

every infidel, every lax and disloyal Catholic, justified in joining arms herein? What State, from autocratic Russia to constitutional England, but will find a warrant here for giving vent to its animosity against the Power that claims to over-rule all Power, and to condemn the principles by which they live and move? Is not the French Emperor at last justified in the eyes of Catholic Frenchmen, who at least hold the doctrines of '89, in leaving such a superannuated system of superstition to its fate? Is not the King of Italy warranted beforehand in any means he may take to rid the people of Rome of its presence? Nay more, is the spirit that led to the great heresy of the sixteenth century dead among men? Will the Catholics of the nineteenth century bear indignities that Luther never was asked to bear? Has the spirit of Bossuet died in France—and even the spirit of O'Connell in Ireland?

Such might have been the tone of the gentlemen of the Press, who, in half-a-dozen leading newspaper offices, with the aid of two or three telegraphic agents, superintend the spirit of the nineteenth century; but such is not their tone—whether we look to the *Times* or the *Debats* or the *Siecle* or the *Daily Telegraph*, seems to us to be an exceedingly stupid tone and quite beneath the dignity of the occasion. And why so? We believe the reason to be, that all these fine spinners of phrases have at bottom a superstitious awe of the Pope, which they would be ashamed to confess even to themselves, but which an occasion like this very broadly reveals. They have learned, even from their slight historical readings, to recognise in the acts of the Papacy a wisdom that is not the wisdom of time and tide, of cunning based on a nice calculation of chances, of human policy and the ways of the world. They are aware that the Pope, acting on supernatural principles, has not now for the first time ventured to contradict what they would call the common sense of mankind and the natural order of things. And they know that this great act bodes some imminent struggle of Powers visible and invisible, in which Thrones and Dominions may pass away, but at the end of which Peter will still stand serene and unshaken at the Vatican—perhaps to offer the Bonaparte family the same hospitality that Pius VII., fifty years ago, gave to its head; perhaps to intercede with the enemies of his House for some penitent Prince of Savoy.

And so measuring the times that are and the times that are to come, the Holy Father asks all his people to join their hands and hearts to his in prayer. Once more the Treasury of the Church is unlocked, and a Jubilee proclaimed throughout the Catholic world. The privileges of this Jubilee will be identical with those granted in the Letters of Indulgence issued on the accession of His Holiness to the Supreme Pontificate and in whatever climate enjoyed, will revive the devotion and love ever felt towards the most munificent of all the Popes who has held the keys. Five Jubilees have already marked in the annals of the Church, a Pontificate which has not yet entered its twentieth year. May he live to proclaim one still more remarkable than that of 1865, which shall celebrate the triumph of the Church over its enemies, and the restoration of its full Temporal Power to the Holy See.

[From the *Saturday Review*.]

THE ENCYCLICAL LETTER.

It is always pitiable to watch a vain struggle against the inevitable ravages of time. A former beauty fancying herself still young, a bishop believing in ecclesiastical suits, a peer proposing to summon the editor of a newspaper to the bar of the House of Lords, are melancholy exhibitions of human frailty. The hopelessness of the attempt, the secret despair which its very extravagance indicates, and the *sic transit* reflections which it suggests, combine to appeal to compassion even in cases where the character of the effort itself is little calculated to awaken sympathy. No one can read the Pope's new Encyclical without feeling that there is a pathos about its very folly. This poor old priest is standing up in the very crisis of an attack which threatens to crumble into the dust mouldering the edifice which it is his post to defend. The vast organization upon which he rests is honeycombed and rotten with unbelief. He still holds, though with difficulty, a few fastnesses in the vast area of

his nominal domain against the irresistible advance of modern thought; but over the greater part of it he holds little more than nominal. Compromises have been made for him from many sides which might give to his organization a chance of real usefulness within limits which the advance of civilization will not dispute; and a field for her work which the undying needs of human nature will never permit to be closed. It is a crisis at which a false step, and a cautious word, may be ruin. Enemies who have been seeking a better understanding are beginning to despair, and the thought is crossing their minds that sterner means must be employed for dealing with an impracticability which no efforts at conciliation will soften. Friends are beginning to waver, and to doubt whether they can continue to sustain much longer the discredit of complicity with the Governor of Rome. Such is the moment which the Pope selects for screaming out his defiance to modern civilization, and renewing in the most offensive terms every extravagant claim which the enlightened friends of the Papacy had tired to persuade us were forgotten.

In private life, only a very foolish old woman would select such a mode of defending herself. But the governing power at Rome is not entirely composed of old women. That the Pope, individually, should have been willing to sign such a tirade is intelligible. He may really have fancied that he was doing something to reconvert the world. Every one is inclined to think too much of the power of the instruments he has always been in the habit of using. The Pope has thrown about big ugly Latin words all his life, just as Mrs. PARTINGTON wielded her mop all her life; and both have fallen into a very similar exaggeration in estimating the efficiency of their favorite weapons. The poor old man may have been expressing himself in perfect good faith when he wrote that "the well-being of human society itself absolutely demands that we should again exercise our pastoral solicitude to destroy new opinions."

He thought he could do it, and it was not wonderful that he should try. But Cardinal ANTONELLI can have been subject to no such pleasant illusions. He must have known the exact chance which his master's bombastic objurgations would have of persuading mankind to restore "ecclesiastical jurisdiction over temporal lawsuits," to prevent "emigrants from enjoying the free exercise of their own worship," or to declare that "the civil power may not lend its assistance to those who desire to quit a religious life." What possible purpose can he have thought that the promulgation of these claims could serve? It can hardly be conceived that there is any considerable body of Roman Catholics whose attachment to their Church will be cemented by the revival of such doctrines. On the other hand, there is a school among them against whom several of the condemnations are obviously aimed. The section represented in France by M. De Montalembert, and in England, till lately, by the *Home and Foreign Review*, can only receive this condemnation of their most cherished ideas with silent regret. They indulged in the wild dream of uniting the dogmas of the Papacy to the ideas of the nineteenth century. They now find that they cannot make the attempt any more without openly renouncing all respect for the decisions of the Holy See. Their teaching is necessarily stopped. They cannot support the restoration of ecclesiastical jurisdiction over temporal suits, or the lifelong imprisonment of unwilling nuns within convent walls. But what advantage to the Roman See can it be to silence these agreeable and harmless dreamers? They made no sensible impression upon the compact organization of the Church of Rome; and they furnished a bridge upon which those could stand who did not wish to desert her, but whose intellects were revolted by Ultramontane extravagance. Their adhesion is shaken, or at least their advocacy is silenced. The Church of Rome has lost or discouraged many a warm friend by these condemnations, and she has neither disarmed nor foiled a single enemy.

The measure tends to confirm the impression, which has become very general in recent years, that all the old astuteness and craft of the Church of Rome have gone from her. She is beginning to resemble the condition of a secular despotism far advanced in its decline, where decisions of the greatest moment are taken, at the solicitation of the most unworthy persons, from motives of the most trivial character. It is a day of cliques, and courtiers, and small intrigues.