

war, and change of scene at length restored her to her normal health.

After having married, and survived her husband, Mrs. Adcock became the landlady in this gloomy old house, where now she sits telling us the story.

And Mr. Silas. What of him? He is the owner of the Hollards now, and of a large house in town, and has many errands. Mrs. Adcock could tell you strange stories of wild orgies, gambling, drunkenness, and debauchery in which, they say, he spent some twenty years. But that is over; and for these ten years past, he has lain bed-ridden. Without friend or relation, with no one to care for him or attend to him, save his hired nurses—dragging on a wretched existence from day to day, with nothing to live for, yet afraid to die; paralysed, helpless, unutterably lonely and miserable, old Silas Gibbald awaits the dread summons calling him to the tribunal before which he must render an account of his deeds. God be merciful to him!

**ROME, PAST AND PRESENT.**

**A LECTURE.**

Delivered in St. Dunstan's Cathedral in Charlottetown, P. E. Island, in aid of the Funds of the Irish Volunteers, on Thursday evening, 16th August, 1860.

BY THE RIGHT REV. DR. MULLOCK,  
BISHOP OF ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:**

The subject on which I am about to address you is one of all times most interesting, but at present, I may say, all absorbing. It is "Rome, past and present," and especially in connection with the Papal power. I regret, indeed, that I had not more time to prepare a lecture on this important subject, as it was only on Monday evening the gentlemen called on me and suggested the subject. I am obliged, therefore, to depend entirely on memory and on personal observation. I can, however, promise that I will state no fact of which I am not perfectly sure, and that the observations I will make on places, men and things, are the result of close and long, impartial observation, carried on through a period of over 31 years, when I first visited the Eternal City—resided there for some time, and subsequently visited it again six times, generally remaining there for several months. The dreams of my boyhood were realized by the sight of the imperishable monuments of ancient pagan Rome, and by the glorious edifices and institutions of the Christian Capital of the world; and I can assure you, in all sincerity, that age has brought no disappointment. Rome, the city of the soul, is a place of which no one can tire. Home! who does not feel his heart throbbing at the very name of the Eternal City—the mother of arts, arms and civilization—the mistress of nations. From her all the nations of Europe and America have received their religion, for even the great nations who have rebelled against her authority have been and are still her children, though they may have for a time turned against their mother, and have outraged her, which she, however, forgives with all a mother's love; for the ungrateful conduct of the child never can destroy in the breast of the mother that undying love which is stronger than death itself. From Rome all modern nations have learned their civilization. Municipal institutions, laws regulating life, property and personal honour, are all in a great measure derived from Roman Institutions. The people of the greater portion of Europe, of all North America, still speak the language of Rome, though corrupted by the intermixture of the Northern dialects; for the Roman languages, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and even French, are but offshoots of the great Latin tongue, like the young shoots which sprout up from the roots of a great tree after the trunk is cut down; and even our own Teutonic tongue, that copious and nervous language, the English, is already half Roman or Latin, and is daily, by assimilation to the cultivated languages, becoming more so. Modern warfare, though carried on with different instruments of destruction, and with modern scientific appliances, is still but an improvement on that system by which the Roman legions conquered the world. Our marriage and funeral ceremonies are Roman. The very measurement of time, months and days, is almost altogether Roman in fact and nomenclature. Our public festivals are but the continuation of the Roman festivals, softened and sanctified by Christianity. In fact, all modern civilization and religion is more or less Roman, and will continue so to the end of time. What, then, can be more interesting than to trace the rise and origin of this extraordinary city, and of the power it represents, and its present state, especially in these days of trial and affliction. The early history of this wonderful city, and its inhabitants, is lost in obscurity, and the legends related by it and other Roman historians, are not to be depended upon. A great and civilized people called the Latins or Etruscans, inhabited the central portion of Italy between the Celtic races on the north and the Pelagian on the southern part of the Peninsula. Their buried cities are still contributing their treasures to the museums of Europe. Jewellery of the most beautiful description, bronzes, and above all that beautiful pottery so artistically and gracefully modelled and ornamented, which we call Etruscan vases. Among the many small cities with which Latium was studied, was the ancient Rome on the Palatine mount, about 1000 feet from the Capitol. Romulus, who appears to have been a sort of Eliber or General Walker in his day, seized on the Capitoline hill, and established there the city we know as Rome, which soon absorbed its more ancient sister into its ample circuit. From the day the first rude ensign of Romulus was planted on the Capitoline mount, it never ceased to advance until the whole civilized world was subject to its sway, and the world became the *orbis Romanus*.

