

from the mountains by to-morrow. To-morrow, then, as sure as there are stout hearts in our bosoms, we will wreak vengeance sure and swift upon Black Gideon and his accursed house.

"Be it so," said O'Hogan with a grim smile. "You, Tibbot, take horse and away to the mountains. Have our lads of the fern sprigs here by to-morrow; and, by the blood of my body! if we do not cut up the Sassenach rascals, root and branch, or burn the House of Lisbloom over their heads, my name is not Galloping O'Hogan. Go on, Cus."

"You may be sure," continued Cus Russid, with a knowing wink, and a significant wave of his hand towards the western point of the compass, "after the way I thrated the Sassenach captin over there, an' served the dragoon with my pike, when I made bould to take his horse, you may be sure an' sartin that I didn't like to show my nose in Lisbloom by daylight. I waited in the wood till nightfall, an' then crep in over ditch an' bethune the pallysadoes, just for all the worldt like a weasel, for the devil reasere the morsel o' me the sentries could either see or hear, although at one time I could have tickled one o' their shins with my skean. I crep an' crep till at last I landed myself safe an' sound among the weeds right undernath the window o' the room where Ellie Connell was confined. I wasn't long there till I heard high words inside, an' Black Gideon spakin'."

"He is dead," said he. "Who?" said Ellie, houldin' her breath, the poor crathur, as if she was on the point o' dyin'.

"Tibbot Burke is dead," answered my bowld Gideon.

"Tibbot Burke dead!" said Ellie with a great cry; an' then I heard nothin' but her moans for a long while.

"Yes," says my cute fox again, 'an' now you are free to have a better man."

"The end of it was," concluded Cus, with a comprehensive glance to his auditors, "that, as far forth as I could judge, Black Gideon shook his dagger in the face o' poor Ellie Connell, an' gave her two days to consider, an' if at the end o' that time she didn't consent to let out Habakuk Thrumpt-the-Word, the ould Tackum pracher he keeps in Lisbloom,—bad luck to the same Habakuk, body an' bones an' soul, this blessed night!—to marry them both on the spot, if you please, he'd hack her poor heart into pieces not half the size of a thrish's ancle."

"This Gideon must be as active in wickedness as the evil demon himself," said Sarsfield. "He is," said O'Hogan; "but his course is now run."

"Yes," said the old chief of Glenurra: "we will catch him on the hip to-morrow. Even as I now stand on the brink of the grave, aged and worn, I, even I, will don my harness to have one good blow at the murdering dog and the rieving villains who garrison his stronghold. The last of my sons lies stark and stiff beneath his ruffian bullet; but poor Hugh, at least, shall be well avenged."

Some short time after the arrival of Cus Russid, a number of women had crowded in from the neighboring hamlets; and, as the chiefs inside listened to the important narration of the brown messenger, the cooines, far more thrilling and loud than ever, broke upon their ears at intervals from the great hall outside. Amongst these new-comers, who, as each batch arrived, raised the death-song in their turn over the body of the aged chieftain's son, was one figure, far taller than any of those with whom she entered, who now sat herself down, enveloped in a huge gray mantle, the hood thrown over and carefully concealing her face, in a dark corner of the hall, near the door. As Tibbot Burke went out to get his horse, in order to execute the command of his captain, this mysterious figure stood up without a word, and glided close upon his track into the great yard or bawn, and thence out by the woodside, where Tibbot had left his horse tied to a tree. It glided now behind and under the black shadows of the branches. Tibbot was preparing to mount, when he was arrested by the figure, drawing the hood more closely over its features, and then, for the first time, speaking.

"Ha!" it said in a coarse, yet well-feigned voice, like that of a woman: "you are mounting, Tibbot Burke, for the battle, just as Hugh of Glenurra mounted his steed this morning. Ere to-morrow morning is over, where shall you be?"

"In my saddle, I suppose," answered Tibbot, quietly, "with my sword in my hand, shearing through the head-pieces of the rascals who are to come out from Lisbloom to-morrow, to rob, pillage, and slay my poor countrymen!"

"No," returned the other, "but under the gory horse-hoofs of those rascals, as you call profanely the soldiers of the brave and victorious King William. No: stark and bloody you shall lie, as he inside lies beneath the godly bullet of a true man."

