

# The Standard

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## THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

### Europe on the 1st of May.

"The Idea of March have come; but they are not yet gone."

The arrival of the French packet has been anxiously expected, and she has brought most important news of an alarming character. It had been reckoned that May would fulfil the terrible predictions which had not ripened into facts in March, and certainly we may state that while we write, blood is flowing profusely in Europe and in America. "Wars and rumors of wars" betoken the end of the world, and it does not require a fanatic's credulity, to imagine that European astronomers, observing the signs in the sun and stars, have rightly foretold the possibly proximate annihilation of our globe and species. But taking our every-day view of things, the most sceptical must admit that North America has already entered, and Europe is on the verge of the most critical crisis, that Christendom has known since the crusades. The United States have committed a lamentable suicide. Fort Sumter has been taken after a conflict of 48 hours, the honored flag of the stars and stripes has been trampled on, and the "Palmetto" reeking with brothers' blood has been raised, a trophy of iniquity. President Lincoln died, almost crossing the threshold of the Capitol; for, a few weeks administration, only gave time to hope for peace from his policy when we hear of his demise. Heaven seems angry with men, we hear of a new war in Texas; the Mexicans having sent a vanguard of 3,000 men to invade that country; and Miramon and O'Donnell count confidently upon carrying out the annexation movement, (begun in Santo Domingo), fully in Mexico in favor of Spain. The Yankees are not now in a position to resist the growing power of the St. Ildefonso cabinet, while England and France have their hands rather too full in the old world to turn their attention to the New.

And indeed, the aspect of Europe portends such a tremendous hurricane, that every one is naturally putting his house in order, and bolting his door against the marauders and assassins that will soon over-run the continent. In France, we learn that, "122 light field-pieces were put in readiness for the Rhine, and the neighboring frontier and camp of Chalons have received large reinforcements." Prussia in sight of this manifestation has hesitated to invade the Holstein Duchies, though the Chambers of Ytschoe have refused the King of Denmark's concessions and 20,000 men are awaiting the signal by which King William lights up the European conflagration, endangering his own monarchy.

Napoleon III has at length thrown down the gauntlet; in backing Denmark, he has alarmed Prussia; his sympathy with Poland has broken confidence with Russia; he has defied England by formally and permanently occupying Syria, and appointing Prince Jerome his vice-gerent in that province; he has at last scattered to the winds the treaty of Vienna, and by abandoning the Pope, suppressing convents and silencing bishops, he has overturned the oldest dynasty in Europe, and cast away the clerical influence that was so instrumental to his elevation. He thinks he can now rule, without the English alliance, the friendship of Germany, the prestige of the Church, or moderation of policy. His puny neighbor Belgium is sorely alarmed, and votes 50 millions of francs (£2,000,000) for defence; yet Leopold dreads that some fine day he shall be the victim of annexation or occupation ideas, and read in the Monitor that he has been superseded by the Prefects of the Departments of Flanders and Brabant.

General Garibaldi sat in the Italian Parliament in his shirt, and if his dress was indecorous, his language was even worse. The assumed modesty which has been so often laid at his door was, like his coat, forgotten, and in an air of kingly superiority he browbeated ministers, called harsh names, and played good-fellow-well-met with His Majesty Victor Emanuel. It is a pity the end will not justify the means, (for if it did we would ourselves advocate a Free United Italy,) but Garibaldi outpassed the just limits in pressing the claims of the filibusters or patriots who had accompanied him. He is now very ill and has possibly taken cold from leaving off his upper clothing, especially during and after the heat of the debate.

The Pope is still in *status quo*, but the removal of the French is fixed on. Troubles daily occur in Rome, and the University lately hoisted the Italian tri-color. It is proposed to remove the Papacy to Cyprus in the Mediterranean, and some talk of Jerusalem. The difficulty in choosing all these foreign sites, is that the Bishop of Rome must naturally stop in Rome, and if the Prelate of the Eternal City be not the Pope, the religion of half Christendom must change name, since it would be no longer *Roman Catholic*, at least in it's head. The womb of futurity may yet bring forth some means of leaving the Papacy in Rome, and securing it from Victor Emanuel's persecution.

