Chapter I.

The Italian War.


It was on the night of the 4th of July, 1859, that I crossed Mount Cenis, on the way to Turin. Though the precise date was a matter of accident, its associations were in happy union with the object of the journey and the sentiments which prompted me. It was my birthday; but far more, it was the day that ushered into life my native land—a day ever memorable in the history of the world—not so much because it had added another to the family of nations, as because it had announced, amid the crack of rifles and the groans of expiring patriots, the great principle, that every people has an inalienable right of self-government, without responsibility to aught on earth, save such as may be imposed by a due respect for the opinions of mankind. Once more this great battle was to be fought, no longer in the wilds of the American forest, but on land renowned through all ages, and rendered sacred by recollections of intellect, art and religion. Now, as then, a tyrant empire had, with vain boastings, poured her legions upon a devoted land; now, as then, the oppressed few, forgetting their dissensions, had risen to burst their chains asunder; and now, too, as then, a great nation, the generous French, were rushing with disciplined battalions to aid struggling, expiring humanity. It was certainly humiliating that so large a portion of Europe should have remained unsympathizing spectators of the contest. On the part of an American, acquiescence in such neutrality would have been treason against nature. Inspired by these sentiments, I was hurrying with what speed I might to offer my
services to the Sardinian Government, and to ask the privilege of serving as a volunteer in her armies—perhaps a foolish errand, if measured by the ideas of this unromantic century. No emotion of my life was ever so pure, so free from every shade of conscientious doubt or selfish consideration. At the distance of four thousand miles, we were happily ignorant of the underhand intrigues, if any there were, which so frequently disgust one in the turmoil of politics. I saw but the spectacle of an injured people struggling, as America had done, to throw off the yoke of a foreign and, comparatively, barbarous oppressor, and as we passed battalion after battalion of brave French, slowly ascending the mountain, I felt toward them all the fervor of youth, fired by the grateful traditions of eighty years ago.

The rays of the western sun beat with their utmost intensity upon the troops, many of whom, particularly the younger ones, appeared utterly exhausted. The effect of the heat in rendering them deaf was remarkable. They would frequently be first made aware of our approach by feeling the horses' breath upon their necks. We aided them as much as lay in our power by taking their knapsacks, which were hung about on the diligence, giving it the appearance of a huge pedlar's wagon. There were several battalions of the line, one of chasseurs de Vincennes, and some squadrons of cavalry scattered along, the men by no means large, but of well-developed muscles and prepossessing countenances. As night came on they halted to camp, and we continued our journey alone. The snow still lingered on the summit of the Pass, but descending about three o'clock, we suddenly turned to the east, and the hot air smote us as from an oven's mouth. We were in Italy. Soon the gorgeous vegetation of the southern slopes of the Alps appeared to delight our eyes, the morning breeze springing up saluted us with the refreshing odors of the tropics, and amid vineyards and well-cultivated lands we wound our way down the mountain to the railroad station at Susa, where I was charmed to get rid of a fat, vulgar, French commis, who had been very brave and warlike until we commenced the descent; it then became necessary for him and the conductor to exchange words as to the proper speed of the diligence, such was the creature's fears of being precipitated over the parapet. A few hours more brought us to Turin. On entering the station I saw a new sight, which
made a strange impression upon me at the time—a prisoner of war. I can scarcely describe the painful effect it produced. A dead man is simply a man dead—nothing uncommon. All men are mortal, and a few years more or less matter little, but here was a train filled with beings who had deserved well of their country, and perhaps even acquired the respect of their conquerors, who were yet deprived of that dearest of all liberties—the liberty of locomotion. It furnished food for reflection: for of all the misfortunes of war, this seemed to me the most direful, involving the loss of honor and liberty alike. On our train was a party of conscripts from Savoy, who had been in high glee all the way, singing and rejoicing at the prospect of encountering the enemy. The meeting between them and the Austrians was amusing. The latter, as far as I could see, appeared quite contented with their lot, and received the good-humored raillery of their victors with smiles. The sight was refreshing to humanity—this separation of the Government from the individual; but there was something unnatural in it, and I would have been far better pleased to see them scowling from the windows of their prison, as though they had felt a conviction of the justice of their cause, and a personal interest in its success. But such can only be in Republics, where those who declare the war fight the battles. Leaving the prisoners to their fate, I entered a little omnibus—one of the blessings which the last ten years have conferred upon Turin—and in a few minutes was comfortably lodged in an old palace, now converted into a hotel, the apparently inevitable fate of such structures in Italy.

