The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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Select Poetry.

THE SONG OF THE SWORD.

While Cannon are thundering in the Crimea, and grim-visaged War wears his most awful front in Europe, let our readers, happily removed from all the appalling scenes of bloody strife between nations, read and ponder "*The Song of the Sword*," an admirable and most forcible parody of Hood's "Song of the Shirt:

Weary, and wounded, and worn,
Wounded and ready to die,
A soldier they left, all alone and forlorn,
On the field of battle to lie.
The dead and dying alone
Could their presence and pity afford;
While with a sad and terrible tone,
He sang the Song of the Sword.

"Fight! fight! fight!
Though a thousand fathers die;
Fight! fight! fight!
Though thousands of children cry;
Fight! fight! fight!
Whilst mothers and wives lament;
And fight! fight! fight!
While millions of money are spent.

"Fight! fight! fight!
Should the cause be foul or fair;
Though all that's gained is an empty name
And a tax too great to bear;
An empty name and a paltry fame,
And thousands lying dead;
While every glorious victory
Must raise the price of bread.

"War! war! war!
Fire, and famine, and sword;
Desolate fields and desolate towns,
And thousands scattered abroad,
With never a home and never a shed,
While kingdoms perish and fall,
And hundreds of thousands are lying dead,
Affd all—for nothing at all.
Ah! why should such mortals as I
Kill those whom we never could hate?
'Tis obey your commander or die—
'Tis the law of the Sword and the State.
For we are the veriest slaves
That ever had their birth;
For to please the whim of a tyrant's will
Is all our use upon earth.

"War! war! war!
Musket, and powder, and ball;
Ah! what do we fight so for?
Ah! why have we battles at all?
Tis justice must be done, they say,
The nation's honor to keep;
Alas! that justice is so dear,
And human life so cheap!
Tis sad that a Christian land,
A professedly Christian state,
Should thus despise that high command,
So useful and so great,
Delivered by CHRIST himself on earth,
Our constant guide to be;
To "love our neighbors as ourselves,"
And bless our enemy."

"War! war! war!
Misery, murder, and crime,
Are all the blessings I've seen in thee
From my youth to the present time.
Misery, murder, and crime,
Crime, misery, murder and woe;
Ah! would I had known in my younger days,
In my hours of boyish glee,
A tenth of the misery;
I now had been joining a happy band
Of wife and children dear,
And I had died in my native land,
Instead of dying here."

Weary, wounded, and worn—
Wounded, and ready to die,
A soldier they left all alone and forlorn,
On the field of battle to lie:
The dead and the dying alone
Could their presence and pity afford,
While thus with a sad and terrible tone,
(Oh! would that these truths were more perfectly known!)
He sang the Song of the Sword.

The Romance of History.

From the London Economist.

THE PAST AND PRESENT OF NAPOLEON III.

Few men in any age or any rank, have had more ups and downs in this life than the present Emperor of the French. For few men have the oscillations of the pendulum had so wide a sweep. If the Sovereigns had so much influence as is generally imagined over the destinies of the nations over which they rule, the French ought to be the best governed people in Europe, for the five last monarchs who have sat upon the Gallic throne had a training in vicissitude and experience such as rarely falls to the lot of crowned heads. Napoleon had known the sad struggles of poverty and the hard toils of a profession before the career of fortune was opened to him; and he long studied, as a poor lieutenant, the character and wants of France, before he led her armies or climbed up her throne.

Louis XVIII. and Charles X. eat the bitter bread of exile for five-and-twenty years, and might have learned wisdom if they had been of a stamp to profit by the lessons which circumstances so profusely showered around them. Louis Phillippe, also a wanderer for nearly a quarter of a century, did profit much by his varied and adventurous life; his destiny was extraordinary, and he seldom mistrived himself or was deceived by others; but even he did not quite understand the management of the anomalous and fitful race from whom he was called upon to govern; his morality was not equal to his shrewd sense, and coolness and resolution failed at the critical moment. He fell at last, less from want of capacity or cleverness, than because his self-seeking propensities had raised against him a storm of unpopularity which his courage was not competent to bear.

