

The True Witness

AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,
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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, June 2, 1876.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

JUNE, 1876.

Friday, 2.—St. George, Martyr (April 23). SS.
Marcellinus, Peter, and Erasmus, Martyrs.
Saturday, 3.—Vigil of Pentecost. Fast.
Sunday, 4.—Pentecost, or Whit-Sunday.
Monday, 5.—Of the Octave.
Tuesday, 6.—Of the Octave.
Wednesday, 7.—Of the Octave. Ember Day.—
Fast.
Thursday, 8.—Of the Octave.

A CARD.

Although anxious to wield a feeble pen for the
defence of the Catholic cause in the ranks of jour-
nalism, the present Editor of the *True Witness*,
invited to return to paths of literature more con-
genial to his tastes, reluctantly breathes his fare-
well to his readers. He hands the helm of the ven-
erable ship to another watch, and hopes the career
of the journal so able and useful in the
past may continue its noble work for a long and
brilliant future. In deep gratitude for the forbear-
ance which our many short comings may have
elicited, we retire with this number from the edi-
torial staff of the *True Witness*.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Bismarckian persecution of the Church in
Germany still continues, the Government has now
laid down the rule that no priest can marry a
couple belonging to another parish. In conse-
quence of this order the inhabitants of parishes de-
prived of their pastors find themselves in a most
painful position. Such a situation exists for instance
in Hohengandern, where Mr. Schnaffel has been
excommunicated by Bishop Martin. Several priests
in the neighbourhood who married couples in their
own churches from that parish were punished for
these acts, and threatened with "deposition," if
they repeated the offence. The police court of
Coblentz has just pronounced a sentence that
throws a glaring light on the scandalous manner in
which justice is now administered in Prussia. A
joiner of Boppard, on the unsupported denunciation
of his apprentice, a bad runaway boy of seventeen,
was condemned to four months' incarceration for
having offended his Majesty the Emperor. Two
respectable witnesses for the defendant deposed, on
oath, that the apprentice had several times used
expressions like these: "I will do for my master,
if I should ninety-nine times tell a lie; now-a-days
the best way of settling masters is to go to the
police, and denounce them as having said some-
thing against the King of Prussia; such a denun-
ciation always finds a willing ear." Notwithstand-
ing these depositions, the Court declared that they
admitted the trustworthiness of the informer.
In the province of Posen a meeting attended by
1,200 Catholics was dissolved by the police, because
one of the speakers remarked that undenominational
schools were detrimental to the children's faith.
The Catholic school of Hanau having been
dissolved, Government ordered the children to at-
tend the Protestant Schools of the town; on the
other hand, it has forbidden a Catholic school in
Frankfurt to take in Protestant children if they did
not receive in it Protestant religious instruction.
When this order was communicated to the Protes-
tant parents, they desired their children to assist
at the Catholic religious instruction, but Govern-
ment would not allow that either. So the
children had to leave. The Catholics of Königs-
berg who expected Dr. Falck would cancel the
Ober-President's order for the surrender of their
church to the Dollingerites had their hopes bitterly
disappointed, the Minister having confirmed the
Governor's decision.

It is with pain we learn that a disgusting insult
was offered in Rome the other day to the Blessed
Sacrament by a band of students and professors of
the Royal University, who happened to be drawn
up before the entrance to their house when the
Holy Eucharist was being solemnly carried in
procession by the parish priest and a numerous
retinue of attendants, members of confraternities,
and many lords and ladies, who bore torches and
candles. The professor and his scholars stood
staring at the sacred ceremony without the least
sign of reverence—not a genuflection or even a
lifting of the hat, but rather a kind of sardonic
contemptuous grin. One gentleman begged them
at least to raise their hats, but got only insult in
reply. We gather from the *Catholic Times* that the
notorious *Junta* has suppressed another religious
house, making over to the syndicate of Rome, the
nunnery of *San Giuseppe a capo le case*. The sup-
pression of this house has been in question for no
less a period than three years; the nuns have
argued that their house, being the property of the
Spanish nation, was exempt from the operation of
acts of suppression made for Italy, but the Ministry
have trampled on law as well as religion and seized
the house.

