

later. Undoubtedly, however, the power of this man, struck by the ban of the Church, has mouldered away, seemingly without an effort. He has stood against many formidable shocks, and some able rivals. He has weathered many difficulties, and he seemed to have triumphed over all obstacles. He stood alone. In another year the term of his regency would have expired, and he might then have relinquished peaceably, and with apparent honour, the helm of the state, if he found himself unable to grasp it any longer. But no; this was not to be; and accordingly in the height of his power apparently without a motive, without a plan, without a common object, all classes have united to hurl him from the power he had abused, and which, perhaps, every one of them would have abused as fearfully; many of them, indeed much more fearfully. The insurrectionists under Narvaez—the confidant of Queen Christina—and the Esparterests, under General Seoane, had an engagement on the 22d inst. at Torrejon. It lasted for a quarter of an hour, at the end of which period the troops on both sides “fraternized” for the benefit of Narvaez. Seoane and the son of Zurbarano were taken prisoners, while Zurbarano took refuge in Madrid. The metropolis was summoned to surrender unconditionally; and on the 23d Narvaez made a triumphant entry into Madrid. Meanwhile, Espartero has been either unable or unwilling to strike a blow; and even if the prayers of the Church have not been heard in his downfall—if a worse Government is destined to succeed that which now is passing away, we may, at least, be permitted to reflect that his downfall is the punishment of a public criminal, is an article of retributive vengeance against a cowardly persecutor of the Church. A paragraph from the *Times* of Thursday, without reference to any authority, we here reprint, giving it for as much as it is worth.—*Tablet*.

Rome, Jr. x.—The events in Spain have by no means produced a favourable impression here, because it is certain that Espartero has, quite recently, made sincere promises to exert himself to the utmost for the purpose of restoring peace and good feeling between Spain and the Papal See, but by his fall these hopes of course would vanish.

MORE TROUBLE FOR ENGLAND. A fresh cause of uneasiness has arisen in that country; the north, the home of the Presbyterian population is outrageous at the decision of the law-lords in the Upper house; a decision which declares as illegal, all marriages performed between a Protestant and Presbyterian, by a Presbyterian minister. The Presbyterians are not a race who will silently submit to an authority which thus strikes at the root of their cherished rights. The interpretation of the law as expounded by the Peers would, if carried into effect, sow discord and ruin in many a domestic circle, and unsettle the rights of property. A declaratory act confirming the validity of all marriages contracted in the form described may allay discontent, but the law itself must undergo a change, and that alteration will bring under review the disabilities of the Catholics, and suggest the necessity of a revision of the entire system.

PROTESTANT BIGOTRY. A recent English paper contains the following paragraph:

*Roman Liberty and Ozonian Bigotry.* A few years ago I visited St. Peter's church in Rome, and among the masterpieces of art which adorn that wonder of the world, I was somewhat surprised to learn that the mausoleum of Pope Pius VII. had been executed by a Protestant sculptor, Thorwaldsen, the well-known Phidias of Denmark. Expressing my astonishment to a dignified Italian clergyman, he replied, that really that circumstance did not occur to him before as any thing very remarkable; that his countrymen were in the habit of attending more to the talent than to the religion of the artist in matters appertaining to the fine arts. The good sense of the observation struck me most forcibly on reading in the Sun newspaper, that “Important alterations are to be made in some of the colleges of Oxford University. Baliol is to undergo a thorough repair, the direction of which was entrusted to Mr. Pugin, the celebrated Catholic architect. The master of the college objected to the employment of this gentleman, and Mr. Pugin's engagement is consequently broken off.”

SCOTLAND.

SCOTLAND. Dundee. On the 25th of June, the Right Rev. Dr. Andrew Carruthers, Lord Bishop of Edinburgh and the eastern district of Scotland, administered in this town the sacrament of Confirmation to upwards of two hundred persons, thirty of whom were recent converts to the Catholic faith. His lordship has now confirmed in Dundee during the last four years 1,000 individuals about 100 of whom had been converted from various Protestant sects.

HAWICK, SELKIRK, KELSO, &c.—About six years ago, the Rev. W. Wallace accidentally turned his attention to the small manufacturing town of Hawick, where he found nearly two hundred Catholics—such exemplary Catholics, too, that even the public authorities of the place did them the justice to say that a Catholic had never been brought before them for a misdemeanor; yet there they were in a place where the feet of a Catholic clergyman had never trod since the devastating fire of the Reformation; and thus they might have been till the devastating fire of the last day reduced their neighbors to a level with them, if Providence had not led the above clergyman to visit and pity them. That which has been said here of Hawick, may in like manner be said of Selburg, Selkirk, Kelso, Galashiels, and Peebles—in every one of which, were there a chapel, there would be a flock; yet it is well known that, with the exception of Traquair, there is not even a station from Edinburgh to Carlisle, a distance of more than ninety miles. In none of these places is there any hostile feeling to Catholics. But Hawick has the singular commendation that in it only is a strong and marked feeling in favor of Catholicity. Though a priest, and a total stranger, the Rev. Mr. Wallace found himself caressed, encouraged, and even supported by the most influential

persons in the place. More than one of the best citizens have even promised to take seats in the church, which is now begun, and if a charitable public would aid him to complete the shell, the earl of Traquair has nobly volunteered to seat it, and the Protestant inhabitants have signified their intention to aid, if not to defray the necessary sum for purchasing an organ.—*Tablet*.

