

which is necessary for its independence; and to all it is equally necessary to repudiate doctrines and proposals subversive of the rights and security of all Sovereigns and their dominions.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,  
GEOBGE BOWYER.  
Palace of the Order of Malta, Rome, Jan. 5.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE EMPEROR AND THE POPE.—LETTER FROM THE PRIMATE OF ALL IRELAND.

TO THE CATHOLICS OF DROGHEDA.

Dear Beloved Friends.—On the late occasion of our meeting to express sympathy with the Holy Father, I considered it my duty to make such observations on the conduct pursued by the French Emperor since the commencement of the war in Italy as were not calculated, I freely admit, to create an impression favorable to his Imperial Majesty, and that those observations were not disagreeable to you may be learned from the remarkable fact—peculiar, I should suppose, to our meeting in Drogheda, among all the meetings lately held in Ireland—that the only name received with hisses at that meeting was the name of Napoleon III.

I avail myself now of the public press to call your attention to the full confirmation which the events of the last few days have given to the justice of the sentiments which then found favor with you.

Some, even among our Catholic brethren in this country, were disposed to censure us as exceeding in severity towards his Majesty on the occasion to which I refer. All such persons are now, I should hope, undeceived. The Emperor has thrown off the mask. By means of the letter which he addressed to Rome on the 31st December, and which he has published in the *Moniteur*, he stands revealed to the world as the imitator of his uncle in his treatment of the Holy See. The wretched plausibilities with which that letter is interspersed can impose on none.

To find a parallel for the infamous address which he makes to the Holy Father, let us imagine a well-known captain of a gang of robbers, who, placing his hand on the throat of some unfortunate and defenceless traveller whom he has seized, says to him:—

“You have, indeed, my dear friend, an incontestable right to your money; but consider this: I cannot permit any foreign or external aid to come to your defence; you may yourself, if you please, defend your purse; but I advise you not to mind doing so; the easiest solution of the difficulty in which you find yourself is, to give up your money quietly to me; and, in return for this amiable condescension on your part, I shall guarantee to you the secure possession of your clothes and your life. You may range with safety for many years through these mountain passes; and you will place me and the banditti, who acknowledge my authority, under a debt of gratitude, which we shall ever cheerfully acknowledge.”

It is such an address as this which the Eldest Son of the Church has made to the Father of the Faithful. Oh! how all good Catholics over the world must be horror-struck on reading that letter in the *Moniteur*! You will admit with me, that the appropriate residence for its author would be the prison of Ham, rather than the Palace of the Tuilleries.—How I pity the chivalrous French nation lying prostrate under the feet of such a ruler.

But let us hope that a voice will yet reach him, which by the awe that it shall inspire, will have the effect of paralysing the hand stretched out against the Holy Father—mean the voice of indignant Catholic Christendom, which, rising above the jubilation of the enemies of the Church over the world, will fall on his ear in some such words as these:—

“Robber, take your hand from the throat of the Vicar of Christ.”

I am, dear beloved friends, your ever faithful servant,  
JOSEPH DIXON, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland  
Drogheda, 14th Jan., 1860.

Mr. John Francis Maguire, M.P., has received a letter from a gentleman of high position in Rome, of which the following is an extract. It bears date the 14th of January:—“It is most consoling to see with what magnanimity the Holy Father bears his present trials. On New Year's-day he had occasion to address the French General and officers, who came to wish him a happy New Year; and in the most emphatic manner he condemned the principles enunciated in the pamphlet entitled ‘Le Pape et le Congrès.’ A rupture seems imminent with the Emperor of the French, but, nevertheless, the Pope has so great a confidence in God and the justice of his cause, that every one who sees him, as I have already remarked, is astonished to see the magnanimity with which he awaits the contest. The reports of the meetings in Ireland, which are all read to him, continue to give him the greatest consolation. The pastoral addresses, and letters which he is daily receiving from all parts of the world fill many volumes. There never was a moment in the history of the Church when the whole Catholic world was so unanimous on the expediency of maintaining the temporal power of the Pope. Pius IX. was never greater than he is at this moment. The Pope is never so great as when he suffers, especially if he bear his suffering with the sublime calmness, patience, resignation, equanimity, and I may say Christian fortitude, with which Pius IX. bears his.”

