To William Scrope Esq.r
in the Evening of his life.
This Work containing a
Sketch of a Tour through
Sweden and Norway; a
few poetic effusions; and
the results of studies relative
to the Pontificate, pursued
during three visits to Rome,
is submitted,
as a small proof of the
regards of the author,
Charles Kelsall Esq.re

HORÆ VIATICÆ:

THE AUTHOR,

MELA BRITANNICUS.

SECOND EDITION,

WITH

ADDITIONS AND EMENDATIONS.

CLIFTON AND BRISTOL:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR;

AND SOLD BY STRONG, CLARE STREET.

MDCCCXXXIX.

BRISTOL:

PRINTED BY J. CHILCOTT, WINE STREET.

PREFACE.

Prefaces, at least lengthy ones, seem to have expired with the last century; and, except in works of science, and profound research, whereto they may serve as vehicles for necessary prolegomena, they may be fairly deemed no loss to the reading part of the community. Nevertheless, established usage requires, that some prefatory notice, howsoever short, be made, to serve as an introduction to a work of even less importance than the following; the first part of which consists of

manuscripts selected from the author's travelling portfolio, and which probably can only be deemed interesting by those whose desultory hours may be amused, by being thereby reminded of places and circumstances, equally noticed perhaps by themselves and the author. This observation is particularly applicable to the first part of this work, titled the HORÆ JUVENILES; and for which the author claims much the same quota of indulgence, as is usually bestowed on works of the same calibre, and with which the press, in these days of scribbling license, teems. The poems, or rather *verses*, lay claim to no other merit, than that of having been *bonâ fide* composed on the spots, where they severally profess to have been written, during a series of extensive travels. But the second, and last part, intitled the HORÆ ROMANÆ, though the principal topics were the fruit of the author's solitary

excursions in the environs of Rome, was considerably enlarged by subsequent meditations in England; and may therefore lay claim to a more attentive perusal than the preceding part.

PART THE FIRST.

CONTAINING

THE HORÆ JUVENILES.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR

FROM

ST. PETERSBURGH TO VIENNA,

IN THE YEAR 1807.

VIDI PHARETRATOS GELONOS,
ET SCYTHICUM INVIOLATUS AMNEM.

Horat. Od. lib. iii. 4.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Journal of a Journey which I made from St. Petersburgh to Vienna, as long ago as in the summer of 1807, is puerile and scanty enough; I am, nevertheless, tempted to select it from my portfolio papers, for three reasons: first, because Poland, which I traversed, attracts much at present the public attention; secondly, because the route which I followed, has been rarely passed by an Englishman; thirdly, because Gray has somewhere remarked, that a few sentences written on the spot, are worth a cart-load of recollections.

JOURNAL OF TRAVELS

FROM

ST. PETERSBURGH TO VIENNA.

JUNE 25, 1807.—At last I quit Saint Petersburgh, after having performed a journey of about six thousand miles from that capital to the Taurida and back. I am now at Kiepen, forty-two versts from the metropolis of the czars, not without a battle with the postmaster in Strelna, who insisted on double what he ought to have. Threats on my part to write to Count Budberg, minister of foreign affairs, Lord Douglas, our minister, having charged me with despatches for our embassy at Vienna. All in vain—the overcharge must be paid, and the answer to my menace, "*Cela m'est égal*," pocketed. I met another rapacious postmaster, at Pielen; but this, and much more, must be borne by travellers in Russia. I found the country from St. Petersburgh to Narva very barren of interest, presenting the usual features of the

Russian landscape, namely, dwarf birch and fir; and, except two or three of the villas within a few versts of the capital, I may safely say there is nothing worth notice. Yamburgh has quite the air of a deserted town. Narva is not considerable, but celebrated for the victory which the Swedes gained a century ago, when Charles XII. outwitted Peter. I surveyed, of course with interest, the field of battle, quoting Johnson's nervous lines, but with no enthusiasm; for surely Johnson could not have meaned to stigmatize that spirit, which prompted Charles to retaliate for the three slaps on the face, which he had received simultaneously from the czar of Russia and the kings of Denmark and Poland. Till the battle of Pultowa, he had more reason on his side than most other conquerors. His career subsequent to that action, was no doubt marked by a sort of feverous mania. Omitting the prudential qualities of a great general, never was there such a complete soldier. Mars got him out of Bellona herself; and if chastity in man, as all divines and most philosophers have deemed, rank high in the scale of moral excellence, Charles outshines all heroes in this particular, save, perhaps, the emperor Julian. The cruelty he exercised towards the Russian commissary is the darkest blot in his character. As I walked on the banks of the river, I indulged in speculations on the probable issue of his meditated expedition against

England, had it taken place. He most likely would have landed somewhere near the Humber, and effected a junction with the troops of the Pretender. That accomplished, there can be no doubt that he would have gained London; whence he would have expelled the reigning family, and substituted in their room the Stuarts. There would have been two or three severe battles; but what could our troops, however brave, have effected against the most formidable and hardy troops the world ever saw, not excepting the Macedonian phalanx? He then probably would have made the Londoners pay the cost of the expedition; and then he would have returned to Stockholm, flushed with all the pride that Alexander felt on entering Babylon.

But the fine falls of the river Narva soon banished all thoughts of the northern Alexander. The whole stream, for about thirty feet, is precipitated over granite rocks, and at the greater shoot, takes so rapid a turn to the left, that the spectator may stand opposite to it. A vast number of timbers, piled in a disorderly manner round several saw-mills, add to the picturesque effect of the cataract. The large aspens that grow on the island, between the falls, are the largest I ever saw; and the prismatic colours were very striking. Picturesque is the appearance of the ancient walls of Narva. One of the springs of my Polish britska has given way; but this is

to be expected by those who deal with the Russian Hatchetts and Leaders.

Pskov, June 28.—Scanty are my records of the road between Narva and Pskov, a town at the southern extremity of the great Peipus Lake, and distant from Narva two hundred and six versts. The road lies through one continued forest of birch and fir, is very sandy, and except the vast Peipus Lake, void of interest. The village of Gdov stands at the northern end of the lake, whence the river Narva issues. It was a splendid evening; and a brisk wind from the east drove large breakers on the shore. I looked eastward, and could not see the opposite land. Along this dreary forest, which has no grand trees to set it off, nothing is seen but a log posthouse, every twenty versts or so; nothing heard but the howls of the isvoschik to his horses, or the whistling of the wind among the boughs. Game I saw none; but a fox or a wolf skulked occasionally across the road. There were no signs of cultivation, till the last station before arriving at Pskov, which is a government town, and an old straggling place. I know nothing of its history; but if I might judge from the remains of its walls, it must have been a place of military importance. It has several churches, in a rude style of architecture; but which have a picturesque aspect from the other side of the river.—But my horses are put to, four abreast, as gene-

rally in Russia; and I have at least seven hundred versts to make before reaching Brzesc-Litovsky, the frontier town of Austrian Poland. At the inns I arrange my bed on a table, to guarantee myself as much as possible from vermin.

Wilna, July 1.—Let no one who travels for instruction or amusement, journey from Pskov to Wilna, distant about seven hundred versts. The country gets gradually more open as I approach the confines of White Russia. Here I found wood and tillage more agreeably blended. I took a sketch of Sebesch, singularly situated on a small peninsula, and connected by a very narrow tongue of land, nearly in the midst of a considerable lake. The first station from Pskov, I fell in with an officer who had been wounded in an action with one of Napoleon's generals: "Vos blessures, j'espère, ne sont pas considérables," said I. "Peu de chose," he replied, in ill humour. "C'est une vilaine nation, que cette nation Allemande," he added; "et les Anglais pourquoi ne font-ils pas une descente en France?" To which not being able to reply, I wished him well of his wounds, and jumped into my britska. The country got gradually more open; and I was reminded of Cambridgeshire, in passing through some extensive fields of rye and wheat. I found the provisions bad and scanty; but was not a little surprised at finding the coffee and cream

better than in England. I entered Russian Poland at Bratslav on the Dvina, a very broad stream, and which disembogues into the Baltic at Riga. Here I could not help reflecting on the scenes of carnage which were probably going on near its mouth, while I was quietly surveying the surrounding landscape. This roused my Latin muse, and she was brought to bed of some Latin hexameters. Sandy is the soil near Bratslav; but the Poles are more industrious than the Russians, and I saw them often at the plough. Here I noticed, for the first time, a few oaks blended with the birch and fir. The peasants' houses are built *à la Russe;* though they are now and then thatched, which is not the case in the north of Russia. I will not dwell on the privations one has to encounter on this road. Black bread, a few eggs, and some tea which I provided, were what I lived on for four or five days together. But he who cannot bear a Lacedæmonian diet for a short time, is not formed for travel. I had sad proofs of the miseries of war, on approaching Wilna. Several French prisoners, many very young, lay wounded and groaning on the ground. I was assured the hospitals were overflowing with wounded Russians. As Napoleon has been successful northward, it is not improbable he may employ one of his wings to attack Grodno, where the principal Russian magazines are. This makes me anxious to get on neutral ground;

which I shall not do till I reach Brzesc-Litovsky, distant three hundred and fifty versts. A day of violent rain hindered me from rambling in the environs of Wilna; but I strolled to the market-place, and saw the town-hall, a building in good taste, with Roman doric front and pediment. The principal church has also a hex-astyle doric portico; but the materials are brick and plaster only. The streets are narrow, ill-paved, and winding; and every thing reminds me I am no longer in Russia. At a picture-dealer's, I saw a good sketch, by Paul Veronese, and one or two other tolerable pictures.

Brzesc-Litovsky, July 7.—At length I have reached the last town in Russian Poland, by the direct road one thousand three hundred and fifty versts from St. Petersburgh; but as I made a circuit by Narva, I must have made one thousand four hundred and fifty versts at least: sandy roads, Jewish villany, and difficulty of getting horses, being what I had to contend with. Jews swarm in this part of Poland; intolerable filth, and cunning furtive eyes, are the sure diagnostics of these Israelites. On leaving Wilna, where the charges were exorbitant, the road lay through very extensive fields of rye and wheat, both of finer growth than in Britain. The landscape improved still more about Slonim; the firs too were of finer size than in Russia.

July 10.—This day I crossed a bridge, and entered the Austrian territory. I quitted Russia with but few agreeable recollections, save some kindnesses received, and duly appreciated, at Moscow. I have been just informed that the French videttes are only thirty-five versts off; and a Jew has just told me, that an armistice has been signed between Alexander and Napoleon. Bad as my authority is, I am inclined to believe him in the present crisis.

Cracow, July 14.—I thought I should never extricate my carriage from the quagmire of Jews on the frontiers; this, however, I effected at last, by paving the way with a few ducats. On entering Galicia, the road lay for miles through one field of corn. The houses of the peasants are built much as in Russia, but rather neater; and they are sometimes plastered without. The farming classes I found cheerful and comfortable. I met, nevertheless, more beggars than in Russia, wretched objects; and some were suffering from the *plica Polonica*, a horrible malady, and peculiar to Poland. The approach to a village was always announced by a wooden crucifix, or effigy of the tutelar saint, as large as life, in the same material. The country hitherto, from St. Petersburgh, has been *quasi* one dead flat; but some miles before reaching Cracow, I gradually gained the summit of a hill, crowned with firs, where the majestic Carpathian

mountains burst all at once on my view. A rich valley lay below, through which the Vistula was flowing, on the whitest sand. I had not seen so splendid a sight since leaving the Taurida, some months before. Cracow makes a picturesque appearance, owing to its multitude of walls and towers, many of which are crumbling with age. Its population is greatly diminished. In the fifteenth century it contained fifty thousand inhabitants; at present it has but twenty-two thousand. The cathedral is gothic; but much spoiled by additions in a vile taste. I visited the tombs of the kings of Poland; among them, of Casimir and St. Stanislaus. The latter is of silver, supported by angels, and it stands in the centre of the church. As I went up to the castle, I noticed a monument to the Virgin; the propriety of paying her due reverence was inculcated by these verses:

> Virginis intactæ cùm præteris ante figuram,
> Prætereundo cave ne taceatur Ave!

I was pleased with the church of the Franciscans. The stalls of the choir are richly inlaid with mother of pearl. Here are many portraits of saints, male and female, each with Latin verses of the same calibre as those above quoted. The whole city bears proofs of great antiquity; and I noticed a tomb in the cathedral, dated A. D. 1080.

Olmutz, July 19.—I regretted not having visited the celebrated salt-mines, near Cracow; but was consoled at hearing, that so many smoky tapers have been burned therein, that their splendour is much obscured. This place is twenty-six German miles from Cracow; and the road thither winds continually through the defiles of the Carpathian mountains. It is a continued ascent to the first station, which is on the summit of a very high hill, whence I saw Cracow in the vale below, backed by the Carpathians in all their grandeur. I shall never forget the effect of an approaching storm, from this point. A partial silvery gleam lighted a portion of the landscape; the rest was obscured, but not so much so as to hinder several of the peaks from being discernible. The thunder rolled in loud peals, while the lightning glared on the towers of Cracow. Here I met some Austrian soldiers, with their baggage waggons, wrapping themselves in their large white mantles, against the approaching storm. I wished for the pencil and hand of Salvator Rosa. It was at Olmutz that Lafayette was imprisoned, before the French revolution. At Teschen I met an Englishman who had served under Prince Biron. He told me news, which I can hardly believe; though where Buonaparte is concerned, I can almost think any thing possible in the political world: namely, that peace was signed, and that the terms were, that

Russia, Prussia, and France should declare war against Austria and England. At another station, I met an Irish colonel, in the Austrian service. He told me it was his opinion, that it was the fault of England, that the Austrians were unsuccessful in the last campaign, because she refused a loan to the emperor, unless a plan for the campaign were to be chalked out at the Horse Guards, and Mack appointed to conduct it; of whom, the English, he added, entertained a high opinion, but whom the Austrians held in disrepute. The army, he said, in which he served, was never in higher condition; and the emperor could bring four hundred and fifty thousand men, well equipped, into the field. I must say, the discipline of the Austrian troops appeared to me admirable. Their helmets *à l'antique*, their white uniforms, gave them a martial air, which I rarely saw elsewhere equalled. The mountains, often fir-clad, had now much the aspect of the higher mountains in Wales. I found the valleys in high cultivation, and adorned with nearly all the fruit and forest trees known in Europe. The city has a strong fortress, and numerous garrison. I visited the principal church, where I heard a full band perform bad music. The houses are plastered white. Most of the towns have a large square, with arcades, in the centre of which stands the chief church. The roads, though occasionally repaired, are worse than

in Russia. Nothing can conquer the phlegm of the German postilions. Give a Russian isvoschik a few more copecks, and he will drive you full gallop.

Brünn, July 21.—Charming is the road from Olmutz to this town. The country is highly cultivated, and more beautiful than in England; the fields not being, as with us, divided into squares and parallelograms. Tillage and gardening cannot well be better understood than in the environs of Brünn. The great mass of the people appear industrious, and they live at a cheap rate; but their morals, I was told, with regard to the sex, are very relaxed. The Augarten and Shitrovsky are enchanting public walks. I perambulated the field of Austerlitz, and flung myself on the bed where Napoleon slept after the battle. I noticed an avenue of lime and cherry trees, which had not been spared by the artilleries of the two enemies. I attended a parade of the troops under the immense fortress of the Spielberg; a bastille of redoubtable celebrity, where several Italians were confined, whose sins were a too spirited patriotism. Of the Austrian prisoners, I was told Mack was one. I quitted Brünn at night, the full moon in perfect splendour. In a few hours, "*profundum Danubium bibam.*" But St. Stephen's spire is in the midst of the landscape; and I trace the Danube rolling his mighty waters. I enter Vienna on the 24th of July, having been on the

road a month all but a day: and after having performed a journey of a long two thousand English miles.

END OF THE JOURNAL.

My souvenirs of the south of Russia are among the most agreeable in the whole extent of my travels. Had not a nearly fatal malady seized me at Odessa, I would have visited the island of Achilles, the classic celebrity of which has been so well illustrated by Clarke, though, like me, he did not visit it. I would have hired a small lodging, within sight of the Course of Achilles, and sharpened my appetite by a gallop on that singular reef of sand, before breakfast. The most interesting spot that I found in the south of Russia, was certainly Perekop, the ancient Taphræ. The ditch is of immense antiquity, and I walked on its mounds, now nearly shapeless, for an hour. I shall never forget the view of that arm of the sea of Asoph, called, time immemorial, the *Putrid Sea.* Whether from some peculiar state of the atmosphere, or from some marsh miasmata refracting the light, it had exactly the colour of raspberry-cream; or, in other words, a pinkish white. Herodotus, in his Melpomenè, mentions the intrenchment of Taphræ (obviously a Greek word) as an ancient work of the

Scythians, who dug it from sea to sea, about the same time that their army returned from the conquest of Media, which was then subject to Cyaxares. We can then get at the date of the first excavation of the intrenchment, which will be about the third or fourth year of the thirty-sixth Olympiad, or six hundred and thirty-three years before Christ. Strabo also alludes to this great work; and from him we may infer, that it was at first nothing but a deep ditch, with the earth piled high on either side; and so it probably remained, till one Asander was named king of the Bosporus, by Augustus Cæsar. Asander, according to Strabo, flanked it with stone, and fortified it with equi-distant towers. I saw slight vestiges of stone-work in the ditch, but not the least traces of the towers. It is most likely the oldest military intrenchment *remaining*, of which we have record, bearing, as it does, the age of at least two thousand four hundred and fifty years. In spite of these testimonies to its remote antiquity, I was surprised at finding that my late respected friend, Major Rennell, in his analysis of the geography of Herodotus, was inclined to assign the first formation of this rampart to the Genoese. That they repaired it, and added to its depth, I think more than probable; but surely the above-cited authorities are sufficient to establish the remoter antiquity of the *first ditch*. Baron de Tott, who, like my-

self, had been on the spot, shows great classic ignorance, in asserting that "nothing points out the *era* of its construction." Had he referred to his Herodotus and Strabo, he might have gleaned what I have done, and certified as I have done, within a short period, the epoch of its formation. My late friend, Major Rennell, thought "the works now existing beyond the ability of the community to whom the peninsula belonged." But we have several testimonies of the surprising energies, developed not only by the ancient Scythians, but also by their descendants the Huns, when their military interests were at stake. And who has not heard of what Milton calls "*the populous north?*" The testimony of Herodotus respecting this ditch, or rampart, is, to my apprehension, as satisfactory as what he relates respecting the embankments on the Nile, by the early Egyptian kings. I passed this celebrated dike twice with great interest, in my entrance to, and return from the Taurida, in the autumn of 1806.

