

The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO... FOREIGN NEWS

ROME

Rome, March 3.—One of the most striking features of Catholic Rome is the variety of ways in which it develops its influence and attractiveness.

Pope Pius X. in physical appearance and in mental attitude to his surroundings from his predecessor, Leo XIII.

A considerable number of persons connected with the Government of Italy, in a more or less close degree, recognizing this disposition in the Holy Father, and feeling that they, like Machetti in the play, "had most need of blessing," have sought audience and have been received by the Pontiff.

Public rumor blowing about the new departure, has given it forth that it is not only the subordinates but also some of the principals, most benefited by the spoliation that desire to see the despoiled—that is to say, the Pontiff—face to face.

Queen Margaret, whose deep faith is known, has not concealed from those who surround her the strong desire she feels to see Pius X., this Pope who is as little political as it is possible to be, and who is visibly striving to be above all else, if not solely, the Spiritual Head of the Catholic Church.

"The august lady having expressed this desire, the Vatican was immediately informed of it. Does this mean that steps were taken in an official manner? Certainly not. But everyone knows that official steps were perfectly useless in such a case, at the beginning at least, and that they are advantageously replaced by 'exchanges of views' officially between persons qualified to do this."

"In the course, then, of these 'exchanges of views,' Pius X. made known that personally he would have the greatest happiness in receiving the visit of her Majesty the Queen Mother. Nevertheless, he could do it only in such a way as would require that Queen Margaret should consent to go to the Vatican in a carriage which would not have on it the arms of the Court of Italy."

"This condition was evidently inacceptable, to enumerate reasons which render it such would be superfluous. Everyone may readily guess them, and it is quite easily understood that since the condition has been laid down, the 'exchanges of views' have immediately come to an end."

"But is it not sufficient for us to know that they have taken place, and that, in principle, Pius X. was not opposed to this interview, to conclude from it that there is really something changed?"

Such is the story told by the "Italie." At the beginning the story comes from a "good source"; at the end the matter is regarded as a certainty. The probability of the Queen Dowager, who has ceased to reign, desiring to see the Pope is quite natural. Some years ago she is reported to have said that if she could heal the breach between the Quirinal and the Vatican, she would go on her knees over the rough, long distance that separates these two Palaces.

receive Holy Communion from his hands. Among those thus favored were Mr. and Mrs. Burke, of Eglington road, Dublin; later in the day they were received in special audience by His Holiness. On the same day the Pontiff gave audience in the Loggia of Raphael to the pupils of the Catholic Night Schools, who were accompanied by their respective directors.

The pilgrimages which will continue more or less during the whole year, have already begun. One has just left Rome on its way to Assisi, and two others have just arrived, one being from Belgium, and the other from France.

The Pope had just passed an important brief addressed to the Very Rev. Dom. Pothier, O.S.B., of Solesmes, Abbot of St. Wandrille, who had returned from France, now at Vionche in Belgium. Dom. Pothier is the principal restorer of the Gregorian melodies to the traditional form and in 1883 he received another brief from the late Pontiff Leo XIII.

The Holy Father has recently sent to the Seminary of Venice, as a gift to its library, three cases of books, amongst which are the works of the Blessed Albertus Magnus, in 38 volumes, the works of St. Ambrose, and the recent very celebrated work of Monsignor Joseph Wilpert on the paintings in the Roman Catacombs, an account of which has already appeared in these columns. All these works are richly and beautifully bound.

The preliminary preparations for the Marian Exhibition, which will be held in Rome towards the end of this year promise full and notable results. Very many Bishops have appointed persons capable of selecting, in the respective dioceses and forwarding to Rome, those objects associated with the veneration given to the Blessed Virgin, and which are remarkable historically and artistically.

At the Church of St. Isidore, which with the adjoining convent belongs to the Irish Franciscans, the Lenten sermons are preached by the Most Rev. Father David Fleming, O.F.M. For some years past no such excellent preacher as Father Fleming has been heard in the English tongue in Rome.

On Thursday week, 17th March, the Feast of St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, will be held in the Church of St. Isidore. Pontifical High Mass will be celebrated at 10 o'clock, and after the Gospel the sermon will be preached by Father Fleming.

A note in the "Voce della Verita" of Sunday last relates that at the College of the Irish Franciscans of St. Isidore, the painter Guiseppe Giovanetti is engaged in restoring the figures of the Franciscans which adorned the walls of the cloister. The works in fresco are executed by the young artist with a special preparation of colors discovered by himself.

