

Hugh; heedless of all, save the yearnings and the griefs that swelled at his troubled heart, and the remembrances that gathered round him like a dream, as he gazed upon the still and mournful features of the dead.

The same morning sun that shone upon Sir Hugh, and marked with its rosy greeting the pale couch of death, streamed upon a very different scene by the old bridge of Glendarragh. It was the first parting of a young and beautiful girl from her husband; and that husband—whom, gentle reader, will you guess him to have been? Who but Percy Neville. Yes, Percy Neville—at last constrained to bid, let us hope but a brief farewell to his lovely young bride, sweet Phebe. How often has he stood with his foot in the stirrup, and how often has he disappointed his impatient steed, to return and snatch one last word, one last kiss more—to breathe another assurance, fervent and tender, of speedy return and unchanging love; while, one hand round her waist, the other locked in hers, he looks passionately into the dark, rustic eyes, and pale, lovely face, of the simple rustic beauty he has wooed and won. How many a fond prayer and loving word her soft voice murmurs, as her little head lies so trustfully buried in his breast. At length, however, the last of all—his last words are spoken, indeed. Away he chatters, still turning as he goes, and waving his hand, in token of adieu, to the weeping girl, whose fond look follows, until at last the distance hides him; and he is gone—quite gone.

(To be continued.)

THE QUEEN'S COLLEGES — THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

(From the Morning News.)

We have no desire, whatever, to undertake the degree of success, nor to overstate the public expense at which this success has been attained in the Queen's Colleges. It is no article of our political or religious creed that all Catholics are incorruptible, or that the interest of Faith and of Nationality, which in Ireland are almost synonymous, do not require the highest human as well as superhuman agencies to sustain and promote them. To ignore the existence of Trinity College, because of its openly Protestant character, to shut our eyes to the fact that, although condemned, still the Queen's Colleges are frequented, to see no disaster in their proposed extension, and to understate the existing and apprehended danger of both Institutions, form none of the objects contemplated by us, in thus stating the case of the Catholic University of Ireland. Equally remote from our purpose, however, is it to permit the patrons and supporters of those Establishments to outstep the unwary, to gull the credulous, and to terrify the timid by unfounded reports of a success that has no real existence, or which has been purchased at a price that renders it equivalent to total failure. It is admitted, by all parties—statisticians, for instance, forbid it to be questioned—that Catholics do not resort to Trinity College for a University Education. One of the ablest and indeed most liberal of the Junior Fellows, Rev. Professor Haughton, in a remarkable Pamphlet, entitled "University Education," reprinted from a series of excellent articles which lately appeared in the Evening Mail, points out, from the statistics to which his position gave him access, that the mean number of Catholic entrants to Trinity College, for the past five years, has been only 16, or less than six per cent, and 12 or somewhat over four per cent. Disserters, in a total of 275 annual entrants. More remarkable still, are the facts that, in proportion as honors and distinctions have been thrown open to Catholics, so has the number of entrances of Catholics been annually diminishing, and also that the social rank of the few Catholics who enter has been lowering, year after year. Rarely, indeed, is there an instance of any of the older and higher Catholic families sending a son to Trinity, the few entrances being chiefly of the sons of mercantile and professional men; several of the entrances are those of officers of the National Board; and of the non-Foundation Scholars, the last two appointed were a National Schoolmaster and the son of a Clerk to a Poor Law Union.