For over 400 years was the infant republic—for it soon ceased to be a kingdom—struggling with the people who surrounded it, before it burst through the narrow enclosure of Italy, and absorbed the world. What was the great secret of their success, and which way, the founders of great nations that will inhabit these provinces hereafter, should learn?—Self-reliance and Perseverance. Their character has been beautifully described by the poet—"Tu ne cede malis sed contra audacius iis," which I may translate into our translation "never yield to adversity." "Don't be cast down by any difficulties, but always go ahead." When the Punic enemy was encamped outside the walls, the very ground occupied by their tents was sold, for the Imperial people had such self-reliance, such confidence in their own energies, that they knew that the stranger would never permanently occupy their homes. Onward flew the Imperial eagles of Rome, north, south, east and west. The effeminate and civilized cities of Asia fell one after another, until the frontiers of the empire were the deserts of Asia; and the Nile, and the Euphrates, and the Jordan became Roman rivers.

All along the African shores of the Mediterranean—on past the pillars of Hercules to the borders of the Sahara, millions of Roman citizens dwelt in splendid cities—some of them, like Carthage, almost rivals of Rome herself—cities which produced St. Cyprian and St. Augustine—a region formerly the seat of over 600 Bishops, and there through heresy and dissensions, and the conquest of Mohammedan barbarians, reduced almost to a desert.

Now, thank God, the light of faith is dawning over that darkened region again. France has once more raised the chair of a Bishop on the ruins of the See of St. Augustine—Julia Cesare, now called Algiers, is once more a living Diocese of the Catholic Church; and O'Donnell, the descendant of our old Mission Kings, has at the head of his brave army, planted the cross on the towers of Tetuan, and established freedom for the Catholic Church amongst the followers of Arab, the most ignorant and fanatical of the Moslems of Mahomet. Thus the renovator of Roman and Christian civilization in the ancient province of Africa, Tingitana, is one of our own old Celtic race and blood. Northward the frontiers are extended among the rugged inhabitants of Germany, Bataria and Hungary. The undisciplined valour of these children of the forest cannot resist the advance of the Roman legions, and the Rhine and the Danube are studded with Roman cities. Westward the eagle takes his flight, and from Cape Finisterre to the Land's End, in Spain, looks over the great Atlantic, not knowing that there was the great western world beyond, awaiting the time when God would send Columbus, under the banner of the Blessed Virgin, to open this magnificent hemisphere to the descendants of Japheth. Westward again the eagle flies till it reaches the western shores of Britain, and looks over to the green isles beyond—Terra Hibernia, our own beloved Ireland. By the mysterious providence of God, here the Imperial eagle paused in his flight—he never alighted on the shores of Ireland. For his own wise purposes, the Almighty wished to keep the Irish people apart from Roman civilization, and, at the same time, from Roman idolatry and vice—a virgin

people, destined, in a few centuries afterwards, to become the apostles of Christianity and civilization to the energetic but barbarous nations who subverted the Roman power, and, after conquering the Roman army, yielded to the Roman faith.

