

miles I have swept the rolling ocean over for revenge; and I have had it. If the coward dares to come here to-morrow in the crowd, before the world, to his face, I'll tell it, that he was always a chicken-hearted, swaddling rascal, snuffing better men than ever he was, by hypocrisy and lies, but afraid to meet them in fair open trial—O'Connor! O'Connor, mercy!—ha, ha, ha!—mercy—where's my own? Down, down—see the babbles and the mud—mercy!—ha, ha, ha!—and bursting into a hysterical fit he threw himself upon the floor. My heart sickened within me at such hideous depravity, and I turned to go, when, starting up again with wonderful composure, he continued, "Listen to me, sir. I have one consolation left me, and that is, that O'Connor shall hear from my own lips that it was I who murdered his son. You may tell him, too, that I am aware he swore an oath never to wait for the law; that it should never overtake me—his vengeance should outstrip it—and that he would never rest day or night until, with his own hands, he paid the debt he owed me. I paid the debt I owed him, honestly, with every hour's interest that was due. I know he swore this oath to several; it was his boast—'twas but a boast. I didn't fear him; for he had tried it, except from some dark corner, which is just what he would do, father and son had both died by me. Tell him he's foiled; the law will rob him of the skulking cowardly revenge he would have sought; and to-morrow's sun will set upon his perjured lips. He'll be afraid to meet me openly, face to face—he'll be afraid to meet me to-morrow, tied and pinioned though I'll be: his trembling, dastardly heart will be afraid to listen to me, as, to look upon me—ha, ha, ha!—the coward! and he sank upon his bed exhausted. Shocked and dispirited, I turned toward home. I could not but meditate, as I went, how that man could have accused O'Connor of endeavoring to take a cowardly and skulking revenge upon him—him who had himself taken a silent, dark, cowardly, and murderous revenge, through a helpless and unoffending child, who had not the strength or power to defend himself. I felt that between them I knew which was the coward.

I had not been long at home when O'Connor's wife called and sent in word that she wished to speak with me. I desired her to be admitted at once. She told me her husband had been in a most distracted state of mind all day; he had now become much quieter, and she begged of me to go over and see him, and reason with him, as he seemed determined, in spite of all she could say, to witness the execution the next day; and so sure as he did, she apprehended something would happen to him. She thought that having resolved upon some desperate act had alone been the cause of his apparent calmness. He had been looking at and rubbing the dust off a gun which was hanging up over the fire-place in his own room, and which he had not touched for weeks before; she much feared the poor man had lost his senses, and she thought he ought to be taken up at once, and kept safe until after the execution. I told her to return without delay, to take no notice of him, and that I would go over in less than half an hour and speak with him.

O'Connor lived about a mile and a half from my quarters; and I got to his house about nine o'clock. I found him just rising up from his supper, and he did not appear to me at all excited, or in the state of mind described by his wife; but then I recollected what she said about his having become much quieter, and what she believed to be the cause. I told him that I had been very busy all day, but could not resist, even at that late hour, calling over to see him and ask how he was—knowing how his mind must suffer under such painful circumstances. He thanked me, and said he was much better; that he had been in a very wretched state all day, but he could not help it, he was so fretted. I said it was not to be wondered at, but that he must not permit himself to get excited—it would soon be all over, and he ought now to divest his mind of all malice or ill-will toward the unfortunate being who was about to be hurried into eternity as a punishment, as well as to answer for all his crimes.

Time and the hour go through the roughest day; and that fatal morning broke upon Terence Delaney, the evening of which was destined to close upon his grave. I waited anxiously the arrival of the mail. Mr. — did not come, as I expected he would have done; there was a letter, however, from him to me, and another to the sheriff. He stated to me that, up to the moment he wrote (a quarter of an hour before the mail started), nothing decisive had been done, but he was not altogether without hope of ultimate success. The informations in the several cases of outrage to which the convict had referred, had been sent for to the clerk of the crown's office, and were to be considered. He had written to the sheriff to say how matters stood, and to request he would delay the execution until the last possible moment—as, should a reprieve be obtained too late for the post, which, if obtained at all, was most likely to be the case, he would send it through the whole way by special express, and for which purpose he had written to prepare horses at the several posting stages along the road.

