

ness of Dr. Stuart and Mr. Macandrew and Attorney-General Stout. I presume we may say this is substantially the doing of the Catholic Church or the Pope, since Dr. Moran, the representative of the Pope in Otago, has had so great a share in the establishment of the TABLET by his purse and patronage. It gives many outward and visible tokens of increasing prosperity. We cannot wonder at this since it received the blessing of the late saintly Pope. Talk of the decay of Papal power after that! The church may suffer much from the hostility of her open enemies, and still more from the coolness of many of her pretended friends, or even the actual treachery of some of them, who bow the knee to her, talk of their "Catholic instincts," while they openly and persistently defy her authority and go with her enemies. But in spite of all that she advances triumphantly, pitying and praying for her enemies, or smiling at their futile efforts to arrest their progress. Even the Rev. Dr. Wallis, M.H.R., told us at an Auckland Orange demonstration not long ago that the Pope was fast getting Australia to himself. This is attributed to "mixed marriages" in great part. The Church does not like mixed marriages as we all know. But it is the prerogative of the Almighty to bring good out of evil. Who can measure the power of a good Catholic woman in the world, or a bad one either. Thank God, the priests, and the nuns, we have many good, and few bad, Catholic women among us.

HOW THE NEW POPE LOOKS AND SPEAKS.

THE Rome correspondent of *The Pilot*, Mr. P. L. Connellan, gives the following graphic description of the Holy Father Pope Leo XIII., as he appeared during the audience of the Irish College on the 2nd of May:—

At a quarter to one, the door leading to the Pontifical apartments was opened, and shortly after eight Noble Guards, with high helmets, blue coats, and gold belts, and drawn swords, entered the Hall, and immediately following them came the Sovereign Pontiff in white soutane, and white silk colotte, or little skull-cap, accompanied by Mgr. Macchi, and another chamberlain who carried the Pontiff's wide-brimmed red hat and scarlet cloak. He immediately takes his place upon the throne. The assembled multitude kneel, and the Pontiff makes a sign for them to stand up. Naturally, every eye is bent upon him, and every, even the slightest, movement he makes which may indicate his manner, is observed with the keenest scrutiny.

His pace was very rapid, as he walked from the door of the Hall to the Throne; his step quick and short. He is thin, even to meagreness, and tall. The fingers of his hands are almost fleshless, and the whole figure, and the whole outlines of the face, ascetic to a degree. He is, in appearance, not unlike what Cardinal Manning was a few years ago, when his activity was greater than it is to-day. As he sits listening to the lengthy address read to him by Cardinal Cullen, his right hand, tremulous with nervousness, is employed in buttoning his soutane, and his fingers shake, and one might say *fumble*, from very nervousness, around the buttons. As the address continues he looks from the Cardinal to the crowd assembled before him, and back again to the Cardinal, in a quick, nervous way. A few minutes of stillness succeeds, during which he grasps the arms of the Throne tightly with his nervous hands, as though to keep himself still. Then his knees begin to tremble as if with a nervous force over which he has no control. A little child, fat and chubby, breaks in on the Cardinal's reading with what might be regarded as a remonstrative cry, and the Pontiff turns to Mgr. Macchi and smiling addresses him, as if commenting on the interruption. The Cardinal has at length concluded; Mgr. Kirby presents the gifts—£1000 sterling, £800 being contributed from the Diocese of Lismore, through the Bishop, Dr. Conaty, and the remainder contributed here. The Pontiff rises suddenly to his feet, and—rare event—addresses a discourse to the Cardinal!

His voice is very impressive, and what he says seems to be the immediate thoughts arising in his heart. You would say he was thinking aloud. His tone is somewhat nasal, but clear and ringing; not robust and round, like that of Pius IX., but thrilling and penetrating, very like to Cardinal Manning's, except that it is stronger. His accent is not at all Roman; and although he was educated here, he has, from his long residence in Perugia, and much intercourse with the Perugians, acquired the accent of Perugia. His sentences are generally long, and you are forced to admire how happily he keeps the master-thought that runs through what he says, constantly in view. He speaks of the great pleasure, and, indeed, of the emotion he feels at the testimony of the love of the sons of Ireland, as expressed by the Lord Cardinal of Dublin on behalf of those present, for the Faith and for the Holy See. In well-chosen words, he conveys his deep sense of the love of Ireland to the Sovereign Pontiff. Eloquently does he refer to the piety of her children, which gained for their noble land the title of "Island of Saints." Towards the conclusion of his discourse he repeats again this honourable title, and finally bestows, in a most solemn and affectionate manner, his Apostolic Benediction on all present, and on their friends and relations.

The people now gather closer around the Throne. The presentation of each one to His Holiness now begins, the ladies being, of course, presented first. The little chubby child who interrupted the address is brought before the Pontiff, at whom he stares with a half-frightened, half-wondering look in his large blue eyes. The Holy Father affectionately places his hands upon the child's head, and after blessing him in the most affectionate manner, the little fellow is carried away as surprised and dazed-looking as ever. Here is Father Mullooly of Saint Clement's just before me, and when the Pope hears his name he most kindly says: "We are most happy to see Father Mullooly, of St. Clement's, of whom we have heard so many praises and encomiums." Here it was that I was best enabled to see his countenance. A noble head, crowned with snow white hair, a high, wide forehead, not smooth and shining, but rough with bumps that would delight the heart of a phrenologist; eyebrows bushy, and overhanging deep-set, kindly, and keenly intelligent eyes; a large,