It would require the professional skill of an Accountant to analyse and correct the statistics of the Queen's Colleges. We do not impute designed falsification to the accounts which they publish, but we assert that, had they been drawn up with the express view to deceive the public, they could not have been better framed for that object. We have several official sources of statistical information respecting the Queen's Colleges, thus Parliamentary Estimates, Annual Reports of each of the Colleges, Annual Reports, and also the Calendar of the Queen's University, the Report of the Royal Commission of 1857-58, and special Parliamentary Returns. It is respecting the precise number of distinct individuals who have received instruction in the Colleges that the main difficulty arises. The students consist of two classes, matriculated and non-matriculated. The matriculated students, as shown in our last article, amounted, in the nine years ending 1857-58, to 1,209, or at an average, 134 students to the three Colleges, or 45 to each. There being twenty professors to each College, apart from the President, Registrar, Bursar, Librarian, and other officers, the entrances, in the nine years, were only at the rate of 23 students to each Professor. Besides the matriculated, there were also non-matriculated students in each of the Colleges during this period. These attend particular classes only, and their number varied from the maximum of 152, in 1848-49, to the minimum of 35, in 1852-53, the mean number of the nine years having been 62 annually. This total of 559 non-matriculated students, of whom 355 were from Belfast, with the 1,209 matriculated students, for the same period, would appear to indicate 1,768 individual students as having been under instruction in the aggregate of the first nine years of the operation of the Colleges. On examination, however, it will be found that 82, or five per cent, of those students are entered in duplicate, as 41 in Belfast, 34 in Cork, and 7 in Galway, of the non-matriculated students, subsequently entered, and are reckoned in the class of matriculated students. Nor are these the only instances in which we find students entered in duplicate, as four students from the College in Cork, and three from the College in Galway, entered Belfast in the first eight years—(Evidence of Rev. Dr. McCosh, Question 238); and similarly, there were duplicates from Belfast and from Cork to Galway. Several of the non-matriculated students hung on, in the same College, until they got a Scholarship; and the migration of students, from College to College, arose from the fact that according to the fluctuation of candidates, the change of standard or other causes, men defeated in one College essayed their chance in another, or having already enjoyed all the literary spoil in one, they proceeded in quest of more in another College. These illustrations, drawn from the Report of the Royal Commission of 1857-58, are sufficient to show the deceptive character of leading statistics of the results of the Queen's Colleges.

There are three forms in which the annual progress of the Queen's Colleges may be presented—the number of new entrances of matriculated and non-matriculated students, the total number of students attending lectures, and the total number of Degrees conferred. In our last article, we gave the number of matriculated students who entered each of the

Colleges in the first nine years of their operation, with the numbers of each religious denomination. It appears that, without distinguishing non-matriculated from matriculated students, there entered the Queen's Colleges within the last six years, in Belfast, 45, in Cork 176, and in Galway 131; or, at total of 352 Catholic Students, being at the rate of 71 to Belfast, 23 to Cork, and 23 to Galway, or an average of less than 59 Catholic students annually, which is not quite one new Catholic student to each Professor. The total number of matriculated students who entered the last Session was 229, of whom 99 were in Belfast, 72 in Cork, and 58 in Galway; and the total number of Students, of all classes, attending Lectures was 657, of whom 312 were in Belfast, 201 in Cork, and 144 in Galway. Of these 657 students, 181, or 27 per cent., were of the Established Church; 274, or 42 per cent., were Presbyterians, and 202, or 31 per cent., were Catholics. Here, then, are the literary and religious statistics of the Queen's Colleges, up to the very last official returns. If Sir Robert Peel and the Government can derive political comfort from the contemplation of them, we must suppose, that their political Paradise is of easy creation.

Within 12 years, £400,000 has been spent on this experiment. Every Government, Whig, and Tory, has actively sustained it: its staff embraces nearly 100 Professors and other chief officers, some of them amongst the ablest in the Kingdom, who have laboured, officially and privately, to support and promote it: Viceroy, Premiers, Chancellors, Judges, Chiefs of Departments, Expectants, in fact the whole public service has been the handmaid of the Queen's Colleges, and ever active to promote their interests. No less a sum than £60,000 has been spent, within the last 12 years, upon Scholarships and Prizes for the Students, or £5,000 per annum. The National Board voted them, without even the form of an examination; ten Inspectorships, commencing at £200 or £275, and rising to £370, and, it may be, £750 per annum. A monopoly of their own College Offices was secured to them. India supplied Writerships, and Japan and China Interpreterships with which to stimulate the flagging zeal of recruits for matriculation. Bachelors ripened like blackberries; Diplomas in Law, Engineering, and Agriculture could, literally, be had for less than nothing; and Medical Degrees were deemed so worthless that, as appears in evidence, many declined them gratis, preferring to pay for them in Institutions of reputation.