Taken altogether, perhaps, the vicissitudes of the present Emperor are stranger than those of any of his predecessors. That, in an age of revolution and of war, a soldier of consummate genious should win his way to the throne is not an unprecedented good fortune. That, after the violence of the revolutionary spirit had been followed by its inevitable reaction, the legitimate heirs should recover the Crown which belonged to them by hereditary right, is not in any way astonishing. That a nation, sick of the incurable folly of its royal race, should try the experiment of substituting a collateral and less disensed branch, was nothing more than historical parallels led us to anticipate. But that a young man, offspring of a younger scion of a discarded family, bearing to no profession, whose early life was spent in idleness, penury and excesses, the security of whos history was only broken by two frantic escapades which looked like the very wildness of insanity, who was supposed to possess no genius, and was known to be singularly destitute of all external aids to success, brooding, taciturn, damaged and disgusted—that such a one should have stepped, in six short years, from poverty, debt, disrepute, and hopeless embarrassment in a London lodging, to the position which he now occupies as Supreme Chief of the greatest military nation in the world, and treating and mixing with the other Sovereigns of Europe on terms of admitted equality—implies a comb nation of luck and skill, a concurrence of unusually favoring circumstances with unusual sagacity, promptitude, and nerve to turn them to account as they arose, to which history affords few if any parallels.

For, be it remembered, in 1848 everything was against him. He was known disreputably where he was known at all. Those who were acquainted with him in private life, knew him only as a silent, dull, unattractive man, seldom speaking, and possessed with the one idea of his own greatness,—owing what he could not pay, and addicted to bad courses and bad company. Only a few augured anything of his future. To the world at large he was unknown only as the hero of Strasbourg and Boulogne—as having signalized himself by two of the maddest schemes of revolution ever attempted by a political desperado. These, which we now perceive to have been only attempts to pluck the fruit before it was ripe—premature only, not insane—then seemed nothing but the frenzy of a heated and infirm brain.

That of Strasbourg was so ludicrous a failure that the Government thought its ridicule might be its fittest punishment, and dismissed its author with a somewhat contemptuous clemency, on an understanding that he should be exiled to America and there remain. The Boulogne descent was scarcely better. Its only fitting parallel might be found in Smith O'Brien's revolution in the cabbage garden.—This led to some years of close imprisonment. When it was thought that the punishment had been severe enough, the prisoner was permitted to escape; and probably no one but himself believed that he would ever re-appear upon the stage. But the conviction of the high destiny for which he was reserved never left him. He perpetually brooded over what his course would be when he was seated on the throne. He often startled his interlocutors by the introductory phrase—'When I am Emperor of France.'

Meanwhile exile and imprisonment had been of signal service to him. While in Ham, he had studied and meditated profoundly on the French character and history, till probably he understood it, both in its weaknesses and its wants, better than any one of his countrymen. He observed closely and analyzed keenly the errors of existing rulers, saw where to follow and what to shun. It is probable that in those years of solitude and *recueillement* he had speculated on every conceivable contingency, and decided what course to pursue under any circumstances that might arise, and had schooled himself to the most difficult of tasks for an ambitious man—that of waiting. He learned that cold, vigilant untiring patience, which is the surest road to success.

While in England, he studied our institutions and national idiosyncrasies with a thoughtful perseverance, which belongs rather to his Dutch than to his French origin, till we believe he understood us better than any man in France. He learned whence we draw the resources of our inexhaustible prosperity; how we fight the battles of party warfare; what is the real action of our Press and of our Parliament; wherein lie the intrinsic differences between the two nations, and what of English experience was or was not suitable for France to imitate. He learned to estimate alike our strength and our security.

The revolution of 1848 came and astonished all Europe by its suddenness, its completeness, and its bloodless character. Louis Napoleon immediately wrote to the Provisional Government to place himself at their disposal—to offer his services to France. The hour was not yet come; the pear was not quite ripe. He was politely informed that the best service he could render to his country at that conjuncture, was to remain absent from it. He took the hint, and 'bided his time.' He became a candidate, and was soon elected to a seat in the New Assembly. When informed of it by an English acquaintance, he simply remarked—'Aye! that is the first step of the ladder.' His oratorial attempts in the Chamber were not successful, and he soon discontinued them.

When the worst work and the most sanguinary struggle of the new order of things was over, when the battle of June had broken the strength of the Red Republic, and a President for four years had to be chosen, the love of order and the fear of new experiments had begun to prevail, and the name of a Buonaparte carried the day against the services of Cavignac and the talents of Lamartine—Louis Napoleon was elected by a vast majority—a majority which spoke both of the vast influence which his uncle's memory still exercised over half the nation, and of the wish of the other half to re-enter on an old faith rather than to venture on a fresh one. This was 'the second step of the ladder;'—and the announcement of the numbers showed the ambitious aspirant that his destiny was henceforth in his own hands.

