

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

## FRANCE.

The *Patrie* and the *Pays* give a denial to the rumors that France has the intention of withdrawing her troops from Rome.

There is a belief in Paris that Victor Emmanuel has sent another letter to Napoleon, in which he owns that the unity of Italy is impossible, and proposes to divide it into two kingdoms, with Rome between them as a free city, of which kingdoms he would keep the larger, and give the smaller to his son-in-law. The fact is that Prince Napoleon, who is wonderfully active just now, has killed outright poor M. Crouselle, is to set out for Italy with his wife immediately after the vote on the address; and I am convinced that the Emperor has not yet renounced the hope of Napoleonizing Italy, after failure has condemned the rashness of the King, any more than he has renounced the idea of avenging Waterloo, or restoring to France her "natural frontiers." I have before this told you of a paper which he supports at Aix-la-Chapelle, to prepare men's minds for annexation. The management had been given to a hot Protestant, who completely disgusted the Catholics of the country; this man is just deposed, and a certain M. Hunder edits in his stead—he was the editor of a religious paper at Strasbourg, called *l'Alsacien*.

All these seething questions may easily be combined with that of the East. The conferences on Syria have been exceedingly warm.—Prussia and Austria voted with England; Russia gave a feeble support to France. M. Thouvenel has asked the *Debat* and the *Ami de la Religion* to attack "perfidious Albion." Mgr. Dupanloup has just adopted the two sons of the Marquis de Salm. Mde. St. Arnaud was going to adopt a little Syrian girl. "But," said she, "as all my income depends on the Empire, I should not like to make engagements for a very distant future." No, nor would its most zealous partisans!

The *Mores* affair has occupied more attention this week than either Rome or Syria. O *Mores*, O *Mores*! It was said that M. Mocquart was to be sent to Mazas, both of which are specimens of the wild stories believed here. The only certain thing is, that there are numbers of Government officials compromised in this disgusting affair. No one doubts this is the case of Mocquart, Morny, and King Jerome. His papers, some of which have already been brought out in photograph, furnished the clearest evidence of the fact. It is stated that Mocquart figured for 500,000fr. on his books, and that the Emperor sent him word that the money must be paid in two hours. Rothschild is said to have lent it to his Imperial Highness, but only on good security. There is no truth in the story of the suicide of the Viscount de Richemont. He had been ill a long time; the day before his death he had a severe fit, in the presence of the Countess de Flaviigny; his death was quite natural, but very indiscreetly announced in the *Moniteur*.—*Corr. of Weekly Register.*

**THE BISHOP OF ORLEANS' PAMPHLET.**—The Bishop of Orleans has drawn up his pamphlet in the shape of a letter addressed to Viscount La Guéronniere. It opens with the following sentences:—

"I have read your new pamphlet, 'La France Rome, et l'Italie,' and I am deeply grieved to see such a cause supported by you. I am more particularly sorry when I think, not of your talents and character, but of your position. You are the director of the press, and you write with the permission, and consequently with the authorization, of the Minister of the Interior. Hitherto the veil thrown over the anonymous pamphlets which preceded this one of yours induced us to conjectures—melancholy conjectures, indeed; but we had no positive proof. Now we have the certainty that you are authorized by the Government; the Government thinks it right and proper that the Sovereign Pontiff, already so unfortunate, should be denounced to public opinion by a councillor of state."

The Bishop contends that when the war against Austria was undertaken, the Catholic party were duped by the Emperor's promise that he would respect the Pope's temporal power, and by repeated and emphatic assurances to that effect given by M. Baroche in the Corps Legislatif. He names M. de Montalembert and M. de Falloux as the persons stigmatized by M. de la Guéronniere under the vague definition of the "Catholic party," and extols the services which they formerly rendered to the Emperor. He denies that the Pope ever refused reforms, and avers that the cry for reform in the Papal States was only a pretext for spoliation. He taunts the Duke de Gramont for the sneering way in which he speaks in his despatches of the "pious Bretons," who went to Rome to offer their services to the Pope, and gives it to be understood that it was entirely owing to the "Church party," now contemned and repudiated, that the Emperor was enabled to "pass triumphantly through the ranks of these same pious Bretons" on the occasion of a recent tour. His letter thus concludes:—