As it was still early, I sallied forth into the streets. The city presented, in one respect, a striking aspect—the total absence of young men: all were gone to the wars. The better class of ladies, too, had disappeared from the promenade—for they had either lost or were in daily apprehension of losing some dear friend. The war news was, of course, the absorbing topic of conversation among the men, who collected under the Arcades and in the Cafés, discussing the chances with anxious countenances. They felt confident of ultimate success. Enthusiasm pervaded all classes; nor was it the enthusiasm which delights in loud boasts and empty professions, but that much more valuable quality which, having counted the necessary sacrifices, devotes itself to the accomplishment of a great work.
social intercourse could, therefore, be scarcely said to exist. Over the city reigned the breathless calm which precedes a convulsion—for any moment might bring news of another and, perhaps, final struggle under the walls of Verona. In the midst of this state of suspense, the public ear was suddenly startled by the rumor of an armistice to be granted at the urgent request of the Emperor of the French. Words cannot express the astonishment of the community upon learning that the Generalissimo of the allied armies had paused in the height of success to crave a delay which could only operate in favor of the weaker party, by affording them an opportunity of recovering from their demoralization. As Napoleon had never yet acted without some adequate motive, there was a general disposition to suspend judgment upon the armistice until the press should communicate the reasons. None were given, and the world was left to conjecture what advantage could accrue to the Allies which, by any possibility, might compensate for the injustice of leaving Venetia exposed to the forced loan lately decreed. A large majority still felt unabated confidence in the ultimate accomplishment of the famous programme, "From the Alps to the Adriatic." The cold, unimpassioned nature of Napoleon, the calculating prudence with which he had hitherto conceived, the tenacity with which he had maintained, the skill with which he had executed every political plan, rendered them sure of the fulfillment of the late promises. In this belief they were confirmed by the vigorous preparations made for continuing the contest. A few far-seeing politicians began already to suspect that the armistice was preliminary to some arrangement, whereby France and Austria might be united against any power that should prove disagreeable in the future settlement of Europe, but they were in a small minority. These doubts were soon solved by the announcement of the Peace of Villafranca. Its announcement fell like a thunderbolt. The first impression was a stupefaction. Men stared at each other in gaping wonder, as though their senses were unable to comprehend the intelligence. To this succeeded a furious outburst of indignation against the Emperor Napoleon. Excommunications were poured upon his name and race. The late idol had been transformed into a hideous demon. His portrait was withdrawn from the shop windows, and it is said that Orsini’s appeared. This may be true, though I did not see it myself, but it must
not be forgotten that Orsini is regarded by very respectable persons in Italy as a Brutus, nobly sacrificing himself for the good of his country, rather than a fanatical assassin, which is his position in America. Bitter comparisons were instituted between the glorious proclamations with which the French army had crossed the Alps and their impotent conclusion. Every wild and impracticable scheme was suggested; some even proposed to continue the war alone. But the rage of indignant Italy was fruitless—for it was worse than folly to suppose that Sardinia could contend single-handed with Austria, aided, perhaps, by France. The war, for the present, was ended. In the midst of all this excitement, there was one feature highly creditable to the Sardinians—the generous, unselfish manner in which the news was received. Their own country, Lombardy, Tuscany, Romagna, were forgotten in universal commiseration for the condition of Venice, so cruelly abandoned to the oppressions of the common tyrant, thrust back, as it were, into the vindictive jaws of the monster. The sentiment was expressed in every way known to the heart. Among the poetical effusions, was one peculiarly beautiful upon the separation of the two sisters, Lombardy and Venetia, which I regret not having preserved. A profound gloom shrouded the city as though it had been overwhelmed by some terrible disaster. The Bourse fell, not from want of confidence, but because the purchasers were in mourning; it was not a time to buy and sell. There was no marrying or giving in marriage that day in Turin.

