

ois on the estates. When I also inform you that no sum of money is given for the support of our clergymen, and that only two grants have been made, one of £500 and the other of £650, you will be ready to admire, as I have often done, the liberality of this good people. I see, by your excellent journal, that a new organization of the Catholic Institute is about to take place. We are much in want of books, and the means at present fail us. I have no doubt, however, our worthy Bishop will state this part of our case better than I can. I should be glad to know the result of the new plans of the Institute, and whether by some means we might not become benefited by such institution.—*Correspondent of the London Tablet.*

THE DEATH OF A CHILD.—No one feels the death of a child as a mother feels it. Even the father cannot realize it thus. There is a vacancy in his home, and a heaviness in his heart. There is a chain of association that at set times comes round with its broken link, there are memories of childhood, a keen sense of loss, a weeping over crushed hopes, and a pain of wounded affection. But the mother feels that one has been taken who was still closer to her heart. Hers has been the office of a constant ministrator. Every gradation of feature has developed before her eyes. She has detected every new gleam of intelligence. She heard the utterance of every new word. She has been the refuge of its fears, the supply of its wants. And every task of affection has woven a new link and made dear to its object. And when it dies, a portion of her own life, as it were dies. How can she give him up with all these memories, these associations? The timid hands that have so often taken hers in trust and love, how can she fold them on her breast and give them up to the cold clasp of death? The feet whose wanderings she has watched so narrowly, how can she see them straightened to go down into the dark valley? The head that she had pressed to her lips and her bosom, that she had watched in burning sickness and peaceful slumber, a hair of which she could not see harmed. Oh! how can she consign it to the dark chambers of the grave? The form that not for one night has he beyond her visage or her knowledge, how can she put it away for the long night of the sepulchre, to see it no more? Man has cares and toils that draw away his thoughts, and employ them; she sits in loneliness, and all the memories, all these suggestions, crowd upon her. How can she bear all this? She could not were it not that her faith is as her affection; and if the one is more deep and tender than in man, the other is more simple and spontaneous and takes confidently hold of the hand of God.

General Intelligence.

From the London Tablet.

FRENCH CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, July 9, 1846.

Ever since last Saturday the whole French press has been in an extraordinary state of excitement, and the Catholics were in a state of despondency. But since yesterday the latter are in a very different condition; and by the time my letter reaches you, the former will probably be in an uproar. In one plain and single word, the whole news published by the Government relative to the

negotiations with Rome is nothing less than a downright *untruth*. You may rely with the greatest certainty upon the information I am about to give you, as I obtained it from the very best sources. A note to the same purpose is published to-day in the religious papers, though from obvious reasons it cannot be so explicit as my own communication.

A few days ago the *Univers* published a letter from a correspondent in Rome announcing that the extraordinary congregation for ecclesiastical affairs had opined that the Pope should abstain from interfering in the Jesuit question, as it was one of Constitutional rights and liberty. M. Rossi, it is well known, has been sent to Rome to obtain an order for the Jesuits to leave France, as their existence is incompatible with the feelings of the country. The answer was, therefore, a signal defeat, and every one rejoiced at the same policy of the Holy See. The very Radical papers seemed to think it a very natural thing indeed. All of a sudden, the *Presse*, a paper most particularly devoted to Louis Philippe, and that has obtained great popularity in France on account of its cheapness and its immoral novels,—the *Presse* published a short note announcing that the Pope had consented to the expulsion of the Jesuits. The General of the Order was to command them to sell all their property and to leave the country. The *Messenger* officially repeated the news, the *Debats* rang forth peals of triumph, whilst the Opposition papers already hissed and groaned at the papal weakness. Papacy was an old, decrepid institution, worm-eaten, and fit for nothing else but by every Government party that should come uppermost. In the meantime the French Court was in a frenzy of joy. The Nuncio was complimented by the King himself upon the wisdom of the Pope, though he had not received from Rome a single word to the purpose. Only do, for an instant, think of his excruciating anxiety. Now comes the best part of my story.

The day before yesterday a courier arrived in Paris with letters for the Nuncio, who found out at last that M. Rossi had been all along telling—a falsehood. I must say the word. He had endeavoured to play upon the fears of the Papal Government; the prejudices and bad passions of France would not allow the Jesuits to remain in the country; should Rome persist in refusing to recal them, the consequences might be disastrous for religion itself, and the fortunate reaction of late years would certainly retrograde back to the infidel fanaticism of the Restoration. Besides, the French Cabinet had contracted an engagement; the interpellations of the 3d of May had forced it to promise the execution of the laws. An unfortunate circumstance, indeed! but what could be done? Most certainly the Pope must trust Louis Philippe