

same warblings were poured by apparently the same birds. Having arrived at the place where Richard encountered his sister after his discovery of the letter addressed to Sir George, the pedlar gazed with an attack of agitation—a nervous convulsion. His eyes overflowed with tears, and his companion heard him murmur,—"Julia! poor Julia!"

He began speedily to quicken his pace; but it was only to stop anew at the point where Richard killed the antlered stag which was about to gore Lady Ellen. The freshness of the verdure—the youth of the shrubs—substituted for those which the furious stag had destroyed—rendered this spot easily recognisable. At this place the emotions of the mysterious pedlar assumed a different character. His brow contracted into a frown and his lips were clenched—but he never uttered a word, and he quitted the spot with a rapid step on receiving a slight hint from his comrade.

In this way they reached the wide avenue which led from the castle to the pavilion of ruins. They scarcely turned into it when they met two gentlemen dressed in black, who were sauntering carelessly along, leaning on gold-headed canes. It was easy to perceive from the affected ease of their demeanor, and the arrogance of their swagger, that they belonged to the highest rank of upper servants. They were Mr. Tyler and Mr. Cleary, the steward and major-domo of Powerscourt House.

These two eminent persons seemed struck with indignation and astonishment on beholding the costume and equipment of the pedlars, whose travel-soiled appearance was characteristic of their strolling profession.

"Who gave you leave to come in here, you blackguards?" cried Mr. Cleary, apostrophising them with arrogance. "It's something new for strolling pedlars to thrust themselves into the grounds of a peer of the realm, as if they were tramping into a potato garden."

"What unparalleled assurance!" cried Mr. Tyler in his turn. "It is easy to perceive that the spirit of rebellion which O'Connell called up is not yet extinguished. Who are you? what are your names? how have you dared to get into these grounds?"

"You certainly were not admitted by any of the gate-keepers. I should expel the man immediately who admitted you," said Cleary.

Irritated by the insolence of these questions, Foster was contemplating an angry and energetic reply. His eyes under his broad-brimmed hat were glittering with pride and menace. The prudent Kennedy hastened to interpose by observing:—"Please, yer honor, we come here because we were sent for. We didn't enter the park by climbing the walls, like thieves—we came in by the door, like loyal subjects of the Queen, following our lawful calling under the protection of the laws. The person who sent for us is Mrs. Jones, Lady Powerscourt's maid, and she is there below waiting for us in the pavilion of ruins, where we hope her ladyship herself will honor us with her custom."

This natural and modest answer seemed to mitigate the insolence of the questioners. Nevertheless, Tyler resumed:—"I don't see why the established orders of Powerscourt House should be contravened in this manner. In his lordship's absence I represent his magisterial authority, and no one but myself has a right—"

"Easy, easy, Mr. Tyler," said Cleary, "let us not meddle with this matter. Mrs. Jones is my lady's favorite, let us not embroil ourselves with her, I beg of you. It is not at all impossible but my lady herself is in the pavilion of ruins for I heard that she was to breakfast there this morning."

"Well, well, my good people," said Cleary, turning to the pedlars, "since you have been sent for, you may continue your journey." And he waived them away with a majestic flourish of the hand.

Foster seemed inclined to reply, but his companion took him by the arm, while muttering some words which Cleary mistook for an expression of gratitude. Tyler and Cleary gazed after the pedlars. "I don't half like the looks of them fellows," said Cleary, at last. "The little fellow has a hypocritical air which inspires no confidence, while the big fellow would frighten one, if I was at all accessible to fear."

"Yes, yes," replied Tyler, "their appearance is very suspicious; I was struck with it at once; and if you are not so anxious to manage Mrs. Jones—Really the eyes of that big fellow remind me of a person that neither you nor I would like to meet just now."

"What do you mean, Mr. Tyler?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing—I was dreaming," said Tyler. "But, by the bye we ought to keep an eye on them fellows, so as to be certain that they told us the truth."

