

cept in the last extremity, and accordingly divided them into two parties. One of these guarded every avenue leading to the Castle, while the other rested, and thus passed the remainder of the Sabbath.

The news of O'Connor's return was carried by trusty runners through the surrounding hills, and the outlaws hurried from all parts to join their chieftain's standard. Poor fellows! Their tattered clothes and rusted arms contrasted strangely with the neat uniforms and burnished weapons of the Northern troops. Nevertheless, O'Connor felt a just pride in their untamed spirits that preferred the woods and caves to the rule of a strange master. Moreover, they were the faithful kerns of his father, and among their rough faces, he could recognize some of the companions of his own boyhood, when, with a score of them at his back, he pursued the game over hill and curragh. Towards evening, about a hundred of these had collected, and it was with difficulty they could be restrained from attacking the Castle, and exposing themselves to certain destruction. O'Connor appeased their eagerness, however, by placing a strong picket of them in advance of the main body, under one of their own wild leaders, to whom he gave orders, not to approach the walls, under pain of his displeasure. Patrols were appointed to scour the neighborhood of the Castle, and give notice of any movement from the walls.

Having taken these precautions, the chieftain wrapped himself in his mantle, and lay down on the green sward, to recruit his exhausted frame. About midnight he awoke greatly refreshed, and proceeded to relieve Tyrrell, who had thus far kept watch. It was a bright starlight night, and after seeing that all were at their posts, he stole silently toward the walls. A lofty ash stood to the right of the main entrance, where in his younger days he had practiced tilting with his father. No trace of the palisades was there, and the familiar tree alone mark the spot. Keeping in the range of this, he approached, unperceived to its base. The creaking of chains, overhead, alarmed him, and looking up, he perceived a bleached and whitened skeleton, waving to and fro in the night wind. He could have no doubt that it was the remains of his murdered father, and looking up to heaven, with a vehement gesture he exclaimed:

"Spirit of my murdered sire! look down from thy stony home, and nerve my arm to avenge thee! A horrid fate was thine, and God sweet me, if I do not repay it! And thou, my dear, my gentle sister Eva, who so often with thine angelic smile, beguiled my playful hours, and on this very spot! Do thy delicate bones whiten within view of thy own tower? or hath the black cat's paw sent thee as a trophy of his prowess, to his more savage mistress? Before another sun hath rolled beneath the sea, I will repay him ten fold, so help me heaven!"

The creaking of the chains struck painfully on his ear, and unable to bear the horrid sound, and the more horrid memories to which it gave rise, he hurried from the spot. The short summer night was soon past, and as the first rays of the sun began to illuminate the lofty towers, Henry Tyrrell, accompanied by a trumpeter, and bearing a white flag, advanced towards the walls. Arrived at the gate, trumpet sounded a parley, and Tyrrell demanded to speak with Sir Geoffrey Wingfield. He was conducted to the hall of the Castle, where Wingfield and his lieutenant stood to receive his message. The usurper was the first to speak.

"Who or what are ye, who thus dare to beleaguere her majesty's liege subjects in their own castle?" he demanded sternly.

"I will deliver my message," replied Tyrrell, as 'twas given to me, and I trust 'twill show you what errand we are here."

So saying, and without removing his helmet, he produced a roll of paper, and read as follows:

"Whereas: Thou, Sir Geoffrey Wingfield, hast, by the aid of bribery and treachery, taken possession of this castle and estate of Glendearg; and hast foully and cruelly put to death its rightful owner, John O'Connor, surnamed *Fadh*, and his daughter Eva; and thy owing fealty to the queen of England. And whereas: Thou hast since driven from their homes the faithful followers of the said John O'Connor, hast oppressed and driven away the rightful minister of God's word, and committed many other acts of cruelty; therefore, I, Henry Tyrrell, of Fertullagh, companion in arms of Redmond O'Connor, commonly called the Knight of St. Jago, and rightful lord of this castle, do, in the name of the said Redmond O'Connor, demand the surrender of thee and thy garrison to his discretion, within the space of one hour, without doing any manner of injury to the prisoners confined in, or to the castle itself. Or otherwise, if thou wilt not surrender to his clemency, I am commanded to offer thee the following alternative, namely: That he will meet thee, Sir Geoffrey Wingfield, on foot, or on horseback, with knightly arms, at two hundred paces distant from the outer wall, there to gage his body against thine in single fight, the victor to remain master of this castle and its dependencies. If thou wilt accept this second condition, thou shalt hang out from the wall, a red flag in token of readiness; he, at the same time, pledging his honor to prevent all interference, and to give thee a fair field. If not, he will proclaim thee traitor and coward, and will give no quarter to thee or thy followers. There lies the gage, I await an answer."