One of the curious effects of the law against the Orders is the gradual ruin of the fish trade in France. M. Combes has ruined, by his edicts, people in various industries who depended on religious houses for support, and he has now dealt a bad blow at another trade. The fish-mongers in the Paris markets complain that they are selling less fish in Lent and other periods than ever before.

Monsignor de Bonfils, Bishop of Le Mans, is of a different opinion. In his Lenten Pastoral he says plainly that the religious have been treated as criminals, that they have been obliged to fly the country or to die of destitution at home. And Mgr. de Bonfils adds that the priest, that is to say the secular priest, is now hampered in his ministry, watched, spied upon, subjected to spiteful and petty tormenting, just like the others.

Not a little indignation has been caused by the edict of M. Combes, sending the Dijon students who refused to receive any sacerdotal orders from the hands of Mgr. Le Nordez, straight into the army there to serve as private soldier, and not as hospital attendants. It appears that the great statesman now ruling France initiated in this matter no less a person than the first Napoleon.

When that conqueror ruled a large portion of Europe, some Belgian Ghent and Malines officers, in their opposition, so he ordered them to be incorporated in regiments serving in unhealthy garrison towns in Holland and Germany. Some of the students who were too weak for the camps were sent to prison. Mgr. Le Nordez, who has caused so much agitation, was born in the North of France in 1841. He studied at the Ecole des Carmes in Paris, was ordained in 1868, was for some years a professor, and in Cardinal Guibert's time was nominated a chaplain of St. Genevieve. In 1896 he became titular Bishop of St. Hilaire d'Arca and Suffragan of Verdun. Mgr. Le Nordez disagreed with Mgr. Pagis, Bishop of Verdun, and was subsequently sent to the See of Dijon.

IRELAND

IRISH LESSONS ON ST. PATRICK'S FEAST

In a letter to his clergy on the Feast of St. Patrick, Cardinal Logue says: "We deeply feel the exclusion of Irish Catholics from every position worth striving for, partly through hatred of their faith and through a denial of those educational facilities which would open up to them a career in their own country. Men at the present day are fond of speculating on the fearful emigration drain which is drying up the very sources of life in the country. In this exclusion from employment and the poverty which it entails, together with the unproductive taxation which is exhausting the resources of the people, they must seek the real origin of the evil, not in the fanciful causes to which it is usually attributed. Every reasonable effort has been made to remove at least the educational disabilities, but hitherto without success. Even though human means have, so far, failed us, and reliance on men's promises has proved delusive, we must still continue the struggle, relying on the supernatural aid for which we may hope through the advocacy of St. Patrick."

Another reason why we should throw ourselves on the special protection of the Saint is to be found in the spiritual dangers which threaten us. This is an age in which the spirit of materialism seeks to exclude the influence of religion. This spirit shows itself especially in the ever growing tendency to divorce the instruction of youth from all spiritual influence and religious control. The success of this movement can have but one ending, the destruction of all supernatural faith and the removal of the only real sanction of the moral law. Where the advocates of these principles find it possible they do not hesitate to push them to their ultimate conclusions. They are not deterred even by the ruin in which their pernicious action must necessarily involve even civil society itself. Such is the sting of the hatred they bear to religion that, in order to gratify it, they seem prepared even to involve the material interests of their country in the common wreck. Thank God this spirit has not yet found open expression among us, though there are criticisms and rumors of future movements which do not leave us free from anxiety regarding our schools. Hence the need of extreme vigilance and promptness in meeting every move which has a suspicious tendency, and in exposing any insidious object which future changes may conceal.

Another 'future' which seems to be growing in favor with a certain class is to ascribe the misery of our people to the faith which they profess and the virtues which it inculcates. We are told that our young people, being deprived of relaxation and amusement at home, fly to the mines and workshops, in the slums of American cities, in the grinding drudgery of American domestic service. We are told that we draw the bonds of morality just a little too tight, hence the decrease in our population. No doubt if these bonds were cast loose it might tend to an increase of the population in the workshops, throwing the burden of supporting an additional number of deserted children. Then we are accused of destroying writers, and whose high position should have admonished him to weigh his words, has seriously taken up these theories—as I infer from a letter in yesterday's papers he has—it is time to look about for an antidote against the poison. We could find no better antidote than to call up before our minds the majestic figure of St. Patrick, to renew our allegiance to the faith which he has preached, and to strengthen ourselves in virtues which he has inculcated by his example. That faith is the most precious inheritance which has come down to us through the ages; those virtues constitute the chief glory of our race. In early days the faith, sanctity, and learning of our countrymen shed a radiance over the

greater part of Europe. In later times they dignified and sanctified the sufferings of our forefathers. We are not, therefore, likely to abandon an inheritance which has been so jealously cherished and maintained by so many sacrifices in the obedience to the fanciful theories of modern economists.