My late friend, Dr. Clarke, of well-earned travelling celebrity, gives in the first volume of his travels, a view of certain *tumuli*, which he found on the banks of the Don, and which he calls, from what authority I know not, *the Altars of Alexander*. That the hero raised altars, to mark the limits of his progress in various parts of the world, we know from good authorities. But who ever heard of Alexander having penetrated to the Don?

Previous to the conquest of Thebes, he went as far north as the Danube; but we cannot discover that he ever passed that river, when he made an irruption on the territories of the Triballi, in his first essay of arms. What led Clarke into the error was, I conceive, as follows: the river Jaxartes, now the Amu, was called by the natives of the country where it rises *Silis*, and by the companions of Alexander, *Tanais*, which every body knows was also the ancient name of the Russian Don. The confusion of the two names induced Clarke, in his haste, to assign *tumuli*, or altars, to Alexander, on the margin of the Don, where he assuredly never was.

Rennell, in his interesting sketch of the march of Darius Hystaspes through Scythia, conducts the Persian army in their way back, not many versts from the spot where Clarke saw these *tumuli*. Might we not with plausibility presume that they were erected in commemoration of some Scythian chieftains, who may have fallen in battle with the Persian monarch? If this my surmise be not well founded, at least we may believe that they were of Tartar origin, similar mounds having been observed in various parts of the immense steppes that separate China from Russia; it being fair to conclude, that the Tartars and Huns imitated their Scythian ancestors, in this, as well as other particulars. Wonderful was the expedition, in spite of its want of complete

success, of Darius Hystaspes in Scythia. He too, as well as Napoleon in our times, found himself in a dilemma by penetrating too far.

Rennell believes that Darius passed the Danube a little above Ismael; thence he leads his army to Cherson by Bender; thence by Taganrok, he traces the route of the Persian King to the confines of Saratov on the Volga; near which, we learn from Herodotus, that he erected a chain of fortresses. If within a hundred versts south of that town, any traveller should hereafter discover a series of *tumuli*, I think they may with great probability, be assigned to Darius Hystaspes. He then leads him on his retreat, by Chopersk, to the environs of Voronesh; thence he traces his route by the neighbourhood of Koursk and Tchernigov. He then conducts the Persian army to a pass in the Carpathian mountains, near the sources of the Dniester, which cannot be far from Lemberg; and then by the river Siret, he reconducts Darius to the bridge, which he threw over the Danube a few months before. I agree with the Major as to the general line of the route; and if he has not hit the target in the bull's eye, he has at least hit the target itself. If we compare attentively the Persian and French expeditions of Darius and Napoleon, (and I have read both Herodotus and Segur with care,) the triple palm of superiority in the justice of the motives,

in the conduct of the army, and in foresight against unexpected disasters, must be triumphantly awarded to the Persian monarch, who must have had far greater difficulties to contend with, if we take into consideration how much less cultivated Scythia was in his times, than in those of Napoleon.

Nothing is more surprising in the south of Russia, than the multitude of vast rivers which are so frequently met, a very inconsiderable tract separating each. I passed in two days, the Dnieper, the Ingouletz, the Bog, the Ingoul, and the Telingoul, near their mouths, in my journey from the Taurida to Odessa. Two of these may be called rivers of the first magnitude, and the others very considerable. The Bog is the ancient Hypanis. At four days' journey from its embouchure, is the canton of Exampea, which Herodotus, the father of history, visited. The above distance will place this canton at, or very near, I think, a small village called *Sokoli.* He relates that he found there a fountain, of the same name as the canton in which it flows, and of such extraordinary bitterness, as to taint the waters of the Bog for the remainder of its course, and render them undrinkable. A dysentery which attacked me, on quitting the Taurida, made me abandon the project I had formed of searching for this singular fountain. Herodotus saw near it a bronze vase, of extraordinary size,

and cast by the ancient Scythians. Very different from this fountain Exampea, were the waters of the Tearus, a small river of Thrace, which pours thirty-eight copious springs from the living rock. Herodotus, in his Melpomene, states that Darius was so charmed with this river, that he encamped on its banks for three days, and that he ordered a column to be erected near the fountains, with the following inscription: "The sources of the Tearus furnish the best and purest water in the world. Darius, son of Hystaspes, the best and finest of men, King of the Persians, and of the whole earth, in his march against the Scythians, encamped on its banks." The Persian kings were great amateurs of fine water. That of the Choaspes was the finest in their own dominions; and one of the sovereigns never went on a campaign, without having its water boiled and bottled for his table.

SCANDINAVIAN LEAVES:

OR,

ABRIDGEMENT OF A JOURNAL

OF

A TOUR IN SCANDINAVIA,

IN THE YEAR 1835.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following pages form an abstract of a lengthy Journal, which I kept from day to day, during a four months' Tour in Sweden and Norway. It is true that I had some time left my youthful years behind me, when I visited those countries; but, as the Journal contains nothing scientific and profound, I thought proper to throw this abstract among my *Horæ Juveniles.*

A TOUR

IN

SCANDINAVIA.

June 27, 1835.—Impelled by that powerful locomotive engine, Curiosity, I embarked at the Custom-house stairs on board a steamer for Hamburgh. On gaining the mouth of the Thames, a contrary squall compelled the captain to weather it out in Lowestoff roads. We glided smoothly up the Elbe, and admired its right bank within a few miles of the city, studded with villas. I had been twice before in Hamburgh, and noticed with pleasure the great improvements which had taken place since my first visit in 1825.

July 1.—I journeyed by one of the worst roads iu Europe, to Lubeck. The city of Hamburgh has long offered to his Majesty of Denmark to make a good road at its own cost; but the Court of Denmark has constantly refused its permission, afraid that the overween-

ing influence of Hamburgh would thereby crush the commerce of Kiel. The soil is deep and tolerably rich; there is a good deal of rye in the fields; I saw many roses in the gardens, but of inferior odour to the English. The four lofty spires which mark Lubeck, formerly one of the most important of the Hanseatic towns, are very striking. The churches are only of brick and plaster; but the statues of the Passion at the altar are of marble, and in good style. Behind the altar a series of puppets, moving by clock-work, came forth from a box, and nodded each to our Saviour. I passed through a wood of fine beech and oak, to Travemunde on the Baltic. It is the Margate of Hamburgh. The building at the baths is good, and set off with an agreeable promenade of poplars and limes. Here I played at a game called Turkish billiards, very amusing for half an hour. Travemunde, though not picturesque, is cheerful; and the weather is of Italian lustre. On the sands, a few feet from the sea, I unearthed a plant about half a foot high, with leaves of a pale green, and silvery underneath, armed with prickles like the holly. I saw also fields sown with a plant consisting of nothing but pods, very long and thin, shooting from a stiff stalk about four feet high, good fodder for cattle, as I was told.

July 7.—After a steam-passage of eighteen hours, I reached the Danish capital. At five A. M. I was on

deck, and the rising sun was beaming on the chalk cliffs of Moën, close to which we passed. They are higher than those of Dover, crowned with beechen woods, and split into ravines. Not a ripple was on the Baltic, and the reflection of the white cliffs gave a silvery transparency to the water :

> "The air was calm, and on the level brine
> Sleek Panopè with all her sisters played."

Well treated at the custom-house, and refreshed at the hotel in the large square of Copenhagen, after dinner, I drove to the obelisk erected by Count Bernstorff, and commemorating certain concessions made to the peasants by a king of Denmark half a century ago. It is surrounded by four noble allegorical statues executed at Rome.

July 9.—I walked in the Fredericsburgh, and Rosenburg gardens. In the former I noticed a prodigious lime-tree. The Rosenburg palace, with its spires, is, though ill-finished, very picturesque. There I saw a service of plate, worked at Venice, and given by a grand duke of Tuscany; a tea and coffee-pot of pure gold; a hunting-equipment, presented by Louis XIV.; a bridal box, given by Queen Anne to Prince George of Denmark; the diploma of civil law conferred by the University of Cambridge on a king of Denmark; also the

ermine robes, and silver thrones, in which the Danish sovereigns are crowned. The collection of medals is excellent. Here are coins from Canute, he who could not stop the tides, to the late king. Of the arms, I grasped a sword given by Charles XII. of Sweden to a Danish colonel; also one wielded by the great Gustavus Adolphus. I noticed at the Academy of Arts, some of the works of Thorwaldsen, which I had seen in his laboratory at Rome; among them a baptismal font, a present from the artist to a church in his native isle, Iceland. Who could imagine that so dreary a spot could give birth to a man destined to co-operate with Canova in the revival of Athenian elegance? After dinner, I went to Charlottelund, a royal country seat, presenting nothing remarkable but a fine wood of oak and beech, within a hundred yards of the sea.

July 10.—I visited the city palace, a pile with prodigiously thick walls; but which does no credit to the architect. You ascend one hundred and more steps to the picture-gallery. The collection is splendid: here is a remarkable picture, half by Van Eyck, the inventor of oil-painting, and half by Vandyck; done probably by that great artist to show the progress that painting had made since the application of oil to the art. Here, too, is the Prophecy of Jonas, for which a king of Denmark paid Salvator Rosa sixteen thousand rix-dollars.

A rich portrait of Charles I. in his youth, by Vansomer; a Holy Family, by Giulio Romano; and Raphael's Apothecary, by himself; are among the flowers of this numerous collection. The whole building must have cost a vast sum; for half of it, a better and more elegant might be easily imagined.

July 11.—I rambled in the Botanic Garden, which I found small, and ill-kept; and saw, at the Academy, portraits of several Danish professors, done with that hardness of style peculiar to the artists of the north. I went in the afternoon to the Deer Park, six miles from Copenhagen. It is about twelve miles in circumference, and abounding with old beeches; two of which I measured, and found one twenty-three feet in circuit, another, and an oak, eighteen.

July 12.—I went to the New-Frue Church, built with remarkable solidity. The exterior is bad, but the interior made ample amends; presenting, on each side, a soubassement pierced with seven arches; each pilaster supports two Greek Doric columns, with the systyle intercolumniation. The organ has a mahogany blind, instead of gilt pipes as with us. Six statues, by Thorwaldsen, stand facing the pilasters on each side. A statue of our Saviour, by the same artist, surmounts the altar. The sermon was delivered extempore to an attentive congregation. The churches at Copenhagen

are, in general, of displeasing style; but I must praise Saint Nicolay's tower, built in 1529. It has a Babylonish grandeur about it, rising very high, and propped by a sort of *sui generis* buttresses. The city is traversed in many parts by canals, like Venice.

July 13.—I visited the Fresler Church, paved with deal, and with a vast nave. The design is good, but not the materials. In the evening, I went to Fredericsdal, nine miles from Copenhagen, fringed with beech woods, feathering to a lake about three miles in diameter. The place is situated on an isthmus between two lakes, and has capabilities for a park, fully equal to any thing in England. The Exchange is a building in the old Dutch style. Here I saw an old picture, representing Tycho Brahe receiving a gold collar from Christian II.; also, at the royal gallery, Tycho's housekeeper, a good characteristic portrait in the manner of Holbein. I walked to the port, which is fine. A solid wooden bridge is thrown across to the dock-yard, where I saw about seven sail of the line under jury-masts. Another wooden jetty separates the royal from the commercial docks. The arrangement of the shops and magazines at Copenhagen is about *instar* Lisle, and the larger towns of the Low Countries. Bad pavement is pretty general. The water is indifferent. The beeves and horses are very good. The dogs are spirited, and I

noticed several fine setters. The sheep are inferior. The cauliflowers, potatoes, and strawberries are very good. Agricultural implements are a full century behind England. The roads round the capital are bad. In Jutland, where the communication is not active, it would be useless waste of money to spend much in roads; but in Zealand, which is not large, half a million of rix-dollars might well be spent thereupon.

July 15.—I visited Count Moltke's Gallery. Two Ruysdäels, three Hobbimas, and two children's head by Kreuze, were the flowers of the collection. There were some by Jordäens, a painter I never liked, having all the coarseness of Rubens, without his fire.

July 16.—I find the Danes stout men, with physiognomies differing but little from our own. I doubt whether there be any country in Europe less interesting to the physiologist than Denmark. The Flora, however, is interesting; witness that service of porcelain, executed by the Russian Catherine's order, preserved at the Rosenburgh Palace, whereon each individual plant of Denmark, with its seeds, leaves, and flowers, is finely executed on porcelain, by Danish artists, on a ware, however, very inferior to our Worcester. I visited the Repository of Northern Antiquities, where I saw hatchets made of silex by the ancient Cimbri, *before* metals were known in the Chersonese. They are at

least two thousand five hundred years old. In an adjoining chamber I observed several ornaments of gold, and utensils in copper, *known before iron*, by the ancient Cimbri. I remarked an altar-piece, with bas-reliefs, of the epoch of Canute; a coat of mail, worn by the father of Margaret of Waldemar; also many ancient iron weapons, but of small interest. I expected to find some interesting Roman inscriptions, about the epoch of Caius Marius; but I only saw one, and, as I thought, of doubtful authority. The most striking features of Denmark are about a dozen small lakes, so well set off by beech and birch woods, as to present the finest materials for parks. I found at Copenhagen no ill treatment; on which I may well congratulate myself, the Danes doubtless not forgetting the two bombardments they sustained not many years since:

———"manet altâ in mente repostus
Nelsoni assultus, captæque injuria classis."

A political question struck me the other day, whether or no, seeing the increasing preponderance of Russia, the plan effected, five centuries ago, by Margaret of Waldemar, called the northern Semiramis, of uniting the three crowns, would not be again desirable, making Copenhagen or Stockholm the capital, and governing the other two by resident viceroys? It is, however,

probable that many national prejudices would obstruct this union, if perchance the diplomatic heads of Europe should hereafter deem it advisable and feasible.

Farewell, then, land of the Canutes, both hardy and wise! Farewell, land of the northen Semiramis, and of Shakspearean Hamlet! To-morrow I embark for Scandinavia, and without a wish of revisiting thy level shores.

Gothenburgh, July 18.—After a passage, whereon I could neither criticise the vessel, nor the general agreeableness of the passengers, where the stomach was neither offended by nausea, nor the nose by stenches, I set my foot in Scandinavia, after a passage of sixteen hours from Copenhagen. The sky was Italian, which set off Elsineur, and Hamlet's garden, finely fringed with woods. Our approach to Sweden was enlivened by the passing of at least twenty vessels, outward bound: among them, three or four Americans. The port would be faultless, had it not two dangerous rocky islets, on which many ships have foundered. Hail, Scandinavia! Though I have wandered among twelve nations, oft have I turned a wistful eye to thy romantic shores! Hail, land of copper, of iron, of vast lakes, of interminable forests, granite rocks, and limpid waterfalls! Land of a Gustavus Vasa, whose name would have shone in the blazonry of Greece; of that *Arctoi lucida stella poli,*

Christina, who, though somewhat vain and capricious, showed a versatile and accomplished mind; of the Alexander of the north, whose achievements rivalled the Macedonians, till madness seized him, a little before the battle of Pultowa; of a Gustavus Adolphus, who united the duties of a private station to the talents of a profound statesman and a great general; who pushed this triple merit higher than any other individual, save probably Xenophon.

Gothenburgh rather disappointed me. There is something fine, however, in its principal canal, and paved streets on each side. Working people here, with naked feet, are common. Strata of granite, by no means high, rise in the environs, from rich pastures, interspersed with fields of barley and oats. I walked in the evening to the summit of the rocks, near two miles from the town. The scene was quite Scandinavian, and set off by a blood-shot setting sun, which had the form of a broken vase. Here are several small villas, with trees, but not of fine growth.

July 20.—After having hired an interpreter, and purchased a Swedish carriage, I strolled to a small lake three miles from the town, surrounded by meadows, where the haymakers were busy. It was a lively scene; single horses with small carts, were driving to and fro with great rapidity. The barns are spacious, and red-

pitched. They mount the hay to the loft by means of a rope, which two bullocks below made move with a rope in a pulley fixed to a post. The hay, about two English cocks, then ascended a slide composed of fir trees, descending from the loft.

July 21.—Quitting Gothenburgh, I followed a road by the side of the Gotha, whose limpid and quiet waters traversed rich meadows, till approaching Lilla Edits. Here the Gotha forms a cataract, with ten times a greater volume of water than the Rhine at Lauffenburg; but the height is inconsiderable. I reached Trolhætta, at twelve p. m., fifty miles from Gothenburgh, and found there an elegant inn.

July 22.—I visited the *Golden Fall,* the second and most striking of the Trolhætta cataracts; of which there are eight, forming a shoot of a hundred feet and more. I passed the sluices in a boat, that gigantic work, which rivals the Caledonian canal. They talk of adding next year an additional depth and width of two feet to this canal. Below the locks, the Gotha assumes a lake-like aspect of great depth and width. Here the grounds of a Swedish Baron descend to the lake, forming a fine woody amphi-theatre. The atmosphere has a silvery brilliance, which I do not recollect to have seen in any other country. Several Swedish parties of pleasure are arriving; at least a dozen boats are descending the

sluices; and I passed a cloudless day in eyeing the falls from nearly every point of view. I prefer them on the whole to all others, which I have hitherto seen. I find that *Trolhætta* means the *witches' hats.* In *Trol* we may perhaps find the Pictish root of our word *Trull;* in *hætta,* we easily recognise *hat.* Were then the witches, who figure in our mythology, of Scandinavian origin? I rather think they were; and very likely imported into England by the Danes and Norwegians, during their predatory excursions.

July 22.—Leaving Trolhætta, and its aqueous roar, I arrived at the residence of Mr. Lloyd, of bear-hunting celebrity. He had a wolf chained in his court, and several Swedish dogs. His dwelling overlooks a fine reach of the Gotha. The country now assumed much the character of the environs of Basle. The precipices to the left were grotesquely set off with birch, firs, beech, poplars, and alders. After a league, this scenery disappeared; and I entered an extensive plain, which preserved, for thirty miles, a most uninteresting character. But considering the scanty population, and their small resources, I was surprised at the general cultivation. In my journal, I will always reduce the Swedish miles into English. On approaching Lidköping, I traversed a wood of magnificent firs. The houses here are of red-pitched deals.