"It is false," retorted Tibbot: "I tell you I shall slay to-morrow the miscreant and coward murderer whose assassin blade laid my comrade low. Gideon Grimes," continued he, apostrophizing one whom he thought at the moment far away, "when we meet on the morrow, take your last look at the sun; for, as sure as that sun shines, I shall slay you or die." And he ground his teeth at the thought. "Were you other than what you seem,—a woman," he rejoined, turning to the figure, "I would send your head dancing over the sward with a slash of my sabre, for speaking thus."

"I am what I am," returned the figure, oracularly, and with a change of voice that made Tibbot start; "and that you will find by Tern's Bridge to-morrow; for it is there, I have heard, you mean to attack us."

"Ha, ha, black ruffian! and so we are met at last," exclaimed Tibbot, springing, skean in hand, upon Gideon; for in that disguise the ubiquitous undertaker had come as a spy into Glenurra. In an instant the gray mantle was in the grasp of the young Rapparee lieutenant;

but, with as quick an action, the undertaker slipped from its folds, raised his dagger in air, and struck his antagonist a blow on the chest that sent him staggering a few paces backward with the empty garment in his hand. It was well for Tibbot that he wore a good steel jack that night, else the long blade of the undertaker had dealt him a fatal blow. Recovering himself in a moment, however, he again sprang vengeance forward, but found only empty darkness. Gideon was between the ghostly trunks of the dark trees in the wood:—

"Ha, ha!" he said; "you will come to your doom, base dogs, to-morrow, at the Bridge of Tern, when we go forth to bring in forage for the army of the brave Ginkell."

Tibbot, knowing that pursuit was useless in the darkness, sprang upon his horse, and dashed away down a valley that led towards the mountains, amid the summits of which were encamped the horsemen belonging to Galloping O'Hogan.

At length the morning dawned, and the wail of the cooines was hushed in the sorrowful castle of Glenurra. All were asleep in and around the castle, save those who stood sentinel outside, and those who watched over the dead in the hall. Suddenly, from the wood outside, a trumpet sent its shrill reveille echoing through the silent chambers. The slumberers awoke, looked to their arms, and in an instant there was a loud hubbub and hurrying to and fro in the castle. The men hastened out to rejoin their leaders; while the women, gathering round the corpse, clapped their hands together, and with wild shrieks raised the death-song once more, calling upon their departing relatives to wreak vengeance, sure and swift, upon the murderer of their aged chieftain's son.

Sarsfield and O'Hogan also awoke; and, choosing their arms from the plentiful collection that hung around the walls, went out, mounted upon their horses, and sought the wood from which the trumpet-note proceeded; and there, in a broad green glade, they found the fiery Edmond of the Hill and his veteran uncle, marshalling their men for battle. Messengers had been sent out during the night to the friends of Owen; so that the little Rapparee army was now augmented considerably, amounting to about one hundred and fifty horse, and as many foot. The muskets, each having a long skean dangling at his belt; and the bright eyes of Sarsfield, scanning the ranks of the former, flashed approvingly, as he noted their brown, hardy faces and well-knit frames, while they sat their small, but burly horses, sword in hand, and in two long lines, awaiting the command of their leader.

"My lord," said Edmond of the Hill, as Sarsfield came up, "you have the best right to command here. Will you lead us for once? and I trust we shall show you ere leaving that the poor Rapparees can strike as hard as the men of the regular army."

(To be Continued.)

IRELAND'S PROTEST.

THE ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS OF IRELAND TO THEIR FLOCKS.

The words we address to you to-day, beloved brethren, come from hearts filled with sorrow and indignation. And how can it be otherwise, since we have to announce to you that our Holy Father, Pius IX., is a prisoner in the hands of his enemies. He has been robbed even of that personal liberty, which, as a Sovereign, he had made secure for the very lowest of his subjects; he has been torn by brute force from his children, whose voices cannot reach his ear, and whom his words of guidance can no longer direct. And why has all this occurred? What excuse can be put forward by the men who have thus assailed God's anointed? What fault has Pius IX. committed, whether as King or as Pontiff, that this outrage should be inflicted upon him?

