

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The debates in the Senate on the Address have been most animated. M. De La Rochejaquelein, having contrasted the rigid censorship exercised by the Government over the Catholic press, with the unlimited license given to the *Secle* to insult Papists, was replied to by M. Baroche, a Government official, who was then followed by the notorious *Plon-Plon*. The following is, in a condensed form, what occurred in the Senate:

Prince Napoleon spoke in defence of the government, and described the state of society at the time when laws on the Press were promulgated. He continued—The Marquis Rochejaquelein has put forth a programme against revolution. I myself defend revolution, and am of opinion that it is necessary to give the Press more liberty, but we differ on principles. There is but one justification for the existence of the empire, and that is, when it becomes an application of the principle of revolution, well understood. Speaking of the banquet given to Signor Ratazzi, Prince Napoleon proved that a toast was proposed by Signor Ratazzi in honor of the Emperor, whose bust was in the room, while in the Papal army the bust of the Emperor had, on some occasion, been broken. The Prince alluded to the incident of Monsignor Merode and Gen. Goyon, and added—That is where we must look for hatred for the name of Napoleon, and for the name of France. Speaking of the idea of an hereditary power, the Prince quoted the words of the Emperor, who said that his spirit would no longer be with his posterity on the day when they cease to awake the love and confidence of a great nation. He recalled the return from Elba, when the Emperor traversed France in the midst of cries of "Down with the emigrants," "Down with the uobles," "Down with the traitors."

At this point of the Prince's speech, great tumult and agitation arose in the Senate. Several demands were here made that the speaker should be called to order. Many senators believed that the Prince had said "Down with the priests," taking the word "traitors" for "priests."

Prince Napoleon continued—To me the Emperor signifies the glory of France abroad, the destruction of the treaty of 1815, within the limits of the forces and the resources of France, and the unity of Italy, whom we have contributed to set free. At home, the glory of France is in the preservation of order by a complete system of wise and real liberties, comprising the liberty of the Press, and unlimited popular instruction, without religious congregations, and without institutions, which would impose upon us a return to the bigotry of the Middle Ages (interrupts.) The Prince maintained that the system demanded by the Marquis Rochejaquelein would be another white terror, supported by foreign bayonets, and said—If ever such a policy be followed, the empire will then no longer have any reason to exist. M. de Rochejaquelein replied to the accusation of the Prince Napoleon.

M. Billault said—The government does not wish to be misunderstood by the country. Yet the government of the empire is the issue of revolution, of which it is the propagator, director, and moderator. The mission of the Emperor, on the morrow of the revolution, was to re-establish order by a policy for which he found the tradition. In carrying out that policy, the Emperor had the aid of religion, and will not forget that religion was one of the bases of society.—M. Billault maintained the necessity for legislation on the Press of 1852, and besought the Senate to repel excitement and personal discussion.

Plon-Plon's allusions to the hideous and for ever infamous Revolution have produced an immense sensation out of doors. People feel themselves again in the Reign of Terror, and the Liberals hope soon to hear the glad sound of the guillotine, and to have their eyes gladdened with another "priest-massacre." The Paris correspondent of the *Times* writes:—

That the effect of Prince Napoleon's speech in the Senate on Saturday was not exaggerated in the account I have given to be seen by what even the timid *Patrie* ventures to say on it:—

"His Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon, after defending democracy with the energy of his conviction and of his talent, unfortunately yielded to the ardor of the struggle, and in his burning words revolutionary passions were heard.—The Prince revived recollections which appertain, no doubt, to history, and which should be left there, but which it is inopportune and dangerous to fling into the political life of an epoch of application like that in which we are; a pacific epoch which should draw men together instead of dividing them, and substitute the noble emulation of progress for the sterile struggles of party. It is not the flag of revolution which Prince Napoleon should unfurl, to make of it a sign of defiance or of menace. The one which becomes his rank, his intelligence, and his patriotism, is the flag of democratic, liberal, and conservative France. It is the flag of the Empire, which twice in a century has had the honor of covering the national glory and conciliating all the great interests of the country."

The *Moniteur*, with Prince Napoleon's speech and an account of the tumultuous actions which it produced has been posted on the walls on Paris, and extensively and eagerly read.