In the Paper read by Professor Kavanagh in the Social Science Congress, and in the Pamphlet by Rev. Professor Haughton, the facts in which are taken from the Report of the Royal Commission upon the Queen's Colleges, it is proved that almost every Student who takes a Degree in the Queen's University obtains his support during his three years Under-Graduate Course, pays his College Fees, defrays his expenses to and from Dublin to be examined, and also the fee for his Degree, and, in addition, walks off with somewhat over £14 in his pocket. With these facts before him, we leave Sir Robert Peel and the Government to chuckle over the statement, that, after twelve years, and University Education thus constituted, they reckon 202 Catholic Students, non-matriculated and Matriculated, upon the Books of the three Queen's Colleges, and the Catholic entrances for Matriculation last Session as 70, out of a population of four and a-half millions of Catholics.

If the number of Students is unduly increased by the dubious statistics adverted to, still more, by a like artifice is the number of Graduates. Diplomas in Law are reckoned this year but to re-appear among those who hereafter may take the Degree of LL.B. or LL.D. First Pass Examination in Medicine comes up another year as M.B., and another as M.D. The previous Examination in Arts—the Little Go—appears again as A.B., and again as A.M. To swell the Roll of Graduates, many Government expectants, who hold Degrees in another University, go in to obtain corresponding *ad eundem* Degrees in the Queen's University, of which, at the last meeting alone, there were no less than eight instances. The next and latest juggle, however, is rather clumsy. Certificates in Arts are now given to two classes of youths not belonging to the Queen's Colleges—First Class Certificates to those above, and Second Class to those below 15 years of age, the examinations for which are conducted in the Queen's Colleges. The holders of these Certificates, 18 youths over, and 9 under 15 years of age, some of them boys from National and other Schools, and some of them National, and other Primary Schoolmasters, were arrayed at the recent meeting, in St. Patrick's Hall, and their names paraded in the official return to the Press, as amongst the fruits of the Queen's College Education. Duplicates and Triplicates, *Ad eundem*, Diplomas, a few *bona fide* Degrees, immature Graduates, and Certificates to Primary School urchins, it was a rare sight to witness the motley sham, the eleventh year's crop of the new University in Ireland.

In our next article we shall conclude our notice of the Queen's Colleges, and then enter on a discussion of the position and prospects of the Catholic University.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, M.P., CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, &c.

SIR—I must remind you and the public in general, that you wrote a pamphlet containing the most atrocious charges against the government of the late King of Naples, Ferdinand II., for the purpose of showing that he deserved to be dethroned amidst the execrations of all the friends of humanity. The chief part of those charges had reference to Poesio, a person in prison for treason against the King. This pamphlet brought you much popularity, and materially helped you in your career of Parliamentary ambition. Your supposed High Church tendencies cast a shade of suspicion upon your Protestantism—and, therefore, your attack upon a Catholic King, a strong supporter of the Holy See, and one who had given hospitable shelter to the Holy Father during his exile, was a judicious stroke of policy, enlisting among your admirers and partisans all the enemies of the Catholic Church in this country, and the revolutionary party throughout Europe. Every one knew that if Naples could be delivered over to that party and the Bourbon dynasty overturned, a heavy blow would be struck against the Church of Italy, and especially against the Holy See. By placing yourself at the head of the assailants of the throne of Naples you revived your tottering popularity in England, and you checked at the same suspicion that your connexion with the Puseyite party and the Oxford High Church School might make you feel coldness towards Protestant politics, and sympathy for the See of Rome. Your pamphlet was a success. Lord Palmerston sent copies of it to every English Embassy and Legation in Europe. You obtained office and power. You have now, though in your heart a High Churchman, and though representing the venerable University of Oxford, identified yourself with the revolutionary foreign policy to keep them in office, and you hope by the same means to become Prime Minister. You have followed up your calumnies against the King of Naples by calumniating the Duke of Modena, and the other Princes of Italy, including the Pope. A large portion of the people of this country, deluded by the Ministerial Press and by their own preconceived prejudices, loudly applaud you. You are hailed as one of the leaders of the Piedmontese party, and one of the chief assailants of the rights of legitimate Princes—of Conservative principles—of the recognised Law of Nations—and of the Roman Catholic Church throughout Europe. There is not a conspirator, a jobber in a revolution, nor a political schemer against the peaceful society and the stability of religion, who does not see in you an accomplice or a tool. You hope soon to attain the supreme object of your ambition. You have deluded a willing public opinion into belief that King Ferdinand was a tyrant, and that you are a cham-