"France, which beyond all doubt has hitherto shown more love for Piedmont than for the Pope, may yet defend the Pope. Will she do so?—Tell us, Sir; tear the veil which covers your recent words—explain this indecent mystery, renounce these involved phrases, and this unworthy equivocation. What! Italy and the temporal papacy have not yet found the conditions of their equilibrium? say you. Either these words are devoid of meaning, or they infer I know not what impossible combination. The time has gone by when, as was proposed by the 'Pape et la Congreg,' the Holy Father was to be left with Rome and a garden. Piedmont now requires Rome for its Parliament and for Victor Emmanuel's residence. The Pope will have nothing left but his garden and his house. In other words, the temporal power will be abolished; the Pope and the cardinals will receive a salary, and be provided with a lodging. You do not pre-empt this consequence, Sir, but everybody

deduces it from what you have written. You know history, Monsieur le Vicomte. Charlemagne would not make the Pope his chaplain—the Pope would not be chaplain to the great Napoleon, and you suppose that a Pope is capable of being the chaplain of Victor Emmanuel. The power which France made, which France restored, which centuries have respected—that independent see of the Pontiff of the human race which Paris would not cede to Vienna, nor Vienna to Madrid, nor Madrid to Munich, you propose to convert into a Piedmontese puppet! And then, because we consider this power, which you would abolish, as essential to the independence of our faith, you accuse us of confounding temporal things with spiritual. We are party men; the Court of Rome is misguided and obstinate. You counsel an impossibility, and then you reproach Rome for repudiating your advice. Be sincere and logical, Sir. Follow out your arguments to their legitimate conclusion. One may have two policies, but not two conclusions. Now, you have two. Decide which you will adhere to. If you wish for the maintenance of the Pontifical sovereignty, frankly advise the Emperor's Government not to allow Piedmont to lay a finger upon it. If the abolition of that ancient power is your aim; if in these sad times, when public morality often receives such rude shocks, the most august representative of faith and Christian morality is to be sacrificed, say so; if that be your opinion, uphold it. But at a moment when your pamphlet may fill up the measure of the undesired misfortunes of the Pope, at a moment when it may encourage France to abandon the temporal power of the Holy See and encourage Piedmont to attack it—ah, at least do not lend words to insult the victim!

—FELIX, Bishop of Orleans."

The address of the Bishop of Poitiers to his clergy "on the charges brought against the Sovereign Pontiff and the French clergy in the pamphlet called 'Rome, la France, et l'Italie,' by M. Lagueronniere," has just appeared in the *Moniteur*, of which it fills nearly six columns.—The Bishop of Poitiers is among the most vehement of the French prelates. In his present effusion he seems to lose sight of M. Lagueronniere altogether, and flies at a higher quarry.—I quote two passages, to give you some notion of the feeling which the Imperial pamphlet has roused among the clergy:—

"The last foundation of our hopes," says the Bishop, "is the marked embarrassments betrayed at the last hour by those who control us. Yes! they have indeed reason to say that 'there is in Europe a question which is above all others.' Yes! Rome has remained the greatest and most formidable problem of our time. The Roman Papacy is the keystone of the European world. After having wielded the destroying hammer round all points of the edifice, we now see the hand of the most resolute hesitate and tremble at the very moment of allowing this principal stone to fall—this sacred stone which holds to all, and to which all hold. We feel it. The day the Pope shall no longer be in his place, no power in this world will be safe in his own, and the whole earth will be in commotion. And according as the fatal hour approaches all will defend themselves against having rendered it inevitable. The catastrophe will be so frightful that no one will bear the responsibility of it, and is not every means invented to throw the crime on the victim himself?"

The allusion to Pilate at the close of the pastoral cannot pass unnoticed:—

"Pilate, finding that he gained nothing, that, on the contrary, the exactions of those around him were increasing and becoming imperious, and understanding that though he had yielded to every demand of the multitude he was on the point of being led on to the last act of weakness, ordered water to be brought to him. He washed his hands, and said, 'I am innocent of the blood of this just man,' and having scourged Jesus, he delivered Him over to the Jews to be crucified. But has posterity ratified the sort of absolution which Pilate gave to himself? And the washing of his hands, did it make him innocent with ages to come? Listen! For 18 centuries there exists a profession of faith in 12 articles, which every Christian lip recites daily. In this summary of our faith, drawn up with conciseness by the Apostles, appear, besides the three adorable names of the divine persons, the name, a thousand times blessed, of the woman who gave birth to the Son of God, and the name, a thousand times accursed, of the man who delivered him! And the man thus branded as the God-murderer—the man thus nailed to the pillory of our symbol, who is he? This man is not Herod, nor Caiaphas, nor Judas, nor any of the Roman or Jewish executioners. This man is Pontius Pilate. It is but just. Herod, Caiaphas, Judas, and the others had their part in the crime; but without Pilate nothing would have been done. Pilate could have saved Christ; and without Pilate Christ could not have been put to death. From him only could the signal come. 'It is not lawful for us to put this man to death,' said the Jews. Wash thy hands, O Pilate! Declare thyself innocent of the death of Christ! But our answer, day and night, to the most remote posterity, shall be, 'I believe in Jesus Christ, the only Son of the Father, conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, and who suffered and was put to death under Pontius Pilate.'"

