

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, July 23.—The new Spanish Ambassador to Paris, General Jose Concha, will probably be at his post in the first week of August, and he will be received officially by the Emperor before the 15th at the Tuileries.

The appointment of General Concha is regarded as a sign, that the relations between France and Spain are better than they have been since General Prim's withdrawal from the Mexican venture. Both the brothers Concha (Manuel and Jose) censured the Government because it had approved him, though it must be confessed that the approval was rather lukewarm. It was said that the new Ambassador imposed certain conditions before he would accept the embassy. I cannot say if this is true; but it is certain that he was decidedly opposed to Prim and the Government, and we may infer that the latter yielded. This, I believe, is his first essay in diplomacy. He was for some years Captain General of Cuba. From the friendly relations now existing between the Governments I should not be surprised to see the alliance re-formed, though I cannot affirm that Spain will send back her troops to follow in the wake of the French in Mexico.

Since I wrote last on the state and prospects of the harvest the accounts are more cheering; at least, from some of the departments. The weather has been very favorable for the last few days, and the hopes of the farmers are revived. The Roman correspondent of the *Armonia* of Turin, of July 22nd, remarks upon a recent barefaced falsehood of the *Paris Patrie*, which had asserted that the Sacred Congregation of the Index, after having condemned the work entitled "Les Principes du 1789 et la Doctrine Catholique, par un Professeur de Grand Seminaire"—had reconsidered its decision, and had allowed the work with some trifling corrections. This statement, which is of course untrue and devoid of even the semblance of probability, had been repeated with great glee by the minor infidel press.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF RENNES ON THE BISHOPS' ADDRESS TO THE HOLY FATHER.—Amongst many pastoral letters which the Bishops of France have addressed to their clergy, on their return from Rome, we notice especially the following most practical passage in a pastoral of the Archbishop of Rennes: "We wanted by your address to fix the irresolution and doubts of a great number of Catholics who, so far, could still deny, with a certain good faith, the sacred rights of the Holy See. Now we can tell them: Catholics, wherever you be, listen and see; behold Bishops come from all points of the globe, from civilized countries, as from wild lands, citizens of republics or subjects of the most absolute governments; and all, although in languages so different, speak in the same sense and tell you, 'Yes, the Catholic Church will no longer be free on the day on which the supreme Pontiff loses his independence and the power which guarantees it.'"

The Bishops of Nantes and Limoges, who were detained in their diocese by affairs of importance, at the time of the Bishops' assembly at Rome, have addressed a pastoral letter to the Clergy and Faithful of their diocese announcing their solemn adhesion to the address of their assembled colleagues at Rome on the 8th June, 1862. "The august words which we had not the happiness of hearing from the sacred lips of the successor of Peter and Vicar of Jesus Christ," says Mgr. Limoges, "we read with respect, and we meditate on with love. The respectful address, to which we were unable to subscribe, expresses to you our thoughts and feelings. Read and meditate, brethren and dear fellow-labourers, these earnest and solemn instructions; you will gather from them weapons with which to defend the truth and combat error—a firmness of doctrine and character which the times imperiously demand—an inviolable attachment to the cause of God, the Church, and of justice, which the Pontiff-King supports with an unshakable soul and sovereign courage."

The *Patrie* of July 24th says:—"It is asserted that Garibaldi has resolved to disembark, with 6,000 volunteers, on the Roman coast. In consequence of this information orders have been transmitted to the naval authorities at Toulon to send six war steamers to cruise between Civita Vecchia and Terracina."

The Count de Montebello has also despatched troops to guard the frontiers."

ITALY.