"Willingly, Tyler," said Cleary, as they left the sanded walk, and plunged into the shrubbery. Meantime the pedlars advanced rapidly towards the Pavilion, without appearing to think of those whom they left behind. Nevertheless, Kennedy managed to cast a look behind his back, and discovered the change of direction which had been taken by the functionaries of Powerscourt House.

"They suspect something," said Kennedy laconically.

"I do not fear them," said Foster carelessly.

The next moment the pedlars reached the Ruins, where the fancy of the late Lord Powerscourt had established a structure in the fashion of the middle ages. At the time of the configuration of the dwelling and the devastation of the park, the Ruins were left untouched, owing to the popular respect for the family of O'Byrne. It was now absolutely as we have already described it, except that creeping plants mantled it with their luxuriant foliage. Silence and sadness, and the wild air of abandonment, formed an agreeable contrast with the real destination of the place to purposes of pleasure and frivolity.—Mrs. Jones, who was doubtless watching for the pedlars, issued from the tower, and presented herself before them. "This way, this way, gentlemen," said she, "you are the persons, I suppose, that Mrs. Flanagan was speaking of. I

was wrong in thinking you had come, and my lady's fear will scold me. You may enter, nevertheless, and I'll try to arrange matters for the satisfaction of all parties."

The pedlars saluted her politely, and entered the Pavilion. Mrs. Jones was a simple sort of woman, whose manner and appearance were somewhat methodical, as was easily seen by her black dress and formal cut of her clothing. Nevertheless she was a daughter of Eve's after all, and was eagerly desirous of seeing the contents of the pedlars' packs. At the first desire expressed by her, Kennedy hastened to open his sack, and drew out a crowd of objects, which he boasted of with the volubility and impudence habitual to pedlars. The chairs and tables were quickly covered with silks and cambrics, linens and table-cloths, and other articles for the toilet of ladies. The pedlar constantly drew articles from his pack without diminishing its bulk, so that it seemed inexhaustible. Absorbed in the agreeable occupation of contemplating these beautiful articles, Mrs. Jones forgot her fears and her mistress, and was eagerly discussing the price of her selections. Mr. Foster continued quite indifferent to the mercantile debate of his comrade with the governess. Standing near the door he contemplated the room with profound interest. Breakfast was prepared on a table with lion's feet, precisely as on the day when Lady Ellen was waiting for the unfortunate Julia, who was destined never again to answer her invitations. Two cups of old Sevres china stood at either side of a fountain of silver, in which the boiling water was simmering with a monotonous murmur that had a melancholy sound. Foster suddenly shuddered; a light noise struck his ear, which quite escaped the attention of Kennedy and Mrs. Jones. He cast an earnest glance towards the half-open door, and could see two persons ascending the winding path which led to the tower. A young man of extraordinary elegance and a young lady radiant with beauty, grace, and fashion. She was leaning on the arm of her cavalier, who was speaking to her in a low tone with great vivacity; her eyes were cast upon the earth, and her lips were silent; but it was easy to perceive, from her blush and her smile, that love was the subject of discourse.—This was Lady Ellen, attended by the young Frenchman, whose assiduities afforded matter for caustic comment to the village gossips the night before. Occupied by their confidential conversation, they had reached the Pavilion before they were aware of their proximity. But the cavalier uttered, as he entered, an expression of ill-humor and surprise. "Ah, milady," cried he, "*vous m'avez dit que nous déjeunerions seuls.*"

Lady Ellen did not apprehend at first the cause of his dissatisfaction. Then darting a piercing glance into the interior of the Pavilion, she perceived two strangers in the room. A deep purple covered her face and suffused her very forehead; her nostrils expanded, while her brow contracted into a frown.

"What is all this?" said she, with an air of authority. "Who permitted persons to enter this place contrary to my orders? What do you mean, Mrs. John?"

The poor woman trembled, and she answered in a voice of fear, "My Lady, I beg you to forgive me—these men are pedlars from Antrim, whom I have taken the liberty to introduce to your ladyship."

"And what right has Mrs. Jones to permit this parade of frippery in the room where I intend to breakfast?"