July 23.—Yet Lidköping has a spacious square, with a church in the centre. On passing a bridge, the Wenner Lake burst upon my view, ninety miles in length, and forty-four in its widest part. Looking N. E. I could descry no land. The road now winded through a forest of firs of inferior growth. We started a snake basking in the middle of the road, perhaps the *Coluber Chersea*, peculiar to Sweden. The sky was cloudless, and the heat equal to that of the Milanese. I gained a higher plateau, and had a hill to my right, almost the fac-simile of Leckhampton, near Cheltenham. Falköping, where I now am, is thirty-seven miles from Lidköping. They served me here an omelet, better than any in France. The horses were cruelly stung by three species of flies: the smallest, our common forest; the second, of double the size; the last of great malignity, as large as a wasp, and streaked alternately with blackish and yellowish scales. They buzzed terror into the horses' ears. I buzzed in return the line of Virgil: "asper, acerba sonans," &c. to these *plurimæ pestes volitantes.* I was bayed by passport officers at every station, requiring my wherefrom and whereto. In other respects, the travelling is agreeable. I went at the rate of full six miles an hour, the charge two English shillings for about ten English miles, including good pay for the driver. But a delay of about two hours every

day, is occasioned by the necessity of sending for the horses from the fields. I went after dinner to the yard, "where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," and noticed a tomb elaborately cut, and horizontally laid, dated 1602. The church-yard was surrounded with ash-trees.

July 24.—On leaving Falköping, I traversed, for twenty miles, much the same character of road, as the preceding day. On gaining the brow of a hill, the vast Wetter lake burst upon the view. Its banks are far more striking than those of the Wenner. Its southern extremity presents a long straight strand, of about three miles. The hills that skirt it to the east, are very picturesquely broken; but none, I should imagine, exceed six hundred feet in height. Jönköping stands at its southern extremity, and is a dull town, with a spacious street, however, of a full mile in length; and others, with canals and bridges thrown over a river from the Wetter lake. Lilacs thrive well in this part of Sweden, so do strawberries. Gooseberries are as yet very small, as with us in May. No potatoes are yet ripe. I could find no other vegetables at the inns, but small peas boiled in their pods. Junipers abound in the woods; their berries are sent in great quantity to Holland annually for distillation. I gathered some bilberries, twice the size of ours in Britain.

July 25.—After passing through a woody tract of oaks, sycamores, alders, aspens, firs, willows, hazels, and birch, which last grew in twisted and picturesque shapes, I reached Grenna, overlooking the lake, and immediately opposite the Bezon island, which stretches from north to south, nine miles in length, and is of a sabre form. The sun has such power, that I give credit to the assertion of its rays being at times so strongly concentrated, as to set fire to the Swedish forests. Thermometer in the shade 75.

July 27.—Exquisite were the views of the Wetter, sometimes fully expanding, sometimes partially concealed by woody mounds. Soon after leaving it, I saw grease sweating from a murderer's gibbet, who had been a farmer's servant; and having intrigued with his master's wife, leagued with her in poisoning her husband. The punishment was amputation of the right hand, decapitation, and suspension of the body. After dining at Mölby, which has several saw-mills in a noisy river, I reached Norköping.

July 28.—The Swartsjon, or Blackwater river, in the environs of this town, flows in a gully, presenting much the same features as the Dart near Totness. Norköping is the Swedish Manchester, and has at least twelve thousand inhabitants. The streets are rectilinear, spacious, and clean. Most of the manufactories are of

red-pitched deals, and placed at almost every possible angle in the cataracts of the Blackwater, which, in some places, is more than one hundred feet deep. Never did I see such a confusion of deals, wheels, and foaming waters. The King has lately thrown an iron bridge over the natural fall; he has also built a large magazine for wool, and they are busied in driving piles for a new bridge.

July 29.—This is the first gray day I have met in Sweden, and the air is much freshened. I am now at Nyköping, forty miles from Norköping. The river Mæland forms here a cataract, with two or three mills in the stream. I passed a small lake very like Virginia water. It is now five weeks since I left the longest day in London; and here at half-past nine, I can see to read.

July 30.—Firs and birch growing grotesquely from fissures in the rocks, marked the road to Södertelje, which rivalled Macadam's in excellence. I passed five lakes of extraordinary beauty. The rocks seldom rise above a hundred feet. In one part, the firs assumed a true Scandinavian grandeur; I measured one, and found it nine feet in circumference. Willows grow finer than in England. I have now travelled four hundred and fifty miles from Gothenburgh, three hundred of which may be said to present little or no interest. Never did

I traverse a country with fewer birds than Sweden shows in the summer. In vain did I listen for the song of the *motacilla Suecica*, whose notes surpass those of the nightingale. Two eagles, three or four goshawks, many magpies and carrion-crows, a very few skylarks, and two birds with greenish plumage, about as large as woodcocks, were all I observed.

July 31.—I arrived at Fittje. "It is, indeed, gentlemen, a nasty place, a very nasty little place," said Gustavus the assassinated, laughing one day to his courtiers. It is, however, since his time, much improved; for instead of being a paltry *inn*, thatched without, I found it with a larger range of stables than I had yet seen in Sweden. The lightning, three days before, had struck two churches in Stockholm; and I saw proofs of its force, in a birch nine feet in circumference, which had been shivered by the storm. Its splinters were strewed twenty yards around; and one had uprooted a fir of eight inches in diameter. Quitting the carriage, I contemplated this fulgurous devastation for five minutes. I passed five lakes of great picturesque beauty; two of which, I saw, to the right and to the left, from an isthmus. In the centre of one, a huge tower-like rock arose. The approach to Stockholm is as wild as the neighbourhood of Johnny Grott's. At last I reached the Scandinavian capital, after a journey

of four hundred and seventy miles, performed in ten days.

August 4.—Of Stockholm, "*omnia jam vulgata,*" I shall then be brief in my notes. The palace, with its slanting terraces, and bronze lions of Persepolitan grandeur, surpasses my expectations. The apartments of the Crown-prince, in the entresol, are elegant. But there are not in the whole palace twenty pictures worth notice.

August 5.—I visited the ruins of the chief church, struck a few days since by lightning. Immense sheets of liquefied copper were piled below. Another church presents a splendid gilt pulpit, and good Ascension subject at the altar. I went to Drottingholm, the Versailles of Sweden. The gardens are adorned with bronzes taken from Germany, in the wars of Gustavus Adolphus. Here are ill-painted heads of Charles XII. and his generals. The present king has manifested some spirit in the establishment of schools, with regard to the fine arts but little. These old and ill-painted pictures might be turned to good account, in ministering to the creation of a large historical picture, representing the Swedish hero at the battle of Narva, and surrounded by his generals. There exists now no artist in Sweden, who could execute such a work even tolerably. The lake Mæler almost bathes the walls of the palace. A

fisherman showed me here ten of the largest pike I ever saw.

August 6.—I walked in the evening to the Tiergarden, a public walk abounding with summer retreats, and commanding an imposing view of Stockholm, and the endless windings of the Mæler. The extraordinary transparency of the air and waters made me prefer this to all suburban promenades I ever beheld.

August 7.—I devoted a beautiful evening to Haga, and returned disappointed; for Gustavus III. made here nature worse, by overplanting, and forming cockney islands, round which the waters of the lake stagnate like kitchen-refuse. Ulricsdale now serves as a naval hospital. Near it I saw several avenues of limes, so covered with blossoms, as to scent the air far around. I visited the mansion of a wealthy brewer, and rambled in his garden, which presented a good show of native and exotic flowers. The gardener assured me that melons and cucumbers would ripen in Sweden without glass-frames. The arrangement was scientific, as if Linnæus had surveyed the work, whose bust was in the greenhouse. Eskilstuna is the Swedish Sheffield, and I saw from that place beautifully enamelled steel.

August 12.—Yesterday, I quitted Stockholm, impressed with a considerable idea of its civilization and resources. Most of the streets are well pierced; the

walls of the houses are much thicker than with us. In the larger mansions are many rooms opening *en suite*, and frequently embellished *instar Paris*. The best bath I ever had in my life was here, which I paid ten English pence. But the glory of Stockholm is the Mæler, which, like a watery Briareus, throws his hundred arms round the city, furnishing a port where all the navy of England might ride. I bade farewell to the novemgemininsular capital, and reached the residence of the English ambassador, twenty-six miles from Stockholm, laid out in striking gardens, in the days of Christina. After the pleasure of dining with the Envoy, I reached Upsala.

August 13.—I have just visited the university, and its grove, which has a building with a Doric front, containing the Natural History Museum. The conchological department is rich; there is also a full collection of the Scandinavian serpents, in spirits. I saw two or three specimens of the *Gordius*, which I take to be the same as the *Vena Medinensis*. It is pretty frequent in the marshes of the Gulf of Bothnia, not thicker than a horse hair, and about nine or ten inches long. It inserts itself in the skin, and causes sharp pain. I remember, at St. Petersburgh, having seen a Frenchman, who had suffered from one of these capillary worms. I handled at least one hundred phials, hoping to find a specimen

of an insect, still more extraordinary, and only known on the shores of the Gulf of Bothnia. It is *sui generis*, and unique. I had heard it described as about the third of an inch in size. It is carried by the wind; and with its legs, or rather fangs, which are turned inwards, inserts itself into the flesh of the peasants, and buries itself therein. They rid themselves of this pest, by applying a poultice of curds, which is a bait for the insect. The pain it occasions equals a sharp *tic douloureux;* hence its name, *Furia infernalis.* I was disappointed at not finding a satisfactory specimen of it, among a hundred and more phials, which I handled. For there is a sublimity about it, no one knowing whether it be oviparous or viviparous; it being only known on the shores of the Bothnian gulf, and it being wafted to the faces of the peasants by the wind, where it finds its grave.

August 14.—The cathedral is the noblest pile in Sweden. I was pleased with the monument of Linné, erected by his disciples, a few years since; also with the elegant tomb of Archbishop Menander; but especially with two sarcophagi of porphyry and serpentine, executed in a grand and antique style. The new Carolina Library is spacious and solid; but to my eye, of disagreeable architecture. The books, to the amount of one hundred and thirty thousand volumes, are about to

be removed to it. The intendant civilly showed me, in the old library, a copy of my own University, which I sent to Upsala five years before. I did not forget Gustavus the Third's two vast chests, which, in six years' time, Pandora herself is to open. This Bluebeardish bequest has often spurred my curiosity, which naturally seizes the probability of papers illustrative of, and perhaps vindicating the revolution of 1772; the premature divulging of which might probably have implicated several individuals, unless the lapse of fifty years shall have neutralized their guilt, by laying them in the grave. Am I right, or wrong? Pandora, I appeal to thee for the solution. Gustavus, without deserving the title of Great, showed himself a man of energy, by effecting a revolution without spilling a drop of blood. If the factions of the *Hats* and the *Caps* placed him, as sovereign, in a sort of neutralized position, was he blamable in stepping forward to assert the rights of the monarchical power, as they had been for so long a period established in Sweden? Could he, without compromising fatally his royal attributes, pull off with his right hand, his *hat* to the *Hats*, and with his left, his *cap* to the *Caps?* What he did, would have merited the applause of Machiavelli, had they been cotemporaries; and it must be confessed, both by his enemies and his adherents, that he showed a talent and decision in

this affair, which Charles X. of France, placed of late in a nearly similar dilemma, endeavoured, but was unable to imitate. Just before the fatal bullet struck him, he meditated placing himself at the head of the coalition against republican France. It is not easy to speculate on the probable result, had he done so; but of this we may be certain, that the French generals would have had a much harder Gordian knot to untwist than they had without him; for, ever since the days of Gustavus Adolphus, the first drum that has sounded in Sweden, has always made a powerful impression on the ears of the European cabinets.

August 14.—On quitting Upsala, I traversed a champaign country, resembling Cambridgeshire, for about twenty miles; and presently entered a forest of inferior firs, which continued uninterruptedly for fifty miles. The woods then opened a little to the left, when I heard a loud murmur, and presently saw clouds of mist ascend, from the Elfcarleby cataracts, formed by the river Dal, within twelve miles of its mouth. They are a Niagara in miniature, with an island separating the two falls; of which the larger has a ceaseless mist in the centre. Below, three streams unite, forming a pool of conflicting eddies. The monotony of the firs, and an untowardly-placed saw-mill, detract much from the interest of the cataract. The lesser fall forms, in succession, three

beautiful bubbling fountains. Below the bridge, which is well built, the river looks like the Rhone, about Pont St. Esprit. By all accounts, Elfcarleby is not great, when compared with the shoot of the Indal, above Sundswall; a brawling brook, when compared with the cataracts of the Angermanna, further northward; and a noisy gutter, when compared with the stupendous falls of the Luleö, which rival Niagara, and precipitate a great volume of water six hundred feet. None but the rein-deer hunters have seen these falls; which, as far as I can make out, are seven hundred miles from Gefle, where I now am.

"O mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos,"

these seven hundred miles would be only as many yards, in my way of catching a view of what must be one of the first water diamonds in Gammer Nature's wardrobe.

August 15.—Gefle is a flourishing town, one hundred and twenty miles from Stockholm. A slow-flowing stream traverses the town, crossed by a two-arched granite bridge. Ships of five hundred tons lie close to the quays. A tongue of land, forming a planted walk, separates two ports. The Geflians send a few ships even to the East Indies. There are vast magazines of deals and iron, with a good rope-yard. I observe the Swedish sailors, on discharging any cargo, animate each

other with a song in chorus, which is better than the Yo-eee-o of our sailors. Ever since leaving Copenhagen, I find no difference in the length of the days. Swedish cookery is somewhat gross. Pancakes they make well; but at the inns I could never find tender meat. The best dishes are the pike and perch cutlets, which lie like flakes of snow in the plate, and are of a delicate nut-like flavour. They served me here a bird, called *ielpa*, the size of a small partridge, rare in Sweden, but common in Finland.

August 16.—On leaving Gefle, I soon quitted the great northern road to Torneä, and striking suddenly to the left, I reached the Stor Sjon, a lake of about twelve miles in length. I embarked on it for two hours, and trolled in vain for pike. I found its depth, in several soundings, not exceeding twenty-five feet. Three other charming lakes successively appeared; one of which reminded me of the Sempach; another, round which the road winded, of the Lower Killarney; and the third was quite of the Scandinavian character. On approaching Dalecarlia, the villages were more frequent; the cerealia more heavy in ear; and the sex handsomer than in the other parts I had traversed. Still several cottages bore a goodly crop of grass on their roofs. I regained the river Dal at Smedby; it has two branches, the eastern, and western, which join at Djoursas, considerably further

upward. These streams form several lakes; and as Thebes was called the *hundred-gated*, I dubbed the river the *hundred-laked* Dal. It is one of the most crystal streams I ever saw, having its banks pretty generally fringed with birch, ash, willows, and alders. Sometimes it flows slow, sometimes with a loud cataractic noise. I navigated, and plummed it at Smedby, and found from about twenty to thirty-six feet. At Uppbo, from the centre of the floating bridge, the plummet sunk ninety-four feet. Here I caught a pike, and was near being inveigled by a considerable cataract. The ants cause much devastation in the lands of Sweden. Their nests are as large as an ordinary haycock. I played the Guy Fawkes with one of these formicular republics, by firing some gunpowder among them. The intelligence they showed on the occasion, confirmed me in the opinion of Huber, that they are the most intellectual of insects. At Sater, I saw several large fires kindled, to destroy hundreds of their nests.

August 18.—I presently entered a vast vale, waving with oats and rye, as yet unripe. Beans and peas are still very small. The sky still continues cloudless, and the sun has great power. I dined at a ferry on the Dal, and sounding it in the middle, found forty-eight feet. Hitherto the hills had not much exceeded the Malvern in height; but on approaching Djoursas, where I found

the worst quarters I had yet had in Sweden, the Kopparberg mountains assumed a minor Swiss grandeur. I walked to the banks of the crystal Dal; and my guide Jacob hallooing for a boat, was answered by a perfect echo. I made the rock-nymph repeat this hexameter, word for word:—

Cedite in Europâ, omnia flumina, cedite Dalo!

August 19.—I had hitherto followed the western branch of the Dal; and soon after quitting Djoursas, passed, on a floating bridge, the eastern branch, which, higher up, forms a lake as large as the Lucerne. I left the carriage, and walked about a mile, by an intricate path, to see a splendid salmon-leap, called the *Great Quart.* It shoots very obliquely across the river, in a scene of singular wildness and solitude. At Floda, whence, perhaps, our word *flood*, and where I found a neat little inn, the birch and mountain ashes break the monotony of the firs. Potatoes here are not larger than walnuts; raspberries are common. On leaving Floda, scarcely could I proceed two miles without seeing or hearing a cataract. At Ragsveden, where a new road had lately been opened, the peasants insisted on double postage.

August 21.—The road now lay through the most extraordinary scene of sylvan devastation that can be con-

ceived; which lasted a full fifty miles. Fires had been applied almost every where. Some of the trees presented a charcoal mass; others rose like white skeletons, without their barks; many were torn up by the roots, and lay transversely across huge rocks; others were dying, or dead. I dubbed this tract *Death's Shrubbery;* and it might be easily imagined as leading to a palace of the king of terrors, himself seated in a hall composed of a million of skulls. Horribly gloomy would the road have been, in wet and windy weather; but the sky still preserves its lustre. The road now lay southward; and on my gaining the extreme brow of Dalecarlia, a magnificent view expanded, marked by two considerable lakes, one of which resembled the Vico, in Italy; but the endless monotony of firs detracts often from the beauties of a Swedish landscape. This is the sultriest day I have experienced in Sweden. The sun scorches, I think, more than in Sicily, and a *coup de soleil* has swollen my face into sores; though three days ago, on the Dal, the leaves were crisp with frost, on my leaving Appelbo, at four in the morning.

August 22.—My journey to Mölkom furnished very remarkable landscapes. The blue-eyed and flax-haired Sverige exhibited a series of panoramic views, which continued on the banks of six lakes. One, called the Rada, resembled more a river than a lake. I followed

its banks for twelve miles; another resembled Grasmere, but it was only a portion of a larger sheet of water; a third reminded me of the descent to the Thrasymene; the others were *sui generis.* The road had many abrupt and dangerous declivities. After driving through some fine woods of birches, ashes, and sycamores, I reached Carlstadt, at the head of the Wenner lake. Here the river Clara, which answers to its name, after a course of two hundred miles, is discharged into the Wenner. The town has spacious and rectangular streets, a good inn, a savings' bank, and freemasons' hall. The population is about five thousand. Necessary repairs to my calash detained me here two or three days.