Prussia has followed in the wake of Russia in duty bound, and recognised the right of Victor Emmanuel to rule over the Italian States which by spoliation, fraud, bribery, chicanery and sedition have been, for the present at least, annexed to the little subalpine kingdom of Piedmont. The official document relating to the recognition of this infamous usurpation by such pretentious abusers of order and equity, as the Czar and the King of Prussia, that have been published at Turin are devoid of all importance. They neither admit nor deny that the two Northern Powers had exacted conditions precedent to their recognition of the so-called Kingdom of Italy; nor do we imagine that anybody was so silly as to expect illumination on that delicate point in any State Papers which the Sardinian Minister would publish. But that there were such conditions is, we have reason to believe, an indubitable fact; and events will, we expect, prove their existence, by the assistance of the Sardinian Government to any attempts of the Italian Republicans under their General, Garibaldi, to attack Rome or Venetia. The most serious of the published documents is that in which Rattazzi promises the Autocrat to suppress the Polish seminary at Cuneo, and to give no future countenance to Polish refugees in Italy. The other five consist of Rattazzi's circular to his diplomatic agents abroad, in which he unfolds pacific views regarding the settlement of the Roman and Venetian questions;—a despatch of General Durando, in which the Foreign Minister, with reference to the Garibaldian scheme for attacking Austria either in Hungary or the Tyrol, asserts the power of the Sardinian Government to suppress filibusterism and preserve order;—an appeal to the King of Naples from Rome; Chevalier Nigra's announcement of the recognition of the Italian kingdom by Russia, and Durando's explanations to the Prussian Government with regard to Venetia. In his letter of the 20th inst. to the *Times*, Gallenga says that "the recognition of Italy by Russia and Prussia, compels the Turin Government to an open final breach with the Revolution." The Robber King having got possession of all his neighbor's goods that can be conveniently seized, is

content with his wallet of spoil and discards his infamous retainers, with the intention, no doubt, when the proper time arrives to make them foot for powder or for the axe, a fate which they certainly have well earned. But though "the Italian Government, placed in a position of respectability by the recognition of the two Northern Powers," as Gallenga says, will not any longer lick the coarse hands of Garibaldi, and the buccanniers must, to please Russia and Prussia, sink into their dens or prepare for a felon's death, their friends in the Turin Parliament are resolved to use their privilege of free speech in promoting anarchy and infidelity to the utmost of this power. Among the latest of their moves in this direction is a Bill introduced by one Petruccioli, anxious to break a lance against the clergy, by which he proposes to abolish the celibacy of the clergy and to recognise their marriages by civil contract, and to impose upon the Bishops the charge of maintaining all Priests whom they may suspend from ecclesiastical functions, and deprive of their benefices. The purpose of this scandalous Bill may perhaps be best gathered from the following sentence extracted from Gallenga's letter in the *Times* of Tuesday: "In the cities [of Italy] may be, nine-tenths of the so-called 'Liberal' Priests are more libertines and voluptuaries, who seek in their fraternisation with the patriots free license for the gratification of their unwholesome propensities." Such is the portrait of the Liberal (that is, Pro-Sardinian, Anti-Papal) Italian Priest presented to us by an Italian 'Patriot,' and we much fear that the lineaments are only too correctly drawn and that the coloring is not overcharged. As the Bishops are only too likely to suspend such unwholesome Priests, and the Government of Piedmont has intimated its acquiescence in that part of Petruccioli's abominable Bill which throws the maintenance of suspended Priests upon their Bishops, it is easy to comprehend what a Government recognised by Catholic States like France, Portugal and Belgium, has in view for the Priests of the Church, because they adhere with heroic fidelity to the See and successor of Peter.

TRINIDAD, July 15.—All the Trinidad papers which reported Garibaldi's speeches at Palermo, Termini, and Cefalu, merely reproducing the different versions of them which had appeared in the Sicilian journals, were seized yesterday by the police late in the afternoon, after they had been put forward by honorable members in the House in support of their interpretations, and after the whole edition of most of them was in circulation. The Government here justly felt that some show of apology and reparation was due to the person of their monarch, and that Garibaldi, the Emperor Napoleon, against whose august person the idol of the Sicilian multitude had indulged in such a savage attack. The protests of the French Consul at Palermo and those of the Imperial Legation here were hardly needed to make M. Rattazzi aware of the necessity of some prompt measure in this matter. It was of little use to strike the saddle; however, the real offender was too far out of reach of either punishment or commutation.

