

would return to the bosom of the church. Never was there a greater illusion. Many of the so-called Protestants of Italy are only so in name, in order to court favor with the ruling powers. Not so with Gavazzi. He died true to the principles he had advocated. What a wonderful career was his! At the age of sixteen he was a Barnabite monk; in early manhood a professor of rhetoric at Naples, so eloquent that it was often remarked, so liberal that he made strong friends and equally strong enemies. The then existing Bourbon government and the priests raised a hue and cry against him. Just at this crisis the death of Gregory XVI, and the elevation of his influential friend the liberal-minded Pius IX to the Pontifical throne brought Gavazzi into prominence. When it was known at Rome that the Lombard revolution had broken out, Gavazzi attracted the people to the Colosseum, and there within that historic arena pronounced the funeral oration of the Italian patriots who had fallen in the strife. The unity of Italy was as strong in his mind as in that of Mazzini. Then for two months he preached in the ruins of that grand old amphitheatre eloquent and patriotic sermons. Next to the newly-elected liberal Pope, Gavazzi was the lion of the hour. Pius IX at length determined to send a legion of troops to aid the national cause.

From Rome Gavazzi went to Venice, and there, by his fervid eloquence, excited such a generous spirit that all made great sacrifices. Even ladies took off their rings and bracelets, and gave them for the good of the national cause. Pius IX was at last frightened by the Reactionaries and recalled both the Roman legion and Gavazzi. The latter, however, would not return, but went to Florence and stirred up the Tuscans with thoughts of freedom. Here the Grand Duke and the clergy raised up against him, and he was obliged to retire to Genoa.

When the Republic was proclaimed under Garibaldi, Gavazzi was appointed chaplain-general. He not only stirred up the people by his preaching but was also practical in his humane efforts. He organized a band of ladies under the leadership of the celebrated Margaret Fuller, to succor the wounded on the field of battle. He himself inspected the hospitals and even accompanied Garibaldi to the field of battle. In 1850 he went to England and the next year to Scotland, where he stirred up the people by his eloquence in portraying the wrongs of Italy. Gladstone's letters to Lord Aberdeen had just then made their appearance. No wonder then that Gavazzi was glad to meet Gladstone in Italy during the last few weeks of his life. In politico-religious speaking few men surpassed Gavazzi. He was a Boanerges thundering against the despotism that had kept down Italy. In the latter days of his life he seems to have been more moderate.

The events which have taken place in lands beyond the Rhine

during the past week are deserving of more than a passing notice. The Germans are a good people, full of honest, manly, sterling qualities and homely virtues. But they have one great fault—that of never being willing to admit that they are in the wrong. They have a word to express this feeling, the only one to my knowledge that exists in any known language, to embody this idea. This word is *Rechtshaberi*. Only considering your own side of the question, never looking at the points made by an adversary, or going over to his standpoint for a moment to see how it looks from there; insisting on being right, no matter at what cost to yourself or anybody else. This is *Rechtshaberi*. It is this which makes the reading of editorials in German newspapers such a pleasing exercise to the mind! The greatest living German, Prince Bismarck, seems to have little of this defect, and herein lies the secret of his superiority.

The policy of Bismarck changes to suit the exigencies of the times. While the German editors have been denouncing France, Bismarck has shown himself the conservator of peace. While politicians on both sides of the Atlantic have been waxing warm over the Samoan question, Bismarck seems willing to act in a spirit of fairness and moderation.

The anniversary of the Emperor's birthday, Jan. 27th, was a red letter day in the calendar of Berlin. Column after column of the leading German newspapers are filled with the names of new knights of the various Prussian orders, while those already possessing the coveted honor have been "advanced a peg." The shower of stars fell on the army, the navy, the church and the civil service officials, with wonderful liberality. So it is when princes are young.

The decorations were presented to the recipients by General Von Rauch, the Emperor's adjutant, after which they were ushered into the Hall of Knights, where each in passing made obeisance before the young Emperor, who, surrounded by the members of his family and the visiting royalties, stood before the throne, in full general's gold embroidered uniform, holding in his hand the helmet surmounted by its beautiful tuft of snow-white plumes. Across his breast was the black and white ribbon of the Prussian Order of the Black Eagle, and around his neck the golden chain of the older decoration of the Hohenzollerns.

On his right stood his young and handsome looking Empress, already so many times a mother. Her costume was a silver colored gown trimmed with ermine, while a diadem of diamonds glittered above her blond tresses. She, too, wore the ribbon of the Order of the Black Eagle, aslant her breast, while on her left shoulder shone the star of Denmark's royal house, her own. There were signs of mourning, however, amid the display. The Emperor wore a band of crape around the left arm, while the Em-

press did not wear on this occasion the gorgeous purple scarf embroidered with golden eagles, but no Queen of Prussia has hitherto ever failed to wear it on great state occasions.

On the 8th of March next, Field Marshal Count von Moltke intends to celebrate the 70th anniversary of his active military service. This is a jubilee of very rare occurrence in any army. During the present century the late Emperor William, it is said, was the only one who celebrated it.

In France the Boulanger excitement for the present has died away. While it lasted it very much resembled an American Presidential campaign. Now that the Paris election is over, both victors and vanquished conclude it was not of so much importance after all. Before this election, Boulanger was a deputy, now he is a deputy from Paris; "only this and nothing more." That the election of Boulanger is due to the influence of the royalist party combined with the mugwumps of French republicanism, there can be but little doubt. Though Boulanger is not yet in active power, still his election on the 27th of January is regarded by leading European journals as a danger to the French Republic.

The world of art last week lost one of its best representatives. Alexander Cabouel died at Paris aged 65 years. He achieved his first success in 1844 by painting "Jesus in Gethsemane." The next year he studied at Rome with Guillaume, Burrias, and Victor Masse, and took the first prize for "Jesus before Pilate." His "Death of Moses" brought him the second medal in 1852. Among his celebrated portraits may be mentioned those of Napoleon III, Empress Eugenie and Victor Masse. He felt his end approaching and asked for his designs and sketches that he might sign them. His niece, Mme. Saint Pierre, prevailed upon him to put it off, and death came so quick that they remained unsigned. He was a good man as well as an artist. His remains will be interred in his native city, Montpellier.

The dispatch from Austria announcing the death of the Crown Prince, Rudolf, may not bring great sorrow to many, for his was a worthless, dissipated life. But aside from this, it will have important political results. Francis Joseph, the Emperor of Austria, has indeed suffered much. Out of the revolution of 1848 he barely escaped with his crown. As a result of the terrible battle of Koniggratz, Austria was driven out of the German Confederation and her power forever curtailed. With the growth of Italian unity, she lost the rich provinces of Lombardy and Venetia. Only a few months ago, Austria celebrated the jubilee of the six hundredth anniversary of the reign of the Hapsburgs. Today the only male heir to the throne of Austria is dead. When Francis Joseph shall pass away, the crown will descend to Princess Gisela and the house of Wittelsbach, the Royal House of Bavaria. J. H. WARD.

LAUFEN CASTLE, February 4, 1889.