

So ends the prison experience which forms the first part of the story. The second and more interesting portion tells the tale of his wanderings, the "Odyssey," as he calls it, which followed the imprisonment. Before resuming his duties among his flock, Renitentus went to recruit his strength by a short visit to his relations, and during this time there appeared an official warrant for his capture, with a full description of his person, notwithstanding which he returned to N——, where the first thing that met his eyes was a notice nailed to his door, ordering him to quit the district ("Bezirk") within twenty-four hours. The prescribed time had long since elapsed, and he left the notice where it was. Next morning, after saying Mass in a densely crowded church, he was arrested a second time, and the heart-breaking scene of six months ago was repeated. "Where are you taking me?" he inquired of his captor. "I do not know, sir; my orders were to arrest you, that is all." He was conducted to the Mayor's Court, where the extraordinary proposal was made to him that he should defray the expenses of a conveyance for himself and the *gendarme* to K——, and on his naturally declining, he was told that he must, in that case, go on foot. It was a three days' journey, and he said it was out of his power to do so; so they locked him up in the engine-house while the question was referred to a higher authority, and a doctor consulted, who certified his inability to walk the distance. A carriage was offered by a gentleman in the neighborhood; but they had not gone far before a *gendarme* rode up, stopped the carriage, and demanded the written permission of the Landrath for its use. No such document was forthcoming, so the poor wearied priest was ordered out, and proceeded on foot, while the man in charge who had accompanied him went back for the written order. The scene which followed is one which could hardly be believed on less credible evidence, and the sufferer himself says that if had been described to him he should have thought it untrue, or at least grossly exaggerated. The *gendarme* rode his horse at the prisoner, so that he was literally upon him (*auf dem Nacken*). If he attempted to get out of the way the man followed, the horse rearing, so that the priest was every moment in danger of being ridden down; and hundreds of persons who witnessed this disgraceful scene cried out to implore the *gendarme* to keep at a greater distance. "It's the way we do to them all!" was the brutal answer. And so the priest was driven on, like a hunted animal, for an hour, before the carriage re-appeared with the order for its use. It was noon before he broke his fast at a village inn where the good people not only set their best before him, and gave him provisions for the rest of the journey, but absolutely refused all payment—a proof of generous devotedness greater than it may seem at first sight, when we consider that far slighter marks of attachment to a faithful priest have been often treated as crimes by the "Liberal" Prussian Government. Late in the evening a halt was made for the night, and at the Mayor's office Renitentus recognized in the presiding authority an old schoolfellow whom he had helped over many an imposition in former days, but who now ignored his outstretched hand, observed a strictly official demeanor, asked his name, and consigned him for the night to the ruins of an old castle, which did duty as a temporary prison.

Next morning the journey was continued on foot, as leave for using the carriage had not been given any further. This time the *gendarme* in charge turned out a very good fellow, in spite of a ferociously martial expression. After some hesitation he agreed to his prisoner's proposal to lighten the fatigue at the cost of lengthening the journey, by stopping at the different presbyteries on the way for a short visit. The glass of wine which he got on these occasions no doubt reconciled him to the delay, but he confessed that he was heartily ashamed of his employment; and though he stared a little at first when the peasants greeted his prisoner with the good old Christian salutation, "Praised be Jesus Christ," it was not long before he joined him in the answer, "For ever, amen."

It was quite dark when they crossed the district frontier, and the *gendarme* shook hands with his prisoner as he asked him where he thought of going? "I have no notion, my good fellow; but I must look out for a lodging somewhere." And then and there they parted, high among the hills, with a keen wind driving the snow in the face of the exile. He was a perfect stranger to the neighborhood, and so, no sooner had his companion left him, than he turned back, recrossed the forbidden frontier, and walked back for a good two hours to the house of the *confère* he had last visited, who was greatly astonished to see him again, but gladly fed and housed him. "These days of ours," said he, "remind one of the fate of the French priests in the Revolution. The few who took the constitutional oath were favoured by the Government, but despised by the people for sacrificing their consciences to the Moloch of the State. Even Napoleon said as much; but history praises the others now, though they had to wander about, to lose their position, and sometimes to die by the guillotine. And history will one day pass the same judgment on those German priests and bishops who esteemed conscience more highly than a fat benefice."

After a day's rest Renitentus, provided by his friend with the necessary funds, made his way to the nearest railway, and so, right "into the jaws of the wolf," that is, to the capital of the forbidden district, where he bought a suit of clothes in character with the part he had resolved to play, that of *commis-voyageur* to an imaginary wine-merchant. Thus equipped, he could defy the police officials, especially as he now wore a thick beard, *à la Dr. Falk*. He walked with mingled feelings of sadness and thankfulness round the prison which still held the venerable bishop and so many of his brethren, and then went to the Cathedral to pray for strength and courage for them, himself, his flock, and all true German Catholics.