Now began a series of intrigues and efforts which may admit of palliation, but scarcely of defence or eulogy. There can, we think, be no doubt that, as soon as he became President, he resolved to become Emperor. That is—as soon as he had sworn to maintain a constution and administer certain laws, he set himself to destroy that constitution and to violate these laws. It is true, unquestionably, that his object was so obvious as to warrant the endeavor of the Assembly to limit his power and tie his hands in every possible way. It is true, unquestionably, that the 'necessity' by which the *coup d'etat* was excused, was in a great measure a necessity of his own creation. It is barely possible that a perfectly disinterested Assembly, acting together honestly, conscientiously, and judiciously, might have worked even that constitution. But, on the other hand, it must be admitted that only a degree of wisdom and virtue in both parties, which it is simply absurd to expect from human nature, could have averted constant collision and an ultimate break up.

The adversaries of the President, in their anxiety to keep him in fetters, incessantly put themselves in the wrong. They thwarted and hampered him in a degree that no ruler could submit to without humiliation, and were as much bent upon reducing him to a cipher as he was upon making himself absolute. It soon became obvious that his position with such an Assembly and such a constitution was utterly insupportable. It was equally obvious that the interests of the country required a change. The leaders of the Legislature were as determined upon sending the Chief of the Executive to Vincennes, as he was upon anticipating them in showing his adversaries that polite attention. One of the two competitors for the powers of the State must become supreme—he thought it desirable that Louis Napoleon should come out conqueror in the conflict—and France thought so too.

It cannot be denied that the *coup* was a violation of oaths and a breach of the peace, but it had become a political necessity. A civil war was imminent, and if the Assembly had conquered, must have broken out; for the majority of the people, whether rightly or wrongly, were satisfied with the President and disgusted with the Assembly. The very week of the *coup*, this journal explained at some length the impossibility of matters going on as they were. *The thing had to be done*—and there can, we think, be no question now, that the promptitude, skill, decision, and completeness with which the blow was struck, by making opposition hopeless, saved the country from the horrors of a terrible and long protracted strife.

It will be remembered that we alone, of all the liberal journals of this country, took this view of the subject, and ventured at once to excuse the daring usurpation and to augur hopefully of a redeeming future. We observed then that the use made of the power thus seized might be such as to consecrate the seizure—that history would forgive the deed if France sanctioned it by her vote, and if Louis Napoleon justified it by throwing over it a halo of a reign signalized by justice, prosperity, and internal peace, if inaugurated by violence and oppression. How far has this been done?

That France shares in the guilt, if guilt there were; that she sanctioned the usurpation by an ex-post-facto declaration that Louis Napoleon had anticipated her wishes; that she passed as speedily and promptly as it could be done the most complete and cordial bill of indemnity that was ever drawn up, there is now no dispute. Some were delighted that the powers of government should once more be wielded by a resolute and despotic man; some rejoiced that they might at length lay aside their fears of the Socialists; some were anxious only for a respite from the wearisome reiteration of perpetual intrigues and alarms; others had no belief in the stability of either a republican or constitutional *regime* for France, and were glad to return to a dictator who would save them the trouble of governing themselves; others, again, were sick of the *hommes politiques* of the last twenty years, and hoped much from an entirely new order of men; officers looked for promotion, priests for encouragement and power; but from one motive and another, it cannot be doubted that at least a numerical three-fourths of France approved of what had been done, and readily pardoned, if they did not applaud, the mode of doing it. Nor has the sanction then given been since withdrawn—on the contrary, the President was soon made into an Emperor; plots have ceased; no one looks for, and few desire, an immediate change of dynasty; even rival parties have acquiesced for the present, and admit that they must wait for a change of public feeling before they can entertain any prospect of success.

How far has Napoleon III. fulfilled the hopeful augeries of those who anticipated that his reign might be a blessing for his country—might be the special blessing which she most required? Not certainly in all things—but on the whole well. He has not, as we hoped, gradually relaxed the grasp of despotic authority which at first might be necessary. He has not released the Press from any of its fetters. He has not encouraged in the Senate or Legislative Chamber that freedom of speech and action which we think he might safely have done, and which would have been a gradual preparation for a more constitutional *regime*. He has not shown himself strong enough or courageous enough to disregard the hostility of words. He has not allowed that full liberty of speech, without which a Government can never be safe, or know that it is safe. He has not restored full freedom and publicity to judicial proceedings. He has not withheld his hand, as soon or as much as we believed he might have done, from the sin of arbitrary imprisonment. Some are still at Cayenne or in Algiers who ought to be in France, and some still in gaol or at the galleys who ought to be at liberty. He has not discouraged corruption or enforced purity of public conduct among his officials, as he ought to have done. His has not been a frugal or economical Government. There is still much pecuniary iniquity and much scandulous waste in high places. So far he has disappointed the expectations of those who anticipated from him a great, generous and noble policy.

