our readers are interested in knowing everything bearing on this question, we shall give Mr. Sullivan's article in extenso, and insert this week the first instalment as follows:—

What is the real nature of the new political movement or organization in Ireland which emblazons on its banner the device "Home Rule?" Beyond all question it has attained to national dimensions. It has concentrated upon itself more of the attention and interest, hopes and sympathies, of the Irish people than any political endeavor on the same field of action for many years. More than this, it seems to have succeeded in exacting a tribute to it power and authority which no previous movement received from the adverse ministers, publicists, and people of England. These, while they combat it, deal with as "Ireland." It makes propositions, exacts terms, directs assaults, assents to arrangements on behalf of and in the name of the Irish people; and, as we have indicated the singular part of the case is that not only is its action ratified and applauded by them, but its authority so to act in their name is virtually recognized by the Government. In the House of Commons it takes charge of Irish affairs; has almost an Irish (volunteer) ministry, certainly an organized party not inferior if not superior, in discipline to that of the "Government" or "Opposition." We hear of its "whips," its councils, its special division-lists, its assignment of particular duties, motions, or bills to particular individuals; and, lastly, we hear of its boldly challenging the Disraelian hosts, fighting them in debate throughout a set field-day, and, despite the actual Government majority of forty-eight and working majority of seventy, running the ministerialists to within barely thirteen votes.

In all this there is much that is new in the history of Irish politics; and it were impossible that it should not intensely interest, if not affect, the Catholic millions of America, bound, as most of them are, to Ireland by the sacred ties of faith and kindred and nationality.

What, then, is Home Rule? Is it Fenianism, "veiled" or unveiled? Is is Repeal? Is it less than Repeal? Is it a surrender or a compromise of the Irish national demand; as is it, or its advocates claim, the substance of that demand shaped and adjusted according to the circumstances, requirements, and necessities of the present time?

With the fall of the Young Ireland party, and the disastrous collapse of their meditated, rather than attempted, insurrection in 1848, there seemed to foes and friends, an end to national movements in Ireland for the balance of the century. It is almost a law of defeats that the vanquished are separated into two or three well-defined parties or sections; those whom the blow has intensified and more embittered in their opposition; those whom it wholly overawed, who thereafter consider that they have done enough for honor, and retire entirely from the field and, lastly, those who recognize, if they do not accept, the defeat; who admit the impossibility of further operations on a position so advanced, fall back upon some line which they imagine they can hold, and, squaring round there, offer battle with whatever of strength and resources survive to them. This is just what resulted in Ireland in 1848-49. The Young Ireland movement of 1848 was never national in dimensions or acceptance. O'Connell's movement was, from 1842 to 1844; but from that date forward, though there were two or three rival movements or parties, having for their leaders respectively O'Connell, Smith O'Brien and John Mitchel, no one of them had the nation at its back. The Young Irelanders led away from O'Connell the youth, talent, enthusiasm, and, to a large extent, though not entirely, the resolute earnestness and honesty of the old Repeal party. It is a very common but a very great fallacy that they broke away on a "war policy" from the grand old man whose fading intellect was but too sadly indicated in the absurd conduct that drove the young men from his side. They had no "war" policy or design any more than he had (in the sense of a war attack on England), until they caught up one in the blaze and whirl of revolutionary intoxication scattered through Europe by the startling events of February, 1848, in Paris. They seceded from O'Connell on this point,* because they would not subscribe to the celebrated test resolutions (called "Peace Resolutions") declaring that under no circumstances was it or would it be lawful to take up arms for the recovery of national rights. Spurning such a declaration, but solemnly declaring they contemplated no application of its converse assertion in their political designs for Ireland, the seceders set up the "Irish Confederation." But the magic of O'Connell's name, and indeed the force of a loving gratitude, held the masses of the people and the bulk of the clergy in the old organization. The Confederates were in many places decidedly "unpopular,"† especially when the Uncrowned Monarch having died mournfully in exile, his following in Conciliation Hall raised the cry that the Young Irelanders "killed O'Connell." Soon afterwards the seceders were themselves rent by a secession. The bolder spirits, led by John Mitchel and Devin Reilly, demanded that the Confederation, in place of disclaiming any idea of an armed struggle against England, should avowedly prepare the people for such a resort. The new secessionists were weak in numbers, relatively towards the Confederation, as the original seceders were towards the Repeal Association. The three parties made bitter war upon one another. A really national moment there was no more.