The jail bell rang twelve o'clock, and it was supposed that the hour drew nigh. The numbers that had, from an early period of the morning, collected in front of the jail, were now increasing every moment, and vast numbers hurried along every approach that could command a view of the gallows. Walls, gates, windows, the tops of houses were crowded—even trees in the adjacent fields and lanes afforded an elevated position for crowds of men and boys—all, assembled through mere curiosity to see the execution; and I question whether there was one person among the many thousands collected who stood there with the feelings proper for such an occasion. The door from the press-room to the drop stood open—one end of the rope was fastened to a pulley some two or three feet above, while the other end passed into the press-room; thus it occasionally swung to and fro in the wind, and at every jerk men's minds were fancying how that other end was about being occupied.

The jail bell rang once, and the criminal had not been brought forth, and the crowd began to wonder at the delay, and as the time crept on they became weary, and evinced signs of general dissatisfaction. Indeed, several indications of discontent had been exhibited for upward of the last hour; and, "Bring him out, bring him out; or he is pardoned, or reprieved," the sheriff, the sheriff—let us go home—sham to keep us here!" ran through the crowd.

At length a general murmur from the assembled multitude announced that he had come forth. He was attended by two Roman Catholic priests; one of whom said a few words, and stated that the unfortunate man intended to address the people at some length, and he trusted they would listen to him patiently, and attended to what he had to say.

I believe in my heart (indeed I know) that Delaney, to the last moment, deceived the priests as to the nature of what he intended, to address to the people, and that at the moment they led him forth they were certain it would be in both tone and matter what they had recommended, and wished, and what he had led them to believe it would be. Alas! how little did they know the heart of that hard, bad man. His eyes wandered rapidly over the now silent crowd, and the first words he uttered were—"O'Connor, where are you now? now is your time, I've had mine. Come forward now, man; don't be afraid; 'twas I, 'twas I, I tell it to your face, if you're here. Silence, boys—silence; let him hear me if he's near enough. O'Connor, it was I that murdered your son, your only son, your darling boy; I owed it to his mother as well as to yourself. Come forward and curse me, if you are a man. Oh! I knew your cowardly heart would not let you come here to-day. Oh! how I wish you were by this hour to listen to the triumph of my revenge, dear bought though it be. I'm going to die, boys; and I'll die like a man. I have one consolation—I know that O'Connor swore an oath to have no law but his own, and with his own hands to have revenge; but he's foiled, and now he's afraid so much as to look at me. He's a coward, and I fear he does not even hear me. Let him come forward now, and listen to the triumph of my dying words, and I'll forgive him all. He's childless—at least he has no son, and 'twas I that left him so, for I, too, swore an oath, and I have kept it—thousands of miles of the salt ocean could not wash it from my heart—but he, the coward, has broken his. The law has snatched the cup of vengeance from his lips, and he will die perjured and unrevenged."

The high-road to Dublin turned short to the left out of the upper end of the town, and the front of the jail commanded a view of it for nearly a mile. The sheriff's eyes had been for some time steadily fixed upon a certain point of the road, the furthest that could be seen from where he stood; the unhappy culprit appeared exhausted, and had nearly ceased to speak—the awful moment had all but arrived—when the crowd at a distance began to move, and a tremendous shout was heard. Every eye was turned from the culprit to the direction of the cheers. A man was seen galloping at top speed upon a white horse; in one hand he held a long white rod, with a green flag at top, which, as he urged his horse to the utmost, was plainly discernible as it floated backward in the breeze, while upon his hat a red handkerchief was tied, as if from the very contrast of the colors to attract the more speedy and certain attention. As he rapidly drew nearer and nearer, the crowd continued to shout; and "Reprieve!—reprieve!" re-echoed from one end to the other of the assembled thousands. Still he urged his horse; the crowd gave way on either side, and cheered him as he came—crowds will always cheer the man who is contending against time. The wretched culprit gazed upon the scene in bewildered agony; the large blue veins of his bare neck swelled beneath the rope about to bursting with every effort he made to swallow, and his large, full chest rose and sank in a manner absolutely painful to behold; his ear, too, had caught the word, and he cast back a look at the sheriff, which spoke more than volumes of entreaty to be recalled. The hangman stood at his post in a state of eager and extraordinary excitement, now glancing at the sheriff, now at the culprit, and now upon the messenger of life, if such indeed he should prove to be. At length the man made the turn fronting upward toward the jail, and waving a large white letter over his head, put fresh spurs to his horse. He had now reached almost the very walls of the jail, still waving the letter, and crying, "Reprieve!—reprieve!" re-echoed in one tremendous shout from every mouth. "Never!" roared O'Connor, in a voice of thunder; and, with a rapid and convulsive turn of the wheel, he launched Delaney into eternity!