On the other hand, he has disappointed equally the fears of those who believed that his selfish and headlong ambition would set Europe in a blaze. He has not marched an army into Italy. He has not seized Belgium. He has not invaded England. He has not insisted on the frontier of the Rhine. It is not impossible that the wild dark dreams which had fermented in his brain during the brooding years of imprisonment and exile have been rapidly dissipated by the light of day and the healthy influence of the actual business of political life. He was restless and tormented with a vague and insatiable ambition as long as he was unfortunate and obscure:—now that he has reached the pinnacle which he so long sought he may repose on his success; he can distinguish between the possible and the impossible—between chimeras and realities—between dreams and actualities:—and is far too wise to risk so rich a certainty as that which he has attained in schemes for the problematic and the unattainable.

He has maintained unbroken order and tranquility within. He has forestalled or detected all plots in time, and has repressed them almost without bloodshed. He has steered France through those perils which have so often proved fatal to her peace—the perils of a bad harvest—with uncommon skill. It is true he has done this by violating some sound principles of economic science; but France has too long been accustomed to set these at nought for us to judge her or her Government by our rules; and what is economically indefensible may sometimes be, at a certain crisis and in certain countries, politically necessary. Unquestionably the proceedings he adopted during the scarcity of last year met the approval of the most sagacious men of France, and assuredly a scarcity never before was attended with so little misery or so little disturbance.

But he at once perceived as a statesman that the projects of Russia, if not checked, would give her a preponderating influence in Europe incompatible with the pretensions of the Western Powers, and the maintenance of the existing equilibrium; and that if she ever obtained possession of Constantinople, she would clash dangerously with French influence in the Mediterranean. He was not sorry, either, in his secret soul, to have so early an opportunity afforded him of thwarting and mortifying the despot who refused to address him as 'My Brother.'

Certain it is that the nearly universal impression throughout France is that the public works which are now carried on on such a stupendous scale, could not possibly be suspended without the most imminent and deadly peril. And we must not forget, as a set-off to these uneconomic proceedings, that Napoleon III has more advanced notions on the subject of Free Trade than almost any of his subjects, and is gradually introducing them and acting upon them as occasion offers.—The edge of the wedge has already been driven in; and we may hope for far more from him in this direction than from the freest assembly that was ever chosen by universal suffrage.

Finally, the conduct of the French Emperor in the Eastern Question has deserved and has met with its reward. His first step with regard to the 'Holy Places' was inconsiderate and condemnable enough; but since then he has merited all praise. His proceedings have been consistent, dignified, sagacious, and strictly honorable. We do not, indeed, imagine that his bosom glowed with any sincere indignation against the oppressive and deceitful conduct of the Czar, or that he wept any actual tears of sympathy over the dangers or the woes of the unhappy Sultan, or that he has been guided in this matter by a disinterested regard to the dictates of abstract justice.

In another and more questionable matter he has violated strict economic principles for the sake of public tranquillity. He has carried on public works of utility and embellishment on a scale which his revenue scarcely warranted. He has spent public money with the ostensible object of employing the people, as well as embellishing Paris. It is to be feared that, in pursuing this object, he has spent vast sums which will never yield any adequate pecuniary return. But it is certain that by this means he has kept in industry and comfort many thousand workmen who would otherwise have been suffering and turbulent, for 'when building goes on brisk (says a French proverb) all trades goes on briskly:—and when we reflect that the most indispensable condition of prosperity and wealth is security and peace, we may admit that expenditure which purchases these conditions may be a legitimate expenditure, if not carried too far or continued too long.

But more than all, he saw at a glance, with his usual astute sagacity, that by acting cordially, honorably and energetically with England in this matter, he would at once step into the position which, as an isolated and recent Sovereign, he did not possess, of one of the great Royal conclave of Europe:—he would become, instead of a successful adventurer, a Recognized Potentate, treating on terms of perfect equality with all other Monarchs:—the faithful, trusted Ally of England could no longer be looked upon as usurper. Accordingly, from the first, his conduct towards us has been marked by the utmost openness, explicitness, friendliness, and integrity. And he has gained his object. He has humbled Nicholas, and has rehabilitated himself.