very large nose, thin and fine; a wide mouth, which lends itself most readily to a very attractive smile, deep, straight lines bounding it, and a good, clear, pointed chin, with a well-defined, firm jaw, constitute the principal features that you become aware of in looking at the countenance, expressive in the highest degree, of Leo XIII. As you approach him, and kiss the embroidered cross upon his slipper, and the ring, almost slipping from his bony finger, a kindly interest lights up his eyes as he hears who you are, what your occupation is, and how long you have been in Rome. This last seems to be a particular question; to-day he also made a speciality of asking each one were they Irish-born. Now it was that he seemed at his ease; all signs of nervousness had disappeared. One cannot convey sufficiently well in words the kindness of his manner, nor the kindly interest that illumines his countenance, nor the affectionate way he clasps your hand in both of his, and the fatherly fashion in which he places his hands upon your head, nor the grace of his smile when he meets with a rounded face and stout figure so different from his own, nor the religious solemnity with which he invokes a benediction upon the kneeling multitude. All these must be seen to be fittingly felt.

Unlike Pius IX. in person, he is no less unlike him in many other respects. The former would, in his discourses, make use of a phrase, or employ a gesture, which would at once bring the tears to one's eyes; the latter rather seems to appeal most affectionately and impressively to your reason. Pius IX. was an orator by nature, and was probably the most eloquent speaker of his day; Leo XIII. is more of a writer and less of an orator; appeals less to the emotions and more to the intellect. Pius IX. was distinguished for his thorough good-nature and genuine kind-heartedness; Leo XIII. is remarkable for his kindly and courteous manner, his gracious speech, and the affectionate interest he takes in those with whom he comes in contact. The former had more than thirty years in which to gather the love and admiration of the world; while the latter has not yet had three months for such a purpose, and yet he has won golden opinions from all men, and given the highest hopes to all Catholics throughout the world. Because one loved Pius IX. with an undying love, that very affection suggests the bestowal of a like love for Leo XIII.

THE HOME OF THE PECCI FAMILY.

(From the London Times.)

THE Pecci house has nothing to deserve attention outside. The family coat of arms, once above the door, has been removed; but the clamps which held it are still in their places. The Pecci arms consist of a field *gules* bearing a cypress or pine—"pitch tree" (from *pece*) crossed by a bar *argent* and the shield so quartered bears on the upper left quarter a comet, *or*, and on the two lower quarters two French lilies, *fleurs de luce*, also *or*. Over the shield is a comital crown, though the Peccis were no counts but merely untitled patricians. Besides this escutcheon, which the *Osservatore Romano* displays as the new Pope's arms with the tiara, other cognizances are to be seen on the Pecci sepulchral monuments—a coat of arms with two rampant lions, *or*, on a field *gules* in an ermine mantle—and another escutcheon, where to the pine, the comet and the lilies there are, under these lilies, two rose tree boughs, *ons* on each side, each bearing three roses. The house of the Pecci inside is not without pretensions. The entrance is on the Via Cavour, its front windows looking out into it; but on the other side it enjoys a view of the valley. The staircase up to the first floor is handsome. On the first floor are the state apartments, an ante-chamber showing the primitive rafters without ceiling, painted somewhat roughly, but not without artistic taste. On the walls are a portrait of Pope Pius VI. and a series of prints illustrating that Pontiff's checkered career. On a large table in the middle lay several numbers of the *Voce della Verita*, and scattered over them half-broken children's toys. In the inner saloon (Sala Nobile) sconces with mirrors, each bearing a candle, hang on the walls all round, interspersed with family pictures. Here are a portrait of Leo XII. (Della Genga), painted in his Cardinal's robes, the present Pope's father and mother, and that of Cardinal Pecci himself, still young, with a fine countenance, well-chiselled, regular, almost feminine features, a straight, thin nose, a small smiling mouth, dark and very sweet eyes, with a light pink complexion, probably the gift of the artist's partial fancy.

There is the Pope's father in the uniform of a colonel of the first French Empire, with a good florid countenance; and that of the mother, a native of Cori, sprung from the Prosperi family, a majestic buxom gentlewoman. In the present Pope are blended the features of both his parents, yet his resemblance in youth to Pope Leo XII. is considered very striking both at Carpineto and in Rome. The furniture in his room is common-place, and in bad rococo style. Among other portraits, there is one of an Abate Pecci, who rose to some distinction in the last century. There is a third little sitting-room, with gilt looking-glasses and gilt armchairs, and through this one reaches the little family chapel, where the Cardinal often said Mass. On the altar hang a Madonna and Child, with a St. Francis and St. Dominic; on a side wall a small picture of St. Anthony of Padua. Opposite to the chapel is the Cardinal's bedroom, with an iron bed, canopied with white and blue silk; over the bolster hangs a silver crucifix. The walls are papered with an imitation of red damask. All in these apartments is plain, unpretending, and somewhat faded and dilapidated, the family living the best part of the year in Rome—a numerous family, as we know, with a patrimony not exceeding 100,000 Roman crowns, or about £20,000. The room where the Pope was born is on an upper floor. The family burial place is in the Capuchin convent outside the town. There is a large slab in the floor, with the family arms, in the middle of the church. The convent adjoining this church is falling to ruin, and is propped up by large beams on the outside.

M. TREFORT, Minister of Public Worship and Education in Hungary, formerly a Free-thinker and bitter opponent of Catholicism, was recently received into the Church by the Franciscan Fathers in Pesth.