Austria has concentrated 200,000 men in the Quadrilateral, and prepared for a gigantic campaign. Hospitals and sisters of charity are ready to receive the wounded; and Francis Joseph takes so little pains to conceal the intended invasion that the Italian Chambers have agreed with Garibaldi on the necessity of calling out the "Nazione armata," and Victor Emanuel writes in evident terror to Napoleon, anticipating that this campaign may terminate at Novara instead of Solferino, and the "gentleman King" fare like his father in 1849, losing his crown and dying in exile. But if, as is almost certain, the French arms fight against the double-headed eagle, then Austria can gain nothing and may lose the Quadrilateral fortresses of Mantua, Peschiera, Legnago, and Verona and, with them, all hold of Italy. If not, Saradin is undone, being abandoned in her utmost need, and as little able to cope with Benedicks dragons, and Marshal Nugent's Hussars as she was to gain unaided the battles of Solferino and Magenta.

The Sublime Porte is in great difficulties and quite bankrupt. The sick man is not even "so well as may be expected" for he has been obliged, to witness a permanent French occupation, to sanction the execution of the Druses and to ratify, the union of Moldavia and Wallachia under Prince Couza which is the prelude to an emancipation of those Danubian principalities.

Alas! that emancipation comes not where it is most needed. Poor Poland, the eye-sore of Europe! in vain Warsaw is hourly decimated by the Russian soldiery; an unarmed population devotedly rushes to meet a ready death by the bayonet or sabre, mothers present their infants to the launces of the Cossacks, and the national tumult and Russian hecatombs are alternately productive of the sympathy and horror of civilized mankind. There is no organized resistance, no patriot chieftain. Do not the bones of Sobieski, who saved Europe from the Turks, now rattle in their shroud? Is the seed of Kosciuszko extinct, or has the blood of so many martyrs to Liberty sunk into barren soil, and not quickened into life a single off-shoot of any one noble branch? Poland has given a sad lesson

of the effects of national disunion. Let Irishmen and Argentines take heed. This is a curse that has already eaten the hearts core of our own country and of that of our adoption. The Poles have resolved "which of the two to choose, slavery or death," and after receiving the sacraments of the Catholic Church, they meet their fate with a fanatical heroism. The Russians too have resolved, that, as they burned Moscow, rather than let Napoleon take it, they will make Poland a barren waste and a howling wilderness before releasing their iron-grasp.

From Madrid, orders had been issued to the various Captains-General, to "expecting an invasion of the pretender Don Juan who had left London, they were to shoot him if taken prisoner." Marshal O'Donnell's cabinet seems to have weathered a storm, and gained firmer footing. Colonel Rizzo was awaited, with despatches from General Serrano who took possession of Santo Domingo for Spain; and on his arrival, the government, being informed of the circumstances, would give their definitive resolution.

### Who is to blame.

Foreigners must be naturally reserved on local politics, not that we are afraid to speak our sentiments, but that it is more proper at least not to intrude our ideas upon matters of angry tendency in which we have only a secondary interest. It has been complained that our readers cannot tell on which side "the Weekly Standard" shall be arrayed and if we always succeed in concealing our party color, the object of our programme is herein fulfilled.

But, as faithful chroniclers of events we cannot pass over the present political crisis, in silence; and if we perceive breakers ahead, it is our duty, tho' only passengers in the ship of the state, to point out the common danger.

It is a lamentable fact that the Argentine provinces are on the eve of civil war, and they scarcely know why. Did not the *Convencion ad hoc* level all difficulties, or has the thing been so "hotched" that we are farther from peace than we were on Nov. 11th 1859? The world will ask what was all this show of friendship and mutual concessions if one or both of the contracting parties resolved to make it a sham? Who first broke the bond is the necessary question! Was it Paraná, who hailed unanimously the reforms? Was it Gen. Urquiza, who merited a title of moderation for his conduct towards Buenos Ayres? Was it the Unitarios, who gave such proofs of magnanimity in their reception of those who had been their enemies, and stood foremost in the movement of national union. Probably our rulers understand the quarrel; we do not. Our Deputies were rejected; but were they properly elected? It matters nothing that those who rejected them were, or were not, *aliquitos*. Our neighbor's sin will not justify ours. Therefore if Buenos Ayres had not followed the letter of the law, she is rationally bound to re-elect. Again, were the provincial deputies possessed of the requisite qualifications; if not, let them take the beam out of their own eye, ere taking the mote out of their neighbor's.