What is to be done now? Rattazzi has earnestly and resolutely broken with and disavowed the Party of Action. He is pledged to an orderly and conservative policy. The immense majority of sound-minded Italians are ready to lead him a hand to put down revolutionary mischief. The bitterest opponents of the present Ministry are perfectly willing to settle all questions as to who it was who aroused the sleeping lion, who summoned from retirement the man who should always be at work at his helm whenever at leisure from his task in the battle-field. It little matters now with whom may rest the blame of conjuring up Garibaldi's ghost; the question is simply how it is to be laid. Garibaldi is evidently bent on the achievement of his Southern progress. His safest advisers—Piazza, Bixio, Crispi, Sirtori, and others—are far from him; their voice has lost much of its influence on his counsels. The ascendancy of the King, who never failed to find the hero amenable to reason, is removed from him, and his distant admonition would be unavailing with a man so strongly prejudiced against the advisers of the Crown, and harboring against them the resentment inseparable from the conviction of having been duped. The friends in the immediate confidence of the General are now Nullo, Misasi, and other persons of that temper, sure to urge him to the most headlong resolutions, naturally prone to rash, extreme measures at all times, and now maddened by sense of endured wrongs, made desperate by the consciousness of the wide breach which parts them from their former rational associates. Where is now the man to lay hand on Garibaldi, or even to stand on his path and divert him from his course? Garibaldi is going the round of the Sicilian coasts, he is crossing in every direction 'the Island of the Vespers.' He is next bound to Calabria, Potenza, Salerno, Naples, the scenes of his exploits of two years since. What good or what ill can his journey bode to the King's Government, to Italy, to Garibaldi himself? Truly, no great harm to the enemies of the national cause. Were Garibaldi to make a *bona fide* appeal to the 'People of the Vespers' to muster up men for a march upon Rome against the French, or to enlist followers for an expedition to the Adriatic or the Danube, it may be doubted whether a hundred adventurers could be found to 'whet their daggers,' and follow him to the rescue of their Roman or Venetian brethren, or to the deliverance of other oppressed nationalities. Out of all that vociferating multitude not a hundred men! Volcanoes do not break out at a man's bidding, nor are faith and enthusiasm always to be wrought up to impossible attempts. Garibaldi is not seriously bent upon war; were he to venture now he would find time and tide against him.

But Garibaldi harbours an old grudge against Napoleon; he cherishes a fresh spite against the present Administration. By indulging the most unmeasured language against the former he is aware that he can deeply wound and compromise the latter. The withering harangues of Palermo and Cefalu will most probably be repeated at Messina and Catania; they will be repeated for the edification of a Neapolitan populace. The blood of the 2d of December will again and again be thrown into the face of the ruler of France; the title of 'Chief of the Southern Brigands,' will be applied to the conqueror of Solferino a hundred times. The honour of the French nation, in the person of its ruler, will be trodden under foot by an Italian in Italy, under French protection; Garibaldi and his cheering crowds will cry themselves hoarse without hindrance, and with utter impunity. Will Napoleon III. stand that? Will Victor Emmanuel's Government put up with that? The greatest sufferer from all these untoward Garibaldian sallies will be Garibaldi himself.—*Cor. Times.*

NAPOLES.—The *Times* correspondent admits to continuation of "brigandage" in Naples:—"A telegram from Civita Vecchia informs us that a corps of 250 Barabarians embarked at that port bound to some of the points of the Neapolitan coast. It is enough to make the poor Italians gnash their teeth with impotent rage to see with what refined cruelty the Emperor of the French is trying them. The Minister for Foreign Affairs, Durando, concluded his speech last Sunday in the House of Deputies by advising the Italians to exercise that virtue which is the crown of all other virtues—patience—with respect to the solution of the Roman question. Even before this declaration of the plain-spoken Minister, it was evident to all who had eyes to see that the Sovereign of the French nation, after far more than two years tantalizing those sanguine Italian patriots who had faith in him, had at last come to the resolution that the solving of that long-veiled question should be adjourned sine die. The indefinite exclusion of the Italian people from the city which they have so solemnly and irrevocably declared to be their natural capital, is a very great, quite an incalculable evil in itself, as the jealousies of the various component parts of the kingdom, and especially of the Southern Provinces, are fostered and aggravated by a continuation of the *status quo*, and threaten the