The same man who landed at Boulogne in 1840 with a single steamer and a few friends, on a desperate and abortive expedition, revisits it in 1854 to review a vast army and receive the homage of countless spectators. The same man, who six years ago, lived in obscurity in London, scarcely able to pay his tailor's, and quite unable to pay his horse-dealer's bill—whom many looked upon as stupid, and whom none looked upon as wise—of whom few augured well, and whom few would trust much—we have just seen receiving the visit and the compliments of the Consort of our Queen, entertaining three royal guests at his table—one of them the son in law of the very Monarch whom he had succeeded—and, admitted beyond all denial into the social circle of Royal personages.

Nor is this change in his singular fortunes the only one, nor perhaps the greatest. We can imagine him smiling with even a more grim satisfaction as he contrasts the English Press regarding him in 1852 and now: with the *Times* or the *Examiner* of December 1851 and of August 1854 before him,—and marvelling over the metamorphosis—the unmeasured abuse which was showered upon him at the former date, and the decorous respect and cordial praise with which he is spoken of now. The "seedy swell" and the "sanguinary and audacious ruffian," is now the polite and sagacious Emperor, and takes wine *tete a tete* with Prince Albert and King Leopold.

HOW THEY MANAGE MATTERS IN ITALY.—In a lecture on what he has seen abroad, Wendell Phillips observes:

'In Italy you will see a man breaking up his land with two cows, and the root of a tree for a plough, while he is dressed in skins with the hair on. In Rome, Vienna, and Dresden, if you hire a man to saw wood, he does not bring a horse along. He never had one, or his father before him. He puts one end on the ground, and the other on his breast, and taking the wood in his hand, rubs it against the saw. It is a solemn fact that in Florence, a city filled with the triumphs of art, there is not a single auger, and if a carpenter would bore a hole he does it with a red-hot poker. This results not from the want of industry, but of sagacity, of thought. The people are by no means idle. They toil early and late—men, women and children—with an industry that shames labor-saving Yankees. Thus he must labor, and the poor must live. In Rome charcoal is principally used for fuel, and you will see a string of twenty mules bringing little sacks of it upon their backs, when one mule could draw all of it in a cart; but the charcoal vendor never had a cart, and so he keeps his mules and feeds them. This is from no want of industry, but there is no competition.'

☞ A wholesale murder was lately perpetrated in Indiana. A family by the name of Hubbard murdered another family consisting of a man, wife, and five children, took possession of the house and furniture, and buried the bodies in the cellar. The subsequent murder of a man named Boyles, by the Hubbards, excited suspicion, and led to their detection.

The Papal Power in an American Light—A Catholic Critic on Chandler's Speech.

We copy the following interesting article from the Dublin (Roman Catholic) Tablet:

The Know Nothing sect in America seems to have scattered dismay among the Christians of the great republic. Mr. Chandler, a respected member of Congress, has been urged by his friends to defend the Church in the House of Representatives, and he has done so. On the 11th of January, his fellow-representatives seem to have listened very respectfully to his exposition, which was very elaborate, and from his point of view, quite conclusive. In Europe, however, the exposition is like to be criticised; and though people may respect Mr. Chandler, praise his motives and intentions, they will hardly agree with him, supposing him to have mastered the principles involved in his speech.

It is not a pleasant task to repudiate the help of a friend, or disown him, but it is sometimes a duty. Mr. Chandler is too frank and too honest not to concede to others the right he vindicates for himself.

Mr. Chandler's theme was the deposing power of the Pope. He denies its existence independent of a public law of nations. It is not our intention to defend that power at present, for we shall confine ourselves simply to the examination of the reasons which are supposed to be fatal to its existence. But, before doing so, it would be fair to remind our readers that two Popes, celebrated, among other acts noble and heroic, for deposing sovereigns, are numbered with the Saints—Gregory VII and Pius V. These Popes did not think, nor did those who canonised them think that they had exceeded their powers, or diverted their spiritual authority, into unlawful channels.

Mr. Chandler says that "the whole power of deposing rested upon the consent, not merely of the Kings but of the deposed Princes themselves." If this be true, there is an end of the question, for if the whole power rested on the consent of Kings and Princes their deposition must have been thoroughly just, because *volenti non fit injuria*, and they were, therefore very wicked men, when they invaded the Papal States to punish the Pope who had done nothing but give effect to the consent of those Princes. Still more wicked were they who created an anti-Pope to resist the judge whom they had themselves appointed.