The position of Rome, in the ancient world, was peculiarly adapted as the centre of universal empire. All the great events of the ancient world—were, I may say, grouped round that great central lake, the Mediterranean. The ancient seat of civilization, the East, sent forth its colonies of wild orgies, gambling, drunkenness, and debauchery in which, they say, he spent some twenty years. But that is over; and for these ten years past, he has lain bed-ridden. Without friend or relation, with no one to care for him or attend to him, save his hired nurses—dragging on a wretched existence from day to day, with nothing to live for, yet afraid to die; paralysed, helpless, unutterably lonely and miserable, old Silas Gibbald awaits the dread summons calling him to the tribunal before which he must render an account of his deeds. God be merciful to him!

Never before, and in all probability never again, will there be seen on the earth anything like the Roman empire, of which the city of Rome was the centre and the head. The whole civilized world was subject to the Roman Emperor. One thousand subject cities poured their wealth into the Imperial Treasury. High roads of such extraordinary solidity, that, like Watling street in the north of England, they are in use at the present day—traversed the empire from the Capitoline hill to the frontiers of the Asiatic desert, and to the western shores of Scotland. All around the frontiers of the compact empire, the Roman sentinels kept watch against the predatory incursions of the Celtic Scotch and Irish, and the fleet Arabs of the Eastern deserts, and the dusky races of the Sahara, and the fierce barbarians of the forests of the north of Europe. One hundred millions of inhabitants—all governed by one will, speaking in a great measure, one language, protected and kept in subjection by hundreds of thousands of steel-clad soldiers, the famous Roman legions, the hammers of the earth—paid allegiance to the Imperial City, and aspired to the honour of being made Roman citizens, for the *Civis Romanus* was the lord of the earth.

Rome had at least seven millions of inhabitants. All the power, the wealth, and the intelligence of the earth centred there. The most grand and gorgeous edifices ever raised by human hands adorned the Capitol. The bowels of the mountains of Asia and Africa were ransacked for the rarest marbles. The artists of Greece made the marble breathe, and the walls alive with paintings. The Imperial Palace, the golden Eden, was a city in itself, and its ruins at the present day, though it has served as a quarry for fifteen hundred years, would build a great city.

In every region of this vast metropolis temples were erected to every false god; and as if even that was not sufficient, lost any vice or form of error should be unmonitored, in the centre of the great public park of the City—the Campus Martius—rose the Pantheon, the temple of all the gods—the greatest edifice ever erected by man, until Michael Angelo, inspired by the genius of Christianity, boasted that he would erect a Pantheon, not on earth like the idolatrous one, but in the clouds of heaven, as befitted the Catholic faith; and he realized the sublime conception in the dome of St. Peter's.

In different parts of the City, overtopping the other buildings, were erected the Circuses, where man was butchered by his fellow man for the amusement of the populace; and where, soon after, the greatest edifice of the ancient world was to be built for the same purpose, but to become also the glorious arena where the Christian martyrs expired in torments beyond an infuriated populace, who regarded them as the enemies of the human race. The stupendous ruins of this amphitheatre—still the Coliseum—stand the grandest monument of Imperial Rome; but the blood-stained arena is now decorated with the stations of the Cross, and is triumphant over the ruins of Roman power.

