

When far away, in congenial homes,  
Where every tone is harsh, and all is cold,  
And happiness but like a shadow comes  
To make the spirit sorrow for the homes of old.

'Twas then methought I heard again thy chime,  
Pealing through evening air, that came with love,  
To whisper memories of the olden time,  
And tell of joys once felt, all other joys above.

Even the fancy yielded rich delight ;  
But the reality !—what heartfelt bliss  
It brings unto my heart this starry light,—  
Oh ! would that fate had never a gloomier hour than this.

Bright will be life's last hour, if, ere the bowl  
Is broken, I may lay me down, and know  
In thy calm sanctuary, Dublin my rest soul,  
May hover o'er the clay that mouldering lies below.

And hear, each eve, the music of thy bells,  
Swelling around the hillock where I lie,  
Then soar away where music ever dwells,  
And bleed thy melody with that which ne'er shall die.

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### General Intelligence.

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(From the Tablet)

#### SPEECH OF THE COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT IN THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF PEERS.

(Continued.)

He who does not comprehend this may be a great statesman, a great orator, a great historian, or a great diplomatist ; but he is ignorant of the very elements of the duty and the destiny of a Catholic people.

The charge brought against the Church, that its demand for liberty means an encroachment by the spiritual or the temporal state, is an absurdity which requires no refutation by argument.

Yes, Messieurs, in these days, within the century which has witnessed the thralldom of two Popes, made captive by France ; at an epoch like ours, when in Russia, in Prussia, in Switzerland, in Spain, in Portugal, in the midst of persecutions and massacres—(witness those monks who were burned alive in their convents at Madrid)—is everywhere accomplished that spoliation of the Church, of which we ourselves set the example some fifty years ago ; a period wherein the Church has been compelled to defend not her outworks only, but the very citadel of her dogmata, and her outraged morals ; in which she could neither survive nor exist if it were not by that immortal vitality of which no tyrant is able to despoil her, when it is in Protestant countries like Holland and England that the greatest liberty is found ; when even in the most Catholic countries, the Rational-

ists who combat and would enchain the Church have the advantage of numbers and the monopoly of power ; when the jealous and tricksey policy of Government is to be added to the violent repugnance of the crowd ; when all this is as clear as the sun, to affect to fear—what ! not the annihilation of the Church ; not the gradual exhaustion of this so-much combated power ; not that this old institution of the nation, should at length succumb beneath the weight of years and the weakness of many wrongs ; but to fear the autocracy of this Church ; to dread its absolute power over the world ; to apprehend what is called the encroachment of the spiritual over the temporal ! In the midst of such dangers and such storms to choose this for the object of political anxiety and terror ! In truth, I do not hesitate to say that this is to give proof of a strange ignorance, or an extreme hypocrisy ; it is wickedly to court an explosion of the passions of the crowd, or to follow in their wake with a blind and stupid abasement.

If I were here to deliver a course of history, I could easily show that very far from favouring the encroachment of the spiritual over the temporal, it is the Catholic doctrine alone in all the world which bridles this encroachment as it reins in the opposing one. She it was who destroyed the antique theocracy which stood out more or less prominently in all Pagan institutions. She it was who always proclaimed the distinction between the two powers ; who made a dogma of it ; an article of faith ; which has impressed on temporal power an authority and a sanction which it could not otherwise possess ; which, however, does not prevent the Church from stopping temporal power upon the threshold of conscience and the soul, or from opposing to it there, when necessary, an immortal obstacle. It is thus that she is faithful to that sacred text which is the code of her rights as well as of her duties, which is often so foolishly invoked against her : "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's and unto God the things which are God's."

But the past is not within the limits of this discussion. I shall confine myself to the present, and I say that, in the present state of the world, in the year of Grace, 1845, to set up an alarm about the encroachment of the spiritual on the temporal, is to advance in direct opposition to good sense with a view to find a pretext for advancing in opposition to all good law.

There is, however, one encroachment of which I confess the Church is guilty ; of which she has always been and ever will be guilty. That is the encroachment of virtue over vice. Yes, she desires to encroach over, and unceasingly to encroach, by humility on pride, by chastity on disorder, by the consolations of faith on misery, and the neglect