

POST OFFICE ARRANGEMENTS—
RETURNED PAPERS.

Since the Hon. Mr. Morris took charge of the Post Office Department, there has been a very decided improvement in the general management. Under the old system papers *refused or not called for*, were sent to the General Post Office, with the dead letters. So anxious were some Post-masters to consign these papers to the "tomb," that we found on one occasion, only five days after the day of publication, that the *Record* had been sent off, and on enquiry found that it had been the uniform practice for a number of months previously. Now, all such papers have to be returned to the publisher. By reason of *returned papers* a number of names have been struck from our subscription list. To some of these the *Record* has been sent for nearly four years without any return.

Our object, however, is to call attention to another class of returned papers, viz. those of paying subscribers, who live remote from, and therefore do not often call at, the Post Office. It is very annoying to have struck out such names, and months after to receive a complaint, that the paper has not been sent as usual. We recommend these subscribers to make arrangement with the Post-masters to have their papers retained until called for. It is our fixed purpose, according to universal practice in such matters, not to discontinue any subscriber's paper, until all arrears are paid up.

KEEP THE SABBATH—Cannot be too frequently enjoined, nor too forcibly illustrated. A little volume, *A Mother's Plea for the Sabbath*, by Mrs. L. K. Wells, teems with striking instances of the profit of Sabbath observance, even in a worldly point of view, to which the writer of these lines could add many more, but will not at this time intrude too far upon your crowded column. My brother arrived here this summer from the old country, en route for C. W., and after having seen the city here, and all its sights worthy of a stranger's notice, proposed to leave on Sunday, per mail steamer, which yet desecrates that holy day—remonstrance was in vain—his mind was made up—he had already lost too much time—people travelling and from home could not be constrained by these little prophecies—he could not spare another day; he thus left in the Sunday steamer much against the advice and desire of his friends; his destination was an intermediate port; but he

"Who plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

frowned upon the breakers of His holy law, for "the winds and the sea obey him." He raised such a heavy sea and gale of wind on Lake Ontario, that it was impossible on the Monday to land at the port of destination, and my friend was driven past his stopping place, and subjected to three extra days mortification and expense, by a paltry attempt to borrow a few hours from the Sabbath day. Both young and old cannot be too much alive to the promise, that "in keeping the commandments there is great reward." The steamer that left on Monday had a rapid and pleasant voyage.

MONTREAL, Sept. 6, 1851.

GAVAZZI.

It may not be inappropriate to give a few facts connected with the life of this wonderful man. Alessandro Gavazzi is a Bolognese, and a priest of the Order of St. Barnabas. He is at present forty-two years of age. In the freshness and vigor of his youth he threw himself into the political arena, and speedily became the powerful advocate of truth and freedom, when both were ignored during the Pontificate of Pope Gregory. Like other earnest men, he was deceived by the hopes held out to Italy when Pius the Ninth assumed the triple crown. With Igo Bassi, who died a martyr to Italian freedom, he strenuously supported the liberal policy of the new Pope; and it was only when reactionary tendencies began to avail themselves, and when Pio Nono threw off the disguise which he had for a while assumed, that Gavazzi vowed irreconcilable hostility to the Papedom and all kindred systems of oppression. The revolutions of 1848 speedily drew him into the heat of action. He adopted the tricolour cross which he now wears as the emblem of his devotion to the interests of the country; and his marvellous eloquence speedily made him the voice of the Italian people. When the news of the Milan insurrection reached Rome, he was seized upon and carried by the students to the Pantheon, there to pronounce a funeral oration for those who died in the cause of freedom. The ruined Colosseum, and subsequently the Grand Square of St. Mark at Venice, rang with the powerful voice of the Barnabite; and such was the effect of his oratory, that the Venetian treasury was filled with voluntary offerings in the cause of Italy, and the inhabitants of that "glorious city of the sea," were enabled, under the dictatorship of Manin, to baffle the Austrians, and maintain a defence to which there are few parallels in history. As may easily be supposed, a fee to oppression possessed of weapons calculated to produce such effects as these was not likely to escape the machinations of those whose iniquity he so boldly denounced. Gavazzi was expelled from Tuscany, after the Grand Duke of Florence had been smitten by his eloquence. He was then seized, and sent off secretly, to be imprisoned in one of those loathsome dungeons which Italian tyrants alone have been capable of forming. But at Viterbo he was rescued by the interference of the people; and after the pusillanimous flight of the Pope, and the proclamation of the Roman Republic, he conjoined the merciful duties of his priestly office with the feelings and the actions of the patriot, organizing and superintending hospitals for the wounded, while he stimulated the Romans to those gallant feats which rendered the siege of Rome so truly memorable. He accompanied Garibaldi to the battle-field of Velletri, and after that gallant fight, extended his offices of kindness to the wounded of both armies—foes as well as friends. In every post of danger Gavazzi's indomitable courage was displayed; and it was only when Rome had been entered by the French that he quitted it under General Oudinot's safe conduct, and repaired to London, where he has since supported himself by giving lessons in his native language. Such is a brief summary of this remarkable man's career.