Suddenly Paris rose against Louis Philippe, and throughout Europe, in capital after capital, barricades went up and thrones came down. Ireland caught the flame. The Mitchel party suddenly found themselves masters of the situation. The Confederation leaders—O'Brien, Duffy, Dillon, O'Gorman, Meagher, and Doheny—not only found their platform, abandoned, but eventually, though not without some hesitation and misgiving, they themselves abandoned it too, and threw themselves into the scheme for an armed struggle in the ensuing summer or autumn. It was thought, perhaps, that although this might not reunite the O'Connellites and the Young Irelanders, it would surely reunite recently divided sections of the O'Brien following; but it did so ostensibly or partially. There were two schools of insurrectionists in the now insurrectionary party: Mitchel and Reilly declared that O'Brien and Duffy wanted a "rosewater revolution;" O'Brien and Duffy declared the others were "Reds," who wanted a *jacquerie*. The refusal of the leaders to make the rescue of Mitchel the occasion and signal for a rising, led to bitter and scarcely disguised recrimination; and when, a couple of months later, they themselves, caught unawares and unprepared by the government, sought to effect a rising, the result was utter and complete failure. The call had no real power or authority behind it. The men who issued it had not the mandate of the nation in any sense of the word. They were at the moment the fraction of a fraction. They had against them the bulk of the Repeal millions and the Catholic clergy; not against them in any combative sense, but in a decided disapproval of their insurrection. Some, and only some, of the large cities became thoroughly imbued with and ready to carry through the revolutionary determination—an impress which Cork has ever since retained; but beyond the traditional vague though deep-rooted feeling of the Irish peasantry against the hateful rule of England, the rural population, and even the majority of the cities and towns, had scarcely any participation in the "Forty-Eight movement."

When, therefore, all was over, and the "Men of '48," admittedly the flower of Ireland's intellect and patriotism, were fugitives or "felons"—some seeking and receiving asylum and hospitality in America, others eating their hearts in the hulks of Bermuda or the dungeons of Tasmania—a dismal reaction set in in Ireland. The results above referred to, as incidental to defeats as a rule, were plainly apparent. Of the millions who, from 1841 to 1848, whether as Repealers, O'Connellites, Confederates, Mitchelites, Old Irelanders, or Young Irelanders, partook in an effort to make Ireland a self governed or else totally independent nation, probably one half in 1849 resigned, as they thought, for ever, all further hope or effort in that direction. Of the remainder, a numerically small party—chiefly, though not all, men who had belonged to John Mitchel's section of the Young Irelanders—became only the more exasperated by a defeat in which they felt that their policy had not had even a chance of trying what was in it; a defeat, too, that left the vanquished not one incident to solace their pride and shield them from humiliation and ignoble ridicule. Chafing with rage and indignation, they beheld the rest of what remained at all visible of the national party effecting that retrograde movement alluded to in a foregoing page. Of all the brilliant leaders of Young Ireland, Gavan Duffy alone now remained to face on Irish soil the terrible problem, "What next?" Openly proclaiming that the revolutionary position could not be held, he ordered a retreat all along the line. Halting for a while on an attempt to revive the original Irish Confederation policy—an attempt which he had to abandon for want of support—he at length succeeded in rallying what could be called a political party on a struggle for "Tenant Right" It raised in no way the "national" question. It gathered Presbyterians of the north and Catholics of the south, Repealers and anti-Repealers, in an organization to force Parliament to pass a bill preventing the eviction of tenant-farmers unless for non payment of rent; preventing also arbitrary increasing of rent that might squeeze out the farmer in another way. "Come, now, this is something practical and sensible," said matter-of-fact non-Repealers and half-hearted nationalists. "Why, it is craven surrender and sheer dishonor!" cried the irreconcilable section of the '48 men. A band of thirty or forty members of Parliament were returned at the instance of the Tenant League to work out the programme. They were mostly corrupt and dishonest men, who merely shouted the new shibboleth for their own purposes. Were the people thoroughly in earnest, and did they possess any really free voting power (there was no vote by ballot then), all this could be cured; but as things stood, the parliamentary band broke up in the first three months of their existence. The English Minister bought up its noisiest leaders, of whom Keogh (now a judge) and Sadleir are perhaps most widely remembered. In some cases the constituencies, priests and people, condoned their treason, duped into believing it was pot treason at all, but "a great thing to have Catholics on the bench." In other places the efforts of priests and people to oppose the re-election of the traitors were vain; free election amongst "tenants-at-will" being almost unknown without the ballot. The tenants' cause was lost. Thus ruin, in its own way as complete and disastrous as that which overtook the insurrectionary attempt of 1848, now overthrew the experiment of a great popular campaign based on constitutional and parliamentary principles. Not only was there now no movement for nationality in Ireland; there was not an Irish movement of any kind or for any Irish purpose at all, great or little. It was *Pacata Hibernia* as in the days of Carew and St. Leger.

