

ranks of his spiritual children, until the sad reality came to convince him with overwhelming certainty. Even we at this late day, with the facts before our eyes, are disposed to doubt their possibility; for truth often taxes us more severely than falsehood. But the calm verdict of impartial history has pronounced that the annals of even pagan nations furnish nothing so unutterably base, as the conduct of the French Emperor, the King of Sardinia and his prime minister, Cavour, towards the Pope of Rome. It needs the phrase of Cardinal Newman, to fittingly characterize it—"lying and quibbling and double-tongued practice, and slyness, and cunning, and smoothness, and cant, and pretence."

The first attack on the Papal States took place in December, 1859, when Victor Emmanuel annexed the province of Romagna, declaring himself at the same time in a letter to the Sovereign Pontiff "a devoted son of the Church, who would be true to his duties of a Catholic prince," and requesting "the blessing of Your Holiness." The world, recalling the recent assumption by Napoleon III, of the title of eldest son of the Church, in virtue of his nation being the eldest daughter, wondered that such an injustice could be committed with impunity. The mystery was solved, six days later, when France received Nice and Savoy in gift from Victor Emmanuel. This was the beginning of the end; before and after each fresh aggression the imperial hypocrite, and his royal ally solicited anew "most humbly the Apostolic Benediction." Pius IX remonstrated and threw himself on the generosity of France. A French garrison occupied Rome; the Emperor had more than once pledged his sacred honor to maintain the rights of the Pope: one word from the Tuileries would have insured the integrity of his dominions. The word was spoken, but it was to the heads of the Revolution. "What you do, do quickly," Napoleon said in 1866, to the Italian envoy in Paris. The French troops were withdrawn from Rome, and Frenchmen prohibited under pain of loss of citizenship, from enlisting in the army formed to guard the Papal frontiers. Skillful diplomacy prevented Spain and Austria from coming to the aid of the Holy Father. At last the road

was clear. Victor Emmanuel massed sixty thousand troops, and, hypocrite to the last, announced his advance to Pius IX. "with the affection of a son, the faith of a Catholic, and the loyalty of a King." Without awaiting a reply, he crossed the frontier, and in nine days was master of Rome. The ambassador of France congratulated him "on the deliverance and final consecration of United Italy," and his position was assured.

"Qui mange du Pape en crève" wrote Joseph de Maistre. Napoleon I, when at the height of his power, and with Europe prostrate at his feet, tried to make a meal of pope. He had time to digest it during his six years on the barren rocks of St. Helena. History has laugh but dashes for the reign of Napoleon I. Napoleon III, with the name, but none of the genius of his great uncle, played fast and loose with the Holy Father, betraying him at the same instant as he wrote "I renew the assurance of my profound veneration, and am your Holiness' devoted son." But the French troops, recalled from Rome, had scarcely the Italian dust off their shoes when the shock of Sedan toppled the traitor from his throne, and hurried to ignominy and defeat the nation that had only indirectly approved his conduct. He who was to be Napoleon IV met his death at the hands of a savage Zulu, and the world will never see a Napoleon V, so true it is that the sins of the parents are visited on the children even into the third and fourth generation. Do you suppose history is not going to repeat itself in the case of the Sardinian usurpers? Victor Emmanuel died a king, it is true. The Will of Him who said "Vengeance is mine: I will repay," left his reward for another world. Because the good Christian waits on Providence and prefers rather to be robbed than robber, martyr than tyrant, murdered than murderer, Humbert may still drive his stolen horses through the streets of plundered Rome. But who will vouch for the future, or who can tell what to-morrow may bring forth?

With Victor Emmanuel King of Rome, it was the abomination of desolation sitting in the holy place. Spoliation and outrage followed—as they always do—sacrilege and profanation. The confiscation was wholesale, unreasonably cruel, and wanton-