"Such things, dearly beloved brethren, are not renewed on the earth. We are of them who believe in a word ever pledged to us, and on this point we reject the conclusions that we attributed to the pamphlet. For these reasons, the holy name of God being invoked, we have commanded, and do command as follows:—

"Art. 1. We reject, censure, and reprove the accusations of ingratitude, obstinacy, injustice, spirit of party, and other allegations insulting to the Roman Pontiff and to the French clergy contained in the above pamphlet.

"Art. 2. We recommend to the faithful to be on their guard against all the impious and calumnious assertions of a part of the periodical press on the subject of the present events examined in their relations with the religion of the Church.

"Art. 3. Public prayers previously commanded by us shall be continued as heretofore. We demand of all pious souls an increase of fervor. Prayer has

already produced immense results; let it be continued, and its demand will be fully granted.

"Art. 4. Our present charge is to be read from the pulpit at high mass in the parish churches of our diocese, and in the other towns throughout our diocese, as well as in the other parishes where the priests shall have reason to believe that the pamphlet to which we reply shall have penetrated among the population. Given at Poitiers, in our episcopal palace, sealed with our arms, and countersigned by our secretary, the 24th of February, 1861, the festival of the preaching of St. Peter at Antioch."

This address has produced the deepest sensation. Even they who profess to make light of ecclesiastical censures avow their fears of the effect in the remote districts, when this fierce denunciation is read in every place of worship on the same day, at the same hour, during Divine service. There is not a man, woman, or child who on leaving the church will not suppose that the Emperor of the French is proclaimed to all France as the Pontius Pilate of the 19th century. It is probable the Empress, with her strong feeling on this subject, has been much affected by the allusions to her in the Bishop's address—to the Golden Rose blessed by the Pope at the High Altar of St. Peter's, and bestowed on her; to the prayers His Holiness offered up for her at the most critical moment of her life, &c. The Bishop of Orleans reply to M. Lagueronniere was strong enough, but it was more of a political controversy than anything else. The Bishop of Poitiers' address is a denunciation of a purely religious character. It was said to-day that the *Moniteur* and the *Union* would be suppressed for having published this document, and that the matter would be brought before the Council of State. This probably would make matters worse; but the situation is one of great perplexity, and this after so many years' occupation of Rome.

The prelates have not yet done with M. Lagueronniere. The Bishop of Nismes will not be the less fierce than his brother of Poitiers in his forthcoming amendment.—*Corr. of the London Times.*

The Paris correspondent of the *Star* says:—"The above letter is a *chef d'œuvre*. No matter to what party the reader may belong, he cannot fail to be held on every point of rhetoric that the sharp, witty, close reasoning of the Abbe Dupanloup is more than a match for the blunted hesitating logic of La Guéronniere. The letter will do no good in a material point of view to the cause it undertakes to defend; but one good it will certainly accomplish, that of causing men to reflect whether the changes now being worked out by time, reason, and necessity, would not have been better confined to other hands, and brought about without the treachery and bloodshed to which they have given rise. The Abbe Dupanloup has brought the whole of his mighty talent of controversy to bear upon the question, and, like the Oratorian Brothers, concludes those whom he fails to convince. It is expected that the answer to this letter will be confined to more able hands than those of M. de la Guéronniere, as the reasoning of the latter is entirely quashed by the evidence."

## ITALY.

Prince Napoleon was about to proceed to Turin to negotiate for withdrawal of French troops from Rome.

Rattazzi had been elected President of the Italian Chambers of deputies.

The blockade of the citadel of Messina was officially proclaimed, and hostilities had commenced.

