

(From The Register.)

TRIUMPH OF RELIGION IN SPAIN.

FLIGHT OF ESPARTERO—ITS PROBABLE CONSEQUENCES.

We were fully prepared for this announcement. It did not fall upon our ears as anything unexpected or extraordinary. The retribution due to crime and to impiety, however slow, will have its day of justice and triumph. In vain, for all human purposes, will guilty man raise his hand against the temple of the Almighty.—The hand will wither, and the recreant smitten to the core, will stand abashed, paralysed, awe-stricken. So it was with Espartero. The courage by which he secured his elevation deserted him in his need; he knew not where to turn for succour. He has drained the cup of bitterness and disappointment even to the dregs. An outcast and a wanderer on foreign shores, Spain will not afford a rood of land to him who so proudly ruled her destinies. The sacrilegious dispoiler of the Church has fled—the heartless tyrant that drove thousands of defenceless men and women out upon a world that they had resigned, and in which they knew not how to live, has vanished from the scene of his cruelty.—The ally of England, the agent of the stock-jobbers has departed. Like another Cataline, *abijt, excessit, crasis, erupit*; and the execrations of millions will give him wings to accelerate his flight.

Two years ago Espartero was at the summit of his power. His elevation made him giddy.—Things sacred and profane were to him mere tools in the organization of his government.—He trampled upon both whenever it suited his purposes,—whenever his friends the stock-jobbers required it. He was hailed by the majority of the Spanish people as their deliverer. He mistook the cry for liberty as synonymous with one for the prostration of religion. The temples and the sanctuaries of God became the objects of his cupidity. But the veil which disguised the unsightly features of the Prophet has been rudely uplifted; and there he stands naked, defenceless, overwhelmed.

The English journals appeared to be com-

pletely taken aback by the fall and the rapid flight of Espartero. They could not understand the matter. Their calculations upon political expediency are almost always made without reference to religion. They uniformly suppose that regulations affecting the latter should yield to the former. Spain has undeceived them. It has just added another lesson to those which Ireland has been teaching her oppressors for centuries. Catholic Spain whose watchword was "war even to the knife," when a still more powerful despot endeavoured to change her dynasty, has nobly vindicated her ancient glory and chivalry, and proved that she can also resent an insult and an outrage offered to religion.

As long as the disturbances which have agitated the Peninsula during the last twelve years, were confined to matters purely political, the common father of the faithful, the venerable and amiable Pope Gregory XVI. did not interfere with Spanish affairs beyond the mere expression of his wish, his sincere prayer, for their happy termination. When, however, the rapacity, the shameless cupidity of the Regent led him to pilage the temples, to desecrate their holy place, and to consign those bands of unoffending, innocent creatures to beggary and starvation; urged by the magnitude of the danger which threatened the Church in Spain, the Holy Father did at length interfere. With tears in his eyes and care weighing on his heart, he besought, he conceded, he expostulated, he threatened—but on, on went the work of spoliation. The interference of the Pope was unheeded. The stock-jobbers and the Anglican friends of Espartero should get the pound of flesh—religion was laughed at—indifference and infidelity appeared to gain the victory. But that it was a short-lived triumph, the Duke of Victory can now tell to his cost.

Not very long since, as our readers will remember, an indulgence upon certain conditions was granted by the Pope to those who, duly qualified to receive it, would offer up their prayers for the desolate Church of Spain; for the revival of religion in that unfortunate land, pressed down and trodden under foot by tyranny the most relentless. At the time the