The suppression of the St. Vincent de Paul Society was also warmly debated, and M. Billault, a Government hack, defended the measures taken as owing to the enormous influence of the society, which was not a French institution, having a representative at Rome, and which had refused to accept as its President a great dignitary of the Church, who was at the same time a high functionary of State. The Government could not tolerate a secret power. The speaker dwelt upon the danger of religious excitement and upon the difficulty of Church and State existing peacefully together.

The Emperor's letter to General Montauban on the reception which the Dotation Bill met in the Legislative Corps has produced a most unpleasant sensation everywhere. The public are led to infer, from the harshness of the reprimand addressed to the Deputies, that in spite of all the

declarations about devotedness and unalterable fidelity on the one side, and unbounded confidence on the other, the feeling on both sides is far indeed from friendly. The Chamber may think that the rank and emoluments of Senator (£1,200 a year), the dotation of £2,000, and the title of Count form an exaggerated recompense for what the General has done in China—considering, too, the financial condition of the country; but this does not sufficiently explain the exhibition of marked repugnance which the Count's name excited, and which the President himself was unable to control. What I hear confirms me more and more in the belief that it was not so much against the dotation as against the man that the objections were raised; yet it is not denied that his conduct of the campaign in China was successful. I believe strong prejudices existed against General Montauban previous to his appointment to the command of the expedition, but it is certain that he was strongly recommended to the Emperor by African Generals who had served with him, and in particular by Marshall McMahon, no mean judge, it will be admitted, of military capacity and of personal merit. That the Emperor wrote his letter under a feeling of strong resentment is certain.—"Great actions," he says, "are more easily produced where they are best valued, and degenerate nations only haggle about public gratitude." It is the last phrase that has given the greatest offence.

The Deputies are presumed to be the true representatives of the intelligence and devotedness of the French nation, and they are very often told so. They have murmured or "haggled" about this dotation, and it is implied that they are "degenerate" for doing so. This is rather a serious charge, and one they feel acutely.

The unfortunate letter in question was, it seems, written by the Emperor without consulting any one. It was sent to the *Moniteur* with orders for instant insertion, and it was in the *Moniteur* that the Ministers themselves saw it for the first time.

It was observed that immense crowds assembled on Sunday last in front of the 20 *mairies* of Paris, where the *Moniteur* is posted. The *Moniteur* of Sunday was almost entirely filled with the stormy debate in the Senate on Saturday, and the working classes were most anxious to read it. As one party read it and retired, their places are filled by a second, and so on throughout the day. The Emperor's letter to General Montauban likewise attracted great attention, particularly that passage in which he alludes to a "degenerate nation."

PARIS, Feb. 20.—The *Moniteur* of to-day publishes the following important statements respecting the proposed gathering of Catholic Bishops at Rome:—"The Government of the Emperor has requested information at Rome respecting the pastoral letter convoking all Bishops of the Christian world to Rome for the canonisation of Martyrs. This information was necessary, as the letter of convocation was published in France without having been previously communicated to the French Government. Cardinal Antonelli replied to the French Government that the invitation addressed to the Bishops was quite a friendly one, and had no obligatory character, and was only intended to give weight to a purely religious ceremony. On receiving this reply the French Government expressed a wish that the Bishops should not quit their dioceses, and must not ask permission to leave the empire except in cases where serious diocesan interests should call them to Rome."

"But think of a Government," says the *Tablet*, "in the year 1862, and of a Government in France, which can assume to give or to withhold permission to a Bishop to travel for a fortnight wherever he may like. That, however, is not the point; the important point is that the Emperor has deliberately chosen at this moment, by a public act, to call the whole world to witness that he wishes to spite, to insult, and to defy the Pope, the Bishops, and the Church. He offers an insult, and he chooses the most contumelious way of doing it."

THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR AT ROME.—The *Patrie* gives a complete denial to the news published by some Turin papers that an attempt had been made to assassinate the Marquis de Lavallette, French Ambassador at Rome.

By an order of the Prefect of the Gard the Catholic Association of St. Francois de Sales established at Nîmes has been dissolved.

ITALY.