"And by what authority," asked Wingfield, "do you dare to offer such terms?"

"A better authority," answered Tyrrell, "than that by which you sit at another's hearth. But I came not to compare titles I ask once more for an answer."

The answer I chose to give rebel, will be the point of my good sword," replied Wingfield, taking up the glove.

"Then may God defend the right!" said the youth, as he turned on his heel and left the hall.

"Hast any intention of meeting this champion?" inquired Clifford, when Tyrrell was out of hearing.

"Not I, man. Dost think me such a booby as to stake my fortune on a single throw? No; let the rebel come within range of our guns,

and he will feel how I value the word passed to one of his coat."

"But you have accepted his challenge by taking up the gauntlet!"

"And what if I have? that does not compel me to meet him."

"But the disgrace?" persisted Clifford, stung by this piece of cowardice.

"Bah! Who ever thinks of disgrace nowadays? I will not give up my advantage for an exploded point of honor."

"Then I myself will meet him," exclaimed Clifford. "It shall never be said that the honor of Merrie Engrnd was tarnished, and a Clifford looking on. I will show him that some honor remains among us."

"This was said with a sarcasm of tone and look, which the speaker took no pains to conceal, but it was lost on Wingfield, who was too much rejoiced at the proposal to heed the form in which it was conveyed. After pausing a moment, as if to consider, he replied:—

"Clifford I will tell you a secret, which may change your purpose, or I am mistaken. If I sometimes prefer cunning, to the sword, it is not for want of courage or address; I think my service in the Low Countries will prove that. I went to Spain with the intention of seeking out this cub of a rebel, finding cause of quarrel; killing him, and thus securing Glendearg. I met him, where I little expected, in the lists of Salamanca. He defeated me there, in single fight. Again, on the homeward passage I encountered him, and with the same success.

I tell you this, as a friend, and if after hearing it, you are still determined, I will not gainsay you."

"Then instead of discouraging me, it only excites my ambition to try this famous champion, and as he will be looking for the crest of Wingfield, I will take your shield for the nonce, and give him battle."

Wingfield had gained his point. His tale only confirmed the chivalrous Clifford in his purpose to fight at all hazards, and he did not again essay to divert him from his purpose.

"I would not wish you to incur danger so rashly, but if you are determined, you can go, and I will see that the combat is now ended."

"No, by the holy rood," exclaimed Clifford, his eyes flashing with indignant scorn; "there shall be no treachery in this case! I will fight him as becomes a man of honor, or not at all."

"Then be it so; but remember I do not urge you."

"I am aware of that, and be assured my ghost shall never haunt you," replied Clifford, as he left, to prepare for the combat.

(To be Continued)

REV. DR. CAHILL.

ITALIAN POLICY.—NAPOLEON.—THE POPE.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

The readers of the *Catholic Telegraph* must recollect the decided statements which (in reference to the Pope) have been made on the Italian question by the writer of the present article. Since the commencement of hostilities between France and Austria, I have been unceasingly and confidently put forward on reliable foreign correspondence the well-founded assurance—namely, that Napoleon, so far from diminishing the Papal temporal power, would, on the contrary, preserve it; and that instead of advancing the cause of revolution, he would utterly crush the faction that murdered Count Rossi, and would trample out the very last embers of the Mazzini conflagration, not only in Rome but throughout the entire Peninsula. I appeal to my readers if I have not argued this case as here stated; and that too in the teeth of contradiction and opposition from several Continental authorities of eminent, political, and ecclesiastical influence. And one point which was placed in the very front of the argumentation is now truly verified—namely, that the anti-Catholic influence of England, so long the terror and the torture of all Italy, would in all likelihood be soon expelled for ever from every town and city of the Peninsula, never again to be renewed or tolerated from the Alps to the Straits of Messina. No one will, I dare say, blame me if in the present crisis I feel, therefore, pride in reading the extraordinary news of the last week: and there learning the fulfillment of my anticipations; and even more than the realization of all the former statements made by my correspondents.