While Rome is thus at the summit of its grandeur—the most wonderful creation of human power, energy, intelligence and wickedness that the world ever saw or ever will see—the great Babylon, as St. John calls it—a humble way-worn traveller—one of the thousands who every day pass in and out of the City—enters by one of the gates. He is unnoticed by the millions who through the streets and public places. We may suppose that the sentinels on the gates did not notice the humble Syrian emigrant, who came, like thousands of others who sought their bread by labour in the City. He passed on, as we may suppose some poor emigrant on our own days lands in some of the great seaports of the western continent—unnoticed, or pitied, or, perhaps, despised by the people he meets. Ah, little did they think that that poor Syrian emigrant—the fisherman from Galilee—was the Vicegerent of God on earth! Little did the Pagan Priests imagine, as winding along in gorgeous procession through the *Via Sacra*, about to sacrifice to their gods in some of the numerous temples which adorned the Forum, that that poor man bore the death warrant of all their pomp, of all their power—that their reign from that day was past! Little, above all, did the haughty Senators and Magistrates—surrounded by their liegers, who would have struck to the earth the poor Syrian stranger if he impeded the march of their patrons for a moment—imagine that he was the only saviour, the only renovator of Rome—that all the pomp and power of the Imperial City would, in a few centuries, pass away, and its very existence depend on the selection made by that stranger of the City his residence. Little did the enthusiastic Roman citizen—when pointing out to some provincial friend the magnificence of the temples and palaces—the golden roof of the Capitoline temple and the golden house of the Casars—imagine that all these would be crumbled into ruins by the barbarians; and that the tomb of the poor Syrian, then crossing their path, would surpass in grandeur all that the world ever saw before, and put to shame the greatest of their temples! Wonderful are the ways of God! All this we have seen accomplished! The Syrian fisherman was St. Peter, the first Pope. His tomb is St. Peter's Church—the greatest edifice ever erected by human hands; and for fifteen centuries his successors have been the sovereigns, the fathers, the preservers of the Great Imperial City, which, but for them, would be like Babylon or Nineveh—a great heap of ruins, and merely a name in history. Truly the finger of God is here; and if there was no other proof of the divinity of the Church than the fact, I firmly believe that no interested man, who would argue fairly and logically, could refuse to believe it.

We have now, Ladies and Gentlemen, seen the Papacy established in Rome, but it is still like the scorn buried in the ground before the snows of winter, apparently lost forever, but destined to sprout out in the Spring, become a spreading oak, and for ages be the monarch of the forest, defying the storm. While all forms of error are not only tolerated but encouraged, and temples erected to the idols of every nation, truth is persecuted. The few Christians—persecuted and calumniated as adherents of a man with an ass's head and devourers of children—rally round their leader, St. Peter, and bear with joy that he, the founder of the Church, has finally left Antioch, and chosen their City as the seat of the Primacy of Christianity. In a little time their meetings are found out. St. Paul is already in prison, and about to sanctify the Imperial City by his blood. He dies the honorable death of a Roman citizen, by the sword; but St. Peter, the Syrian fisherman or peasant, is not entitled to such an honour. No—for him is reserved the disgraceful and cruel death of a slave, such as was inflicted on his Master, who, though God, took on himself for our redemption the form of a slave. He is, therefore, executed. But such is the humility of the first Pope, that he accented himself unworthy to suffer as his Divine Master did; and he is, therefore, nailed to the cross with his head towards the ground. "Now at last," said the Pagan, "we have put an end to the Nazarene superstition. We have caught their head, and we served him just as our Governor Pontius Pilate served his Master. We gave him the death of a slave. He was not an ignorant, poor, Syrian peasant, and of course that set of fanatics will now give us no more trouble." Little did they know that the weakness of God is stronger than the strength of man! Linus steps upon the bloody throne of the Apostles, while another tyrant puts him to death. Cletus succeeds him and is executed. Clement follows; and thus for three centuries, one Pope after another, with, as far as I can recollect, one or two exceptions, all died the bloody death of martyrs; and still the Popehood is not extinguished. Now—these three hundred years of persecution only strengthen the Papacy. The root is deep in the earth in the Catacombs, and every time you cut off the shoots that appear above the ground you only strengthen it.