In order to explain this strange and most unlooked for denouement, it will be necessary for me to take my readers to the day preceding the execution, and narrate what happened in the interval.

It may appear strange, yet such is the fact, that up to this late period—Friday night—when the jail was usually closed, and all, save perhaps the miserable culprit, buried in sleep, no executioner's services had been engaged. This may have arisen from a belief in the sheriff's mind, who had been in constant communication with Mr. —, that none would ultimately be required, and none had, as is usual in such cases, intimated to him where he would be "heard of;" but so great was now the extremity of the case, and such the difficulty in procuring one as the hour approached, that the sheriff would have guaranteed a large sum of money for the services of such a person. He had the day before sent a special messenger a distance of seventy miles upon a mission in search of one, but he had not yet returned; he had besides given instructions to the jailer—they were not then called governors—to procure the services of such a man upon any terms; up to this moment, however, he had not been able to do so.

It was about one o'clock on this, the last night that Delaney was destined to lie upon a bed—the wind moaned feebly through the iron bars in front of the jail; the dim, pale moon peeped out audaciously now and then from behind the fleeting clouds, upon the silent, dismal scene below, and as quickly hid her face again—when the outer turnkey and watchman of the jail perceived a man, muffled in a large coat, worn as a cloak, and low-crowned hat, pass up and down several times before the gate. He appeared to look cautiously about him in every direction; at length he approached nearer, and stopped immediately beneath the gallows, and looking up for some moments, "Never!" he cried, stamping his foot

and suddenly walked away. He had not proceeded beyond a few yards, when stamping his foot again more violently, "Coward!" he cried, and returned directly up to the gate.

"Who goes there?" challenged the watch. "I wish to speak to the jailer," replied the man. A jury then ensued between them, the watchman declaring the impossibility of disturbing the jailer at that hour of the night, without knowing who required him, and the nature of his business; and the stranger firmly declining to tell either the one or the other to any but the jailer himself; "to whom," he added, "his business was of the greatest importance."

The turnkey, failing to elicit any thing more satisfactory from the man, and from his last expression, having some suspicion suddenly aroused within him that he might be the sort of person they were in want of, at length agreed to acquaint the jailer; and accordingly did so.

One's own personal and immediate interest often sharpens the perception; and the jailer at once supposed it was one of that dreadful fraternity of whose services he just then stood so much in need; and, dressing himself as quickly as possible, he hurried to the gate. As a necessary precaution, however, he surveyed the stranger through the small slide-window, and having ascertained himself that he had no companion, and was, as far as he could ascertain, unarmed, he desired him to be admitted, and shown after him into the waiting-room. Upon entering, the man appeared nervous and excited, and carefully not to remove the muffling from about his face. This the jailer did not much mind; he was not surprised at it; on the contrary, it confirmed him in the belief he had formed. "This trick with them all, thought he; more, indeed, from habit than timidity, his thoughts added, as he closed the door, and asked the man his business. He replied, in a hurried manner, that he understood "there was a man to be executed on the following day, and that there was great need of a person to perform the task."

The jailer admitted that such were the facts, and hoped he had come to say he could procure a person for the purpose—for there was something about the man which at once and altogether forbade the supposition that he would himself undertake the office. "None," he replied, "except I perform it myself." The latter looked rather surprised—at least he felt so; but being well pleased at the prospect of so awkward a difficulty being overcome, proceeded to ask, "if he was up to his business, and what would be his terms for the job."

To these interrogations the man replied—"My terms are these; to be permitted to examine the machine for turning off the murderer, and to be asked no further questions."

"But what are your terms with regard to cash?" repeated the jailer.

"I have been already paid for what I am about to perform, and I require nothing more."

He paused, and his quick eye glanced round the room with an impatient and wild anxiety.

"You have seen the sheriff, then?" observed the jailer.