We should also seek the aid of St. Patrick in combatting an evil which has long been the chief blot on the fair fame of our country, the evil of drink. I have lately said so much about that vice that there is no need to dwell on it at present. I merely refer to it for the purpose of reminding the clergy and people that, as for the past two years, wherever a Novena is held in preparation for the Feast of St. Patrick, the chief intention should be to obtain of Almighty God, through the intercession of our Patron Saint, the eradication of this vice from our midst.

There is another very special reason why the coming Feast should fill our hearts with joy and gratitude. In a few months hence we hope to consecrate to God, under the invocation of St. Patrick, the most beautiful temple which has ever been raised in Ireland to the honor of our National Apostle. It was met that it should arise in this old Primatial city wherein St. Patrick established the chief seat of his authority, and from which, as from a centre, Irish faith and piety spread abroad into so many lands. It is over half a century since the first stone was laid by Dr. Crolly. He and his successors labored perseveringly, in the face of many trials and difficulties, till the church stood forth on the glorious site, said to have been marked out for it by St. Patrick himself, in all the chaste beauty of its graceful outlines and harmonious proportions. Nothing was wanting externally to make it fit to be the Cathedral church of St. Patrick's See; but the interior still fell short of the majesty of the exterior. Feeling that the task of completing the church was bequeathed, as a sacred trust, to me and the clergy and people of the present generation, I ventured, over three years ago, to appeal for funds to carry out this work. The response to that appeal from the children of St. Patrick, at home and abroad, was generous beyond our most sanguine hopes. Since then the work has been in progress. Every thing which the best professional advice, artistic skill, and the choicest materials could do to make it a perfect work of reasonable economy would permit. Now, thank God, it is fast approaching completion; and I feel confident the result will justify the highest expectations of all, who are interested in its success.

WHO WAS "JEROME."

A Canadian Iron Mask.

While spending the summer of 1901 in Nova Scotia, says a correspondent of the New York Sun, the writer heard of the strange case of "Jerome," and became sufficiently interested in it to attempt to sift the truth from the myths which have grown up around it. As the events occurred only forty years ago and as the principal figure in them is still alive, this would seem to be an easy task; but as the chief actor will not tell what he knows and as the memory of the "oldest inhabitant" is uncertain, it proved to be more difficult than one would think.

The writer has every reason to believe the following facts substantially true: Annapolis Basin, in Nova Scotia, is situated on the Bay of Fundy by a long low chain of hills known locally as North Mountain. The outer slope of the mountain is uninhabited. On the inner side, beginning near where Digby Gut cuts the mountain and extending nearly to historic Annapolis, which lies at the extreme easterly end of the basin, is the sparsely settled, straggling fishing village of Granville. Beyond, across the basin, five miles away, lies Digby.

On an August afternoon in 1862 two men, residents of Digby, crossed in a small boat to Granville, and climbed to a point on North Mountain, where they had an unobstructed view of the great Bay of Fundy. Their attention was at once attracted to two small schooners beating up the bay, apparently bearing each other company, and behaving, the observers thought, suspiciously, considering the course the vessels were steering, and the strong ebb tide then flowing.

Presently the schooners changed their course, and struck in toward a point directly beneath the unseen watchers. When within a few yards of the shore a small boat was lowered, and headed for the beach. As it approached, it was lost to view behind a heavy growth of timber; but the two spectators had seen enough to satisfy them it was a search for water, and, for the moment, their interest waned.

Then, again, the boat came in sight, this time headed for the schooners, and with it a revival of interest; for the watchers knew the occupants could not have been in quest of water, too little time had elapsed for that to be possible.

Now there came, faintly to their ears, up from the beach below, human cries that told of intense mental or physical suffering. It was the work of but a few minutes for them to reach the beach; and there they found, close to the water's edge, a man, in a half lying, half sitting posture, arms outstretched toward the schooners, and wildly calling to them in a strange tongue. Near him were a few ship's biscuit and a small jug of water, and a young man, not more than 22 or 23. His features were delicate, his clothes of fine texture, and the condition of his hands showed him to be unused to manual labor. And both legs were gone, close to the trunk. The condition of the stumps, when examined, indicated that the amputation was recent.

When questioned, he answered volubly and excitedly, pointing sometimes to his wounds, sometimes to the disappearing schooners, now almost hidden below the horizon, but his words were meaningless to his rescuers. The word he used most frequently sounded like Jerome. Hence he was called "Jerome," and by that name he is known to-day.

