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A VISIT TO THE VATICAN.

The following extremely interesting account of an interview which the writer, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Roche, of Wexford, and Mr. Richard Devereux, of whose munificent charities we lately published some particulars, recently had with the Holy Father at the Vatican, is given by the Rev. Mr. Devereux in a letter to a friend:—

"On Saturday, the 18th of April, I had the honor of being presented to the Pope, in company with Father James Roche and Mr. Richard Devereux, of Wexford. It was not an easy matter, I can assure you, to procure this honor just at the time (the applications for presentation from the countless visitors that inundated Rome on the eve of the Holy Week amounting to about seventy a day) and, next to the gracious condescension of his Holiness, we owe our good fortune to the polite and friendly interference of Monsignor Talbot. Another circumstance that enhanced the favor was, that about Easter time the attention of the Holy Father is more fully occupied than at any other season with the cares of Rome and of the world, and on the day of our presentation he had presided at a Consistory where no less an amount of business was transacted than the erection of fifteen new sees in various parts of the world, and the appointment of Bishops for them. You would like to hear all the circumstances of the interview. At about four o'clock in the evening we drove, by appointment, to the Vatican, to the apartments of Monsignor Talbot, and in about twenty minutes after that we found ourselves in company with him threading our way to the chamber of his Holiness. How often we turned to the right or to the left, or how many staircases we descended, and corridors we passed along, or rooms we crossed, you could not expect me to be explicit on, unless I had a memory that could conduct me through the labyrinth of Crete, for the Pope occupies but few apartments in the Vatican, the palace itself, as you are aware, contains upwards of 4,000 chambers. Suffice it to say, that we passed through several halls in which either servants and attendants, in purple cassocks, or Swiss guards, in their well-known picturesque costumes were sitting, and all of whom rose as Monsignor Talbot passed and saluted him as became his rank in the household. At length we reached what appeared to us to be the reception-room, and here Monsignor Talbot told us to be seated for a while. This was a spacious and noble apartment, simply yet richly furnished. The floor was covered with a superb green carpet of the rarest pattern and texture—the walls were lined with purple-flowered damask; around the lofty ceiling, on which the Papal arms were richly carved and emblazoned in gold, ran a cornice of magnificent fresco painting, representing various subjects of sacred history, and at one end of the room, under a canopy of crimson velvet and gold, was a throne raised upon a dais, and at each side of it a gilded faldstool, as if for attendants of the Court. This, we thought, would be the scene of our reception, and, no doubt, each man had his feelings of embarrassment for the time. To be presented in the Eternal City to the august occupant of the throne of the Cæsars—nay, far more than this, to stand before the Sovereign Pontiff of the Christian world, and the Vicar of Christ on earth, was enough to try a nervous man's composure. His Holiness, we thought, would enter with his attendants by that door opposite us, and take his seat on the golden throne, and two Prelates of the household would occupy those side seats, and then we would be formally admitted to pay the accustomed veneration. Probably a word would be graciously bestowed on us—only one, and then we would kneel for his blessing and retire. And how, under all the circumstances, could we expect more? However, we were doomed to be very agreeably disappointed. After a short suspense, Monsignor Talbot returned, and told us to follow him. We did so, and after passing through a narrow corridor we came to a moderately-sized apartment, on a table in the middle of which the Pope's red hat was lying. We were now near the sacred person. We followed our guide through a door opening on this, and there, in a plain little room, scant enough of any very gorgeous furniture, standing beside a writing-table, from which towered a large pearl crucifix draped in black (it was Saturday in Passion Week) we encountered the Holy Father of the Faithful with a smile of welcome waiting for us on his benignant features, from which you could spell the words "Venite ad me omnes" as clearly as if they had been written with a pencil of light. I thought, that he even advanced a step to meet us, as if anxious to relieve us of what to him appeared a trouble, but what we deemed the glory of our lives, to prostrate ourselves before him, and kiss his sacred feet and the ground he trod on.—He was habited, as he usually is, in his private moments, in a white cashmere soutane and red satin shoes, with a cross of gold wrought upon the instep

