

a poor community, and we have many claims on our purse for religious purposes. Yet we are not so poor but we might support a good journal to represent us in the Parliament of the press. The honor and credit not only of the Catholic Church, but of every individual Catholic citizen in the colony, are in some measure identified with the TABLET. Catholic members of Parliament do not devote themselves to the advancement of interests exclusively Catholic when they take part in the discussion and conduct of public affairs, and I should like much to see the TABLET one day advance to the position of a daily paper of a character resembling Sir John Grey's Dublin FREEMAN'S JOURNAL. That is not a Catholic newspaper in the sectarian sense of the term. Yet it does full justice to the Catholic people of Ireland, and to all their legitimate interests, and never wounds their religious feelings. We Catholics should be equally tender to the interests and religious feelings of our Protestant fellow subjects in all our controversies and acts, for we must ever bear in mind that to the sense of justice and generous feelings of our Protestant friends in and out of the Legislature, the Catholic people of the United Kingdom mainly owe all their recent glorious triumphs over their powerful and bigotted enemies during the past 80 years. It will be the same here, and Catholics may "fraternise" with just men of all parties in many ways without violating any religious principle. Still, we must be careful never to sacrifice principle in attempting to become "all things to all men." There are Catholics, we all know, who, for the sake of popularity and power, and for other reasons best known to themselves and God, are not faithful to their church, but the reverse. With such men a newspaper under Catholic direction could have no sympathy, and could advise no one to trust them. The Catholic who defrauds God and His church of their admitted due in any way, can never be trustworthy in any relation of life, public or private. He would be likely to defraud and deceive any one when he thought he could do so without detection and with impunity, however fair an exterior his conduct may exhibit to the world. If an honest man be the noblest work of God, a dishonest man must be the meanest of His creatures, whether the dishonesty be practised in defrauding God or men of what is admitted to be due to them. Let our Protestant friends understand us that they may know who is who. The ship that sails under false colors is a dangerous craft. Of all dishonest men alive, a dishonest Catholic must be the worst, and the least to be trusted either in his own community or outside of it. From the peculiar nature of the Catholic religion and its practices, the character of a Catholic for honesty towards God is, and must be pretty well known publicly by those of his own community. We cannot read each others hearts it is true, but the fair and natural inference is that the Catholic who often frequents the sacraments of his church is honest towards God and man; while he who seldom or never frequents them is anything but honest and pure in heart. For my part, I would rather trust any Pagan or Protestant than a Catholic who habitually sets the authority of his church at defiance.

Catholics are a "peculiar people" and a marked community. The public have a special eye upon us, and are ever ready to mark our failings or inconsistencies, and triumph over them, and exaggerate or misrepresent them. We have special need, therefore, of a representative in the Parliament of the press here. Our representatives in the other Parliament are few, and possess but small influence in the Assembly of which they form a part—even when faithful. But a newspaper fairly devoted to Catholic as well as other interests, addresses a larger circle and may possess greater weight, provided it perform its duty with spirit and prudence. Not only are Catholics in the British Empire now emancipated from penal laws, but Protestants are emancipated from anti-Catholic prejudices, in which they have so long been held bound. In neither case is the emancipation yet complete; but both these two kinds of emancipation are proceeding *pari passu*. They are advancing abreast of each other, and as the Catholic subjects of the Queen are becoming yearly more free, so Protestants are yearly becoming less prejudiced against us. The "schoolmaster" who, some half a century ago was sent abroad by Lord Brougham and others, has, no doubt had a good deal to do with this state of things so hopeful to the Catholic Church. After all, your contemporaries in Dunedin and the "Bruce Herald" may see from this that the Catholic Church has not so much reason to fear the Protestant schoolmaster, at least, when his power of evil is counteracted or held in check by Catholic influences. Constant dropping wears away the stone, and it will require the perpetual daily efforts of the press to wear down those prejudices of the Protestant public against Catholics which three centuries of misrepresentation and abuse have done so much to create and strengthen.

January, 1874.

### NAPIER.

A VERY painful accident occurred yesterday, 27th January, about 4 p.m., to Bro. Athanasius, who has been for many years attached to this mission station. When carting a tank to Mr. Rearden's school in the Shakespeare Road, the horse bolted down the hill, and the brother in his endeavors to stop it became entangled in the reins for a considerable distance, and finally got jammed between the horse and the shaft, where both he and the horse fell. One of the wheels lodged on the brother's breast, and it required the united efforts of Mr. Rearden and the two men employed at the convent to extricate him from his perilous position. Ultimately he was conveyed in an insensible state to Father Forest's, where in a few minutes Dr. Spenser dressed his wounds, which are of the most serious nature. In fact, he is a mass of contusions and bruises, and it is feared that if they do not terminate fatally, it will at the very least be many weeks before he will be in a position to resume his duties.

J. A. R.

The Irish National Educational Commissioners have by nine votes been refused to reinstate the Rev. R. O'Keefe as manager of the Callan schools.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF ROME.

NO. VI.