If both parties were inclined for peace, it is clear neither would show itself hypocritical, but as affairs now stand, Europe will probably regard this Republic as an inevitable prey to civil war, and men who are far from local excitements, and judge of things at their first blush, will condemn both Buenos Ayres and Paraná saying that one is as deep in the mud as the other in the mire.

### Answers to Correspondents.

**The Irish Shepherd.**—Rhyme is not always reason; the verses you send us have many defects, and we are unable to make out whether the original measure was intended as hexameter or pentameter. As an effort of penmanship it is creditable, but we have so much enervation for "the vocal nine" that we neither attempt poetry ourselves nor encourage it in our friends. If you try your hand at prose, we shall be most happy to make you "a camp correspondent."

**Lobos.**—Mr. R. complains that the "Weekly Standard" has not been unfurled in his neighborhood. He will find it canvassing recruits in Lobos.

**Baradero.** says that he likes our quality but requires more quantity. When we count 155 more subscribers we shall have an enlarged form.

**Ranchos.**—A. C. We sent your paper to Suttons posada, and cannot conceive why you and your neighbors have not got them. It is probably the fault of the Diligence.

**A Reader.** Our chapter of travels in France has given place this week to Dr. Cahill's letter to the Emperor Napoleon.

## SOUTH AMERICA.

President Derqui has gone to Cordova, but judging that his prestige of authority was insufficient, he is accompanied by 300 men. Sea is said to have returned to San Luis, so there seems no fear of the *lanza seca*; but the levying of armaments is ominous, and the President has apparently lost hope of a pacific arrangement. We hear that in addition to mobilising the national guards of Santiago, San Luis, Santa Fé and Cordova, extensive preparations are being made for war in Corrientes and Entre-Rios; 1,000 muskets ere (says the Tribune), sent by mistake to Uruguay, and military stores are arriving at Rosario. The journals of Entre-Rios also assume a defiant attitude, and give much moral weight to the respectable force under orders of the Captain-General, who also has a fleet at his command. The united government of Derqui and Urquiza seems resolved to carry everything with a high hand, and if necessary enforce their dictates by cannon-laws.

It is reported that they have received Armstrong guns lately, and the whole Republic resounds with arms as if reason had lost all sway. Still at the eleventh hour it is possible to avoid the catastrophe; the retirement of Sea is a point gained, and we believe that a conference might obviate hostilities. Gen. Pedernera is provisional President; Congress has completely ratified all the acts of Sea, and declared him well deserving of the country.

In this city events have like-wise taken a rapid course; the Provincial Government demanded extraordinary faculties to settle the pending difficulty, and as the Chambers submitted the project to the committee of constitutional matters, we are happy to say the latter has recommended its acceptance. Too many cooks spoil the broth; it is probable our able Governor will be much more capable of bringing about an accommodation than all the wise-heads of our Chambers together.

On the subject of the rejection of our Deputies, Senators Sarriente and Racion pronounced telling orations before a crowded audience.

## LOCAL EVENTS.

**What next.**—Governor Mitre has applied for extraordinary powers to treat. We always considered him possessed of extraordinary powers, especially in

treating political subjects, for instance in Belgrano. Therefore we confidently say "General, stand fast, but be half and half measures; or we will re-treat."

**Municipality.**—It is not at all true that the Municipality intend removing their session-rooms to the Hospital de Mujeres or Convalescencia. At least no change will be made until the new clock has been put up, and the May column coated with marble, and the Plaza Retiro finished, and the streets well paved, and the docks built, and the Artesian well sunk, and the people convinced that our Municipal board is composed of active intelligent men.

**Jacobson's Geneva.**—The late Gefe de Policia got many a square in the press. The "Tribuna" ran him down saying he did not keep a lookout for the watches. Perhaps Mr. Jacobson's time-pieces may turn up. We understand they were marked *Ginecra*, the case looks rather rum.

**What's in a name.**—Don Justo José says that Unitario does not mean a lover of union, any more than Rip de la Plata signifies a river of silver or Justo Urquiza, the just captain general, or Reforma Pacifica a pacific andyone.

