

A QUAIN T CEREMONY.

An interesting Sight at the Reception of Pilgrims by the Holy Father.

The Eternal City Sixty Years Ago and Now.

ROME, ITALY.

So little was the strength of the Holy Father affected by the continuous exertions of what we may call the week of Consistories, that on December 6 he admitted to audience as many as five bands of pilgrims after having said Mass in the most solemn and ceremonious fashion in their presence. The ceremony in question was certainly one of the most varied in its elements and interesting in its spectacular effects of those that have been held in the Apostolic Palace of late years. It may be noted en passant that the spectacular is not kept in view at the Vatican. In this case the simplest possible ceremonies and arrangements were followed, yet it so chanced that in the one hall were gathered Tyrolese in the showy national costumes, Neapolitans, Lucchese, etc. The audience was made up of deputations. The Tyrolese had come to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the establishment of their National League of the Sacred Heart, to display its historic banner to the Pope, and to obtain his blessings for banners old and new, for the tattered ensign which Hofer had borne in battle against the revolutionary hordes, and for the newer standards around which their forces will be gathered in the coming war against Freemasonry. But the banners were beautiful; their national costume many-colored and pleasing to see; their enthusiasm amazing. Then Perugia had a deputation present to thank Leo XIII for having given the red hat to its illustrious son, Francesco Cardinal Satoli. Lucca had a deputation to thank him for the promotion of its fellow-citizen, Cardinal Pierotti. Gradoli had a deputation to offer thanks for the promotion of its fellow-citizen, Cardinal Ferrata; and Naples had a deputation which had come to Rome for a double purpose, to thank Heaven for the preservation of its Archbishop, Cardinal Santeleo di Acquavella, and to thank the Pope for the elevation to the purple of Mgr. Prisco. Cardinals Prisco, Pierotti, and Ferrata were present besides the "Noble Court" of His Holiness. The Ducal Hall was filled and the sight of it as a temporary chapel filled with the pious crowds of enthusiastic pilgrims was magnificent. The fervor of the pilgrims increased when after his Mass and assisting at second Mass, the Holy Father began to receive the pilgrims in his customary paternal manner. Most inspiring of all was the sight of the devout Tyrolese singing national hymns while the reception went on. As each detachment went up to the throne its place was taken by others who maintained the chant. Both music and words were the composition of two of the pilgrims. The mountaineers and other pilgrims gave the Pope a most hearty acclamation on his leaving the chapel at the conclusion of the ceremony.

A Roman Liberal paper, *Il Popolo Romano*, is responsible for the statement that a convention or agreement has been arrived at and signed between the Minister of Public Instruction and the Prince Don Maffeo Sciarra. While it is a matter of rejoicing for the public good that some agreement has been arrived at by means of which they will be enabled to enjoy the benefit of seeing even half of so valuable a collection, the announcement that the agreement has been arrived at with regard to only half of the pictures is a matter of real concern. There never was anything so tiresome as the controversy about this gallery of Prince Sciarra. It has less of proportion about it than the Christ of Magheritone of Arezzo, or the Moses of Prospero di Breccia, and it is as wearisome as an entire town painted by the Zuccheri. The prince succeeded to the wealthy and beautiful collection of his ancestors. It is now denied that Boniface VIII was buffeted at Anagni, but if he was the blow of William de Nogaret was given in the presence of a Sciarra who was his colleague. The head of the house used to be excommunicated every Easter Day until Pius IX set aside the usage. It would seem as if the Papal traditions had lingered in the family. The House of Sciarra is and has been always the most powerful of all the houses of the papal nobility. It went in for

building up the Liberal cause by journalism and in every possible way. The Tribune—who has not heard of it? Is the creation of the Felarras. But it was a costly treat. The finances became crippled, and in course of time the heirlooms of the family were reported to have been sold for untold sums to Jews. It was asserted, denied, asseverated, and denied again that they were part of a fiducium. A fiducium was a Papal obligation by which a Pope gave to a certain Roman family the custodianship of artistic treasures for the benefit of all, and on the condition that the public should always have access to them. The controversy has been going on for years, now it is before the public again. Whatever arrangement is made must be an amicable one, since the law courts have already uttered judgment, but even an amicable settlement may not set the question at rest.