"My lady," stammered the poor woman, who had never before been addressed in this manner by her mistress, "I hoped that you yourself might find it agreeable to choose some article—"

"I never purchase anything from such people—they may retire. Mrs. Jones will be good enough to remember for the future that I have never authorised anybody to take these insolent liberties!"

Mrs. Jones burst into tears, and her utterance was interrupted by sobs.

"Alas!" said the cavalier, with a tone of levity, "no harm done—we shall be quickly rid of these *espres-la*. "Well comrades," he added, turning to the pedlars, "you have heard what my lady says, *decamppez*, be off—*testement*, or I shall call the servants, who will drive you out very soon."

Meantime, Kennedy was making all the haste he could, rammung his merchandize pell-mell into his sack.

Foster remained unmoved: he approached Lady Ellen, and addressed her in a tone in which irony was mingled with humility. "Will your ladyship pardon me if I venture to raise my voice in your presence? Since the weakest worm of the earth turns on the foot that crushes it. I am only a strolling pedlar from Antrim, going from door to door. I ought to be accustomed to repulse, and familiarised to insult; but is it just or reasonable that Lady Powerscourt should pour her anger upon a woman who has served her during twenty-five years, and who is guilty of nothing but an impulse of benevolence towards poor strolling merchants from Antrim?"

The lady seemed affected at the first sound of his voice; she, nevertheless, shot a glance of cold disdain at the person who spoke to her.—"Mrs. Jones will gain nothing by your intervention," said she; "you are one of those mock orators who have become so numerous in Ireland.—Reserve your eloquence for your Popish chapels, or your open air meetings." Then throwing herself into a seat with an air of weariness, "A *Vicente!*" said she speaking to the Frenchman, "*par pitié* relieve me from these importunities; they become intolerable!"

"Yes, yes, milady," answered the Viscount; "come out of this, ye blackguards, or I shall debase myself by throwing ye out of the window!"

He was apparently about to lay hands on Kennedy, who happened to be near him; but Kennedy had just filled his pack, and was throwing it adroitly over his shoulder; he then flourished his yard in a formidable manner, and the Viscount immediately considered it an unnecessary to proceed any farther in his menacing demonstrations.—

Mr. Jones placed himself between them, and implored the pedlar to depart. Foster, meantime, had approached Lady Ellen, and resumed his strident voice.—

"I comprehend the impatience this gentleman feels to find himself *tele-a-tete* with your ladyship; it is such a happiness that the universe might envy him for; but however eager you may both be to get rid of troublesome witnesses, Lady Powerscourt must hear what I have to say to her.—Oh, Ellen! what has become of you?"

The last words were uttered in a tone of sadness approaching despair. The lady endeavored to distinguish the features of the unknown.

"You are not a pedlar?" said she; "who are you?"

"A phantom of the past, perhaps,—a recollection—a remorse, who appears to you in the midst of your actual existence to remind you of the differences between Lady Ellen and Lady Powerscourt. What! young woman! have pride, ambition, and passion for pleasure forever extinguished the pure sentiments and noble aspirations of your youth? Have you forgotten Richard O'Byrne, and his hapless sister, Julia, and the solitudes of Conemaara,—your sufferings and your vows?"

Lady Powerscourt uttered a cry of horror, and precipitately pushed back her chair.

"I am frightening you?" said Foster, whose voice became more and more melancholy, "that is not my intention: I do not mean to utter reproaches which might embitter your heart and irritate your pride,—Ellen Wingfield, you were formerly benevolent and overflowing with compassion for the misfortunes that multiply around you! In the terrible struggles which have raged between our two nations, if you did not hate the conquerors, at least you loved the vanquished!—Why are you no longer the same now when you are gifted with power and wealth? Why do you cause tears to flow, instead of wiping them from the cheek of poverty? I implore you, Lady Ellen! take pity on the Irish poor—deserve blessings under those straw roofs, where Julia diffused consolatory words and substantial benefits. The vanquished have no longer any resource, save in the pity of the conquerors! Have mercy on the unfortunate remnant of the clan of O'Byrne. This is all I had to say to your ladyship," continued Foster, in a firmer tone. "As to other recollections which I might call up, I leave it to your conscience to suggest them to your memory!" Lady Powerscourt appeared to be thunderstruck—her head was stooped—her face pale—her eyes half closed, she seemed to experience inexpressible anguish. Suddenly starting to her feet, she exclaimed, "Who are you, sir? Only one person in the world—I cannot believe—Who are you?"