The *Tuam Herald* says:—“How completely the Catholic laity have satisfied the imputation upon the sincerity of their attachment to Rome is proved by the millions of voices which, during the last four weeks, have recorded their undying devotion to the interests of the Holy See, and their fixed resolve to defend them to the utmost, within the limits of what the English press terms ‘our free constitution.’ The first libel having exploded, another was quickly advanced. It was said that the Irish laity, in their statements on the Papal question, manifested gross ignorance; and that, in their resolutions, they uttered common sense, and showed themselves unworthy of the liberty accorded to them. But this comprehensive libel upon Ireland met a signal refutation, almost as soon as it was published. The noble Declaration of the English Catholic laity—in support of the rights of the Pope—came forth. Its importance could not be overlooked, even by the most unscrupulous enemies of His Holiness. The document was signed by the representatives of the noblest and most ancient houses in England, as well as by an immense number of the Catholic gentry; and it puts forth, in terse and dignified language, the case of His Holiness, and the reasons for promulgating the Declaration. The case and the reasons agree perfectly with those of Ireland. The English and Irish Catholic laity, jointly hold the following:—That the title of the Pope is the most ancient and legitimate in the world. That Pius IX. is a wise, liberal, and beneficent ruler; that he has been, and is now, the victim of revolutionary schemes; that the revolt in the Romagna is unjustifiable; and that the detachment of that or any other province from the Papal territory, by act of Congress, would be simply an act of robbery. And finally, that the representative of England, at the Congress, should not use his influence adversely to the Pope. A third lie of the British press is, that the sympathy demonstrations throughout the country are disloyal; nay, treasonable. This scandalous calumny is sufficiently refuted by a perusal of the proceedings at the meetings. The Catholics of Ireland have ever been loyal to the throne, with little cause to be steadfast in their allegiance. They were loyal, when trodden down as an accused and despised section, by an intolerant Protestant faction, whose ascendancy domination was likely to be more dangerous to the throne than a foreign invasion.—Irish Catholics owe allegiance to the Queen; they pay it, heartily and sincerely; and at every one of

monster meetings that have been held lately; they fling back, with just indignation, the aspersion sought to be fixed upon their loyalty. But they owe no allegiance to Her Majesty's Ministers, and will give none, unless it is deserved. All other questions become insignificant in the estimation of Catholics before this—of the honor and independence of the Holy See. The Catholics of England and Ireland are in complete accord upon the question, and it is pretty certain, from the tone of the Faithful, in both countries, that the Ministry, ignoring justice, and participating in the spoliation of the Pope's dominions, will meet that constitutional overthrow which it so eminently deserves.”

SPIRIT OF THE IRISH PRESS.—The *Connaught Patriot* of January 14th has a leading article headed “The Pope and the Emperor.” The *Patriot* says:—“A letter appears in the Metropolitan papers to the effect that the French Emperor has signified to the Holy Father, that for the sake of the general peace, the Legations should be ceded by the Pope. *Sanctus celo et no timor*” is the *Connaught Patriot's* motto. The *Meath People* takes a very decided tone:—“The murder is out at length, and the man of mystery, the Third Napoleon stands confessed, in all his intentions towards the Holy See. A notion prevailed in Ireland—and this not so very long ago—that a most desirable event would be that of a visit to us by the French Emperor. We never were of the number who hugged to our bosom any such child of romantic patriotism; but we must confess to the entertaining a wish now to see his Imperial Highness standing upon our shores. He might rest assured of a warm reception—one so hot that he would fly from it with even greater precipitancy than from his first, silly and supremely ridiculous attempt on France. Louis Napoleon is the child of destiny; a short sojourn in Ireland now would accomplish that destiny.”