**Minister of Police.**—The new Gefe is Mr. Gazon. He deals in the stocks, and besides the anti-chimney conflagration policy, manages the slow coach department, which permits any person galloping, on business, to reduce the national debt by taking shares of 205 payable on sight, Agency fee to vigilantes, 55.

**Donbloons.**—Persons who advocate decimal calculation, and a fixed price for ounces, may "see the error of their ways," by stepping into the Bolsa any day from 12 to 2; or by seriously reflecting on the fluctuations of the money market.

**Commercial Times.**—Our English colleague some two numbers back hinted that we had invented the transfer of Santo Domingo to Spain. "As he cannot yet have received an answer from Souleouque or Santa Anna, we can assure him, beyond a doubt that we were perfectly right and it was all in the wrong."—Vide packet news.

**Gas House.**—This institute of popular enlightenment is under debate, but as we are "in the dark" on the matter we leave it to those who have studied Coke, &c. Altho' we have heard of so many feet of gas, we do not understand the metre (meter), and consequently cannot even invoke the pipes to a strain on the subject.

**Derqui's Oracle.**—The President, as was formerly the custom with Giecinas, consulted a soothsayer on his expedition. The oracle said "you are for getting the welfare of the Republic." Derqui, mind your steps!

### LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

London, Wednesday, April 17.  
The bill of Mr. Gladstone is now fairly before the country, and whatever the Conservative portion of the press may say to the contrary, it is a complete success. The boldness of the manner in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has grappled with the repeal of the paper duty shows that he is in earnest, and under such circumstances the House of Lords will not, indeed cannot, interpose their authority to prevent his propositions becoming law. The right hon. gentleman has also conciliated Mr. Bright and his friends, without whose co-operation the government could scarcely have hoped to carry any budget which did not include the repeal of the paper duty. The reduction of the income tax is, it is believed, the first step towards the gradual elimination of that unpopular impost. The extension of the license







plished guest of Sir John Gerrald, of England, when I was in correspondence with French Cabinet Ministers, I humbly hope that, under all these circumstances, this communication from me to your Imperial Majesty will not be considered either presumptuous or impertinent.

I have quoted the pastoral stanza of Burns from no unbecoming feeling of familiarity; but from a conviction that, even Napoleon the Third, the genius of the *coup de main* of December, the hero of Solferino, appears to be utterly blind to the "ragaries, the headlong impulses, and the conflicting decisions of his Italian policy." Although it is not likely that an Irish Priest can stop Napoleon in his course, yet as the smallest metal point lifted on high can arrest the wildest leap of the lightning it might happen (as reported of Peter the Great) that one humble, earnest, argumentative voice, reaching your lofty consuming path, may perchance have the power to change your direction.

How can your Majesty know the Catholic popular feeling of Europe against you, when your despotic policy has gagged the entire press of several surrounding Catholic nations? You have singularly alienated your former warmest friends, while you have strangely encouraged the malicious license of your deadliest inappreciable enemies. You have smothered the voice of the children of Bossuet and Saint Louis in the fiendish howl of Voltaire, and the spurious offspring of Diderot. Neither Italy, nor France, nor Spain, nor Belgium dares publish the tears of the Pope, or the grief of the Church in your Imperial domain; while you grant a willing audience to the thrilling infidelities of Geneva, and the bleeding sacrifices of Great Britain. As far as present appearances go, you are the friend of Garibaldi, while you chain the Head of the Church. You seem to oppress virtue, and to encourage vice. Your language and promises are all bland and assuring, while your conduct and conclusions are cruelty and plunder. One step farther and you are the most perfidious of civil rulers, the bitterest modern enemy of the Christian Church.