of each. Although almost all the pictures in circulation of Pius IX. give a very good general idea of his features, you must see the man in order to appreciate the beauty of his smile and the fine expression of his Italian eye, which neither pen nor pencil can transfer to paper. Seeing him at a distance before in pontificals in St. Peter's and in the Quirinal and Sistine chapels, and preaching in the Forum, I took him to be a much taller man than what he looked on this occasion. He is not a tall man, not above the middle height, but his dignified and graceful bearing, either as a preacher or a celebrant, gives him the appearance of loftier stature than what he really has. He is stoutly and firmly built, and the picture of that health which a cheerful soul so well preserves. One moment in his presence chased away from us every feeling of embarrassment or reserve, or rather forbade such feelings to arise at all. When Augustus was reproved by some courtier, who could take that liberty, for making himself so condescending to the meanness of his subjects, he replied that a Roman Emperor could always afford to be condescending. I would prefer the withering hauteur of Tiberius to such condescension. It is otherwise with Pius IX., a Cæsar and more than a Cæsar. His condescension—it is wrong to call it condescension—his paternal affability and goodness are the spontaneous growth of the native nobility of his soul, perfected by grace, and profoundly penetrated with a becoming sense of the amount of fatherly affection he has pledged himself to Christ to bestow upon his children. He had a kindly word, you would term it, of recognition for each of us. Father Roche was "my worthy and good Parish Priest of Wexford." Mr. Devereux he complimented on his manifold and princely charities, which he said had been recounted to him, and he dwelt for some time on the promises which he held out to such unmistakable evidences of the love of Him. He then turned to me, and asked me if I had not been collecting funds in the United States of America for the Catholic University of Ireland. It was evident to all present, from the Holy Father's manner, that this was a subject very near his heart. I replied that I had been so employed in company with Dr. Donnelly, a Priest of Clogher. He inquired how much we had collected together, and when I informed him how much in my time we had collected in the diocese of New York and Albany, in the state of New York alone, he expressed himself highly satisfied. I am sorry, my dear friend and colleague, Dr. Donnelly, whom God has enabled to prosecute the good work so untiringly and so nobly, was not present with me to receive in person from the highest authority on earth his own share of approbation; it would have more than repaid him for all his labor. Seeing a paper in my hand, the Holy Father said, "I presume this is some petition you would wish to present to me?" So it was a petition, asking his Holiness to grant to myself and each of my friends a plenary indulgence at the hour of death. It is a form of supplication which we were informed was sometimes but rarely allowed to be presented on such occasions. He took the paper out of my hand, which I presented on my knees, and after reading it aloud he graciously wrote at the foot of it (having the writing materials at hand)—"Romæ, 8th April, 1854. Benigni animus pro gratia, Pius P.P. IX." and handed it back to me. He did the same to similar supplications presented by Father Roche and Mr. Devereux, and also gave the Apostolic blessing to a quantity of rosary beads we brought with us, which we intended for distribution amongst our friends at home. When, at last, we were about to take our leave, he told us to stop for a little, and he went to a corner cabinet from which he took three silver medallions, bearing on one side his own impression, and on the other the head of the Blessed Virgin, surrounded by the words "Causa nostre letitiæ," and presented one to each of us, as he said, to remember him by. During all this interview his Holiness remained standing, as well as ourselves, and the language he used was sometimes Italian and sometimes Latin. It was now full time for us to leave, and we went on our knees to receive the Holy Father's parting benediction. He gave it, as he always does, from his heart, and added, sweetly and affectionately, those beautiful words from the Itinerary for the Clergy—"May the Angel Raphael accompany you on the way, that in peace, safety and joy, you may return to your friends." We then made our way home to our lodgings from the Vatican, three very proud and happy men, laden with sacred treasures of mementoes, more precious by far in our eyes than all the wealth of Ormus or of Ind."

CRUSADE AND ANTI-CRUSADE: IRELAND AND ENGLAND.

(From the American Celt.)