There is a rumor to the effect that the Roths-
childs are sellers of Consols to the amount of nearly
£1,000,000 sterling, which transaction is supposed
to be based on knowledge that the political situa-
tion in Europe is likely to grow worse. In pre-
paration for the approaching European struggle, the
London Standard says, that one hundred tons of gun-
powder and a million cartridges have just been de-
spatched from Woolwich to Gibraltar, Malta, and
the Mediterranean fleet; this is quite independent
of the ordinary supply. It was stated on Saturday
in Portsmouth that all available workmen are to
be placed at work on ships which are nearest to
sea-going condition. The turret ship *Thunderer* is

understood to be the first whose completion will be
thus pushed forward.

The *London Times* correspondent in reference to
the Eastern difficulty, says:—"A final communi-
cation was made on Friday last to England by the
French Cabinet, encouraged by the Cabinets of
the other powers. The communication calls on
England to follow up her refusal to agree to the
Berlin memorandum with some other proposal, as
it appears impossible that England should confine
herself to a simple negative. The communication
enumerates the different means which might be
proposed for solving pending difficulties, and men-
tions the idea of a European Conference as one of
these means." The Russian Telegraphic Embassy
has received a despatch from St. Petersburg, stating
that England will not oppose the armistice or in-
fluence the Porte against it. No doubt is felt at
St. Petersburg as to the Porte's acceptance of the
proposition of the powers. A Berlin despatch to the
Daily Telegraph, however, states that the Porte
has indirectly notified the Powers that it will on no
account consent to an armistice.

A grand trunk railway through Central Africa
is proposed by M. Duponchel, of Paris. He cal-
culates that a road by way of Timbuctoo, Algiers,
and Marsilles would connect the desert of Sahara
with Paris in 116 hours, and bring into France
annually at least 1,000,000 tons of valuable freight.
Official telegrams have been received at Con-
stantinople announcing that the insurrection in
Bulgaria has been completely subdued. Military
operations in that province have therefore ceased.
The prisoners taken by the Turkish troops will
soon be brought to trial. All the villages that
were in revolt have tendered their submission to
the Turkish authorities.

The Queen's birthday was celebrated throughout
Canada as usual this year. The day was cele-
brated throughout England on the 27th, it being
the custom to have the celebration on the Saturday
following the anniversary of Her Majesty's birth.
There were the usual salutes, parade of troops and
display of bunting.

The correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*
says Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught, will shortly
marry one of the daughters of the ex-King of
Hanover.

FIRST COMMUNION AT ST. GABRIEL'S.

Friday the 26th ult., was the happy and mem-
orable day for the children of St. Gabriel's parish. At
an early hour white sylph-like forms were seen
converging from the various streets towards the
parish church; over seventy cheerful little hearts
in all the innocence their spotless garments ex-
pressed, knelt around the altar rails to receive the
Holy of Holies. After a touching address in En-
glish and French, the little ones with folded hands
and downcast eyes approached solemnly to the altar
to participate in the stupendous privilege of the
Sacramental Communion with our Blessed Lord.

After Mass Bishop Fabre administered the Sacra-
ment of Confirmation and made a short and ap-
propriate address in English and French. The cheer-
ful glance and amiable smile that ever play on the
good Bishop's countenance seemed to express his
interest in the happy group of children. The un-
tiring zeal of Bishop Fabre finds in this time of
the year unusual labor. Besides the Confirmations
of the city whose number is legion, His Lordship
starts in a few days to pay his pastoral visit to over
a hundred parishes in the country. The Bishop
has during the last three years confirmed 34,000
children and the end of this year the number will
have amounted to 40,000. His Lordship has also
ordained 80 priests. There are few Bishops in the
Church can show such figures in such a brief period.
It is the fervent wish of a large circle of well-wish-
ers that God will spare for a long time their young
and zealous prelate.

ANNIVERSARY OF THOMAS MOORE.

One of the enterprising Societies of young Irish-
men in this city—the Catholic Young Men's So-
ciety—in memory of the customs and glories of the
old land, have celebrated the anniversary of the
immortal bard of Erin, with a suitable entertain-
ment before an enthusiastic gathering in the
Mechanics' Hall.

This anniversary strikes a cord in our national
pulse. Around the name of Moore are associated
a garland of memories that glisten like genius in
the history of our orators, our poets and statesmen.
The greatest men of the last century were not only
the contemporaries but the eulogists of our national
poet. He was the intimate friend of Byron, Words-
worth and Scott, whilst in the domain of forensic
or patriotic luminaries, he was panegyrised by the
brilliant eloquence of Curran, Sheil, Phillips,
O'Hagan and O'Connell. We tread in the footsteps
of the greatest men of English Literature, who
flourished during the last century, when we sound
the praises of the immortal Moore.