"I have no reason to conceal myself from you, my lady," resumed the mysterious pedlar. "My task is nearly finished—I shall soon be gone forever! Look at me and see who I am. It is the only vengeance I shall take for the injuries you inflicted on me!" He took off his hat, put aside his long hair, and showed those noble and handsome features, which, once seen, could never be forgotten.

"It is he!" she exclaimed; "it is himself!" So saying she fell senseless.

Mrs. Jones and the Viscount hastened to her assistance. Foster had put on his hat, but he did yet go away: he silently contemplated the young lady lying insensible.

"Infamous vagabond!" cried the Viscount, "you ought to be content with your work. Go out, go out, or I shall not answer for the consequences."

In spite of this threat, Foster remained calm. Yielding, however, to the earnestness of Kennedy, who implored him to go, in a low tone of voice, he was about to depart, when Tyler and Cleary suddenly appeared at the door. On seeing this reinforcement, the confidence of the Viscount returned. "Arrest those men!" cried he, "they are malefactors. See the state to which they have reduced your mistress! These are the vile rascals who once made a prisoner of your noble lady!"

"I thought so," resumed Tyler; "help me, Mr. Cleary, and we shall—"

But Mr. Cleary was in no hurry to obey the requirements of the law agent. Mrs. Jones, leaving her mistress for a moment, came and placed herself before the pedlars. "Let them go," said she, warily; let the men depart—I insist upon it in the name of my mistress. I am sure she will not gainsay me!"

Meantime Kennedy assumed his defence and brandished his yard. "Lay a hand upon us, if you dare. Come on if you're men. We are Antrim boys; we know how to handle our arms!"

Foster, meantime, remained silent, but he drew a pair of pistols from his pocket, which were more eloquent than words. The Frenchman and his two supporters did not know what to do. Between the commands of Mrs. Jones and the threatening conduct of the pedlars, they were perplexed. Kennedy profited by their irresolution; he took his master by the arm, and dragged him out of the pavilion, without the slightest interference on the part of the spectators. Nevertheless, before they had reached the base of the eminence, Foster turned round several times, as if to brave his enemies by his calm proud look; he speedily disappeared with his comrade among the shrubbery of the park.

"You are great portroons!" said the Viscount addressing the two functionaries of Powerscourt House.

"No harm done," said Mr. Cleary; "it is easy to get before them by following the park wall. We can have them arrested in a moment by the prelers, and lodged in the neighboring station house."

"Let nobody meddle with them, cried Mrs. Jones; "let them depart; and for the sake of my lady, I hope they will never return. If two raging lions were let loose upon her, they would terrify her less than those two pedlars." She then proceeded to lavish attentions on Lady Powerscourt, while the men slunk away without venturing to oppose her commands, or asking her to explain her motives.

The day was far advanced when Mrs. Flana-

gan returned to her cottage. The pedlars were gone, but she found half a crown upon the table to discharge the expenses they had incurred. To her great astonishment, on entering the inner room, she found their packs lying on the floor, with a written paper pinned to them. Not knowing how to read, she was obliged to have recourse to the superior enlightenment of an educated neighbor, who succeeded in deciphering the following words written with a pencil:—"To Mrs. Flanagan to be distributed to the poor of this parish." Every soul in the village got some article or other from the packs; and the poor families who were once the objects of Father O'Byrne's care, offered up their fervent prayers for benefactors with whose names they were unacquainted.

THE END.

THE FRENCH PAMPHLET, "THE POPE AND THE CONGRESS."

The following letter, addressed by Mr. Bowyer, M. P., to the Editor of the *Times*, appeared in the leading journal on Friday the thirteenth January:—

To the Editor of the *Times*.

