

and to Italy, when he invited, not as has been said, the Church to reconcile herself with liberty—the Church reconciles, she does not reconcile herself, she has no need to reconcile herself with any—but when he invited modern liberty to reconcile itself with the Church, too long misunderstood by it. If he had not made this great attempt, this great and noble trial, and that with a right-mindedness and good faith beyond compare, one might have doubted of the greatness of his soul; one might have thought—some narrow souls might have thought that the Pontifical authority systematically repelled progress, civilisation, liberty. But now, after the trial he has made, it is placed beyond doubt, that if liberty has not taken root at Rome, it is not the fault of Pius IX. it is the fault of those to whom he gave that liberty. (Loud approbation on the Right.) He did not then deceive himself in undertaking that great and noble work which will immortalise him, and on which, for my part, I shall always felicitate him. Nor can he have changed, any more than erred, I am convinced that he is in nowise disposed to sacrifice the cause of liberty—of right liberty—to the worship of force; but he has seen, he is enlightened, he has had his eyes opened, he has profited by the lesson which God has given him by events, and he would be inexorable if he did not profit by it. And besides, if he had changed, which I do not believe, would he perchance be the only man who has changed in Europe, in France, and everywhere else? Allusion was made here yesterday to the apostasy of the great Liberal party. Well, gentlemen, what in fact has taken place in the world within the last few years? Do you really suppose that the men of sense, of heart, of conscience, love and adore liberty, or believe in it, believe in the ascending march of the human race, in the indefinite progress of civilisation and institutions, as they did two or three years ago? (Movement in opposition.) Do you suppose that in France, in Europe, everywhere, the hardest consciences, hearts and intelligences have not been overwhelmed? Do you suppose that a bloody light has not arisen in many intelligences and many consciences? (Renewed applause on the Right.) And if you doubt of our competence, of our impartiality, of us, politicians, of us, Parliamentary men used-up and disgusted with the fatigues of the political life, then I would say to you: Go, sound the depths of nations, go to no matter what modest hearth, ask obscure, but generous and intelligent patriots; go and ask men who have never mixed themselves up in affairs, who have always remained far apart from the noise, the agitation, and the disgusts of the political life: knock at the door of their heart, sound their conscience, and ask them whether they love progress and liberty with the same love which they loved it heretofore; or rather whether, whilst still loving it, they believe in it with the same faith, with the same confidence? You will not find one in a hundred who does; no, not one in a thousand. (Long and loud applause on the Right. Murmurs and denials on the Left.)

Ah! this is sad, it is a sad truth; I understand the pain which it inspires; I also feel it myself; but it is a truth, and I defy you to deny it. Make the search which I point out: go and sound the hearts of men, you will not find one in a hundred, you will not find one in a thousand of the Liberals of the past, who have the same faith, the same ardour which they had two or three years ago. ("It is true! It is true!" "No! No!") It is but yesterday you said so; one of the orators to whom all listened with the silence of respect, if it was not with that of sympathy, one of your orators said so yesterday at this Tribune; he marked it out, he defined it; he gave it the name of the apostasy of the great Liberal party. I am taking on me the task of coming to explain to you this phenomenon, and you interrupt me, and you regard it as an affront. I have a great deal more to tell you: I say that this phenomenon is

universal, and I am going to give you the reason of it. Why this change? Because everywhere the name and banner of liberty have been usurped by impure and incorrigible demagogues, who have sullied them, and who have only availed themselves of them to secure the triumph of crime. (Violent exclamation on the Left. Loud applause on the Right.) Wherefore, then, gentlemen (turning to the Left), will you assume what I say to yourselves? Why will you not listen to me? Allow me here to state historical facts. I say that everywhere impure and incorrigible demagogues have sullied the cause of liberty. (Renewed interruption on the Left. A Voice—It is the Jesuits who defiled it. Laugh and exclamation on the Right.) I say that everywhere, at the foot of the Capitol as at the barrier of Fontainebleau, in the suburbs of Frankfort as on the bridge of Pesth, everywhere the democratic party has been unworthily united to the banner of liberty. (Loud exclamations on the Left.)

The PRESIDENT—Pray allow him the liberty of speaking against assassination. M. DE MONTALEMBERT—I understand an interruption which I catch in the passage. You object to me the monarchical gibbets. Do you suppose I have two weights and two measures. I never had them. It was I who before now branded with reprobation the massacres of Galicia in the Chamber of Peers. I do not repent of having done so, and I retract nothing. You object to me the executions of Hungary, the executions of Count Batthyani and others. I do not hesitate here to declare that if the facts which the journals report be true, that if there are no other motives for their executions than those given to the public—(on the Left, "Ah, ah! do you doubt it?"—on the Right, "Let him speak!")—if it be so, I condemn those executions; I condemn them. I deplore them, I detest them; but I add that, after all, these are the reprisals provoked by the murder of Count Zichy, of General Latour. (Ironical exclamations on the Left.)

