

EXILED SISTERS OF CHARITY.

A CORRESPONDENT in Brownsville, Texas, describes as follows the passage of 22 exiled Sisters of Charity through that city to New Orleans and elsewhere:—

On February 23rd, twenty-two Sisters of Charity, expelled from Mexico, arrived here en route to New Orleans and elsewhere. Nearly all were Mexicans. The Mexican ladies of this city and Matamoros offered inducements to them to stay where they could hear the soft Castilian tongue, and the Sisters were willing. It was necessary to obtain the approbation of Bishop Mauncy, and while he personally desired to accede to the wishes of the ladies, an imperative sense of duty compelled him to reject the proposals.

On March 4th, the Sisters walked to the depot, and as they passed through the streets the Mexicans from all quarters of the city gathered to prevent their going. The ladies were in the car, their baggage on board the baggage car, the engine gave its promonitory whistle, and the Mexicans made a rush upon the train, uncoupled the cars, and declared that their dear Sisters should not leave them. The mayor was sent for, who, with a force of police, restored order, and the ladies were permitted to depart. Upon this some one in the crowd cried out that the bishop had driven them off, and a rush was made to the house of the Oblate Fathers, where Bishop Mauncy is a guest. The commotion attracted attention, and although it was attempted to persuade the bishop not to appear before the excited multitude, he determined to interview them. On his appearance, cries of "Vive Mexico! vive Mexicano!" were shouted by the crowd; but he waved his hand for silence, asking them what they desired. The multitude answered, "The Sisters; you have driven them away; bring them back." The bishop then stated calmly that these ladies arrived here on their way to New Orleans, and that they had now proceeded; that he, as bishop, had charge of this district, and must manage it in his own way; that he had neither the ability nor the power to keep the Sisters, and that if the times became propitious, and the Sisters were needed, he would in good time endeavour to procure them.

The bishop then asked the multitude: "Are you Catholics?" to which they all cried out: "We are." "Well, then," said the bishop, "if you are Catholics, hear and obey my voice as that of your legitimate pastor, and I now say to you, go home, and take with you my blessing."

The crowd then dispersed. The demonstration was that of the class known as Peladoes.

CARDINAL CULLEN AS A PATRIOT.

THE action of Cardinal Cullen with regard to the centennial has endeared him more than ever to the people. He has addressed a letter to the clergy of the diocese of Dublin, ordering a collection in all the churches for the centennial. In this letter he says:—

To O'Connell's peaceable and noble exertions, to his love of justice, accompanied with hatred of violence and revolution, we owe Catholic Emancipation, the downfall of a hateful and degrading ascendancy, and the abolition to a great extent of a cruel penal code. We cannot, therefore, but rejoice that the memory of so great a benefactor should be honoured and respected.

Hence, I have promised to do everything in my power to have his birth celebrated on the hundredth anniversary in the most becoming manner in our churches, and thanks returned to God for the blessings He has vouchsafed to confer upon the Catholic Church and upon Catholic Ireland through the agency of the Great Liberator. I am sure, reverend brethren, that you will assist me in securing the success of this work of religious gratitude.

As for the civil fetes, we may leave them in the hands of our honoured Lord Mayor and his excellent associates, fully confident that everything will be carried on with the good order, the pomp, and all the magnificence that are required to make this celebration worthy of O'Connell and of the Irish nation.

Yours faithfully,

† PAUL CARD. CULLEN.

Dublin, March 11, 1875.

GENERAL NEWS.

The following interesting items we clip from the columns of the 'Brooklyn Catholic Review':—

The recent census of the city of Genoa shows that out of a population of 129,269 inhabitants, 128,983 of their own account declared themselves to be Catholics. The small fraction of 1246½ Jews and Protestants are endeavouring to rule the day, and lately decided that the children of the Catholics should receive no religious education in the public schools. Fortunately, however, the majority obtained the victory, and thus, after a short struggle, the bill ordering the withdrawal of the catechism and prayers from the schools was rejected, and things remain as they were.

The 'Independent' says, very justly, that a religion which is content to bow before the State and submit to State enactments, whatever they may be, is utterly contemptible." We conclude that its enthusiasm for old Catholicism, and its chief pastor, Bishop Reinkens, does not glow at a white heat. That gentleman issued lately a pastoral in reply to the Pope's Encyclical to the German bishops, in which he "characterises the Ultramontane doctrine as absurd, inasmuch as it claims greater obedience on behalf of the Pope than is due to the temporal sovereign. The bishop exhorts his co-religionists diligently to observe the duties due to the emperor and the empire." The only trouble with the last piece of advice is that Dr. Reinkens knows no duties which are not due "to the emperor and the empire."

The new Archbishop of Florence, Mgr. Cecconi, has been received with much enthusiasm in Florence on his return from his consecration, which took place in Rome. He made a public entry into his archdiocese, and was received by the vast multitudes which lined the streets through

which he passed with great respect and loud cheering. This is a significant fact when one reflects that everything has been done of late to render religion and the clergy unpopular in Italy.