The war, so far as it involved external enemies was, in my opinion, hopelessly over, for the fifty thousand French soldiers that were to be left in Parma, Modena and Tuscany would repress any attempt at a popular movement in those Provinces, and the accumulation of Austrian troops in Venetia rendered idle all thought of insurrection there. Nor was it probable that France and Austria would re-commence hostilities immediately. A civil war between the Bolognese and the Papal troops was much more within the range of possibilities. But for a foreigner to interfere in any such contest would not only be impertinent but unwise, as in these conflicts it is very difficult to find out the truth, much less to strike the balance of right, so I concluded to spend the summer in some agreeable country, within call in case of a renewal of hostilities, when
the opportunity would be renewed of which the armistice or rather the peace had deprived me. It would, however, be scarcely admissible to leave Italy without a word upon the events of the summer.

The ill-advised campaign of 1849, which ended with the battle of Novarca, placed Sardinia at the feet of Radetsky, and had not France, aided by England, interposed to arrest the progress of the Austrian arms, it is more than probable that their domination would have extended from Turin to Messina. Mouthing demagogues, useless there as elsewhere for practical good, had, against the opinion of every sensible patriot, precipitated their country to the brink of the abyss. The ambassadors of France and England protested against the movement in advance upon Lombardy. The reply was: "Will you guaranty the existence of the monarchy? for further resistance to this agitation will cost us the throne, and we will be as far as ever from the object of your wishes—the preservation of peace." As such a guaranty was impossible, under the circumstances, the drama was played out to its catastrophe. Fortunately, the independence of this corner of Italy was saved from the general wreck, and from it Italy is destined to be regenerated, gradually, perhaps, but as surely as Spain was from the mountains of the Asturias. The demagogues having been fairly tried, and found wanting, gave way to honester men, and the work of regeneration commenced. Upon the abdication of Charles Albert, Victor Emanuel ascended the throne, fresh from the bloody field where the Italian cause had gone down. Never for a moment has he swerved from the rôle which his good fortune cast upon him. Conscientiously has he maintained his coronation oath as a constitutional king, and with equal firmness has he fulfilled the duty, to which he was bound by no written oath, of inspiring a new life into his whole country. The particular line of policy, pursued with consistent and masterly statesmanship, is probably due to Count Cavour, and was a happy combination of passive and active warfare. The former consisted in offering to Italy and entire Europe the spectacle of an Italian nation enjoying the advantages of self-government, alike removed from the violence and anarchy of Democracy and the tyranny of military dictatorship. The latter in sustaining the spirit of the Italian patriots by every means which diplomacy could suggest or
excuse, and allowing no new outrage on the part of Austria to pass without, at least, a protest. The last, and not the least, precaution consisted in enlisting the moral support of France and England, previous to every important step. The contingent furnished to the Crimean war was thus a skilfully conceived idea, as, besides gratifying the Allies, it necessarily procured the admission of the Sardinian plenipotentiaries into the Paris Congress, and gave France, England and Russia an opportunity of protesting against the Austrian-Italian system, though from widely different motives. The world knows how admirably the whole plan succeeded. The eyes of all Italian patriots were turned incessantly towards Sardinia, which represented throughout Europe the Italian idea, the heart; to Austria were left only the manacle and the bayonet.

The interest of France in the Italian question, to a certain extent, is patent. The rivalry which, in ages past, caused such bloody wars upon these very fields still exists, and will continue to exist, so long as Austria maintains a footing south of the Alps. Nor can any French Government look with indifference upon the extension of either the influence or territory of its hereditary enemy towards the south-eastern frontier. It is a feeling, therefore, which partakes both of the past and present, and the warnings of history upon this subject cannot be safely disregarded by the statesmen of St. Cloud. But I am disposed to give Napoleon himself more credit for sentiment in the matter than is generally done. It is only natural that he should desire to be the benefactor of the land whence his family derive their origin. He is too experienced not to see that, after the brilliant career of the first Emperor, something more than mere military glory must be his distinguishing merit with posterity. He has manifested a determination to batter, undermine, destroy, by every means in his power the treaties of 1815, which were directed principally against his family and country. But I believe he is really ambitious of advancing humanity, so far as that can be done consistently with the maintenance of Bonapartist ideas. The Italian war, moreover, coincided with his avowed policy of uniting the so-called Latin nations under the lead of France—constituting a moral, if not a geographical, empire. Of course, most persons having control of half a million soldiers would like to make a trial of their skill; but he is too politic to stake
much upon so uncertain a venture, merely for the pleasure of playing at the game of war. It soon became apparent to both France and Italy, that a collision was possible, if not inevitable, and that jealousy of the former power might perhaps enlist a certain portion of Europe in behalf of Austria. Napoleon, following the example of the wise steward, sought to make friends against that contingency. The Tory administration of England having scouted the idea of an alliance, secret application was made to Russia, who, to avenge herself upon Austria, most willingly accepted the office of "keeping the crowd off," as they say in the backwoods, and letting the parties fight it out fairly. I do not think that the Emperor of the French expected war, certainly not so soon; but he had made every possible preparation. Herein did he show consummate skill as a ruler; forming a striking contrast to those imbecile fatuities, who are ever ready to plunge in without first counting the cost, or taking the slightest precaution against defeat.