August 26.—Ämol, a thriving little port, and distant from Carlstadt forty-five miles, is situated at the mouth of a river that disembogues into the Wenner lake. I navigated for three hours this Swedish Caspian, and about a mile from the port, I found one hundred and seventy-four feet in sounding the depth. The road now was nearly due west; and on approaching Fjall, situated on another lucid mirror, it was easy to see that Sweden was gradually borrowing the more marked features of Norway. The hills were more abrupt, and insulated; the trees grew more picturesquely; the firs were thrown more into the back-ground; and gave way to pensile birches, ashes, sycamores, and aspens. I was admiring

the difference, when on a sudden, the most exquisite lake burst to view that I ever beheld. Such was its transparency, that I could even count the cones of the firs reflected in its mirror. It surpassed in beauty, but not in sublimity, every other lake that I have seen. I crossed a wooden bridge thrown over a crystal current, which is lost in the Wenner.

August 27.—On quitting Taxviden, where I slept, the mists were dispersing before a cloudless sun, when two more lucid and considerable lakes were developed to view, both of, to me, unique beauty. The ant-hills are not so numerous as in Dalecarlia. These insects are sworn enemies to the serpents. Woe betides the reptile that dares approach their haunts, for he will be reduced to a clean skeleton in twenty-four hours by his voracious enemies. I had just passed a third lake, when on traversing a singular isthmus, I had to my left another; and to my right, one seen longitudinally, called the *Stor Le*, or *Great Gate*. It is no less than sixty-five miles long, and presented a series of seven or eight jutting promontories of great boldness, but not of remarkable height. Never shall I forget this scene, fit to inspire a Milton in his picture of Paradise, or a Tasso in his imagination of the Gardens of Armida!

I now mounted a very rocky defile, where the patience of the horses, and firmness of the carriage, were put to

severer test than hitherto in Sweden. No jibbing, no kicking, no starting, are the characteristics of the good-tempered Swedish horses. The magic word *Pu-r-r-r* has with them more influence than the lash. Soon after leaving Sundby, I gained the bridge, which separates Sweden from Norway. During my tour, comprising about one thousand miles, I had often occasion to admire the gratitude of the servants at the inns for the trifling remuneration I gave them. The innkeepers charge, pretty generally, fairly. A tardiness of movement seems to characterise the peasantry. Rarely do you find a knife that will cut, in spite of the country producing the best iron in Europe. You meet with good milk almost every where, but seldom wheaten bread; generally hard and sour rye-cakes. Of the climate I have a high opinion for salubrity. There is a silvery brilliance in the atmosphere unknown in any part of the British isles, which gives elasticity to the nerves, and cheerfulness to the spirits.

Farewell, then, SVERIGE; on whom Aurora of the night sheds sweet influence! Queen of the thousand crystal waters, fare thee well!

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NORRIGE, with austerer features than her sister Sverige, beckons to me. Now for the land,

> Where Norimberga, from her icy mounds,
> Sees raging hurricanoes flout her skies,
> And fan her children cold.

August 29.—After a precipitous descent of nearly three miles, I reached Fredericshall, where the bold promontories, and fiords begin already to proclaim what Norway is—the most picturesque of European countries. The fortress commands a most extended prospect; and one of my first objects was the tomb of that hero, the most brilliant field of whose exploits I had perambulated, several years before, at Narva; little dreaming then, that it was reserved for me to muse over his monument at Fredericshall. It is more paltry than many of our tombs in country churchyards. I imagined, in its room, a cippus of one piece of granite,

resting on a plinth of the same material; the plinth one foot in height; the cippus of three feet in diameter; round which should be bronze letters mosaically inserted, composing this inscription:

HÎC. FATO. OCCUBUIT.
CAROLUS. ILLE. DUODECIMUS.

The cippus to be four of its diameters in height.

August 30.—The road from Fredericshall to Haflund presenting nothing remarkable, my mind was engrossed with anticipations of the Sarpen Foss, a cataract so called, and formed by the river Glomm, nine miles above its mouth. O dame Nature! wert thou not in exquisitest humour of invention, when thou struckedst out of thy laboratory this splendid fall? It is surrounded by many saw-mills, and is easily approachable; you may touch on either side with your stick the enormous volume of water, which surpasses in quantity that at Trolhætta. There is an arrowry shooting about it, which I never saw in any other cataract.

> Astounded by the wat'ry roar, I clomb
> O'er the dark rocks that skirt the foaming Glomm,

which were rounded by the attrition of the waters. One resembled a large whale. The height of the fall varies from ninety to one hundred and ten feet, accord-

ing to the seasons of decrease or increase. It partakes of cataract and cascade. The emerald hue of the waters, contrasted with the darkness of the rocks, and that again with the immense quantity of foam, was very fine. The saw-mills added to the effect; for many of them leaking, and their conduits very high, formed a hissing fracas, surpassing in violence all the rain-storms that can be conceived. Crossing the ferry, I reached the hospitable mansion of Mr. Pelly, who superintends the neighbouring mill; and after partaking of whose hospitalities, I accompanied a party of Norwegian ladies to the falls, which, though now forming the most considerable I had ever seen, had not half the quantity of water hurried down in the spring. Higher up, the Glomm, for a space of many miles, forms a series of seventeen falls, some of which exceed thirty feet in perpendicular height. Soon after quitting Haflund, I fell in with a cheerful lake; and presently after, another appeared, like Nemi, "navelled in the woody hills," and set off with all the glorious appurtenances of a setting sun in the north.

August 31.—I arrived at Moss. It has numerous saw-mills; but the stream that moves them, is at this season, thrifty. The town is respectably inhabited. After rambling there in a garden belonging to the Anker family, I reached Prinsdal, eight miles from Christiana.

Here the splendid fiord burst upon the view. The descent by the zig-zag road to Christiania, is among the finest things in Europe; it surpassed my expectations; and glad was I to procure a civilized breakfast at the Hotel du Nord; for

> Sour rye-cakes, and such poor hay,
> Had been my food for many a day.

Christiania is the most important of the three Norwegian capitals; I say three, for Bergen is a second, and Tronjem is a third. In the last, is a national bank. It contains upwards of twenty thousand inhabitants, and flourishes from the staple commodity of the country, deals. In an excursion which I made to Bogstadt, on the Drammen road, I passed at least fifty carriages of different descriptions, carrying parties of pleasure to the environs. The weather is still fine; but the farmers, in consequence of the long drought, fear there will be no hay in the country. One of them told my guide that it had not rained for five months.

September 2.—I visited the new palace, not half completed, and the foundations of which have cost two hundred thousand rix banco, advanced by the king; I rambled too over the old fortress of Aggerhuus, built on a peninsula. As its fortifications are now useless, here, I think, should have stood the new palace; and here, as

I heard, it would, had not the King's horse pricked his ears on entering the gateway; an accident interpreted as inauspicious by the royal rider. I hired a boat, and rowed about four miles from the port. Disembarking on one of the islands, I gained a summit, commanding, on three sides, grand views. I found, on sounding, from thirty to one hundred feet.

September 4.—Wandering in two gardens about a mile from the city, I was caught in the first rain since leaving Upsala. All nature seems to rejoice after so long a drought. There are several good orchards near Christiania; I saw many apple, plum, and pear trees bending beneath their fruit, but many were distempered by parasite and stringy mosses. I noticed, too, several standard morellas black with the profusion of cherries. There is also a cherry of a transparent amber colour. Melons and cucumbers thrive well in frames. The apricot, though small, ripens with good flavour, but not the peach. Green-gages are excellent. Of the flowers, stocks, lupins, lilacs, and seringoes, are to the full as fine as in England. The trembling poplar and willow succeed very well; the oaks and sycamores are inferior; the limes and ashes thrive tolerably. Currants, raspberries, and gooseberries would be excellent, were the gardening less slovenly. With more industry, the Christiania territory would be a favourite with Vertumnus and Pomona.

September 5.—I crossed an arm of the fiord to the villa of the British Consul, who is fond of trees; many of which, round his house, he has planted. Among them, I noticed a singular species of mountain-ash. My kind host appeared determined to act up to the Virgilian precept: *Sylvæ sint Consule dignæ.* But the fir is the glory of Norway. It seems absolutely to riot in its soil and atmosphere. Unlike the firs of Sweden, they have each an individual character. The most valuable are those that grow in almost inaccessible situations; their growth, in that case, is slower, but the timber is far more valuable than that of those which are the produce of the bottoms. But even the latter are more durable by far than the best of the American deals. In spite of the checks thrown by the English government on the importation of the Baltic timber, such is the commercial avidity for the Norwegian deals, that scarcely has a tree attained one foot or fifteen inches, in diameter at the base, than down it is felled, and it finds its way in great quantities to France, in lesser, of course to England, since the imposition of the increased duties. The genuine colour of the true deal is a sort of ruddyish saffronish hue; when pale, like the American, it is less durable.

September 8.—Quitting Christiania, I traversed a country similar to what is frequently seen in the minor

Apennines. They are making great progress in clearing the grounds of firs; and I passed considerable tracts waving with oats and barley. After crossing two rivers in precipitous ravines, I noticed indistinctly to the right, the Ojeren See, formed by the river Glomm.

September 9.—On quitting Raaholt, I soon perceived that I was approaching the Norwegian Alps. One rose like the Weissentein; and as I was comparing their resemblance, a glorious view of four promontories, jutting boldly into the Miösen lake, burst upon the view. The road, for fifty miles, coasts this fine expanse of water, which is one hundred miles in length, but rarely more than twelve in breadth. Its banks rival in grandeur those of the Lago Maggiore. The ascents, though not long, were so steep, that the horses could not master them, without fetching breath, every four or five yards. At Korsegaarden, I embarked on the Miösen, and found on sounding, from forty to about fifty feet.

September 10.—Three mountains rose diversely with great grandeur in the landscape. I reached Möe, which has a striking spire. Here the Ankers, who for their public spirit may be termed the *sheet-anchors* of Norway, have established a great all-trades magazine. At Lillehammer, at the extremity of the lake, I gained the highest point north. It is about the parallel of the Ferroe isles. Here I purchased some wheaten loaves,

a luxury in this part of Norway. The lake is terminated by a mountain like the Puy-de-Dome in France. The ferry here is about half a mile over. I gained the western side of the lake, which reminded me frequently of that of Geneva, above Lausanne.

September 11.—Before reaching Hund, I passed the most spacious farming establishment I had seen in Norway. Very few in England surpass it. The trees are not striking for their size; but there is always something picturesque about them, both individually and collectively. The villages are so many collections of Swiss chalets, but nearly all have good glazed windows.

September 12.—On leaving Hund, I ascended a steep hill for two miles. The road now left the Miösen behind; and on gaining the summit a dense fog enveloped us. At Musta, the postmaster showed me a fir-built house, which is six hundred years old. The wooden beams were extremely compressed, and had a very black appearance. They told me that eight men were found dead in it of the black-sickness, that raged in Norway in the days of King Magnus, about the year 1300. Descending to Rodnæs, on the Ranas lake, on which the sun was shooting Moses's horns through ruddy-brown clouds, so precipitous was the descent, that the calash was forced to be abandoned by the whole party, and there was no going without chaining

both wheels. I here fell in with the great road from Christiania to Bergen, from which I was now distant three hundred miles. This fine sheet of water, somewhat resembling that of Wallenstadt in Switzerland, runs parallel to the Miösen, and is seventy miles in length, and from about three to half a mile in breadth. It is filled by a river descending from the Fillefield mountains. I rowed on the lake, plummed it, and found the deepest soundings fifty-five feet. It would appear that occasionally sudden paroxysms of crime occur in Norway; for, near the inn, they showed me a spot, where a murderer had been decapitated, and afterwards burned, two years since. He had stolen two watches, and had sold them to a neighbouring peasant's family. He was put in jail on suspicion. He was a soldier; and his captain having a good opinion of him, procured his release, pledging himself as bail for his reappearance. In the mean time, rewards were advertised for the recovery of the watches. The soldier, conscience-struck, went to the peasant to whom he had sold them, and entreated him to return them, which he refused to do. Immediately the soldier took the desperate resolution of beating out the brains of the whole family to the number of eight persons, and of setting fire to their dwelling. I am, however, willing to believe that such acts are of extreme rarity in Norway.

September 14.—The points of view resemble much those on the Lake of Bienne. The day is the rainiest I have had since entering Scandinavia.

> Heu! pluit assiduè, et fuscâ caligine cœlum
> Obtegitur; montes circumvolvuntur opacis
> Nubibus, et solis redituri nulla refulget
> Spes; oculisque meis campique lacusque recedunt.

September 15.—So steep were the ascents before reaching Grannevolden, that the horses were forced to stop for breath every two minutes. I remember having in my youth seen a view inscribed: *Dangerous road in Norway;* whether or no it pictured the tract I followed, I cannot say, but I am sure it corresponded with the line of abrupt steeps continually occurring. Here is a church built much in the form of the cathedral at Christiania, with windows in the Saxon style; also a chapel destroyed by lightning. The extremity of the Ranas lake was closed by a mountain resembling Skiddaw, but twice its height. Soon after leaving Vang, a glorious view of the lake Tyrie broke upon the sight; while below, and full four miles off, I descried the Hönefoss cataract. I went thither in a cariole of the country. The river is crossed by a most singular bridge a quarter of a mile long; it traverses great part of the stream, and then ascends on one side the cataract. The

rocks are very dark, and only partially covered by the fall, which resembles a silvery veil thrown over a funereal pall. The evening is strikingly wild; and Equinox seems to stride the Norwegian blasts in good earnest.

September 16.—I made a detour from the high road, to see Krukliven, (the cloven valley,) frequented by the people of Christiania in parties of pleasure. What the Peneian Tempè is to Greece, what the Reatine is to Italy, such is Krukliven to Norway. The Tyrie lake, seen through the chasm from the pass, is quite indescribable for the effect. On my return towards the station of Klakken, where I found the best inn I had entered, since quitting Stockholm, I passed the Böen river, in a crazy ferry, and soon reached Egge, at the northern extremity of the Tyrie lake; where, in compliment to the station, I recruited my strength with two hard *eggs*. The road now winded continually on the margin of the crystal expanse of the Tyrie, which is twenty-three miles long, by about twelve in breadth. I reached Vigersund, at the southern extremity of the lake, with a very dirty inn, in complete darkness towards midnight; to which, however, I should have been reconciled, had not my guide omitted mentioning a fine cataract, in the neighbourhood, and which I missed seeing.

September 17.—The next morning, I followed the vale of the Stor Elv, or Big River; and after travelling

about ten miles, a loud murmur struck my ears, which proceeded from the Imbrous-foss cataract, to which I immediately descended. The surrounding landscape is admirable; here were no saw-mills. Nature was left to herself. O ye Norsk Naiads! how shall I describe the brilliance, transparency, and volubility of its eddies, which descend in a volume of water, nearly equal to Trolhætta, but not so high? I had scarcely proceeded on the road two miles farther, before the roar of the Dervikka cataract assailed my auricular organs. The shoot is higher than the first, and the waters below form a vaster basin of circumvolving eddies; but there is only one fall. The landscape (I had almost written *water-scape*) improved on approaching Hougsund, where there is another fall, but of inconsiderable height. At Hougsund, I fell in with a party of drunken Norsks, with two of whom, less inspired by Bacchus than the others, I had agreed to transport myself and carriage by water to Drammen. The boat was too small for the carriage, which I concluded they would tie to planks laid transversely, and so I am persuaded it would have rode securely; but the Norsks placed it longitudinally in the boat. The fore wheel burst the sides of the craft; the water rushed in with violence, and much ado had I to secure my vehicle from the bed of the Stor Elv. The

bait of a few more marks procured me horses; and following continually the river, I reached Drammen.

September 18.—The weather, during my ten days tour from Christiania, was sometimes unfavourable: but I lost but little of the landscapes; and other inconveniences were balanced by the sight of three of the most striking of the lakes of Norway, and three of her most splendid waterfalls. Drammen has about eight thousand inhabitants, and is yearly increasing. In consequence of the great advantages afforded to the timber trade by its fine river, I should not be surprised, if, in another century, it were to eclipse Christiania, that town having only a rivulet, scarcely competent to turn a saw-mill. The town extends a mile and a half along each bank of the river. The port below would hold all the royal and commercial navies of England. At where the river joins it, I sounded, and found seventy-four feet. There exists, four miles from Drammen, a spot, called the Hill of Paradise. I went thither in a cariole. Cheerful is the scene it commands over the Drammen fiord, and I counted from the top four or five ranges of distant mountains. The clouds gathered fast as I returned, which made me quote the concluding lines of the Paradise Lost.

> I, looking back, the eastern side beheld
> Of Paradise, so late my happy seat,
> By low'ring mists obscur'd, and threat'ning clouds.

September 22.—This day I quitted Drammen, and on ascending a hill, saw a view which I preferred to the boasted Paradise. The ships looked like so many little models bedded in a glass mirror, and moored close to steep cliffs. The scene is singularly sublime, as you approach Holmestrand, where the road lies close to the sea; and cliffs six hundred and more feet high, nearly perpendicular, and scantily fringed with trees, overhang the fiord. An Italian day set off this extraordinary pass, to my eye, of unequalled beauty. Holmestrand fits out twenty vessels annually, freighted with deals. The evening being fine, I hired a boat, and rowed to a high cliff on the opposite side of the bay. The soundings gave three hundred feet, about as many yards from the town; and ninety-four feet, within three feet of the cliff. Ovid should have placed the scene of Echo's metamorphosis in Norway, no other country having so many of her haunts. I was interrupted in my puerile addresses to her, by a large grampus, whose unwieldy gambols were too near the boat to be pleasant. They served me a bird, called by the Norsks a wild turkey, at dinner; but I take it to be nothing but a very large species of grouse. It feeds on the tender sprouts of the fir, is very timid, and seldom seen near the roads. On the road to Laurvig, I found the first beech-tree. It is not known in Norway, north of Laurvig. Several oaks of good size are frequent in the landscape.

