

THE PRESS OF ITALY.

LATELY the 'Voce della Verità' invited the Catholic journals of Italy to unite in a common protest against the insults and calumnies that are daily offered by the vile revolutionary papers of Italy against the Catholic Church and its august head, the Vicar of God on earth. The protest was to take the form of an address to the Holy Father, to be signed by the responsible editors of the Italian Catholic press. The response which this appeal of the 'Voce' has called forth has brought out the fact that not only every important city in Italy, but many a town of lesser note, possesses its Catholic newspaper. In about ten days, from the 26th of June to the 5th of July, the 'Voce' published the names of sixty-one local newspapers that had sent in their adhesion to the address above mentioned.

THE LIBERAL WAVE.

(New York 'Tablet'.)

THE liberal wave is rising; it is spreading fast and far; as fast and as far as falsehood, bearing with it the same fatal miasma wherever it goes. It has over-flooded Europe, and, seeking new worlds to conquer, comes to us. We have notified our readers of its arrival here, even in this city, in a disguised form, in the shape of judges, anti-Catholic unions, charitable commissioners, and others. With one or two of these last-named gentlemen we have occasion to deal again. But the latest feat of Liberalism dates from Brazil generally, and Pernambuco particularly.

In Brazil, as in most of the South American States, the Freemasons form a very powerful and extensive body. The Premier in the Senate is a "Grand Master" in the order. This secret order, finding itself so powerful, with the Government of the country in its hands, aims at carrying whatever measures it pleases; measures, of course, which are necessarily opposed to the Catholic religion. Brazil is a Catholic country, and very naturally objects to be ordered about at the behest of a knot of infidels, however powerful they may be. In Pernambuco recently, the Freemasons were denounced by the Bishop, and members of the society pronounced excommunicated. One would imagine that a genuine Freemason would glory in being excommunicated; for on joining the society he places himself *ipso facto* without the pale of the Church. Strange to say, the Masons found themselves aggrieved at being denounced by the Church which they had voluntarily quitted. These are the men who are the advocates of largely liberal measures, liberal education, liberal thought, liberal government, liberal everything; the brethren of Mazzini, Garibaldi, Orsini, Falk, Reinkens, *et hoc genus*. Mark the action of these liberal gentlemen the moment they find themselves crossed. Well might it be said, scratch a liberal and you find a despot. The 'Herald' correspondent tells the story:

"On the 14th instant a public meeting was held to express sympathy with Dr Ignatio Farias, Dean of Olinda, on his having been suspended by the Bishop. At the conclusion of the meeting the crowd, which was composed chiefly of the upper classes, separated into two divisions, one making for the Jesuit College, which they entered and proceeded to demolish. Books were torn up, windows, tables, chairs, &c., smashed, and some of the priests got more or less roughly handled by the would-be rioters. At the time there were about fifty boys in the college under the teaching of eleven Jesuits, and directly they saw the work of devastation going on, each boy made straight for home.

"The second division of Freemasons went for the office of the Bishop's paper, called the 'Uniao,' and made a bonfire in the street of everything they could lay their hands upon, completely destroying the printing machine.

"Not the slightest hindrance was attempted either on the part of the civil or military powers, although the Jesuit College is only some fifty yards distant from the barracks of the Ninth Regiment.

"Gratified with the result of their raid on the college, the people next turned their attention to the Right Reverend Bishop; but on arriving at his residence found that the President had placed there a guard of soldiers.

"The crowd, not caring to encounter the military, promptly and wisely dispersed."

Such is Liberalism: first cousin to Communism. On the 16th inst., another meeting was convened to petition the President of the province to mark a time for the expulsion of the Jesuits from the city. By this time the authorities seemed to have arrived at the very evident conclusion that the petitioners were nothing more nor less than a parcel of rioters. About thirty cavalry soldiers dashed in among the crowd, which had refused to disperse; and these valiant gentlemen, who showed themselves so brave in assaulting harmless priests and their pupils, in tearing books and smashing furniture, took to their heels at once like the cravens that they must have been. As the correspondent says, "the casualties were reported as something fearful." But the next day it was discovered that a man had received a bump against a lamp-post which refused to quit. Nevertheless, "the Liberal party have come forward and made a solemn protest against the 'brutal act of the Government!'"

What an august body the "Liberal party" in Pernambuco must be! What a fair-minded body! But there; the whole affair speaks for itself. The Liberal party shows itself composed of a set of ridiculous cowards. We only wish to make one remark. If matters go on much longer at their present rate in Prussia, Italy, Switzerland, certain districts of France and South America, where those in power legalise any sort of violence provided it be directed against priests and religious, it will soon be time for Catholics in pure self-defence, to take the law into their own hands. In view of such contingencies continually arising, when our property and lives are never safe for a moment, because we choose to believe in Jesus Christ and His Church, it might be as well for religious houses to take up the study of fortification, physical as well as spiritual, so as to be prepared to stand siege when necessary. In a contest between men and wild beasts three courses only be open: to place yourself in such a position as to prevent the wild beast from doing you harm, to kill the beast, or to be

killed by the beast. At present we advocate the first course in dealing with the Liberals.