panion of humanity and liberty by whose efforts his family have been deprived of their inheritance and driven into exile. But the hour of the triumph of dishonesty is dangerous—for it is frequently succeeded by conviction, disgrace, and punishment. God permits dishonesty to enjoy success for a time; but retribution comes at last. You are surrounded by partisans and ambitious men, whose flattery gratifies and encourages you. But I wish you could have heard opinions expressed (not always in parliamentary language) of your conduct towards the Duke of Modena by members of the House of Commons, even on your own side, but below the gangway. You had intentionally led the House of Commons to believe that Granaj had been executed by virtue of an *ex post facto* law expressly enacted by the Duke of Modena for the purpose. You were loudly cheered, and you appeared before the House a champion of justice against a sanguinary tyrant. Last session Lord Normanby reproached you by letter for stuffing and inflating a prince and a gentleman. You stuffed and evaded, but at last you were silenced and convicted. Then you came down to the house with a shabby apology and an explanation which no one believed—no, not even your own friends. You said that you found that Granaj was not executed, but that you had not intended to convey by your speech that he had been executed. Every man of common sense knew that this excuse was untrue, because if the man was not executed your charge of injustice and cruelty against the Duke of Modena was utterly absurd. But Lord Normanby produced the supposed *ex post facto* law in the House of Lords, and it turned out, to be evidently no law at all—but a note signed by the private secretary of the Duke to the Minister of Justice, who was preparing a New Criminal Code, directing him to provide in that code for cases similar to that of Granaj. And that note or postscript contained these words—*Granaj cannot be executed.* And yet you, with this document before you, stated to the House that the Duke had made an *ex post facto* law for the purpose of rendering Granaj liable to capital punishment. You did this in order to excite public opinion against the Duke of Modena, and the other Italian Princes, and so to advance your own ambitious hopes by ingratiating yourself with that party in the House and the country which is represented by Lord Palmerston, Lord Russell, and Lord Shaftesbury. But in this instance your dishonesty was discovered, and your character materially damaged.

I will return to the case of your friend Poesio. There also your unscrupulous assertions may yet get you into trouble. Listen to what a revolutionist, the notorious Della Gattina, reveals about Poesio:—

"Poesio is a conventional invention of the Anglo-French press. When we were agitating Europe and exciting it against the Bourbons of Naples, we wanted to personify the effects of the cruelty of that horrible dynasty; we wanted to present every morning to the readers of Liberal Europe a living, palpating visible victim, whom that ogre Ferdinand used to devour raw at every meal. For this purpose we invented Poesio. . . . The English and French press excited the appetite of that great philanthropist, Gladstone, who repaired to Naples to see with his own eyes this new sort of man in an iron mask. He saw him. He was moved, and like us he set to work to magnify the victim, in order the more to irritate public opinion, and Poesio was created from top to toe. The real Poesio has taken seriously the Poesio whom we had been fabricating for twelve years in articles at three half-pence a line. Those also have taken him seriously who, without knowing anything about him, and had related what he related about him."