All Europe has, no doubt been taken by surprise during the last week, not only by the sudden meeting of the two Emperors of France and Austria, but by the unexpected results of the interview. There are in circulation so many conflicting rumours and contradictory statements, the only secure source of the extraordinary policy between the contending parties is to be found in the telegrams sent by the French Emperor to the Empress, as follows:—

SPECIAL EXPRESS
(Reuter's Telegram.)
OFFICIAL DISPATCH.
THE EMPEROR TO THE EMPRESS.
Paris, July 7th, 5 o'clock.

"An Armistice has been concluded between the Emperor of Austria and myself.
"My Commissioners have been appointed to agree upon the last clause."

(By Magnetic Telegraph.)
(Reuter's Telegram.)
Paris, July 12th.

The following official despatch has been posted up at Bourse:—
THE EMPEROR TO THE EMPRESS.

"A treaty of peace has been signed between the Emperor of Austria and myself. The conditions of peace are as follows:—The Italian confederation under the honorary presidency of the Pope, the Emperor of Austria gives up his rights over Lombardy to the Emperor of the French, who remits them to the King of Sardinia. The Emperor of Austria keeps within the Italian confederation. A general amnesty is to be granted."

In the two Telegrams just quoted we have undeniable statements, viz., that an Armistice, that is, a suspension of hostilities, had been mutually agreed on between the Emperors, on the 7th July; and in five days afterwards—on the 12th July—we have again the second communication from the same quarter—namely, that Peace, that is, the conclusion of the war, had

been mutually decided on between the same parties! This remarkable consummation has been rendered still more singular by the fact that neither in the arrangement of the interview, nor in the agreement of the Armistice, nor in concluding peace, has any European Power been consulted by either of the Emperors. So that while the original arming of these empires was unexpected; and the failure of the Congress remarkable; and the declaration of war by Austria startling; and the sudden transport of the French army to Sardinia wonderful; and the timidity and the bungling of the Austrian advance ridiculous; and the rapid glorious victories of Napoleon thrilling; and the retreat and carnage of Austrians appalling; there is still *one fact* in this unprecedented page of prodigies, in this campaign of some few weeks, far and away more overwhelming than all the other scenes taken in this astounding aggregate of military events—namely, that within one week, in five days, these scenes are all changed; and armies are disbanded, and Peace is made, and kingdoms are transferred, or remodelled, or newly constructed; and the whole face of Europe is altered, not only without the interference, but even *without the knowledge* of all the Courts of Europe.

This magic work of Napoleon the Third, executed from the 5th to the 12th of July, surpasses almost the character given by Mr. Phillips of the First Emperor, when he describes him, "disposing of kingdoms like Christmas gifts; bestowing Crowns like playthings; his lofty path, along which he walked in this world, being on a continued plane, formed and raised by himself, of moral mountain elevations!" But amongst all these who throughout the world must have been astonished at these sudden changes, there is perhaps not one—not even one—on whose mind these arrangements of Armistice, and Peace, and Federal Kingdoms, and Duchies, and Italian union have fallen with more bewildering intoxication than on the Pope! Only yesterday his little province was menaced with revolution and dismemberment; to-day he is appointed head of all Italy, the President of *six independent dynasties*; and rivetted with an invigorated power on his own old temporal throne! Confederated Venice, Lucca, Parma, Modena, Tuscany, Naples, now bend their subject heads before his governing command; and as far as matters have as yet developed the generous policy of Napoleon in his regard, he seems restored, in the South of Europe, to the old historic position which he once held—as the wise arbiter of nations, the paternal guardian of the whole temporal Christian family! If his Holiness should now wish to take a ride on horseback through the Roman Forum, he can have, as of old, not less than six Royal Dukes and Kings putting him on his horse, while the Emperors of France and Austria hold the reins of his bridle! What a change has come over the Supreme Pontiff will best appear by reading the following Allocution, delivered to the Secret Consistory, only on the 20th of last June, just twenty-two days before his elevation to the government of all Italy!

THE POPE'S ALLOCUTION.—The following is the Allocution pronounced by his Holiness in the Secret Consistory, June 20th:—