His fame is interwoven with the misfortunes of
his country. Those beautiful airs which floated
like odours of flowers in the traditions of our
country, and which were but echoes of a nation's
grief, were caught up by the talents of Moore and
woven into those delightful effusions which in the
charming eloquence of song touches the heart with
the pathetic history of Ireland. The charm of his
verse, carried the aspirations of true patriotism
with a new impulse and a new weapon.—
In the midst of gilded drawing rooms and
the throng of illuminated saloons there arose a
song of sorrow and sympathy for Ireland as pure
and as enchanting as the voice that ravished the
senses of Comus with its simple and heartfelt
melody. This spirit of the Irish music caught up
in the verses and adaptation of our poet is beau-
tifully illustrated in the anecdote told of the patriot
Emmett, who, hearing Moore play the air of "Let
Erin Remember the Days of Old," sprang to his
feet, and in all the wild enthusiasm of his young
and patriot soul cried out: "Would that I had
twenty thousand men marching to that air." We
have had our poets, the Parnells, the Roscommon
and the Goldsmiths, who were distinguished in
their day, but Irishmen as they were, they scorned
to name even the ill-fated land of their birth. It
remained for Moore to twine the love of his country
with the brilliant effusions of his creative fancy.

Justly has Ireland been called the land of song;
the very atmosphere is poetical; the breezes that
play over the shady hillsides and the flowery
meadows of the Emerald land seem the very
breathings of melody. The spirits of the ancient
bards look down from mountains of fame on the
youth of the country inviting them to follow in
the enchanted path of music and of song. How
could Moore, when turning towards Ireland breath-
ing her poetic memories, be otherwise than the
"charming poet of every circle and the idol of his
own."

"Green are her hills in richness glowing,
Fair are her fields and bright her bowers;
Gay streamlets through her glens are flowing,
The wild woods o'er her rocks are growing;
Wide spread her lakes amidst laughing flowers,
Oh! where's the Isle like this Isle of ours?"

In the first week in June 1818, just about this
time fifty-eight years ago, a grand banquet was
given in the city of Dublin, to express a nation's
appreciation of their gifted son. An array of
talent was assembled on that occasion, such as
would make any Irishman proud of his country,
whose brilliant talent has won for her the first place
in the literature of the world. The grandest eulogy
ever passed on Moore was given by Sheil, we will
quote his burning words and retire with the silence
and reverence that becomes one who looks on such
brilliant meteors, as we here find in the eulogizer
and eulogized.

"You have given me a leaf," said Sheil "from
that garland with which you have encircled the
brows of the first poet of our country, and I wear
it with the same exultation with which a soldier
bears the small badge of his distinction in follow-
ing at a distance the triumphal car of an illustrious
chief. This is indeed a triumph. Petrarch and
Tasso were crowned in the capital, but the lover of
Laura and the author of Jerusalem delivered could
not have felt more exulting emotions at their coro-
nation in the capital, than the author of *Lalla
Rookh* in the expression of grateful appreciation
which we tender him to-day in the name of our
countrymen."

"Ireland has produced the first captain and the
best poet of our age, but if Wellington himself
were to return to his native land he would not be
received with half this honest homage of the heart.
Goldsmith was the only great poet Ireland had
produced but Moore has equalled him in simpli-
city, and far surpassed him in imagination. In
Goldsmith we find the pensiveness of the evening,
which through those glimmering windows we see
closing one of the brightest and proudest days of our
country has ever witnessed, but in Moore with the
pensiveness of the evening we behold its illumina-
tion. His thoughts are like those beautiful little
birds which Campbell describes as gleaming in the
splendor of a transatlantic sunset, or to use the
poet's own comparison, are like atoms of the rain-
bow."

