

May till the 14th of December. Still it was necessary, and he submitted not ungracefully to his fate, protesting his attachment to the Republic as warmly as if the preceding seven months were blotted out of memory or had never been. At once, the evil work of DeBroglie and Fourtou was undone. An amnesty covered all political offences; the gag was removed from the press; and the local instruments of despotism were cashiered. Of the entire number of prefects, one was transferred and only four retained, whilst eighty-one new ones were installed under the new *régime*. France has awakened from her nightmare, trade has revived, confidence is restored, and all without the firing of a shot, or the construction of a barricade. Surely the noblest results are to be hoped for in the future, now that the noble nation, which for nearly a century has writhed under the harrow of revolution, has by a calm and resolute appeal to moral force, asserted its claim to peace, order, and free government.

Pius the Ninth still lives, whilst Victor Emmanuel, the "robber of the Church," though thirty years his junior, is no more. *Il Rè galantuomo* appears to have succumbed to a disease not necessarily dangerous, except on an impaired constitution—the legacy of excesses in the past. At any rate, he died at the age of fifty-seven, in the odour of sanctity, although he had been excommunicated times without number. His Holiness "had pardoned him," he says, with a magnanimity of Christian forgiveness which was certainly not affected, and it may be presumed that the prayers for the King's soul which are to ascend from "the prisoner of the Vatican" will avail for the sacrilegious plunderer of the Quirinal. On the 23rd of March, 1849, the ill-advised assault of Charles Albert upon the Austrian power in Italy proved fatal to him. He was on the road to Milan, and encountered Radetzky in overwhelming force at Novara, within his own territories. On the Lombard side of the Ticino lay Magenta, which became famous ten years afterwards, under other circumstances and with different results. Italy's hour had not yet arrived; Charles Albert and Sardinia were worsted at Novara; the King abdicated, and Victor Emmanuel, his son, reigned in his stead. It is not likely that Charles Albert had any higher object in

view than the aggrandisement of the House of Savoy, though he may be credited with all an Italian's hatred of the foreign tyrants. Perhaps neither he nor his successor had any rational theory of an united Italy, and if the dream was realized under the latter, the credit belongs very partially to him. The two heroes of this fruitful era were Cavour, the man of thought, and Garibaldi, the man of action—the one far-seeing, cautious, and plodding, the other, brave, chivalrous, rash, visionary, and impetuous. The events of the period from 1859 to 1870 are too fresh in the memory to need any review; Italy is now a great united nation, and Rome is its capital. That dangers and perplexities beset its path must be admitted. Military ambition, vast expenditures upon public works, and, more than all, a restless substratum of communistic republicanism together cause a heaping up of deband of trouble. Radicalism has lately been at the helm, and has made fearful havoc by its *dilletante* experiments in every direction; Depretis and Nicotera are unworthy successors of Cavour, Ratazzi, or Ricasoli. King Humbert will probably follow in his father's footsteps, and it may be that with a new Pope and a new King some terms of amity will be arranged by which the Vatican and the Quirinal may live together peacefully in the Eternal City. If so, the intrigues of Ultramontanism would no longer supplement the conspiracies of secret communistic societies.

The events of the war have passed by so rapidly of late, that he who has mastered authentic details of each in succession, deserves credit for his discriminating industry. Kars, Plevna, Sofia, Nisch, and Antivari have for the present been crowned by the brilliant exploits of Generals Radetzky and Skobelev in the Shipka Pass. Roumelia now lies open to the victorious Muscovite up to the gates of Adrianople. There, immediately below the Balkans, lies the district of the atrocities of May, 1876. Batak and Philippopolis appeal mutely to the conquerors and the world from their peaceful nests in the valley. War has now done, let us hope, all its awful work in that sore-oppressed and outraged region. It now remains to deal with the turbaned culprit who still rules on the Bosphorus. The rumours regarding England's action are not worthy of notice, not merely because they are contradictory,