September 24.—Laurvig stands on a bay, somewhat like that of Spezzia in Tuscany. Immediately behind it is a lake, fifteen miles in length, of singularly picturesque aspect. The road to Skeen, where I now am, baffles the powers of description. Could Salvator Rosa have visited this tract, he would have forgotten his Calabrias. The fine river at Skeen is almost stifled with saw-mills. Here are three bridges carried from rock to rock, amidst a confusion of roaring waters. It is a flourishing place, with nearly five thousand inhabitants. Leaving the high road, near Skeen, I struck off by a bye-lane to the right, and reached a most extraordinary succession of scenery. Sometimes an irregular plateau was set off with the finest birches; sometimes from a lawn, several huge insulated rocks appeared; some naturally terraced, with ashes, aspens, and firs sprouting from their fissures. In a short hour, I reached a spot where the Skeen river formed an immense pool; in the distance, were many timbers hurried in eddies; at the same time a thundering murmur struck my ears, which proceeded from the Skot-foss cataract; I could only approach it by crossing the pool in a boat to an opposite promontory, but on the same side on which I was. I saw a punt, to which the oars were chained and locked. My interpreter Jacob, seizing an axe, contrived in five minutes to make two apologies for oars,

with which we creeped close to the shore for fear of being inveigled by the vortices. On gaining a rough eminence, I saw, below, the Skot-foss cataracts in all their splendid volubility, pouring a volume of water at least double what descends at Trolhætta! In the nearest fall, of an emerald green, not a bubble is seen in the aqueous mass, till it has long passed the ledge; the shoot beyond the island is one furious mass of foam, descending not so precipitously as the first, for at least three hundred yards, but with extreme velocity. I had as soon see the Skot-foss as the American Niagara, the landscape being much finer; and I have no doubt the water that falls is much more than that at the *lesser* Niagara shoot; and it may be imagined what a mass of fluid must be discharged by this river, which forms the sole outlet of seven large lakes, three of which are larger and deeper than Loch Lomond! The river, below, pursues its career in the vortices of a sea-green colour, and enclosed in cliffs, with a frightful rapidity. As my eyes were rivetted to this extraordinary sight, my guide Jacob said, "Sir, you will see much better than this at the Houl-foss, twenty-two miles from here; at the Vrang-foss, four miles beyond that; and at the Tind-foss, to see which, you must navigate a lake to and fro for a whole day." This rich bait I swallowed with as much avidity as any pike would his desired morsel, in spite of

the almost insuperable difficulties of the road. I reached the solitary inn at Tufte, by star-light, where the wind is howling a sonata through the endless mountain defiles; while greenish, yellowish, and purplish clouds flitted round the point where Sol had set.

September 25.—This morning I reached the Houlfoss ferry, near the mouth of a large river, which forms the outlet of the Hvid-Soe, or White Lake. A quarter of a mile upwards is the cataract, which descends in a vast volume of emerald-green water. Where it meets the rocks, about thirty feet below, a singular scene is exhibited. The attrition of the water had scooped holes in three of the rocks, through which vast spouts of water were shot forth. One resembled an elephant's head, without his trunk, which darted a *jet d'eau*, full twenty feet, and nearly equal to the lower fall at Tivoli. My guide threw a stone at least twenty pounds weight into the fall above. It was hurried down like a chip of fir-tree. After regaling my eyes for an hour with this aqueous feast, I went in a cariole, by a scarcely travelable road, to the Vrang-foss cataract, four miles above. Its character is different from the preceding. For a long mile, the waters are imprisoned in a narrow gully, and tortured into every possible foaming eddy. Opposite is a perpendicular precipice, sprinkled with a few birch and fir, sprouting from places where it is incon-

ceivable that they could grow. In a widish basin below, by an incomprehensible conformation of the rocks underneath, the sea-green water continually formed three grand circular eddies, which gained gradually their full expansion, alternately increasing and decreasing, in similar and slow intervals of time. Never did I see any appurtenance to water in motion so singularly beautiful. I dubbed the Vrang-foss, jocosely, *the creaming Champagne Cataract.* And ought not the cheerful and sparkling Champagne to be called the *cataractic* wine? Bacchus, as a legend of my own brain wills, after his Indian expedition, visited Gaul; and flushed, as usual, with his own grape, fell asleep near Epernay. He saw in a dream the cataracts of the Ganges. He had taken a great fancy to the country of Champagne, and wishing there to leave a memorial of his good will, sowed the grape on the morning after he had seen, in his dream, the falls of the Ganges. The result of the impression the dream had made on his brain was, that the grapes that grew from the seeds he threw, partook of the effervescing character of water in motion. Hence the origin of that exquisite beverage, which I allied at the Vrang-foss to all water-falls. Veuve Clichot, of Epernay, owes me a dozen of her best for this fable. A bridge of three firs was thrown to the opposite side of the precipice; and from it I followed

surge after surge, breaker after breaker, and foam after foam, for several minutes. The Houl and Vrang-fosses are worth all the cascades of Switzerland put together. Versailles! St. Ildefonso! no more of your fountains!

September 26.—I hired a boat, with four stout Norsks, to visit the Tind-foss fall, distant from the Houl ferry twenty-four miles. It disembogues from the Tind lake, upwards of forty miles long. The scenery on each side of the north lake, which I boated, is very varied; one while it expanded to about three miles; one while it was contracted to about three hundred yards. Sublime was my position from its extreme isolation, when I ordered the boatmen to suspend their oars, to listen to the murmur of the fall, distant eight miles. Not an animal or house of any kind was at this point seen; not a leaf was moving; not a weed or splinter of wood was to be seen on the crystal expanse. Beneath me was a profundity of one thousand feet and more. I landed on a precipitous gravel bank, from the top of which I saw clouds of mist ascend, and presently reached a well-built bridge thrown over a rock, like that at the Menai, and nearly as high. The fall is a quarter of a mile from the bridge, to which the whole river resembles a highly whipped syllabub. I gained the other side, and with the aid of a friendly juniper, overhung, from its table rock, this Norsk Niagara, which descends per-

pendicularly one hundred and seventy-four feet. One half of it is a foaming white, the other an emerald green. It is separated by a rock from another, which is tumbled in a hundred streams, at nearly right angles with the greater. There rose a vast pile of timbers below the lesser fall, which resembled an irregular scaffolding; from which, one rose like the mast of a ship, quivering like a reed from the force of the waters. A fatal catastrophe occurred last year only. Three Norsks, wishing to disengage a mass of timbers, which had collected round a rock above, dislodged the main supporters first. In the twinkling of an eye the whole mass was shot down the fall, and with it the three Norwegians. One was found near the bridge, his breast beaten in; of the other two not the least remnant was ever found. A quarter of a mile above the great falls, is a very brisk cataract, shooting its waters over a remarkably oblique dam of rocks.

I heard various accounts of formidable serpents in Norway, but saw none. My guide asserted that a species is occasionally seen, which, after inserting its tail within its jaws, moves with inconceivable velocity, like a wheel, and that one of them knocked down a young girl, and destroyed her with his circumvolving folds. Not being able to trace this story to an authentic source, I am inclined to place this reptile in the same museum that Pontoppidan devoted to his kraken.

On several herborizing excursions, made near the post stations, I was struck with nothing novel in the Norwegian Flora.

Repassing the bridge below, I attempted to approach the lesser shoot; but even at the distance of three hundred yards was saluted by it with such a pelting rain, that I judged it advisable to regain my boat; deeming that water, though pleasant at a respectful distance, is not altogether so as a bosom-friend. I took my farewell of the Tind-foss in the following extempore:

> Cedite, Romani cataractes! cedite, Graii!
> Tinfosso cedat quicquid ubique ruit!

And the last verse I suspect will be nearly found true with respect to Norway; for, though in the environs of Bergen, two or three falls are cited as being much higher than the Tind-foss; still their effect depends almost entirely on the melting of the snows. At other periods, they mostly resemble slips of white ribbon.

I reached the Houl-foss ferry at night, having made an aquatic excursion of forty-eight miles in sixteen hours, and just in time to escape a drenching rain.

September 27.—Embarking my carriage in a large boat, I regained the post-house near Skeen, after navigating the north lake about twenty miles.

September 28.—Having slept at Porsgrund, I reached

Brevig, a post situated pretty similarly to Laurvig. The rain had cloven the road into deep furrows, which was often very steep; and the torrents poured in force across the way. For eighty long miles to Arendal, I saw an endless variety of *sui generis* landscapes. The traveller who would wish to exclaim with Rousseau, *O Altitudo!* should repair to Swisserland; but let him who would say, *O Naturæ protervæ lusus singularis et sublimis!* visit this range of the Christiania fiord. Beautiful was the succession of five lakes close to which the road wound. Here true nature was to be enjoyed, unadulterated by rail-roads, steam-engines, turnpike-gates, stage-coaches, omnibuses, and mails. After dining at Röed, a romantic station at the end of the grand Oesteriser fiord, I arrived at the beautiful port of Arendal.

October 2.—It has about two thousand inhabitants, and is built round the margin of the harbour, the houses so overhung by rocks as to leave scarcely room for court-yards behind. A new chapel, of singular, novel, and pleasing architecture, was building. Several of the houses, though fir-built, are painted white, which gives the place a very cleanly appearance; among them, are two or three that would figure in any capital. Ships of five hundred tons can hoist their cargoes ashore, almost every where in the port, which is secure, deep, and

large enough to contain half the navy of England. You may build at Arendal a good boat, capable of holding three or four persons, for five English shillings. Here I saw several naked-footed beggars.

October 4.—After profiting of the hospitality of the British Consul, who remembered Louis Philippe travelling in these regions, I quitted Arendal; and after passing considerable iron-works, presently entered a spacious valley, in which I saw the river Nid foaming in the vale below, and which issues, fifty miles north, from four lakes which enclose a vast island, nearly square. Two miles beyond, I descried clouds of vapour ascending from a chasm; they were occasioned by the great falls of the Nid, which disembogues at Arendal. I had a rough walk of a mile to see them. The rush of waters was exceedingly brisk, but they are not so clear as is usual in the Norwegian falls. The descent is perpendicular, but not, I should imagine, exceeding sixty feet. But such is the volume of water, that I hardly think all the Welsh cascades united would equal the falls of the Nid. Below is an immense whirlpool, turning in sapphire-coloured eddies. They are called, I believe, the Bulsta falls; and I regaled my ears with their watery sonata for a full hour.

October 5.—The road to the small port of Lillesand, was not a succession of hills, but rather of precipices,

to clear which, I had once or twice to pay double fare, and an extra horse. Bizarre were the forms of the rocks; one had the appearance of a giant swimming in the fiord; another was a castle of the twelfth century in ruins, round which several seals were sporting; another, freckled with blackish stones, and very round, reminded me of our national dish; and, to make my guide Jacob laugh, I dubbed it *Neptune's Plum-pudding.* After riding for a dozen miles, round the margin of the fiord, I reached Christiansand, two hundred and eighty miles from Christiania.

October 7.—Christiansand has two vast harbours, separated by a considerable rocky islet. It has spacious streets, not ill paved; houses rather low, but commodious; and about eight thousand inhabitants. Many houses have large deal-yards attached to them. Gardening here seems better understood than in other parts of Norway. In the churchyard is the largest fir I had seen. The frank hospitality of the British and French Consuls enlivened several hours here, which I should otherwise have found heavy.

October 8.—This day was too brilliant to lose. I accordingly hired a cariole, and followed the river Torsdale, to the westward, for sixteen miles, to behold the Venesland falls. The river is, perhaps, the most weedless and transparent I ever saw; flowing rapidly with

the blue lustre of the Rhone at Geneva, and in many places with a depth of sixty feet. Half an hour after crossing a ferry, the two cataracts presented themselves, with the sun blazing upon them. A tree-clad island separated them. A saw-mill occupies a considerable tract close to the left and minor fall. A short mile beyond is the Hell-foss, where the whole mass of the Torsdale is whirled, in violent eddies, in a deep gully not above thirty feet broad. Firs were sprouting from rocks with no visible earth to nourish them. The shoot is of the same character as the Vrang-foss, but not so fine. Returning to the Venesland falls, I suspected that the island concealed something superlatively grand, and my surmise was soon verified; for after crossing the river half a mile below the falls, I came to the verge of what I was tempted to consider the flower of all the Norsk cataracts. The mass of waters was not so great as those at Skeen; but there was a furious velocity about it, that made me gaze at it from the salmon-trap for a long hour. The grandest impetus is where it meets the basin below, where it forms a billowy mountain of at least fifteen feet. For genuine cataractic violence and fracas, nothing of equal volume can surpass it. There were no saw-mills near it. The ultrà Italian brilliance of the day, the splendour of the autumnal tints, the deciduous trees seen nearly all, individually,

and growing in fantastic shapes on the precipices—conspired to stamp the recollection of the Venesland falls indelibly on my memory. I returned late to Christiansand, my brain in a sort of dizzy vertigo from the noise and velocity of the waters.

October 12.—The soil in the environs of the town is sandy, as its name implies. Many of the inhabitants have one, two, or more sheep; they hire a shepherd, who tends the united flock for the day, to feed in the mountains; and at sunset each sheep is seen to separate from the flock, and return, each to the owners, like so many dogs to their masters. Detained by a delay of the captain of a Danish cutter, with whom I have agreed for a passage to Copenhagen, I judged I could not do better than row twelve miles up the Toft river, another large stream disemboguing into the northern branch of the fiord. Its limpidity was only troubled by that singular zoophyte, called sometimes the sea anemone. Very peculiar were its colours; and I was informed that the large ones are capable of inflicting a powerful gripe with their large antennæ. The cataract formed by the Toft partakes much of the character of that at Venesland, but it is very inferior. Its most striking appurtenance is a wooden aqueduct, half a mile in length, down which large timbers are shot with the quickness of lightning. This fall, called the Böen

cataract, was a whipped syllabub sugar-plum, given me at parting, by old Gammer Norimberga, which she drew herself from her little *bons-bons* box of *écume de mer.*

October 14.—Having now been forty days in Norway, I propose to annex a few remarks on the climate and inhabitants; aware, nevertheless, that my opinions can at best only be taken as an approximation to certainty, especially as I am ignorant of the Norsk language. With regard to the climate, I was astonished at finding what the Norwegian is. I had pictured, from various reading, a something rather superior to the Icelandic, but still so indifferent, as to make Norway any thing but a desirable residence. But before forming a tolerable idea of it, it will be necessary to draw, in imagination, two lines of demarcation. One will follow the highest chain of the Dovre-field mountains, from the Swedish boundaries, to the environs of Tronjem; another will follow longitudinally, the Hardangerfield and Fillefield ranges, from where the latter join the Dovre-field to the Naze. These lines will separate three very different climates. With the exception of a few favoured valleys about Tronjem, all to the north of the Dovre-field partakes strongly of the severe character of the Lapland climate. A much milder temperature marks that tract of country to the *west* of the Fillefield and Hardanger-

field heights, accompanied, however, by frequent rains and dense fogs. The winters about Bergen are comparatively mild, with not much snow, in the lower tract of country. But the case is very different in considering the tract to the *east* of the line I have drawn. This tract I know pretty generally; and for salubrity and cheerfulness, it may be ranked in the first class of European climates. One uninterrupted course of bright weather, with a remarkable tenuity in the air, lasts often four, five, and sometimes seven weeks in the summer. The heat, in some shut valleys, is as intense, for several hours, as in the Swiss Valais. But there is a most exhilarating buoyancy in the air; and several incipient cases of consumption have been cured by a short residence at Christiansand. The inhabitants, however, of this region, after making due allowances for several rocky and sandy tracts, must, I fear, be rated at a low grade, not only for what they have done relative to intellectual advancement, but also for ordinary attainments in domestic economy. Hundreds of peasants carry annually the produce of their farms to the seaports; few open their eyes to the numerous hints imported and given by hundreds of vessels, from nearly all parts of Europe. This will appear more unaccountable, when we consider that Norway dates her civilization as early as England; when we consider what

immense advantages are afforded by her countless and spacious ports; and for how long a period she has enjoyed commercial intercourse with the most favoured European nations. Enter a peasant's dwelling; and I grant you will often find an iron stove, in an apartment well-glazed; sour butter they will serve you with a fair admixture of hairs and dirt, though the finest springs are generally at hand. You will also find gritty and hard rye-cakes, a few watery potatoes, and cream of a slimy quality; though, with a moderate attention to the dairy, they might have cream and butter nearly as good as in England, and cheese equal to our Cottenham and Stilton; what you find is salt, as hard as a brick, and usually cemented with hairs and dirt. The approach to their entrance-doors is generally over a carpet of reeking dung. In the best apartment, you will often find a cumbrous heap of gowns and jerkins, exhaling an odour similar to that of neglected brass. The cows, hogs, and poultry, have nearly common quarters, though I have often noticed eight or ten outhouses, as unadvisedly constructed as possible. I only saw the hardy Swedish turnip two or three times, and barely more than what would cover an acre. Many of the plateaus and bottoms equal the second-rate lands of England. I have often observed the water carried by an ill-understood drain to a bottom, when, not a hundred yards in a different

direction, it might be carried down a precipice, for a day's labour by three men. High charges are frequent in Norway; neither does that good-humour, common among the peasants in Russia, characterize the Norsks. I have more than once seen a Norwegian peasant opening a case swollen with dollar-notes, his hands germinating with itch-pustules; while his daughter will be amusing herself on an instrument, which English spleen has called the *Scotch Amati.* Something certainly may be said in vindication of the slow progress made by Norway, in consequence of her widely-extended population; but it must be remembered, that she has Bergen and Christiania, each with about twenty thousand souls; Tronjem, with fifteen thousand; Drammen and Christiansand, with eight thousand; Fredericshall, Fredericstadt, Moss, Holmestrand, Kongsvinger, Röraas, Kongsberg, Laurvig, Skeen, Porsgrund, Tonsberg, Brevig, Arendal, Mandal, and Stavanger; the population of each, roughly taken one with another, may be rated at two thousand. With these advantages, never did nation profit internally so little as Norway. Let us compare her with Scotland, and many are the points of similitude between the two countries. At the close of the last century, their respective populations did not very materially differ. Both nations are nearly surrounded by the sea; both are intersected by those arms of the sea,

called in Scotland *firths*, in Norway *fiords*. Both have rude climates; though if a comparison be made with that part of Norway included to S. E. by my line of demarcation, superiority must be assigned not only in climate and aspect, but also in soil, (the Scotch lowlands excepted) to Norway. Nature has condemned to unproductive barrenness vast tracts in Scotland; to the unproductive parts of Norway, she has given those fine firs, the envy of the neighbouring nations, besides valuable birch, and often good oaks. The atmosphere of the part of Norway to which I allude, is of a bright lustre and elasticity, favourable to the development of intelligence; that of Scotland is generally obscured by mists, and oppressive to the spirits from its sudden changes. Yet with these marked advantages, what has Norway done intellectually and morally in comparison with Scotland? I go farther, and contend that she has suffered less from foreign invasion, expensive wars, and internal commotion, than any other European country; consequently she has had more leisure for improvements of all kinds. Her silver mines are richer than those of the rest of Europe; and it was not three years ago, that the purest and largest mass of silver ever found out of South America, was excavated at Kongsberg, and estimated at sixteen thousand dollars. Norway has not had her energies paralysed by a too artificial system of finance,

like Britain; she has long had great resources in her navy, timber, mines, cattle, and stock-fish; and she ought to exhibit nearly as good a scheme of social order as Scotland, which she is far from doing. In literary and scientific attainments, she has not even done so much as the desolate Iceland, which has not a fifteenth of the Norwegian population; which is rent asunder by volcanoes, and which scarcely sees the sun for half a year. At the same time it must be confessed that several improvements are taking place. A history of the country, in four volumes, has been lately published, and is well spoken of; the intendant of the Christianian observatory has been noticed with respect in Germany; a good road is opening from Christiansand to Stavanger; and the benefits of the union of the two countries are daily more and more appreciated. If the Storthing would tax doubly the ardent spirits, the cause of the deterioration of the inhabitants of the coasts, especially, and encourage the brewing of the wholesome beers; this measure would effect much towards the melioration of their peasantry, who, left to cheap dram-drinking, will remain insensible to new and brighter prospects. A few remarks on Norway are interspersed in the philosophical treatise on population by Malthus. I cannot think it desirable that the population should ever surpass two millions, or a few hundreds more; for, exclu-

sive of the immense numbers of acres monopolized by the mountains, fiords, and lakes, many hundreds in the lowlands are consigned to irredeemable barrenness, in a cold, sandyish, and hungry soil.