The *Osservatore Romano* mentions the death at Turin of Aureli Salicetti, one of the Revolutionary Triumvirate at Rome in 1849. Salicetti came to Turin as Deputy of a Neapolitan constituency, and in a few weeks fell ill. His sufferings were long and cruel, but though he asked to see a Priest, his friends did not comply with his desire. At length a messenger arrived, in breathless haste, to fetch the Cure of San Massimo, which is close to Belvedere St., in which Salicetti lived, but when the Cure got to the house the Triumvir was already dead.

Farini is at Saluggia, not in imminent danger, but tortured by a slow and terrible disease, which deprives him of all rest either by day or night. Farini had amassed great wealth, and his prospects were at their brightest, when he lost his son-in-law, and saw the nuptial feast turned into a funeral. He was attacked by jaundice, and went to Portici to recover, but had become worse, and his state is now considered desperate.

The Revelations of a Secret Agent of the late Cavour of infamous memory, published by the Baron Arthur D. de Rimini, and of which the fidelity has not been called in question, though they have been before the public since last October, have created quite a fury. The Italian police at Turin have seized the copies of the *Journal de Bruxelles* and other papers, in which these *Memoires*, so ruinous to the character of all parties engaged in the Italian Revolution, have appeared—but no attempt has been made to contradict them, or to refute their statements, which shows that the liberals were as dishonest in money matters, as they were cruel in their treatment of the people who opposed them. Here is an extract from one chapter, relative to

Farini, who it appears stole the private property of the Duke of Modena for the use of himself and family. Unfortunately for Farini he was so corpulent that the Duke's clothes, which he stole, were too small for one of "the purest of European statesmen" to wear. Here are the particulars:—

"The first order that Farini gave me on entering the Castle d'Este, was to take possession of all the keys, even those of the cellars. It is quite useless to make an inventory, said Farini. Upon the arrival of Madame Farini I had to deliver up to her all the keys. All the plate with the arms of the Duke were sent to be melted down. What became of the produce? A remarkable circumstance enough is, that just at this time, Farini ordered me to write a *communiqué* to the official papers, which every one may have seen, and in which it was explained that the duke, at his departure, had taken with him all his plate and all objects of any value, leaving, it might be said, nothing but the bare walls. The very cellars were empty, said the *communiqué* which he gave me the order to insert in the "Emilia" and "Monitore di Bologna." They were, it is true, nearly so at that time, but for ten days previously Farini had kept open house in the Ducal palace. Borromeo, Riccardi, Visoni, Carbonnieri, Mayr, Chiesa, and Zini, were the habitual guests at these princely banquets. At this point I may narrate a little anecdote which for many days amused the social circles of Modena, and which it would be a pity not to be acquainted with the details. The table of the governor was served by a certain Ferrari, who then kept and who still keeps the hotel of St. Mark, at Modena. His father is chief of the staff of Francis IV. At the end of eight days the bill of Ferrari amounted to seven thousand francs. Farini found it very convenient to pay this bill with a commission as colonel, which Ferrari accepted. This promotion placed him, all at once, in the same position as his father, who had seen thirty years service. The son is now Commandant of the Place at Modena, and the father is in exile.

A few days after the installation of Madame Farini, all the wardrobe of the duchess was placed in the hands of the dressmakers, Madame and her daughter having chosen what they liked. Both arranged her portion according to her figure. The corpulence of Farini prevented his being able to profit by the wardrobe of duke; but it was not on that account lost to his family. Riccardi, then secretary, and afterwards son-in-law of Farini, took possession of it. We cannot deny that the duke's clothes fitted him perfectly. The pillage of the duke's property did not make me scrupulous, — at that time it seemed quite natural; but it is somewhat at variance with that social disinterestedness for which Farini had before taken credit.

Farini showed himself much exasperated against what he called the Ducquistes, and especially against the Priests and Nuns. As he read my reports, he used to say, "No mercy for all this *canaille*." It may well be supposed when my master showed such a disposition, that I felt I could do what I liked as to arbitrary arrests and imprisonments. Riccardi and I determined to profit by these circumstances. Persons chosen by me, but otherwise unknown, introduced themselves into the houses of parties known for their attachment to the fallen dynasty; also into the abodes of the Priests and into the Convents, and whilst arresting some, let it be understood that money might be found the means of avoiding imprisonment. Such arguments generally had the effect desired; they submitted to be plundered; it was the best thing they could do. The produce of these extortions were placed in the hands of Riccardi, son-in-law of Farini. The amounts were more or less considerable, according to the fortune of those arrested. Guastalla and Sanguinetti, bankers, were obliged to pay me four thousand francs each."