VENERABLE BROTHERS.—To the most heavy grief which oppresses us, as well as all good men, on account of the war stirred up between two Catholic nations, there is added an exceeding sorrow for the lamentable troubles and disturbances which, in some provinces of our Pontifical rule, have lately occurred by the nefarious agency and most sacrilegious daring of impious men. You well know, venerable brethren, that we are speaking sorrowfully of the guilty conspiracy and rebellion of the enemies of our and this Holy See's sacred and legitimate civil power, which most crafty men dwelling in these our provinces have not feared to plot, foster, and carry out by secret and wicked associations, by basest design, framed with men of neighboring districts, by the publication of fraudulent and calumnious libels, by the preparation and introduction of foreign force, and by sundry other perverse frauds and arts. Nor can we help grieving vehemently that this hostile conspiracy first broke out in our city of Bologna, on which it did not omit to show and attest its veneration for us and this Apostolic See when enriched by the favors of our paternal benevolence and liberality two years ago, when we sojourned there. For at Bologna, on the twelfth day of this month, when the Austrian troops unexpectedly departed, audacious conspirators, immediately tampering on all Divine and human laws, and giving loose reins to inquiry, rose tumultuously and dared to arm, gather, and lead forth the city cohort and others to approach the palace of our cardinal legate, and, removing thence the pontifical insignia, to raise in their stead and set there the standard of rebellion, to the greatest indignation and horror of better citizens, who were not intimidated from blaming so great a crime and applauding us and our pontifical government. Next, these rebels ordered the departure of our cardinal legate, who, according to the duty of his office, did not omit to resist such guilty audacity, and to assert and defend the dignity and rights of ourselves and of this Holy See. And to that pitch of crime and impudence did the rebels go, that they did not fear to change the government, and to ask for the dictatorship of the Sardinian King, and to send deputies to the said King for this purpose. Since, therefore, our legate could not prevent such crimes, or bear to witness them any longer, he published, both in words and by writing, a solemn protest against all that had been done adverse to our rights and those of the Holy See, and, being compelled to quit Bologna, repaired to Ferrara. At Ravenna, at Perugia, and elsewhere, to the common grief of all the good, flagitious men did not hesitate to do, by like criminal means, what was so nefariously done at Bologna, being assured that their assaults could not be repressed or defeated by our pontifical troops, whose fewness could not resist their fury and audacity, wherefore, in these cities the authority of all laws, human and divine, has been trampled on by the rebels. Our supreme civil power and that of this Holy See has been attacked, the standard of revolt has been set up the legitimate Pontifical government overthrown, the dictatorship of the King of Sardinia has been invited, and our delegates, after their public protest, have been either induced or forced to depart, and many other acts of rebellion have been committed.—Wherefore, since we, by the charge of our apostolic office, and being bound by a solemn oath, have the duty of watching with the greatest vigilance over the safety of religion, of preserving quite intact and inviolate the rights and possessions of the Roman Church, and of asserting and vindicating the liberty of this Holy See, which is plainly identified with the interests of the whole Church, and also of defending the sovereignty with which Divine Providence has endowed the Roman Pontiffs for exercising free control over the whole world, and of transmitting it whole and inviolate to our successors. We cannot avoid vehemently condemning and detesting the impious and nefarious daring and endeavors of our rebellious subjects and opposing to them a strong resistance. Therefore, since by the reclamation of our

Cardinal Secretary of State, despatched to all the envoys, ministers, and charge of affairs of foreign nations near us and this Holy See, we have reprobated and denounced the nefarious acts of these rebels, now venerable brethren, in this your most noble session, raising our voice with all the earnestness of soul of which we are capable, we protest against all those things which the rebels have dared to do in the places above mentioned, and by our supreme authority we condemn, reprobate, rescind, and abolish all and every the acts at Bologna, Ravenna, at Perugia, and elsewhere in whatever manner named and done by these rebels against our and this Holy See's sacred and legitimate sovereignty; and we declare and decree these acts to be void, wholly illegitimate and sacrilegious. But while by the duty of our sacred office we are compelled, certainly with no light, to punish and declare those things, we weep over the most unhappy blindness of so many of our children, and do not cease humbly and earnestly to beseech the most eminent Father of Mercies by his omnipotent power to effect that, as soon as possible, that most wished for day may dawn when we may be able joyfully to receive once more into our paternal bosom our repentant children returned to their duty, and may behold all disturbance calmed, and order and tranquillity restored over the whole of our pontifical dominions. Supported by this confidence in God, we are also sustained by the hope that the sovereigns of Europe, as in times past to now, will use all their endeavors with united zeal and counsel to defend and keep entire our and this Holy See's sovereignty, since it is the greatest importance to each of them that the Roman Pontiff should enjoy the fullest liberty, in order that the tranquillity of conscience of the Catholics residing in the dominions of these sovereigns may be properly protected, which hope is impressed, because the French troops *now in Italy, according to what our most dear son in Christ the Emperor of the French has declared, not only will do nothing against our and this Holy See's temporal dominions, but will defend and preserve it.*

This policy of the Emperor of the French, astounding as it is, can be satisfactorily explained; and will be found on close examination that it is the only escape he can make at this moment from the numerous difficulties with which he finds himself suddenly and seriously surrounded.