Let us understand you. How can you rule long over the French Church if you persecute or oppose the Hierarchy? How can you demand allegiance from hearts that must soon abhor your name? How can the persecutor of Pius the Ninth command the Catholic French army to spill their blood in defence of the enemy of Peter? How can you listen without fear to the *Tu Deum* in the Church of Notre Dame, chanted by voices that would sooner entone your funeral service? The Catholic soldiers, the Catholic children of France will not long endure the hypocrisy that would thus degrade and oppress the nation for *self aggrandizement*. This was the fault of the rule of Louis Philippe, namely, an organised hypocrisy under the name of sincerity, a cruel family despotism under the aspect of universal popular liberty. Your Majesty knows the result of this policy. Like your uncle, bound in English chains, and lingering slowly on a deserted rock towards a premature grave, the late King of France died a mendicant exile at the gates of London. Let the nations know who you are, and do not insult the feeling of mankind by assuming the appearance of a follower of Christ, while you put the vinegar sponge to his burning lips. In this honest, frank language of mine, I have, not impudently ascended to your place, it is you who have insultingly come down to mine. The friend of Cavour, the Champion of Exeter Hall, the correspondent of Garibaldi, you can no longer claim kindred with Ca-

tholice: you are on the eve (unless you change your course) of taking your historic rank with Henry of England, with Frederick of Prussia, and with the most treacherous leaders of the ancient Lombard oppressors of the Papacy.

And I pray your Majesty not to take lightly these remarks of mine. I have been, in my humble way, up to the present time, amongst your most ardent admirers, your warmest friends. I am read every week by millions of men; and I am read all over the civilized world. This is no silly boast. If I cannot restore the Pope to his ancient patrimony, I can beyond all doubt raise a shout of horror against the robber. If I cannot myself take my place amongst a faithful army in defence, I can enlist bands of Christian heroes on every Catholic soil, more valiant than your Zouaves, to hunt down with execration the perjurer who, with honour and truth on his lips, has stolen the sacred vessels from the temple, and has drunk sacrifice. I am amongst those who trusted to the last point of belief, your verbal promises, your written declarations, your solemn avowments, made in repeated, and repeated sworn allegations. You are pledged by documents (copies of which I hold in my possession) which would convict you as the veriest moral criminal before any jury in Europe, if you now swear from these your oaths before God and man.

There is time, yet time, Sire, for the fulfilment of these, your solemn engagements. I pray God that you may return to the feeling which has raised you to a throne; before the recent nobility of your blood was dazzled by family alliance with ancient Savoy; and above all, before you conceived the idea of levelling the kingly titles of all the neighbouring dynasties. This is the new fatal idea which has lately possessed you, in order to bring down Royalty to the level of a City Mayor; in order to enable the grandson of the Corsican Lawyer to stand in an equality with Charlemagne; and thus by effacing everything kingly, to raise the present democrat Emperor of France higher than all the ancient Monarchs of Europe. Even the Pope must yield to this new idea: all laws, human and Divine, must be changed, in order to give effect to this new theory, of disannobling Royalty, and of crowning Democracy. The laws of Nature, too, must, I dare say, yield to this Imperial decree of the younger Napoleon—

When the loose rock trembles from on high, Must gravitation cease when he goes by?

When corporals and city nailors can aid in making Emperors in these days it is nothing surprising if ordinary scholars can become statesmen, and can know the policy, the schemes, the stratagems, and the deceit of their rulers. Things are changed in these days; and Emperors in modern times can break their word, violate their oaths, and become more demoralised than the lowest of their subjects. Do not mistake me, Sire. I am fond of liberty than you are. I have long borne the galling yoke of oppression, and I have been trained in the school of the immortal O'Connell. And I have often with my whole heart and soul, put forth and advocated the glorious proposition, namely:—

"Be a People, the source of all legitimate power." But I have never urged the doctrine of modern fashion, namely—that violated oaths, plunder of the sanctuary, robbery of neutral states, could ever be argued as the antecedents, the auxiliaries, the adjuncts, or the results of the pure, spotless, heaven-born, ethical principle of true liberty. When Judas is canonised by mankind, Christianity has failed; and when mur-

der, and sacrilege, and robbery, are associated with glorious freedom, human liberty has fled from this accumulated infamy.

In reference to the Pope, your Majesty's case of guilt, clearly stated, is very brief:—

Firstly—You make war upon Austria, not in defence of France, but in the aggression of Sardinia. In the victory which your brilliant genius and noble, adventurous, enterprising French army gained, you have voluntarily and deliberately developed and committed two evils against the Holy See, viz:—you removed Austria, the Protector of the Papal States, and you advanced to the City of Rome, Sardinia, the avowed enemy of the Church. You have beaten off the guards of the garrison, and you have, beyond doubt, betrayed the principal entrance.