Such is the stuff that Italian Liberals are made of. They are all alike.

THE ITALIAN UNIONISTS.—This band of sacrilegious robbers, and its chief, the Tuscan traitor Ricasoli, do not appear to be reposing at present on a bed of roses. They seem, indeed, to have fallen upon thistles and thorns, and we sincerely wish them all the discomfort which such a position can create. Last autumn the jubilant Piedmontese Minister, or rather Minister of Piedmont, by which he is hated, announced that by All Saints' Day he and his myrmidons would have made their triumphant entry into Rome, and hauled down the Pope's flag from the Castle of Saint Angelo. This declaration gave great joy to all the infidels and robbers of the earth, and was received with rapture by the Whig, Tory, and Radical Press of this country. Well, we are now near the Ides of March, and not only is the Pope in his own city of Rome, and the revolutionary flag not floating there, but by all accounts, the author of the infidel and abortive boast is in a shaky condition in Turin. Even Sir James Hudson, the British Plenipotentiary, who was so active an agent of Cavour's in promoting the revolutionary cause in Italy, has, it seems, abandoned the falling Ricasoli; at least so we gather from the *Morning Star*, which is among the most zealous English partisans of the Italian "lib-busters." The correspondent of that paper, writing from Turin on the 16th inst., says:—

"During the past week poor Baron Ricasoli has undergone two heavy and formidable assaults, which have not, however, upset him. The first has come through M. Benedetti (the French Minister), sustained in this instance by Sir J. Hudson, and by Count Brasser Saint Simon, Minister of Prussia. M. Benedetti complained of the demonstrations against the Pope, and the Ministers of Prussia and of England are said to have expressed their regret to see the Government overwhelmed by the popular movement. M. Benedetti attributed to our Cabinet the initiative in the demonstrations and protested against what he called an attempt to coerce France. Sir James Hudson and the Prussian Minister desired that the Government should take measures to prevent itself being driven along by force.

"The other assault which Baron Ricasoli has had to sustain came from the side of the King. I think I have already given you to understand that the face of Ricasoli is not a gladdening sight to the King. But as Victor Emmanuel feels thoroughly that his strength lies in a respect for Constitutionalism, despite his antipathy to the dry, stern, absolute, unremitting Premier, his Majesty tolerates his Minister, and makes up by such amusement as he can have in his absence. But recently, taking advantage of the popular demonstrations, and of the remonstrances of the diplomatic corps, his Majesty is reported to have had a very brusque conversation with Ricasoli, and to have expressed some doubts whether a Cabinet could continue to govern which obviously had no control over or sympathy from the country."

Even Kossuth, who is at Turin, does not feel satis-

fied with the Tuscan Baron, whom Providence appears resolved to humble to the dust for his foul insults to the Holy Father. His King detests him, his colleagues dislike him, the Parliament merely tolerates him, the Emperor of the French abominates him, even the British Minister, snubs him,—to the Piedmontese he is odious, the Mazzinians have no confidence in him,—he is under the anathema of the Church of Christ, and there we leave him.

NAPLES.—A letter to the *Gazette du Midi*, dated Naples, 12th February, says:—The *Sieur d'Affiti*, a Neapolitan captain of a frigate, one of those who, with Anguissola, gave the example of treason in delivering to Garibaldi the frigate *Velocita*, has cut his throat with his razor. This wretched man, weighed down by remorse at seeing the consequences of his treason to his country, was plunged in a profound melancholy. It was on the frigate *Tatipide*, which he commanded, that he destroyed his life.