During the greater part of this time there is no Church visible above ground. Extending under, but in general out of sight, for miles and miles in every direction, are passages cut in the tufa rock of which the soil is formed—a rock of a not description, very similar, except in colour, to that of dark grey, to that soft red sandstone I have seen here

in your own Island. These passages which are called Catacombs appear to have been originally excavated to procure this tufa, which, when pounded and mixed with lime, forms the celebrated Roman cement. These passages were enlarged, and taken possession of, by the Christians. They are so tortuous, and extend so far under ground—in one case, it is said, twenty miles, that no one could venture into them without a guide; and it would take half a life-time to become acquainted with all their intricacies. Here and there larger recesses are excavated, capable of containing twenty or thirty persons, and one of them served as Cathedral to the Pope. There you see the altar, and the remains of the rude fresco painting, for even in these caverns the Christians as far as they could, adorned the House of God. Here, in fear and in trembling, the divine sacrifice was offered up—the sacred hymns, smothered in the bowels of the earth, were not heard by the blaspheming Pagan overhead, though they penetrated to the throne of God; and when frequently they were interrupted by the tramp of the soldiers, led, perhaps, by some false brother, the terrified flock would disperse themselves through the crooked passages among the tombs of the martyrs, and the Pontiff would be dragged from his humble throne before the Magistrate, there to profess his faith and seal it with his blood.

How many hours have I spent in my youthful days in the Catacombs of St. Sebastian, mingling among the hollow niches, and the sepulchres of the martyrs, or in the humble recess which served as a Cathedral, and comparing that with the dome of St. Peter's and the splendour of the Vatican! I merely speak of the impression these scenes made on my own mind. I cannot answer for others; but on me they always had the effect of exciting the most lively emotions of faith, and a most ardent desire—willing to God that the impression were permanent!—of labouring until death for the glory of that Church whose humble child I was.

(To be Continued.)

**The Examiner.**

Charlottetown, P. E. I., August 28, 1860.

**Latest Intelligence from Europe.**

The English Mail, with dates to the 11th instant, was received here on Friday morning last. We give below such extracts from our latest papers as furnish all the intelligence of any importance.

The government have had a serious struggle in the House of Commons on the paper duty question, but succeeded on the 6th inst. in carrying their point by a majority of 33 votes. The question was argued by the best men in the House, and the Government was induced to give up the whole of the duty. Mr. Gladstone led the way in a speech of surpassing power—cool, argumentative, and at times bitingly sarcastic, in which he showed that the principle of free trade during the last twenty years had been applied to every great interest in the country and in the colonies—to the West Indians, to the shipowners, to the ironworkers, the silk weavers, and others, and was now to be directed to the paper maker. He denied altogether that the paper maker depended on the foreign supply of rags, but, if he did, the case was not altered, inasmuch as England had pursued her free trade policy irrespective of what other countries had done or intended to do. In the neutral markets Mr. Gladstone proved that the English paper maker was not so dependent on the Continent as the United States and India for example; and he exported a larger amount of manufactured paper than the quantity of imported rags represented.

The coronation of the King and Queen of Norway took place on the 5th instant, in the Cathedral of Dronhheim.

In foreign matters the affairs of Sicily and Syria still hold prominent interest in the public mind. In the House of Commons on the 10th inst., Lord John Russell, in reply to a question put by Mr. H. Sturton on the expedition to Syria, stated that the marines had orders to land for the purpose of preventing massacres. His Lordship also stated that he had just learned that Faud Pacha had arrested 400 of the most active of the murderers in the late scenes, and many of them had been executed. He added that the troops at Damascus were now to be directed to the authorities to afford every facility in the way of restoring order. The energetic course pursued by Faud Pacha would soon, he thought, be the means of giving the country peace once more.

The accounts relative to the destruction of the Christian population in Syria are still being received, and they depict a terrible state of carnage and brutality on the part of the Mahometans. One of the best of the English papers, an American missionary in Syria, declares that he has witnessed a cruel and devastating war in that country, extending over six or seven, and twenty years; but the worst of them were mere boys' play compared with the scenes of slaughter that have been recently witnessed. The number of destitute he estimates at 75,000, including 10,000 widows. It appears that the previous great loss of the slaughter was far below the mark. It is that the number destroyed is now stated to be 5000, and the number of houseless victims nearer 20,000 than 10,000. Of fugitives flocking into Beyrout the name is legion, and the most earnest entreaties are made to the charitable in this country for pecuniary aid and contributions to applying to the call will not, we are sure, be made in vain. The sum of £2500 has already been transmitted to the relief committees established in Damascus and Beyrout, but this sum is totally insufficient to afford any adequate relief. The Queen and the Prince Consort have placed their names at the head of the subscription, and in Paris the Emperor has subscribed £1000 and the Empress £200. Some of the great mercantile houses in London have also generously contributed, but the enormous extent of the destitution will swallow up more than is likely to be received, without a strong and continued exertion in every part of the country.