"No," replied the man; "the consideration for which I came here to-night has been supplied by another hand. But be quick; accept my services at once, or I am gone."

There was something, both about his manner and appearance, which the jailer had never before seen in a member of his "profession;" and although he was not exactly the stamp of man he would have selected for the occasion (had choice permitted), there appeared in this case to be no alternative but to accept his services. The fact, too, of his having declared that he had been already paid, at the same time that the sheriff had given an almost unlimited order on his purse for the same purpose, presented an opportunity of very fairly pocketing a round sum, which did not often occur, and which the worthy jailer did not think it prudent should be lost. Be that as it may, "Follow me," said he; and, taking a lantern in his hand, he led the way to the press-room.

This press-room was an apartment about fourteen feet square. From the centre at each side a small, strong iron door, thickly studded with large, round-headed knobs, showed the entrance into two smaller rooms; to the rear, looking into the jail-yard, was a small window, strongly barred, and to the front were eight stone steps leading to the platform, or drop, upon which the culprits stood beneath the gallows. Upon either of these steps there was an iron hand-rail to support those who led them forth, and upon the end of one of these rails, ready for the morrow's use, hung a coil of strong hempen rope, with a loop upon one end. To the immediate right of the steps was a large iron wheel, with a handle attached to one of the spokes, and near to the outward rim. The machinery by which this wheel was connected with the bolts that sustained the drop outside, and upon which it acted, was beneath the steps, and could not be conveniently examined; but the bolts were then set, and the jailer, standing beside the wheel, showed the man that, at a signal which would be given by the sheriff, he had only to lay hold of the handle, and turn the wheel suddenly from him, to cause the drop to fall. He also showed him a roll of penny-rod, hanging upon an iron hook, with which the culprit's arms were to be tied behind his back, at the elbows. All this the jailer exhibited and explained to the man, having still some doubts, from his appearance and manner, that he was really up to his business.

The man appeared perfectly satisfied, and turned to descend when the jailer, pointing to one of the small rooms, told him there was a bed inside in which he should sleep, and that he would send him his breakfast in the morning.

"Not for the sheriff's wealth and thine together," exclaimed the man. "Had I anticipated such a proposal, I should have made it part of my terms;—and they have not been very exorbitant—sir, to have been permitted to depart, and return again at day-break; and if this point be not at once conceded, I forthwith decline all further connection in the matter."

Here, then, was a new difficulty. The jailer began to fear an attempt to deceive him, perhaps by a friend of the culprit, to prevent any further exertions to procure a person for the purpose required, and probably refusing to act when it came to the point. "I fear you are deceiving me," said the jailer, "and that you are a friend of the convict's; that your object and wish is to prevent all further endeavors to procure a proper person, in hope of prolonging his time, by refusing to act when it comes to the point. I doubt you, and you see I am plain with you; you are not like a man who has been accustomed to the thing."

"You need not fear," said the man, "I am not a friend of the convict's. I will be plain with you, I am not accustomed to the thing—few men are; but I will make no mistake, and will go through with it if I have life. Permit me to depart, accepting the offer of my services; and no earthly object—nothing but sickness or death shall prevent my returning at day-break."

He was accordingly suffered to go, and the jailer returned to his late warm bed to lie awake considering whether he had been tricked and deceived by some friend of the convict's. He determined that if any person of acknowledged abilities or qualifications in his line of business should make his appearance, at once to secure his services, without reference in any way to what had taken place with the stranger; no such person, however, made his appearance, or could be heard of in any directions in which he was sought, and the jailer perceived, at the last moment, they would be obliged to put up with the rather doubtful qualifications of the stranger who had returned from his work.

O'Connor kept his vow, and this was indeed "The wild justice of Revenge!"

NOTE.—O'Connor never left the jail; from the very moment of the last fatal act he lost his senses. He died in the jail at the termination of little more than two years.