The *Monster News* devotes a long leader to an unsparring denunciation of the French Emperor. The *Freeman's Journal* and the *Wexford People* are clear and outspoken in their condemnation of the Emperor. The *Dundalk Democrat* has been hitherto, if we mistake not, an admirer of the French Emperor, as the enemy of England, but it gives him up now. The *Democrat* says:—“The Emperor's letter will be received with consternation by the Catholic world.—There are two powers in Italy which are antagonistic. One is that of the Pope, who is the representative of Christ upon earth, and who spends his days in diffusing good throughout the world. The other is that of the Sarlatian King, who is ambitious to get the entire of Italy in his grasp, and who is urged on by wicked men and evil passions in his avaricious designs, and secretly counselled by bigotted England. The Emperor can look at this wicked man making his inroads on the States of the Church, and remain with folded arms gazing on the deed of plunder.—A dozen words addressed to the sacrilegious monster or an order to the French army in Italy to stop this sacrilege, would at once bring the robbers to a stand. But strange to say, Napoleon will not utter a sentence to restrain the plunderers, or save the property of the Church from their wicked hands. The Emperor has the power to prevent wrong, and he won't do it. He seems to dread that if the Romagna were restored to the Papal rule by foreign soldiers, it would continue to disturb Italy for generations to come. But if the intruders who are in that province, and who are almost the only disturbers there, are not put down by force, they will by-and-by attempt to expel His Holiness from the rest of his dominions. Under all the circumstances, we think the time has come for striking a blow against these public robbers, and if France declines to bring them to a sense of their duty, we are of opinion that Spain, Austria, Naples, and Ireland should unite, and perform what the Eldest Son of the Church declines to accomplish. If the Pope were attacked in the Vatican by a robber, he would be justified in defending himself; and when a plundering king and a band of robbers are going to rob the Church of her property, the Pope would be justified in calling on his spiritual children to aid him in striking them down.—If faithful soldiers are required in the States of the Church; if men are wanted to guard the Holy Father from insult, and to preserve the patrimony of the Holy See from the hand of sacrilegious robbers who are anxious to plunder it of its wealth, where could any army more zealous or faithful be found than among the Catholics of Ireland, whose hearts as well as their arms are devoted to the service of His Holiness? We know no field in which the chivalry of our people could be more properly displayed than in the cause of a Power which insalts their faith, and tramples on the rights of their country. They perform the most abominable acts in obedience to the orders of that power in India, where a plundered and persecuted race have been subjected to the greatest indignities; and thus our people are made to participate in the most odious acts of tyranny. His Holiness the Pope may be regarded as grateful for the sympathy of his Irish children, but we cannot help thinking that the Holy Father often asks himself, ‘Is this all I am to receive from Ireland? Will the Irish be content to send me nothing but words, while I am in need of more substantial assistance?’

The *Tuam Herald* also throws the Emperor overboard, and says:—“It is clear that he relies on the army, and that he has thrown over the clergy and people of France. And in the publishing of his treachery to Pius IX., he insults the Holy man by still affecting devotion to his interests. Bitter, indeed must be the disappointment of the persecuted Pontiff, but not less unwavering his resolve to brave the dangers that threaten round him. The fact that the Emperor recognises the principle of depriving the Pope of the Romagna, makes it pretty clear that it was his original intention to carry out, if possible, the scheme of Guernoniere's pamphlet, and leave His Holiness nothing but a residence in the city of Rome.

IRISHMEN ON THE LONDON PRESS.—The *Times* is still largely availing itself of Irish talent. Its correspondent at Paris, is an Irishman; at Berlin there is another Irishman; in Morocco another; and at New York a fourth, while the writer of a magnificent description of the efforts of the Agemennon to lay the Atlantic cable, and the *Great Eastern* in the storm off Holyhead, likewise owes his inspiration to the ‘Gem of the Western World.’ Indeed, the only other correspondent of any note at present on the staff of the ‘Thunderer’ is Signor Gallenga, a Genoese by birth. He speaks and writes English like a native, and some time since he married an Irish lady with an income of £600 a year. He is known as the author of a book called ‘Country Life in Piedmont,’ which he wrote when occupied in London, as professor of Italian at the King's College University. It should not be forgotten that W. H. Russell, Esq., who has achieved for himself an undying reputation by his inimitable descriptions of the campaigns in the Crimea and India, is another Irishman. Of course every one knows that the *Globe* correspondent in Paris is a Corkman, no other than the author of the famous ‘Prout Papers.’ Another celebrity of the press, the correspondent of the *Liverpool Advertiser*, and the writer of the clever original, and whimsical, ‘Metropolitan Gossip’ is an Irishman. The principal editors of the *Globe*, *Sun*, *Mark Lane Express*, and many other leading London journals, are all Irish. We could enumerate many other writers of note on the press of London whom we can claim as ‘Sons of the Sod’ and as Irish Reporters, they are so numerous as to have given rise to an adage, that ‘all the porters and reporters in London are Irish.’