If this "whole power" rested on the consent of Kings, it is clear that the Papal authority does not enter into the question, and that it might have been given to any other authority or power. But it is very strange that kings should have consented to vest such power in any body, and argues little for their common sense. They must have always been uneasy, and their uneasiness was the result of their own folly. Mr. Chandler affirms distinctly that the power to depose—power humanly conferred—was never called in question by the deposed monarchs. They admitted the constitutional right and power though they may have called in question the justice of the act. This assertion is at least strange. Frederick Barbarossa, and Lewis of Bavaria, disputed the power most distinctly, and they had an army of scribes, priests layman, learned in the law, who maintained that the Pope had no power to depose, and more, that there was no power to depose other than God's. So far is the doctrine of the deposing power from having been admitted by the deposed monarch that they wholly denied it, not merely as vested in the Pope, but as actually subsisting in the world.

The deposing power does actually exist at present; is publicly taught in every state that considers itself free. It is the doctrine of Americans, for they deposed George III. It is the doctrine of Englishmen who deposed James II; and of Frenchmen, for they have deposed the dynasty of Bourbons. The Spaniards admit it, for queen Isabella's throne is in danger. The difference between the modern and the mediæval world consists in this: We vest this in the people, our ancestors, more wisely, in the Pope. In England the deposing doctrine is made a law of the kingdom, to be put in force whenever the reigning sovereign prefers his soul to the sceptre. Kings, of course, have done their utmost to discredit the doctrine, and they have gained for themselves, instead of it, the scaffold and the sword. The divine right of certain families to govern people according to their will is refuted, not by argument, but by exile or violent death. If kings prefer this solution of the difficulty to that which mediæval principles offered, that is their affair. This, however, is certain, the Pope was more patient and considerate than the people are, and a deposition is less injurious to society than a bloody revolution. A deposition does not necessarily involve a change of dynasty, but in general a revolution does; and perhaps kings might, on reflection, prefer to lose the crown to themselves only, to losing it for the family as well.

A great clamor has been raised in the world against the power of the Pope to depose wicked sovereigns, but we believe that there would have been no clamor if the power in question had been vested in the Bishops, or even in Archbishops.

Mr. Chandler goes a great deal further—we are sorry to refer to him so often—and trenches on the real spiritual power which he is so anxious to guard inviolate. His words are these: "I deny to the Bishop of Rome the right resulting from his divine office, to interfere in the relations between subjects and their sovereigns, between citizens and their governments." It is impossible that he can mean what these words imply. The Pope is at this moment "interfering" in Piedmont, defending one class of citizens there against the government, and yet in the House of Representatives a Christian denies the right. Governments may and do prohibit good works, and the Pope interferes. They also encourage and commit evil, the Pope interferes, and good Christians prefer the Pope's authority to that of the State.—The Godless Colleges in Ireland, the Hierarchy in England, the trouble of Piedmont—all bear witness together against this unchristian opinion, which must have escaped from the speaker, who did not ponder his words.

It is to be remembered, however, that Mr. Chandler speaks on the authority of others, one of which is the late Dr. England, Bishop of Charleston. That Prelate is reported to have written: "Let the Pope and Cardinals and all the powers of the Catholic world united, summon a general council. Let the council lay a tax of one cent only upon any of our churches, we will not pay it. Yet we are most obedient Papists." And again: "If the Pope were to declare war against America, and any Roman Catholic, under the pretext of spiritual obedience, was to refuse to oppose this temporal aggressor, he would deserve to be punished for his refusal, because he owes to this country to maintain its rights and spiritual power does not, and cannot, destroy the claim which the Government has upon him."

Now, suppose the Government were to order a priest to fight, would Dr. England have admitted the claim, and thrown the discipline of the Church to the winds? If the Pope can forbid a priest to fight, when the civil government bids him, there is an end to this argument, for the spiritual power does in the case of the priest, destroy the claim of the Government.

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The old Gallican leaven, driven out of the Old World, ferments in the New, and the exploded opinions of obstinate men in Europe seem to have found favor in some quarters in America. Humanly viewed, the matter is easy of explanation, but it is not the less perilous—for unsound theories about the extent of the Ecclesiastical power will never convert heretics, but are sure to pervert Catholics.

HYDROPHOBIA IN DOGS.