GRAND DEMONSTRATION IN ROME

SPONSOR OF THE ROMAN REVOLUTION

The great demonstration of the archbishops of Tuscany in favor of the maintenance of the temporal rights of the Holy Father took place at Castlebar on the 7th of February. A requisition, having appended to it the name of every Catholic of standing and position in the country—every man whom the people loved, and in whom they placed their trust—was presented to His Grace the Archbishop, who, in accordance with its request, convened the meeting, which took place at the parish church of Castlebar. Such a display as was there witnessed was rarely to be met with. The choir was taken by the Archbishop, who coming forward to address the assemblage was received with deafening shouts of applause.—His Grace said:—

The great object of this meeting—sympathy for the Pope—is sufficiently shown by its numbers and magnificence. Nor is there wanting the interposition of its varied classes in rank and station that imparts such strength and beauty to society. (Cheers.) It is in the hour of darkness and of danger that genuine friendship and attachment are attested. It is in the furnace which consumes the baser metals the sterling qualities of refined gold are tried, coming out unscorched by its heat; nay, more burnished by its intensity. How warm then and generous, and devoted, must have been the love of this portion of his flock—the Catholics of Ireland—to the Holy Father, which the winter frosts could not chill, and the winter rains could not extinguish, (cheers) congregating them in such crowds from the remotest quarters, as could but seldom be brought together even in the genial season of summer. And again, what must be the force and energy of the virtue of the Holy Father, which could have sustained so calmly and so long the terrible trials to which it has been subjected, always shining the more brightly the more roughly it has been handled, and exciting, from amidst the fiercest ordeal, the admiration of the world by its indestructible solidity, and unflinching splendor. If such be the real character of the calm, unimpaired Pius, what becomes, it may be asked, of the despotism, and cruelty, and the oppression of his people, and the long litany of political delinquencies laid to his charge, which have rung on the public ear, and have been repeated in every variety of cadence throughout the land, until the very echoes of your mountains have grown hoarse by their repetition? What then becomes of this mockery of compassion for the lot of his Italian subjects, or of the repeated appeals to first principles in their behalf, proclaiming that in their regard all those ligaments that knit and bind the members of society together are snapped asunder, and that released from its artificial restraints, the Italians are restored to the lusty and lawless exercise of wild and ferocious freedom? The only conclusion we can draw from these incessant calumnies is this, that their clumsy framers are blind to the most ordinary rules of probability. Much as the English may boast of their excellence in the works of fiction, they outrage in this instance the laws of fiction itself. Story-tellers of more dramatic skill would have selected times and countries far more remote for the exhibition of their horrors. But now to expect to impose upon public credulity, when the Alps can be reached in three days, from the summit of which you may behold the beautiful plains of Italy; it is too much even for the insolence of an English press, except through the stupid, and bigoted, and brutalized portion of its own population, to strive to persuade the world of the intensity of an Italian oppression which has not been felt, and of the weight of a Papal tyranny that has no existence. (Cheers, hear.) Hence, at all the great meetings that have been recently held throughout Ireland, there were several eye-witnesses able to refute those slanderous charges of Pontifical oppression, and to fling them back on their malignant authors with all the scorn which they deserved. There are in our own meeting likewise more than one who from their own personal knowledge can bear attestation to the mild and beneficent rule of the Roman Pontiff. (Hear, hear, and cheers.)