THE EDUCATION QUESTION.—The *Cork Examiner* says:—“The diocese of Ross will, on Tuesday next, pronounce in support of the Pastoral. The good and patriotic Bishop will preside on the occasion, and thus lend the sanction of his name and character to the demand which is soon to be made in Parliament, in the name and on behalf of the Catholics

of Ireland. The Right Rev. Dr. O'Hea is no vain enthusiast, no idle dreamer; he is, on the contrary, a man ripe in judgment, moderate in his views of most subjects, and prudent while firm in his policy. As a simple clergyman, he had at all times exhibited unbounded zeal for the education of the children of the poorer classes, and his parish could in this important respect—one so dear to the feelings and even the pride of the Catholic Priest—contrast favorably with the best managed parishes of his brethren in the Ministry. Nor has the Bishop lost an iota of the zeal for education which pre-eminently distinguished the Parish Priest. A wider sphere of action has only afforded him increased means of doing good, by the diffusion of the blessings of enlightenment to his more extended flock. This good Bishop, then, demands a change in the mode of administering the education of the people. Change in the system there can be very little; for the mixed system never was tried, and never can be tried, in the diocese of Ross, and for this simple reason—that the mass of the population is entirely Catholic. So far as the diocese of Ross—and it is only one of many equally circumstanced—is concerned, the ‘mixed system’ is, was, and always will be, a sham and a delusion; for it never has existed, and it never will exist in it. There are, practically, no materials for its existence. Therefore, Dr. O'Hea and his priests and people will not go through the farce of demanding a change of system for their diocese—separate for mixed, inasmuch as it is possible to make a change in that respect; but they will unite with other dioceses in insisting that the education for a Catholic people shall be Catholic in letter and in spirit—leaving Protestants and Dissenters to make the same fair terms for themselves. This is one of the principle objects for which the diocese of Ross is to assemble on Tuesday next. “Were there no parochial, no diocesan meetings, those who are on the watch would shout with triumph; but when such meetings are universally held, no ground is left to the interested enemy. We therefore rejoice to see the example of Cloyne followed by Ross, and we trust to see it soon imitated by the no less important, no less Catholic diocese of Cork.”

MR. BUTLER.—It is stated that Mr. Bright, M.P., has received an invitation from friends of Parliamentary reform in Dublin, to visit that city, and to address a meeting on the reform question before the meeting of Parliament, but Mr. Bright's engagements, and the near approach of the session, will prevent his complying with the request of the reformers of Dublin.

The Bishop landlord of Partry, the right reverend Lord Plunket, has done another friendly act to Irish tenants seeking Legislative protection. He has unwillingly helped on the cause of the latter. Just as Parliament is about to meet, he dies that which marks more clearly than mere argument could do, the nature of the irresponsible power of Irish landlords, and the reckless manner in which it is put in force. To-day in Partry there are some sixty downy families, who only live on the farms which they may have filled in youth and in manhood, until the legal interval after ‘notice’ has gone by which necessarily precedes the crowbar and the posse comitatus of the sheriff. What have they done? Are their rents unpaid? Have they failed to perform any contract into which they had entered with their landlord? It seems not. So says their only friend, the priest, Father Lavelle. But though they have not failed in their engagements, they have set at naught, rash men! the wish of their Lord and Master on one point—they have refused to let their children be rifled in the proselyting schools of Bishop Plunket of the sacred pearl of the Faith—therefore, in a little while they will be houseless beggars!—*Weekly Register*.