Rome, Feb. 23rd.—The temper of the day here may be described as expectancy, excitement, and agitation, subdued under a surface of tranquillity. Whether, and when, the French are to leave, is the subject of conjecture; that their occupation will soon cease, is the general persuasion, and among their officers, I hear, are some who publicly declare that in April their departure must take place. That their speedy recall must be expected, I have reason, however, to suppose it is not the belief entertained at highest quarters. Uncertain also is the time fixed for the residence in Rome of the Neapolitan Royal Family, whose movements are observed with much interest, though they seldom appear abroad, but for an occasional ride of the King with a few attendants in the garden on the Pincian. On Tuesday the whole party, with their suit, repaired for a State audience at the Vatican, and it said the Sovereign Pontiff desired this should have the full character and publicity of a royal visit to the Papal Palace, conformably to which the cortege of four chariots was such as to excite much attention, which was most respectfully expressed as it passed soon after mid-day through the streets. The French Ambassador visited Francis II. also in a formal style, the day after his arrival, and all the Cardinals have since paid their respects to him at the Quirinal. Personally, I hear, both he and his heroic young Queen, maintain a dignified self-possession in their misfortunes; but the Queen-mother is said to be abandoned to the deepest melancholy.

Alarm being naturally felt after so menacing a demonstration as that for the taking of Gaeta, there followed soon the arrest of fourteen persons, magnified by rumor into sixty and upwards, mostly tradesmen, some of higher grade, who have all been sent into banishment; whilst other severities have visited two cafes, one on the Corso, considered as a political rendezvous, and now under sentence obliging them to close at an early hour, and prohibiting the supply of any journals, even the *Roman Gazette*, to their customers—a condemnation which is little less severe than the entire closing of the establishment. The participation of the French was certainly observable to some extent, in that affair of the 14th. All the officers who had mingled with the crowd on the Corso were summoned by General Goyon and rebuked, but the revolutionary body, which calls itself the National Committee, marked its sense of the French people by its address, thanking the "citizens for their patriotic behaviour that night, and also the French garrison in a manner so becoming and satisfactory to the Roman people." The Committee further desired that there should be no more political demonstrations till occasion arrived for the last, the decisive and glorious one, to celebrate Italian unity under the crown of Victor Emmanuel on their capital. Whether with or without direction from this secret authority, another was intended for Monday night, to exult over the meeting of the first national Parliament at Turin, but violent rains setting in early and lasting long, frustrated this purpose, only, however, to be delayed till Thursday; when, about nine at night, took place a gathering of young men on the Capitol, with the usual political cries and applause, not long kept up but undisturbed by any interference, even the military on guard upon that classic hill remaining completely passive. The Roman authorities (remembering that on the 14th that vast assemblage was generally provided with arms) have applied to the French to know whether their co-operation may be relied on for suppressing further outbreaks. The answer was a refusal only qualified by the assurance that the Imperial troops would not interfere in any arrangement made by the others for meeting emergencies. Consequently cannons have been mounted, though not exposed to public view, at two chief quarters of the Pontifical forces, and it is believed the Government intends to concentrate all its means of defence in and around the city. An American gentleman named Wells, serving among the Pontifical Zouaves, was attacked by assassins a few nights ago, near the Colosseum, and had a pistol aimed at him, which he was dexterous enough to parry; afterwards a dagger, from another hand, which he so far succeeded in defending himself from that the blow only struck him on the arm. There has been much talk about the imprisonment of Count de Beedelliere, chief of the Zouaves, a most honorable and distinguished soldier, who has served in Africa and the Crimea. A discussion took place between him and Mgr. Merello on the subject of his expedition and attack on the Piedmontese post at Correse, of which the Government expressed disapprobation in their official paper. The Zouave Colonel, it is said, received a

communication from a French Bishop leading him to conclude that the Holy Father did not desire to continue the enlistment for that regiment in France. Upon this he obtained an audience, and, it is said, was informed that, while grateful for such zeal in the cause, Pius IX. did not demand further proof of it by the augmentation of this foreign company.

The moral atmosphere of Italy is just now undergoing a singular course of purification. Instead of the "corrupt" and "effete" Governments, we have one that appoints to the chief ministry in Naples Liborio Romano, the treble distanced traitor, who is even denounced by the "advanced" revolutionary papers as a man dangerous to put in power, because of his enormous capacity for treason, and who, having played such a treacherous game between his conflicting young sovereign and the revolution, may not unreasonably be deemed capable of doing fresh treason against his present employers whenever a convenient and tempting opportunity may occur.