country with very serious dissensions. By far the most afflictive calamity arising from the policy of the French Emperor, however, is the perpetuation of Southern brigandage, a disease which has now assumed a chronic character, and which, in a few years, will literally turn that Neapolitan region which is the very Eden of this garden of Europe into a wilderness, and reduce its indolent but naturally industrious, intelligent, and peaceful population to a horde of savages. The wanton horrors committed in those provinces by a handful of lawless, ruthless depredators, baffles description. Whenever the brigand falls upon a defenceless district, the least harm inflicted upon it is robbery and murder. Mere plunder for the sake of gain, mere outrages upon the person from feelings of revenge and fanaticism, do not satisfy the rage of the barbarous invader. Everywhere the harvest is burnt either in the barn or the field; the cattle are slaughtered in pens and stalls, the dwellings are given to the flames. There is hardly ever a pitched battle or even a running skirmish. The marauder shuns the very semblance of war. He watches the opportunity for a safe strike, and the vastness of his field of operation, the rugged and broken nature of the ground, the want of communications, the dense impervious forests, supply him with a variety of lurking places from which to carry on his work of havoc and devastation with tolerable chances of impunity. The chief who is reported dead or taken to day in one district, appears with his untrodden band, or at the head of a new company to-morrow, in another quarter. The brigands seem to bud forth from the soil like the teeth of Cadmus' dragon; their horrids reproduce themselves like the heads of the hydra. The Royal troops are numerous and brave, and they seem to multiply themselves by the unwearied rapidity of their movements, by their heroic zeal and devotion. In most instances they are also ably and cheerfully aided by the exertions of the National Guards, and by the co-operation of gallant volunteers. Still the prolongation of the struggle has a demoralizing effect on the population; it interposes most fatally with the free intercourse of trade, it paralyzes the progress of peaceful agricultural pursuits. The labourer does not venture from home if his abode lies in a place of safety; he is driven from his dwelling if it is so situated as to fall an easy prey to the enemy; the land is running to waste.

SPAIN.

There are certain symptoms which show that the recognition of the Kingdom of Italy by Spain is no very distant event. The Piedmontese are not, it is to be hoped, too angry with the Spaniards for their slowness, for it should not be forgotten that Charles Albert was, of all the Continental Sovereigns, the one who gave most countenance and most assistance to Don Carlos and his family during the civil war, and was the last to recognize Queen Isabella. This, however, is, as the French would say, 'ancient history.' It is forgotten, and I hope forgiven. Among the signs of a better understanding are I understand, the recall of Bernudes de Castro from Rome, where, curiously enough, he remains attached as Spanish Ambassador to Francis II., and the sending of Antonio Gonzalez, a long tried and honest Liberal of the good old school, as Spanish Ambassador to Turin.

RUSSIA.

The *Gazette de St. Petersburg* publishes the Imperial notification of the birth of a son to the Grand Duke Constantine, and of the infant having received the name of Vitcheslav.

