

GENERAL CADORNA.

The *Correspondent*, a journal published in Paris, has drawn a pleasing pen-picture of General Cadorna, who is the famous Italian military Commander-in-Chief. He comes of a soldier race. His grandfather fought against the French Revolutionary forces, and his father, General Raphael Cadorna, fought as a General commanding the Piedmontese troops, on the side of the French, during the Crimean war. Although he is sixty years of age, the present General is still of straight soldierly figure, and his black hair remains untouched by time's silver tint. His military education dates from the age of 10 years, when he was sent as pupil to the school at Milan. In 1892 he was raised to the rank of Colonel, and six years later created Major-General. He is the author of some useful military works. This distinguished soldier is a practical Catholic. Recently there was a religious celebration in a church near the Italian front. There was a magnificent sermon preached by a distinguished preacher, Father Semeria, which was followed by Mass. The celebrant of the Holy Sacrifice was served by officers in uniform, and amongst these were General Cadorna and his assistant staff officer, Major Porro. General Cadorna's daughter is a nun. On the day that hostilities broke out between Austria and Italy a deputation of the most aristocratic women of Florence visited the convent to offer their best wishes to Sister Mary Cadorna, for the success and safety of her father.

'YOUR DUTY AS CATHOLICS AND GOOD FRENCHMEN.'

A patriotic cure of a big commune in the Department of Indre is credited with the following address to his people:—

'My dearly beloved brethren, divine service will be reduced to-day to a minimum. After praying God to bless our sons, I will ask those of you who can do so to go and help the harvesters. Until the harvest is entirely gathered in I authorise, nay, I invite, you to work on Sunday. Mass will be said at 4 a.m. for the harvesters. As for those among you, both men and women, who have gold at home, it is their duty to hand it over to the State. And if, after exchanging your gold for notes, you purchase national defence bonds with the proceeds, you will have done your duty as Catholics and good Frenchmen.'

Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, has been asked by the *Gaulois* if he approves of this exhortation. His reply is categorical:

'The initiative of the cure in question is most praiseworthy, and I congratulate him on having taken it in all the simplicity of his Christian and patriotic faith. To take one's gold to the State is to accomplish a national duty. It is well that Catholics should set the example in this duty. We have done so ourselves.'

THE WAR TOLL.

A few months ago a British statistician investigated the death roll created by the war. This investigation has now been carried further by a distinguished writer in the *Matin*. It is almost impossible to realise in their physical density what these vast figures really mean. Approximately, the number of soldiers of all the belligerents who are permanently maimed is about the total population of Manchester and Liverpool together multiplied by six (says the *Universe*). In addition, the dead exceed over five millions, which is about four-fifths the population of Greater London. This is what the world has already had to pay in the lives of men for the mad ambition of a mad monarch. A mathematician with the honest idea of endeavoring to focus the reality of the figures in the eye of the reader has calculated that if the dead who have died in this war were laid side by side as closely as they could be packed allowing only eighteen inches to each body, the line would be about fourteen hundred and twenty miles in length. This is almost the exact dis-

tance from London to the sea of Marmora, or from London to Cairo, and farther.

TRYING DUTIES.

Rev. Father Gwynne, S.J., chaplain at the front with the Irish Guards, writes to a friend in Dublin as follows:—Every day comes with its own strange event for me. At 12 o'clock last night I was called—a man shot through the throat. I was with him immediately; the poor fellow was perfectly conscious, but could not speak—he spoke in signs. I heard his confession and give him Extreme Unction. . . . At breakfast a note was handed to me that a Coldstream Guardsman had been shot in the head in the Coldstream trenches. I started off at once, a Coldstream orderly with me. It was a cold, bleak, muddy morning, and when I got to the place I found the poor fellow was lying out in the open, at the back of our trenches, in a very exposed position—the Germans were not 70 yards away. I crawled out flat to him, and he was still alive, and I gave him the last Sacraments. He was absolutely unconscious, and I crawled back again. The Germans had one shot at me, but missed badly. Of course, they were afraid to take long aim, as our men were firing all the time. I was very glad to get back. I was going down the Coldstream advanced trenches afterwards when an Irish Guardsman, all perspiring and muddy, came after me, shouting that one of our men named Ryan had been shot, and wanted to see me. I went back immediately, and found the poor fellow had been shot through the lung. I heard his confession, and gave him Extreme Unction, and saw him off to hospital. When I gave him Extreme Unction it was extraordinary how cheerful he got. He was very badly wounded. I hope he'll get through. I had to go off then about a mile to bury a poor Irish Guardsman named Murrin, who had been shot dead during the day. Going a mile seems very simple to you at home, but here it means dodging bullets, a shell bursting now and again when you hear a shell coming all you have got to do is to lie flat on the ground, be it wet, muddy, or dry, and not mind your clothes, and wait until it bursts. If you get down quickly enough one escapes, unless it actually falls on top of you.

I had just finished Mass, and some hundreds of the Guards were at it. While we were at Mass a shell passed over us and burst a short distance beyond. The men did not stir, and I am sending you the brass noses of two German shells which burst quite near me.

This morning saw Ryan, the Irish Guardsman, who was shot through the lung—he had a narrow escape. He said to me: 'Ye can tell the Germans, yer reverence, that they are not done with Joe Ryan yet!'

A LETTER FROM MALTA.

Private M. O'Connor, writing under date July 14 from Malta to his relatives at Cricklewood, near Fairlie, says:—

I have been shifted from St. Andrew's Hospital to St. George's, which is about half a mile away. We are allowed leave here, but we don't lead a fast life, as our 'income' is limited to two shillings a week. Still I can go from here to Sliema in a cab, across the ferry to Valetta, come back to Sliema, have afternoon tea and a cigar, and home in a cab, for 9d. You might not believe it, but it is true. It is about 2½ miles from here to Sliema, and then you have to cross the harbor in a ferry to Valetta. The cab will cost 1s for four, so that is 3d each. The same coming back makes 6d. It costs ½d each way on the ferry—that is 7d altogether. Then there is a tea room in Sliema for the wounded, and you can get tea and cakes for 2d. Cigars, cigarettes, and chocolates are handed round free. There is a band there also. I was in there last night, and quite enjoyed myself. We were waited on by English ladies of the Red Cross Society. There are some beautiful Catholic churches in Valetta, and there always seems to be some service or other