I go further, and I say that it is the misdeeds, the assassinations, the crimes committed everywhere in the name of liberty, which have frozen and desolated the hearts most devoted to her cause. Do you know what it is that extinguishes in men's hearts the radiant and fertilising flame of liberty? It is not the hand of tyrants. Look at Poland! For three quarters of a century, has not the flame of liberty been burning inextinguishably under a triple oppression? Do you know what extinguishes it? 'Tis they, they, those demagogues of whom I was just now speaking—those anarchists. (Loud applause on the Right—clamour on the Left.) Those men who declare everywhere an impious and implacable war against human nature; against the fundamental conditions of society; against the eternal bases of truth, right, and social justice: behold the men who extinguish the love of liberty. (Renewed applause.)

Look, I implore you, on what was passing in Europe three years ago. Liberty was everywhere gradually extending its empire. Kings all came by turns, wincing, I grant—(laughter)—but still they all did come by turns, to deposit in some sort, their crown at the feet of Liberty, demanding of her a new consecration, a new investiture; the Pope himself, Pius IX., the living symbol of authority, the incarnation of the most august and most ancient power. (Ironical laughter on the Extreme Left.)

The PRESIDENT.—I must have this observation registered, that assassins, demagogues, and anarchists cannot be attacked without exciting your murmurs, and that homage cannot be rendered to what is worthy of reverence without exciting your laughter and derision. (Loud applause on the Right benches; clamours on the Extreme Left.)

M. DE MONTALEMBERT—Pius IX. himself, the most august and ancient symbol of authority on the earth, had thought that he could demand from liberty, from democracy, from progress, from the

modern spirit, one additional ray for his tiara. Well, what came of it? You stopped all that; you overturned all; you destroyed all; you stopped and turned from its course all that admirable current which inspired us, old Liberals as you call us, with so much confidence and admiration. This current is lost. You have dethroned some kings it is true, but you have much more certainly dethroned liberty. (Applause on the Right.)

Kings have reascended their thrones, liberty has not reascended hers. She has not reascended the throne which she had in our hearts. Oh, I am well aware that you write her name up everywhere, in all laws, upon every wall, upon every cornice (pointing to the roof of the Chamber); but in our hearts its name is effaced. Yes, that fair, that proud, that holy, that pure, and noble liberty, which we have loved so much, cherished so much, served so much—(violent interruptions on the Left)—yes, served before you, more than you, better than you—(renewed clamour)—that liberty—it is not dead, I hope, but it is extinguished, withered, crushed, stifled—(renewed clamour)—between what one of you has dared to call the supremacy of the end, that is to say, the supremacy of evil, and on the other hand, that forced return towards the exaggeration of authority, nature, for human society, for the human heart, terrified by your excesses. (Loud and long continued applause on the benches of the Majority.)

And what resulted from this struggle between Napoleon and Pius VII.? A great weakness and a great loss of reputation for the mighty emperor, and at the end of the reckoning, a great defeat. Because, and this is the gravest point in the struggle—it is what ought to strike all minds, even the most prejudiced, even those least sensible to the emotions which perhaps you think are acting upon me at this moment, it is only discredit or loss of reputation which sooner or later attaches to those struggles against the Holy See, but more so that, it is defeat! Yes, it is the failure which is certain; certain, mark you well! And why is failure certain? Ah! it is worth your notice; because there is between the Holy See and you, and every one else who would combat against it, an equality of strength. And be well assured that this inequality is not for you, but against you. You have 500,000 men, fleets, cannon, all the resources which material force can furnish. It is true. And the Pope has nothing of all that; but he has what you have not, he has a moral force, an empire over conscience and souls to which you cannot have any pretension, and that empire immortal. (Denial on the Left. Loud applause on the Right.) You deny it, you deny moral force, you deny the Faith, you deny the empire of the Pontifical authority over souls, that empire which has brought the proudest emperors to reason! Well, he it is so; but there is one thing which you cannot deny. It is the weakness of the Holy See. Be well assured of it, it is that very weakness which makes its force insurmountable against you. Ah, yes! there is not in the history of the world a greater or a more consoling spectacle than the embarrassment of force when it has to contend with weakness. (Renewed and loud applause on the Right.)