Farewell, then, NORIMBERGA! beautiful in thy clear atmosphere, lakes, and rivers; in thy pensile birches, and in thy trembling poplars; sublime in thy dark firs, in thy roaring waters, and in thy precipices overhanging unsoundable fiords.—Land, whose birth Echo greeted with her thousand voices. Thou, that wast cradled by the Beautiful, and rocked by the Sublime fare thee well!

October 16.—The Danish cutter, surcharged with deals, at last weighed anchor. On taking possession of a sorry berth, my selfish Muse prompted a parody from Horace:—

> Navis, quæ tibi creditum
> Debes indigenam, finibus Anglicis
> Reddas incolumem, precor;
> Et serves animam, corpus et integrum.

Excusably too; for we had no sooner cleared the Christiansand lighthouse, than Cæcias and Argestes, bursting their brazen dungeons, made the Scaggerac vie with the Cattegat in heaving mountainous waves. Fortunately the gale was in our favour; and we ran the three hundred and twenty miles that separate Christiansand from Copenhagen in forty-five hours, seldom daring

to hoist more than the jib-sail. Drenched were our berths before reaching the Skaw, of fatal-wrecking celebrity, often accidentally, sometimes wilfully incurred, owing to ship-owners wishing to pocket that capital, for which they had too long paid interest to different insurance-companies. I visited the Danish theatre in the evening, where the royal family were present. Strange enough is the life of a traveller. A few hours before, I was wretched as any prisoner; and now, I was feasting my eyes with two flowers of the Cimbric Chersonese; one a devotee of Thalia, the other of Terpischore, and both beautiful proficients in their respective lines.

Johnson has observed somewhere, that a sea-voyage unites the miseries of a prison to the perpetual chance of being drowned into the bargain. I will extend his definition: it unites the miseries of a prison to those of a sick hospital, with the chance of being drowned into the bargain. I reached Kiel, after passing through the Great Belt, in a steamer from Copenhagen, filling one or two of those hours of ennui incidental to a sea-voyage, with meditations on the present and future miraculous influence of that *quasi* invisible, intangible, and grayish substance, which thirty years ago, on seeing it escape from a tea-urn, I thought signified nothing; but is probably destined to effect a greater alteration in the aspect of the world, than any discovery that has been

made since the invention of typography. Kiel is cheerfully situated at the end of a long and narrowish port, but too shallow for the admission of large ships. A cheerful beech-crowned hill rises towards the end of the harbour. But those who travel from Kiel to Altona, will do well to close their eyes; there being no object of interest but the excellence of the road. After embarking at Hamburgh, I regained the Custom-house stairs, having been absent from London seventeen weeks, and having accomplished a tour of eighteen hundred miles; during which, it must be confessed, that I had scanned but superficially Scandinavia.

THE SWEDISH ITINERARY.

It is not easy to reduce into English measure the exact value of the Swedish mile. It is generally called equal to six, five-eighths English, or six miles and five furlongs. But I am certain that the practical value of the Swedish mile varies very remarkably. Sometimes I found it not more, and certainly never less, than six English; at others, it was a full six and a half; and sometimes, a very few yards short of seven. In the following estimation of the space of my travels, I pro-

pose to seek an approximating medium, by multiplying the total I have travelled by six, and then adding ten English miles to every hundred English, which, I apprehend, will bring the distance I have travelled in Sweden, to within a few furlongs of the exact distance.

From Gothenburgh to	Quarters of Swedish miles.
Agnesberg....	$3\frac{1}{2}$
Nohl	$5\frac{1}{2}$
Katleberg	$4\frac{1}{2}$
Lilla Edit	2
Fors	4
Gardhem	4
Trolhætta	4
Gardhem	4
Bursled	2
Grastorp	$6\frac{1}{2}$
Tang	$4\frac{1}{2}$
Mally	6
Lidköping....	4
Winningen	4
Handa	4
Skara....	2
Halleberg	3
Gobhem	8
Falköping....	3

Legby	$2\frac{1}{2}$
Slattang	7
West Kar	6
Dropshull	$6\frac{1}{2}$
Jönköping	3
Raby	8
Grenna	7
Halkaberg	5
Odestrog	$5\frac{1}{2}$
Oslad	7
Mölby	5
Bankeberg	$7\frac{1}{2}$
Linköping	4
Kumla	$6\frac{1}{2}$
Halla....	$6\frac{1}{2}$
Norköping	5
Aby	3
Krokek	6
Wreta	5
Jader	$4\frac{1}{2}$
Nyköping	7
Svardsbro	$8\frac{1}{2}$
Aby	8
Pilkrog	$7\frac{1}{2}$
Södertelje	6
Fittja	8

Stockholm	6
Excursions there	30
Rotebro	8
Märsta	7
To the British Envoy's, and back	7
Alsike	7
Upsala	6
Högsta	5
Laby	6
Yfre	8
Mahedy	8½
Elfcarleby	6
Gefle	10
Back	3½
Högby	5
Asen	5½
Solberga	6
Ronshyttan	9
Smedby	5
Uppbo	5
Sater	4
Naglarby	7
Karna	5
Djörsas	6½
Floda	10
Näs	9

Jarna	6
Appelbo	11½
Tungsjord	9
Laggasen	6
Asplund	7
Torsby	4
Dufrenas	5
Stenasen	8
Molken	5½
Prestegard	7
Carstad	5
Lilnor	6
Maloga	6½
Gustavuskrogen	7½
Afvelsater	5
Ämal	4
Torpane	5
Hensbyn	4½
Fjall	5
Taxviden	5½
Wagne	4
Onson	3
Sundby	6
Hogen	5
	574

Which give one hundred and forty-three Swedish miles and a fraction. These multiplied by six, will give eight hundred and forty-eight English miles; to which I add ten per cent. amounting to nine hundred and forty English miles. But in including several foot and boat excursions, my travels in Sweden cannot be rated at less than one thousand English miles.

THE NORWEGIAN ITINERARY.

NEITHER is it easy to estimate the distances in Norway. They tell you vaguely that there are a round eight English in one Norway mile. Practically it varies even more than the Swedish. I have often found it a full eight English; at other times, what I have paid for as a mile, has but little exceeded six and a half English. In my following itinerary, I propose to multiply the Norwegian mile by eight, and from the amount deduct twenty per cent. which will give a tolerably exact result. In Norway, as in Sweden, they compute by quarters of miles.

Hogen to	Quarters of Norway miles.
Prestbakke	5
Böe	5
Frederickshall	2
Vestgaard	2
Guslund	4
Haraldstadt	5½
Detour to the Falls of the Glomm	2
Carlshuus	5
Dillengen	4½
Moss....	1½
Sooner	4½
Sundby	3
Korsgaard	2½
Prinsdal	5
Christiania	4
Bogstad and back	8½
Maristad lake	4
Grorud	4
Skrimstad....	4
Möe....	3
Frogstad	4
Raaholt	6½
Minde	5½
Morstue	6
Korsedegaard	6

Nokleby	4
Frogner	5
Hov	3½
Frengbjerget	4
Möe	4½
Fræng	4½
Lillehammer	5½
Gritstuen	6
Sveen	5
Hund	4
Musta	4½
Rodnæs	5½
Hof	4
Sand	5
Smedshammer	6
Ougedal	3
Grannevolden	2½
Vang	6
Klakken	4
Hönefoss cataract and back	8
Krukliven and back	12
Braaten	4
Egge....	4
Houg	5
Vigersund	10
Björndalen	4

Drammen	6½
Detour to Paradise hill and back	6
Österod	4
Revaa	4
Holmestrand	5
Brunserod	2½
Saalerod	5½
Fylpaa	3
Sonbye	3½
Hakkerod	4
Stoberod	4½
Laurvig	1½
Vasbotten	3
Kolikenvold	4
Slevolden	2
Skeen	5
Fjerstrand	2
Detour to the Skot-foss cataract	4
Bergene	4
Tufte	4
Houl-foss cataract	3
Vrang-foss cataract and back	8
Tind-foss cataract and back	24
Boating from Houl-foss to Fjerstrand	9
Porsgrund	4
Brevig	6

Udgnaard	4
Rosland	3
Odegaarden	6
Hommelstad	2½
Holte	6
Roëd	5½
Angelstad	5½
Brakke	6
Arendal	4
Larestvedt...	3
Bringsværd	3½
Bandvig	3
Lillesand	7
Tvede	4
Aabel	3
Lolmstand	4
Christiansand	6
Venesland falls and return	16
Böen cataract and return	13
	479

Which equal one hundred and twenty Norway miles. These multiplied by eight, with a deduction of twenty English miles per cent. will give seven hundred and seventy English miles, for the amount of my Norwegian

tour; to which I add thirty miles for occasional detours from post-stations.

	English miles.
The travels in Sweden	1000
The travels in Norway.... ...	800
Total	1800

END OF THE SCANDINAVIAN LEAVES.

ARCHITECTURAL LUCUBRATIONS.

A FEW years since, I had some idea of offering my services gratis to the University of Cambridge, for the embellishment of the walks behind the colleges. Two plans floated in my brain; one I threw lightly on paper; the other, which I consider the preferable, I propose here to state verbally.

The river Cam, as soon as it has passed King's bridge, should be made to strike suddenly to the left in a new channel, and thus gaining the ditch at the end of Trinity walks, be made to flow about a hundred yards from the new building of St. John's, on the other side of which it would form a new pool for the coal-barges, and this should be done at the corporation's expense. The turning of the river would of course be at the expense of the University. A greater impetus should be given to the current, by throwing into its bed about

twenty waggon-loads of flints, which would have made the stream murmur with transparency. Nearly all the large trees would have been cut down; and this, I contend, would be in unison with good taste; vast trees suiting well in large parks, but not in a space rather contracted than otherwise. They add moreover to damp. I should have required five or six hundred waggon-loads of dry rubbish, not only to fill up the vile green-coated gutters, but also to raise the bog behind Queen's grove. The whole would have been a little more rising in large sweeps than now. To add to the rapidity of the Cam, I would have thrown out for about four or five feet, a brick-wall terrace from the foundations of Queen's; and this would pinch Camus till he roared. No longer would he draw, as Gray says, his humid train of mud. The façade of Queen's should be finished as it had been begun, near the bridge. The wooden bridge should be supplanted by an iron one. The walks would have serpented agreeably throughout; meeting opposite Trinity hall, a lawn of about forty yards in diameter, surrounded by a clipped hedge of laurel, which should be suffered to grow to the height of six feet; against which should be placed terminal marble busts of twelve of the most illustrious Romans; while nearly opposite King's bridge, another lawn would exhibit twelve of the most illustrious Greeks.

Their likeness should be copied from the iconography of my late respected friend, Ennio Quirino Visconti. The Greeks would have been, Homer, Menander, Euripides, Demosthenes, Pericles, Æschines, Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, Herodotus, Xenophon, and Thucydides. The Romans would have been, Cicero, Brutus, Pompey, Horace, Mæcenas, Virgil, Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Trajan, Marcus Aurelius, Nerva, and Titus. A handsome and simple iron rail, with one grand portal facing King's, and two equidistant lateral, should have been continued all the way from St. John's to Queen's bridge. The terminal busts, executed in Carrara marble, to be done by an able sculptor, could not cost less than £1200. The trees should be by no means numerous; the rage for over-treeing, in a damp climate like our own, I could never understand. Not more than two hundred trees would supplant the old ones; and these should be about fifteen or twenty planes, about the same number of sycamores, cedars of Lebanon, poplars, ashes, limes, horse and Spanish chestnuts, beeches, hornbeams, larches, and firs; and these should have been lightly grouped, not more than three or five together, leaving them full room to expand. I closed these and other speculations with the following inscription, which should have been engraved on a cippus, in a retired part of the walks:

JUSSU AC IMPENSA
SENATUS ET CAPITIS
ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS
HOS HORTOS ACADEMICOS
VIRORUM ILLUSTRIORUM
TAM GRÆCORUM QUAM LATINORUM
VIGINTI QUATUOR EFFIGIEBUS
TERMINALI MORE SCULPTIS
ET QUINDECIM SUBSELLIIS
SITIBUS AMŒNIORIBUS
PLURIFARIAM IMPOSITIS
NECNON
NOVIS AMBULATIONIBUS
ET GRATIORE QUAM PRIUS ARBORUM
ET PLANTARUM CONSITIONE
INSTRUXIT EXORNAVIT
M. B.
COLL. TRIN. ALIQUANDIU
SOCIUS COMMENSALIS.

I judged that the above improvements could not have been effected under £6000. The money, perhaps, could hardly have been better employed; but my imagination pictured, and probably exaggerated, the hundred and one prejudices I should have had to combat. The coal-meter beyond Queen's would have bawled: "No, No, I'll hear of no pool beyond St. John's; my barges have a right to pass the walks, as they have always

done." "If our lime-avenue is to be cut down," would cry a punning algebraist of Trinity college, "our *pons Arni* will become *pons Arni—r+s+i*, or *pons Arni—r*." Clare-hall would have fought hard to preserve her walled garden; and that is clear. Some wanton freshman might have thought it witty to knock off the Stagirite's nose, and make him look as if he had suffered from a disorder not alluded to in the Physica or Metaphysica of one of the acutest of human beings. These, and other considerations, made me abandon the design I had of submitting my services to the University; though my plan would have eclipsed Capability Browne's, who futilely proposed to turn the course of the river quite on the other side of the town; which would have made the walks infinitely worse than they now are.

Of the improvements which have taken place at Cambridge of late years, I can only contemplate with pretty general satisfaction, the new building at St. John's, the improvements at Bennet, and the new court at Trinity college. Never perhaps were £10,000 more injudiciously spent than in the skreen at King's college; and the front of the Pitt-press is absolutely contemptible. A good opportunity is now furnished to a clever architect, of designing a front for the old library, such as Palladio or Vignola would approve, if living.

I will here subjoin a few hints for the further improvement of the University; and which may be brought into effect before the close of the present century.

1. The total destruction of St. Mary's church, and the substitution in its room of a copy of the great church at Ariccia in Italy; and which in my opinion is the chef-d'œuvre of the Cavalier Bernini.

2. A new Palladian front for Pembroke college, preserving the line of the present chapel.

3. The resumption of the title of St. Peter's college, for the establishment vulgarly titled *Peterhouse.* We have never heard of *Clarehouse*, *Queenhouse*, *Johnhouse;* why then *Peterhouse?*

4. The trees before Catherine-hall to be cut down; the whole building to be squared at the angles; the front to be stuccoed with the best Roman cement; new windows to be inserted, with large panes, and to open in the French way; the interstices between the windows to be set off with Doric antæ, supporting the appropriate entablature.

Few things are more to be regretted than the adoption of the site chosen for the Fitzwilliam Museum. Owing to the narrowness of the street, the eye of a spectator will be unable to comprehend the architecture. How far nobler would it have stood near the road on the

other side of the river, and facing the new building of King's college!

Such are my general ideas relative to the late works at Cambridge.

During my late tour in Sweden, when on a visit at the English envoy's, about fifty miles from Stockholm, I saw on a promontory jutting into an arm of the great Moeler Lake, the supposed site of the Odinian Sigstuna; a spot as pregnant with classic recollections, as any in the boasted southern regions. A bright Scandinavian moon was silvering the Swedish landscape, and inspired regret that *quasi* no vestiges are to be traced of the capital of the Scythian Odin; who, a dozen centuries ago, darted from the Cimmerian regions, established his throne on the Moeler, and spread the light of his genius through the wilds of Scandinavia. Now that Sweden enjoys profound peace, could she do much better than spend a few thousand rix-banco, in endeavouring to throw a visible classic interest round Sigstuna? The dry utilitarians will exclaim, *yes;* the lovers of the most interesting associations consecrated by the poetry of the north, *no.*—Among the latter I profess to be.

I struck in imagination an oblong of which the major diameter shall be double the minor. Round this oval will stand fifty columns, of five feet diameter, with twenty feet of intercolumniation. The columns will be circular, without bases or capitals; exhibiting a ruin of a very long millennium. They should be very roughly hewn, and of unequal heights. Say, varying from about thirty feet to about twelve; but none I think less, or the grandeur of the effect will be diminished. Four or five of them may be obliquely truncated, giving the idea of being struck by lightning. In the centre of this oval, and directly facing the east, will stand a mutilated pedestal, supporting a huge fragment of a statue of Odin. Say, only one leg and one foot, but of grandiose execution and size; beneath the pedestal will lie half buried, the mailed trunk of the statue, also a fragment of his helmeted head, with half of one of his arms. Equidistant from this pedestal, and the remotest column of the oval to the left, will stand another pedestal, supporting a mutilated statue of Frigga, the Scandinavian Venus; and with a corresponding interval, to the right of Odin, a truncated statue of Thor, with a fragment of a colossal hammer, half buried with a mailed arm, and a leg or two beneath the pedestal. On each of the pedestals will appear indistinct Runic characters. The fragments should be of statues, say,

thrice the natural size. The effect of these colossal statues thus mutilated, would be finer in a poetic sense, than if entire. Neither would the cost of such a ruin be considerable; nearly all the expense would be comprised in the transportation and lifting of the masses. And in such works the Swedes own no rivals. Such a monument seen by a Scandinavian moon at the full, reflected in the mirror of the Moeler; a dozen Swedes chanting a few yards off some of the hymns of the Edda set to their best national airs; their intervals of rest taken up by the long bugle-horns of the shepherds, would fill the imagination with as rich a treat as it is possible to conceive.