While we write these lines in the chief city of the new World, the British Parliament—the high embo-

diment of British pride and power—is perfecting an enactment worthy of Julian the Apostate, or "Artful Cecil" himself. That high assembly, comprising Norman pride, and classical acquirement, and vulgar mammon-and-tuft worship; that punctilious assembly which, within our own memory, defied the trimmer Peel, and licked the iron rod of Hudson; that famous talking club of the first gentlemen in Europe, is about to commit an outrage, unequalled in Christendom, since the fierce and bloody epoch of the mis-called "Reformation." Some few thousand virgins, within the realm of Britain, have solemnly dedicated their youth, their age, their hands and hearts, to the great and good God, who made us all. Led by wisdom which even worldlings cannot question, to distrust the world; perceiving in their tender youth, what all the sages have confessed on their dying-beds—how vain is glory and how false is fame—they retreated within Sanctuaries, which they thought invulnerable to the insults and outrages of men, even of honorable members of the British Parliament.

So inclosed, they adorn the altar, and prudently keep trimmed the lamps of the Sanctuary—their own chaste hearts, the while, glowing like their lamps; those holy hearts whose oil is life-blood, and whose incense is perpetual praise! The blind, the heart-broken, the homeless, come to the grated gate, and unseen almoners, minister to them. Children sit at their feet learning all useful and all holy works, and love to call them blessed! They have kindred in the world, high placed or humbly born: the brave, the rich, the sad, the sinful of their own kin and of all the earth, are remembered by them. From every convent tower, arises Jacob's true ladder reaching to Heaven! From every convent gate, invisible electric wires of grace, extend out over the earth, traversing Alps and Ocean, saving souls at sea, and inspiring the last gasp of the dying soldier, with words of faith and contrition. And it is against these defenceless, devoted women, the British Parliament—the quasi-champion of civilisation and Christianity, turns its legal penalties, visiting their heroic virtue, as if it were an unpardonable crime against the State. Shame, shame, oh shame!

While such is the domestic event of the session at Westminster, the Catholics of the ever-faithful Island are gathered in their chief city, to devise measures of defence and protection. It will be doubtless, an august and very eloquent assembly. The Irish Hierarchy—the only unconquered estate of the Celtic constitution—is unanimous for all legitimate resistance. The Catholic Bar, which still boasts brilliant names, will not be silent. But ah! if it were not vain to ask the grave to give up its dead, how much the Prince of Orators, is needed now!

"One blast upon his bugle horn
Were worth a thousand men!"

He is not there! Nor is his like there! The hushed audience shall see his firm set form emerge no more on his familiar ground, the hearts of his people shall hail him no more with tremulous welcome. But if we were of the council of the present resistance, we should say, go to Glasnevin. Begin the day there! Listen well to the winds that sigh through that yet un-monumented vault. Call up the spirit of O'Connell, and learn from him that the Rock of Ages is the sole safe fortress of Irish rights!

Learn from him? Why, Ireland has learned, and has not forgotten it. All that is sound, all that is Irish of the Irish are Catholic in their politics, as well as in their faith. The "liberalism" of Lord Mulgrave's day has given place to the sterner, but wholesomier pressure of persecution feeling its way. The Bequests' Act, the Titles' Act, and this last outrage, have awaked the Catholics of Ireland from a false confidence, a fatal security. Such as is left of them will do noble battle, and, we in America, inspired and instructed by their example, will learn to overcome domestic bigotry and factious foes, by unity, by justice, by judgment, by firm adherence to all binding laws, divine, or human.

A wonderful incident in this contest of Ireland and England—of moral with material—of a religious poor, with an irreligious rich nation—is, that under the full force of the storm, the Catholic University has been triumphantly planted in the heart of the capital. Looking out on St. Stephen's-green (so-called in honor of the proto-martyr), almost opposite the spot where died the stake, after three days' torture, Dermud O'Hirley, Archbishop of Cashel, the first martyr to "the Reformation" in Ireland, stands a splendid mansion, partly built by the spoils of plundered chapels, and partly from the inheritance of anastologer's ill-gotten gains. That mansion, purified and enlarged, is to hold hereafter the Catholic University of Ireland—the only such institution in the British Empire. May the auspicious beginning be fulfilled. May that Institution create a right mind and a sound system among educated Irishmen. May it make the fair old city as famous as their Universities made Bologna and Paris and Louvain in other ages!