It is no pleasure to a dog to get mad.—Quite the reverse. Dreadful as hydrophobia may be to the human being, rabies is worse to the dog. It makes its approach more gradually, it lasts longer, and is more intense while it endures. The dog that is going mad, feels unwell for a long time prior to the full development of the disease. He is very ill, but does not know what ails him. He feels dissatisfied with everything; vexed without a reason; and greatly against his better nature, very snappish. Feeling thus, he longs to avoid all annoyance by being alone. This makes him seem strange to those who are most accustomed to him. The sensation induces him to seek solitude. But there is another reason which decides his choice of a resting place. The light inflicts upon him intense agony. The sun is to him an instrument of torture, which he therefore studies to avoid—for his brain aches, and feels as it were a trembling jelly. This induces the poor brute to find out the holes and corners where he is least likely to be noticed, and into which the light is unable to enter. In solitude and darkness he passes his day. If his retreat is discovered, and the master's voice bids him come forth, the affectionate creature's countenance brightens, his tail beats the ground, and he leaves his hiding place anxious to obey the loved authority, but before he has gone half the distance, a kind of sensation comes over him, which produces an instantaneous change in his whole appearance. He seems to say to himself, 'Why cannot you let me alone? Go away! Do go away! You trouble—pain me!' And thereupon he suddenly turns tail, and darts back into his dark corner. If let alone, there he will remain, perhaps frothing a little at the mouth, and drinking a great deal of water, but not issuing from his hiding-place to seek after food. His appetites are altered; hair, straw, dirt, filth, excrement, rags, tin shavings, stones, the most noisome and unnatural substances, are then the delicacies for which the poor dog, changed by disease, longs and swallows, in hope to ease a burning stomach. He is most anxious for liquids. He is now altogether changed. Still he does not desire to bite mankind; he rather endeavors to avoid society; he takes long journeys of thirty or forty miles in extent, and lengthend by all kinds of accident, to vent his restless desire for motion.

When on these journeys, he does not walk. That would be too formal and measured a pace for an animal whose whole frame quivers with excitement. He does not run.—That would be too great an exertion for an animal whose body is the abode of a deadly sickness. He proceeds in a slouching manner, in a kind of trot a movement neither run nor walk, and his aspect is dejected.—His eyes do not glare and stare, but are dull and retracted. His appearance is very characteristic, and if once seen, can never afterwards be mistaken. In this state he will travel the most dusty roads, his tongue hanging dry from his open mouth, from which, however, there drops no foam. His course is not straight. How could it be since it is doubtful whether at that period he sees at all? His desire is to travel unnoticed. If no one notices him, he gladly passes by them. He is very ill: he cannot stay to bite. If, nevertheless, anything opposes his progress, he will, as if by impulse, snap as a man in a similar state might strike and tell the person to get out of the way.' He may take his road across a field in which there is a flock of sheep. Could these creatures make room for him and stand motionless, the dog would pass on and leave them behind, uninjured.—But they begin to run, and at the sound the dog pricks up his ears. His entire aspect changes. Rage takes possession of him.—What made that noise? He pursues it with all the energy of madness. He flies at one, then at another. He does not mangle, nor is his bite, simply considered, terrible. He cannot pause to tear the creature he has caught. He snaps and then rushes onward, till fairly exhausted, and unable longer to follow, he sinks down, and the sheep pass forward, to be no more molested. He may have bitten twenty or thirty in his mad onslaught; and would have worried more, had his strength lasted—for the furor of madness then had possession of him. He may be slain while on these excursions; but if he escapes, he returns home, and seeks the darkness and quiet of his former abode. His thirst increases, but with it comes the swelling of the throat. He will plunge his head into water, so ravenous is his desire; but not a drop of the liquid can he swallow, though its surface is covered with bubbles, in consequence of the efforts he makes to gulp the smallest quantity. The throat is enlarged to the extent which will permit nothing to pass. He is the victim of the most horrible inflammation of the stomach and the most intense inflammation of the bowels. His state of suffering is pitiable. He has lost all self-reliance; even all feeling is gone. He flies at, and pulls to pieces anything that is within his reach. One animal in this condition, being confined near a fire, flew at the burning mass, pulled out the live coals, and in his fury, craunched them. He emits the most hideous cries. The noise he makes is incessant and peculiar. It begins as a bark, which sound, being too torturing to be continued, is quickly changed to a howl, which is suddenly cut short in the middle; and so the poor wretch at length falls, fairly worn out by a terrible disease.—*Mayhew's Dogs.*

BEAUTIES OF SLAVERY.