TO-DAY we can start from the Piazza di Spagna where we rested in our last attempt to reach St. Peter's. Our way now lies through the Via Condotti, and a very pleasant way it is, as this street contains the principal shops for cameos, mosaics, bronzes, Roman pearls, scarfs, &c. In many of the windows of the Palais Royale, in Paris, there are placards declaring that the public have an *entree libre*, which announcement is true to the extent that you may enter without paying anything (a boon which is not so rare as to need special advertising), but once in, you find that the *sortie* is far from being *libre*, and that you are expected to provide yourself with a *passé-ports* in the shape of a bracelet, fan, or other article of bijouterie. Roman tradespeople, on the contrary, seem better pleased if you only admire their pretty things and do not purchase; they never, by any chance, enquire "What else can I tempt you with to-day, Signora." But if they do not care to sell, we are very eager to buy, and have always calculated among our travelling expenses, a little sum to be expended on presents in Rome. We feel as if we who are fortunate enough to see the Coliseum by moonlight, and the picture of Beatrice Cenci in the Boiberini Palace, ought, at least, to bring our less lucky friends a cameo Coliseum, and a Mosaic Beatrice, and do we not remember a dear little girl who would be made very happy by a string of pretty pearls? and would not that bronze crucifix be the exact thing to take to our pious collegian? If the reserved sum is not all spent by this time we must certainly have a rosary beads for our nun, and a bright scarf for our spoiled coquette. But though the polite shopkeepers wish to show us everything they have got, we must not be tempted to stay too late, for we are to lunch at Spillman's, the famous pastry cook's whose ices are of a more attractive pink and white than the rarest of coral and pearl, and whose golden orvieto sparkles in its flash with a brightness which rivals the dull dead gold of the jeweller's treasures. The Via Condotti leads us to the Via della Fontenella, in which stands the splendid palace of the Borghese, rich in pictures of Raphael, Michel Angelo, Domenichino, Andrea del Sarto, and many other great masters; but whose most precious possession is the memory of the beautiful Gwendaline Talbot, who was married to Prince Borghese, and whose charity and sweetness made her foreign name as beloved by the Romans as that of their own St. Agnes. There is a legend told of her in Rome, whether it is true I cannot say, but it is very characteristic of her goodness to the poor. Some months after her death a woman whose children were almost starving went to pray close to the tomb of the Princess, in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore. For some time she prayed very fervently, and begged of God to send her help or else she and her children must die. When she rose from her knees she saw standing beside her a lovely lady, who offered her a ring, saying: "My friend I know that you are in great distress, and I have no money to give you; here, however, is a ring which you can sell, that your children may have bread." The poor woman was full of gratitude for this instant answer to her prayer, and hurried away to sell the ring. It happened that the jeweller to whom she took it recognised it as one he had made for the Princess Borghese, and as it was of great value he was not satisfied with the story the woman told him, but insisted on taking her to the Prince, who would know if what she said was true. On seeing the ring Prince Borghese was greatly enraged. "Wretch," said he, "you have robbed the dead! I, with my own hand, put that ring on the finger of my wife as she lay in her coffin." The poor woman protested with many tears that she had robbed no one, neither, she felt sure, had the lady who gave her the ring, for she looked like an angel from heaven. The Prince went to the church, had the tomb examined, and saw that it had not been meddled with; he then had it opened, and the body of the Princess was found looking just like as if she had fallen asleep, but there was no gem on her finger. As the Prince still felt quite certain that the ring had been buried with her, he believed that God had really allowed the pious Gwendaline (who, during her life, had always chosen to relieve the wants of the poor rather than to wear precious stones) to return from the grave and give in charity the precious stone with which her husband had adorned her dead hand. A pension was granted to the good woman, who now knew she had received alms from a saint, and many supplicants prayed at the tomb of the holy Princess, who, although she had no more rings to bestow, could intercede with God for the poor whom she loved so well.

Passing the Palazzo Borghese we go on through one or two streets until we reach the bridge of St. Angelo, which is one of the ancient bridges of Rome (Pons Aelius). If we have not looked on Father Tiber before, we shall now discover that he is a very muddy old stream that the yellow waters which sound so well in poetry, are, in reality, very uninviting. The angels with which the bridge is ornamented, are, of course, Christian additions, and the fortress of St. Angelo to which it leads, was the Mausoleum of Hadrian, centuries before it was dedicated to St. Michael. Once over the bridge we are in the Leonine city, and a few steps will bring us to St. Peter's. On our last visit we hardly saw the sepulchral monuments, which are all well worth examining. But perhaps the most interesting one to us is the tomb of the Stuarts, who are here called James the third, Charles the third, and Henry the ninth of England. Many of the great pictures from various galleries are reproduced in St. Peter's in mosaic, which does not lose its colours by age, and will last and show the world masterpieces of great painters, when the originals from which they have been copied shall have entirely faded away.

One of the never to be forgotten wonders of St. Peter's is the singing of the Pope's choir. It is almost entirely composed of the fresh joyous voices of hundreds of young boys chosen from the various public institutions and schools for their musical talent. These glorious strains rising up to heaven from the tombs of pontiffs and kings long passed away, are like angel hymns breathing hope and peace and charity. "Hosanna in the highest! Glory be to God on high and on earth peace to men of good will."

S.G.D.