What under other circumstances might appear a narrative of a mere personal nature, and which, on that account, I should forbear from obtruding on any auditory, I deem now a matter of solemn duty to express and proclaim aloud in vindication of one of the best of Princes, one of the noblest of Popes, as he is assuredly, one of the most magnanimous of mankind. (Hear, hear.) It has been more than once or twice my lot to visit not only the centre of his dominions, but also to spend a considerable time in the distant provinces—those legations of Bologna and Ferrara, and the marches of Ancona, as they are called, which are now the subject of so much controversy amongst us, and unfortunately, among themselves, the theatre of intestine war and contention. And throughout that extensive range you looked in vain for any evidence of such tyranny and oppression as could justify, in the opinions of political writers, of whatever school, the uprising of a whole people against their lawful sovereign.—When the sacred writ, with only one stroke of his inspired pencil, wipes away the idea of the happiness of the people under the wise sway of Solomon, what does he tell us?—"That every one dwelt without fear under his vine, and under his own fig-tree from Dan to Betherah"—a sentence that comprehends their security from all oppressive evictions from within, as well as aggressions from a foreign enemy.—Now, it is an incontestable fact that the Pope's subjects live in peace and security, each one under his own vine and his own fig-tree from Terracina, the far boundary on the south-west, to the opposite boundary of Loreto and Ancona, on the shores of the Adriatic. If, then, a security of living on one's own land, if immunity from a continuous succession of exorbitant taxes, an equitable rather than a litigious administration of justice; an adequate supply of churches for the purposes of mass, and of schools and colleges, nay, of accessible universities for the several provinces, to educate the rising generation; if magnificent hospitals for the sick and infirm, and extensive and convenient grounds and lawns for recreation, where the wealthy and the poor are seen to mingle without envy on the part of the one, or disdain on the part of the other; if, in fine, this sound and wholesome state of society, together with the universal cultivation of the arts which throws over its homely but solid frame the charm of its last finish, be a test of wise government, that of the Pope can assuredly stand a comparison with any other government upon earth. (Loud cheers.) Often had I occasion to contrast the condition of this people, languishing, we are told, under the weight of sacerdotal tyranny, with the more servile lot of the people of Ireland, floating, it is said, in the luxury of the various benefits bestowed upon them by the British Constitution. To the benefits of the best and most ancient portion of the British Constitution, which was originally our own, I am, surely, not insensible, nor averse to its adoption where it may be wanted and voluntarily sought. But for that hybrid or malarious thing of modern date, that has come from the unnatural union of schismatical revolt and Catholic freedom, and which is as vicious as it is spurious, I have no respect, nor can I be the eulogist of the cruel and unfeeling spirit that pervades its penal legislation. In the life of Gregory the Great—one of those Popes who are represented as despotism—it is told on account of a poor man dying in the streets—though in a season of general pestilence and famine—he interdicted himself for several days from the celebration of the Divine mysteries. If the consignment of two millions of people to the death of famine in the midst of the untold wealth of the richest empire in the world—nay, amidst the abundance of the native produce of its own corn, with which the public granaries were teeming at the time,—and the banishment of another million by the slow process of a compulsory emigration, which cannot be arraigned as cruel because constitutional and legal; if the plunder of the ancient charities of the Church, and their diversion from the support