You see what your indiscreet accomplice has revealed to the public. The conventional Poesio whom you helped to fabricate, has done his work, the puppet has played its part, and is given up; and we now see the rags and paint and wax of which it was cleverly made. You were told repeatedly that your Poesio was a myth and of creation of dishonesty. But you shut your eyes, because he served your purpose. But you paraded him and associates in London before the public to excite hatred of the King of Naples, although you knew that he was not what you pretended, but a miserable adventurer and an unworthy son of his father, whose reputation you ingenuously managed to transfer to him. And you ought to have known that King Ferdinand was an honest and an able statesman, who maintained the finances of the kingdom in a flourishing condition, and ensured to his subjects the peace and happiness which they certainly do not enjoy under their Piedmontese conquerors.

Honest men—and even men of common sense—distrust you, because you have been repeatedly "found out." And you will be found out again. Do you really know Garibaldi? I believe you do. But, as in Poesio you chose to personify martyrdom for the cause of liberty, so you and your associates have personified in Garibaldi, valour, patriotism, disinterestedness, and the stern and simple virtue of an ancient Roman. But your Garibaldi is like your Poesio—a fabrication and an imaginary hero, invented to serve the purpose of the revolutionary party on the Continent, and of Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, and Mr. Gladstone, with their adherents in England. But the real Garibaldi is even more different from the fabricated hero than the real Poesio is from the one whom you invented. Della Gattina tells us that the real Poesio took seriously the Poesio whom he and his friends had made. And Garibaldi is doing and has done the same. Full of the novels of his friend Dumas, he retires to Caprera, and fancies himself the Count Monte Christo in his island. Elected a deputy, he took his seat in a theatrical costume invented by himself and enveloped in the drapery of a great mantle, he read a written speech of so violent a character that it could only be excused if delivered in the heat of a debate. He was called to order for his ridiculous dress; and his speech was received with a storm of disapprobation. He was pronounced a failure, and a dangerous tool of the Republican leaders, and he was sent back to play Monte Christo at Caprera, with the rank and pay of a General. When he appeared in Sicily it was in the character of a pirate, a profession to which he had been accustomed when he served as a filibuster with his less fortunate friend, Walker, who had been hanged last year, and in his earlier life when he commanded a Spanish slave. He made the famous descent to Sicily, knowing that the officers in command of the Neapolitan frigate at Marsala, and of the troops at Palermo, were bribed by Piedmont to betray their King and country. Never was glory obtained more easily, nor by more corrupt means. Then leaving Sicily in a state of anarchy, which he was utterly incapable of controlling, he entered Naples through the treachery of Liborio Romano, assisted by the influence of the English Minister accredited to King Francis the Second. One of his first acts was to deny the Divine Law, by declaring murder to be a virtuous act. By a decree under his hand, he declared that Agiolas Milano, who had attempted to murder the King, had deserved well of his country, and granted pensions to his relatives. He sent soldiers to throw crowns of flowers on the grave of the murderer. He then appointed his friend Alexander Dumas, Director of the National Antiquities, with a palace, guards, and an ample salary. The novelist made himself and his patron supremely ridiculous by his mountebank dress and his absurd display of theatrical pomp. The utter incapacity and folly of Garibaldi made it necessary to remove him. He was sent to Caprera—which, by the bye, is not a rock, nor a desert, but a pleasant island with a pretty little town—near which he is building himself a house. Then we heard every day of Garibaldi and his potatoes and turnips, until he went to Turin and made the ridiculous failure already alluded to. His friends begged him to keep away from parliament for which he was utterly unfit. And now he is a prisoner on his island—because he cannot be trusted on the Continent, where he would be the tool of fanatics, conspirators, and adventurers of the worst

description, who know well his weaknesses, and play upon his vanity, and hatred of religion and lawful government. I say nothing of his conduct in 1848 at Rome, associated with Mazzini whom so many of the clergy were murdered by his subordinates. This is the man whose name you and your colleagues use to personify virtues which he has not, and to serve the ends of your party and your ambition. This is the hero invented, like Poesio, by the Revolutionary sect and the English newspapers. This is the man for whose glorification the inscription on the Cross of Our Lord Jesus Christ was publicly parodied the other day at Naples under the eyes of Ciadini, the Lieutenant of Victor Emmanuel. The Times correspondent admitted a few days ago that Garibaldi—after all "*is human.*" And he was right to communicate to his readers this important discovery—because there is no limit to the audacious falsehoods and frauds of the Revolutionary sect and of the leaders of your party, nor to the credulity of the public when their prejudices, and their passions and their ignorance are adroitly fomented.