For nearly 25 years he has filled a throne, inherited by him in virtue of a title the most ancient, the most legitimate, the most sacred; and during that long period his rule has been distinguished for all the qualities that consecrate supreme power, and render it, as God intended it should be, a source of blessings to the people. What Prince is there, whose sovereign rights have been more clearly defined or better guaranteed by the faith of treaties, and by the sanction of international law? Who has ever used power more gently? who more wisely than he? Under his benign sway, his Capital was the home of genius, the shrine of the arts, the seat of learning, the centre of true Christian civilization. He judged the poor in judgment, and his people in justice, ever seeking to lighten their burthen and to promote their prosperity. He gave them peace when all around them was convulsed, and plenty when others were harassed with want; and on the eve of the usurpation, his subjects employed the very latest hour of liberty they were permitted to enjoy, before being crushed by foreign force, in acknowledging him as the best of Sovereigns, who should rule for ever in their hearts. What pretext did such a Ruler give for invasion? What was there in such a Monarch that he should be driven by strangers from his throne?

But great as have been the glories of his reign, they pale before the sacred splendours of his marvellous Pontificate. The annals of the Church hold up for our admiration very many among the Roman Pontiffs whose names shall live for ever in history, on account of the striking and noble qualities that distinguished them even among the greatest on earth. A far-seeing wisdom, which enabled them in troubled times to understand where lay the true interests of the Church and of society; surpassing ability in choosing and directing the measures to promote those interests; and a loftiness of personal character which made their exertions successful, while it commanded the respect even of their enemies; these are the gifts that seem hereditary in the great line of Popes who have filled the Apostolic See. But it may be questioned if on that long and brilliant roll of Pontiffs there be found even one to surpass Pius IX., either in the fullness with which these great gifts were possessed, or in the measure of benefits conferred on the Church by the exercise of them. How often has it been our pleasing duty to describe to you the great things he has accomplished for the Church, and which mark with increasing glory each succeeding year of his Pontificate. He has extended the tabernacles of the Church, by erecting so many new Episcopal Sees in the remotest regions; he has restored to Churches wasted by heresy the freshness and vigour of a second youth; he has preserved the young from the ravages of infidelity, by condemning evil systems of education; he has preached to an age that worships only brute force, in season and out of season, the eternal principles of truth and justice; he has protected society against the license that saps morality, and the false philosophy which would pervert the rights of reason, and thereby degrade man from his

high dignity as an intelligent being. Never can Catholic hearts forget how, by defining the Doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, Pius IX. gave joy to the whole world, and new glory to the Mother of God; how by canonizing so many saints he multiplied for us intercessors in Heaven, and models of holy living on earth; how by celebrating the Centenary of SS Peter and Paul he taught the world that persecution does but end in the triumph of the Church. And have not we ourselves, lately seen him, in the full majesty of his sacerdotal holiness and power, presiding over the General Council of the Vatican, which he convoked that the voice of God, speaking through His infallible Church, might be heard above the turmoil and discord of the earth, teaching the truth, and summoning to the bosom of Catholic unity the souls whom error had led astray. And it was at this solemn moment, when the Catholic Episcopate was gathered together to treat of the most important subjects that can occupy men upon earth, that a blow was struck at the Visible Head of the Church, and through him at the entire mystic body of Christ.

Passing in review, then, the whole glorious Pontificate of Pius IX., are we not fully warranted in asserting, beloved brethren, that it is not for any fault or shortcoming of his that wicked men have risen against the Vicar of Christ. No, it is the absence of any fault in him that has stirred their indignation against him. Like the wicked men spoken of in the Book of Wisdom they have conspired, saying: "Let us lie in wait for the just man, because he is not for our turn, and he is contrary to our doings, and upbraids us with transgressions of the law, and divulgeth against us the sins of our life. He is become a censurer of our thoughts. He is grievous unto us even to behold, for his life is not like other men's, and his ways are very different. We are esteemed by him as triflers, and he abstaineth from our ways as from filthiness, and he prefereth the latter end of the just, and glorifieth that he hath God for his Father. Let us then examine him by outrages and tortures" (Wisd. ii. 12-19).

And truly, beloved brethren, they have accomplished their wicked deed, adding to it every circumstance of indignity and outrage that can be conceived. Without declaration of war, after having bound themselves by a solemn convention to respect the temporal independence of the Holy See, with hypocritical professions of veneration on their lips, the Florentine Government despatched their troops to invade and occupy the remnant of Papal territory hitherto spared by them. Neither the justice of the Pope's cause, nor the absence of provocation, nor his solemn protest, nor their own pledges, nor the thought that they were outraging the feelings of more than 200,000,000 of Catholics, nor the fear of the crime of sacrilege, or of its punishment, could restrain these perverse men from assaulting the capital of the Christian world, and violating the holy soil of the Eternal City. They constituted brute force alone as the law of justice, for that which is feeble is found to be nothing worth (Wisd. ii. 11). In vain have they since sought to colour their outrages by a mock appeal to the voice of the people into whose city they had opened for themselves a way by a destructive cannonade. History shall record that this monstrous usurpation is nothing else than a triumph of brute force over justice; of hypocrisy over honesty; of revolution over social order; of infidelity over the interests of the Christian religion.