Now came the turn for the unchanged and exasperated section the '48 war party. Few in numbers and scattered wide apart, they had hissed forth scorn and execration on Duffy's parliamentary experiment as a departure from the revolutionary faith. If he in 1849 answered to their invectives by pointing to the fiasco of the year before, they now taunted him with the collapse of 1853. Not more than two or three of the '48 men of any prominence, however, took up this actually hostile attitude. Most of them—O'Brien, Dillon, Meagher, O'Gorman, and even Martin—more or less expressly approved the recent endeavor as the best thing practicable under the circumstances in Ireland. Now, however, the men who believed in war, in total separation and nothing short of separation, would take *their* turn. The Fenian movement thus arose.

If neither of the sections or subsections of the Irish nationalists in 1848 could be said to have succeeded in rallying or representing the full force, or even a considerable proportion, of Irish patriotism, this new venture was certainly not more fortunate in that respect. Outside its ranks, obstinately refusing to believe in its policy, remained the bulk of the millions who had followed O'Connell or Smith O'Brien. Yet the Fenians worked with energy worthy of admiration—except where the movement degenerated into an intolerance that forbade any other national opinions save those of its leaders to be advanced. In truth, their influence on Irish politics was very mixed in its merits. In some places it was a rude and vaunting rowdyism that called itself Fenianism; in others an honest, manly, self-sacrificing spirit of patriotism marked the men who were its confessors and martyrs. If in their fall they drew down upon Ireland severities worse than anything known since 1798, it is only fair, on the other hand, to credit in a large degree to the sensations aroused by their trials the great awakening of public opinion on the Irish question which set in all over England at the time.

And now once more the board was clear. England had won the game; not a pawn remained untaken on the Irish side. Not an Irish association, or society, or "agitation," or demand of any kind challenged Britannia's peace of mind. Once more it was a spectacle of the lash and the triangle; state trials, informers, and prosecutors; the convict-ship and the hulk; the chain-gangs at Portland and Chatham.

"Who will show us any light?" exclaims one of the Young Ireland bards in a well-known and beautiful poem. Such might well have been the exclamation of Ireland in 1867. Was this to be the weary cycle of Irish effort, forever and forever? Was armed effort hopeless, and peaceful effort vain? Was their no alternative for Irishmen but to become "West-Britons," or else dash their brains out against a dungeon wall? Could no one devise a way whereby to give scope and vent to the Irish passion for national existence, to give a field to Irish devotion and patriotism, which would be consonant with the spirit of manhood, without calling for these hecatombs of victims?

Suddenly a new element of consideration presented itself; new, indeed, and rather startling.

It was Irish Protestantism offering the hand of reconciliation to Ireland.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* There were certain other issues, chiefly as to alleged profligacy of financial expenditure, and as to audit and publication of accounts, &c., which need not be considered here.