The conduct of Austria in taking the initiative can hardly be pronounced impolitic, as the ultimate choice lay between war and a Congress, and the latter would certainly have been fatal to her influence. It is true, that by placing herself in the aggressive, she gave lukewarm friends an excuse for declining to step forth in her behalf; but upon whom could she rely? Many persons in England did, and do still, doubt the capacity of the Italians for self-government; but the English people never would have tolerated a war simply for the purpose of upholding Austrian usurpations, and after the reiterated denials by the French Government of any intention of acquiring an increase of territory for France, there would have remained no other excuse for interference. Germany, headed by Prussia, played apparently a hesitating and very undignified part, but such was unavoidable. The Germans had a just want of confidence in and an apprehension of Napoleon, and were, therefore, not disposed to see Austria defeated and cowed by him; but they felt an equal detestation of Austria, and would have been delighted to see her driven out of Italy by the Italians. The more clear-sighted, moreover, believed that even for the purpose of resisting French aggression, she would be much more available after her unsound Italian members had been lopped off than before. It was impossible for Prussia to take any decided part until the war reached the frontier of Germany,
more particularly since Russia was prepared to pour an army corps across the Polish border at the first movement. The loud school-boy cries uttered by Austria after the peace, that her friends had not helped her, were, therefore, not only undignified, but unjust, as she was in a position which precluded any honest sympathy. In view of all these circumstances, I must think that her policy of sudden invasion, before the Allies could finish their preparations, was bold, perhaps desperate, but well conceived, as it offered the additional advantage of relieving her from the immense cost of constant expectation, which her exhausted credit could ill sustain.

The question has been mooted whether Sardinia were justifiable in provoking the war, but of this I cannot entertain the shadow of a doubt. I consider the presence of an Austrian soldier in Italy as a constant cause of resistance—a standing grievance. The nature of the Austrian tyranny is not perfectly understood in America. Up to the period of the reaction which followed the downfall of Napoleon, the Austrian Government truly merited the name of patriarchal. The mildness, the unaffected simplicity of its rule, its respect for vested right were universally acknowledged. Then the new ideas began to ferment. Progress is the child of education and intelligence. It was, therefore, only among the educated intelligent classes that these ideas took root. In an unfortunate hour for the Government, it adopted the system of Metternich, which he had borrowed from Napoleon, and which consisted in the repression by armed force of all liberty of intellect. Fouché re-appeared with his legion of spies. After the Revolution of 1848, this detestable scheme became a mania. The laborer who contented himself with the plough or last, cannot be said to have been oppressed. Rather the contrary, for the effort was to break down the influence and authority of the better classes over this very population. But let any one, high or low, aspire to the impertinent liberty of thinking for himself, and he became at once an object of suspicion to the police. The fundamental laws of the empire were rudely broken, with the hope of reducing all to a hopeless, savourless, abject equality of servitude. The same policy, with twofold stringency, was extended to Italy. The peasant, who tilled his land and ate his grapes, and sang and danced in the cool evening, was a favorite, and, in many respects, fared better than under the
effete nobility, who enjoyed a monopoly of the soil. But woe to him who thought that man was endowed with intelligence for other and higher ends! For such there was no mercy: every species of obloquy and insult was heaped upon them, and, unfortunately, they comprised the most influential portion of a population whose lively imaginations, excited by the continual contemplation of the memorials of past freedom, would not permit them to remain content with the lot of mere hewers of wood and drawers of water. Surely the patriots who attempted to procure for their country a nobler future, need no apology to an American public. It will thus appear why the Austrians, not entirely without reason, counted upon a party among the peasantry, though the doors of every respectable house in Milan and Venice were closed against them, and ladies refrained from appearing on the public promenades, lest they should be insulted by courtesies from their hated oppressors. The dearest luxuries of life were resigned merely for the purpose of making a demonstration. On one occasion, the whole population gave up the use of tobacco, to prove their unconquerable determination of embarrassing the Government by every means in their power, while, by way of counter-demonstration, soldiers and police agents were required to smoke in public on all occasions. Many found a melancholy pleasure in subscribing to the monument on the Citadel square at Turin, or the armament of Alessandria, both of which produced violent recrimination on the part of Austria. Such was the situation of affairs when the cloud of war burst.