Therefore, we feel it due to ourselves and to you, and to our fellow Catholics throughout the world, to publish our solemn protest against this act of unparalleled injustice, and to this protest here published we call the attention of all.

1. Believing that the Pope is the Vicar of Christ, the infallible teacher of Christian truth, to whom, in blessed Peter, has been given the supreme power of feeding, ruling, and governing the whole Church, we protest against the sacrilegious insults recently offered by the usurping power to the reigning Pontiff, Pius IX., and in his person to Christ Himself, whose representative he is on earth.

2. Convinced that the full, perfect, and complete discharge of his Apostolic office requires as its necessary condition the freedom of the Roman Pontiff from the control of other temporal princes, we protest, in the name of 200,000,000 Catholics against the usurpation which has deprived their spiritual chief of his temporal dominions, necessary for the exercise of his liberty, and thereby subjected him to the caprice of hostile powers.

3. Persuaded that in the ways of Providence, the temporal sovereignty of the Holy See has been ordained for the common good of all Christendom, and that Rome and the Papal territory belong to the Catholic world, we protest against the sacrilegious invasion of both, as a violation of the sacred rights of the whole Catholic world.

4. Regarding as subversive of social order the appeal made to revolutionary passions by the usurping power, against the oldest, and most legitimate sovereignty in the world; and indignant at the hypocrisy which sought to mask a brutal attack under the profession of Catholic loyalty and kingly honour, we protest against the means, so scandalous and immoral, employed to accomplish this most unjust usurpation.

5. Recognizing with gratitude the benefits conferred upon the world by the noble use the Roman Pontiffs have made of their temporal dominion, and the splendid example they have set to the Sovereigns of Christendom by the mildness of their rule, their patronage of arts and letters, their tender care of the weak and poor, and their love of justice, we protest against the attempt to extinguish, and by means so unholy, an institution that has deserved so well of civilized society all over the world.

6. We protest also against the threatened devastation of the venerable sanctuaries of Rome, against the plundering of its shrines, the suppression of its religious communities devoted to prayer and good works, and the closing of its numerous schools and colleges, where so many students of our own and other countries are trained in piety and learning.

7. And, since the invasion of Rome has been undertaken and accomplished at a time when a General Council was being held therein, under the Presidency of the Supreme Pontiff, we protest against the violence that has interrupted its deliberations, and we hold the Florentine Government responsible for the outrage offered to the assembled Bishops of the universe, and for the injury done to the faithful by depriving them, for an indefinite time, of the blessings the Council was calculated to confer.

It now remains for you, beloved brethren, by taking practical steps to relieve the Holy Father, to give effect to this protest. First of all it is your duty to have recourse to the powerful arm of prayer. When St. Peter was thrown into prison by Herod, the entire Church prayed without ceasing for his safety (Acts xiii. 5). The united prayers of the Christian people, offered to God in the spirit of humility and with contrite hearts, through the hands of the Immaculate Mother of our Lord, will produce the most wonderful results.

And since in the terrible events that are now passing in Europe the enlightened eye of faith recognizes the hand of an angry God, punishing the world for its overflowing iniquities, we should endeavour to banish from among us that monster of sin that maketh nations miserable (Prov. xiv. 34).

We therefore implore of you all that, by worthily approach to the Holy Sacraments of Penance and of the Eucharist, you may prepare yourselves to ask, with more confidence, grace and mercy from the Lord. And let your prayers, proceeding from pure hearts, ever be the fruitful source of good works. Fasting, acts of mortification, alms-deeds, spiritual and corporal works of charity to the poor, these should accompany your prayers to render them more powerful with God.