The *Post de Nord*, in an article on the recent fires in the capital and several provincial cities, says, the public of St. Petersburg is beginning to recover from the terror caused by these conflagrations. Most of the fires occurred in the quarters inhabited by the poor. They were immediately attributed to incendiaries; numerous arrests were made, many by the people themselves; and the general alarm was increased by the circulation of anonymous letters, that appeared to proceed from some kind of organized body. The Government, however, by taking the most energetic measures, appear to have stayed the work of destruction. Subscriptions for the sufferers are flowing in; a commission has been appointed to examine the claims to compensation or relief, which amount to more than 3,000; and plans are under consideration for rebuilding the streets and bazaars destroyed, that it is hoped will prevent such calamities in future. The old Russian custom that collected the retail dealers in certain kinds of goods in the large wooden buildings called bazaars is especially denounced, as uniting every condition dangerous both to the public health and safety. It is stated that this barbarous Oriental system ought no longer to be tolerated in a capital like St. Petersburg, and it is probable that the bazaars that have been destroyed will not be rebuilt.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.—The *London Star* says:—"We have received positive information of an attempt made, within the last few days, upon the life of the Emperor of Russia. As Alexander was walking in the gardens of his palace, at St. Petersburg, he was fired upon by an assassin. The most strenuous efforts have been made by the Russian Government to prevent the news from getting abroad, or, in case of any rumour finding its way out, to induce it to be confounded with a reported, but not fully authenticated, attempt of the same kind which gave rise to some alarm several weeks back. Indeed, says the same authority, the Russian Government exhibits at present the most feeble anxiety to keep political intelligence from either entering or passing out of Russia. So much is this the case that we are positively assured that the Queen's messenger, who has just arrived in St. Petersburg, was stopped on the frontier, that the bag with the seal and signature of our foreign minister was taken from him, opened and searched, and then resealed, and forwarded to St. Petersburg. The motive for this extraordinary proceeding is believed to have been a suspicion that the British despatch had been used as a means of conveying into Russia communications which the Russian government desire to have kept out of the country."

The *Independence* asserts that the Emperor of Russia has proposed to make as a preliminary to any concentrated action, a personal appeal to President Lincoln, in order to induce him to accept in principle the negotiation of a compromise between the North and the South. It is added that M. Thouvenel has received an invitation from the British Government, that England could no longer hesitate to bring about a collective mediation, in case the Cabinet of the President of the American Union should reject the individual good offices of Russia.

POLAND.

The following telegram from Cracow, of the 19th inst., appears in the *Presse*:—"The administrative separation of the Kingdom of Poland from the Russian Empire is decided on. A Russian Custom-house will be established at Kowno, and a Polish Donnané at Kribartz, the Grand Duchy of Lithuania will not form part of Poland. The determination of restoring to Poland its administrative independence is attributed to the Emperor, and the Grand Duke Constantine has been appointed to carry out the plan. "The declaration of a general amnesty is expected at Warsaw."

THOU, July 22.—According to authentic reports received here from Warsaw, the Government had discovered a wide-spread conspiracy, in consequence of which numerous arrests had been made during the night. Some pupils of the preparatory school were among those arrested.

CHINA.

REVERSE OF THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH FORCES.—The *Globe* has reason to believe that trustworthy advices corroborate the news that the Allied forces had met with a check from the Chinese rebels, and were compelled to retire on Shanghai, giving up those positions from which they had previously

driven the rebels. There are rumors that this had been accompanied by serious loss, but beyond the fact of a reverse and a retreat to Shanghai there is no authentic information at present.

DISCOURSE PRONOUNCED AT ROME.

BY MONSIGNOR DUPANLOUP, BISHOP OF ORLEANS, ON THE 30 OF JUNE, 1862.

(Translated from the French by J. P. Leonard.)

(CONCLUDED FROM AUG. 1ST)

But this explains sufficiently what we are, what we represent, and why we have assembled in such extraordinary numbers around the Chair of the Father of the Faithful, the Pastor of pastors. Let us now see what is the Church of the East, and what, in this solemn circumstance, she solicits from us, and from you.

Well, beloved brethren, let us now repose ourselves by dwelling on thoughts of love and evangelical charity, the kind disposition of our hearts, to succor and console this Church of the East—our sister. I would almost say, on account of her antiquity, her origin and her first favors—our mother.

You all know, brethren, of the appeal made to you by the Bishops of the East, who are at Rome, by the Bishops of Syria, of Constantinople, of Smyrna, of Greece. They exposed to you the wants of their churches; they begged of you to aid them to make Christianity flourish, and to assist in bringing to the unity of the Church all the Schismatics. You know also, those admirable letters, by which our venerated Pontiff exhorts you to turn your eyes towards the East; encourages these afflicted Churches, and calls separated communions to unity, with all the tenderness of his apostolic soul. You know, in fine, or at least it imports that you should know, what we all owe to the East; what it was for us, and what we may be for it. In truth, we forget it too soon; we forget it as we do past favors; but it is necessary now to remember it.