The energy displayed by Austria in commencing hostilities was short-lived. Some obstacles prevented the entire success of the plan, but there was scarcely a sufficient military reason for not throwing ahead at least a strong advanced guard, which might have done infinite mischief, and perhaps have taken Turin, for the Allies were evidently surprised, and once at Turin, it might have lain like a huge armadillo, and drawn in the French contingents as they successively arrived. The inaction which ensued at Austrian headquarters, had the appearance of paralysis. The whole advantage of the forward movement was lost, and time was afforded for the concentration of a respectable force advancing simultaneously by way of Susa and Genoa upon their left flanks. Then came the battle of Montebello, fought, as Gen. Giulay said in his despatch, to
make the enemy develop his force. If that were his object, it must be confessed he succeeded admirably. This was followed by Palestro, where Victor Emanuel proved himself to be the first in war, as he had been in peace. Then came the beautiful turning of the Austrian right flank, and the battle of Magenta, in which the gallant MacMahon, manoeuvring principally for the safety of his own corps, had the good luck to cause the utter defeat of the enemy, and was rewarded with the Baton of Marshal and the title of Duke. The great battle of Solferino crowned the whole. In a military point of view, the campaign was most remarkable. The Austrians fought well and bravely, and with the energy of despair, for their officers had strangely enough inoculated them with the idea, that if taken prisoners they would either be murdered in cold blood and devoured by the Turcos, or poisoned. Days after the battle of Palestro, many were dragged half-starved from places of concealment, who refused to drink wine or other colored fluid from the hands of their captors. Their being so completely out-witted in strategy is partly owing to the fact, that they with difficulty procured any information of the enemy’s movements, while they could scarcely parade without its being as well known at the Allied headquarters as at their own; and subsequent developments have shown that even some of their Generals were in French pay. Another great cause was the want of unity in the command, for, as Napoleon says, “in war men are nothing: one man is everything.” In this respect the state of affairs in the Austrian camp was lamentable, and Gen. Giulay received great blame for a vacillation, which, in all probability, was attributable to the Council of War at Vienna, rather than to him.

But still the difficulty remains of explaining how, in a succession of pitched battles, they were invariably defeated. According to the Napoleonists, it was due to the rifled cannon, but in many of the encounters they were not used. Others attribute their success to the innate superiority of the French. Quien sabe. The fact is incontestable that the Austrians were most outrageously beaten. In one respect, the experience of the war was very different from what had been anticipated. The invention of the Minié ball and the rifled cannon would, it was thought, abolish cavalry and reduce infantry charges within a small compass. Yet the proclamation of the Emperor,
warning the army that, notwithstanding the improvements in fire-arms, the bayonette still continued the Frenchman's weapon, was fully justified by subsequent events. Never before had it been brought into such terrific play. The Zouaves, indeed, had the dangerous habit of throwing away their cartridges in order to force a charge with the favorite weapon. The Sardinians have not received their full share of praise for the part they performed. The battle of San Martino, though nominally a part of Solferino, was almost a distinct engagement, even more warmly contested than the other, and if the palm of bravery can be awarded where all are equally brave, it should rather be to the Italians, the most of whom had never before seen service. Four times were they driven from the plateau, and four times did they steadily regain it against superior numbers and with immense loss. But, as usual, the larger nation has carried off the lion's share of the glory. The French army is certainly a magnificent engine. The conscription, though it bears heavily upon the country, gives a much higher tone to the rank and file than the recruiting system, and the plan of reserving a certain number of promotions for the bravery that is without the aids of fortune or rank, offers a stimulus of which we can form little conception. The French cavalry, somewhat unexpectedly, also beat the Austrians; but I think an American will be struck with the abominable horsemanship of all Western Europeans, except the Spaniards, who are really caballeros. No Mexican would ever have made the mistake of supposing French, Germans or Italians to form one animal with their steeds. They flop about in a most terrific manner, and seem, if one may judge by the great precautions taken in the way of bits, to regard the horse as an enemy, a sort of wild beast. The English have written themselves into an equestrian reputation, but those who come to America are certainly neither graceful riders, nor masters of the animal. Bad as they are, however, they are better than some of their neighbors.