† Their meetings in Dublin were constantly "mobbed" for some time.

THE EASTERN BELLIGERENTS.

THE AREA AND TOPOGRAPHY OF SERVIA—LEADING INCIDENTS OF HER HISTORY—HER MILITARY RESOURCES—STRENGTH OF THE MONTENEGRIN AND TURKISH ARMIES.

In the north of Turkey, which it enters as a wedge, is the important State of Servia. In extent it is about one-third the area of Pennsylvania, and in population it numbers less people than New York and Brooklyn. On the north of Servia is Hungary; on the west and south is Bosnia; on the east, Bulgaria and Wallachia. The people are chiefly Serbs of Slavic origin, excepting about 140,000 Wallachs, 25,000 Gypsies, and 15,000 Turks and other peoples. The surface is broken by branches of the Carpathian Mountains in the north-east, of the Balkan in the south-east and south, and of the Dinaric Alps in the west. in the centre and along the banks of the principal rivers are extensive plains. The Danube and its tributary, the Save, flow on the northern frontier and receive the drainage of the country by several streams, the most important of which are the Drina, Morava, and Timok. The principal towns are Belgrade, the capital; Kraguyevatz, Semendria, Uzhitza and Shabatz.

The original inhabitants of Servia were chiefly Thracians. Conquered by the Romans, during the early period of the Empire, Servia formed part of Illyricum, under the name of Mœsia Superior. During the great migration of nations it was overrun by the Huns, Ostrogoths, and other barbarians, and subsequently was under Byzantine rule from the middle of the sixth till early in the seventh century, when it was devastated by the Avars. The latter were driven out by the Serbs, a Slavic people who had been living north of the Carpathians, whose aid the Roman Emperor Heraclius had invoked. He allotted to them the depopulated regions, and introduced Christianity. Servia remained for centuries a vassal State of the Emperors of the East, but made strenuous efforts to attain independence. At length, in 1043, it became an independent principality, and in the fourteenth century extended its sway over the greater part of Greece and Turkey. Then ensued the wars with the Turks, ending with the disastrous battle on the plains of Kosovo (1448), which proved fatal to Servian independence. After being subject to the Turks for nearly three centuries, part of Servia was transferred to Austria at the close of her war with Turkey in 1718. The peace of Belgrade (1739), however, restored the Turkish domination, and the Serbs were again subject to great oppression. In 1805, under the lead of Czerny George, they rose against the Turks, and acquired independence. In 1813 the Turks again became masters of the country, and remained so until 1825, when Milos Obrenovitch raised the standard of revolt, and after a desultory war of 12 years' duration, compelled the Turkish Government to grant virtual independence to Servia. Milos, the liberator of Servia, remained in power until 1839, when the army forced him to abdicate in favor of his eldest son, Milan I. The latter died July 8, 1839, whereupon his brother Michael was proclaimed prince. Another revolt drove Michael from the country in 1842, and the family remained banished till 1858, when Milos Obrenovitch was recalled to the throne. He died September 26, 1860, and was succeeded by his son Michael, former ruler of Servia, who was assassinated June 10, 1868. Soon after this occurrence the Servian National Assembly elected Prince Milan, nephew of the preceding ruler. The Prince was born at Jassy, August, 1854. He was adopted by Prince Michael, who had no children, and was sent by him in 1864 to Paris to be educated. M. François Huet was appointed his tutor. The young Prince returned to Servia at the death of his uncle, and was proclaimed Prince. A council of regency governed the country during his minority. In August, 1872, the Prince attained his majority, and in October, 1875, he married Princess Natalie, daughter of Col. Keschko, a Russian officer. Last year Servia was greatly agitated by the revolt which began in July in Herzegovina. The people were strongly in sympathy with the insurgents and were willing to aid them. The Prince favored a neutral policy. The Liberals having carried the elections in the Fall, a ministry was formed of their party in October, and is still in power. After the elections the distrust between Turkey and Servia became greater. The Servians began to prepare for war, and the Turks sent an army to their frontier. This irritation gradually subsided on both sides, owing to the mediation of the European powers. Hostility, however, was revived in Servia by the failure of the Berlin Conference to effect peace, and the manly resistance which the insurgents made to the Turks. Recently the Grand Vizier demanded explanations from Servia. Prince Milan replied in a firm but conciliatory tone, showing that Turkey had provoked his people to prepare for war. The impatience of the Servians has at length forced Prince Milan into declaring war, and making common cause with the people of Herzegovina, Bosnia, and Bulgaria against the Turks.