T. W. Brown, of the *Cayuga Chief*, who has recently returned from a Winter's sojourn in Wisconsin, gives the following thrilling description of a scene that he witnessed on board of a steamboat, while on his way homeward:

In the fore part of the evening there was a spicy discussion between a live Yankee free-soiler from Ohio, and a Southern slave-holder. The slave-holder was then in pursuit of a runaway that he said was worth $2,000. He described the slave as well educated, nearly white, and '*worth more than a herd of the common black cusses!*' He further said that there was not money enough at the North to buy him; that he was six feet and four inches in height and proportions faultless. As I sat on the bench in the cabin of the boat, looking carelessly into the crowd, my heart suddenly leaps into my throat and I remember the slave-holder and his runaway. There, in the dim light, stands a man of massive proportions, his features under the shadow of the lamp, and his arms firmly folded upon his broad chest. The attitude is unusually firm and imposing. There is *grandeur* there—the grandeur of faultless manhood in everything about the man. The skin is clear, though dark; the features have little of the African cast; his lips are firmly closed, and around the mouth are lines which read the unmistakable language of high purpose and hazardous daring. His head is slightly bent forward, and from under the heavy and high-arched brow, is an eye, full, lustrous and intensely black. There was dignity even in that eye, but its calmness is the repose of conscious strength. His dress is as faultless as his mien, one simple golden stud glancing on the bosom of his shirt. *I am sure he is the fugitive* from—[God forgive me for nearly writing *justice* by association!] *Slavery. Is the master with his human hounds on the boat?*—The thought fills my veins with fire. At this moment a man enters the door behind me and makes a remark about the coldness of the night. It is the slaveholder's voice, and I keep my eye upon the negro. A cloud hangs ominously from the contracting brow and the lips are closer shut. His great chest expands slowly as the breath is inhaled through the thin nostrils, and his form seems to swell. *I know that he has recognized some dreaded enemy*, for his hitherto calm eye dilates and glitters, and he drops his right hand ominously into his overcoat pocket. Save this, he is as immovable as the heavy pillar against which he leans. *Their eyes have met!* For a full minute they stand and glare at each other. The slave-owner slowly turns and passes out. I follow him and find him tendering $100 to have the boat immediately return to the place of starting, where the pirate's friends have stopped. But the man cannot be bought and insolently refuses. In the meantime, the negro has passed out of the other door of the cabin, and stands in the shadow looking down upon the water. I pass up to him and take his hand, and through my clenched teeth say to him, '*stand your ground and trust to friends.*' He returns my grasp in silence. I ask him '*if he is armed.*' He hands me two heavy revolvers, and then two heavy knives.

The negro's story was briefly told as the boat swept through the water. He was the favorite clerk of his master, and was not allowed to purchase his freedom. While absent to New Orleans on business, the master degraded the negro's wife and then sold her and her child. The negro ran away, and after weeks of hair-breadth sufferings and dangers, reached a free State. There purchasing clothes, he started for a friend's in N. Y., little dreaming that he should encounter the man who owned his flesh and blood. He said quietly, but how calm!—fearfully calm—that he should never go back alive. 'These barrels,' said he, as he put up his pistols, 'have each two balls, and these heavy blades shall be drunk with blood when I am a slave again.'

—The train starts for Cleveland, but the negro *is not on board*. The slave-driver made a feint of not taking the train, and now it is under motion, he stalks through every car in search of his human prey. *The negro is on the Underground R. R. for Canada.*

A Hint or Two.

Never make use of an honest woman's name in an improper place, at a improper time, or in a mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think are untrue, or allusions that you think she herself would blush to hear.—When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled manner, shun them, for they are the very worst members of the community, men lost to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been forever ruined, and her heart broken by a lie, manufactured by some villain and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them, circulating the foul and brugging report. A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character, will fly on the wings of the wind, and magnify as it circulates, until its monstrous weight crushes the poor unconscious victim. Respect the name of a woman, for your mother, your sister, are women; and as you would have their fair names untarnished, and their lives unembittered by the slanderer's lashing tongue, heed the ill-your words may bring upon the mother, sister, or wife, of some fellow creature.

Valuable Receipts.

To become rich—Save your money and scar your conscience.

To become wise—Eat, sleep and say nothing.

To become popular—Join the strongest church, and all the secret associations.

To become Respectable—Say yes to every other man's opinions, and have none of your own.

To become exalted to a little office—Be ready at all times to act as a tool for big men.

To become poor—Be honest and void of suspicion.

To become insane—Speak your sentiments without consulting the oracles.

To become unfortunate—Print your thot's.