One portion of the French army—the light corps, such as Zouaves and Chasseurs à pied—is beyond criticism. They seem to unite every requisite of a soldier. As skirmishers, in the advance or retreat, they are naturally without superiors. Yet it is in line with the bayonette, that their principal glory has been acquired. Easily subsisted, always cheerful, having
the courage of desperadoes without their lawlessness, the voice of the officer never fails to meet a response in the deeds of his men. At the battle of Palestro, where the third regiment fought with the fury of demons, they were seen one moment thrusting the Austrians over the bridge, and the next extending the butts of their rifles down to save them from drowning. Such is the French soldier.

At the signing of the peace of Villafranca, the Austrian army was still strong in numbers, but utterly demoralized, without confidence in their Emperor, their Generals or themselves. Peschiera would have fallen in ten days; Mantua was blockaded; the impregnability of Verona laughed at; Venice awaited but the first bomb to rise, and the machinations of Kossuth and Klapka had reduced the Empire to the brink of internal dissolution. The feeble remnant of its credit was gone, and the abyss of bankruptcy had already begun to yawn at its feet. No wonder Europe was astounded when Napoleon commanded the troubled elements to be still, and sued the prostrate Hapsburg for peace. He had told the Italians that Italy was to be free from the Alps to the Adriatic; that their own wishes would be consulted as to their future destiny; he had called upon them to be soldiers to-day, in order that they might be free citizens of a great country to-morrow. Yet, in the face of all this, a peace was concluded, in which Lombardy was bandied about between the two Emperors as though it had been a mere piece of land; Venice was left, practically, in its original condition. The Dukes, who with unprecedented unanimity had been driven from their thrones for complicity with the common enemy, and who had even drawn the sword at Solferino, were to be restored again upon an extorted promise not to do so a third time. Yet it was coolly announced that the "mission" had been fulfilled, because forsooth Italy was to become a Confederacy, that is, Sardinia was to be crowded into a council chamber, with one powerful and bitter foe—Austria—two other scarcely less decided opponents—Rome and Naples, and three satellites of Austria. This latter proposition was received with cries of derision, and fell still-born. The French Provincial Press, les Journais des Préfets, which are without independence and utterly undeserving of respect, abused the Italians in round terms for their ingratitude, pretending that the programme had been carried out fully, as though the war had
been undertaken for the purpose of liberating Lombardy, whereas its object was to drive the Austrians out altogether—Italy for the Italians—in a word, a principle not a fact. By no means say that every one was willing to go the length of an entité Frenchman opposite to me at the table d'hôte, who exclaimed with great emphasis, “c'est le principe, Messieurs! et moi, je tuerais mon père et ma mère pour un principe,” but it was, nevertheless, the idea that they were fighting for a great principle which aroused the Italian nation. The Emperor, who is a far honester man than his supporters, in his manly speech to the Corps Légeralatif, at St. Cloud, admitted that he had been compelled to leave his programme incomplete, assigning as a reason therefor that he found himself on the verge of being involved in a war with the Germanic Confederation, and asserting that his course had been dictated solely by the interests of France. Had he added “the interests of his dynasty,” the whole truth might have been told. This speech had the effect of opening the eyes of the Italians to the real motives for the powerful assistance they had received. It was not purely for an idea, nor from any quixotic generosity that so much French blood had been poured out upon the plains of Lombardy, but merely to lessen Austrian influence in Italy, so far, and so far only, as might keep her dependent upon the ruler of France, not to make her united, independent, self-subsisting, and, least of all, to place her under a constitutional Government, which is as abhorrent to the House of Bonaparte as to the House of Hapsburg. But let us bless the giver, and not look the gift-horse in the mouth. In truth, too much had been expected, and the Emperor himself for once forgot his caution in specifying too distinctly the goal of his ambition. No doubt the attitude of Germany was calculated to startle him, but so long as Russia remained firm, there was little danger to be apprehended from that quarter. Hitherto nothing could be more satisfactory than the manner in which Russia had performed her part, not only in drawing the sword, but in impressing upon Prussia that the Germanic Confederation was a purely defensive, not an offensive, organization. The idea was certainly preposterous, that the League, not content with guarantying to each member its Germanic territory, should extend its protection over the non-Germanic provinces of Austria, though it had not the correlative power of enforcing a compliance, the just de-
mands of Foreign Powers, thus in effect turning a nation loose upon the world with full authority to do wrong, yet shielded from all responsibility. In 1850, Austria had nearly effected her cherished purpose of forcing all her possessions into the Confederation, and Europe stood quietly by saying nothing. The circulars of Prince Gortschakoff, in 1859, opportunely restored matters to their proper footing. It was whispered about, however, that the visit of the Russian aid-de-camp, after Solferino, was to announce that the punishment of the delinquent had gone far enough. The truth of this report has never transpired. If well founded, then Napoleon was amply justified by necessity in the step he took, as the democratic element he had aroused behind him was calculated to cause as much apprehension as the enemy in front. He certainly came back to Paris in a very bad humor. Among his several speeches, I preferred his reply to the diplomatic corps. Its causticity showed him to be still a human being, and not entirely a machine of Government. That body, with a sycophancy worthy of the days of the first Napoleon, had humbly begged to be permitted to return thanks to him for having granted peace to Europe. The request was vouchsafed. His response was contained in two sentences, in substance as follows: "Gentlemen, your Governments manifested such jealousy and impertinent suspicion, that I thought it proper to make peace. I thank you, as formally as I can for the honor, and the door is open for you to go." The confusion of les oiseaux dorés may be imagined.