The military resources of Servia are deemed respectable. She has now 70,000 men ready to take the field, of whom nearly half are armed with breech-loaders, and all the rest have good modern rifles. This force of infantry is supported by 12 batteries of rifled field-pieces, and many more old-fashioned guns. There are a few regular cavalry brought upon a war footing to more than 1,500 men, and there is a body of trained engineers, said to be well officered though deficient of material of war. With this force at his disposal, the Prince of Servia could send at least 25,000 good troops, better drilled than the average of the Turks, to attack the main army of the enemy at Nitsch, while he detached other bodies into Bosnia and Bulgaria to help the insurgents. There would still be men enough for garrisons at home and to form a reserve on the Servian frontier.

Montenegro, which has joined in the war for Bosnian freedom, is a small State in European Turkey, near the Adriatic, bordering on the Turkish Provinces of Herzegovina, Bosnia, Albania, and the Dalmatian Circle of Cattaro. The area of Montenegro is 1,700 square miles. The population numbers 130,000, and is chiefly Sclavic. Montenegro was formerly part of the great Servian Empire, which extended from the Adriatic to the Black Sea. The Montenegrins have been for centuries on bad terms with the Turks, who have made repeated efforts to bring them under subjection. In 1862 Omer Pasha invaded Montenegro with an army of 30,000. This force was too great for the Montenegrins, who soon submitted by treaty to the nominal sovereignty of Turkey. Prince Nicholas I., the ruler of Montenegro, was born in 1841, and was proclaimed Prince of Montenegro, August 14, 1860. His military forces consist of 20,000 men of from 20 to 50 years, who are capable of bearing arms. These form the national army, there being no regularly paid forces, except the 100 men who form the Prince's body guard.

Turkey has nominally a large army, but her forces are widely distributed and badly organized. In 1874 she had 36 regiments of infantry, 24 of calvalry, six of field artillery, four of artillery in fortresses, two of engineers, and 10 regiments on detached service in Candia, Tripoli, and Tunis. These regiments on a peace footing muster in all 148,680 men; in war time their strength may be raised to 170,376. The reserve is estimated at 148,680; the auxiliaries at 75,000 and the irregulars at 87,000. These forces number in all 459,360 men. Owing to the financial difficulties of Turkey, she finds it impracticable to turn this large army to account. She has not been able to place more then 25,000 soldiers in the field in Herzegovina, although nearly a year has elapsed since the rebellion in the province began. The Turkish fleet is formidable, but is likely to be of little account in the present war. It consists of about 20 iron-clads and 70 steamers. The iron-clads comprise 7 frigates, 8 covettes, and 5 gunboats, while the steam fleet is made up of 5 ships of the line, 5 frigates, 15 corvettes and 55 despatch and gunboats. The navy is manned by 30,000 sailors and 4,000 marine troops.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE JESUIT'S MICROSCOPE.

WHY SOME IGNORANT GERMAN PEASANTS REFUSED CHRISTIAN BURIAL TO A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

We find in the *Southern Cross*, an interesting paper published by the Irish Catholics of the Argentine Republic, South America, the following instructive story which contains an excellent moral:

A curious fact is related of what happened not long since at the death of a German Jesuit. The Jesuit, whose name was Tanner, a man both pious and learned, was going from Prague to Innspruck, in hopes that his native air would re-establish his health. Unable, however, to bear the fatigue of the journey, he died in a village on the road. The magistrate of the place immediately repaired to the house, and in taking an inventory of his luggage found a little box, the extraordinary structure of which made it appear mysterious and suspicious, for it was black and composed of wood and glass.