of the poor to the support of a huge apparatus of establishments, and of a political system, which, by its little churches, general assembly, and workshops, whilst it fills the law courts with the victims of its unchristian litigation; if the erection and support of immense workshops chiefly at the cost of the poor themselves, to supply the want of the charities which the Protestant Establishment abstracted; if, first, the total extinction of education, through the hatred of a vigorous race whom it failed them to annihilate, like putting out the eyes of the strong man whom the Philistines could not destroy; and, if, again, the spare and grudging sort of education they dole out, reveals, as far as they can venture on its exhibition, their old and inveterate hatred of our faith and country—finally, withholding from the youth every work which faithfully records our ancient transactions, in emulation of a Chaldean ruler who strove to eradicate the memory of every dynasty anterior to his own time; secondly, prohibiting with as truculent a persecution as that of the foul Copronymus, but still more mean, the use of any images within their jurisdiction, in order that the eyes of the Catholic scholars should not be offended by the sight of the crucifix—the symbol of their redemption; and, thirdly, covertly insisting (for as yet they could not dare the promulgation of such a rule), that the ears of the young pupils should not encounter the sounds of their own native language—fearing no doubt, but now a needless fear—lest the softness of its flowing and full-toned melody, contrasted with the harsh and hissing asperities of the Saxon tongue, should again, as it did before, win over to its preference and its adoption the children even of the stranger (hear, hear)—in short, if schools which, were it not for the seal of the clergy, would become the nurseries of bureau and infidelity, and graves of the national language, and workshops which, were it not, too, for their zeal and courage, would become the receptacle of a gross, contagious and patronized immorality—if the continuous and inexorable requisition of labor without respite, and a puritanical denial of every rational amusement to allow the poor man even for a moment to forget his toil; if these be among the reforms which Lord Palmerston is desired, not by the Catholics of Ireland, but by a few Catholics in Ireland, to import into the Pope's territories, they are reforms which, I trust, for their own sakes, his Holiness's subjects shall never be coerced to enjoy (hear, hear). And why have reference to Lord Palmerston, above all men, to furnish a remedy for the political evils of Italy, I am at a loss to understand, unless it be on the medicinal principle that there are certain wounds which cannot be effectually cured but by an application supplied from the very agent by which the wound was inflicted. Let it not be imagined that I am one of those eulogists who can discover no fault in what forms the general theme of his commendation. The small criticisms applicable to all human institutions would be as unreasonable as injudicious when you are engaged only in vindicating what you know to be one of the best governments against those whom you equally know to be actuated by no other motive but a rapacious ambition to seize the wealth and the honors of the discarded government. To illustrate that the Italian discontent is rather of a foreign than of a native growth, I have to remark that one of my visits to Rome connected with the question of the Queen's Colleges in the year '43, happened to be coincident with the ominous visit of Lord Minto, who, you may imagine was on a pilgrimage of taste to the temples of ancient art; or perhaps, of devotion to the shrines of the apostles. It is pretty clear that whatever was the clandestine object of his Lordship's mission, it was not to secure the integrity of the Pope's territories. On his return to England, his noble relative, Lord John Russell, is said to have acknowledged the value of his important services, for he received a parliamentary grant of £5,000 or £6,000; and how much of that money was expended in sowing the seeds of Italian liberty, may be conjectured from the celebrity with which, under the heat of an Italian sun, they were supposed to ripen into the subsequent revolution, which was no less fatal to life and property than the recent rebellion which foreigners, too, have fomented. Before it broke out I had fortunately time to return to the Eternal City. I only waited the issuing of the decree, which, in spite of all the corruption that gives them a precarious support, has struck and blighted forever the infidel colleges (loud and prolonged cheers). On the very eve of the revolution I took my departure from Rome in the last of the public vehicles of the Pope's Government, that was permitted to leave the city; and had I remained until the following morning—the fatal day on which Rossi fell by the hand of an assassin—I should have to sustain the shock of the Pope's flight, and to endure seven months of a dreary captivity, doomed to witness, perhaps to share, the constitutional blessings of the sanguinary reign of Garibaldi. Yet such is the reign which, in despite of an instructive experience, it is again sought to restore on the ruins of a government not more remarkable for the unexampled term it has endured, than for the unparalleled benefits to human kind of which it has been productive. After devoting so much time to what I deemed of great importance—the vindication of the exercise of the Pope's temporal authority—you need not expect or fear that I shall now detain you by any tedious digression on its origin. Suffice it to say that the history of the Papacy is the history of Christianity itself, growing with its growth, strengthening with its strength, spreading with its expansion, and gathering around it in the great centre in which its principal power was fixed, all the aids and muniments and agencies that are necessary for the government of so great an empire. It is the history of the Vineyard in the Gospel planted with vines and olives and requiring to have a strong fence drawn around it, lest the boar of the forest should enter the sacred enclosure, and tear up the goodly shoots which were destined to extend their branches to the sea and to the river. If you are solicitous for the independence of your clergy, and that you are attested, by your generous contributions for their support (hear, hear, and great cheering)—if the faithful are anxious that all ecclesiastics should be free in the exercise of their duties, not only from violence, but from any other influences that may compromise their freedom; if they are jealous that their curates and parish priests, and Bishops and Archbishops, should not allow themselves to be laid under any obligations, and that they should not contract any inconvenient familiarities with courtiers, or the dispensers of state patronage lest they should expose their ministry to the suspicion of being swayed and turned from its course by the same pressure of secular power (hear, hear)—what think you—should not the action of that man be free air, whose spiritual power has no limits but the circle that goes round the world, and who has to deal, not with disembodied spirits, but with the spirits of men clothed in flesh and blood, and invested with the prejudices and passions of our fallen nature, continually at war with the spiritual authority so mercifully instituted to subdue and to heal them. In the temporal sovereignty with which the Pope has been so long and so peacefully invested, is necessary freedom to which I have now alluded, is found? The exercise of its best virtues appears on nity and beneficence lies far deeper than appears on the surface of history; and it is very remarkable that the first faint glimpse exhibited to us of the Pope's real power, reminds us of the merciful character of our Divine Redeemer, who went round doing good, and who, after feeding the multitude in the desert, perceiving that they were about forcing him to be King, had to fly to the mountain. And often, too, were some of the earlier Popes, especially the second of the Gregories, obliged, if not to fly, at least to decline the dangerous honors of royalty proffered, nay, pressed upon them, by the grateful importunity of the people, whom their bounty had fed, and their real had instructed, and their influence protected when left to their fate by the degenerate Emperor of Constantinople, whose weakness in defending the Empire from foreign enemies, was only