The peace of Villafranca may be safely set down as the most complete diplomatic failure on record. Not a single provision has been, or could have been, carried out, except the cession of Lombardy, and that was a fait accompli already, quite independent of the treaty. The notion of a Confederacy was soon given up as impracticable. The Dukes were not restored; though for that mercy the Italians have to thank the Lord and their own determined military opposition, not the benevolent intentions of the high contracting powers. Neither has Venice received those ameliorating institutions so loudly promised. But, though the effect of the peace was thus naught, that of the war was tremendous. It destroyed the prestige of the Austrian military organization, shook every tyrant in Italy, revived the patriotism of the whole land. It summoned again into active life those who have the greatest interest in
the stability of society, and whose participation in public affairs is the best preservative against disorder. Few people have given to the world a nobler example of moderation and wisdom than the Italians since the flight of their Dukes. Mazzini, and his wretched crew of assassins, were unhesitatingly and ignominiously driven out. With the exception of the murder of Anviti, scarcely an act of violence has been committed by a populace, to whom self-constituted apostles of liberty have been preaching that the stiletto was the only key to freedom. The provisional Governments maintained order and protection to life and property as vigorously at Florence as Napoleon did at Paris; and a considerable part of Europe was not only astonished, but disappointed, and, if the truth must be told, scandalized, to find law in the place of confusion, and liberty where they had fondly expected anarchy. The drama is not yet played out, nor can the most far-seeing predict the ultimate result of the contest. It has placed France at the head of Europe, so that, in the language of Frederic the Great, not a gun can be fired without her permission. The Emperor, by the management of the reserve at Solferino, has added to his civic crown the laurel leaves of the conqueror. Despot as he is, he has rendered service to the cause of humanity, is crushing the embryo Robespierres and Murats of the Revolution of 1848, and the infamous school of light literature which debauched the world under Louis Philippe. The fall of the temple, unfortunately, along with these false gods, destroyed some true believers; but the art of preserving liberty is a mystery as yet unrevealed to Europe, and detestable though the present Government be, it is by no means certain that it is not the best for the French. The Italians are content with independence; the French need something more. No Government can retain their respect, which is not surrounded by the halo of military glory. "L'Empire c'est la paix" was a deceitful dream, L'Empire est la gloire et la guerre. Every party to the treaty of Vienna must be made to bow in humble atonement. Russia was the first to feel the wrath of the avenger. Austria came next. Prussia will soon be made to surrender her transrhenane possessions; and, to crown the glory of all, the French tri-color will float over the Tower of London. Every impartial observer in Europe feels that such is the inevitable decree of fate. Its fulfilment may be deferred, but come it must and will.