Two days later, the stage-coach was taking him to the place which he had been banished from a week ago. Little did the *gendarme* (the same who had behaved so brutally on the road) guess who was the travestied person in the corner, when he looked into the coach at the journey's end. He passed him again in the village,

but who could suspect a recalcitrant priest in the singer of so "patriotic" a song as *Ich bin ein Preusse: Kennt ihr meine Farben?*—"I am a Prussian: do you know my colors?" which stood him in good stead on more occasions than one. His own house, he knew, would not be safe, so he only stayed there long enough to pack a few necessities, and then went to that of a friend, who took care to let the people know that their pastor was among them, and would say Mass early in the morning. Every place in the church was full, and the sobs of his hearers often interrupted him when he charged them in a few earnest words from the pulpit to be true to the faith of their fathers, and pledged himself, come what might, to remain faithful to the Church and to his bishop.

After Mass, a sum of money was handed to him, which had been collected without his knowledge for his support in the wandering, uncertain existence which lay before him.

Of course the presence of the contumacious priest could not remain a secret long. He had heard confessions after Mass, given Communion, administered Baptism, and visited the sick; and by eight the police were astir. In due time a *gendarme* presented himself at the house where he was lodged, but his host had already placed himself in a safe hiding-place, safe, that is to say, from fear of discovery, but not without some danger. It was a dark corner of the "well-house," on a few boards laid over the water, behind the turning-wheel. The house was searched from cellar to loft, beds and presses were rummaged, casks overturned, even the door of the well-house opened. Here, however, the *gendarme* did not care to pursue his researches too far, and left the house with the promise "to wring the confounded fellow's neck when he did catch him."

(To be concluded next week).

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE POPE.

On Saturday, May 13, His Holiness Pope Pius IX. completed his 84th year. The Catholic journals of Rome contained Addresses to the Holy Father enclosed in pretty borders. Even the 'Unita Cattolica' appeared in gala style without the mourning border that encloses its first page since the Italians crossed the Pontifical frontier on the 14th of September, 1870. The editor then assured his readers that this mourning should continue until the Holy Father was reinstated in his rights. The 'Unita' gives a series of dates valuable as a record of the Holy Father's life. Born on the 13th of May, 1792, at Sinigaglia, he was baptised on the same day by Canon Mastai. He was confirmed on the 9th of June, 1799, and in the same year prayed for the imprisoned Pontiff, Pius VI. On the 2nd of October, 1803, he entered the College of Volterra, and was saved from a mortal illness in 1816. He was ordained sub-deacon on the 18th of December, 1818, and priest on the 10th of April, 1819. His first Mass was said on Easter Sunday, 11th of April, 1819, and in that same year he was appointed chaplain in the Hospital of Tata Giovanni, at Rome. In 1823 (3rd July) he set out on a mission to Chili, and narrowly escaped shipwreck at Lima in 1824. In the following year he was appointed director of San Michele, and Archbishop of Spoleto on the 21st of May, 1827, where two years afterwards he did much by his goodness to subdue a revolution. On the 17th of December, 1832, he was made Bishop of Imola; on the 23rd of December, 1839, he was created Cardinal *in petto*, and proclaimed on the 14th of December, 1840. It was in 1842 that he bestowed his silver spoons on a poor woman when he had no money to give, and four years afterwards a white dove alighted on his carriage as he was going to the Conclave—an omen of his approaching election to the Pontificate accepted by the Roman people. On the 14th of June, 1846, he entered the Conclave, and on the 16th was elected Pope.

The 'Voce della Verità' thus speaks of him:—"Seventeen lustres of years, and six of a Pontificate! Most rare is the example of the first; there is no example of the second. And what is this man? Is his head bowed, his eye uncertain, his mind diminished, with memory slow and untrustworthy, exhibiting decadence? No; it is but eight days ago since the large Ducal Hall resounded with his words, of which not one was lost to the thousand and a half of auditors. The thoughts were strong, the images elevated, the phrases ready and secure. And no day passes in the other great Consistorial Hall, filled with long files of visitors from the most diverse and distant countries, that he is not seen to pass from the one to the other, finding for all happy and varied words, which they preserve throughout their whole lives." After speaking of the trials to which he is subjected, the 'Voce' proceeds: "But will he conquer? He has already conquered, we reply. His triumphs are named the Syllabus, the Council, the protests, and the five years of imprisonment which seal them. The Syllabus wounded social errors to the heart; the Council killed Regalism and Gallicanism; the protests and the firm refusals, save the Ark of Justice, which, when this flood of revolt and crime will have passed away, will rest and originate a new world."

On May 13, the members of the Sacred College, the prelates, and a number of Roman gentlemen filled the ante-chambers of the Vatican. Although it was not an official feast, they presented themselves there to testify, by their presence and their words, the sentiments of veneration, affection, and gratitude which they cherish towards the Holy Father. His Holiness accepted and returned their congratulations. A number of foreign and Roman families were also present on that day. Amongst the former were Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson and their son, John Mary Pius, dressed, as before, in the costume of the Swiss Guard, and with a bouquet of flowers in his hand. The Pope stopped at sight of the little fellow and said to him, "Where did you get these beautiful flowers, my child?" The little fellow presented his bouquet to the Holy Father, and, after a second or two, he paid his compliment to the Pope by using the words addressed to a bishop at consecration, "Ad multos annos."