"To him we are indebted not only for his own
delicious music, but for the immortal poetry to
which he has wedded the melodies of Ireland. With
the magic of Prospero, he has given a more
substantial, but still celestial form to the spirits of
sound, and he has clothed with the fine texture of
his beautiful phraseology, the Ariels of his own
island which his imagination has converted into a
region of enchantment. In the fervor with which
we are kindled by his poetry, we are tempted to
believe in the migration of souls, and to fancy that
the lord of Zeos after having been wrapt in Elysium
had returned to earth without having drank of
Lethe, unless that sometimes we perceive the softer
genius of Anacreon yielding to the loftier inspira-
tions of Aloysius and hear the soundings of that
lyre, which roused the Greeks to the remembrance
of their wrongs and made tyrants tremble on their
thrones."

Moore paid a visit to Sir Walter Scott at Abbots-
ford in 1825. Two more congenial spirits could
not well come together, and the circumstance was
the commencement of a long and sincere friend-
ship. The great novelist gives in his journal
shortly after this visit the following description of
the Irish poet:—

"I was aware that Byron had often spoken in
private society, and in his journal of Moore and
myself in the same breath and with the same sort
of regard, so I was anxious to see what there could
be in common between us, Moore having lived so much
in the gay world, I in the country, and with peo-
ple of business, and sometimes with politicians;
Moore a scholar, I none; he a musician and artist,
I without the knowledge of a note; he a democrat,
I an aristocrat; with many other points of differ-
ence—besides he being an Irishman and I a Scotch-
man, and both tolerably national."

"Yet there is a point of resemblance and a strong
one. We are both good humored fellows, who ra-
ther seek to enjoy what is going forward than to
maintain our dignity as lions; and we have both
seen the world too widely and too well not to con-
tem in our souls the imaginary consequence of
literary people, who walk with their noses in the air
and remind me always of the fellow whom John-
son met in an ale-house, and who called himself
"the great Twainly, inventor of the flood-gate from
smoothling linen."

"It would be a delightful addition to life if T. M.
had a cottage within two miles of one. We went to
the theatre together, and the house being luckily a
good one, received T. M. with rapture. I could
have hugged them, for it paid back the debt of the
kind reception I met with in Ireland."

We take the following report of the celebration
in Montreal on Monday night last, from our esti-
mable contemporary the *Gazette*:—
"The third annual celebration of the anniversary of
the birth of Ireland's national poet by the Catholic
Young Men's Society on Monday evening was one
worthy of the occasion. Notwithstanding the rain
during the former part of the evening, the hall of
the Mechanics' Institute was filled by an audience
composed largely of ladies.

At half-past 8 o'clock the President of the Society,
Mr. W. E. Mullin, appeared on the platform, ac-
companied by the following gentlemen:—Father
Callaghan chaplain of Society; M. C. Mullarky, Irish
National Association; George Murphy, St. Patrick's
Benevolent Society; P. Flannery, St. Ann's Tem-
perance Society; M. P. Ryan, St. Patrick's Tem-
perance Society; P. Doran, Irish Catholic Benefit
Society; J. O'Neill, St. Bridget's Temperance So-
ciety; and P. J. Brennan, Young Irishmen's Literary
and Benevolent Association. During the entrance the
St. Gabriel's Brass Band performed St. Patrick's
Day.
The President, in opening the programme, said:—
"It gives me sincere pleasure to welcome you on
the occasion of the 96th anniversary of the birth of
our national poet, and the third annual celebration
of that anniversary by our Society. The celebra-
tion is worthy of this occasion, and it has the ap-
proval and sympathy of the patriotic men of all
civilized countries. There are but few countries in
which his genius is not known and appreciated. I
hope the Society will long continue to celebrate
the memory of Tom Moore (cheers), and I trust
when another three years have passed hence we
shall have a celebration upon a grander scale to
commemorate his memory." (Applause.) But you
will allow me to say a few words about our Society.
It is now twelve years since it was established by
our esteemed friend the Rector of St. Patrick's. We
have occasional debates, the subject of which is
chosen by the members of the Society. Although

they have of late not been attended as well as we
could wish, we trust to make an advance in the
future. We desire to thank the representatives of
the temperance, national and literary societies
for their attendance here this evening. We desire
also to return our thanks to the clerical and musical
profession for their aid, and we have also to thank
the press for their spontaneous, kind and friendly
notices given during the last few days.

The following is the order of the programme,
which differs somewhat from the printed one:—

1. Piano Duett, "Triumphal March," Kunkell,
Miss A. M. Crompton and Prof. Fowler.
2. Song, "Sleep on and Dream," Owen, Miss
Clara Fisher. (Academy of Music.)
(Encore—"Killarney.")