THE QUEEN OF NAPLES.—A few days ago a magnificent testimonial in silver was presented by a number of ladies in England and Ireland to the ex-Queen of Naples. The testimonial was accompanied by an address, which was signed by the Duchesses of Richmond, Leeds, Buccleugh, and Inverness, the Marchionesses of Bath, Normanby, Londonderry, and others, and a great number of other titled ladies, including the Countess of Shrewsbury and Talbot, the Countess of Portarlington, the Countess of Tankerville, the Countess of Kinnoul, the Countess of Kenmare, Viscountess Castlereagh, Lady Fielding, Lady Campden, Lady Arundell of Wardour, Lady Clifford, Lady Stafford, Lady Nass, Lady Heneage, and a great number of others. The reply of the ex-Queen has just reached England, and I am enabled to send you a copy. It is a touching and remarkable document, and not without political significance at a moment like the present:—

"Noble Ladies.—It could not be otherwise than grateful and very agreeable to me the precious gift which you have been pleased to offer me. The thoughtful delicacy that suggested the design of it, and the flattering address which accompanied it, and in which I observe many of the best names of the noble English aristocracy, and of that generous Ireland, both types and examples of loyalty and of constant devotion to the august Sovereign who so gloriously sways their destinies. In not separating from my beloved husband, who so bravely contended for the sacred rights of his people and of thrones—in choosing to share with him even to the end the privations and perils of a long siege—in dedicating myself to the best of my ability to alleviate the sufferings and pangs of so many gallant men who fell victims to their duty, their unflinching fidelity, the love of their King, and the independence of their native country, in a war the most unjust—I did nothing but the sacred duty of a Christian, a wife, and a Queen. Happy that I am, if in so acting I have been able to deserve the regard of minds so noble, and of hearts so generous as yours. Constrained to live far from my adopted country, from a soil to which so many dear affections bind me, and which I so much love, wounded to my very heart through the fratricidal and ruthless war which spreads desolation and terror over the most beautiful region of Italy. It is some comfort to me, at least, that even in that favored England, where so many calumnies have been spread to deprive a just but unhappy cause of the potent support of public opinion and of enlightened government, there are not wanting noble hearts that were moved by an unmerited misfortune. That thought will tell you better than I could express how sincerely grateful I am, and how dear to me has been this spontaneous testimony of affection and of sympathy among many others which it was sought to honor me in a royal calamity, borne with resignation and not without courage. Receive, then, my thanks, one and all, whose names shall ever remain engraven on my heart, and believe in the sentiments of my entire affection."

"ROMA, 21st December, 1861."

AUSTRIA.

VIENNA, Feb. 21.—The plan of placing an Austrian Archduke on a new throne in Mexico seems hardly to have obtained the amount of attention its originality merited. In Austria, the European State chiefly interested, it at once attracted the enjoyment of a general unpopularity, due both to the quarter whence the scheme was understood mainly to proceed, and to the idea that an undue equivalent might be expected for the Oatigue's crown that was to decorate the brows of the late Viceroy of Lombardo-Venetia. Seldom have the *donna ferentes* been looked upon with more distrust. No credit was obtainable here for the disinterestedness of the potentate who, in the most winning manner, proposed that Maximilian should occupy the vacant throne of Montezuma. The arrangement was not presented in the light of a favor to the monarch elect, but in that of a service which he would thus render to Mexico and to those who advocated it. You are doubtless aware that the Vienna Government abstained altogether from entertaining the project. The King-makers were referred to the Archduke himself as the sole person in Austria whom the matter concerned; and he, to whom certain Mexicans of distinction also addressed themselves with a similar object, showed himself from the first gratified by the offer, and disposed to give it his favorable attention. At the present moment that disposition on his part is understood to continue, but the matter must be considered as completely in suspense. In fact, the overtures were somewhat premature. In presence of the anarchy that has now so long prevailed there it is not surprising if the dominion of Mexico was looked upon as an anachronism; but still it is necessary to have a thing before bestowing it, and the Mexicans have not yet been subdued nor are the latest accounts thence of a complexion to make it appear that they are disposed to give in without a struggle or to accept a ruler imposed upon them by European Powers.—*Times*.

SWITZERLAND.

THE LAW OF DIVORCE IN SWITZERLAND.—The Swiss Federal Assembly, before closing its session, voted a law authorizing the divorce of couples belonging to different religious professions. In spite of the protests of the Swiss episcopacy, the law was voted after having undergone a modification which renders it still more annoying for Catholics; for, while the project of the Federal Council maintained the principle of the indissolubility of Catholic marriages, the National Assembly has suppressed that reserve, and decided that the cantons may regulate that matter as they think proper, so that the cantonal legislatures are authorised to permit a divorced Catholic husband to remarry during the lifetime of his Protestant wife, and vice versa.