We have next a significant sign of the times in the pension given by the new government (endorsing the decision of Garibaldi) to Agostino Milano's family, to the family of the man who tried to kill the late King of Naples, "because" (as the official notice gave it) "he had deserved well of his country." National reward of assassins is not a practice that has obtained in modern times, save in the times of the French revolution, but it must be right, for do not all sound Liberals and staunch Exeter Hall Protestants in our happy country applaud the doings of the Galatunotes?

I would also refer, *en passant*, to the change that has occurred during a few years in the Italian estimate of the difference between honor and shame, as illustrated in the recent election to the Piedmontese chamber of Gallenga. This man is known to have undertaken for a bribe to assassinate the late King of Sardinia, Carlo Alberto. The bribe was 1,000 francs, and it (with a valuable jewelled dagger, considered fit for the butchery of a King) was given to Gallenga by Mazzini. The work was not done, though the price was retained, and, as Mazzini could not well sue him for breach of contract, he denounced him in print as being an unreliable party.

Gallenga, subsequently elected to the Parliament of Turin, was driven from it with ignominy on the motion (I believe) of Massimo d'Azeglio. He filled the honorable post of *Times* correspondent here about twelve months ago, for a very short time, having been furnished with his passport by the Police as soon as they became aware of him and his antecedents.

He is now again elected to the Parliament of Turin, where he will have an opportunity, in concert with Liborio Romano, of raising the moral tone of the nation. When first elected, his infamous compact with Mazzini was known scarcely to anybody; since then, his infamy has become European, and yet "regenerated Italy," that has been raised from the tomb by the magic wand of the virtuous Re Galatunotes, rushes to ask him to be a senator! These things strike us, because we are in their neighborhood, more than those in distant countries; and I wish your readers in other parts of the world to know a little of the deeds that are done here, and that are so very marvellous in our eyes.

**PIEDMONT'S ATROCITIES IN ITALY.**—We (*Weekly Register*) have received the following from a well known correspondent:—"The enclosed communication has been forwarded to me from Italy with a request to procure its publication in the *Weekly Register*, in the hope that publicity may lead to a check being put to the barbarous atrocities now being perpetrated by the Piedmontese in Southern Italy. You may rely upon the authenticity of the extraordinary statements contained in this communication, as they have been supplied by an eye-witness, who has forwarded his name, but requests it may not be published, as such a step would certainly lead to his being shot,—under the new regime of Sardinian liberty in Naples! You will observe how the writer confirms all that has been ascribed to the inhuman Pinelli, whose name will be held in execration for ages to come. The account of the savage treatment of the poor old Prior who was ordered to be shot for interfering for the contemned portion of his flock, corresponds so closely with an extract given in a recent number of the *Morning Post* from the *Morning News*, that the writer in the former journal must give up his cherished idea of the account being a 'fiction.' It is to be hoped that some member of Parliament will strongly animadvert upon the barbarous outrages committed on the Neapolitan peasantry by the orders of Piedmontese authority, whenever our foreign diplomacy comes under discussion in the House, as such remarks are sure to gain the greatest publicity in the reports of our Parliamentary debates. It is only necessary to make these execrable outrages known, to bring down the heaviest condemnation on the perpetrators, and those Sardinian officials who abet them in their career of blood."

We have had a dreadful scene going on here since the entry at Rieti of the Piedmontese army. I may say, a general insurrection took place in the Abruzzi and in Terra di Lavoro. They say it is the same in Calabria, but I cannot speak of that province except from hearsay. But what we have suffered here, in the neighborhood of Aquila, is of the most dreadful kind. No sooner did the Piedmontese make their appearance, and proceed to proclaim the downfall of our King, than the peasants, one and all, took arms, whatever they could procure, notwithstanding that a proclamation had been posted up everywhere that anyone found with arms in his hand should be immediately shot. This atrocious law was not only proclaimed, but was instantaneously followed out. Let no one talk of the cruelties of the French Jacobins in '93, and their wholesale slaughter, for the Piedmontese have exceeded them in barbarity. My whole neighborhood, for four miles round, has been a scene of bloodshed. I was at Naples when I first heard of it, and I hastened back in the hope of persuading the villagers to resignation and submission. I arrived too late; the Piedmontese had literally suffocated the revolt in blood. But I have gathered the particulars from the survivors, and send them you. As I write my heart bleeds for our unfortunate, unoffending peasantry; and when I recollect the scenes of desolation I have visited, and the troops of afflicted beings I have seen, I really scarcely feel capable of the effort.