I now ask what Lord Palmerston, Lord Russell, and Mr. Gladstone are before the tribunal of the opinion of honest and discriminating men in Parliament and the country? They are ambitious leaders of revolution, who have never hesitated to adopt any means to accomplish their purpose; who have made use of inventions and calamities to delude the people of this country, and to obtain popularity, office, and power. They are responsible before this nation and before God for the evil use they have made of the power of England, and for the torrents of blood which their allies the Piedmontese have shed in their attempt to conquer Italy. They are responsible for the degradation of the British flag, which is now looked upon as the harbinger of confusion, violence, fraud, and bloodshed. They are responsible for having, with the assistance of their press, deceived and misled the people of Great Britain (in Ireland they have been less successful) and made them accomplices of so much villainy and cruelty.

But I trust that when Parliament re-assembles they will be called to an account, and that they will fall under the weight of their own evil deeds. And I hope that the Emperor of the French, with the other Powers of Europe, will before long find the necessity of seeing justice done, and that a stop will be put to British interference and Piedmontese violence, leaving the peoples of the States of Italy free to assert their own rights and those of their lawful princes.

Your obedient servant, AN M.P.

—London Tablet.

GUIZOT'S PAMPHLET.

M. Guizot's new pamphlet, "The Christian Church and Christian Society in 1861," has not been much noticed by the English press. The great statesman, historian and orator, the Liberal Conservative Leader, the Protestant Prime Minister of France, whose commanding intellect, vast stores of learning, austere dignity, and incorruptible integrity, have been so often praised, has failed to obtain as much notice in England for his last work, as many an obscure Imperialist scribe, wrapping in tortuous phrase the solemn circumlocutions and ambiguous generalities which are the recognised vesture of Napoleonic policy. The English press has had a reason for not wishing to draw attention to M. Guizot's work, they have not liked openly to attack and to deride a reputation so long established and so widely spread. They know that the name of Guizot carries authority with so many of their Protestant readers, that they do not like to admit that he is against them. Still less would they like to publish the contents of his book, which have an intrinsic weight, which when combined with the writer's authority, would repel the feeble impact of their petty criticisms.

But for the same reason that makes our Protestant contemporaries anxious to avoid the subject, we Catholics feel a natural desire to make much of it. It is not to be supposed that M. Guizot's views are such as a Catholic can adopt, for he remains a Protestant; but we are not now concerned to notice the points of difference between Catholics and himself, but to claim the benefit of his advocacy against the common enemy. He tells us, that while Catholicism is threatened in its external establishment, the base and essence of Christianity are exposed to yet more serious attacks and to dangers yet more serious. All the attacks now directed against Christianity start at one point and lead to one goal, the denial of the supernatural in the destinies of man and of the world, the abolition of the supernatural in the Christian religion, and in all religion, both in its history and in its dogma. He tells us that all Paganism has this essential character, that in it, it is the man who becomes God, whereas the proper and fundamental character of Christianity is, that God is not the personification of natural forces, or of human faculties, or of the heroes of mankind; He is the Creator of Mankind and of nature, pre-existent and essentially distinct and independent. At the present day we are asked to forsake the God of the Bible and of the Gospel, the primitive independent personal God distinct from all things else, Creator of man and of the world; and we are bidden to accept an abstract God, an idol of human invention, which is nothing else but man and the world mixed up together and created into God by a science which thinks itself profound and would like not to be impious.