The *Mayo Telegraph* says:—“The member for Wexford, Patrick MacMahon, stood foremost among the first in the ranks of the Independent Oppositionists. He now takes his place behind the minister and pockets such ennoblements as a Junior Counsel for the Woods and Forests is entitled to. Public scandal of the darkest hue shrouds this breach of faith. It casts the mantle of distrust around the remaining few of his *quantum* colleagues, and, worse still, engenders in the public mind a suspicion that no lawyer, however connected, should be returned to Parliament by an Irish constituency. We have assisted at the obsequies of several politicians of the renegade stamp; but assuredly, MacMahon's is the worst case that has yet come under our observation. The frailty of human nature does not allow us to expect that we shall not, while life remains, occasionally witness the political demise of many a patriot of the modern school. We would venture to assert, however, that in the wide range of Sulleristic baseness no instance of calumny, cool, political depravity exists in duplicity the MacMahon sale of himself and his constituents.”

“TURN HIM OUT.”—Under this heading, a writer in the *Morning News* forebushes the policy that the Irish Catholic members must pursue in the coming session if they mean to present themselves to their several constituencies at the next general election:—“The occasion has risen for applying the ‘Bishop of Kerry's test’ ‘They must give up Palmerston, or we must give up them.’ The process is simple.—Parliament meets on Tuesday week. After that we have only to watch the Division Lists. When Palmerston's name appears among ‘Ayes’ or ‘Noes,’ as the case may be, we shall expect to find the names of those Irish members who are returned by Catholic constituencies in the opposite list. It is their first and only duty to put the Government in a minority. If not, let them mark the consequences.”

THE ARMS ACT.—John Mitchell has been writing to the *Frisman* on the subject of the Irish Arms Act, which of course he denounces. The absurdity of this measure is demonstrated by the *Tipperary Advocate*, which says:—“At the last Quarter Sessions of Thurles, a horse-doctor was brought up, charged with the dreadful crime of having twenty grains of unregistered shot in his possession. The ruffian, it appears, habitually employed these contraband pellets, with the coolest audacity, for rinsing bottles, and drawing issues! The shot was duly forfeited, the offender solemnly admonished, and the majesty of the law most gloriously vindicated.”

MR. HUGH MASSY O'GRADY.—The mystery respecting the fate of this unfortunate gentleman is at length cleared up so far as the finding of the body; but how he actually met his untimely death is not very clear, but that it was the result of an accident there appears to be little or no doubt. The *Limerick Reporter* of yesterday gives the following particulars of the discovery of the remains:—“The body of Mr. Hugh Massy O'Grady was this day discovered, about half-past 11, a.m., floating in what is called the ‘Dead River,’ which flows near New Pallas station, and was at once recognized and brought on shore. The unfortunate gentleman, it is thought, accidentally fell into the river, the night being dark on which he left the train at the New Pallas station. The river had been frequently dragged, but without avail, and all was mystery until the discovery was made this day as above stated. Mr. John Massy, of Olongar, uncle of the deceased gentleman, was immediately on the spot, and had the body removed to Castlebridge, where it now awaits the coroner's inquest, which, we believe, will be held to-morrow. There are no marks whatever on the body, except that it has suffered somewhat from decomposition, consequent on the length of time it has been in the water—just one month. Mrs. H. Massy O'Grady, widow of the deceased gentleman, who had been in Dublin for some time, was returning home to Castlebridge by the midday train, and was met at the Limerick Junction by Mr. John Massy, who imparted the sad intelligence to her.—She appeared to be deeply affected. Mrs. H. M. O'Grady was accompanied by her son, a fine boy aged about two years. It was thought by very many that Mr. H. M. O'Grady was alive—but the fact is now unhappily known.”

Another account says:—“A glass which Mr.

O'Grady was in the habit of wearing (so it was stated) was firmly fixed in his eye. The deceased gentleman was son of the late Walter O'Grady, Q.C., and grandson of the first Lord Guillemeau. Mr. O'Grady was returned on the roll of high sheriffs for the county of Limerick for the present year, and was extremely and deservedly respected by all his acquaintance, whether of the better or blunderer classes. An inquest on the body will take place to-morrow, when it is hoped some light will be thrown upon the melancholy transaction, which has for so long a time engaged the public attention.”