**FRANCE.**  
The Press have expressed an opinion that the subscription for the Christians in the East will prove, like many others in France, a comparative failure, the *Constitutionnel*, in the course of an article declaring that it differs from its contemporary, says, "It is our bounden duty, under present circumstances, to contribute to the relief of the Christians in the East." The English have spontaneously contributed an important part of the result. This liberality of England to foreign misfortunes is an example which ought never to be forgotten.

**AUSTRIA.**  
**VIENNA, AUG. 10.**—According to a communication from Vienna in the *Cologne Gazette*, active negotiations are going on between the Courts of Vienna and Rome on the subject of the eventualities of an invasion of the Pontifical States by Garibaldi. The Duke of Modena has promised to unite, in that case, his troops to the Papal arms.

**THE SICILIAN INSURRECTION.**

**MARSELLAIS, AUG. 2.**—News from Messina states that Garibaldi is preparing to transport troops to the main land. The preparations have been witnessed by travellers.

A letter from Messina to one of the papers here, dated the 30th, says that the truce between Garibaldi and General Clary was signed only the day before, and that it stipulates for the evacuation of Sicily by the French army in the environs of Messina; the undisturbed embarkation of all the personnel and material of the Neapolitan army; the reciprocal engagement, in case of hostilities recommencing between the citadel, which remains in the power of the Neapolitans, and the city, to proclaim the termination of the armistice forty-eight hours at least in advance. Already it is reported that the Neapolitans have recovered confidence since the foreign ships of war have returned to their former anchorage in the port. The Neapolitans believe any hostility on the part of the citadel to be impossible, now that these ships have come back.

General Garibaldi and his staff have gone to Faro, at the entrance of the Straits of Messina, where a garrison was placed forthwith. It is said that the Calabrians on the opposite coast are greatly agitated. But it is given out as quite certain that a numerous detachment arrived on the 29th from Reggio, and that the members of it declared to Garibaldi that "the Calabrians only wanted for us, presence among them; they pronounced in favour of the national movement." It is evident in these circumstances that the truce had been agreed to merely to save further effusion of blood, and that Garibaldi is employing the interval in arranging his expedition for the main land of Sicily, where the troops, as well as the people, are ready to receive him with open arms.

The London *Quarterly Journal* states that the presentation of Dr. Augustus Cawling at the Queen's Levee, on the 24th of April, was caused by false representations as to his nationality made to the United States Minister, and is to be considered null, and as not having taken place.

**SWITZERLAND, SWEDEN, AND SAVOY.**  
The Federal Council has received a note from the Swedish Government, dated 18th July, reiterating the intention of Sweden to support the claims of Switzerland at the Conference on the affairs of Savoy. The annual Federal diet has taken place at Geneva. Officers from all parts of Switzerland, to the number of 1,200, assembled on the occasion under the Presidency of General Dufour. The enthusiasm was general.

**GARIBALDI'S REPLY TO THE KING OF SARDINIA'S LETTER.**

The following is the substance of General Garibaldi's reply to the letter of the King of Sardinia. It is dated Melazzo, July 27. The General says, that notwithstanding the respect which he most entertain for the wishes of his Sovereign, he is devoted to the cause of Italy forbids his obeying the King's desires. By doing so he should fall in with the King's wishes, who has assumed him to their aid, and should compromise the Italian cause by such a display of hesitancy. "Permit me, Sir," he concludes, "to disobey you this once, and when my task shall be accomplished, I will lay my sword at your feet, and obey all your commands for the rest of my life."

