

and help them to do it well. Now, all England, shopkeepers, workmen, all manner of competing laborers, awoken as if with an unspoken but heartfelt prayer to Beelzebub, 'O, help us, thou great lord of shoddy, adulteration, and malfesance to do our work with a maximum of altness, swiftness, profit, and mendacity; for the devil's sake. Amen.'

This same Carlyle wrote a book some 30 years ago, entitled 'The Past and Present,' the drift of which was to show that modern England, though full of wealth and multifarious produce and supply for human want, was yet, so far as the industrious classes were concerned, actually "dying of inanition." Some two millions, he says, sit in workhouses— poor-law prisons—or have "out-door relief" flung over the wall to them, the workhouse Bastille being full to bursting. In thrifty Scotland itself, he adds, in Glasgow and Edinburgh, in dark lanes hidden from all but the eye of God and the minister of God, there are scenes of woe and destitution and desolation such as one may hope the sun never saw before. These things are not exceptional, but have reference to "the common state." Such is the model Protestant country in Christendom,—the one in which the blessed fruits of Luther and Knox's labors are said to be best seen. If our social system in New Zealand is to be based on the Protestant English model, we may expect to find that similar painful results will ensue. Great wealth, extensive landed property among the few; destitution, war and desolation among the masses. This system has already begun among us. So long as millions of public money are being spent on railway and other public works, the evil may be kept within moderate bounds, but after lavish outlay stops, then we shall have crowded workhouses and other dismal accessories of Protestant "progress and civilisation." Things indeed are coming to a crisis at home. The English industrial orders—the agriculturalists especially—are now learning the secret of their power, and how to use it wisely. They are also beginning to see the real relation in which the Catholic Church stands to popular rights and public liberty. The Church does not teach men to redress wrongs by petroleum or pike and gun, but by moral and religious means, and constitutional organisations among the people.

In Pagan and in Catholic countries, too, God knows there are vice and misery enough, but any vice or misery equal to what is seen in England and Scotland it appears the blessed sun never looks upon from his rising to his going down. This should teach modesty to our boastful Protestant Press—so ready to run down every thing Catholic. Carlyle believes that our Catholic ancestors centuries ago, if poorer than us, were far more virtuous and happy and free in many ways. Protestantism is a mistake.

### FREE-MASONRY AND THE LATE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

THE following strange and startling revelations have been taken from the 'Journal de Florence,' an able, fearless, and accurate Catholic journal. The article from which they are taken is one of a series written by the editor of that paper on the anti-Christian sects of Europe, and on the influences of Free-Masonry on the policy of the late Emperor of the French. It may also serve as a key to the cause of the present German persecutions, and the trials to which the Holy Father has been subjected.

The Journal prefaces its extracts from the memoirs by stating that all the world was well aware that Napoleon the Third was carried to his height of power by the agency and the energy of the secret societies. All the world, too, was aware that seated on his throne of Empire, having himself graduated in the worst of secret associations, and forecasting for the future, he felt that religion was the surest pillar of his power, and that the Church alone could avail to consecrate his dynasty into a lasting and a mighty influence; that, in the midst of his good resolutions for the encouragement of religious observances, and for the protection of the Church, he was diverted from his purpose by the Orsini conspiracy, and the bursting of the shell that nearly cost him his life. The Orsini explosion was the beginning of the "Italia Unita" and this fact is thus traced in the memoirs already mentioned:—"On the evening of the Orsini attempt upon his life (Jan. 14, 1858,) the Emperor showed, in presence of the danger a wonderful coolness. Subsequently to the plots for his assassination at the Hippodrome and at the *Opera Comique* in 1853, and the attempt of Pianori in 1855, he conceived a great horror of the sects, and had resolved to devote himself to the prosperity of France, and to the secure establishment of his dynasty. But other reflections soon came to his mind, and with them came that terror from the past which gets hold of souls, even the best disposed, and constitutes their severest chastisement. What would become of the Empire and the Prince Imperial if the sect, which had sworn death to Napoleon, were to realise its execrable purpose? The Emperor, a prey to the most terrible perplexities, remembered an advice which had been given him by his mother, the Queen Hortense: 'If you should ever find yourself in great danger, and want counsel, consult the Advocate X.' He will be a safe guide for you.' This advocate was a Roman exile, whom Napoleon had formerly known in the Romagna, at the time of the Italian revolt against the Holy See. He was living near Paris, in middling circumstances—that state of comparative comfort in which Freemasonry in some way or other contrives to secure to its leaders. Napoleon sent in quest of him, and desired him to be invited to the Tuileries. He was found and promised to be at the palace next day. When he entered the Imperial apartment, Napoleon took his hand and said: 'They want to kill me. What have I done?' 'You have forgotten,' he answered, 'that you are an Italian, and that your oath binds you to the cause of Italian glory and independence.' Napoleon maintained that his love for Italy was unaltered, but that, as Emperor of the French, he should think also, and primarily of the glory of France. The advocate rejoined that no one wanted to prevent the Emperor from devoting himself to the affairs of France, but that it was his duty as well to think of Italy, and to unite the cause of both, by giving them equal freedom and the same future. If he failed in this it was decided to leave no stone unturned to free the Peninsula from Austrian rule, and