A PALMERSTON BISHOP.

(From the *Saturday Review*.)

The Palmerston bishop is still to be found in Ireland—the same, but with a difference. He is a Carlisle bishop. As the viceroy is to the Sovereign, and as Ireland is to England, so is the Carlisle bishop to the Palmerston bishop. We have just got a perfect specimen of the Irish Bishop in the Rev. John Gregg, D.D., Archdeacon of Kildare, and by Divine and Lord Carlisle's permission, "Lord Bishop Elect of Cork." The Carlisle Bishop is, and is not, the Palmerston bishop. In so far as he is an Evangelical, he is the same with his prototype. In so far as he is devoid of classics and literature, he is the same. In so far as he follows the Apostolic precept which advances the foolishness of preaching above the wisdom of man, he is the same. But an Irish bishop of this sort must have kissed the Blarney stone. Where the Palmerston bishop would at least assume the virtue of a scholar and a gentleman, and would be at least reticent as to his familiarity with the Greek Testament, his Irish congener does not condescend to hide his nakedness of Greek, letters, and good breeding, but rather glories in his shame. In the one case there is some hope of amendment—in the

other there is none. In a few years the most heterogeneous or vulgar of English Bishops are sure to rise to a very decorous level of inefficiency and stupidity. Bishop Hampden is remarkable as the most orthodox and silent of the hierarchy, and Bishop Villiers collapsed in a job which would not have discredited the palmy days of Archbishop Moore or Bishop Pretyman. But if Bishop Gregg is to live in history, it will be by continuing the Gregg he is. What that ideal is, let his speech for the Dublin Orphan Refuge testify.—This Archdeacon, Dr. John Gregg, Bishop Elect of Cork, by the way, how can there be a "Bishop Elect" in Ireland, where there is no *longe d'elire*, and where the Bishops are appointed by Letters Patent?—is not to be confounded with one Dr. Treham James Gregg, commonly known as "Tresham" Gregg Archdeacon. Gregg is a popular preacher, and chaplain of Bethesda—an irregular and extra-parochial institution in Dublin. Dr. Tresham Gregg was minister of St. Nicholas in Dublin. Both were engaged in controversial duels with the Roman Catholics. Both were popular preachers in Dublin. Both are D.D., and both: it need not be said, are *Hibernis Hiberniores*. Lord Carlisle's justification for sending his comic *protege* to the see of Cork will be found in his Dublin popularity. Whether that popularity was a thing to be encouraged, or whether the acts by which it has been attained deserve the highest office in the Church—an office which requires gravity of life, sobriety of manners, a tongue not given to idle and vain words, dignity and carefulness in demeanor—we may well ask. Ever since Archdeacon Gregg's nomination to the see of Cork he has been exhibiting himself; and at the Orphan Refuge meeting he indulged his friends with an autobiography. It seems that there has been a little alloy in the satisfaction with which both the Bishop and his admirers viewed his appointment to Cork. Dr. Gregg says "that the draught of adulation was so sweet that it was almost nauseous, and he positively welcomed a drop of acid." It seems that somebody had said that Doctor Gregg was a firebrand and "a disturber of the peace." This says the reverend gentleman is far from true. "It has been said that I will be a wolf, or a hyena, or a tiger, or something of that kind; that I would carry these bitter tendencies and wild destructive qualities to the sunny south." No such thing. But this reminds the facetious Archdeacon of a story—the story being the familiar old Joe Miller of the "London Alderman" who went out hunting, and when he heard that the creature he was pursuing was coming, drew his sword on a poor little hare. Now, I beg to assure my Southern friends that it is a timid hare who will venture among them; so they need not be at all afraid.