All Christians have therefore, as he says, a great interest and duty in common; they may inhabit different houses, but the town in which they all live is attacked. He speaks of religious liberty; and says that there are persons who contend that religious liberty is only possible on condition that the Church and the State should be completely separate and independent one of the other. He combats this view and insists on their alliance. Yet he says that the Church, which for several centuries was the efficacious protector of social liberty, did utter the sixteenth century, and when she was herself attacked almost everywhere, ally herself with absolute power, and sustained it in order to lean on it. He says, that it is now clear that the separation of the respective domains of the Church and the State, and their mutual liberty, are the conditions of their safety, their dignity, and their repose.

Every one knows, he says, that the Catholic Church has one general and sole chief, who is the spiritual Prince of Catholicism, and the Temporal Ruler of a small European State. This double character of the Papacy is a fact consecrated by ages, which has continued and developed itself through all the vicissitudes and struggles of Christianity; it is not all the Catholic Faith, but it is the Catholic Church herself. And people think they can lay violent hands on it, change it at their pleasure, and even destroy it, without attacking the religious liberty of Catholics! They want to strip the Spiritual Chief of the Catholic Church of a character and a situation which she regards for centuries as the guarantee of her independence, and they pretend that they are not damaging or mutilating Catholicism! He shows that all Churches are interested in defending Catholicism in this matter. That M. Cavour should adopt measures towards the Catholic Church which everywhere change its constitution and its situation, which affect the Catholics of France, Germany, Spain, England, America, and the whole world as much as the Catholics of Italy, and should deprive all these nations, which are perfect strangers to the Kingdom of Italy, or the ancient guarantees of the independence of the Spiritual Chief of their religion, is assuredly one of the strangest acts of usurpation that history has known, or that the mind can conceive.

Of the Italian Revolutionist, he says, it has not sufficed them to be delivered from the yoke of the foreigner; they have undertaken to overthrow all the established Governments of Italy, and to conquer them all. For the benefit of one new and sole

master, they have put the rights of the people in conflict with the rights of the Sovereigns; the desire of innovation in conflict with the sentiment of fidelity; general patriotism in conflict with local patriotism. They have added the difficulties and dangers of civil war to the difficulties and dangers of foreign war. They have used the conquest of independence as an instrument for the conquest of ambition. The Revolution has replaced the Laws of Nations.

He meets the argument that the overthrow of these Sovereigns was necessary because they were all the instruments of Austrian domination, by asking—"Why was this so?" Because the Sovereigns knew that they were in danger from the Revolution, and looked to Austria to be protected from it. The Piedmontese conquest gave Italy no greater security for liberty than for independence.

He combats the notion of Italian unity, either as a security against the foreigner or as a guarantee of internal peace. It is useless for independence, and still more so for liberty. The geography and history of Italy oppose this unity. A central Power must be everywhere in conflict with national pride, local tradition, popular sentiment, and the obstinate claims of peoples as well as of princes. And yet, in the name of Italian Unity, Piedmont undertakes not only to conquer kingdoms and to dethrone Kings, but to change the Government of the Catholic Church and to dethrone the Papacy.

The Nineteenth Chapter is on the Papacy. M. Guizot says, he has opposed the policy of Piedmont towards the Papacy in the name of religious liberty, he will now judge it by the Law of Nations. Rome must be the capital of Italy if Italian Unity is to be established.

That means, that to attain its end, Piedmont is condemned to trample under foot the law of nations; by depriving the Pope of States over which he is Sovereign, as it tramples under foot the rights of religious liberty by destroying the constitution of the Catholic Church, of which the Pope is the chief.

The union of the Temporal and Spiritual Powers in the Papacy, M. Guizot says, is not a fact systematically pursued and attained in the name of a national principle or a claim of ambition; it is a necessity, an intimate and continuous necessity, which has really produced and maintained this fact through all sorts of obstacles. It was by becoming Chief of the Church, and in order to be so really, that the Pope became Sovereign of a State. M. Odillon Barrot said with truth, the two powers must be mixed at Rome, in order that they may be separate in the rest of the world.—Tablet.

THE SOUTHERN ARMY.