The following is an extract, from the trade report of the *Belfast Mercury* of Saturday. The great measure of 1846 was to have shaken the agricultural interest of Great Britain to its base, but in Ireland—the grabbing farm of John Bull—it was to have been shattered to atoms. It will be seen, however, that, as far as this country is concerned, farmers are still enabled to do a pretty safe business in the midst of the general ruin of their class.—“The gloomy predictions of Protectionists in Parliament and in the press as to the ruinously low rate of agricultural prices, should the great measure of free trade become the law, contrast very strikingly with what those prices actually are, and have been for some years steadily advancing to. How confidently used it to be insisted upon that, to abolish the beloved sliding scale, or even to meddle with any of its fanciful gradations, would certainly cause all the arable land of the united kingdom to go out of cultivation, as it would be impossible for our farmers to compete in the growth of grain with the more fortunate cultivators of Continental steppes and American prairies. And then, as to pasturage, matters would not be much better; there, again, foreign importations would drive us out of our own markets and the best beef, mutton, and pork would be only worth in London or Liverpool some 2d. or 3d. per lb., while about 6d. per lb. would be the extreme value of the primest butter. How all this has been falsified by the event everybody, and especially those on set incomes, know full well, and will, perhaps, become more apparent to our readers, as it has to ourselves, when we give the results of two or three recent sales which have come within our knowledge. The first was by an extensive grazier, who received for forty heifers £1,040—only thirty of which sold at above £20; but they averaged that sum. It may be stated that they were bought only last May for fattening, and have left a very large profit to the feeder. The other cases are where one small farmer sold a lot of pigs at over 50s. per cwt., and another some firkins of butter at considerably above 1s. per lb., both stating that they made up their year's rent with little more than half the quantity of produce which would have been often required during the palmiest days of Protection.—And this is the ruin which free trade was surely to have inflicted on the agricultural interest.”

THE ‘REVIVAL.’—An occasional visitor to Belfast has sent us (the *Telegraph*) the following from that city:—“I was in hopes of seeing a few ‘revivals’ while here; but I find they are all over. This, however, is not to be wondered at; the funds of the evangelical gentleman engaged in promoting them, were getting somewhat low, and it could not be expected that the ‘stricken ones’ could go through the immense physical exertion expected of them, for anything under a reasonable remuneration. It is said that the ‘profane blacksmiths’ and the dissolute ‘tradesmen’ who were such pious examples, consented to take so little as ten shillings a head, but after that they struck into a body, and the revivals in consequence have declined. It is rather a sad thing to see the declension of such a fine national pastime, and such a flourishing trade, but the gods have willed it, and it cannot be helped.”—*Cork Examiner*.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Sir John Broadstreet, Bart. to be a magistrate for the county of Dublin. Sir John is the President of the Dublin Conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The time is come when Catholics of every nation must choose their part. Will they stand by the Catholic Church, or will they join the league for ridding the Church, first, of the Romagns, and afterwards, and at leisure, of all that belongs to her? It is a question which every man must settle with his own conscience, by the light of the reason and religion with which God has gifted him. We may try to shut our eyes, and shrink it and go round about it, and try to creep past on the other side, and make believe we do not see it. We may put cases and cheat our own convictions, and put off the decision, thinking that things will last our time, and that if the Church loses the Romagna, she will have Rome left, and consoling ourselves with the reflection that it is not yet come to wearing the pallium from the Pope's neck, or the tiars from his brow, and that we shall be long in the grave when posterity is called upon to share in the decisive struggle. But we must not forget that before our bodies are laid in their quiet graves, we shall have to answer in the spirit for the deeds done in the flesh, and that it is as certain that we shall be asked whether we took part for or against the Church of Christ, menaced in the person of Christ's Vicar, as it is certain that we shall be asked whether, in the battle of life, we fought as soldiers of Christ around the standard of the Cross, or became legionaries of the Devil, and marched beneath his flag. It is in the nature of great questions to come crashing upon us like an avalanche. We may creep under the rocks, and call upon them to hide us. We cannot hide ourselves from our own consciences, and the knowledge that we are called upon to choose our side. Now let us look the question in the face, and see what we are doing. The whole Church is in these days engaged in prayer, in daily and incessant prayer for the Holy Father in his trials and his tribulations. We are taking our Lord from behind the veil of that tabernacle where He submits Himself to our necessities; we set Him upon His throne that we may speak to Him face to face, and beg Him more earnestly and more openly to help His Church and to sustain the Pope against Her enemies. From thousands of altars, from hundreds of thousands of Churches, this is the prayer daily offered up to God. We are hypocrites before Him.—Even while we how we are making our excuses. We have our fears and our interests, our views of history, our political sympathies, our theories, the fine-spun cobweb of our brains, with which we stand dallying in the hearing of the earthquake, to measure the past, the present, and future, by some notion of our own. What proportion has there been between the prayers and the acts of the Catholic millions? When Montalembert some years ago, in one of his magnificent articles, uttered the glorious words, which, in his mouth, and at the time, was no safe or empty boast:—“We are the Sons of the Crusaders, and will never blench before the children of Voltaire,” many a heart beat and many a cheek flushed at the thought that if the enemies of the Church were once more in our days to resume the enterprises of the sixteenth century's Reformation, or the eighteenth century's Revolution, they would be encountered in the spirit and with the determination that impelled the Red Cross Knight, against the infidels, that defended Rhodes and Malta against the might of the Ottoman, that drove the Moors from Spain, that routed the Turks before Vienna, and that saved Christendom at Lepanto. But what fulfillment is there of these hopes? One miserable man, a professed Catholic and a practised hypocrite, a revolutionary tyrant, who, in all probability, has made his bargain with the secret societies that in return for a guarantee of his life against the assassin's knife or bullet he would let loose the revolution upon Italy and against the Pope, gets himself up against the Church, and calls upon the consecrated successor of St. Peter to violate his oath and renounce the

