

apex on which the whole rotten system revolved. But, verily, Her Most Gracious Majesty and the British Constitution are strangely spoken of now-a-days. A concession was also made to the prejudices of the visitors in omitting the customary grace at the supper, and that although it was the evening of the Sabbath day. What, then, is Scotland coming to? Let us hope the answer was not returned in the parting valediction of the visitors as they moved off from the terminus *en route* for Manchester. It was, once more, *Vive la Commune*.

A great conflict between poachers and watchers has taken place at Gutter Hole fishing station, near Newburgh, on the Tay. The poachers, who had been for some time under suspicion, numbering about 30, were surprised by a party of watchers, who intercepted their flight and attempted a capture. Several severe injuries were inflicted and received on both sides, and, in trying to escape to Mugdrum Island, two young men who were bad swimmers were drowned. With the exception of four who were captured, in a more or less bruised and maimed condition, all the poachers escaped. A great deal of excitement has been caused by the affray, and, as is inevitable in cases of this kind, a good deal of the popular sympathy is on the side of the offenders against the law.

The Rev. Jacob Primmer is now the minister who esteems himself to be of all others the prop of the Kirk in Scotland, especially where Popery is concerned. The Rev. Jacob, it appears, has been outraged completely by the late pilgrimage to Iona. It says something, however, for the better spirit of the times that, on his betaking himself to Oban, the very port where the pilgrims embarked and where prejudice against them should have been felt most strongly, he could hardly get an audience together, and of the few who did go to hear him one half at least left the hall at the beginning of his lecture. It is a new thing and certainly a much better thing in Scotland that strong language against Rome is not highly relished everywhere.

## Roman Notes.

THE unhallowed work of sequestration still goes on. The latest case is that of the capuchin nuns of the Quirinal, who quit their convent to make room for the horses of the Prince of Naples. His Highness's stables are to occupy the site of the building. The nuns go to die out, it is hoped, in a house appropriated to the purpose by the Roman municipality, and where several religious committees treated in a similar manner are lodged. Queen Margaret, however, has lately received the thanks of certain pious and noble ladies of Poland for her successful mediation, on their behalf, in preventing the profanation of the rooms in which their young countryman, St. Stanislaus Kostka, lived and died. But the adjoining chapel of the Blessed Virgin, made additionally interesting as the place in which the reigning Pope celebrated his first Mass, shares the common fate. Even the catacombs are not wholly inviolate. The chapel of St. Felicitas, underneath the Salarian way, has, for example, been considerably injured by the foundations of some of the new houses—hideous erections run up by speculators. Nor are the memorials of art held much more sacred by the new civilisation than those of religion. Many of them also have been disfigured or destroyed. The latest instance is that of the house of the great painter Giulio Romano, a building of the 14th century, which has been removed to make way for the base of Victor Emanuel's monument on the Capitol. But when the Piedmontese evacuate Rome, perhaps it is just as well that they should leave their marks behind them as a warning to future generations.

A brave rescue of seven Sisters of Charity by some soldiers is reported from Vinadio, near Turin. The church of St. Anne, a famous and beautiful Sanctuary in the town referred to, has been unfortunately burned down, and the nuns in an upper part of the building were in imminent danger of perishing in the flames. The soldiers hearing their cries made a gallant and successful effort, though with great danger to their own lives, to save them. A lieutenant of the company further distinguished himself by penetrating into the burning pile and bringing out the Blessed Sacrament from the tabernacle, saving also a highly venerated picture of St. Anne. The incident is a hopeful one in connection with the Italian army.

The Commendatore de Rossi is busily engaged with excavations in the cat comb of St. Priscilla, one of the most ancient existing, and believed to date from the time of the Senator Pudens, who received St. Peter when he came to Rome in the days of the Emperor Claudius. The mother of Pudens, it is said, owned the ground. The circumstances connected with the discovery in this catacomb of a large and handsome chapel are taken by De Rossi to prove that the Consul Acllius Glabrio, in the reign of Domitian, had been a Christian martyr. Suetonius speaks of the Consul as having been put to death among others by the Emperor for having prepared what he calls "novelties" against him,—which word novelties had already been interpreted as most probably meaning the Christian religion. The discovery of this chapel with the inscriptions which prove it to have belonged to the family of the Aclii is an additional link in the chain of evidence by which De Rossi has overthrown the assumption that Christianity had obtained hardly any hold on the higher ranks of the old Roman society.

Yet another great literary work is about to distinguish the reign of Pope Leo XIII. The work in question is the *Codex Diplomaticus Urbis*, which will be published in some eighteen folio volumes under the supervision of Professor Presutti, and which will be only second, in importance to the magnificent edition of the works of St. Thomas, whose fifth volume is now nearly ready. Thus the reign of Leo XIII continues prominent by its promotion of learning.