Ah! how blessed were the feet of those men who, from the mountains of the East, from the holy summit of Sinai, of Carmel, of Tabor and of Calvary, came to announce peace and prosperity—*quam pacifica noster petes evangelizatum pacem*—(Is. lvi. 7)

What a day it was in the history of the world when, from the remote East, on the shores of that celebrated and enchanting sea, which brought us all here, divine lips addressed to the twelve poor men of the East these immortal words—*Ecce docete omnes gentes* (Matt. xxviii. 10)

And the word of God, according to the expression of the Apostle ran over the earth—*currit sermo Dei*—(Thes. ii. 13)—carrying every where light and life, more powerful than the first words which said:—"Let light be, and light was!"

O! how lovely will it be to contemplate the East when the divine light which it has lost will return; when the sun of faith setting gloriously in the West, will radiate its brightest and most resplendent beams over the summits of Sinai, of Calvary, of Ararat—over all the sacred heights of the universe, shedding lustre on every shore and desert, on the borders of Africa and Asia, and on unknown islands!

Lovely East! cradle of all things great in humanity! Cradle of the different races! Cradle of ancient traditions and of the sacred faith of nations!

Mysterious East! where divine wisdom gave forth its oracles! Where human wisdom searched for the old souvenirs, its primitive faith, and that science, grown dim by age, of which the Egyptian priest spoke to the philosopher of Greece! East! ancient focus of all civilization, sacred and profane!

East! For four thousand years the centre of all divine and human affairs! Yes; for forty centuries, all the eyes of men, all the hopes and sighs of humanity were turned towards thee!

There, the first men, the first ancestors of humanity heard the voice of God! There was situated the sad and mysterious Eden. In the time of primitive innocence, there on the shores of those four famous rivers, which from Eden, flowed towards four quarters of the horizon, humanity, one day, knew real bliss, no soon followed alas! by the thunderblast and a dark and foul night! There, all in us for a while was pure, noble, holy; and soon, alas! was troubled, humbled and blasted!

There the first chastisement was given, there, soon after, the first promise, the first hope. Sacred oracles! repeated from century to century by all the prophets. Yes! all the promises, all the blessings of Heaven were there. It was there God refused to drown His pity in His anger, and would not consent to be even one day forgetful of his goodness.

It was there, showing that He had not abandoned man in spite of his fall, He chose his first friends among the children of Adam—Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, whose God he takes pleasure in calling himself, as if He wished to join himself by His name with the family of man. Yes, who is called "the immortal King of centuries," "the Ancient of days?" He who has called himself also "the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob;" and Jesus Christ loves to repeat in the Gospel those words of divine friendship. It was there that He formed again a solemn alliance with our nature, and that there was a people of God on the earth.

It was there that all the figures of the sacrifice, which was destined to save the world, were shown to man.

There, too, all men of divine nature appeared; not only the old patriarchs, but that Melchisedech, at the same time King and Pontiff, "*Rex et Sacerdos*," image—by his powerful and kindly dignity—a royalty of justice and of peace—image of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. You see, then, brethren, the Royal Pontificate is as old as the world!

Moses and Aaron! Moses liberator of the people of God, and image of the great Liberator of the world; Moses who, on the misty summit of Mount Sinai, saw God face to face, and descending, brought to the world that incorruptible law, destined to enlighten all ages—*In corruptum leges tamen incipit butascula duris supiens*.

There all the prophets sang—David, Isaiah, Jeremiah—they sang the glories and sufferings of Christ, the joy and sorrow of His Church; for ever in the sacred Psalms, as in divine works, joy is allied to sorrow, and the canticle of victory precedes the sighs of grief in the hour of trial.

And at the same time that the Prophets sang, God made in the centre of the East, at the source of all human races, that distant and mysterious preparation for the accomplishment of all the oracles.

There, passed away, one after the other, under the hand of God, those great empires that Daniel saw, preparing the great Roman empire, which absorbed them all, to make place itself for a still greater one, to a greater unity, the aim of all divine thoughts.