patrimony which he has sworn to transmit to his successors. And thirty millions of Catholic Frenchmen obey him.—*Tablet*.

Coming shadows last week truly and not dimly forebode the events of this. The price of England's co-operation in, or connivance at, the foreign policy of France, has been offered her in the shape of an internal commercial reform, which is expected to be accepted by us as likely to redound to the advantage of England. The economical changes heralded in the Emperor's letter to M. Pould, published in last Saturday's *Moniteur*, are not quite, as some of our daily cotemporaries (judging from the share Mr. Cobden appears to have had in French counsels of late) represent it, an adhesion to the principles of free trade. The present measure has been for some time known to be inevitable, and is probably intended as introductory to another more distinctly recognising the principles of free trade; but, as present, in so far as it concerns us, it is an abandonment, not of protection, but of prohibition. Foreign iron and coal are now to be admitted into France; whereas, hitherto, they have been practically excluded, except for Government use. We are unwilling to utter an ungenerous word, but it cannot escape notice that those articles are quite as necessary for the warlike as for the peaceful development of a country's strength. Their importation into France can for the former purpose, will now be greatly facilitated; at any rate it will command less attention and excite less alarm than it would have done under the prohibitive system. England is expected to be grateful for the increased facilities afforded her for the importation of her raw material, the elements of her own wealth; a species of commerce which, if political economy teach truly, does not tend to the prosperity, but to the impoverishment of a country. In her gratitude, England is expected to sign a new commercial treaty, giving reciprocal advantages to revise her tariff, and to admit, duty free, French wines and French manufactures; and, in the present temper of the country, this is likely enough to be done. She is expected also to assist from her national defensive preparations, and to put a stop to the volunteer rifle movement. We suspect that this is what will not be done. As a make-weight, the Palmerston organ promises British co-operation; if necessary, with France against Austria. It is easy to see on which side the balance of advantage would rest if all the considerations which Louis Napoleon offers were commercial only. But when the letter to the Pope of the 10th inst., is taken into account, the equilibrium of mutual advantage is restored.—An anti-Papal policy on the part of France will be shepherded purchased by us by the abandonment of any amount of commercial and defensive advantages.—The game is a deep one, evidently, and the stake cannot be inconsiderable. The empire risks much by these two measures. They are uniting all the anti-imperial elements in and out of France against it.—Thus M. Villermain, the eminent Liberal, and anything but ‘ultramontane,’ has boldly attacked and denounced, in an eloquent pamphlet, the idea of France's complicity with, or tolerance of, Papal spoliation. Monsieur About, in the *Opinion Nationale*, confesses with grief that free-thinkers and republicans are ready to co-operate with ‘Ultramontanes’ on these questions. The fact is, that attachment to Catholicism is, at least, as much a national tradition with Frenchmen as Protestantism is with Englishmen, and even those devoid of practical religion are by no means prepared to accept any mere shopkeepers' considerations as an equivalent for a departure from those traditions, so ancient and so glorious.—*Weekly Register*.

