

in his decision, as the poor author, whom he prepares to dissect, and whose motive may not be so much to aspire to literary excellence as to manifest his attachment to the subject. If the effort be unworthy of the subject, an apology may be found in the motive.

I am only repeating in substance the sentiment of Mr. Steele in the Tattler, when I say that, Critics ~~are~~ a people between the learned and the ignorant, and ~~in~~ their situation enjoy the tranquility of neither ; and, that ~~a~~ critics stand among men in the same ratio as men do in general between brutes and angels, every man, as he is a critic and a coxcomb, until improved by reason and education, is apt to forget himself and wantonly lay open the faults of others with undue severity.

I feel sure that the dignity of my subject is far beyond any effort of mine, and I would never have attempted such an undertaking were I not actuated by the request of some worthy friends, and a latent wish on my own part to drop a little tribute of love and loyalty, even though it be a "widow's mite," in the great *thezaurus* of admiration for the star-king of the nineteenth century, our illustrious Pontiff Pius IX, justly styled the *Great*.

THE AUTHOR.