Nor is the contest for conscience sake, of which we have written, confined to Britain proper. It has reached New England and New York. It has broken out in a mild and tedious form in the United States Senate; it is virulent at Ellsworth and Winchester: it winds its brazen trump on Boston Common, and uses its bowie knife in the streets of New Orleans. If this be not the battle before Anti-Christ, it looks very like it. Whatever it may be, remember that it is the glory of the Irish race to stand under the cross in this contest; and never for a moment forget the legend which was written along the heavens by the finger of God—"In this sign thou shalt conquer."

ARCHBISHOP HUGHES AND GEN. CASS.

The following letter has been elicited from Archbishop Hughes by a lengthy speech delivered a few days ago, in the U. S. Senate, by Gen. Cass:—

To the Editors of the Courier and Enquirer.

When the unexpected distinction was conferred on the undersigned of having his humble name and supposed principles introduced by Gen. Cass into the deliberations of the Senate of the United States, and there discussed and to some extent denounced, in a manner prejudicial to the sentiments and character of that humble individual, he begs leave to claim it as the privilege of a citizen to appeal from any denunciation however eloquent, or from any hasty judgment even of that distinguished assembly—which ranks in his minds, and as he thinks ought to rank in the mind of the world, as the most honorable and dignified deliberative assembly on the earth—to the common sense and common justice of its individual members and of his fellow-citizens, without the slightest intention on his part to bias their impartial judgment one way or the other.

The undersigned begs leave to say that it is his intention to reply, through the medium of the public Press, to the great speech, so called, of the distinguished Senator from Michigan, the Hon. Mr. Cass. Mr. Cass enumerates several cases which appeal directly to the most sacred feelings of the human heart. He is, as might naturally be expected in these particulars, on the side of human feelings. But the whole tone of his speech is calculated to leave an impression in the minds of his hearers when he spoke, and of his readers when he published, that the humble individual who has so unworthily been the occasion of a waste of precious public time, is opposed to the humane views of General Cass.

This would be an inference unwarranted by truth, and against which the undersigned begs leave to enter beforehand an humble but firm protest.

There is only one question connected with this great speech of the honorable Senator from Michigan, which has given the undersigned the slightest pain. This is, that in reading the Senator's speech, it has occurred to the mind of this writer, that General Cass, so deservedly honored by his country, and so highly esteemed, as well for his patriotic virtues as for reasons of private courtesy extended to the undersigned when the General was our distinguished representative at Paris, may have imagined that certain expressions in the letter on which he animadverts, may have been intended for personal application to himself.

I would beg leave to say now, that in the sacred presence of that conscience for which he so eloquently pleaded, I must assure him that when the letter was written, or before or since, it would be and has been, and I trust ever will be, impossible for the undersigned to speak or write one syllable disparaging to the high character, honor, public or private integrity of General Cass.

At the same time, as a mark of the confidence of the undersigned in Senator Cass's impartial justice; and, indeed, in imitation of the General's own free course in the great speech to which reference has already been made, the undersigned begs leave to say that, so far as God, and nature, and history, and philosophy, and the rights of nations, and the experience of human life may have enabled him to judge, and furnished him with means for analyzing the speech of our distinguished Senator, he shall claim the liberty of applying the tests rigidly, but most respectfully.

The undersigned, in addition, begs leave to say that he hopes, notwithstanding his numerous official engagements and duties, to be able to publish his remarks on General Cass's speech within ten, or at most fifteen days from this date.

The undersigned feels most deeply the disadvantages under which he must necessarily appear in venturing to review the dicta of so eminent a statesman as General Cass. General Cass is regarded, and I have no doubt deservedly, by almost a majority of the American people, as one of our most tried and most worthy statesmen. The undersigned on the contrary, if he is known at all to any considerable portion of his countrymen, is known—as far as cer-