**THE BRITISH ARMY IN CHINA.**

**TUNG-HAI, CHINA, MAY 20.**—The sun is getting very powerful, and our troops must soon relinquish their mid-day drill. Two men fainted during Divine service last Sunday, and there is one serious case of fever already attributed to the sun. The discovery of the Government Bank by the pirates is one of some importance, as it may give us a clue to track we few cricketers practice daily on the scrap of common at Chintung, which goes by the name of the Garrison Parade-ground. On the 22d I joined a piratical expedition, which was designed to be a combined attack of the allied forces by sea and land on some 200 desperate men, chiefly from Canton and Ningpo, led by an English pirate who has adapted Chinese manners and morals. The gunboats opened fire early in the morning with small arms and canister. From the usual mismanagement which attends combined attacks, the military force, although on the ground before the time specified in orders, were four hours too late, and nearly all the pirates escaped over the mountains. The troops were of some use, however, in tracking out pirates of whom information could be obtained from the villagers. One ruffian, who was concealed in the mountains, had a brace of double-barrelled pistols upon him. In one barrel there were five bullets, and in a box found in his possession there were 105 dollars, jars of opium, caps, and gunpowder. He was taken on board the *Bastard*, left high and dry upon the mud, where he contrived to poison himself, before 12 hours were up, with opium. In this quarter of the globe French and English pull well together. The 24th was duly observed at the fiery hour of noon by our troops, who were drawn up on the ramparts and fired a *feu de joie*. The Chinese powder used was so wet that the guns did not fire, and the Chinese did nothing. I hope to be able to report in my next letter the capture of Nankin. There will be few events in the way of conquest to record this year. Winter at the north will soon set in with its usual severity. July and August are rainy months, while from October till March there are frosts, and the cold is far more intense than at Moscow.

**NAPOLEON'S PROFESSIONS OF PEACE.**

The following is the letter, referred to in our last No., addressed by the Emperor of the French to his Minister in England, in which he attempts to show how groundless are the fears of the English people with respect to an invasion by France. The dark policy pursued by the Emperor throughout his eventful career, and the treachery and perfidy which he did not hesitate to use to gain his present high position, can command but very small consideration for his Majesty's professions of peace, especially if he sees any prospect of playing a successful game at war:—

St. Cloud, 26th July, 1860.

My Dear Persigny—Affairs appear to me to be so complicated—thanks to the mistrust everywhere excited since the war in Italy—that I write to you in the hope that a conversation in perfect frankness with Lord Palmerston will remedy the existing evil. Lord Palmerston knows me, and I affirm a thing he will believe me. Well, you can tell him from me in the most explicit manner, that since the peace of Villafranca I have had but one thought, one object, one aim, to inaugurate a new era of peace, and to live on the best of terms with all my neighbours, and especially with England. I had renounced Syria and Nice; the extraordinary additions to Piedmont alone caused me to resume the desire to see reunited to France provinces essentially French. But it will be objected, "You wish for peace, and you increase immediately the military forces of France." I deny the fact in every sense—My army and my fleet have in them nothing of a threatening character. My steam navy is even far from being adequate to our requirements, and the number of Steamers does not nearly equal that of sailing ships deemed necessary in the time of King Louis Philippe. I have 400,000 men under arms; but deduct from this amount 60,000 in Algeria, 6000 at Rome, 8000 in China, 20,000 gendarmes, the sick, and the new conscripts, and you will see—what is the truth—that my regiments are of smaller effective strength than during the preceding reign. The only addition to the Army list has been made by the creation of the Imperial Guard. Moreover, while wishing for peace, I desire also to organize the forces of the country on the best possible footing, for, if foreigners have only seen the light of day, I have had but one thought, one object, one aim, to inaugurate a new era of peace, and to live on the best of terms with all my neighbours, and especially with England. 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