I was thus busied with my hall of Odin at Sigstuna, when the triste reality of the Mesta post-house, as mean as any cottage in Ulster, dissolved all my architectural dreams, grafted on the sublime legends of Ossian and the Edda.

REMARKS ON SOME OF THE GREATER PUBLIC WORKS OF LATE YEARS.

For a long twenty years and more, observations on works in civil architecture, both on the Continent and in

Britain, have occupied several of my travelling hours; and in a work printed a few years ago, on the palace at Windsor, I hazarded some criticisms on the principal works in hand, which met with the fate of all similar labours, acquiescence to, by some, rejection by others. The habit I had acquired, of applying criticism to minor works, has long yielded to the consideration, that when so many were sprouting up in all directions, the task became endless; also that the strictures, even if well-grounded, were often fruitless, seeing that the architects were frequently not to blame, checked as they often are by the caprices of their employers, and by the very limited sums generally placed at their disposal. The above restrictions ought not, however, to deter those who have any experience in architecture, whether professionally acquired or not, from applying criticism to those works, wherein our national honour is concerned, which serve to commemorate an important epoch, and which involve a great expenditure.

Retrospective criticism is perhaps of all mental labour the most irksome, seeing that if it be couched in approval, it is nothing more than the echo of thousands; if in disapprobation, it can be of no immediate good, seeing that the works which it condemns, howsoever justly, are already completed, or at least determined upon. Those, therefore, who employ their thoughts in

judging works already completed, can only be encouraged by the hope, that their labours in reference to futurity, will not be esteemed wholly useless; even supposing that a sound judgment should not always be found to accompany their remarks. The difficulties that attend these considerations are very great; no one who handles them, being aware of the extent of the judgment, or creative powers of another. The same observation will doubtless apply to works in every branch of art; but I think, more eminently to architecture than any other.

Of all the obstacles to genius in architecture, local prejudices are perhaps the most insurmountable. Dares an artist to suggest a more advantageous site to the owner of an old house or castle? Immediately he is answered by a frown, backed by the remark, that he must do nothing to destroy old associations. The consequence is that the antiquated mansion is patched with additions, which in nine instances out of ten, harmonize so ill with the original fabric, as not only to spoil its effect as a work of art, but also to efface the charm resulting from the untouched hoariness of age.

I do not mean to assert, that the above observation is applicable in full force to the late additions to the palace at Windsor. The intelligence developed by the architect must in general be praised. But a question

occurs whether or no local prejudices too fondly cherished, may not have prevented the first directing mind from choosing a more eligible site; from erecting, for instance, on the hill above Virginia water, another castle in the best Anglo-Saxon style, which might have been done at *quasi* the same expense, as the additions to the old castle; which, it must be confessed, is untowardly elbowed by the towns of Windsor and Eton, and disagreeably *nosed* by their thousand chimnies. Had this plan been adopted, the old edifice, with the chapel of St. George, would of course have remained; while a very few hundreds might have been spent on necessary repairs, and in converting the apartments into excellent dwellings for the ecclesiastical establishment, the poor knights, and other persons attached to the court. I have nothing further to state respecting Windsor, excepting, that the Italo-Grecian diatribe, which I composed some years ago, on the venerable castle, was written merely as an architectural essay; and not with the idea or hope of any thing similar being about to be realized.

The improvements at Windsor have obviously been superintended by one conversant with the principles and details of Gothic architecture. But local prejudices and bad taste have both conspired to make Buckingham palace one of the worst efforts of art, that is destined

to mark our epoch. The intelligent Raumer has shown that the interior is not less objectionable than the exterior. Many of us remember the old square brick pile standing sufficiently well for a building not vast, and without any pretensions to architectural ornament. *Illic siti lætabantur Lares.* *Lares*, artists, amateurs, and all dislike with reason its substitute; which has no redeeming point but the Ionic entrance behind. Sir Edward Cust suggested some years ago, for the site of this palace, the highest point between Grosvenor gate and the Serpentine river; a position, which any one gifted with ever so little of the *coup d'œil*, could hardly, one would imagine, have failed to seize.

The position of the new Academy of Arts is certainly one of the best that the metropolis affords. But the arrangement of the wings, the smallness of the windows and niches, the insignificant elevation of the pediment, the meagre cornices, the too minutely sculptured statues and reliefs; together with the order itself, already blackened with soot, seem to be the subjects of pretty general animadversion. But the case of this building is not desperate. It may be made very handsome by some future architect, for a few hundreds of pounds, who shall have studied *general effects* and *harmony of details*, with more success than the actual.

A few words on Chatsworth; which, though private

property, possesses from its grandeur, a *quasi* public interest. Profiting from the liberality of the noble owner, I have perambulated its domain several times in my life; and am forced *malgrè moi*, to arrive at the conclusion, that the late additions are any thing but improvements. It is contrary to all received principles of art to make a wing overtop the main building. This addition, *per se* considered, is a sufficiently chaste specimen of the Italian style; yet it, as well as the terrace, is constructed of so bad a stone, that it already presents marks of decomposition. I could add more on Chatsworth; but Harpocrates (whose bust probably is in the gallery) is the best commentator, when but little agreeable can be said.

Of the bridges, the grandest triumph of art is certainly that of the Menai. Thrice in my life I have traversed it; and had the piers, instead of a gradual diminution, preserved a similar diameter throughout, thereby exhibiting a chaster Roman grandeur, it might be said to baffle criticism. Both Waterloo and London bridges give pretty general satisfaction; and so they ought to do, considering their exorbitant cost. They manage these things better in France. The bridge over the Dordogne, near Bourdeaux, which I visited some years ago, cost about one-third of the expense of the Waterloo. It is *quasi* the same length and breadth;

and exhibits more ingenuity in the construction. The angles of its arches are flattened, with a gradual diminution to the key-stone. The effect of the perspective occasioned by this device, is at once novel and surprising.

Of the canals the details of the Caledonian have been so ably given by Baron Dupin, that further remarks are almost superfluous and unnecessary. The engineer has won his due meed of praise, as far as the *execution* of the work is concerned. But I am far from thinking that the course or direction of the canal itself is the most eligible. It traverses for three-fourths of its course a *quasi* uninhabited country, which can never become populous, owing to its barrenness. Neither is there any town but Inverness, likely to derive substantial benefit from the undertaking. For half the cost of this expensive work, the Forth and Clyde canal might have been deepened and widened sufficiently to admit of two ships of eight hundred tons each, passing one another; it might also have been flanked throughout with stone, and mounted with the strongest locks; of which few would be necessary, and the expense inconsiderable, when compared with the *stairs of Neptune* in the Caledonian. It would be ridiculous to waste ink in expatiating on its greater utility, traversing as it does, one of the most populous and industrious districts in Britain.

The suspension bridge at Clifton, when completed, will only acknowledge one rival in that of the Menai. I am told that its utility will barely compensate the expense. If this should prove true, amends, in my opinion, will be made by the singular boldness of the undertaking. The error in the parallel, which lately occurred, was indeed a grave fault, and occasioned much fruitless labour and cost. The work, however, now proceeds with spirit, and in about two years, will probably be pointed at as one of the wonders of our isle.

Little can be said in praise of the ecclesiastical architecture executed of late years. Two or three of the cathedrals have indeed been repaired with judgment; and it is easy to perceive that the spirit of Gothic, or rather Norman architecture, is daily better seized by artists, both of the metropolis and provinces. Many of the new churches are, however, beneath criticism; but it should be remembered, that the employers of the architects are sometimes more to blame, than the architects themselves.

One of the happiest specimens is the church of St. Michael's, lately erected at Bath. It does the more credit to the architect, inasmuch as he had to contend with the difficulties presented by a disadvantageous site, and by a small sum placed at his disposal.

Of the public monuments executed of late years, Nelson's column at Dublin seems to be the most approved. It must be confessed the great admiral has been overdosed with testimonials to his deserts. Exclusive of what has been done at Liverpool and Birmingham, they talk of another monument to his memory! To be stationed too in Trafalgar Square, and detract from the effect of the Academy of Arts! A bronze statue above the steps in the colonnade at Greenwich college, would surely be more appropriate. The public taste too bids fair to be overdosed to nausea with the monuments of Waterloo. That in the Phœnix Park in Ireland is a poor and disagreeable effort of art.

To apply criticism to the statue in Hyde Park, would be only repeating what has escaped from a million of lips. Scarcely does a work exist in Europe, more unsatisfactory in allegory and design. In my visits to the Roman, Florentine, Neapolitan, and French Museums, I do not recollect having seen an equestrian Mars; pedestrian I remember pretty often. The first in bronze, and springing from a pedestal of granite, stationed at the end of the canal in St. James's Park, and directly facing the arch of the Horse-Guards, would have exhibited something pertinent both as to allegory and site; novel too in design, for if equestrian Marses exist, they are certainly rare. Even so facile a concep-

tion as a group of ancient cuirasses, helmets, halberds, and swords in bronze, picturesquely grouped on a cubic granite pedestal of nine feet, and stationed as my proposed Mars, would have eclipsed the unmeaning figure in Hyde Park defending itself against the air.

Of the two triumphal arches I will only observe, that individually contemplated, they are not ill-designed. But they are ill-stationed; and their Corinthian foliage attracts the soot, as effectually as bird-lime sparrows. The money expended on both had better have been employed in the erection of an archway with three portals, marking the approach to the city. Set off with the Doric of Vignola, and surmounted with a Victory in her car, in bronze, the triple arch to those approaching from Kensington, could not have failed to present a satisfactory and imposing effect. And this would have sufficed, in London at least, to commemorate Waterloo.

Comments on that rabid Waterloo commemoration mania, if extended further, would only sink into common-place observations. I will conclude for the consideration at least of the subscribers, by quoting a beautiful reply of the Emperor Alexander of Russia to the Senate of St. Petersburgh. To that body who had proposed a splendid monument to him when living, he replied: "If I shall appear to have done any service to

Russia after my death, then, and not till then, will be the time for erecting any monument to my memory." An answer worth twenty statues, voted to any one while living, by an overweening enthusiasm.

But the most important of the public works remains to be considered; and since it is destined to involve the expenditure of a million of money, some have said double that sum, it is well worth while to stir the public attention, by bringing criticism to bear more particularly on the great work in hand, and which may at once be divined, the new Houses of Parliament.

Without further preamble, I will state at once my reason for objecting to the site. Aware as I am of the great difficulties that invest all topics of this nature, I will couch my criticism chiefly in the interrogatory form. And in the first place, I ask with what view has the proposed site been chosen by the architect? Can any one be blind to its being one of the sootiest, lowest, and consequently dampest, that the metropolis affords? Is our veneration for the position of St. Stephen's, and the *infallible* wisdom of our ancestors, to supersede every other consideration? Why incur the heavy expense of a vast embankment, which the choice of a site remote from the Thames, consequently drier and healthier, would render unnecessary? Would it not be more plausible to leave the venerable Westminster Hall in

the centre of three sides of a square, two of the sides presenting gable ends parallel with the end of the Hall, and in the first and simplest Gothic, devoting the Hall, and its environing appurtenances, to the gentlemen of the long robe *only?* Surely this will appear far preferable to the great majority of architects and amateurs to the plan proposed by Mr. Barry; for what a Babel of architecture must meet the eye from his huddling together the old Hall and new buildings, both of different styles!—Vitruvius ranks among the first qualifications of an architect the judicious choice of a site, in which, I fear, Mr. Barry, if his plan be adopted, will prove himself, or his employers (for architects have often this *salvo*) very deficient; for the fogs and smoke of London, the bane of architecture, brood in the site of the old Houses of Parliament as much as in the City itself. To diminish this disadvantage as much as possible, what position then would a happier *coup-d'œil* than that which the architect and his employers possess propose? Without pretending to declare it the best, I should select, as preferable, the site of old St. James's Palace,—a vile heterogeneous frabric, on the demolition of which no one, I guess, would write an elegy. The style should be Elizabethan, that being an order characteristically British; each of the Chambers to have two vast oriel windows looking towards the Park; the

avenue to Buckingham House to be cut down; the whole building to be of stone; the interior of the House of Lords to be impannelled with Norway oak; the principal mouldings, with the roses and other ornaments in the ceiling, to be set off with the richest gilding. A similar plan might be adopted for the lower Chamber with less splendid ornament. The throne for our young and amiable Queen to be simply a chair of British oak, and of the richest Elizabethan form, with a simple velvet crimson cushion, and not presenting, as in the consumed House, a glittering and ridiculously expensive gew-gaw. The advantages of this site would be very great in reference to its contiguity to the New Palace, situated within two stones' throw; while the only disadvantage would be a five or six minutes' walk through Storey's Gate for the lawyers who might be summoned to attend either House. But this inconvenience would nearly be done away by having apartments annexed to the Houses for the reception of those lawyers who might be called to either House. Were this plan to be adopted, only consider the difference of the estimated expenditure. Two different estimates I have seen of Mr. Barry's project; one of £500,000, the other of no less a sum than 700,000 and odd pounds. With the fullest confidence I assert, that my three sides of the new square to enclose Westminster Hall, to be devoted

only to legal affairs, would not cost more than £60,000, built of best brick, and faced, as would be sufficient both for effect and solidity, with four inches of best Portland stone, worked in the style of the earliest Gothic epoch.

I can, too, with equal confidence assert, that the sum of £440,000 would be sufficient, in the hands of an intelligent architect, to build in the first manner, and all of the best stone, the Elizabethan fabric, which he could arrange, with all its necessary appurtenances of library, record, committee, and waiting-rooms, for the above sum. Thus, if the estimate of 700,000 and more pounds be devoted to Mr. Barry's work, my St. James's Park and Westminster plans would be covered by the first estimate, viz. £500,000. But enough of objections relative to the site of the new florid Gothic Houses; proceed we to the reasons why I, and luckily for me, many hundred others, reprobate the style of Mr. Barry's plan. And first, I ask, did the architect and his controllers consider duly the nature of the London climate and atmosphere, before he or his employers favoured us with his florid specimen of Gothic? Did they turn their eyes to the condition of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, which, though re-cased with Bath stone, some ten or twenty years ago, has now nearly the same begrimmed complexion as its parental abbey? And what is the cause of this dingy hue, the bane of all delicate archi-

tecture for at least a six-mile radius from the centre of London? The neglect, I reply, of adopting the simplest style of Gothic, if it be to be adopted; though I apprehend that every wise architect would rather prefer, if not the Elizabethan, which has fewer mouldings, the Tuscan and Doric of Palladio, Scamozzi, or Vignola. But waiving further disputations on style, is it not extraordinary that the architect, having the example of the untoward effect of Henry the Seventh's Chapel before his eyes, should have persisted in giving us a plan of even richer Gothic, consequently presenting more nests for the deposit of the soot? Unfortunately, the London atmosphere is, of all others perhaps on our globe, the worst adapted for the exhibition of the delicacies of any florid style of architecture, and the last character of Gothic may be as plausibly reprehended for adoption, as might be the richer ornaments of the architecture of Asia Minor, or the Arabic of the Alhambra, or the yet more delicate chiselings of the Tâj-Mâl at Agra. It would be in vain to refer, in answer, to the authority of the wisdom of our ancestors, whose skill, though often to be praised, was as yet in its infancy, and who had much to say in vindication of their errors, seeing that London sent not forth in their time the ten-thousandth part of the volumes of smoke that it does now. It must also be observed, that the quality of the smoke and soot

is far more deleterious than formerly; blended as they are with many chymical acids, discharged from numerous steam-chimneys, those too multiplying daily on both sides of the river, and on the river itself. This pernicious soot will not require, as formerly, a century to decompose the stone. Ten or fifteen years will be sufficient, acting as it will on the numerous delicate mouldings, which the adopted plan exhibits! I pretend not to criticise Mr. Barry's interior, not possessing the necessary data whereon to ground my judgment; but to return to the consideration of his exterior plan, I ask, what meaneth that centipedal tower, necessarily of exorbitant cost, with which he menaceth us? Towers, as authorized by Gothic architecture, are of two kinds, military and ecclesiastical. A tower attached to the castle we all feel to be in its element, as is a tower attached to a church, to serve as a belfry. Doth he mean that cannon should be pointed from it downwards to keep Radicals and Conservatives in proper order? If so, I object not, in an architectural sense, to his tower. Or doth he mean, that a belfry should be attached to it to summon our Queen and both Houses to their duty, a rope attached to a clapper above, and close to the Speaker's chair, to spare him the trouble of crying "Order?" If so, I know not that the tower is condemnable, unless it be in the triple view of its entailing a

vast and useless expenditure, of being a very inconvenient receptacle for the records, and of its exterior presenting a mass of smoky blackness within ten years after its erection. I am aware that many may urge, in reply to my criticism, "Would, then, your Houses, built on the site of St. James's Palace, be free from smoke?" Not altogether, but in a much less degree, I answer, with the additional advantages of sparing the cost of the great embankment; of presenting a drier, healthier, and more cheerful place of rendezvous for both Chambers, and of being far more easy of access for our Sovereign, peers, and representatives.

Would not, I ask, a judicious architect renounce the site of St. Stephen's, not only for the above-mentioned reasons, but also from the consideration of the bad effect of so many vast edifices being cumbrously piled in the immediate neighbourhood? First, we have the old Hall, one of the largest in Europe; then comes, within a stone's throw, the old murky Abbey, from which the sweepers might collect at least one hundred bags of soot; within twenty paces of this stands St. Peter's Church, as untowardly situated as possible; a hundred yards behind rises the Westminster Hospital; and now we are to have the vastest Gothic pile ever conceived within a stone's throw of all these buildings!

Is it not extraordinary that the architect was unable

to foresee that the sooty vapours must be accumulated in a tenfold degree more than heretofore, from the circumstance of such a multitudinous assemblage of piles being so closely huddled together, and necessarily diminishing the circulation of the air? that this confined contiguity must also reciprocally destroy the effect of each building? Have we not reason to wonder that the least experienced of the amateur commissioners should not have been struck by these conclusions? that they, as well as many members of either House, should have hesitated for a moment to open every battery of opposition to the adoption of the old site? "No, no," they cry, or in nearly tantamount words, "better be stoned like St. Stephen, than abandon the site of his venerable chapel. Who cares whether a building be black or white? Destroy, indeed, the noble pile of St. James's, the favourite abode of our eighth Henry; that fabric which attracts and fixes the eyes of all Europe, to make way for our new Houses of Parliament! As well might be proposed the pulling down of St. Paul's, or the new bridge of Waterloo."