A very remarkable Italian noblewoman died recently at Genoa. This was the Marchioness Luigia Negrone-Durazzo. The house of Negrone, of which she was a member, is one of the most illustrious in Italian history, and her ladyship was a worthy daughter of a great race. She was born late in the last century, and married in 1809 the Marquis Durazzo. She leaves no children. Her sister, who died some years ago, was the wife of Antonio Brignole Sala, the great diplomat, and the marchioness was so clever a politician that not only did Brignole delight in her conversation, but Lord Russell, Lord Palmerston, Metternich, and Cardinal Antonelli were amongst her correspondents. She was highly educated and spoke many languages, and was unusually well informed. But, although her social qualities were of a very high order, her charity and piety far exceeded them. Out of her vast wealth she built a splendid orphan asylum, a cancer hospital, and every day provided dinners for twelve aged persons. On festivals the marchioness distributed clothes and alms to the deserving poor, and her charity was such that she was never known to refuse aid to any well authenticated case of necessity. Twice a week she visited the hospitals and prisons, and during the terrible visitation of the cholera, some years ago, the Marchioness Negrone-Durazzo, in her quiet way, did more real good than half the other well-intentioned people put together, for she was blessed with extraordinary common sense and self-possession. She was a liberal patroness of the fine arts, and endowed the cathedral of her native city with fine stained glass windows, and the new Church of the Immaculate Conception owes her two splendid chapels and altars decorated with fine pictures and superb marbles. The death of the Marchesa Negrone-Durazzo is keenly felt in Genoa and all over Italy, where she was honored and beloved by persons of all ranks and opinions. She leaves a considerable sum of money to the Church and to his Holiness the Pope. She was essentially a noble type of a Catholic Grande Dame. In the world she was graceful in manners, accomplished, witty, and extremely amusing, and so exquisitely polite that it was said of her, "Her politeness was the essence of Christian charity." She knew how to put her guests at their ease, and her way of speaking to dependents was motherly and gentle in the extreme. She was pious without ostentations, and her charity was so extensive and active that if it had not been considered with her a matter of course she would have earned a world-wide fame for benevolence. But her charity was practised so noiselessly and so unobtrusively, that people seemed to take it for granted.

Garibaldi chose a singular spot to abuse the Church in when he selected the famous mausoleum of Augustus, more popularly known as the Corea amphitheatre. He was invited to a dinner there, and at dessert spoke of Christianity and the Papacy in language far too terrible to repeat. He might have selected another topic for his discourse had he been better educated, for this amphitheatre was once the burial place of the Cæsars. Here rested Marcellus, Agrippa, Octavia, wife to Anthony and rival of Cleopatra, the august Empress Livia, Germanicus, Augustus Cæsar, and many others equally illustrious. As Lady Macbeth says, "Where are they now?" Their ashes are scattered to the winds, and the Romans come to their sumptuous tomb, which has long since been converted into an open air theatre, to laugh over the follies depicted in the tragedies of Goldoni or to shudder at Ristori's fine impersonations of the wicked empresses of days long gone by. Sometimes Salvini plays here the great Shakspeare's immortal tragedy of "Othello," or "Hamlet," but of the Cæsars no one in the audience stops to think. They are as if they had never been. On the contrary, pilgrims flock daily to Rome from all parts of the world to pray before the shrine of the humble Apostles whom the Cæsars slew. Assuredly the contrast between the present condition of the resting place of the mighty Emperors of Rome and that of the Apostles might easily have furnished Garibaldi with a fitting subject for a discourse without the necessity of insulting God. But what might perhaps have struck the old "hero" more forcibly, is the fact that in this amphitheatre where he was banqueting, the body of the man to whom he is so fond of likening himself, Cola di Rienzi, was torn to pieces by the infuriated Romans in 1354. It had remained unburied after his assassination, and was at last drawn by a hook to the Piazza san Marcello, and then quartered, and the putrid members hung upon a gibbet. Afterwards these remains were burnt by order of Jugurtha and Sciarretti Colonna in the centre of the amphitheatre in question. Instead of upsetting the Colosseum and the ancient Christian monuments of Rome, which are consecrated by religion, the Italian Government would do well to restore the mausoleum of the Cæsars, which is still unexplored, and must contain beneath the benches of the modern theatre, a wonderful mine of artistic and curious treasures. But the mausoleum is a theatre, and the theatres in modern Rome help greatly in the universal corruption of the people which is now going on in Italy, and the Corea amphitheatre has been of late especially devoted to indecent and irreligious performances.

The German Government has ordered the dissolution of the "Society of St. Francis de Sales" in Alsace and Lorraine, and it is believed that that of St. Vincent de Paul will also soon be suppressed unless it can prove that it has no connection with the same society in France. Now as all the congregations of St. Vincent are united at their centres, Rome and Paris, it will be impossible for the Strasbourg branch of the association to prove satisfactorily its own right to continued existence in Bismarckland.

A LONG RIDE.—Some few months ago a sensation was created in Europe by a German officer riding a considerable distance in a given time on one horse. In Australia, where affairs of this description are not so rare as in Europe, the performance of the feat was not regarded as anything astonishing, as some years previously it had been thrown into the shade by Mr. Weatherly, who rode one horse from Queensland to Melbourne, a distance of 1020 miles, in 17 days, or at the rate of 60 miles a day. The animal he rode was by Besborough or Delapré, and although merely hobbled at night in the bush, finished the journey quite fresh.