

and Italy will be a nation after all. England has stood by us, and we feel it now much more than we did a while ago." When I asked him whether he thought they had a fair probability that the new nation would consolidate itself and retain its independence, he acknowledged that their difficulties would be great, arising from Austrian and Roman hatred and French jealousy, but he felt confidence as to the future.

"When I gave a hint that it would probably be better not to attempt to revolutionize the provinces still in bonds, but to consolidate the new kingdom, and leave time and the example of free institutions, to do their work, he energetically protested against the common accusation that their government maintained a great propagandist agency for the overthrow of the other governments of Italy. "Of course," he said, "it would be impossible to be an Italian, or a man living under free institutions, such as we have enjoyed for some years past, and see the rest of the country in the miserable condition it has been in, without burning for its deliverance, and its union into one strong and independent nation. All that have any heart or head desire this, and avow it before the world. But as to propagandism, the real propaganda has been our institutions—our Parliament, which has discussed national questions; our press, which has gone every where, spreading Italian ideas; our army, fighting the Austrians and the Russians, and fixing upon itself the eyes of Italy; our refugees, gathered from all the oppressed states, managing to make their friends at home know how different things were under the Constitution; and, most of all, Cavour—Papa Cavour"—and this word was uttered in tones of peculiar affection and exultant confidence. "He has so thoroughly gained the confidence of all Italians, that they rally round him as the symbol of the national life, and wherever his name is heard of they wish to be united with the system he represents. He is the great propaganda by force of patriotism and talent"

Proceeding to Milan we quote the following :

"When the night came the city lighted up with wonderful splendor, and the glow of the lamps, the waving of the banners, the perpetual rush along the

streets, the plumes and the helmets, the swell of music, all seemed but as the bees and butterflies to an orchard in blossom; when the huge Cathedral flashed out with lines of light all round its frame, cunningly mingling with the tracery, and embellishing every pinnacle. It was such a sight as one's eye had never seen before, and in the world could not see elsewhere. At a certain moment, the whole vast edifice, spire, roof, body, blushed in the richest crimson. This changed to green, and again to white. About this there was a mystery, a grandeur, and a beauty united, in the presence of which all recollections failed to offer a comparison. The first fainter tints of the crimson, as it came out upon the warm white marble of the Cathedral, did remind me of that rose blush that may be seen covering the mountains on the Asiatic side of the Red Sea at sunset; but then, when this became intensified several times, with all the fret work of the great Cathedral in the midst of it, with the spotless sky behind, and a waving world of banners and plumes over, among and below, it was, for witchery of the beautiful and the sublime, something unique.

"Is it all a dream? Am I not at Notting Hill, having fallen asleep over a volume upon unfulfilled prophecy? Is this a real eye that is gazing and gazing? It is even so. That is the second Cathedral in the Romish world, waving with joy-banners, gleaming with joy-lamps, and flushed with successive colors, as if emulating the northern lights, and all to celebrate the disruption of the Pope's kingdom? It is a sight to gaze at, to ponder, and to forget no more!

"May brighter lights than these shine from within all the Cathedrals ere long!

"This had been a strange Sunday. The only two Sundays the excitement of which it recalled to me were the first I spent in India, going with Mr. Haswell among the crowd at the swinging feast; and that Sunday at Paris, during the battle of June, in 1848, when, passing through the ranks of Cuirassiers into the little Chapel in the Rue Royale, we held our service amid the distant sound of cannon, and came out again through crowds of Cuirassiers, with cannon still roaring.

"As one lay looking back on the scenes of the day, comparing the ideas