Sir,—Time, place, and supposed origin give to this pamphlet importance which demands an answer, undeserved by its views, arguments, and morality. Commencing by laying down the undeniable principle that the temporal power of the Pope is necessary for the exercise of his spiritual power, the writer proceeds to propose the destruction of everything that is indispensable for the very existence of that temporal power. There is scarcely a paragraph in the whole work that is not refuted by some part of the remainder. And with professions of attachment to the Church and to the Holy See, he directly or indirectly sanctions every calumny that has been levelled against it, and by the most specious pretences supports all the hopes and plans of its enemies. Whether the policy of England ought to encourage or sanction those schemes of supremacy over Europe which are plainly visible in the whole scope and spirit of this insidious publication, I will not now stop to inquire, though it is a matter of the greatest importance. I will address myself only to the questions proposed and discussed by the writer.

In the second paragraph he lays it down and argues that the Pope must, for religious purposes, be a temporal power of the Pope is necessary for his spiritual power. And this, he truly says, is essential not only for France and Austria, but also for England, Russia, and Prussia.

He then proposes the question, How can the Pope be at the same time Pontiff and King? It seems to him that justice which punishes the guilty is destructive of the mercy of the Gospel, and that the Head of the Church who condemns false religion cannot tolerate dogmatic error. Has he never heard that it is God Himself who has given the sword to human Governments to punish evil-doers? And will he deny the mercy of God because God not only permits, but commands that the guilty shall suffer punishment? Can God who is the author of the Gospel, command anything inconsistent with its precepts? Where, then, is the conflict between the Pontiff who teaches the Gospel, and the Prince who administers justice tempered with mercy? In both characters he exercises power derived from the same Divine authority, and justice is no more inconsistent in God's minister than it is in God Himself. And why should it be impossible for the Head of the Church to tolerate error while he endeavours to combat and dispel it by means in accordance with the Christian religion? The writer cannot expect the Pope to encourage religious error nor to sanction its diffusion among his subjects. But the Government of the Holy See persecutes no one, and protects all in the enjoyment of their civil rights. The problem, then, which this specious writer proposes for solution does not exist. Nothing in the character of a good King is inconsistent with that of the Head of the Catholic Church. It would, indeed be impossible to describe the ideal of a Christian Prince otherwise than as a person exercising his regal power in the practice of every Christian virtue, and according to the precepts and spirit of the Gospel. Where, then, is the difficulty of the supposed problem? The writer, instead of dealing in vague generalities about "human interests and social wants," ought to have clearly pointed out some essential duty incumbent on a King which the Sovereign Pontiff is precluded by his religious character and office from performing. He has certainly pointed out no such disqualification.

But, having asserted the existence of the problem, he proceeds to solve it in his own fashion, and to serve his own purpose. "The power of the Pope," he says, "can only be a paternal power; it must resemble rather a family than a State. Thus not only is it not necessary that his territory should be very extensive, but we believe it is essential that that territory should be very small. The smaller the territory is, the greater the Sovereign will be." The *raison* of this passage is truly amusing. Can any one fail to see its true spirit? Machiavelli says that a certain class of persons, who shall be nameless, fall into the error of supposing that the rest of mankind are fools. And the concluding sentence reminds one of the well-known lines—

"My wound is great because it is so small.
Then it were greater were it none at all."