Rome is as quiet as it could possibly be. The presence here of both the Chambers, of society, and of the Church dignitaries, would hardly seem possible to a visitor on the look-out for spectacles. Up to a certain point this is very well. Though Rome may not be "gay," it may be pleasant, and though but slightly so, it may be agreeable as a place to live in. It is not uncomplimentary to the center of the ecclesiastical world to say that it is and should be a quiet city, for quietude is the prime condition of work. But Rome is more than quiet. If it had not its monuments it would be dull. Of course the beau monde never estimated it as anything better. In the thirties, after the Restoration, Pope Pius had given a new life to the city, it became in certain months of the year a social centre—a cosmopolitan one, of course. Stendhal was a living witness to it, and he has written about it with consummate vivacity; there was not a piece of gossip which he did not know. Silvagni and Mazziere Brady have written about it posthumously, and those who want to know what a Roman entertainment was in those days should look at the bills of the *Lancia*, a magazine which the Irish antiquarian unearthed. The luxurious dinners were costlier than the tea which you are now given at midnight, and where with you destroy your sleep for one night and your nerves forever. Mr. Marion Crawford gives here and there in his novels not untrue pictures of the Roman life of a few years ago, and of what it was before 1870. But there are broader inductions than that champagne was preferable to tea and the hall rooms of the Torlonia Grand and Colonna Palaces to divisions of flats in the Jerry-built tenement houses of today. One is this, that the Papal Government was at pains to uphold the ancient traditions, to set the picturesque in relief, to augment the joys of life. Its successor is a Revolutionary Government, and a bourgeois one at that, and the Revolution has succeeded everywhere in the elimination of joyousness from the life of every class of society.

PATRICK RYAN.

Archbishop Langevin, of St. Boniface, Manitoba, has given a signal proof of his great devotion to the Catholic schools. He has sent the precious gold watch and chain which the Catholics of Winnipeg presented to him on the day of his consecration, to Montreal, where it is to be raffled off, the proceeds to be used in the erection of independent Catholic schools which the Archbishop intends to establish with the help of magnanimous priests and laymen.

The French Government has agreed to buy for two million francs the Catholic College of St. Barbe, Paris, which was founded in 1460. The vendors will rent a portion of the premises in order to continue the lower school.

The Catholic Sun contends that there are other teachers than Catholic Sisters employed in the New York public schools whose dress suggests "sectarianism."

Pa Got His Revenge.
Kind Old Gentleman (to small boy crying on the steps)—What is the matter, little boy?
Small boy—I—p—pa—pa is putting down a c—c—arpet.
"And does that unpleasant task of your father's make you so sorry, then?" "N—n—no p—pa—pa hit his thumb."
"Ah! Sympathy for your father's pain. Is that what makes you weep?" "N—no: I l—l—laughed!"

"Can't tell anything about the case yet," said the lawyer; "the jury is hung."
"Jerusalem!" exclaimed the prisoner, "that does beat all! But I knowed my friends 'ud lynch 'em if they got a chance as 'em."—Atlanta Constitution.

IRELAND'S BEAUTY.

Edmund D. Whelan Writes of the "Vale of Avoca" and Other Lovely Spots in Ireland.

An Honest and a Dishonest Cromwell.

VALE OF AVOCA, IRELAND.

