

The Evening Bulletin

GIBSON PEACOCK, Editor.

OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.

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nos 41

THINGS IN ITALY.

(Letter from our Home Correspondent.)

Venice, Oct. 14, 1867.—Although I am still

residing in my old home in Italy, you perceive

that I date my letter from Italy.

It is a common practice among foreign correspondents

I am on young Garibaldi's staff. I am, in fact,

one of his young ones. None of us wear hoop, for

they are not in fashion, and we are not females

anyhow. It will none of the sex are around

here now. They would be in the way.

A sex-ton would be handy, however, for we

have had a fight.

If you have a good one who is warranted to

keep in any climate, and can bring recommendations

from men of whom you are sure, and from

men with bad legs of eighteen years' standing,

you can send him out.

We have had a fight with the Papal Zouaves.

Papa's Zouaves, my youngest child call them, but

I have nothing to do with them.

I am not on the pay-pay at present.

The battle was wholly contested. I commanded

a regiment of Italian rearmaments, so-called

because they have got up a body guard for me,

and also because they have corps-coules in their

heads.

When I threw out my right the enemy left.

We defeated them by over six hundred majority,

and three counties not heard from.

But the men on the other side ran well—six

miles an hour at the lowest calculation—and on

the home-street against a head wind.

And their ticket was a good one.

It was a ticket of leave.

They made good leavers; but while I acted as

the power, and their legs as a fulcrum, there was

no war. They went off in a flag of truce, denying

the right of my soldiers to vote, and he actually

wanted to carry it up into the Court of Common

Pleas. I had him arrested by a common piece-man

immediately.

My soldiers are certainly entitled to vote. Are

they not all votaries of Mars?

I feel exultant over this victory. I swell up

over it as I contemplate it, until I feel as big as

the Belgian giant.

My adjutant says I put him in mind of a pair

of twins.

What Garibaldi has just come in to inform

me that his forces were not as large as they ap-

peared to be.

"My naughty Garibaldi, have you deceived me

then?" I exclaimed in accents of despondency

and dejection.

"You see I was compelled to; I had only a few

men, so I placed six of them in a hack and drove

them around from place to place until the enemy

thought I was bringing a whole army into action."

That's poor—very poor even for a hack-

driver. If you can't do better than that you'd

better join your aged parent in Caprea, and en-

ter the festive life there. But tell me, did't

they challenge you men at the polls?"

"They did, but I had the pass-word and the

grip, and had paid my taxes."

I am about moving on Rome now, and the

Indians say that I shall make it bow.

How'll it do? You may ask.

I shall surround it with my troops, and then

begin an assault with my batteries. Then I shall

order a simultaneous attack upon it by columns

of the newspapers. I shall then call the Pope

offer to let up on him if he will make me one of

the Cardinal principles of morality—and, taking

up my residence in the Vatican, do "not I am

assist the aged pontiff in leading a jolly life.

Yours,

JOHN QUIT,

GENERAL PHILOLOGICAL AND EPIGRAMMATIC

EDITOR OF CHRISTMAS.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Oct. 1, 1867.—I terminated

my notice of Italian affairs on Friday last, by

saying that Garibaldi was free to go back to

Caprea, if he renounced his projects. Garibaldi

now gone back to Caprea, transported

thither by the Italian Government, on board of a

ship of war. Are we therefore to understand that

he renounces the enterprise against Rome in which

he was engaged? Undoubtedly so; he has given

up, and does retire from that undertaking, so far

as his personal action in it is concerned. But is

the national cry of "Rome the capital of Italy!"

therefore abandoned by the Italian people, and

the Roman question at last finally disposed of?

Assuredly not; on the contrary, so far is it

from being the case that every one now begins to

see that Garibaldi's projects are only developing

themselves rather than coming to their end. What

Garibaldi has really done, or rather been led to

do by a sort of inspiration, by the simple force

of his heroic and patriotic instincts, is, not to go

to Rome himself—there was probably little chance

of his doing so—the first of his ever doing so—

but to revive the Roman question. It is

in this that lies the force of what has just taken

place, and in this that the final results of it must

be looked for. France, or a certain party in

France, tried to think, the Emperor himself

thought, or perhaps rather seemed to think, that

the question of "Rome for capital" was settled.

Rome herself juggled the fond delusion to her

breast, and fancied that the national aspirations

had died away. But, lo! it needs only the reap-

pearance of the national hero for a few moments

of defeat and discouragement—it needs only the

sound of the old voice, the sight of the old face,

and the whole question is alive again; and with

this vital difference, that every time it comes up

again, as happens it, a great popular enthusi-

asm, and a more ardent, and a more assured.

The fact is that the utter prepo-

ssiveness, politically and socially speaking, of

the existing situation of things in Italy becomes

only more apparent every time it is brought up

afresh. Imagine a great and rising nation

being told that it cannot be allowed to have

possession of its chief city, because that

city is wanted for somebody else! The absur-

dition of the proposition can only perhaps be

fully appreciated by supposing the Italian Par-

liament (which I said to be about to meet) to

consider what is to be done in passing a resolu-

tion to the effect that, whereas a difficulty is

found in providing a residence for the Papacy;

and that, whereas, Spain, for instance, is a pre-

eminently Catholic country, and highly suitable

for such purpose, therefore the Italian Parlia-

ment proposes that Madrid should be given up for

the purpose in question, and that her most Catho-

lic Majesty, Queen Isabella, be pleased to make

her capital somewhere else. The Italian Parlia-

ment might go on to add, that in case of the above

proposal being declined, (which is not to be sup-

posed, however, in the case of so pious and vir-

tuous a lady as the above-named Queen Isabella)

—but, in case of accident, the Parliament might

add that if Spain and Queen Isabella refused to

make way for the Papacy, no doubt Napoleon

III. (being the eldest son of the Church) would

do, so, as in duty bound, and in that case

Paris might be appropriated to Pius IX., and

the Emperor might set up his Court,

say at Dijon. Now, jesting apart, and in sober

earnest, there is not a single element to distin-

guish the above two extreme cases, or any other

that might be put, from the Papal possession of

Rome, except one, and that is time. The Papal

possession of Rome has time in its favor. It has

been so held for a thousand years. It was "given"

to the Papacy or at least asserted to be so given)

by Charlemagne. Now, there is one simple an-

swer to this formidable objection. By what right

did Charlemagne "give" the State and people of

Rome, either to the Papacy or any one else?

By none whatsoever—except that of

force. But the legs, making a fair

and proper use of the sword, and by the aid of

older men than Charlemagne, and to be found in

the Pandects. A title so conferred is vicious

from its very beginning, and may be made ridi-

culous whenever it is contested, though it dated

from Adam.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

(Continued from the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

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