Signor Crispi is understood to have displeased Prince Bismarck by not carrying out the instructions given to him by the Chancellor as to provoking a war with France. The Chancellor, it is said, had determined so to solve the long pending European difficulty. And Crispi, moreover, appeared to him a Heaven-sent cat's-paw, for not only did he partake in all the jealousy felt generally in Italy against France of late, but his own private feelings had been incensed against her, by the manner in which, some little time ago, his matrimonial alliances had been commented on in some of the French papers. This is a point on which Crispi is very sore, and which influences his actions a good deal. It is believed, for example, that the cause of the dismissal of the Duke of Torlonia from the Roman syndicate was not, as pretended, the homage paid by the Duke to the Holy Father on his Jubilee, but the cut direct given by the Duchess to Madame Crispi the Third at the Quirinal. Madame Crispi the First was a humble peasant woman whom her husband had married at Malta, but whom he soon deserted to form a second marriage with a lady of Garibaldi's following. Of this lady also he soon tired, and on the death of Madame the First, which conveniently occurred, virtuously esteeming himself a widower, he espoused Madame Crispi the Third, Madame the Second, however, was not so easily disposed of, but somewhat noisily put in her claims, to which the triple bridegroom responded that she had no call to him, as Madame the First had been in the flesh, as indeed she probably knew, when he had married her. The plea, nevertheless, whatever it might have been in honour, held good in all other points, and Madame the Third was undoubtedly the lawful wife. The circumstances were so peculiar that they gave much cause for gossip at the time, and the French newspapers lately revived the theme, and discussed it in a manner that Crispi took in very bad part. There were several reasons, therefore, why the Italian Premier should seem to Prince Bismarck just such a cat's-paw as was needed for his purpose. To explain why the Premier failed the man of blood and iron, would require an insight into his plans and intentions that it would not be easy to obtain. It may be that on his visit to Berlin he had discerned what seemed to him tokens of a decline in Prince Bismarck's power. And Crispi is not the swallow to build his nest beneath the eaves of a tottering edifice. Some sufficient reason he, has undoubtedly seen for disregarding the Chancellor's wishes, and so far as his own interests are concerned, he certainly understands what he is about.

The *Moniteur de Rome*, which has made several suspicious utterances of late, and seemed as if it were yielding to the influence of the anti-Irish party, appears to have had its eyes opened by Mr. Mandeville's case. A few weeks ago for instance, in referring to the laying of the foundation-stone of the O'Connell memorial church, it took occasion to lament the demeanour of the Irish National party, and to recommend that they should act more after the mind and traditions of the great agitator. Now it acknowledges that the law is reasonably a dead letter in Ireland, and naturally disregarded by the people. In no other country in Europe, it says, could such treatment be given to a man in Mr. Mandeville's position. What is lawful in England, it explains, is unlawful in Ireland. A man may do in Glasgow with impunity what he will be prosecuted for doing in Dublin. It predicts that, thanks to Mr. Gladstone, the next general election must put an end to this anomalous state of things and secure the triumph of Mr. Parnell, and a revision of the Act of Union. Poor Mandeville, therefore, as we see, has not died in vain.

Times in Italy are sadly changed to the poor. The days no longer exist in which the charity of the religious houses made it impossible for anyone to know want in its last extreme. The religious houses have been closed and confiscated, and their inhabitants driven away or themselves reduced to the utmost want and suffering. A typical case is consequently the following. It is that of a man of 80 years of age, who had served in the army for 25 years, and shared in all the glories of the campaign by which his country secured its much-boasted freedom and union. It is remarkable, besides, as illustrating the treatment given to those soldiers by whose means Italy aspires to become a great military power. Such an example may well inspire heroic deeds. This old man, reduced to starvation, in spite of freedom and union, and his long years of gallant service, ventured to beg a morsel of bread in the street. He was at once arrested and sentenced to a day's imprisonment, and as the officers took him away he fainted from exhaustion in their hands, and had to be carried on a stretcher to gaol. Such scenes which are frequent mark the improvement of the period.

Another sign of the times has been the free pardon accorded by King Humbert, at the instance of Signor Crispi, to the murderer, Amleone Cipriani. Cipriani, who had formerly been the popular member of Parliament for the Romagna—that is, popular among the party that returns the members of Parliament, for whom the Catholic people do not vote—had murdered three men in Egypt, for which he was condemned, not to death, which the new penal code has abolished, but to twenty years' imprisonment. Cerberus, in the shape of the revolutionary Romagna, however, needing a sop, the pardon of Cipriani has been thrown to it, with the humble hope that it would be accepted. But the reply is not favourable. It has taken the form of a revolutionary address calling on the people to make a demonstration against the monarchy at the base of Mazzini's statue. Such is the gratitude of men—or at least of revolutionists.

Those who admire the action of Nemesis cannot fail to be interested in the new departure made by the less advanced members of the Liberal party. Seeing the fate that awaits them and the rapid growth of extreme Radicalism, those people are now calling on the Catholics of the country to exercise their right of voting in the Parliamentary elections. The *Popolo*, a prominent organ of the party, goes so far as to declare openly that public morality in Italy has perished