Allow me to make a familiar comparison. When a man is driven to contend with a woman if that woman is not the very lowest of creation, she may brave him with impunity, she says to him; Strike! but you will dishonour yourself, and you will not conquer me! ("Hear, hear.") Well, the Church is not woman; she is very much more than woman—she is a Mother! ("Hear, hear.") A triple salvo of applause greeted this expression of the hon. member. She is a mother; she is the mother of Europe; she is the mother of modern society; she is the mother of modern humanity! One may, if one pleases, be an unnatural son, a rebellious son, an ungrateful son; but a son one always remains, and a moment comes in this parricidal conflict against the Church, when this conflict becomes insupportable by the human race, and when he who has engaged in it falls overwhelmed and annihilated, whether by defeat or by the unanimous condemnation of humanity. (Renewed applause.)

Figure to yourself, gentlemen, Pius IX. appealing to Europe, appealing to posterity, appealing to God against the violence and against the constraint of France, of France which saved him, and which would thus add the most ridiculous of inconsistencies to a crime, which has never brought happiness to any one since history has existed. ("Hear, hear." Prolonged approbation.) Besides, gentlemen, be very certain that you would

not even so come to an end, because the Church has infinite means of resistance.

I feel that I must conclude, and yet I would wish to say one word in reply to M. Victor Hugo, who pretended that ideas were as invincible and as durable as dogmas. That is the very pretension of the modern school, to create ideas and to give them the eternity and the omnipotence of dogmas. Well, I have no difficulty in telling you in passing, that this is a chimerical pretension. No idea is capable of resisting the canons and the force which M. Victor Hugo would apply to it; for three reasons: the first, because ideas are variable and dogmas immutable. (Hear, hear.) The second, because ideas are fabricated by you and by me—we know the workshops where they are fabricated. (General laughter, and prolonged applause on Right.) Dogmas, on the contrary, have a mysterious and supernatural origin. (On the Left, "Oh, oh!"—on the Right, "Hear, hear.") And, in the last place, ideas only reign for a time; and over what? Over the imagination, at most over thought, over reason, over passion. Dogmas reign over the conscience. Behold the difference! (Prolonged applause.) Well, when M. Victor Hugo shall have found me an idea which has lasted for eighteen centuries, and which has 200 millions of believers, then I will consent to recognise in that idea the rights of the authority which I demand for the Church. (Laughs of approbation on the Right.)

I conclude, by disposing of a phrase which I have felt painfully, as you doubtless all have; it has been said the honour of our flag has been compromised in the expedition undertaken against Rome to destroy the Roman Republic, and to re-establish the authority of the Pope. (On the Left, "Yes, yes.") To this reproach all within these walls ought to be sensible, and reject it as I am doing at this moment. No, the honour of our flag has not been compromised; no, never has that noble flag shadowed a more noble enterprise beneath its folds. (Clamour on the Left. Applause on the Right.) History will say so. I appeal with confidence to its witness and its judgment. (On the Left, "So do we.") So do you! Be it so. History, if I do not deceive myself, will cast a veil over all these ambiguities, over all these tergiversations, over all the disputes, which you have marked with so much bitterness and an anxiety so active to cause disunion to reign among us; it will cast a veil over all that, or rather it will only remark on it to establish the grandeur of the enterprise by the number and nature of the difficulties overcome.

But history will say that a thousand years after Charlemagne, and fifty years after Napoleon, a thousand years after Charlemagne had acquired a deathless glory by re-establishing Pontifical power, and fifty years after Napoleon, at the summit of his might and fame, foundered as upon a rock in attempting to undo the work of his immortal predecessor, history will say that France remained faithful to her traditions, and deaf to odious provocations. She will say that 50,000 Frenchmen, commanded by the worthy son of one of the giants of our old imperial glories—(loud applause and clamour)—quitted the shores of their country to go and re-establish at Rome, in the person of the Pope, right, equity, the interest of Europe and of France. (Renewed applause and clamours.) She will say what Pius IX. has said in his letter of thanks to General Oudinot: "The triumph of the French arms was gained over the enemies of human society." Yes, that will be the decree of history, and that will be one of the brightest glories of France in the nineteenth century.

That glory you would surely not desire to attendance, to tarnish, to eclipse, by plunging yourselves into a labyrinth of contradictions, entanglements, and inextricable inconsistencies. Know you what would tarnish for ever the glory of the French flag? It would be to set that flag in opposition to the Cross, to the tiara which it has but now delivered; it would be to transform the French soldiers from protectors of the Pope into his oppressors; it would be to exchange the office and the glory of Charlemagne for a miserable counterfeit of Garibaldi.

CONSECRATION OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP OF DERRY.—On Sunday the Rev. Mr. Kelly, P.P., was consecrated Roman Catholic Bishop of Derry, in the room of the Right Rev. Dr. Maginn, deceased. The Most Rev. Archbishop McHale was the consecrating Bishop. The Londonderry Journal says:—"The Most Rev. Dr. Kelly is the most youthful Prelate in the Irish Roman Catholic Church, and was not more than eighteen months a Parish Priest."