Having seen the world-famed Vale of Avoca I felt impressed that it is one of the loveliest spots in all this wide world, and, having traveled in four of the five continents, I can modestly claim that I do not speak from imagination. This, the place from which I write, is justly called the "Garden of Ireland," and if one seems enthusiastic it will hardly be wondered at when he finds himself in the midst of such fairy scenes and beauties beyond number. It was anticipated. But how many hundreds of beauty spots, unexplored and undiscovered by the outside world, have I not come across and essayed to describe since I began to travel in Ireland? Ever varying beauties at every turn, no two places alike. From Killarney lakes and mountains to lovely Booter's Lough, Erina with its hundreds of islands, the enchanting Lough Gill, and magnificent scenery about Sligo, and scores of other places not less charming. Ah, you crowds of Americans, I can see you thronging the decks of the big liners and passing Erin every summer to see lands not half so favored by nature, and to come in contact with peoples not half so warm-hearted as are the Irish. All I can say is that you turn your backs on beauties, and let a treat slip by which you should not miss. I think it was Carlyle who described Ireland as a country of bogs and beggars. Then Thackeray, who was an elaborate sneerer at everything Irish, came along. Yet he used nearly all the superlatives of the English language in describing the beauties of Wicklow and other places in Ireland. Many other prejudiced English writers have said hard things of dear old Ireland—the "Emerald Gem of the Ocean." This land of the greenest fields, loveliest valleys, romantic lakes and mountains and beautiful rivers. This land is above all noted, now as well as it was more than a thousand years ago (when King Alfred described Ireland in his famous poem), for the kindness, hospitality, religion and morality of its people. One might say in the words of the poet: "You'll find no land like Ireland, in this wide world over." And if this fair land has lain "under a cloud" so long, what are we to think of it? May not Providence have His own wise end in view? It seems as if Truth and Beauty were only veiled for a while, that these twin sisters might reappear all the more resplendent and lovely in this Beautiful Isle of the West!

Of all the rare treats in store for the visitor aro this fair-land of beauty, perhaps the rarest is a visit to Glenart Castle and a walk through the picturesque demesne of Lord Carysfort hard by Wooden-Bridge. Glenart is justly said to be one of the most beautiful places of its sort in the country, and if there was nothing else of note hereabouts it would be well worth coming to see. You enter the demesne by a pretty gate lodge, having the owner's coat of arms carved on it, and I was politely requested by the gate people to sign my name in the visitors' book, in which I saw the names of many persons hailing from America. The scene around the gate lodge is singularly romantic and beautiful. It is just at the point where the Aughrim joins the Avoca river or, as it is called, the "First Meeting of the Waters." Here you have in a nutshell all the elements of a perfect landscape—wood, water, hill, glen and shady dell. I was scarcely inside the gate when I saw tumbling fountains, leaping from rock to rock, through woods, shrub and moss-covered banks, in full sweep for the "Meeting of the Waters." Pursuing a zig-zag avenue, with a considerable up grade, you penetrate deeper and deeper amidst sylvan beauties, and as you ascend you have a more commanding view of the triangular valley and a scene of rare loveliness. Still the leaping torrents greet one at every turn as he presses up that crooked avenue. Higher still—higher still—until you are tempted to stop almost at every step to gaze on a picture, the like of which, like noble characters, you don't see every day. The avenue has been cut and shaped along the rocky hillside, which is at the same time densely wooded, fern and heath-clad. To the credit of Lord Carysfort I heard he