The writer goes on to say that a large State implies certain exigencies which it is impossible for the Pope to satisfy. He enumerates them in phrases which may mean a great deal or very little, but to which it is extremely difficult to attach any definite signification. They are "political life," "the bringing institutions to perfection," "participation in the general movement of ideas," "to benefit by transformations of the times the conquests of science, and the progress of the human mind." How far the present Government of France satisfies these exigencies, taken in the full sense of the words, might be a curious subject of inquiry. But the writer asserts that these things could not exist under the Government of the Pope, because the laws of the country would be chained by dogmas, and its activity paralysed by traditions. What does this mean? The dogmas of the Church are, no doubt, opposed to a restless desire for change, inordinate pride, ambition, and covetousness. But they are not opposed to the progress of science, industry, civilisation, and social improvement. On the contrary, the Christian religion and the Catholic Church have greatly favoured and encouraged them. It is difficult to grapple with vague common-places and platitudes, such as "the movement of ideas," "the transformation of the times and the progress of the human mind," &c.; but undoubtedly there is nothing in these things, rightly understood, inconsistent with the doctrines and traditions of the Church, and they might all exist under the Government of the Sovereign Pontiff. But, assuming that these inconveniences would arise if the Pope were the Sovereign of a great State, what effect would that proposition have on the matter in hand? Are the dominions of the Holy See, including the Legations a great State? Undoubtedly one of the smallest States of Europe. But the author of the pamphlet, after assuming that the Pope's little kingdom is subject to the supposed exigencies of a large State, concludes that, as the Pope cannot satisfy them, foreign occupation becomes inevitable. To this last point I may on some future occasion return. I will only say here that, if foreign occupation be necessary, it is certainly not because the Roman State is a great State.

The writer then proceeds to sum up his argument:—"Ainsi donc, le pouvoir temporel du Pape est nécessaire et légitime, mais il est incompatible avec un état de quelque étendue." These last words are remarkable. The Pope must be a sovereign, but his State must not be of some extent. He clearly means that the Pope's State should be of no extent at all.

And this is the substance of the whole. *Le Pape est un prince temporel, mais il ne doit vivre sans armes, sans territoire, sans puissance législative, et, pour ainsi dire, sans pouvoir judiciaire.* It would be difficult to state such a proposal seriously, if it did not excite indignation as a most audacious attempt to mystify and dupe the public. The proposal is that whereas "it is necessary in a religious point of view that the Pope should be Sovereign" (p. 7), and "the temporal power of the Pope is necessary for the exercise of his spiritual power" (p. 6), he is restored to be restricted to a State which is not to be of some extent (*de quelque étendue*), and which is not to have any one of those attributes which are absolutely and essentially necessary to constitute a Sovereign State. The intended State is to have no one of the three branches of the Sovereign power—no executive, and no judicial power. To call the Pope a Sovereign under such conditions would be a most impudent mockery. His Holiness would be reduced to the condition of one of the native deposed princes in India. And, to complete this monstrous spoliation and usurpation, the pamphlet proposed that he should be "protected by a federal army." No one can doubt that in such an army the Piedmontese and revolutionary element would greatly preponderate. The Supreme Head of the Catholic Church would be a prisoner in the Vatican. And all this is brought forward and proposed with the most specious and hypocritical professions of veneration for the sacred office and person of the Holy Father. This proposal if carried into effect, would, no doubt, give a preponderating power to France. Would it be for the interest of England? If England sanctions or fails to oppose it, what will be the effect in Ireland, where the violation of the rights of the Holy See will be looked upon with the bitterest and most burning indignation? This pamphlet is, indeed, an outrage and an injury to every Roman Catholic in the United Kingdom. It proposes to place the Head of the Catholic Church in the hands of France and her humble ally, Sardinia, depriving him of all those things which it acknowledges to be necessary for the due performance of the august and sacred duties.

The financial part of this monstrous scheme is worthy of the rest. It is proposed that the Holy See shall be maintained by an annuity from the Catholic Sovereigns of Europe. What would be the consequence? If at any time the Holy Father did not occur in the wishes of one of those Sovereigns, or in any way give him umbrage, the Holy See would be deprived of a part of the means of subsistence. The Head of the Church would not have so much independence as an ordinary Bishop who is not a pensioner, but a proprietor subsisting on his own property. The Supreme Pontiff might, indeed, enjoy the independence of the country person, who at least lives on his own freehold under the security of the laws of property.

