

## FATHER GAVAZZI AT THE METROPOLITAN HALL.

Pius IX.

Pius IX. is a real man, and sometimes less than a man. He is, as I may say in a few words, a mere priest. What will he be? A priest. By priest, I mean a Roman Catholic priest. We have now a very bad Pontifical—the real Sovereign of Rome is the Secretary of State, (ASTORSELLI,) and ROTHSCHILD, who has furnished the Pope with financial resources. On his accession to the Papal chair, Pius IX. perceived that he was received with great coldness by the people and a desire to gain the confidence and applause of the people, hastened the act of amnesty. But to his double dealing, the amnesty was declared, sent instructions accompanying the act, to the Governors of the Provinces, to place every possible obstacle in the way of persons availing themselves of the provisions of this amnesty. To be the vicar of Christ, it is reasonable to suppose that a man would have some truth and honesty. Pius IX. as I will show, has not these qualities. I will give you an instance. I was imprisoned once by Pius IX. for having, as the Jews said, I spoke disrespectfully of the Count of Gramont XVI., the late Pope. Well, after having all the students of the university visiting me, and receiving over 5,000 visiting cards, the Pope pronounced VLASTINA on the 1st of February, that I would be set at liberty the next day, the 24. In the middle of the night, however, some of the hutchins on the Papal Court, by order of their master, Pius IX., carried me off to a Capuchin Monastery at Grosseto, a small village about twenty miles from Rome, where they kept me confined for twelve days, at the end of which time the people obtained my liberation. Indeed, I can safely say that this *matte file* is to be seen in all the Pope's acts. I show, quite in especial, two of his Encyclical letters written from Gaeta and the other from Portici. By his letter he desired to prevent the people from the exercise of the universal suffrage. In this letter he quotes the decree of the Council of Trent, which threatens excommunication against all those who should impair the patrimony of the Church. On that ground he threatened to curse any one who voted for the Deputies to the Roman Assembly, because the Assembly of course, would not recognize the Pope as having any claim to the Roman provinces. That letter involves a falsehood, because the Roman States are not an ecclesiastical patrimony—they are a lay estate. Therefore, many of our people, not understanding Latin, abstained from voting for Deputies, in order to escape excommunication. What was that letter but one tissue of deception? From Portici he wrote his second Encyclical letter against the Roman Republic. He was not satisfied to have overthrown the Republic, which sprung into existence as a necessity, after the Pope's cowardly flight from Rome, but he must need to calumniate the Republic and its citizens in his particulars. He calumniated us when he said that in the time of the Republic, the priests were despised, because when the few priests and monks that showed themselves publicly in Rome during those days were every where received with the utmost respect. It was a matter of emulation among the people to see which could most honor those priests and monks who remain faithful to their ministry during the time of the Republic. But I have seen the coward priests walking about the streets of Rome masked, &c., used as countymen or gentlemen, not because there was any danger likely to occur to themselves, but in order to escape the trouble of attending their dying countrymen in their last agonies. Therefore it is a lie for the Pope to say that we did not respect the clergy. During that time, too, we, as Papists, celebrated with all due solemnity the services of the Religion. I am an exile now, but for no other cause than that of ministering to my dying brethren in the city of Rome. Forty military Chaplains, who