Firstly—It may be assumed, as a stern undeviating fact, that the French Emperor is a sincere Catholic; and moreover (as far as moral evidence can prove the condition of his mind), an uncompromising advocate of Pontifical rule over the States of the Church. He is, in a word, the pledged friend of what is called the *Italian* temporal power of the Pope. These feelings of his, which are believed by all persons who have ever known him in private society, as well as by all official servants who are allowed to approach him, have been more than once conveyed to the Pope himself in autograph and other official communication by Napoleon when President of the French, and by Napoleon Emperor of France. That he would, or that he could, contradict those feelings so often expressed, is a conclusion at which it is impossible to arrive without first branding Napoleon as the most unprincipled liar, the most opprobrious hypocrite, and the most infamous scoundrel known in the whole history of human deceit and perjury! That the Holy Father believes in the truth, and the honour, and the disciplined piety of the Emperor I think no man will dare to deny who reads the last sentence of the Allocution which I have just quoted in this article. I think, therefore, it may be fairly assumed that Napoleon is, in reference to the States of the Church, and the Pope personally, what he professed to be, not only before the court of Rome, but before all mankind—namely, a staunch supporter of the inviolable integrity of the States of the Church under the personal government of the Pontiff.

Secondly—Taking the above data as a kind of major proposition, we may add that the Emperor must be deeply offended with the Court of Sardinia for persisting in a course of persecution against the Catholic Church, of which there are few instances, of a more aggravated vengeance in the whole history of Europe. The relentless attack made on every friend of Papal subordination: the suspension and fine on all journals in the interests of the Church; the cowardly mob-revolution in Bologna and other cities, encouraged by the King of Sardinia; and the gibes and scoffs uttered by the sycophants of the King's party against the faithful bishops and zealous priests of Piedmont, cannot fail to impress such a man as we have proved Napoleon to be, with undisguised displeasure against Victor Emmanuel personally, and indeed with a well-founded apprehension that his further connection with the Sardinian monarch and his cutthroat Minister (Cavour) must damage his character before all the Catholics, priests and people, of all Catholic Europe. There can be no doubt that the Emperor has frequently remonstrated with Victor Emmanuel on the unpopularity of this course against the Church; and above all, on the imminent danger of propitiating the revolutionists congregated in Turin, by gagging the tongue of the priesthood, by robbing the monastic institutions, and crushing the supremacy of the Pope. It is a bad exchange to forfeit the friendship of the Church for the transient support of the revolutionists; infidelity, blasphemy, and sacrilege are sorry substitutes for unblemished faith, public piety, and national love of religion. There can be no doubt that Napoleon has been grieved at this state of things, and has reclaimed more than once against this unchristian conduct.

Thirdly—He has already lost in the present campaign upwards of forty thousand French soldiers, and more than sixty millions French pounds sterling! and he has killed about the same number of Austrian soldiers, and has caused to be expended about the same amount of Austrian gold. And as he is known to be possessed of singular mental acuteness, it is more than probable that seeing the field of Solferino with his own eyes, and not in a theatrical panorama, he has, as he looked on this bleeding plain, or rather this sea of blood, asked himself the question, namely, "Is all this French blood and money, and all this Austrian gore and gold, shed and expended to reward the persecutor of the Church and the enemy of the Pope! and in the pursuit of this object, to lose, perhaps, the confidence, or the love, or both, of the living French army, and in the end to forfeit my own kingdom and throne!"

Fourthly—An additional reason, too—the expense of supporting an army on the Rhine; and the audible murmurs, *now divinely heard* through all orders of the French people at the large French losses in blood and treasure, with-

out any present gain, or any prospect for future compensation, receiving for all this national expenditure, the empty remuneration of national glories, and the hollow prestige of possessing on the throne of the Louises an unequalled soldier, an imperial conqueror.