I come now to the part of the pamphlet which regards the Legations. Stripped of all verbiage and common-places, it means this.—That whereas France by invading Tuscany has revolutionised the Duchies already prepared by the ambitious intrigues of her ally Sardinia, and the revolution has extended to the Legations; and whereas the revolutionary faction in the Legations has for a few months maintained its power and kept down the mass of the people, who are not rebels against their Sovereign, therefore, the Pope is to be robbed of the best part of his dominions, to which he is lawfully entitled under the most solemn treaties and by most ancient possession. If this proposal were carried into execution, the public law of Europe would be subverted and every throne shaken to its foundation. I say advisedly that the pretended Government in Romagna exists contrary to the wishes of the population and by means of the most arbitrary measures; the people are not allowed to read, to write, to speak anything contrary to the wishes of the faction and secret societies. The pretended Parliament of Romagna does not represent more than 1-60th of the population. The number of voters is only 1,800, and not even one-third of that number could be induced by force, fear, and corruption, to concur in the elections. The taxes are anticipated and the treasury plundered. If the Pontifical forces marched on Bologna, there would be an immediate return of the Legations to their allegiance. But the revolutionary army, commanded by Piedmontese officers and supported by France, prevents the Pope from relieving his subjects from the despotism under which they suffer. Notwithstanding the rigorous measures of the Provisional Government to intercept communications, frequent and repeated appeals for protection are brought to the feet of the Holy Father. But His Holiness has not an army sufficient to keep the revolutionary forces in the Duchies in check and at the same time to protect his faithful subjects in Romagna, and thus enable them to recover their freedom of action. And yet, in the face of this state of things, the pamphlet asserts that the separation of the Romagna from the Papal Crown is an accomplished fact. If this be so, if on such grounds as these the Pope is to be robbed of his provinces, contrary to every principle of public law and faith of the most solemn treaties, then all lawful government is utterly insecure and the rights of Sovereign Power must depend on the mere temporary and precarious fluctuations of revolutionary changes, the machinations of secret societies, the will of demagogues and their tools, and the intrigues of ambitious and unprincipled politicians. I will not now say anything of the means by which the revolutions in Central Italy were brought about, except that they involved doctrines subversive of all the principles by which human society is kept together; but I assert, without fear of contradiction, that if the existence for a few months of a Provisional Government in a revolted province be held to be a sufficient ground to despoil the lawful Sovereign of his rights, then the laws on which kingdoms and republics and all other polities are founded must be shattered and subverted. Among the flimsy pretences for the unprincipled proposals to rob the Pope of his territories, the writer of the pamphlet brings forward the difficulty of the question—how is the Pontifical authority to be restored in the Romagna? But he answers the question himself by referring to a European Congress. (Sect. xi.) That is the proper tribunal to assert, not, indeed, the lawfulness of usurpation and robbery, but the sacredness of treaties, and the maintenance of those laws on which the existence of sovereign rights and the peace of mankind are founded and without which political society cannot exist and the European community of nations must fall into confusion and constant bloodshed. Let the Congress assert and enforce the undoubted rights of the Holy See. When this is done the Government of the Holy Father will no doubt resume its authority with that mildness and clemency which belong both to the Holy See and to the reigning Pontiff, and make every effort for the good government and the happiness of the people. There is, indeed, no unwillingness at Rome to adopt improvements, and such has been done, and is being done, to improve the public administration. But internal measures must proceed from the wisdom of the Holy Father, and not from the dictation of foreign Powers; otherwise the sovereignty of the Pope would be compromised, and the dignity necessary for every Government could not be maintained. There is another point, still more essential in my opinion. It is this—the Pope cannot renounce none of his temporal rights; they are the inalienable inheritance of the Roman Catholic Church, and in them every Roman Catholic in the world has a vested interest. Here, at least, is one point, on which the Holy Father might adopt the words of the pamphlet:—"On sait bien que rien n'oblige un Pape a ceder, et c'est devant la force la plus redoutable que sa faiblesse est surtout invinciblement et pour elle l'épave du bon droit." The Holy Father has indeed for protection theegis of right. Relying on Divine Power, which has never for aken the See of Peter, he can appeal fearlessly to Catholic Europe against spoliation and injustice; and he can appeal to Protestant as well as to Catholic Princes and Governments, for all are virtually interested in maintaining the sovereignty of the Papa-