to found Italian Unity. 'What, then,' asked Napoleon, 'is it I am wanted to do?' The advocate promised to consult with his friends, and to bring him the result in a couple of days. In a day or two the answer came that the sect demanded three things—firstly, the pardon of Orsini; secondly, the proclamation of Italian independence; and thirdly, the junction of France in a war with Austria. An interval of fifteen months was allowed him for the carrying out of this programme, and for that length of time he was guaranteed an immunity from violence. "Here," says the 'Journal de Florence,' "the memoir introduces a number of documents, which showed how much about that period, the Emperor veered and wavered in his policy. The Emperor worked hard to secure the pardon of Orsini. He induced the Empress to intercede for him. The Ministry and the *Corps de Diplomatie* were anxious for the pardon. One man, however, held out against it, and this was his Eminence Cardinal Marlot, the Archbishop of Paris. The Cardinal said to the Emperor:—"Sire, you can do much in France, but you can not arrest the arm of justice. By a wonderful mercy of God your life has been spared in this diabolical attempt; but French blood has been spilled close by you, and this blood demands an atonement; otherwise every idea of justice would seem to have been lost." Napoleon understood his position, and saw there was but one thing he could do. He went to visit Orsini. We shall never know what passed at that interview; but it is certain that Napoleon affirmed the oaths and promises he had registered years ago in Italy, and that he swore to him, when he could not save him, that he would act as his testamentary executor. The phrase is correct, and Napoleon has been the testamentary executor to the will of Orsini. It was agreed that the latter should write a letter to the Emperor, which the Emperor was to make public, and in which the programme of the Italian "idea" should be set forth. Then was witnessed one of the grossest scandals of modern times—the reading of that letter in the open court, and its publication in the 'Moniteur.' The letter is printed in the memoir, but not its passage having reference to the Pope. "Martyr" (as they profanely called him) to the Italian idea, Orsini mounted the scaffold, convinced that Italy would soon be one, and that the Pope would be dethroned. As he was about to die, he cried aloud—"Vive l'Italia, Viva la France!" The memoir traces the events that so speedily followed. Anxious to quarrel with Austria, and finding no pretext, the Emperor uttered the well-known words of January 1, 1859, to M. Hubner, the ambassador of Francis Joseph, words which fell like a thunder-clap on the world, and prepared the war of 1859. Prussia, which was not then in the game of the Italian revolution, suddenly stepped forward to check the progress of the "idea." It became necessary to make the peace of Villafranca (July 14, 1859), and to sign the treaty of Zurich in the year following. It was necessary to quiet French susceptibilities by the annexation of Nice and Savoy—to conceal from Europe the real designs of the sect, and to put the keys to the execution of the Italian plans. Dissimulation and delay suited the character of Napoleon; they were the cause of his final overthrow. The sect cast him over, and took Bismarck in his place. When the war of '70 shall have come to be better understood, it will be made manifest that the sect, rather than the armies of Germany, defeated France, and bore away those victories which have accomplished the unity of Italy. Of all the skilful devices of the sect, the most dangerous one is that of making the people believe that everything which happens is the result of the play of diplomacy or of war. Diplomacy and war are of themselves powerless today for the foundation of empires and kingdoms. It is the sect which establishes them, and what we seen above is a clear proof of it. But there comes ever a moment when God determines to draw from out the evil which He has permitted, the good which He designs for His Church. He breathes upon the handiwork of the sect, and it vanishes. It belongs to the Christian people to hasten the coming of that moment by severing themselves from all fellowship with those secret societies and by holding themselves fast to the teachings of the Church."

### ONLY AN IRISHMAN.

A Mrs HYATT, Secretary to the Relief Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association in Brooklyn, New York, wrote some time since to the 'Brooklyn Eagle' that she considered "the lower class of Irish—those that go around the streets dirty and ragged, whining for assistance—as unworthy of help. My work (she adds) was to assist decent, respectable people, and I do not consider the Irish as belonging to that class." These sneers have been ably answered by an article from the pen of the Hon. William E. Robinson, a veteran American journalist and politician, who is an enthusiast in his admiration of the Irish, of which nationality he is himself a bright and shining example. After speaking of the action of Mrs Hyatt, he proceeds as follows:—

Now who, let me ask, are these horrible Irish? At home they have been known by many distinguished specimens. James Barry, the greatest British painter; Joseph Black, the greatest British chemist; Robert Boyle, the greatest British philosopher; Father Burke, the greatest pulpit orator; Edmund Burke the greatest British statesman; Sir Philip Francis, the greatest British satirist; Sir Hans Sloane, the greatest British naturalist; Spranger Barry, the greatest British tragedian; and John Tyndall the greatest British scientist. I might mention thousands of others—Bellew, Canning, Carleton, Charlemont, Adam Clarke, Coote, Curran, Edgeworth, Emmet, Fitzgerald, Goldsmith, Grattan, Hogan, Lever, Lover, Maxwell, MacLise, Father Mathew, Thomas Moore, Daniel O'Connell (whom the greatest living American orator pronounced as equal to Webster, Clay, and Calhoun rolled into one) Sheridan, Sterne, Swift, Usher, and Wellington; and leave your readers to place them on their proper pedestals of fame.

I might also mention the Nugents, of Austria, the O'Donnells, of Spain, and others who, in all nations of the earth, assailed "Fame's steepest heights" and "walked ambition's diamond ridge" with firmest steps. The President of the French Republic, MacMahon, and