Secondly.—In addition to these spiritual weapons it is desirable that the Catholics should unite to protest against the insults which have been heaped on the Vicar of Christ, and against the violation of justice and right on the part of those who have seized on Rome, the common property of the Catholic world. These protests, to have weight, should be made in writing, and when recommended by your Pastors at meetings, to be placed in the hands of those who represent us in Parliament, so that they may be laid before the public authorities of this country. We have a full right to ask from those who rule Catholic nations that they should secure from a control which cannot be other than capricious or tyrannical, the Pontiff whose authority guides the conscience of millions of their subjects. The enemies of the Holy Father are most industrious in misrepresenting the feelings of Catholics, and in describing their own evil deeds as the necessary result of public opinion and of national aspirations, in the hope that they may pervert men's judgments, and thereby hinder them from taking effectual means for the relief of the Holy Father. Let it be our business to prove that their lies have not deceived anyone, and that Catholic Ireland will joyfully take her place among the nations who will emulate one another in assisting, by their prayers and alms, the Vicar of Christ in this his hour of sore distress.

For the rest, beloved brethren, be not disturbed by the violence, nor scandalized by the momentary success that has attended the designs of the wicked. "These things they thought," says the Holy Ghost of those who conspired against the just man; "these things they thought and were deceived; for their own malice blinded them. And knew not the secrets of God, nor hoped for the wages of justice, nor esteemed the honour of holy souls." (Wisd. ii. 21, 22.) "But the multiplied brood of the wicked shall not thrive—and if they flourish in branches for a time, yet standing not fast, they shall be shaken with the wind, and through the force of winds they shall be rooted out." (Wisd. iv. 3, 4.) "A mighty wind shall stand up against them, and as a whirlwind shall divide them." And although by permission of an outraged Providence, it may come to pass that their iniquity shall bring all the earth into a desert, and their wickedness overthrow the thrones of the mighty, yet in God's good time truth and virtue shall have their triumph, and being rescued from the hands of their enemies, the just shall sing to Thy holy name, O Lord, and shall praise with one accord Thy victorious hand." (Wisd. x. 10.)

May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.

- PAUL CARDINAL CULLEN, Archbishop of Dublin.
DANIEL M'GATTAGAN, Archbishop of Armagh.
JOHN McHALE, Archbishop of Tuam.
PATRICK LEAHY, Archbishop of Cashel.
WILLIAM DELANEY, Bishop of Cork.
FRANCIS KEELY, Bishop of Derry.
WILLIAM KEANE, Bishop of Cloyne.
DAVID MORIARTY, Bishop of Kerry.
JOHN P. LEAHY, Bishop of Drogheda.
JAMES WALSH, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin.
LAURANCE GILLOOLY, Bishop of Elphin.
THOMAS McFURLONG, Bishop of Ferns.
JOHN McEVILLY, Bishop of Galway, &c. &c.
M. O'HARA, Bishop of Ross.
P. DORRIS, Bishop of Down and Connor.
GEORGE BUTLER, Bishop of Limerick.
NICHOLAS CONRATTY, Bishop of Kilmore.
THOMAS NULTY, Bishop of Meath.
JAMES DONNELLY, Bishop of Clogher.
JAMES LYNEC, Conductor Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin.
NICHOLAS POWER, Conductor Bishop of Killaclao.
PETER DAWSON, Vic.-Cap. Ardagh.

THE BRITISH ADDRESS TO THE POPE.

We (Tables) publish with pleasure "An Address to the Pope from the Catholic People of Great Britain." It is being sent out to every Church and Mission in Great Britain, and to many of the gentry, by a committee, of which the Rev. Alfred Dolman, the Missionary Rector of St. Aloysius, Somerset, is the chairman. The circular which accompanies the address informs us that the signatures of adhesion, which will be formed into a roll and sent to Rome when completed, are to be posted to the Rev. Chairman, 49, Clarendon-square, Somerset; and that all gifts in Peter's Pence, intended to accompany the Address, may be directed to the same place. We need not add that, where more convenient, we shall be happy ourselves to receive any such gifts, and to acknowledge their receipt in these columns. This "Address" is evidently the precursor to further action; there is a very general feeling that a Catholic meeting ought to be held in London. We believe that meetings will be held over the length and breadth of Ireland.

MOST HOLY FATHER.—In the moment of your grief it is not possible that Your children should be silent. We throw ourselves at Your feet to join our hearts with Yours, and to offer You a devotion—to which we have been bound by every act of Your glorious Pontificate—but which is made tenfold deeper and more earnest now when You are a "Prisoner in the Lord for our sakes." It is the one joy of so cruel a sorrow that it must perforce bind the hearts of all Catholics to You and to each other with a vigor of unity which will remain when this Persecution has passed away.