Scarcely were the people here informed that the Piedmontese had entered Aquila, than they adorned themselves with the white cockade, and the men of thirteen villages and towns (of Pizzoli, San Vittorino, Arischia, Bareto, Cugnano, Pozzo, San Marco, Colle, Cavallari, Forcella, Pretaro, Scopeto, and Sassa) armed themselves with flails, scythes, and guns, and shouting "Viva Francesco II." "Napoli per i Napoletani!" marched to Aquila. The Piedmontese shut the gates, and for three days remained quiet within, and the peasants encamped without. At last, tired of their position, the former sallied forth, a fight ensued, and, of course, our peasants were defeated, for the Piedmontese had both cavalry and artillery, and employed them. The slaughter on our side was dreadful; such of the peasants as survived fled to Pizzoli, followed by their adversaries, who regularly sacked this place; and in the small square with the fountain they shot as a public example, Angelo Cecchetti, Daniele Roschi, Clemente Giorgi, Crescenzo Giolli, Antonio Gandolfi, and the Priore Scinto. Yes, the good old Priore was shot. You know how excellent he was; and when he heard the above-mentioned were to be shot, he thought a remonstrance from a person of his sacred character might perhaps avert their fate—at least, he expressed himself to this effect to his brother and sister-in-law, and, notwithstanding their opposition, hastened straight into the presence of the Piedmontese colonel. He fervently entreated him to have mercy upon these unfortunate men; he begged him to remember that they were ignorant people; had never heard before of Piedmont; that they only only knew and loved Francis II., and seeing his arms defaced, believed they were bound in duty to revenge the insult. He further observed, that every one was free to have

his opinion, and that to punish men for defending their nationality would merit universal odium.—Vain were his words. The colonel did not even answer him, but had him taken prisoner by some of his soldiers, and ordered that he be shot with the others, which was accordingly done within the next hour. I am told that Angelo Cecchetti and his fellow sufferers bore their fate with manly courage. Surrounded by armed Piedmontese, they called out words of consolation to the women who from the windows and other places were sending the air with their lamentations; they addressed also hasty but fervent prayers to God, to Christ, and to the Madonna, to receive their souls in Paradise, and it was only when they beheld their beloved and respected Priore doomed to share their fate, that they burst into a storm of execration against the Piedmontese. At San Vittorino, on the approach of the oppressors, the inhabitants having heard of the slaughter at Pizzoli, all fled into the neighboring mountain, where they harbored, men, women, and children, old men and babes, two days and one night, during a pouring autumnal rain, with no shelter but the trees and rocks. Nothing daunted by their frightful position, they made the air resound at intervals with shouts of "Napoli per noi!" "Viva Francesco II.," "Morte ai Piemontesi!" When, on the departure of the latter, the villagers could return to San Vittorino, they found every house had been sacked; the wine which had just been stored, had been set flowing in the streets; the corn tossed about the road, and every mischief committed; and they have now to pass the year without corn or wine. However, thanks be to God, in San Vittorino not one life was lost. Pursuing their career of destruction, the Piedmontese reached Arischia. Here they met with resistance; the male inhabitants assembled in the open space before the church, and assailed the troops with stones. A *pele-mele* fight ensued, and several of the villagers were slain ere they took to flight. Seventeen were taken prisoners, and immediately shot on the steps of the Church. Among them Agostino Orsi, Luigi Corrias, Pietro Bordonio, and Giuseppe Nardi all of whom you may have remembered to have seen when you paid me a visit here. The poor women were like crazy whilst the execution was going on; some cast themselves at the feet of the soldiers, imploring for mercy; others ran shrieking about; others tore their hair, and many fell lifeless, utterly overcome with the bloody horrors that so unexpectedly had rushed on them. When Pietro Bordonio was placed in position, Rosina Mancera broke through the ranks and folded herself round him as a guard, but she was torn away after much struggling, and with such violence, that one of her wrists is irretrievably injured. At Bareto the people were at first quiet, and contented themselves with pinning on the white cockade, and crying from their houses "Viva Francesco II.!" but when the Piedmontese proceeded to take down the Neapolitan arms, they lost their self-command, and in the most imprudent manner they rushed in threes and fours on the troops, and, of course, immediately lost their lives. The remainder fled, and then the place was sacked, the wine-butts set flowing, and every sort of destruction ensued. Their next assault was on Cugnano—here a terrific scene took place; for Carlo Daniele aroused the people in a fiery harangue, and had time to organise a firmer resistance. He, with the principle males, took possession of the inn; from its front windows they fired on the Piedmontese, who returned the fire with equal vigor. The inn had another entrance at the rear in a back lane, by means of which the other inhabitants supplied Daniela and his little band of heroes with powder, ball, missiles, and fresh men to take the place of those at the front windows who fell under the shot of the invaders. At length the Piedmontese discovered the entrance at the rear, forced it and took prisoners there within, though not until the battle had been carried on from room to room and stair to stair. The house streamed with blood from the roof to the cellars, and is completely riddled with balls, as I myself saw two days ago; and I do not believe any process will ever clear it of the blood-stains which everywhere mark it in the interior. Let them remain—remain to tell the tale to posterity—to what elevated daring the love of their nationality lifted the simple unoffending Neapolitan villagers; how they, dauntless before number and skill defied the fierce oppressor, girt though he was with overwhelming power; and how they without one gross or sensual motive, hastened to certain death in attestation of their loyalty to the State that gave them birth. The merciless ambition of Piedmont has become a bloody scourge, and has spread murder, violence, and crime in these provinces which before their invasion knew little of sorrow and less of guilt—promising liberty, and calling herself Italian. Piedmont has rushed into our land without one warning, and butchered our unsuspecting, unprepared peasantry as they were dwelling in all the sweet confidence and security which a long peace engenders. As yet she is victorious in her wrong; for mighty England and mighty France, careless of their national fame, only anxious to consolidate their influence over the rest of Europe, have veiled with specious sophistries the anarchy laws of reason and of truth, and have strengthened with their all-powerful aid the barbarous Piedmontese, though they have shed in torrents the blood of their innocent Southern brothers.