Secondly—The next count of your perfidy is, when you executed the mock peace articles of Villafranca. In this document you closed the arrangement, leaving the Duchies and Naples in possession of their rulers, and appointing the Pope the honorary head of the five dynasties, then reigning in the Italian Peninsula. The honesty of this, your written appointment, is now tested in the sight of Europe by the usurpation of your ally, in seizing more than one-third of the dominions which you guaranteed to protect.

Thirdly—The difference between the case of the Papal States and the case of Naples and of the Duchies is this—viz., the kingdoms under consideration had their boundaries arranged and policy settled by local conquest; and by individual rule; while the States of the Church have been bequeathed by the united agreement of all Catholic Europe. After the first territorial possession given by the family of Popes, in the ninth century, succeeding princes gave additional provinces with the consent, the approbation, the legal contract of all Christendom, united and bound in one common political, legal, and constitutional document. Therefore neither you, Sire, nor any individual of the contracting parties have a right, without the consent of all the others, to alienate this European Catholic bequest. Your individual duty might be to invite a congress of the contracting parties and to alter or modify or annul the political laws of these districts or provinces; but you are no right to alienate or take away the lessehold property of Europe against the will of the original testators. Unless, therefore, you restore the Provinces already usurped, you trample on all European law. You subvert the ancient statutes of our nation in this case, and you palpably rob the Head of the Church.

Fourthly—The state trick, of giving liberty to peoples, to select their rulers, is an argument to give legality and permanence to your own modern throne—Time will tell. Such a liberty granted to the people of the Papal States under the protection of Sardinian bayonets! is the same kind of liberty as the vote of the lambs under the protection of the wolves in the absence of the shepherd! But, Sire, there is a more apt illustration of this your scheme of universal suffrage, in the Papal States, than the example just quoted. This scheme in Ancona, Ferrara, and the Bologna is as old, as its cognate plan of popular suffrage in the hall of Pilate. This Pilate, the imperial officer of Tiberius, addressed the Jewish mob, holding Jesus, and said, "Whom will you that I release to you, Barabbas or Christ? Whom ill you have, but they said Barabbas. Hah, Sire, here is your plan, your policy, in reference to Papal Italy, carried out by your Lieutenant Cavour. Again, Sire, do you remember that on the full occasion of this universal suffrage in the

hall of Pilate, it is stated, that as "Pilate was sitting in the judgement seat," his wife sent to him saying, have thou nothing to do with that just man for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him."

Sire take care what you are doing. In order to make the historical reference complete, it is said that a winning woman, an angelic creature, a lovely Empress has, with remonstrances and tears, addressed your heart in language like the warning given to Pilate by his wife! Sire, take care lest you be found fighting against God in your Roman policy. The universal suffrage surrounded by Sardinian bayonets is (in the case under consideration) a cruel mockery; opening the floodgates of licensed infidelity, and throwing down all the barriers of civil government. Sire, you have by the clearest testimony of European law, by your own acts, by the evidence of your word and your writing, you have cancelled the united bargain of seven Catholic Monarchs; you have betrayed the Pope; you have robbed the Church, and you have evinced a want of principle unknown in the lowest courts of jurisprudence.

I hold you responsible, too, for the murder, the assassination of my brave countrymen in the breach at Spoleto, the pass of the modern Thermopylae. These courageous children of Ireland did not make war on Sardinia: they went legitimately to defend the Pope. The Sardinian attack, therefore, was murder without palliation. Your cherished ally has, therefore, spilled the blood of unoffending Ireland. You are an accomplice in this crime, and you can never wipe away this foul stain of the assassination of my beloved countrymen. An overwhelming force of eight thousand blood-thirsty assassins attack, unexpectedly, the garrison of Spoleto; Ireland's children mounted the walls, and with the proverbial courage of their race, they utter a shout of "No surrender." Thirty brave poor fellows then threw themselves in the breach and without flinching were killed to the last man!! Ireland will remember this act to the Bonaparte race as long as we have hearts for revenge; and when your cousin makes his next visit to Kingstown in your Imperial yacht, I hope the wailing mothers of the slaughtered Irish Brigade will raise the cry of murder on the shore, as the hated, crimsoned Sardinian colours float in the murmuring breeze over the angry waters of the Irish harbour. Your Majesty will learn soon that your Roman policy is built too high; it must fall.