3. Duett, "Le Chalet," Adam, Messrs. Lefebvre
and Trudel.

4. A letter of apology was read from Rev. Dr.
O'Reilly, who was to have delivered an address,
stating his inability to be present on account of
sickness.

5. Song, "The Last Rose of Summer," Moore,
Miss A. M. Crompton.

6. Song, "Little Ones at Home," Mr. J. D. Leon-
ard.

7. Melody, "The Minstrel Boy," Moore, Mr. F.
Lefebvre.

8. Comic Song, "Aldgate Pump," Mr. Thomas
Hurst.

This concluded the first part of the programme.
The oration of the evening was the

ADDRESS OF J. J. CURRAN, ESQ., B. C. L.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

In all ages and amongst all civilized people as
far back as history leads us, even in the most re-
mote past the names of those whose greatness has
cast a halo of glory around the land of their birth,
have been not only honored and revered, but their
memories have been preserved in the grateful re-
membrance of their people. Frequently, it is true,
the best and noblest of the race, who toiled the
most assiduously, with the greatest industry and
devotion, have not lived to reap even the gratifica-
tion which the acknowledgment of their fellowmen
brings with it; oft times the world has given the
cold shoulder to its most genuine benefactors, and
left it to future generations to raise monuments of
stone to the genius and devotion of those who were
unappreciated by the men amongst whom they
lived, for whose interest and whose glory they
labored. Fortunately it was not so with the gifted
child of nature in whose honor we have assembled
here to-night. Not so with the immortal Bard of
Erin, the gay and genial, the patriotic Tom
Moore, "the admired of every circle, the idol of
his own." (Cheers.) What reminiscences does
not that name conjure up to the mind's eye of the
Irishman, to the student of Irish history. On
this the anniversary of his birth, if we look back
to the 28th of May, 1779, let us not halt at the
picture of desolation that forces itself on our view
in that most desolate epoch of the history of our
forefathers, let us rather rejoice in contemplating
the glorious dispensations of Divine Providence,
which in that, the darkest hour of Ireland's darkest
sorrow, when the people were broken hearted,
poverty stricken and in bondage, flashed upon them
the genius of Moore, who unbowed their silent
harp and sent a thrill of joy throughout the land,
and the genius of Daniel O'Connell, whose elo-
quence thundered until the most closely riveted
chains and the gallest of the manacles were
stricken from the nation's limbs. (Loud Cheers.)
Your society has asked me to say something suitable
to this occasion, and I am here in response to your
call. At first, the task seemed an easy one, for
where is the man, who, having been rocked to
sleep in his childhood's cradle, with the melodies
of the old land for his lullaby, does not feel his
patriotic fervor revived, and his pulse beat faster
on an occasion like this? It is not the lack of
material; the very richness of the subject is that
which oppresses. How shall I approach the
matter? Shall I speak of him simply as the
poet, who, in the beautiful language of Byron, will
live for ever in his melodies, which will go down
to posterity with the music, and both will last as
long as Ireland, or as music and poetry? Or shall
I attempt to speak of all the dazzling beauties of
that gifted mind that combined the most playful
simplicity with the keenest satire, that commanded
almost every style and shone with undiminished
splendor in every sphere. The most versatile poet
of his native land, no branch of literature was for-
eign to him; a finished scholar, he wandered
through the far famed lore of Grecian literature, and
scarcely had he emerged from school, when the pub-
lic hailed with delight and the people tasted in al-
most the original freshness, in his beautiful trans-
lations, the odes of Anacreon, which for centuries had
been consigned to the shelves of the book-worm,
and were as a forbidden fruit to all except the most
erudite. His life was like that of the busy bee; he
sipped the honey if you will; he loved the society of
the favored of fortune; the pleasures of life had for
him as for most sympathetic people a powerful at-
traction, and for this he has been rather severely
handled by some of his critics, and prominent
amongst them some of his countrymen. Those in
dealing with their fellow man, seem to fight our
common humanity, with its inherent weaknesses,
from which not even the best and the noblest are
exempt. Moore had his foibles, but what were
they? His weaknesses and his little vanities faded
into insignificance in the gorgeous sunlight of his
rich and generous nature. (Loud cheers.) If he
loved the society of the great, did he ever blush at
his own humble origin, even in the presence of roy-
alty itself? Petted and caressed in a foreign land
by the dispensers of patronage and power, whose
frown forebode disaster, when striking the chords of
his native harp to give vent to the song of his coun-
try's woes and to her noble aspiration for freedom
did he falter in performing the patriotic task; check
the outpouring of his Irish heart; or seek to mo-
derate the glow of his Irish genius lest it should
give offence? (Cheers.) Amid all the seductive-
ness of his gay career what better proof of his high-
minded qualities than his tenderness as a father, his
ardent affection for the wife of his bosom, his never-
failing, life-long filial devotedness to the mother
who bore him? He loved the sparkle of gay so-
ciety, but not lordly mansion nor seductive
power could wear his affections from his own cot-
tage home, and the little house on Angier street
was ever the centre of his fondest remembrances
(Cheers.) His patriotism was as pure as it was
boundless and far-seeing; he bewailed and wept
over the unfortunate dissensions that religious bick-
erings entailed upon the land, and with prophetic
soul he sang in one of his poems—

Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease;
Erin, thy languid smile ne'er increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form in Heaven's sight
One arch of peace.

(Prolonged cheers.) I have spoken of Moore as an
indefatigable worker—no mere votary of pleasure
could have accomplished his task. He sang the
melodies of his native land; he exhumed the treas-
ures of ancient Greece; he warbled his *Lalla
Rookh*. In prose and in verse his pen was never
idle. He could be grave as well as gay, solemn as
well as sparkling, and in his manifold works, too
numerous to mention, the versatility of his talents
elicited the applause and admiration of the world.
Mr. President, on the 28th day of May, 1879, one
hundred years have rolled by since first the bard of
Erin saw the light of day. On your Society, com-
prising, as it does, so many of the *élite* of the
rising generation of Irish Canadians in the
city of Montreal, will no doubt devolve the pleas-

ing duty of making that centennial an era in the
history of our metropolis. The sympathy of men
of all countries, creeds and classes will be with you.
As an Irishman to the manor born, as the lyric
who gave coherence to our country's wail, and rhy-
med the prayer to our country's deliverance, he be-
longed especially to us; but as one who has con-
tributed so much towards embellishing the litera-
ture of the language we speak, as the friend of
Byron and Scott, as the bard whose verses have
been attuned to the beautiful cadences of the French,
and translated into every modern language, and
whose strophes have been hummed by the Persian
wayfarer "along the streets of Isphahan," he is the
property of the whole human race. (Loud cheers.)
His name and his genius can never be forgotten,
and

Even should his memory now die away
T'will be caught up again in some happier day
And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,
Through the answering future, his name and his
song.

(Prolonged cheering.)

1. Duett, "Gipsy Countess," Miss Dillon and
Mr. J. D. Leonard.

2. Melody, "Meeting of the Waters," (Moore)
Mr. T. C. O'Brien.

3. Song, "Waiting," (Millard) Miss Clara Fisher,
Academy of Music. Encore—"Jamie has asked me
to marry."

4. Melody, "She is far from the Land," (Moore)
Mr. J. Trudel.

5. Song, "Eileen Alanna," (Marble) Mr. E. M.
Cummings.

6. Comic Song, "Courtin' in the Rain," Mr. Tho-
mas Hurst.

7. Selection of Irish airs, St. Gabriel Brass Band.
Professor J. A. Fowler is a talented and efficient
accompanist, and plays with tact and taste.

A letter was read from His Worship the Mayor,
expressing his regret that he was not able to be pre-
sent on account of a prior engagement.
Take the concert as a whole, the Society deserves
much credit for the success which has attended
their efforts, which we trust will be amply reward-
ed in the future as they were last evening.

THE POPE AND THE ROMAN NOBILITY.