But I must finish the tale of Cugnano. The Piedmontese took more than a hundred and fifty prisoners—fifty of these, with Carlo Daniele (who was seriously wounded), they shot; the others were in the prison of Aquila, under a sentence of death, which has not yet been executed, and which I trust never will be. In this place, several women were killed, and one house was burnt, no one knows how, so great was the confusion. Cugnano is a scene of sorrow; more than seventy women have lost their husbands, many others whose husbands are in prison under sentence of death; innumerable young children to earn their bread; the women all ill with the frantic grief and excitement they have gone through; the doctor and the Priest fled, the gentry round all fled, the neighboring Convent empty of its succouring monks, all the native authorities dismissed, and strangers, mostly Piedmontese officers, put in their place; in short, every aggravation of unhappiness has been inflicted, and every source of relief torn away. My mind is prostrate as I recollect the desolation I have beheld: I can only mention succinctly what further remains to be told. At Pozzo, the villagers fled into the church, and the Piedmontese fired a volley on them, which killed two—Antonio Silveri and Emmeogildo Vannucci. At San Marco, they shot Domenico Federighi, Leopoldo Gicciapieri, Desiderio Tommasi, and Santo Ciccarelli. Colle, Cavallari, Forcella, Pretaro, Scopeto, and Sassa, had each to pass through the same ordeal. De Virgili was sent, on the part of Victor Emmanuel, to govern the town of Teramo. He arrived there, escorted by Major General Pinelli and a large force of Piedmontese. A proclamation was instantly issued, ordering the inhabitants to deliver into the Town-hall every weapon they might possess on pain of being shot, and the same penalty was to befall any person who should commit, or utter a disrespectful word towards the Government of Victor Emmanuel. And before a fortnight was over, one hundred and twenty-three of the inhabitants had been executed for non-compliance with this despotic law. In short, madness and terror reign over this province; and Rattazzi had seen fugitives from Calabria, who were flying to Rome because the same atrocities were taking place there. I know not what further wretchedness—what further abyss of ruin is reserved for our country—but of this we all feel assured, that any fate would be preferable to that of being governed by Piedmont. Centuries will not efface the deep and quenchless hatred towards that country, which her monstrous and bloody tyranny has awakened here in every breast. God, man, hope may forsake us, but we will be true to ourselves; and never, till our fair city has become an unpeopled wilderness, shall Piedmont reign here!