We now give an extract from his oration, delivered in the Music Hall, Edinburgh, which was crowded to excess. Listen to his withering exposure of the Pope, and the system he supports.

"Who is the Pope, who presides at the Vatican, not as a minister of religion, but as a spectacle of worldly pomp! He has converted the Church of Christ, by his earthly vanities, into a den of thieves (*spelonca*). "After Gavazzi went on to show that the abuses Popery were in a great measure traceable to Paganism, observing that under the Roman emperors and consuls Catholics were the lords of the world; under the Pope they are its slaves. (Cheers.) The Pope, by causing himself to be styled Pontifex Maxi-

mus, destroyed that equality which Christ established among his disciples. Christ has made all priests equal, but the Pope has placed himself above all, and they are only vassals and slaves. He has thus taken to himself all authority. The head of the Church is Christ, but to-day the head of the Church is the Pope. It is the depository of all the laws of the Church. He claims jurisdiction over the universal Church,—he interprets Scripture after his own fashion,—he is infallible. He has thus put the will of man above the will of God; and look how the Jesuits have supported his blasphemous position. I am willing to be friends with the whole world,—even to embrace the murderer of my brother; but with the Jesuits,—the secret police and props of the Papacy,—I will keep no terms. There are no demons on earth worse than the so-styled Company of Jesus. For the followers of Loyola, I must ever entertain everlasting—eternal hatred. (Great cheering.) These Jesuits, I say, are the supporters of the Pope, because he is the supporter of their order. They have invented the infallibility of the Pope. God alone is infallible; and yet, says cardinals and priests, let the Word of God go, but not so the dictum of the Pope. Now, what shows this flagrant assumption of the Pope is, the perfect similitude which subsists between him and the devil; with this qualification, however, that whereas Lucifer said, "I will be," the Pope says, "I am," equal to God. (Cheers.) Lucifer, in the love of his own beauty, and confidence in his own strength, said in his heart, "I will make war against the Most High;" and the crime of Lucifer was thus merely a sin of thought—an ambitious hope. But instead of that, the sin of the Pope is a sin of fact. Ye Romanist bigots, and ye Anglicists vacillating between Magism and Romanism, listen till I tell you. Who calls himself the Vicar of Christ?—The Pope. Who calls himself Vicedog?—The Pope. Who calls himself God on earth?—The Pope. According to him, we have two Gods,—one in heaven, and the other on earth,—the one on earth superceding the one in heaven, and that one being the Pope. The object most venerated by the Roman Catholic is Christ in the Sacrament, and it is called the Most Holy—*Santissimo*. The Popes, disclaiming the name of saint, assume the appellation of *Santissimo*. And do you know who has borne that sacred appellation? Would you like a little list of these "most holy" men? Leo the Tenth made a profession of Atheism, *Santissimo*!—Alexander the Tenth was guilty of incest, *Santissimo*! John the Twelfth, Boniface the Ninth, were both guilty of horrible crimes, and yet they are *Santissimi*! John the Twentieth, the Sodomite, was likewise *Santissimo*! And Pio Nono—(cheers and disapprobation)—the bombardier of his city,—the slaughterer of his subjects—he is *Santissimo*! They have even given the name of *Santissimo* to every thing that belongs to them, just as the magnet magnetizes the iron with which it is brought into contact. The Pope not only calls himself *Santissimo*, but he desires that his servants should be called *Santissimi*, his coach *Santissima*, his horses *Santissimi*, and finally, his meals *Santissimi*! They are all *Santissimi*!"

Padre Gavazzi, with all the confidence of one who has truth on his side, thus portrays the downfall of the Pope:—

"The crocodile cries after he has eaten a man, not because he has destroyed him, but because there are no more to eat. So likewise with the Pope. But his throne, which is founded upon the trunkless subjects, and supported by foreign bayonets, is near its fall, the blood of the subjects of Pius cries from the ground against him. (Cheers.) This tyrant, who has canonized despotism throughout Italy, we have sworn on the altar of our country to overthrow. Now, in conclusion, let me say a word to you of our cause. With us Italians the fall of the Pope is no longer in hope,—it is a certainty. We have sworn on the altars of our country to destroy the rule which is the ruin and desolation of our country; and by God's