We thank You, most Holy Father, that You are sealing now by Your patient resistance to wrong that Apostleship on behalf of Society which You have ever exercised in Your teachings. God has set You to suffer for all Thrones and all Governments and all ties which bind men together. And Your sufferings will perchance teach a world which has not listened to Your voice. That a Government which was at peace with You, which had no cause of war, and made no declaration of war, should rend from You Your Sovereignty and Your City by violence, simply because it coveted them, is an act by which if it is allowed, the safety given to nations by Christendom is wholly taken away. It is a return to heathen times. That this act should be done under pretence of Your protection, by the mockery of a Plebiscite, and under shelter of the opportunity given by the troubles of others nations, adds to its injustice a meanness and a treachery which destroys all Christian Truth and all manly honour.

Governments of Europe have hitherto been silent to our sorrow, and if they shall not unite to undo this great wrong and sacrifice, it will be to their own deep disgrace, perhaps to their ruin. While they have been traitorous, even to themselves, You alone, Holy Father, have been bold in the cause of Order, and have been patient to suffer without yielding where you have been powerless to repel.

For this all the human family, of whatever creed, has deep cause of thankfulness to Your courage. We, Your children, have other causes than this.

We thank You that You yet hold Rome for Your own, though for the moment robbers have usurped Your right.

You hold it for God, and so holding it, You proclaim to the world—alone in the world—that God has chosen things sacred to Himself, and that on these sacred things no man may lay his hand.

You hold it for the Priesthood; and You proclaim to the world that the Servants of Heaven cannot be subject in their work to the powers of earth.

You hold it for us all: for Rome is ours, and each Catholic is a Citizen of Rome. Holy Father, You are our Head, our Ruler, our Shepherd; and it cannot be that we shall have no free access to You, except by the suzerainty of a King, or a Republic of Italy. It is Yours Infallibly to teach and to feed us: the cries of Your children from every corner of the earth must reach You at Your will, and at the

will of no other; and that they may so reach You, it is only needful that you enjoy the fullness of the Temporal Sovereignty which the wisdom of faithful ages recognized to be God's gift to You. No man shall have the right to keep us from our Father's side; nor shall one nation meddle with that Heavenly Government which equally concerns every nation of the whole Human Race.

Therefore, Holy Father, prostrate at Your feet we dedicate ourselves to Your cause—to pray for You—and to work for You, and never to cease to labor by all means permitted to Conscience and Honor until once more we can gather round You ruling in Your own free City Bishop and King of Rome and of the States of Rome.

ROME AND ITALY.

The *Unita Cattolica* of Turin, which had been suspended by the Liberal Government for venturing to express disapprobation of their wicked course of aggression on the Holy See, reappeared on the 16th, having bordered its columns with deep black. In an article on the "Absorption of Rome," it says that the Count Ponza de San Martino, before he went to the banks of the Tiber on that mission—which mission (says the *Unita*), will lay a heavy burthen on his soul in eternity, spoke as follows in the Italian Senate (August 24): "We have (said the Count) one wound already ranking in the heart of the nation, I mean the Roman question, to which I called the attention of the Senate at the end of 1869, and proposed a resolution on the subject. The day will come, and perhaps is not far off, when Italy will either absorb Rome, or be annihilated by Rome." The *Unita*, in its remarks on this speech, asks which of these two alternatives will be realized? The dilemma is fairly put: Either absorption for Rome or annihilation for Italy. Which will be the actual event? Will Rome be absorbed? or, rather, will those be brought to nought who are plotting the great absorption? We will not speak of the present, we will take a look at the past. What we find there is that they who want to absorb Rome, are sure to be brought to nought. There was Crescentino, at the end of the tenth century; he wanted to absorb Rome. [Gibbon says he "was the Brutus of the Republic (A.D. 998). From the condition of a subject and an exile he twice rose to the command of the city, oppressed and expelled the Pope, and formed a conspiracy for restoring the authority of the Greek Emperors."] He was brought to nought, being hung by the neck, not by order of the Pope, but of the Emperor, and his head was exposed on the battlements of Castle Saint Angelo. He was number one—omitting all mention of the pagans and heretics that had gone before him.

