

San Francisco Mail News

(From our Exchanges.)

The Beatification of Pio Nono is a work which will attract the interest of all Catholics everywhere. That the illustrious Pontiff will eventually be inscribed in the catalogue of the saints, we have no human doubt, and recalling a collection of testimonies to the holiness and glory of his life, which we made some time since from the episcopal letters announcing to the faithful in various parts of the world the sad news of his death, we are satisfied that if the general assent of the faithful and the bishops of the Church were sufficient for canonisation Pio Nono might now be named among the saints. But the Church in this grave matter proceeds according to strict rules and she needs to have the judgment of her children strengthened by manifestations of the will of heaven. Miracles are already attributed by human report to the intercession of Pius IX., and doubtless many others will come to light in time. That the Church may be able to proceed as speedily, if not more speedily, in this cause than in that of St. Alphonus, will, we are sure be the wish of all Catholics.

The singularly studious and abstemious habits of the new Pope are already known to the world: His pastoral, which we published last week, is an evidence of the fruit of his labours, and it leads us to expect, in the forthcoming Encyclical, a masterpiece. He is a hard worker, and many a young man might imitate his energy and activity with profit. He rises at daybreak and says Mass as soon as ready, he then works with intense diligence until noon, shortly after which he takes the only meal of the day. Spartan simplicity must yield in future proverbs to Papal simplicity; for if Pius IX. were simple in his habits and food, Leo XIII. is not less so. The Pope retires at 10 o'clock p.m. In his youth he was devoted to poetry, and we have seen some Latin verses attributed to him. He is said to have known Dante's poems by heart.

The last visitor admitted to an audience with Pius IX. was Rev. Father Raisbonne, who is now travelling through Europe to collect alms to carry on the good works he has established in the Holy Land. Pius IX. always manifested the deepest interest in the enterprises of this zealous priest.

The fifteen Swiss Guards, dismissed by the Pope for mutiny, have returned to their native canton of Vaud, while five young men from the Canton of Schwytz have left for Rome to become Halberdiers at the Vatican.

Leo XIII. has given orders to have the large quantities of tapestry which now lie hid in drawers and cupboards in the Vatican rummaged out, and hung in chronological order along the galleries, where they can be seen. There will be many interesting pieces among them, including a quantity of Gobelins, as the French Court for a long time made a present of a piece every year to the reigning Pontiff; pieces of the Flemish schools of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and several of those designed by Raphael, which were saved in the sack of Rome. It would be a good thing if the Italian Government or Court were to follow the Pope's example; for hidden away in cellars and back rooms of the Pitti Palace, at Florence, there are known to be piles of old damasks and brocades falling to pieces for want of looking after and bringing to the light; they cannot be sold—though many artists and others would gladly buy them—without superior orders, and it is said that the only purpose they serve is to be torn up when dusters are required and nothing else is handy.

The number of persons who ask and obtain the favour of visiting the new Pope is as great as ever. Both Italian and foreign gentlemen and ladies flock to the Vatican every day. All speak very highly of the Pope's charity, kindness, and refined manners. He has a kind word for every person in the crowd.

Cardinal Berardi, whose death is announced from Rome, commenced his career as a barrister. He was not of high birth, and when in middle life he entered the church. Gifted with remarkable talents for business, he occupied various important posts, and as Cardinal and Minister of Public Works rendered many and valuable services to the Pontifical Government. It was under his administration that the first Roman railway was constructed.

"A painful and harmful rivalry prevails between the evangelical sects in Italy." So writes the Rev. Gideon Draper in *Zion's Herald*. What is the mission of the evangelical sects in Catholic Italy, we should like to know? They are intruders where they are not wanted, with no other ostensible object than the transformation of good Catholics into bad Protestants, and no other real object than the spending of the money derived from their dupes at home—the good people who believe that Papists are idolaters and that the Pope is anti-Christ. Naturally, they quarrel among themselves—"for 'tis their nature to."

Naples and Florence are said to be bankrupt.

The Emperor of Austria has placed Miramar at the disposal of Pope Leo XIII. during the summer heats. It is a castellated villa, about three miles from Trieste, and is built on the extreme verge of a cliff, rising sheer to a considerable height above the sea. The London *Echo* describes it as having the decided advantage in picturesque beauty over the old papal retreat at Castel-Gandolfo. From the top of the square turret the eye takes in the whole panorama of the Gulf of Trieste. In the background rise the curious peaks of the Dolomite Chain, and on the right the imposing masses of the Friuli Alps, while at their base dotting the coast line as it travels away to the misty Lagoons of Venice in the far horizon, are numerous towns and hamlets that have played their parts in bygone days. The most celebrated is Aquileia, the seat of numerous ecclesiastical councils; the scene of Cœur de Leon's shipwreck on his return from Palestine; and whose fugitive citizens, after Attila's desolating visitation, founded Venice. Bright and peaceful as the villa looks under its Italian sky and in its flower-perfumed atmosphere, sad memories haunt its hearths and gables. The rooms are full of associations and mementoes of the once happy couple that tenanted them before they forsook their Eden with the vain hope of reviving the empire of the Montezumas. As the mind of the visitor wanders away to the past, the scent of the

citron seems to change to a sulphurous whiff of that tragic valley at Queretaro, and the cry of the sea birds to the wailings of that poor, lonely, mad, and widowed princess in her seclusion at Lacken. Miramar, with its sad traditions, will scarcely form a cheerful summer retreat for a contemplative Pope, but Leo XIII. is said to have taken the Emperor's offer into consideration.