In the days before the usurpation, the 12th of
April was accustomed to be kept as a day of great re-
joicing in Rome. It was the anniversary of the
triumphant re-entry of Pius IX. into his kingdom
after his temporary exile at Gaeta in '49, and also
of the most miraculous escape of his Holiness, when
inspecting the works of restoration being carried
on at the Church of St. Agnes, outside the wall.
It will be remembered that on that day in another
remarkable year, the Holy Father and a numerous
suite in attendance on him, fell from an immense
elevation to the ground, and that neither he nor any
of those who were with him sustained the slightest
injury. The memory of these two incidents in the
life of the Pope is kept fresh in the popular mind
by the presentation to him of addresses on each
recurrence of the day. As the 12th of April this
year fell in the Holy Week, the usual presentations
did not take place upon that day. They were
deferred to Thursday, the 20th, when several au-
diences were granted at the Vatican. Foremost
amongst the groups that came with their homage
to Pius IX. that day was a large deputation from
the ranks of the old historic nobility of the seven-
hilled city, headed by the Marquis Cavaletti, in his
capacity of Senator of Rome. The illustrious nobel-
man, having knelt for and received the blessing of
the Sovereign Pontiff, read an address of loyalty,
attachment, and affection to the august captive. In
the course of the address, the Roman patricians
deplore the ruin which the Revolution is working
throughout Europe. They look, however, on the
firmness of the Pope with the greatest admira-
tion, and regard it as an example to themselves
to follow steadfastly in his course, "so long as the
Giver of All Good Gifts is not pleased to restore
perfect tranquility to the Church and to its children.
However," adds the address; "while we keep our
eyes fixed on you, most Holy Father, we do not dread
the dark and menacing future—beholding you al-
ways strong and serene in your confidence in God,
our fears are set at rest and our hearts gain strength
—we hope in you and for you."

After a brief pause his Holiness replied as fol-
lows to the address:—

"Years pass on, and as they pass, events of the
gloomiest character thicken upon us with them—
events full of sadness, pregnant with malice and
ill-will against the Church of Jesus Christ. But
if with the course of years the course of events be-
comes constantly more afflicting, there comes from
you no symptom of proving false to the principles
which you have inherited from your ancestors—
principles which fill you with affection and devo-
tion to this Holy See, and which, whilst being a
source of glory to you, are to me a motive to com-
fort and for joy. A further reason for being con-
soled was afforded to me during the days of the
Holy Week just passed, during which we have been
meditating on the Passion and Death of our Divine
Redeemer. Amongst the incidents of that history
there occurred to my mind one which appears to
me to have a special concern for you—I mean that
of the man—a man of noble origin—*nobilis decus*—
of much wealth—*homo dives*—who was a follower of
Jesus Christ, and though in the beginning only a
hidden and secret follower—for he was still afraid
of the judgment of the world and of the scorn of
the Pharisees, the priests, the scribes, and all the
enemies of the Lord—he confessed, nevertheless,
the divinity of his Master, and learned from Him to
practice the lessons of humility and of charity by
making a good use of his riches. Yet hardly had
Christ expired upon the cross than this Joseph of
Arimathæa—the noble and rich man, timid at first
in his following of Christ, and shrinking from open
profession of his faith—received the first fruits of the
grace of God in redemption, and putting aside all
human fear, showed himself a brave disciple of
Christ, and longed to be the possessor of His sacred
body. Heretofore timid, he felt himself suddenly
emboldened, and presented himself openly before
the Governor of Judæa to ask the dead body of the
Nazarene, and obtained his request. Then, indeed,
did Joseph of Arimathæa deem himself a rich man
for he was made the possessor of the most precious
of treasures. Wrapping it in clean garments he
placed it in a new sepulchre close to Golgotha.
Now it seems to me that this is the example which
is being followed by you and many other good
Catholics here in Rome, who, by your good and
holly works, are so prominent in demanding with
courage the different matters which belong of
right to the Church of Jesus Christ. And, in fact,
a body from amongst you and them have presented
themselves, not to a Pontius Pilate, but to one of
the present State administrators, and have said to
him:—"Sir, we desire that the feast days should
be kept holy here in Rome. We see at the top of
an enactment which you have published that the
Roman Catholic Apostolic is the religion of the
State. We do not ask you to issue homilies to the
people on the sanctification of festivals; we ask
but one thing of you—that you will cause them to
be respected, by ordering on those days the cessa-
tion of works, particularly of those which are car-
ried on by the State." Another deputation has said:—
"Sir, here in Rome there are unbelieving teachers
who are propagating the worst errors—teachers of
iniquity and of sin. We ask that these teachers
shall cease such teachings in a place where Cath-
olicity is the established creed, and where its mor-
ality ought to be protected and sustained." An-
other deputation has pleaded:—"Sir, There are a
thousand difficulties in the way of Catholic teachers
instructing in the truth. Make provision that these