The Emperor of the French stands now before Europe the confessed imitator of the policy of the Hunnarde, the implacable enemy of the Holy See, trampling all justice under his feet. He has avowed his purpose, which is neither more nor less than to rob the Church; it requires no agency to see that the end of all is to bring the Supreme Pontiff within the power of France, and to make him, relatively to the Emperor, what the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury is to the Crown of England. The scheme is most promising; and whether the States of Europe or America will accept it, is a question we need not discuss, because it never can be accomplished. The first Buonaparte failed in an age of less faith, and the second is not more sure of success. Whatever the horrors of the battle may be, we are sure of the end, we can bow defeat without discouragement, because we know the final issue.—Pius VII. was in prison, but he died in Rome; while his piteous jailer fumed and stormed in the chains with which Europe had bound him, without dignity and unresigned.—*Tablet*.

A telegram from Paris informs us that some delay will arise in signing the Treaty of Commerce between England and France, which may be modified to suit the views of the French Protectionists, and we take this opportunity to consider on principle the nature of the engagement on which we are about to enter. We may remind our readers that we do not as yet know what the stipulations of the Treaty are, but, be they what they may, it appears that they are to take place in England immediately, whereas their execution in France is deferred for a period of eighteen months.—Till July, 1861, the French Emperor is bound by promises to the manufacturing interest, which his honor will not permit him to break; while England, whose policy has been to keep clear of such engagements, is to perform her portion of the agreement immediately. When we thus pay ready money and receive in exchange a bill at eighteen months, which bears no interest, we ought, in all conscience, to receive a prospective benefit much greater than that we confer.—We very much doubt, however, whether this is the case. The duties we impose on French produce are laid on merely for the purpose of revenue, and will create a loss, which must be made up probably by a tax on the necessities of life or upon income, while the French gain doubly by the removal of their prohibitions—first a source of revenue, and then in abundance and cheapness of the liberated article.—But, besides this consideration, there remains the consideration whether it is wise and consistent with sound policy to enter into any commercial treaty at all.—*Times*.

The religious, or more properly the irreligious disturbances at St. George's-in-the-East continue with unabated force. On Tuesday, a person named Walker was brought before Mr. Yardley, charged with using language calculated to produce a breach of the peace. He was fined fifty shillings; and the magistrate, in the first instance, seemed disposed to send him to prison.

A very curious trial for polygamy is likely to attract the attention of the gentlemen of the long robe at the next Lent Assizes for Sussex. A man of no small consideration at Brighton contracted marriage with five different women, three of whom are sisters, and with all of whom he has continued to cohabit for nearly eight years in town. A disagreement on some points of precedence brought the disgraceful affair to light.—*Express*.

As great public interest has been expressed respecting the continuation of Lord Maccanly's ‘History of England’ and some misstatements have gone forth, we feel it desirable to announce, on the best authority, that some progress had been made by Lord Maccanly towards the completion of another volume, and that a portion of the MS. is fully prepared for publication. Circumstances, however, will probably delay for some time the appearance of any further portion of the history.—*Times*.

BUSINESS-LIKE CHRISTIANITY.—The blue cover of one of the periodical publications advertises for the following combination of talents: “Wanted, a person who understands the different branches of husbandry and dairy (a partner), who can lodge in the business sum of three or five hundred pounds, strictly religious character—if a Calvinist, most agreeable. If he has abilities for a preacher the better.”