

popular heart. Genuine representative institutions would have proved incompatible with an executive claiming divine origin and spurning human control. The Italian movements of 1848 were cursed by the disunity and indecision of 1831. A federal constitutional monarchy was the limited aspiration of one party, and the accepted means of another. The parties of Lombardy and Naples were of this order, and are suffering for their error in the prolonged martyrdom of exile, or the living death of imprisonment. The people nowhere believed either in Charles Albert or the Pope—the result has proved it. In the Roman States they declared, by the unanimous vote of the municipalities, confirmed by the direct suffrage of the whole people, for the abolition of the Popedom:—and the Popedom was abolished, by formal decree, and amid the universal acclamation of Italy.

It is, then, an historical fact, that the Papacy does not exist in Italy by the will of the people. It is the conspicuous monument of foreign conquest. The head of the Roman Catholic church is enthroned in Rome, just because the European powers would have it so. In other words, the alliance of the civil and spiritual powers, in its completest manifestation—the twofold functions of the Pope—no longer exist but as a military occupation.

Mazzini's declaration has, however, a yet broader significance—He says, the Papacy is dead spiritually, as well as temporally. He affirms, from his knowledge of the Italian people, that if a council of priests and serious educated laymen were called, it would issue in a declaration of popular belief that would prove popery a mere phantom—a system having no longer a mission in that land of its birth and glory. If the pulse of the regions of life of Italy were thus felt, he says Popery spiritual would be proclaimed a corpse. All contemporary evidence confirms these views. The Italian correspondence of newspapers, and the pages of every tourist, teem with illustrations of the anti Papal fervour of the Italian populace, and the deepening scepticism of the educated classes. Taking up, but by accident, the last new book of travels ("The Tagus and the Tiber") we light on this passage, occurring in the writer's conversation with an Italian gentleman:—

"I am a Roman Catholic," said he; "but when I see the Pope leading the vanguard of despotism, indebted for his safety to the bayonets of France, intriguing to garrison Rome with Austrians, shedding the blood of his people, and encouraging the treacherous Nero King of Naples—when I look around and find Protestant countries enterprising, happy, and free, while Papal countries are deserts like Spain, and trampled on like my poor Italy—can you wonder, sir, that I begin to doubt the Divine origin of the faith of my fathers?"

The mental freedom generated by religious truth, we are accustomed to say kindles aspirations for political liberty. Here we have illustrated the converse of the proposition—the sight of political tyranny, in league with spiritual craft, producing that scepticism which is the germ of right and earnest belief.

A word more. Behold in the fate of Popery in Italy, as a re-