And this empire, without arms, founded by faith and love—this last and Sovereign Empire, destined to be the limit of men's thoughts, and to resume history entirely—that immortal Empire of Christ—it was thou, also, Rome, wert destined to be its capital! Thou, during the labor of the East and of the old world during forty centuries, gave birth to! Thou, whose mysterious destiny was to have been twice queen of the world—

Roma, caput mundi quodvis non possidet armis Religione tenet!

And, thus, all began in the East, all came from the East: the greatest names, the greatest things in humanity, Moses, Elias, Jesus Christ; the law, the prophet, the Gospel.

It was there, under the glorious sky, in the shade of those palm-trees, and those thibereaths of which the Gospel speaks, at the foot of those mountains that line the horizon in the places, that bear the dearest and most holy names—Bethlehem, Nazareth, Tabor, Calvary—there appeared one day the most gentle and most beautiful of the children of men, son of a pure virgin, glorious fruit of the most lovely flower of humanity.

Son of Man and Son of God, taking the former name by choice, and in order to preserve better with us and to give His glory more effectively. Jesus Christ, our Lord, a little child of the East, whose words have enlightened the earth, upset ancient wisdom given heart and courage to humanity, called the dead to life in the short journey from Bethlem to Calvary. *In terris visus est, et cum hominibus conversatus est* (Baruch, 3, 38).

In the hamlets, in the towns on the shores of the lakes, on the mountains, the people followed him in crowds, and with his divine lips he revealed to man the things of Heaven! O East! O Emmanuel! O Son of Justice, what didst thou say, what didst thou bring? He brought light to men, and redemption by his blood; for his blood flowed and consecrated for ever this earth. His divine apostleship was, by the cross an apostleship of love and light. To the cold and frozen earth, lying downwards in darkness, he brought resurrection of truth and divine charity. He dawned on the earth those unknown and infinite horizons, of which the immortal poet of Italy, your own Dante, said—"They have only for limit light and love." At that new and glorious expansion of light from the East, the whole world has to rise up and to thrill. There it is—there it is that light expected and announced by sacred and profane oracles, by all the great voices. O Rome! then opened that new order of great centuries that with all syllables Virgil sung—"Magnus ab integre seclorum nascitur ordo." Here come the mysterious conquerors, the peoples, thy grave his torians, thy Tacitus, thy Suetonius—have given testimony to, and expected from the East. "Venturi ab oriente qui rem poterunt." They come, here they are!

Who, at the foot of the Capitol, is that man from the East, who holds in his heart, hidden under his Jewish mantle, a wooden cross? He is there in the midst of the excited crowd; he sees, perhaps, on his way to his palace of gold, Nero, who will soon crucify him; he it is who is to succeed to the Caesars. For he it was who, under the Eastern sky, said to another man: "Thou art Christ, Son of God, Son of the living God!" *Tu es Christus filius Dei vivi!* and it was him that the Son of God answered: "Simon, Son of John, it is not flesh and blood that revealed this to you, but my Blessed Father; and I say unto thee: Thou art Peter and on this rock I will build my Church."

Who is this second man of the East, who arrives by the Apennines, over which the generations of the ancient world had passed? Do you see him at Peruzzi, standing on the brow of the vessel, carrying with him the Gospel and the fortunes of the world, casting from thence an impatient glance on Italy? He walks up to that *forum Appii* and to those *tres tabernaculi* which are still to be seen there. He meets the Christians of Rome, come to greet him, and, consoled and fortified by their affection, for in his apostle's bosom was a human heart, and the sacred text remarks that his heart needed confidence, he took courage, *accepti fiduciam*, and thanking God *gratias agens Deo*, he marched forward through the pompous tombs that we still see there, to the temples of false gods, towards that great Rome which he came to conquer for Jesus Christ. It is Paul, the apostle of nations, who comes to finish in Rome by martyrdom that great apostolical career begun at Damascus.