The Times' Special Correspondent in the United States writes:—

It is the New England States, and the emigration from them in the West, which have put forth their strength in this war for the Union, and the Puritan and Quaker element of the other States has been animated by a similar spirit. In the regiments in camp there are prayer meetings, and preachings, and revivals, and Young Men's Christian Associations; the colonels give benedictions, the majors preach, the sergeants pray, and the battalions march, singing sternly,—

"Old John Brown lies a mouldering in his grave,
"But his soul is marching on;
"Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
"Hallelujah, Hallelujah;
"Old John Brown lies a mouldering in his grave,
"But his soul is marching on."

No army was ever so well provided, in quantity at all events, with chaplains, and in some men's minds the war for the Union is a crusade for all that is good and holy in the world. The Gulf that separated Christian Knight from Saracen Emir was not wider than that which divides the northern volunteer from the Southern chivalry. The contest over new political relations may be established, but France and England will not be more distinct. There seem to be no apprehensions that this great mass of armed men cannot be disposed of by a few circulars. They are an immense power in the State and of the State, and they can determine issues not only with their votes, but with their bayonets. The regular army, of course, views its volunteer associates with feelings of daring no express. But each is a check upon the other, and, while the former would gladly reform some of the mischiefs, as they conceive, of democracy as it exists here, and would resist any attempt to turn this into an abolition war, the latter are determined to keep the power they have got, and are leavened by a strong anti-slavery feeling, which, in some regiments, is nearly unanimous. It is scarcely possible to imagine any calling in life for which a man will be as well fitted after three years, absence as he was when he left it. What a rift three years can make in the purposes of a life! To suppose that the immense mass of men collected here can ever return to their usual avocations is to give them credit for more tenacity in civil pursuits than human nature exhibits generally elsewhere. What will be their humor at the end of the war if it last three years? They will be entitled to their discharge, but long before that the farm must have found some other superintendence, the trade and the profession must have gone to the dogs, and to tens of thousands 11 dollars a-month and food and clothes must be a better thing in the present than anything in the future can offer to them. They have pay, subsistence, clothing, pensions, "bounty lands," just the same as the regulars. They have, however, the privilege of electing their own officers to a great extent, which is open to many objections. Law or custom induces the Governors of the States to leave to the men of the Companies of the State Volunteers the nomination of their captains and lieutenants, and the habit of acting so as to please the men becomes inveterate in any officer who has once gained a certain amount of favour and hopes to procure higher advancement. It will be a very glorious proof of the patriotism and purity of the American people if they overcome all temptations which usually meet men in power, and lay down that which they have had contended for them for a special object as soon as it shall have been accomplished.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE IRISH VIOLENCE OF THE IRISH PRESS.—The Press has had abundant food for discussion since the proclamation of the 15th, withdrawing the right to carry arms, for self-defence, from Father Lavelle. We need hardly say that Father Lavelle has ever shown the most sublime possible contempt for the terms prescribed for his conscientious guidance by John Bull and his minions. He has hunted the Soup agents and their patrons like mad dogs out of his parish.—He has beaten Her Majesty's law courts. A Lord and a lordling—a rabid Press, and motley gang of lay and cleric maligners, he has, so to speak, made bite the dust in the superior and inferior courts.—How could this be borne by such a propagandist as Sir Robert Peel? How could a Lord Lieutenant, with the history of English rule in Ireland before him, do less than make the cause of Her Majesty's Bishop and his slimy troop of Proselytes, Souters, Jumpers, and Co, his own? Giving Carlisle and Co., then, credit for doing their duty, according to the English standard of rectitude, by proclaiming to all whom it may concern that Father Lavelle cannot henceforth legally defend himself against either robber or assassin, night or day, we may be permitted to allude to the counter duty imposed on Connaught by the brutal Whig proclamation. As the Government has made the cause of Lord Plunket and the Souters its own, Connaught must, as a matter of course, make that of Father Lavelle its own. How is this to be done effectually? We think the Clergy should lose no time in solving the question. A principle is involved, and no people have ever had more