Sire, you are treading in the footsteps of your uncle, and you are likely to meet the same fate. You know better than I do his former sway. Your uncle Joseph was King of Spain, your uncle by marriage was King of Naples: your most immediate relative was King of Holland. Your aunt (your uncle's second wife) was an Austrian princess; and your cousin, the Duke of Reichstadt (your uncle's only son) was King of Rome! appointed by your uncle, in place of the Pope, King of Rome! Alas! appointed by a Bonaparte to sit in the sanctuary, to wear the Pope's crown! Alas! poor child, he lay in his little coffin, wearing his early shroud and sunk in his premature grave before his father's insane ambition placed the kingly purple and the Roman crown on his puny faded head! Pray, Sire, have you as yet, in imitation of your uncle, appointed your little son, the adored little Prince Imperial, to the Papal crown, to be King of Rome? Ah, Sire, spare the beautiful boy; leave him longer to his fond mother! do not so soon, Sire, make his early grave; not so soon build his infant tomb! Spare the cautious child, the pure blood of charming Spain, proud Ca-

tholic Spain. Ah, Sire, do not name him King of Rome!

Pray, Sire, have you ever reflected on the mean language of your uncle when he was putting his foot on the English man-of-war, the Bellerophon, after Waterloo? Oh, God! his retreat, his defeat at Waterloo! I shall repeat these craven words of your uncle— "Like Themistocles of old, I shroud myself on the honor and greatness, and the hospitality of the English people." Alas, the hero of Marengo, and the genius of Austerlitz, how fallen! Sire, have you ever heard the words which (it is said) were addressed by Pope Pius the Seventh to your uncle at Fontainebleau, in a small room, where your uncle had him confined? I was in that room, and I wrote a letter on the little table at the fireplace where your uncle offered him, through General Berthier, a cockade, as a French symbol, and as a compliment! The Pope replied—"Sire, I can accept no ornaments, except those with which the Church invests me—namely, the papal tiara, the triple crown, the keys, the pastoral staff (which he held in his hand) and this little crown on my head." And, remember, Sire, although you may at present throw down the monuments of the living and uproot the tombs of the dead, you will soon be confined in a narrow bed (the grave) and this little cockade, and this crown, which will govern all the universal earth, when your name and race and power will be forgotten amongst men." Sire, do you hear these words and do you take warning in time. They speak loudly from the paper. It was after your uncle had imprisoned the Pope that he entered on his Russian campaign! he entered the Russian territory at the head of five hundred and thirty thousand men; and he returned to France with only seventy-two thousand broken invalids! On his retreat over the bridge of the Beresina the river was choked with the slain and the drowned, it overflowed its banks, and carried the dead into the fields in thousands, where they remained unburied for weeks and months. Whole regiments of cavalry were frozen in their saddles; their horses like statues, the men erect as in life. Regiments of infantry stood in the snow in their waist in line of battle, dead and stiff in terrible death. It was a more thrilling awful case than the angry vengeance on Sennacherib.

Sire, you shall hear from me occasionally. You cannot gag my mouth here as you have silenced your French hierarchy. I am in free America, where we can address Kings and Emperors as beings, like other men. I shall, when necessary, tell your secrets perhaps not known to those nearest your person. And I am no unfriendly writer. You may perhaps change your policy before this letter will reach you. No one can calculate on your consistent policy a single day. If Russia forms an alliance with you, I despair of your ever returning to your former opinions. But Russia join your enemies another Waterloo awaits you from the same coalition as in 1815. I shall not presume in concluding this letter to bandy compliments in the ordinary way with an Emperor; I shall finish by quoting a few lines from Lord Byron, on your uncle being sent to St. Helena, and the merely sign my name:—

Thy done, but yesterday a King,  
And armed with kings to strive,  
And now thou art a nameless thing,  
So abject, yet alive!  
Is this the man of thousand thrones?  
Who strewed our earth with hostile bones!

And can he thus survive,  
Since he was called the morning star,  
Nor man nor fiend had fallen so far.

D. W. CAHILL, D.D.