Fifthly—Add to these items of consideration that the German confederation is arming and moving *one million of men*; that England (as the French would say), perfidious England, is openly urging national defence against him; and that his name and his designs are openly discussed in Parliament. Besides these movements Russia has made preparations against any insurrection in Poland: while Austria is threatened with rebellion in Hungary. On all sides, therefore, there are the materials of extended conflagration if one accidental spark should ignite this combustible material. It would be all very well if France gained anything by her victories! but great victories to her are *great defeats*—namely, losses in blood and money which (according to Napoleon's programme), are not to be replaced by any compensation! As the world, therefore, never saw such policy, such battles, such bloodshed, such victories, as have occurred during the last two months, the Emperor seems to foresee some tremendous reaction from all quarters; and he is resolved (one should think) to prevent posterity, to add a new *probable sentence* to the past wonders—namely, that neither did the world ever see such a lucky adventurer, such an accomplished statesman, such a fortunate General, and such a fool as he would prove himself to be if he continued much longer the unrequited tool of revolutionists, the marked victim of a European combination against him, the slayer of his own army, the impoverisher, of his own kingdom, and the associate of a man who is excommunicated by the church as the plunderer of the altar, the enemy of virtue, and a traitor to God!

On the evening of the 24th of June, as the bugles sounded the Austrian retreat, the French Emperor had acquired all he wanted—viz., the name of a practical soldier, and the well-earned prestige of an accomplished and successful commander. There can now be no doubt of his unflinching courage, nor of his pre-eminent strategical skill. The laurels of Marengo, and Wagram, and Jena, and Austerlitz, grow pale in the presence of the matchless wreaths of glory won and worn at Solferino. This is the consummation for which he has long yearned: he has now accomplished it to the full. Heretofore he walked the French Imperial saloons an untried, an unknown military man; he stood with "bated breath" in the presence of such men as the Duke of Malakoff. In an old quiet hereditary monarchy the king can afford to permit the highest honors to be showered on a subject without the fear of having his royalty diminished or his crown imperilled. But in a young elective monarchy, the first choice of the nation or throne, is an undistinguished *parvenu* till he wins honors and wears them. Napoleon has gained in this respect all he wanted: he is now the crowned Marshal Ney of France: he is "the bravest of the brave; he is the Hannibal of the Alps of 1859; and he is more than the Napoleon of the Italy of 1797.

Having, therefore, obtained all he desired for his personal prestige, the next step, under the premises stated above, must have been decided on the 25th of June, the morning after the battle—namely, how he could fulfil his promises, terminate the war, please all parties, and return to his wife and his throne. Seeing, therefore, the mistake, or the subtlety, or the preconceived failure of the late appointed Congress, he resolved, like his Uncle, to make himself and the Austrian Emperor into a European Congress, and not to permit petty-fogging Ambassadors, or deceitful Agents to protract or meddle in matters which the two Emperors could at once settle between themselves, in private confidence. He acted on the principle that asses should never be permitted to sit in the council of lions: and hence they dispensed with the Prussian Prince of Saxe-Coburg, and with the Polish Counts of Kicemouski, and with the British Marquises of Thun-der-and-Lighting-shire; and they managed the armistice and the peace while smoking two cigars; thus giving a palpable snub to the old clique called European cabinets. By this sharp cut he plainly tells all Europe the utter contempt and scorn in which he holds all those who had arranged the late *promised congress*, which was to have settled the Austrian and Sardinian dispute. His next step is to throw a bone to Sardinia, as he had promised: and thus again fulfilling his promise of banishing Austria from Lombardy. He next cedes Venice to a *new federal king*, who may be perchance the Emperor of Austria. But Venice is given, not to an Emperor of Austria as such, but to a new federal monarch, the son of Italy, with a new constitution, new laws; and thus he fulfills his promise of banishing the Austrians out of Venice; and clearing them all away, as such, from the Alps to the Adriatic. Next, he makes a friend of Francis Joseph by treating him with soothing words while undergoing the operation of having his left arm amputated, under the knife of Napoleon himself!

Again, he fulfills his promise to the French nation by saying he would end the campaign within six months; and he please the parents of the living soldiers; and he gratifies the mercantile classes of the Empire by stopping the enormous expenditure and carnage of the war. There is at this point of my enumeration only one other individual whom he wishes to please—this is the Pope: and, no doubt, he has *sincerely, and with an ardent good will* placed him on the highest point of Italian independence: above the perjury of cutthroats, the intrigue of England, the ingratitude of the Romans, and the perfidy of his more remote subjects! under all the circumstances of this mysterious and sudden peace he certainly has fulfilled his programme: and as I wish him well, very well, I trust he may be fortunate enough to disarm the displeasure of the army, and to receive a hearty welcome from the French people on his return to the palace of the Tuileries.

Confederated Italy is decidedly a noble idea; and with the Pope at their head, it is a splendid