Arnold of Brescia wanted to absorb Rome by robbing the Pope; but the mouthful stuck in his throat. He was made prisoner after ruling Rome for ten years, and was brought to nought, being burnt, and his ashes scattered in the Tiber; and the line of Pontiffs was restored to Rome in the person of the Englishman, Adrian IV. Number two.

The Emperor Otho I, called the Great, wanted to absorb Rome, and drove from the Pontifical throne the Pope John XII, from whom a little while before he had received the imperial crown. But Otho was very shortly afterwards brought to nought by a stroke of apoplexy. Number three.

Otho of Saxony, in 1209, violating the laws of justice and his own solemn promises, invaded the territories of the Holy See in order to absorb Rome. But he was brought to nought by the Pope's excommunication, in pursuance of which France and Germany rose up against him, and in the end the aggressor lost his own throne. Four.

Frederick, I Barbarossa, coveted Rome, and wished to absorb it. But Pope Alexander III resisted him so effectually that he had to sue for mercy. [He was drowned in Cilicia, and misfortune pursued his family.] Five.

Henry V persecuted Pope Paschal II, and wished to absorb Rome, but he got the worst of it, fell into terrible troubles, and was brought to nought, not only himself but his unnatural son, who died of pestilence. Number six.

Frederick II conspired against the true Pope, and sought to absorb Rome, but was repaid in his own coin; he was destroyed by poison given him by his own son. Seven.

Philip le Bel persecuted Pope Boniface VIII, and meditated the absorption of Rome. He was brought to nought at the early age of 46, by a fall from his horse. Number eight.

The first French Republic, *anno Domini* 1792, gave orders to General Kollerman to absorb Rome, and to free it "from the yoke of the priests." The Republic was brought to nought by General Bonaparte. Number nine.

The same General Bonaparte, as Napoleon I, did absorb Rome, and made it "the Department of the Tiber," but he was brought to nought in that very Chateau of Fontainebleau [11th April, 1814] "Alas" (says the historian), alas! first l'Empire in which he had held prisoner the Vicar of God. Ten.

Joachim Murat, who in 1815 invaded the Patrimony of St. Peter, and attempted to absorb Rome was destroyed three months afterwards. He was condemned to death and shot at Pizzo. Number eleven.

Napoleon II received from his father the title of "King of Rome," although he did nothing himself to promote the absorption, yet came to an untimely end in that very palace in Vienna where he had signed the decree for the deposition of the holy Pope Pius VII. Number twelve.

Louis Napoleon, brother to him who was made by their uncle's will Emperor to the French, entered the Society of the Carbonari, rebelled against the Pope, and wanted to absorb Rome; but in a short time he was brought to nought by an untimely death at Forli. Thirteen.

Charles Louis Napoleon (Napoleon III), and his cousin the Prince Napoleon, one in one way and the other in another, conspired for the absorption of Rome. Both have been brought to nought. One is a dethroned prisoner in the hands of the King of Prussia; the other is going the round of Europe, without a country and without a name. Fourteen.

Cavour, Farini, Eanti, and their co-conspirators, wanted to absorb Rome. Where are they now? Brought to nought. Where is that Joachim Napoleon Pepoli who voted the absorption of the Eternal City? Brought to nought; as are also the Personnas, the Azzellos, the Bellazzis, and the Borellas; all men of mark but lately, and now brought to nought, for they wanted to absorb Rome.

This series of facts, ancient and modern, but all indisputable and indubitable, is respectfully submitted as a topic for the meditations of the Count Ponza di San Martino in his retirement at Dronero. The considerations of these accomplished facts will easily show him which side of his dilemma is likely to become a new fact of history; and what result his mission to Rome is likely to produce.

[The writer of this telling article might have added the case of the Emperor Henry IV, who thrice laid siege to Rome, and established the anti-Pope Clement III, and reigned himself for a short time in the Capitol, but was overthrown and brought to nought by the Norman, Robert Guiscard, who restored the true Pope, St. Gregory VII. *Circa* A.D. 1084.]—*London Tablet*.

THE PAST AND FUTURE OF FRANCE.

The history of France has been for a century the history of Europe, and at a time when that great nation is making, with newly raised soldiers, a gallant stand against the immense and well-trained armies of a foreign power, it may be well to see what lessons are to be learnt from a glance at a portion of her annals. It is just a century since, in