A. T. STEWART'S WEALTH.

THE precise amount is beyond his own calculation, and it is probable that he could not get within a million of it. No one can tell the precise value of a piece of real estate until it be sold, and hence an owner cannot easily attach an estimate which shall match the market. He owns two churches in this city, one of which has been transformed into a theatre, and the other is the stable for the horses connected with his establishment, his private stables being up town. He owns the Depeau row in Bleeker street, and some other property in that vicinity, and also a few buildings in Elm street, near his chief warehouse. His Broadway property consists of one church (to which I have referred), two warehouses and the Metropolitan hotel. His largest warehouse, which has no equal in the world in space and elegance, and which covers nearly three acres, is built entirely on leased land, the fee belonging to the Sailor's Snug Harbor. This plot would readily bring at auction three millions, and its rent, at the low rates of long leases, is a little under 50,000 dollars a year. All the properties thus named are worth six millions, and to these is to be added the Saratoga hotel, the Hempstead lands, and the farm at Tuckahoe, and the place in Fifth avenue. The girls' lodging house, which is worth a million, being a charity is not to be reckoned. Mr Stewart's stock of goods in this city, Boston, Philadelphia, and Europe, may be estimated at eight millions, and his personal estate, such as bank stock and similar securities, may be a million more. If you take round numbers, and place the available estate at twenty millions, you make a liberal estimate of real value, and this is enough for any man.—'New York Letter.'

SACRILEGES IN ROME.

THE news from Rome just now relates almost exclusively to sacrileges either accomplished or projected by the Government of Victor Emanuel. We quote from the Roman correspondence in the 'Crusader':—"Cantucci, the Bolognese poet (a very sorry one), has just been allowed to publish and expose for sale in Rome his monstrous 'Canto al Satana,' or hymn to the devil, which was the prize poem of the Bolognese University in 1872, and which is nothing more than an apotheosis of Lucifer as personifying the revolt against God. A translated extract appeared in the Roman correspondence of the 'Tablet' at the time, to which I refer your readers; and the poet had such a success as the expression of the ideas of the sect, that its reprint had been called for by the Masonic Lodges. It is merely one of the countless other works in the same sense, and its superior ability has given it greater circulation."

NATIVE LAND.

BY J. ROXIE O'REILLY.

It chanced to me upon a time to sail
Across the Southern ocean, to and fro;
And landing at far isles, by stream and vale
Of sensuous blessing did we oftimes go.
And months of dreamy joys, like joys in sleep,
Or like a clear, calm stream o'er mossy stone,
Unnoted passed our hearts with voiceless sweep,
And left us yearning still for lands unknown.

And when we found one, for 'tis soon to find
In thousand-isled Cathay another isle,
For one short noon its pleasures filled the mind,
And then again we yearned and ceased to smile.
And so it was from isle to isle we passed,
Like wanton bees or boys on flowers or lips;
And when that all was tasted, then at last
We longed for draughts instead of sips.

I learned from this there is no Southern laud
Can fill with love the hearts of Northern men.
Siek minds need change; but when in health they stand
'Neath foreign skies, their love flies home again.
And so with me it was: the yearning turned
From laden airs of cinnamon away,
And stretched far westward, while the full heart burned.
With love for Ireland, looking on Cathay!

My own dear love, all dearer for thy grief!
My land that hath no peer in all the sea
For verdure, vale or river, flowers or leaf—
If first to no man else, thou'rt first to me.
New love may come with duties; but the first
Is deepest yet—the mother's breath and smiles.
Like that dear face and breast where I was nursed
Is my poor land—the Niobe of Isles.
—'The Independent.' (American Paper.)

The 'Liverpool Post' says:—The total of passengers booked for emigrant ships was in the year 1872, 185,000. In some previous years it was over 200,000, and it will probably be as high in 1873. About eleven large steamers fitted up for emigrants leave Liverpool every week.

The Honorable M. Cassidy, recently elected Mayor of Montreal, died in that city on the 16th June. He was the first Irish Catholic who was ever elevated to that position. He was a graduate of the Sulpician Seminary, a lawyer by profession, and held a prominent position at the Montreal Bar.

The Persian National Anthem has been described as an inimitable imitation of the mewling of the feline.

Mr Blanchard Jerrold is engaged, with the special sanction of the Empress, Eugenie on "The Life and Times of Napoleon the Third," the first part of which illustrated with portraits from the family collection, will appear about the end of the year.