FALKIRK.—The innovating bell with which the Right Rev. Dr. Gillis had distinguished the new Catholic Church of St. Francis Xavier, has been the accidental cause of an event of some interest, not only on account of the evidence which it affords of a growing confidence and good feeling, but as distinctly marking the mighty change which is taking place among old prejudices in favour of our impressions. This bell had of course excited some little surprise; the good people of Falkirk could scarce believe their eyes when they saw not only “the old church come back again,” but come prepared to sound from its tower a public “call to the unconverted” amidst all the changes which were being rung around her. Eventually the bishop, having been misled by the representations of an individual, directed that the bell should be sounded at the consecration and elevation only, under an idea that its introduction as a call to service would displease the inhabitants. It is with the greatest satisfaction, however, we learn that the Provost and Town Council of Falkirk have since collectively considered this subject, and come to an unanimous decision that the right rev. bishop should be invited to direct this church bell to be used for the special public purposes for which it was erected; an instance of frankness, liberality, and good feeling, which does them the highest honor.—*Id.*

THE BIBLE IN SPAIN.

True faith will always show itself by its works. The needle is not truer to the pole, than are catholic deeds to their eternal credence. The catholic consecrates the noblest work of nature and art to the God of the universe. The divine impressions of his mind are stamped on those temples which his piety has pitched to the heavens! Catholicism is generous, whilst error is sparing. The former will not dispute with the Eternal, the Grandeur, and Majesty of his house; but the latter will contend with Him about every particle of matter. Well might error, could she be capable of one generous thought, exclaim, “how can I dwell in a palace of cedar, whilst the glory of Israel dwells in a tent?” This grand exclamation of David inspired the souls of catholic Spain, and bade them tear their towering and gigantic temples in honor of Him, who for a time had not hereon to lay his head. Mr. Borrow has amply proven this. As he approaches the antique walls of Salamanca, he is charmed, and deceived by Catholic art. “About noon of the third day, on reaching the brow of a hillock, we saw a large cloud before us, upon which the fierce rays of the sun striking, produced the appearance of burnished gold. It belonged to the cathedral of Salamanca, and we flattered ourselves, that we were already at our journey's end; we were, however, deceived, being four leagues distant from the town, whose churches and convents towering up in gigantic masses, can be distinguished at an immense distance, flattering the traveller with an idea of proximity, which does

not in reality exist.”—“How glorious its churches, and how stupendous are its deserted convents!” Spanish talent; and dignity, and vastness of soul, and liberality, and piety have built their domes of burnished gold, their cathedrals that mock both distance, and the keenest eye, and their many glorious and magnificent abodes of every ennobling virtue! Well, and divinely done; Catholic Spain! When will Apostacy create such works as thine? Never. Three centuries proclaim, never. The hands of truth carry the richest treasures to the temples of the living God, whilst those of error do naught but plunder.

Having said so much for Salamanca, Mr. B. has something to say about Oveido. “The principal ornament of the town is the Cathedral, the tower of which is exceedingly lofty, and is perhaps one of the purest specimens of Gothic architecture at present in existence.” Why cannot protestantism produce something like Catholicism? Mr. Aldrich in one of his letters in the *New World* exclaims “it Protestantism be not fatal to the fine arts, surely it and they cannot thrive together.” This language is intelligible: But let us hear the way that Mr. Hallam in his *History of the Middle Ages* accounts for the barbarism of the last three centuries. “The mechanical execution, at least, continued to improve, and is so far beyond the apparent intellectual powers of those times, that some have ascribed the principal ecclesiastical structures to the fraternity of free masons.” Mr. Aldrich plumply tells the truth, whilst Mr. Hallam talks paradoxically. Let the latter be instructed by the former.

The Cathedral of Seville is not forgotten. “This Cathedral is perhaps the most magnificent in all Spain. It is utterly impossible to wander through the long aisles, and to raise one's eye to the richly tiled roof, supported by colossal pillars, without experiencing sensations of sacred awe, and deep astonishment. It is true that the interior . . . is somewhat dark and gloomy; yet, it loses nothing by this gloom, which, on the contrary, rather increases the solemnity.” Catholic structures can fill the mind of a bitter and false soul with every sentiment of sacred awe, wonder, and sublimity! I need not say what the effect would be, which a protestant church would make on the mind of a Catholic. It would not be any idea of devotion, but of mingled disgust.

Mr. B. does not omit mentioning the Cathedral of St. James. “The Cathedral . . . is a majestic venerable pile. In every respect calculated to excite awe and admiration; indeed it is almost impossible to walk its long dusky aisles, and hear the solemn music and noble chanting, and inhale the incense of the mighty censers. While gigantic tapers glitter here and there among the gloom from the shrine of many a saint . . . and entertain a doubt that we are treading the floor of a house where God delighteth to dwell.” How could any man, who has a heart to feel, and a soul to love, avoid being filled, in such a place, with feelings of the most exalted love, and adoration, whilst the golden censers of the Apocalyptic book breathe forth their choicest odors; whilst the tapers, the emblems of the triumph divine, illumined the sombre aisle; whilst wave of music follows wave, until the varied sounds are blended and swollen into one majestic tide; and whilst the adoring throng are prostrate upon the marble floor pouring forth their orisons before the Lamb who lies bleeding on many a golden Altar for the salvation of a guilty world! Catholics alone can adequately instruct fallen man. The soul receives nearly all her impressions through the senses, and our gipsy author had to pay homage to the fact.—P. McL.—*Cath. Telegraph*.