But how great was the surprise and horror of the first who looked through the glass at the top. He drew back with fright, exclaiming: "I renounce thee, Satan!" The same effect was produced upon all who were hardy enough to look through the glass. The fact was, they saw in the box a living animal, black, enormous and frightful, of immense length, and armed with threatening horns. The terror was universal, and no one appeared to know what to think of so terrible a monster; when a young gentleman, who had just finished his course of philosophy, observed that the animal which was in the box was much larger than the box itself; that in the present instance the contained was larger than the container, which was contrary to every principle of philosophy, and could not be according to the order of nature; whence he concluded that the animal in the box was not material, but that it must be a spirit in the form of an animal.

This observation was received with universal applause, and every one was persuaded it was the devil himself who was in the box. Of the person who had carried the box with him it was said, with the same evidence that he could not have had it but for some evil end, and that he could have been nothing but a sorcerer.

The report of this circumstance spread far and wide, and immense crowds of people came to the house for the purpose of having a peep into the box, and each one said to all he met: "I have seen the devil to-day!"

The judge condemned the deceased to be deprived of Christian burial, and left an order for the priest to perform the exorcisms of the Church for the purpose of expelling the devil from the box and driving him out of the country. The sentence of the judge extended no further, but the politicians of the village carried their reflections to a prodigious length. The witchcraft of Father Tanner, according to them, was common to all the confraternity, and therefore they thought it right and just that a sweeping sentence of banishment should include them all.

Whilst each one was busy in giving this wonder, or rather scandal, his own interpretation, and the minds of all were in inexpressible agitation and ferment, a Prussian philosopher happened to pass through the village. The inhabitants did not fail to entertain him with the news of the day; but when he heard them mention the Jesuitical conjuror, and the devil confined in a box, he laughed heartily at both the news and the newsmongers.—Being, however, visited by the principal inhabitants, and earnestly pressed to come and see with his own eyes the wonderful thing he would not believe on their relation, he yielded to their wishes; and on the magic box being shown him, wondering, he exclaimed: "is it possible that the inventor of the microscope should not be heard of in this part of the country? This is a microscope—a microscope, I tell you."

But nobody knew what he meant. The term was as little understood as the thing itself. Some even began to suspect him also of being a sorcerer, and would have condemned him as such had he not quickly destroyed the charm and dissipated the illusion. Taking the box, he removed the cover in which the lens was enclosed, and turning the box upside-down out came a little horn beetle and crawled upon the table. The philosopher then explained this optic mystery in a manner suited to their comprehension. New admiration now succeeded their fears, and the animal appeared as laughable an object on the table as it had been frightful in the box. All suspicion was now banished, the good name of the Father was restored and each one returned laughing to his home.

Busy people, however, were found who published this adventure, mentioning the box and the sentence of the judge, but forgetting to say anything about either the philosopher or the microscope.

This story, however ridiculous it appears, furnishes us with a very important instruction for the correction principally of four faults.

First. Our readiness to pronounce on what we are ignorant of.

Second. Our haste in judging of others. We view other people's faults through a microscope, which enlarges objects surprisingly. This microscope is our heart, and this lens is our malignity. What are all the crimes, those frightful monsters, we discover in others? Nothing but a horn-beetle in the microscope. Take away the lens, and there will remain at most something deserving our compassion and indulgence.

Third. Our readiness in believing the evil reported of others. Rest assured they who speak ill of their neighbor, only report what they have seen in the microscope. If they relate what others have said, then it is one microscope on another, and the further a report is spread the more it is distorted and augmented.

Fourth. Our itching to report the evil we know of our neighbor. Never be so base as to speak of the monster in the box without mentioning the microscope; or if you do not choose to speak of the latter be silent to the former, and leave it for what it is, a horn-beetle in the microscope. Remember that "charity covereth a multitude of sins."

Carpets are bought by the yard and worn by the foot.