When Mrs. Grant was presented to the Pope, she asked him to bless for her a silver cross which her husband had given her when they celebrated their silver wedding at Long Branch, in August, 1873. She said on account of it being her husband's gift on the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage, she felt it to be particularly sacred, and desired the Pope to bless it for her, which he did. So it has come to this at last! The mental agony that "Chaplain" Newman and "Bishop" Simpson must have experienced on receiving this shocking information must have been intense. Here are two most unpleasant revelations. It was bad enough that President Grant—the man whom the Methodists had looked upon as their own, and whom they had wished to parade before the country as a champion of pure Protestant principles—it was bad enough to find that he had given to his wife as a wedding souvenir a cross; the very emblem of Popery! But to learn also that she has carried this idolatrous and superstitious article to Rome, had taken it to the "Man of Sin," and had besought him "to bless it" for her—this, indeed is terrible!

THE Scotch novelist, W. S. Black, in a recent novel, intimates that Chicago, and every other American city, for that matter, "is crowded with persons who, by a vicious and false public school system, get some smattering of music, drawing, and other fanciful and fashionable but practically useless arts, and who are utterly incapable of earning an honest living, because they are as ignorant as South African Hottentots of practical arts and sciences." And this the great American Common School System!

The Wareham (Mass.) *News* says:—"Only one marriage in Carver, which has a population over 1000 thus far this year." And we would venture to add that this one marriage will result in a genteel family of just one child—which is the orthodox New England fashion. So the "native" population flourisheth.—*Pilot*,

Now that a woman has received a bullet in the brain by it, perhaps the William Tell business on the stage will be stopped. In Pawtucket, R. I., during a public exhibition, one young woman undertook to shoot an apple off another young woman's head, as she had done at several previous performances, and shot her through the head instead. In New York a man has just died from injuries sustained in wrestling with a bear. People who encourage such reckless exhibitions by attending them are not free from blame for any fatal consequences that may follow. But the law should see to it that no more lives are imperilled in this sensational and fool-hardy manner.

The Fall River millionaires were so exact in their knowledge of accounts and prices, when the wages of their hands were to be cut down, that we are surprised they didn't discover that one of their own number had stolen half a million of dollars from the treasuries of several of their establishments. And now comes another and greater defalcation, in which the Treasurer of another Fall River mill is suddenly discovered to be a swindler to the extent of 1,100,000 dol. in one mill, and an indefinite amount in another. Close accounts the directors have kept, evidently—when the wages were to be cut down.

The boys of New York are furnished every week with as vile and degrading a supply of "flash" and corrupting literature as unscrupulous men can buy and publish, or greedy news-vendors spread broadcast throughout the city. There are published in the City of New York every week not less than ten newspapers whose titles denote that they are intended exclusively for boys and young men, and as many monthly magazines, all filled with such matter as no boy, nor no young man, can read without filling his mind with preposterous bosh; trash fatal to the storing up of anything useful or true; stories in which the outcast, the desperado, and the criminal always figure in glowing colours, and the decent person is overthrown and thoroughly vanquished. Until a short time ago, these newspapers confined themselves to the telling of improbable stories of successful burglaries, millionaire highwaymen, and tales well calculated to turn the respectable working boy into a midnight prowler and Bowery rough. But recently they have gone a step further, and lecherous and impure stories, in which fallen women figure prominently, ornament their columns. It is a safe proposition that not one of these newspapers is fit to go into the hands of any boy or young man in this city. And it is not to be supposed that they would make the enormous sales by which they now grow fat were the parents of these budding boys aware of the character of the reading that employs their sons' leisure hours. These papers circulate largely among schoolboys and boys employed in workshops and factories. Where three boys are seen riding in a street-car, two of them are poring over this abominable trash. At the times of day when the working-people are going to or returning from their work the sidewalks are full of them. All through the down-town streets, in Park Row, Broadway, Chatham-street, Third Avenue, the streets of the East Side, Sixth and Eighth Avenues, and even in some of the principal hotels, the news-stands are plastered over with this pernicious literature—a sure sign that it sells quickly and profitably. . . . Any philanthropic person who is interested in knowing the result of such reading, may find it, unwashed and ragged, in the boys' prison in the Tombs.—*N. Y. Times*.

BROOKLYN to the front again! A Congregational preacher there, with the picturesque name of Wild, has just made the amazing discovery that St. Patrick and the Prophet Jeremiah were one and the same person. Mr. Wild has figured it all out, and is quite certain as to conclusions. Equally certain is this gifted man that the north of Ireland was originally colonized by a tribe of wandering Hebrews—to come down to bottom facts, the tribe of Dan. "To these people," says the Brooklyn authority, "the Prophet Jeremiah came when he fled with an Israelitish maiden of the tribe of David. Her he gave in marriage to the king of the people in the northern part of Ireland, and from the descendants of these two, through the Scottish line, had come the monarchs of Great Britain." Quite interesting, certainly. But the Rev. Mr. Wild makes known another remarkable fact. He tells how the prophet came to get the name of St. Patrick. When he reached Ireland he was called the Sainted Patriarch. Any one can see at half a glance how easy it was to knock the "ed" off "Sainted,"