stood by me during my ministrations amongst my poor wounded and dying countrymen, have been imprisoned by Pius IX.; so, therefore it is a lie for him to say that we deprived the dying of the last consolation of their religion. It was he though who did so, by denouncing and excommunicating the brave Roman Patriots. Thus Pope too insulted the Italian—and especially the noble Roman women, who, to the number of six thousand, ministered like angels around the couches of the wounded and dying patriots, alleviating their sufferings or soothing the last moments of the expiring Roman. What did he call them in his Encyclical letter? Oh shame be forever upon him—he called those noble women six thousand prostitutes! Such are a few specimens of the moral character of this so-called Vicar of Christ. He fled from Rome in disguise, under the guidance of the wife of the Bavarian Minister at Rome. Pius IX. were a true shepherd, he would have stayed at Rome, and would not have deserted his flock—he fled because he was not a shepherd, but because he was a wolf. The same tongue blessed the Czar, the then embryo Emperor of France, the youthful Emperor of Austria and the Queen of Spain, because they more or less assisted in the establishment of his authority. He cursed Belgium because she opposed the machinations of his allies the Jesuits, who sought to undermine the education of the youth of that country; she gave us especial indignation to the poor offensive hospital in which the dying Roman soldiers were cared for, whilst he showered meags and crosses upon the Austrian and I reach and Spanish barbarians, who had assisted him to his throne by the help of their pious bayonets. And his moral, "Vicar of Christ," as he claims to be, has even wracked his implacable animosity against bones of the deceased patriots of 1849—in they lie in a heap within public view, the rites of Christian sepulture having been refused them. Thus the Vicar of Christ! No—no—if Satan wanted a Vicar let him go to Pius IX. To speak his political character. Pius IX. is but a mere priest—and priests even when talented, are bad politicians everywhere, because the true sphere of the priest is not to be found within the circle of politics. Therefore the good clergy remain in their churches—the bad clergy flock to the Forum; and they are at once bad priests and bad politicians, and Pius IX. is such. [Applause.] The feebleness of his mind produces the unhappiness of his people; and the results in Italy from having such a Pope, are want of nationality; independence and liberty. Pius IX. has no love of Italy—no love of Country whatever, because when I told him in 1847, at a private audience, that "all Italy spoke to him and with him" he at once exclaimed to me, "Gavazzi never more mention Italy." Could you expect national unity to proceed from the Government of such a man? Certainly in the beginning, the reign of Pius IX. appeared to promise much for reform. Yes, but whatever reform the Roman people did obtain from the Pope, they were not granted from out of the fullness of his heart, but as mere matters of policy to enable him to catch the public applause. And I may here mention also, that the cruelties of this man are somewhat remarkable. What think you of this "Vicar of Christ" ordering one hundred and fifty prisoners who had been in confinement for years, to be taken out and shot, and why? because they fought and spoke for the liberties of their dear native land. I will give you an instance. I will tell you of the sad fate of my poor dear friend, UGO BASSI, who was also a Baimabite. He was a man of the most varied acquirements, gifted by God and nature with a beautiful form, nobly endowed in mind, he was master of the dead and many of the living languages, he was a good musician, one of the best of modern poets in Italy, and, as a pulpit orator, was amongst the very first of that country. He followed the fortunes of the national army, was wounded in battle, and was everywhere with the regions of the hero GARIBALDI. Poor BASSI! so young so kind, so beloved, so talented, so dear to Italy was shot by order of Pius IX. in his native coun-

try, Bologna. To add to the bitterness of his sad fate, before he was shot he was disfigured, namely—the skin of his hands and head was taken off by the Father Inquisitors. After six hours of secret trial, amongst those scenes where he so often preached forth the freedom of Italy, and amidst the tears of the Austrian soldiers, who were ordered to shoot him, UGO BASSI fell, exclaiming, "Long live Jesus—long live Italy!" Oh, do not confide in this Pope. If he has so treated poor, bleeding Italy, believe me, he will never do any good for America to which he is a stranger. But God is good, and he is just. He permitted these apparent reforms of Pius IX. for two reasons, namely: to see together all the Christian people of this world, and to call out a sense in Italy of the possibility of a unity in Italy, in order to work out an independent nationality. The Italian, however, are no longer deluded on this subject, for they now appreciate better than ever, the great truth spoken by their celebrated historian MACHIAVELLI; "While the Pope reigns at Rome, Italy will never be free."

## SPEAK KINDLY.

The experience of an acquaintance, illustrates most forcibly the above caution. He had been living, he said, away from home for several months, and was on a visit of a week or two at his father's house. The father was a man of the most uncompromising integrity, and cherished strong, though honest prejudices against all light or transient amusements. He had never allowed his children to attend dancing parties or shows, or to mingle in the sports which most men regard as unobjectionable, or at least not altogether to be condemned. The consequence was, that the children were fond of indulging in the interdicted pleasures, and were apt, when an opportunity did occur, to carry them too far. They felt that their father was prompted by a sincere desire to discharge the duties of a parent who feels the weight of his responsibility to God; but they felt also that he was unnecessarily stringent in his interpretation of what he considered right or wrong. As a consequence, they did not hesitate, when circumstances favoured it, to evade their father's mandates upon the subject.

"I shall never forget," said the narrator, "the incidents of last my visit home during my father's life. There was to be a ball at a neighboring tavern and it was to come off the evening before I was to return to my employment in a distant town. Feeling myself emancipated from paternal control, (for I had just reached my majority,) and priding myself upon the idea that I was now master of my own actions, I signified my intention to be present. My father, as usual, forbade my attendance. I answered him in anger, stating that his authority over me was henceforth ended; that he had treated me like a boy, and I had submitted like a boy until now; but since I had reached the age at which the law permitted me to think and act for myself, I was determined to assert my rights. He was a man of strong and naturally irritable feelings; but his motives were always of the purest kind; and my conscience smote me as I uttered the sentiment which my pride would not permit me to recall.

"An angry blush passed over his countenance at such an unusual reception of his commands; but he checked himself instantaneously and answered with unusual mildness. 'Charles, I may have erred in many points, touching the government of my children, but I have endeavoured to do my duty as a parent and as a man. The time may come when you will be sorry for what you have uttered to-day?'

"They were prophetic words, and even at this late day, they haunt me in my dreams.

"I went to the ball, but I did not enjoy myself; my associates thought me in unusually good spirits, but it was all feigned and hollow-hearted as a sepulchre. 'Charles, the time may come when you