planned this avenue himself and handed it on paper to his engineer, which is more than some of those landlords drawing big incomes from Ireland have ever done. At length the climax is reached when, on gaining the highest point, a magnificent panorama breaks on one's view that must bring joy to the heart of every lover of the beautiful in nature who is fortunate enough to behold it. The most striking feature in the picture is of course the lovely "Vale of Avoca," at the head of which is Arklow, with the sea breaking into white foam at its feet. The picturesque demesne is dotted with workmen's gardeners' and ploughmen's cottages, comprising altogether, as may be supposed, a sort of happy family in the midst of this home of beauty. On the green heights are seen innumerable sheep, while away in the background appears the big, dark heads of the Wicklow Mountains. Then you begin to descend to the other side of Arklow gate lodge, which is some three miles from the one I entered at Wooden Bridge. Altogether there are, it is said, twenty-one miles of drives through this "Vale of Beauty," and there is no season of the year, perhaps at which it might look more beautiful than when I beheld it on account of the richness of color produced by the varied autumn tints. As you approach the mansion glimpses of the "Vale of Avoca" are caught that might not be matched by Killarney itself, while across the north side of the river you get a good view of another magnificent demesne and mansion. This is called Shelton Akeley, the residence of the Countess of Wicklow. The mansion is in the Abbey-Gothic style and is a beautiful specimen of its kind. Here James II. spent a night, on his memorable flight to Waterford after the battle of the Boyne. Arklow is only a mile and a half distant from those beautiful seats of Shelton Akeley and Glenart. A great battle was fought at Arklow in 1278 between the insurgents and the King's troops, in which victory was claimed by both sides. There are a number of other pretty though less noted residences around here. It would take a pamphlet to describe the garden attached to Glenart Castle, which I won't attempt. In brief it is a beautiful garden, replete with flowers, plants, fountains, greenhouses and nookeries, and its situation adds to its beauty being on a slope in rear of the mansion which, like the surroundings, is a very handsome edifice. This palatial home is embowered in the midst of all the arts of the landscape gardener. I was shown through the grounds by a civil young Englishman, who is assistant gardener. Lord Carysfort has another estate in England where he lives part of his time. The Glenart or Irish estate, which includes the town of Arklow, is very extensive, netting thousands of a rent roll. But, remarkable enough, Lord Carysfort is childless and, therefore, has no heir for all his wealth, while in many cabins amidst the beautiful Wicklow Mountains might be seen dozens of bare-footed, ragged children. Strange world this of ours! Does it not seem unequally divided? Yes, the very next day I met a poor fisherman's wife at Arklow trying to sell a few green apples while she was weeping and begging of me for a few coppers, saying she had seven little children staring at home. The poor creature looked to be no impostor. From inquiries I made it appeared she was a genuine case for sympathy as some of the fishermen had an unusually bad season, hence they were in distress. Is there a country under the sun where wealth and poverty do not exist? If there is it has yet to be discovered. Under some of the paternal governments of Europe such as France and Belgium poverty, perhaps, is not so visible as in dear Ireland. For in these countries the land is divided up into small farms with a system of peasant proprietary. But, seemingly, the very fact of the few possessing all the wealth (the land) is what leaves the many poor in Erin. Did not Cromwell at one stroke of the pen make numbers rich, while he made beggars of thousands? While I do not propose to go any deeper into the land (land question) here than to paint its beauties as far as pen and ink may do it, yet it is safe to say in passing that there will never be much prosperity and contentment in Ireland as a purely agricultural country until every man owns the spot of land he tills or, as they say in America, he "boss of his own vine and fig-tree." And if this desired object is not achieved by the present generation it is more than likely it will be by the next.

EDMUND D. WHELAN.

Some time ago, says the San Francisco Monitor, we chronicled the fact that the Mayor of New York had appealed to the churches to allow their Sunday-school rooms to be used during the week for the accommodation of the children of the public schools. We remark that the preachers are making a good thing out of it. The other day the Board of Education authorized the payment of the following sums for the use of the property of several Protestant churches to the Baptist church, West 53rd street, \$200 for one room, to the First Presbyterian church at 174th street, \$250 a year for two years to the Protestant Episcopal church of St. Mary, \$2,500 for two years. Now comes the rub. In that very same session Father Taylor of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament offered the use of his Sunday-school rooms to the pupils of the public schools and he refused to take a cent of rent for them. Yet every impecunious rascal whose denomination is fleeing the school board of New York can shout, "Rome is the enemy of the public schools."

Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Conaty, who was recently appointed rector of the Catholic University at Washington, was given a testimonial banquet at the Bay State House, Worcester, Mass. There were present 250 citizens of Worcester, representing all classes in the community and including many men prominent in the business and professional life of the city. Mayor A. B. R. Sprague presided, and after dinner speeches were made by G. Stanley Hall, president of the Clarke University; Rev. John F. Leahy, rector of the College of the Holy Cross; Rev. Daniel Merriman, pastor of the Central Congregational Church; Mgr. Thomas Griffin, pastor of St. John's Catholic Church; United States Senator Hoar, and Dr. Conaty.

Assuredly Mary would deem herself but little honored if we were to content ourselves with coming day after day before her altars, merely to protest that we love and admire her. Our protestations will be pleasing to her only in proportion to our sincere determination and efforts to form ourselves after her model. It is essential that she sees us apply ourselves to acquire her virtues, and regulate our actions with such exactitude as to make our lives, as much as possible, a copy of hers.—Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.

Taking the parochial and public schools of Rochester as a basis, a writer in the Rochester Cathedral Calendar recently shows from actual figures that it would cost the different States of the Union \$30,927,754.12 yearly to educate the 946,101 children who receive their education in our American parochial schools. If the cost of buildings, repairs and the like expenses, are added, they raise the amount to the enormous sum of \$27,997,766.17.

Sir William Lawrence Young, Bart., of North Dean Bucks, England, was recently received into the Catholic Church by the Rev. Father Leslie, S. J.—Catholic Gazette.

The School Sisters of Notre Dame will this year celebrate the golden jubilee of their establishment in this country.

Milwaukee has just adopted the Berlin system of measuring criminals.

well during his memorable excursion to Arklow which, if it is of no other interest, has a moral in it anyhow. When Cromwell arrived before the town he heard of one Cromwell Kearney, a decent Irishman, who lived there comfortably enough up to that time. The Puritan general summoned his namesake before him and, addressing him, said: "Cromwell Kearney, you are the first man of my name I have met in Ireland, and I am delighted to have come across even a namesake in a country where all seem to hate me. As a mark of joy I will now bestow on you all the land as far as you can see around you from this hill." "No, thank your honor," replied the magnanimous Cromwell Kearney; "I never coveted anyone's share—all I want is my own, and I am satisfied with that." Cromwell, rather disappointed at this candid declaration, indignantly exclaimed: "Kearney! a beggar I found you a beggar I leave you!" The prize was then granted to another, who had no claim of conscience in taking what belonged to someone else, and which honest Kearney rejected. And so one Pruby, an officer in Cromwell's army, became there and then the owner of all the country about Arklow, who was, of course, the ancestor of the present Lord Carysfort.

EDMUND D. WHELAN.

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A number of medals for civil valor or courage were recently awarded in Rome in the presence of General Irujo, commandant of the military division of Rome, and other dignitaries. The recipients, about seventy, came from various provinces. There were only four or five silver medals, and one of them was awarded to a nun attached to the hospital of Spinazzola, who confronted an infirmarian who attempted to assassinate a companion of hers, and succeeded in getting him arrested.

Archbishop Fabre of Montreal, whose death occurred December 30, was the third bishop of the former diocese of Montreal, first archbishop of the present archdiocese, and metropolitan of the ecclesiastical province, including the dioceses of Montreal, St. Hyacinthe, Sherbrooke and Valleyfield. Archbishop Fabre was born in Montreal on February 23, 1827. At the age of nine years he entered the College of St. Hyacinthe, an institution noted for its learned professors and distinguished graduates. In 1843 he was sent to Paris, where he spent eighteen months, and on Sept. 7, 1844, he assumed the casket at Chateaux, entering the Sulpician Seminary at Issy. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1850, and in May, 1876, became Bishop of Montreal, taking possession of the seat September 19, on the retirement of Mgr. Bourget. He was made Archbishop in 1886.

CATHOLIC NEWS NOTES

Happenings Throughout the World of Especial Interest to Catholics.

Progress of the Church at Home and Abroad.

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