He was at once taken across the bay to Digby, and cared for, temporarily, in the family of one of the men who found him. Later he became a county charge. Annapolis Basin has always been a favorite harbor for ships of all nations, while loading with Nova Scotia lumber, and in the course of a year the flag of nearly every maritime nation may be seen floating there. Consequently, interpreters were easily procurable, and were at once called upon to try to solve the mystery, but all failed utterly; for within twenty-four hours after "Jerome" was taken to Digby, he refused absolutely to utter one word, or to pay attention to any question addressed to him, and to this silence he has held, with one exception. In 1874 an itinerant organ grinder, who seemed a man of unusual intelligence for one of his calling, came to Digby. Upon hearing of "Jerome," he expressed a wish to see him; he said that he was familiar with many Italian dialects, and might be able to draw him out.

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He was taken to him, and they were overheard talking together; but what he learned he never told. When questioned, the organ grinder admitted "Jerome" had talked to him, but he refused to disclose what had been told him, saying he was going to Boston, but would return, and would be able to tell them far more than he then knew.

The vessel on which he sailed never reached port, and the only man who might have lifted at least one little corner of the veil was among the lost. There was no real reason why Digby county should assume the cost of "Jerome's" support. Therefore, in 1870, a special bill was passed by the Dominion Parliament, making an appropriation for his maintenance.

Since that time he has lived, as a guest of the Government, with a French family near St. Mary's Bay, which is about ten miles south of the spot where he was found; and it was here that he was seen by the writer, just forty years to the month after he was deserted on the desolate Nova Scotian coast.

As we drove up to the door of a neat little French farmhouse that August afternoon, before we had a chance to state our mission, we were greeted with the words in broken English: "Ah! I suppose you come to see 'Jerome.' All right, you'll find him back of the barn, in the sun. He's always in the sun in summer; but if you come in winter, you'll find him behind the stove in the kitchen. He likes where it's warm."

In reply to our many questions this French housewife told us much of "Jerome." How he had lived in that house with her and her parents before her, for over thirty years. How her father had taught her, as a child, to be kind to "Jerome" and of the pity she had always felt for him. She said she could remember, years ago, when she was little, that sometimes he would smile at her, and that at those times his face was very sweet. How in all those years he had broken his silence but once, and how he had grown, year by year, more morose, until he spoke no more to those about him than if they had not existed, unless they spoke of him; then he would shuffle away, using his hands in lieu of feet.

"Yes, he understands both English and French, and knows when he is spoken of in either language," she said.

As we started for the back of the house the woman called after: "Don't speak to him; if you do he will try to get away, and it hurts him so to move."

So we crept softly towards the barn, peered around a corner, and saw Jerome. What we saw was barely recognizable as a man. He lay upon his back, his arms folded across his breast, his overcoat, green with age, buttoned tight to the throat and drawn up about his face, until it nearly met the soft, old cloth cap pulled well down over his ears and eyes.

The only part of his face not hidden by his clothing was effectually concealed by a long, scraggly gray, almost white, beard. He was breathing heavily, and evidently asleep. No proof was necessary that he was "Jerome," for where his legs should have been there was nothing. We were looking at little more than half a man.

We strolled away as quietly as we approached, said farewell to our hostess, and started on our long drive to Digby. There was little talking on that drive home; what we had seen had not made us cheerful. The facts narrated above are of so extraordinary a character, and the treatment of "Jerome" by his shipmates so contradictory in nature, that the writer has found it impossible to hit upon any hypothesis which will satisfactorily fit the case in all its phases.

"Jerome" is, without doubt, an Italian of the middle or upper class, and as he only knew his native tongue at the time he was found, it is probable he had only recently come from his home, but presumably not in either one of the schooners seen that August day in 1862 in the Bay of Fundy. The schooner rix is distinctly American, used chiefly on coasting craft; and as these particular schooners are described as of not over ten tons burden it is extremely unlikely that they came from any European seaport.

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countable feature of this strange case is "Jerome's" own conduct. At first sorrow-stricken by his desolation and willing, but unable, to tell his story, as soon as he became calm, he showed an absolute refusal to tell anything. Every expedient has been resorted to, every inducement offered, to make him talk, but all efforts have failed, with the one exception, told above. He has kept his secret well, and evidently means to take it with him to his grave. No man in "Jerome's" position could have better care than he has had, and fortunate it has been for him that he was cast ashore in the midst of a people with hearts. The writer cannot solve the mystery; perhaps some reader may think it is possible, and, if any one should care to try, "Jerome" may be found on the eastern shore of St. Mary's Bay, behind the kitchen stove in winter and where the sun is warmest and brightest in summer.