Ah! when I think of these two men, the fishermen of Galilee and the tent-maker, marching along against the Roman Colossus, I am indeed amazed!

But after the Apostles, here come from the East: apostolic men. Where go,—wafted by the winds and waves, in that bark, on which they are seated, abandoning themselves to the will of Providence—the man raised from the dead at Bethlem with Martha and Mary his sisters? It is in the old land of the Gauls, on the genial shores of Marseilles, that the hand of God deposits them; and the Phocæan town, the cradle of light and civilization in our country, will receive by them a more brilliant light and a higher civilization.

And you, who saw the Apostle St. John, and you the disciple of his disciple, Polycarp—O Pothie! O Irene! leave the smiling Ionia, and come to give the youthful Lugdunum the glorious promises of Christian faith and martyrdom.

And you who heard St. Paul at the Areopagus and who from the famous Senate went to the school of the barbarian; you, great St. Denys, it was in Paris, that city reserved for such great destinies as yet unknown, that the spirit of God carried you.

O God! with what splendour did faith shine forth in that East which sent its refulgent rays to the further extremities of the western world!

There were the great patriarchal churches, Jerusalem and Ephesus, Athens, Corinth, Cesarea, Thessalonica, Edessa, Nice, and Constantinople! What Bishops! what saints! what scholars you have sent in your illustrious seats! There appeared the theologians—there were held at Nice, Constantinople, Ephesus, and at Chalcedon, those great councils where the Christian dogmas were for ever fixed, and which St. Gregory respected as he did the four Gospels.

To the East, moreover, since the conquest of Alexander, had been given, to serve the great designs of God in the propagation of the Gospel, a marvelous tongue, that Grecian language, so rich and so precise, and so incomparably harmonious,—the language of philosophers, poets, orators; so well formed, as St. Basil already remarked in his panegyric of St. Athanasius, to fix with precision the rigorous truths of our dogmas, and to shine them in their magnificence. It was the Fathers of the East who sustained the honor of Grecian literature, and who have perpetuated its glory.

See, brethren, rising from all those Churches of the East, during five centuries, those great lights, those Fathers of the faith, apologetics, theologians, orators; see those glorious constellations of the horizon of Greece: St. Justin, the philosopher; Minutius, Quadrat, Meliton Athenagoras, Tatien, Clement, Origen, Eusebius, St. Basil, surrounded the Christian Plato; St. Chrysostome, the golden-mouthed; St. Gregory of Nazianzen, the harmonious poet and the divine theologian; St. Athanasius, the invincible controversialist, and so many other glorious names which surround the Christian era in the East with an immortal halo. Science, eloquence, sanctity, all divine and human glory was there. What fecundity! what splendour! what life! what power.

But, alas! O Constantinople, thou lost all! Thou lost all, when in a moment of bewilderment thou wouldst raise and dominate in thy pride. It was not to thee, but to Rome, that the priority of the church was given. . . . but thou wouldst have it, and to obtain it, alas! thou gavest thyself up and becamest a slave! Thou wouldst conquer worldly glory, and thy triumph was the source of all the misery, and the origin of that monstrous despotism and abject empire, which the nations of Europe are tired of sustaining! and thy patriarch, lowered and humbled, was but a mere plaything in the hands of thy crowned despots!

And that is what they want the august Pontiff of the Eternal City, the guide of our faith, the common father of our souls, to become! But no, it cannot be. No, Lord of Heaven—never!

Schism miserably gave up the Church to human power, and the peoples to Islam, for whether they will or not, the liberty of nations is ever dependent on the liberty of the Church! Constantinople, fallen, in fact, under the scimitar of Mahomet, was, and still remains, in the eyes of world, the most lamentable example of what it cost nations to separate themselves from unity.

And it is thus, that for so many centuries, these fine countries—the most flourishing of the Old World—suffer, under the stupifying yoke of the Turkish Churches, which have become of those grand and illustrious Churches, which we have just enumerated with pride? It is for you, pious Bishops, who just exhibited to the Church of Rome the venerable rite of your old Oriental liturgy—it is for you, and not for me, to recount here the destruction of your

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