Gentlemen of the press, will you tell those parties that they are wrong in giving me credit for speaking Irish. I never used a bit of Irish at college—not a bit of Irish at Portlanning, except to a man I met selling oysters. I use no Irish here, so I am afraid when I go down to Cork I will be a barbarian there." The doctor then goes into family and personal matters. "I am the child of a mixed marriage; and mixed marriages may have a good result. I knew a little woman, a Protestant, who married a Roman Catholic, and one by one she got the children to church, until the whole box and dice of them became Protestants." As for himself, he says, "I trace a good deal of the vigour of the body and mind and health that God has been pleased to grant me, and the very great degree of prosperity, both social, personal, and public with which I have been blessed, to the deep interest I feel in the Protestant Orphan cause." Has it been said that Dr. Gregg was a fierce controversialist? He replied, "Point to a single bitter word I ever said, if they find any hard words in the hunt I shall be very much surprised." What are Dr. Gregg's reasons for accepting the See of Cork? They are weighty? for "he is so agitated on going down to Cork, that he has not got two nights' repose." It is said that he is going there to repose, and that he is so worn down, that he is to be like a dried mummy. This suggestion "would not make a tomtit, much less a man, angry—much less a Christian man, angry—much less a Christian Minister, angry." Why, then, is he going to Cork? Because he "loves the Irish brogue more than the English accent?"—because "the love of his country will always make him active—because he would be a very curious kind of a bishop if he were to drop into repose—because he would be a comical kind of gentleman if he adopted these suggestions" of repose. At last, after all this gabble of vulgarity and bad taste about himself, "the Bishop Elect" turns very late in the day, to the business of the meeting, and takes the cause of the "Protestant Orphan Refuge," in behalf of which the meeting was held, in hand: "We are told," says the orator, "that Franklin, when he was going to hear Whitefield upon the Orphan Society, was determined to give nothing; but when he heard about the poor little children, their hungry bellies, their naked necks, their bare legs, their little bodies almost famished, and their little legs without any calves, he said he would give the fellow what coppers he had." And then the accurate and intelligent speaker goes on to spoil a very familiar story by making Franklin give his coppers to Whitefield, "his silver to the next speaker at the meeting, and his gold to the third"—when, as everybody knows the successive acts of generosity were extracted by Whitefield, and by Whitefield alone; and this not at a meeting, but at a sermon. But, though Bishop of Cork, John Gregg is not going to forget the Protestant Orphan in Dublin:—"When I come up from Cork, I will not look at your pictures or your rich furniture. I do not care a button about them. When introduced to your houses I will look for the Protestant Orphan card, and if I do not see it black with pounds, shillings, and pence, I will call for my hat, and say that I must certainly go away, as it is a very bad place to be in (laughter). In this diocese of Cork we have as deep thinking, hospitable men, as there are in the English Church; they are men of the right stamp. And will I think of leaving that diocese, and the beautiful scenery of Glengarriff, and the beautiful bays and the enchanting scenery of the South, to come up to Dublin, if the people of Dublin do not support the Protestant Orphan cause, or leave the Protestant Orphan Society, and the Protestant Orphan Refuge, and the poor Protestant orphans in wretchedness, and misery, and idleness, instead of having them well clothed, well fed, and well educated? But, when I hear of you supporting the Protestant Orphan Society, I shall come up to see how well you are doing, and go back to Cork and tell them that the people of Dublin are a kind-hearted and generous people [hear, hear, and applause]. I will come up to you and give you a 'prod,' and then I will go back to Cork and give them a 'prod' [loud laughter]." The "Bishop Elect" has, we can assure him, quite earned the description which he deprecates. "A curious kind of bishop he is," and "a comical kind of gentleman." Of course we do not suspect Lord Carlisle of any *mauvaise plaisanterie* in the preference of Archdeacon Gregg than a total inability to understand what a bishop ought to be. Still less do we impute the appointment of Dr. Gregg to the See of Cork to a deliberate design of lowering and damaging the Irish Church. In a more astute person than the Irish Viceroy we should, perhaps, have suspected a wish to administer the final blow to the Irish Church Establishment. That Church exists only on a kind of sufferance. It is an anomaly hard to reconcile, at least to a Stanley's common sense. A buffoon bishop may, perhaps, suit that genus of the people which the Irish Church of the present day seeks to propitiate or to emulate. If so, its days are, indeed, numbered. The exchange at Cork of Bishop Fitzgerald for Bishop Gregg, if it pleases the "Orcugians," shows that Irish Protestantism and bishops are irreconcilable and incompatible. In England, as we commenced, by saying, this sort of bishop has been tried and found wanting. It is hardly a compliment to the intelligence and good feeling across St. George's Channel which has failed so signally among ourselves.