

His "Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary" is an exquisite monument of genius, learning, and piety; and it is a matter for legitimate regret that it has not been placed within the reach of a wider circle of English readers. For some time past the Catholic world has been looking, with eagerness, for a flight in the department of history with a bolder wing; and it would seem that we are not much longer to wait for his promised history of St. Bernard, in which we may fairly expect the most complete portraiture that has as yet been painted of the innermost soul of Europe during the twelfth century.

We refer to these things only to inform those of our readers to whom the name of M. de Montalembert may be less familiar, that the courageous and eloquent speaker, whose magnificent defence of Catholicity has just resounded from the French tribune to find an echo in the hearts of many thousands of readers, is not merely an orator, but possesses a mind carefully and diligently trained by severe studies; opened and liberalized by the widest human culture; and on which the worlds of Art, History, and Philosophy—Pagan and Christian—have bestowed their choicest and most valuable endowments. Nor is this man of letters a mere recluse. He is a man of the world; has travelled much; visited many countries—England, Ireland, Germany, Spain, Italy, and the East—and looked with clear and penetrating eyes into the very heart of their condition. Witness the admirable letter on Puseyism, in which a Frenchman—rivaling the best English writers in the use of their mother-tongue, surpassed the ablest native exponents of this new creed in the precision with which he delineated its characteristics, and laid his finger upon the very heart of its mystery.

We are not much given to flattery, and we by no means wish to exaggerate what at present is in the main a lively promise of that which we hope will be a great hereafter. But it is important to dwell upon this promise, because the man of whom we speak is a layman; has no tie of caste or calling to fetter his judgment; and because this man, so endowed and so capable, instead of being ashamed of his religion, instead of being ambitious to earn a title for liberality by making compromises with the enemies of his creed, instead of shrinking from the more elevated and abstruse manifestations of the Catholic faith, instead of trying to palter with the duties of obedience, and fearing the trammels of ecclesiastical authority, is, on the contrary, in religion a Mystic, an *exalté*, (or what a great Catholic writer in the north of Ireland would call a '*brutal ascetic*'), a believer in miracles, an advocate for separate education, a most emphatic worshipper of Papal infallibility,—while in politics he has ever been the advocate of universal tolera-

tion, and of equal rights for all; and is an orator than whom none has more eloquently spoken, or more zealously written, on behalf of the rights of Poland, and against the remorseless tyranny of Russia.

We solicit for an instant the attention of the Catholic portion of "Young Ireland" to this phenomenon. This man is no Englishman. He is one of that noble French race whose sympathies you covet, and which, in this instance, you so heartily possess. It is no affront to you to say that in genius, culture, experience, he is the superior of every one of you; and that in perfect sincerity and uprightness of mind he is every way your equal. It seems to us that you will do well to study this figure that passes before you. Lower and more vulgar minds displaying their convictions after a lower and more vulgar fashion may, perhaps, in your eyes, discredit the sublime principles with which their existence is bound up. But we here present you with one to whom all the scientific improvements and philosophical discoveries of this age are more familiar even than to yourselves; who, like you, is a passionate assertor of the principles of justice between man and man, and of the resurrection of down-trodden nations; a practical man, too, somewhat your senior in years, and still more your senior in enlarged experience. We beseech you to pay some little attention to this person, and by a careful perusal of his writings, and a diligent consideration of his public career, to see whether he, too, has not some lessons to teach you—has not in him a Gospel by which even you may profit? He, too, has to run the gauntlet of spiteful criticisms, and is reproached by infidel journals with delivering pastoral exhortations from the Tribune, just as in Ireland much smaller men are reviled for delivering homilies through the press.

But we have been led away from our purpose, which was nothing less than to indite *this* homily. What we chiefly are at, is, calling the attention of our readers to the position of M. de Montalembert as one of the lay Chiefs of Catholicity. At the present moment there is no doubt Mr. O'Connell is the great lay Catholic of this generation. With him there can be no competition; it is neither wise, nor, generally speaking, is it seemly, to push comparisons between veterans who have graced the stage so long, and the younger athletes who are just coming forward to make trial of their skill. But this we say without much rashness, that M. de Montalembert bids fair to be, in a certain sense, Mr. O'Connell's successor in this sort of eminence, though with very different capacities and a very different field of action. But, making every allowance for these manifold differences, M. de Montalembert seems destined to carry on the work