But it is useless to preach against the force of prejudice, more remarkable in this country, in many particulars, than in any other. Of this delectable element of mind John Bull has always quaffed his full measure; and had the wisdom of his ancestors decreed to fix the

two Houses of his Parliament close to the foggy Whittlesea Mere, and had a travelled person suggested sundry other spots more preferable, honest John would not fail to exclaim, "Whittlesea Mere was ordained by my ancestors to be the eternal site of the Parliament Houses, so shall it remain." It is this same prejudice that blinds so many of us to the absurdity of the Thames Tunnel, a work which has been interrupted by three or four irruptions, which in a commercial view is comparatively useless, seeing the neighbourhood of the bridges; which impales with rheumatism for life, or subjects to drowning, so many clever workmen; which few will enter, if ever completed, but once or twice for curiosity; and which, if by dint of vast labour it may be rendered at first tolerably free from dripping, cannot long remain so, from the percolating effect of the action and re-action of the tides: to a work, in short, which can confer no credit to the architect and his advisers, the primary error being the too inconsiderable descending curve. To return to the great question of the Houses of Parliament, wherein so many important considerations lie, perhaps something might be effected for furthering the adoption of a more advantageous site and plan, by those artists and amateurs who may side with me in opinion, (and I know there are several) signing a powerful protest against the work in agitation, and sub-

mitting it through some Member to any future Committee. Let us hope, however, for the honour of sound taste and judgment, that the Commissioners have not irretrievably adopted this, in my opinion, highly objectionable plan of Mr. Barry. I know not the man, neither do I foster against him the least personal grudge. Let us hope, I repeat, that before final adoption, they have yet time to weigh most scrupulously every detail of a plan which involves so great an expenditure, and wherein our character as to discretion in a work destined for centuries, both in relation to our posterity and enlightened foreigners, is so eminently concerned.

I will conclude with observing, that if a more advantageous site should hereafter be chosen, the expenses already incurred by the embankment, need not inspire regret; one, though on a more contracted scale, being desirable to set off Westminster Hall, and the neighbouring buildings. With these remarks I bid farewell to any further architectural criticism; fatiguing, as may be imagined, for one who has travelled more than twice the circumference of the globe.

ORIGIN OF THE ORDER CALLED GOTHIC.

NUMEROUS have been the publications during the last thirty years, on that *vexata quæstio*, the origin of the architectural order, called by some *Gothic;* by others, *pointed.* During my rambles on the shores of the Mediterranean, I often amused my *horæ subsecivæ* with speculations thereupon; without, however, being able to arrive at a completely satisfactory conclusion. The general result of my observations on this interesting topic, aided by the perusal of eight or ten works on the subject is: first, that the order is not of English invention, nor of French, nor of Italian, nor of German; which last Mr. Hope, in a late elegant and instructive work, has laboured to establish. To borrow a biblical metaphor, I am tempted to consider this beautiful order, as nothing more or less than a *Translation from the Arabic into Norman;* notwithstanding that I am aware of its having numerous adscititious ornaments, unknown to the Arabs. In the same manner, that several original expressions, and novel thoughts, are to be found in Dryden's translation of Virgil, not authorized by the Roman poet, so have many ornamented inventions been tacked on to the Arabic *original* in the Norman *version*

of their architecture. Every thing tends to strengthen the probability of this theory. Abundant are the proofs we possess of the Normans having been the most stirring and enterprising people at the period of the propagation of this order, erroneously called Gothic. Moreover, nothing is more plausible to believe, than that among the thousands of the Norman crusaders, several gifted with a natural taste for architecture should have specially directed their minds to the contemplation of works, not long before erected by the Arabs, when in the zenith of their glory; and that a few of these crusading amateurs should have added in their drawings, some inventions of their own; subsequently so modified and altered, as to draw indeed a very marked line of distinction between the Arabic and Norman styles; but not sufficiently so, as to efface the primitive features of the Arabic archetype; with the reciprocal resemblance of which, those, who like myself, have visited the principal Arabic monuments in Spain and Sicily, cannot fail to be struck. Additional strength is added to this conclusion, by the marked resemblance of many of the Saracenic castles to those erected by the Normans, soon after the first crusades. Such is the view I take of what I would rather call *Norman*, than *Gothic*, or *pointed* architecture.

PORTFOLIO SCRAPS.

PORTFOLIO SCRAPS.

SUPPLEMENT TO DEAN SWIFT'S PUNNING EPISTLE ON THE NAMES OF THE BRITISH POETS.

THE Dean ends with the words: "as grave as a Pope."

Yet Poetry was not altogether extinct; for soon after, we saw one *Sam** as he *Ben*ding a good deal to stiffness in thought and style. One *Goldsmith* too wrought some fine ore, dug from the bowels of Parnassus. The Pleasures of Imagination often turn to pains, and give an *Ache in side* to the reader. But Pæon was still propititious, and nerved his *Arm strong* to shoot health among us, and not the plague, as in the first Iliad. "I attacked the Grecian Muse, I *Clove her* in twelve parts at Thermopylæ," cried another climber up Parnassus. But poetry was no longer in *Clover*, and poetasters swarmed. However, Apollo surprised one day the dull

* Johnson, same in name as Ben.

competitors for the laurel by pointing at a *Minstrel*, and exclaiming: "Here's one that shall eclipse you all, ay, completely *Beat ye*." Him another succeeded, more affected with melancholy than inspired with true genius; but who consoled himself by saying: "Though my muse may be heavy on the wing, I *Coop her* in my solitary retreat, and *pen* her by yonder *style*." "*Dare win!*" cried Euterpè one fine summer morning, holding up a chaplet of flowers to a youth somewhat distrustful of his talents, and pensive in a garden of sweets. "For one *Hail ye!* must I say a thousand times *Ail ye*, ye fulsome poetasters, *Ail ye* still?" said Apollo in spleen, at the trash which was one day presented to him. But the Battle of Hohenlinden suggested some deep-toned animating lines, which sounded as from a *Camp bell* announcing the *couvre-feu* to a whole army. Many a thought that breathes, that *Burns*, a voice from Coila uttered. Ye critics, you are in the right; another's muse derives her attractions rather from the east, than from the *South ye* think. Subsequently oriental fictions darted forth in *Moore* lustre; but never found another *Moor* to batten on. "Laurel leaves ought to bud from *Boles*," said a Muse one day, as she was looking at a sprig she had gathered, somewhat languid, and requiring more sun to vivify it. "I take *Scott* for lot," cries Caledonia, exulting in one, whose genius sing *S cott*,

feudal hall, and dungeon keep, with equal interest. About the same time, another votary appeared, seeking Parnassus by an oblique road, and resembling a *Crab* in his sideling gait up the mountain.* Note several *Words worth* praise, rhyming in some tender poetry. " *By'r own* lady," sigh the critics, " Poesy is dead; for she's placed her *Bier on*, in the road to eternity."

LINES COMPOSED AT VERONA, JULY, 1816, AFTER VISITING THE SEPULCHRE OF GIULIETTA CAPELLETTI, IN THE GARDEN OF THE FRANCISCANS.

LET affectation droop her head and mourn
Disastrous love o'er tender Juliet's urn.
Coquettes avaunt! away each simp'ring belle!
Envy the lot of her who lov'd so well;
Who would not have exchang'd her heart-felt woes,
For your ephem'ral loves and midnight shows.
Hail, Juliet, hail! whose pure and virgin heart
Dar'd act so painful, yet so true a part!

* Crabbe's poetic style lies in a sort of devious track.

O'er whose requited love, and early hearse,
Great Shakspeare sheds the glory of his verse—
Hail, Juliet, hail! whose name is intertwin'd
In the same wreath which Fame wove for his deathless
mind.

LINES WRITTEN AT FERRARA, ON QUITTING THE PRISON OF TORQUATO TASSO, OCTOBER, 1816.

FROM fields where lucid Po reflects the skies,
Antique Ferrara's spires and turrets rise;
The seat of Mars, the Muses' haunt of yore,
But sages', wits', and heroes' boast, no more.
Those domes where lavish art with nature vied,
Unpeopled squares, and silent ways divide.
Here, where through untrod stones the nettle springs,
A lazar-house expands her mournful wings;
Where meek-ey'd Charity the wretch befriends,
And through the groaning wards his succour lends;
Within a court is seen; and underneath,
A darksome cell, fit tenement for death;
Arachnè there her scanty prey enthralls
In film suspended from the dripping walls—

A den so dark, so cheerless, damp, and low,
Would overwhelm gaunt Cerberus with woe.
'Twas there a fiend in human form confin'd
The frame which harbour'd great Torquato's mind.—
Methinks as here I stand, the bard appears
Tended by grief, and nourished by his tears;
By day, both hands sustain his drooping head,
Distemper'd dreams add terrors to his bed;
His fretted wrists he wrings, his eye-balls roll,
Imaginary fiends beset his soul.—
Where's she, who on her knees, to loose his chains
Might intercede—repuls'd, could soothe his pains!
Base Estè, who to cruel bonds decreed
Him who Aminta sung, and Sion freed,
When through thy halls, with wit and beauty gay,
The night was taught to emulate the day,
Could'st not one moment from thy revels steal,
And from a dungeon's contrast learn to feel?
Ah, wretch! could sev'n long years no pity move,
Whose child was honour'd by a Tasso's love?
His anguish'd soul, his high poetic art,
Could they not move the stony from thy heart?
—See Tasso mount on high with laurels crown'd,
Saints cheer their guest, and seraphs smile around;
Mute are their harps, and the celestial choir
Steal inspiration from the poet's fire—

But thou, fell Estè, in the gulph below,
Shalt drain the chalice of his earthly woe,
Nor shall thy tortur'd breast a heav'nly Sion know.

SOME ONE WROTE A PENTAMETER VERSE ON A CUPID, CUT BY THE LATE MRS. DAMER. I SUBJOIN ITS COMPANION.

CLAMAT Amor gracilis sumens è marmore formam:
" Non me Praxiteles fecit, at Anna Damer."

ON MRS. DAMER,

IN THE STYLE OF DEAN SWIFT.

DEATH, the tamer,
Conquers Damer;
Ne'er defame her,
When you name her;
Spleen! don't maim her
Skill, nor blame her;
Talent, claim her!
Carvers, frame her!

I won't ram her
Hard with lamer
Verse, nor stammer
Trash to cram her
Ghost.—Don't shame her
Muse, nor hammer
Out more sham or
True rhyme—d— her.

TWO CHARADES, WRITTEN IN FRANCE.

MA tête à bas crains de le devenir,
Si tu veux conserver ton nom sans tache;
A mon entier tout lecteur s'attache,
Et gronde, s'il passe le jour sans me tenir.

2.

LES géomètres visent mon premier;
Tu es mon second, chétif homme;
Tu le mesures, savant astronome;
L'Europe admire, et craint mon entier.

Il y avait à Paris deux actrices distinguées par leur beauté, et leurs talens, quand je m'y suis trouvé, il y a quelques années. J'ai remis à elles quelques complimens en vers, selon l'usage parisien.

À MADEMOISELLE VALÉRIE, QUI NE PREND JAMAIS REPOS LES DIMANCHES, DANS SON RÔLE DE GEORGETTE DANS LE VAUDEVILLE INTITULÉ, "LA SEMAINE DES AMOURS."

Les actrices, Valérie, au nord de la Manche,
Font un jour de repos de chaque Dimanche.
Mais tout Paris
Veut à hauts cris,
Que la Valérie
Cette loi renie.
La Semaine d'Amour à Moise rebelle,
Ne connait jamais jour de repos pour elle.

À LA MÊME. ESPÈCE DE CHARADE.

Je fus la maitresse autrefois
Du plus majestueux des rois,

Qui, par droit de naissance,
Gouverna toute la France.
La même, et pourtant différente,
Est celle que Thalie vante,
Qui joint au sel de Molière,
L'attrayante délicatesse
Et l'agaçante tendresse
De la gentille première.

THE GENIUS OF THE GARDEN OF THE THUILERIES TO MISS LEONTINE FAY.

"THOUGH trees now deck'd in brightest green,
Throughout my avenues are seen,
Though carols every bird;
Though snowy swans by Zephyrs fann'd,
In basins rare their plumes expand,
Where wat'ry music's heard:

"Though flow'rs by thousands scent the air
That I inhale from each parterre,
Though Dian's form I own;
Though Meleager strikes his boar,
And marble spares my ears the roar,
Though Venus smiles in stone:

"Though with their swains two nymphs with art
Express'd, like Atalantas, dart
Across my velvet grass;
And though my wat'ry mirrors give
Reflections true of gods that live
In marble or in brass:

"And though my terraces invite
Lutetia's dames to court delight,
And praise me to the skies;
Ask'st thou, Leontine, if I'm lent
Sometimes a brighter ornament
Than these? Yes, fair; *your eyes.*"

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE GRAY HORSES WHICH DREW MISS SONTAG FROM PARIS TO HER VILLA.

LET others, whom Homeric lays
Transport, Achilles' coursers praise;
Who, as the poet tells us, held
Converse in th' ensanguin'd field.
Let others Virgil's fancy feed,
Empurpling Dido's snorting steed!

Let Ovid's genius others stun,
As he recounts how Phaeton
Misled the coursers of the sun.
Be't mine to spread the choicest straw
For the gray steeds that Sontag draw.
Not wild like those of Phaeton,
Obedient they in harness run;
At Favart's theatre they stand,
Attentive to their queen's command;
With glist'ning eyes they seem to own
Their mistress' lineage from the *Sun*.
Soon as Euterpé from the choir
Exclaims: "No longer will I tire
My sweetest Sontag—all retire"—
Retireth she; and reassumes
Her matin robe from coarser looms.
Disdaining histrionic toils,
She clears her way with Hebè's smiles;
With such as she was seen to shine
Among her playmates on the Rhine.
In the same tone conversing sweet
To all, she nimbly gains the street;
And in her chariot leaps, (and O
The pow'r of harmony below!)
Her steeds with ears supine, with hair
Sleek, and with nostrils flat, declare
Their joy at getting back the fair.

No bad blood's trac'd in Sontag's grays;
Their hoofs they playfully upraise,
And watch askance their mistress' gaze.
They sneeze at her approach; their manes
Float intertwisted with the reins;
They prove, with *hin-nin-hee* salute,
A higher nature than the brute.
Thrice happy steeds, that Sontag draw!
You own, too, Music's sov'reign law.

INSCRIPTION FOR A STATUE OF APOLLO, TO BE ERECTED AT BATH.

QUIS neget hîc varias Phœbum regnare per artes?
"Et jure," ipse refert, "sunt mihi SOLIS AQUÆ."

IMPROMPTU ON PASSING THE CHURCH AT VEVAY IN SWISSERLAND, WHERE GENERAL LUDLOW, ONE OF CROMWELL'S OFFICERS, WAS BURIED.

VIVIS, et in gremio mortis, Ludlovie, vivis;
Num moreris, mortis dum ferit hasta Vivis?*

* Vivis is the Latin name of Vevay.

IMPROMPTU ON HEARING THAT SIGNOR CERVETTO, A DISTINGUISHED VIOLONCELLIST, HAD NEARLY ATTAINED HIS HUNDREDTH YEAR.

CERVETTO Musico, osservo
Che non solamente nel nome,
Tu ti rassomiglj al cervo,
Il quale un secolo dome,
Del sole godendo del lome,*
Malgrado del tempo i danni—
Grida la Natura: "Cospetto!
Ha quasi passato cent'anni,
E ride con fresco aspetto,
Vincendo il cervo, Cervetto."

STANZAS, WRITTEN AT ROME ON SEEING A PORTRAIT OF MACHIAVELLI, BY ANDREA DEL SARTO.

O DI govern' egregio maestro!
Da chi li stati fiorire sanno,
A cui i regi sono sottoposti,
Pur' i tiranni.

* *Dome, lome,* vecchie parole usate dal Dante.

I baroni, la strepitosa plebe,
Sentono per te loro stazioni,
Nel tuo stile rapido, e secante,
Roma risplende.

I ministri scelgono da tuoi
Scritti ricercati, precetti sani
Per saper stender dominazione—
L'ambasciatore

Corre tra sospetti paesi, dunque
Al suo va, l'ansietà nel petto,
Plausi rubando debiti all'acuto
Machiavelli.

Il Secondato piglia sovente
Dal tuo cervello cos' alt' assai;
Tràono da te i Capitani certe
Regole d'arte.

L'ira rugge nella profonda volta;
E'l cuor cessa lacerare, dal gran
Niccolò sbandita fremente tralle
Sedi dolenti.

Con piacer, la Storia alta, pura,
Del Fiorentin l'onorando fronte
Cinge con allori virenti sempre,
Cinge Talia.

Mostra con orgoglio dove giaccion
L'ossa del grand' istruitor di stati;
Mostra—nè d'altrui più si vanta
Alma Firenze.

L'ammirator dei repubblicani
Stati, di scaltriti tiranni stessi,
Sempre dirà con venerazione,
" Niccolò grande!"

O IN DELICIAS, ET IN OTIA MOLLIA NATA
PARTHENOPE! QUANTIS SUASISTI CARMINA PICIS
CONDERE, QUOS ET EGO INTER, CUM ME DETINUERUNT
PAUSILYPIQUE SPECUS, ET LITTORA MURGELLINA!

During my three visits to Naples, I frequently enjoyed the company of Mr. Mathias, whom death has lately snatched. He has left behind him the double

character of an amiable man, and of having been the first Italian scholar that England ever produced.

TRANSLATION OF AN ITALIAN SONNET, COMPOSED BY SIGNOR GODARD, PASTORE DEI ARCADI, AND SENT TO MR. MATHIAS.

Euterpè, say, if he whom Arqua's shrine
Entombs, hath op'd his eyes on Sorga's stream ;
Surely he's born where Arno's waters shine
'Tween Flora's tow'rs—Ah, me, I fondly dream—
Thy margin owns his birth, O lordly Thame !
There was he cradled, there he conn'd the tongue,
Which, as recounts Ausonia's letter'd fame,
At once through Dante to perfection sprung.
Hail then, I cried, O bard of Britain hail !
Th' Arcadian school applauds thy racy lay,
As do the Delphic streams, and sacred wood ;
To less inspired spirits point the way :
From Pallas' haters shake the drowsy mood,
That make them go from Dircè's fount astray.

I had written a lyrical amplification of Godard's

sonnet. Mr. Mathias observed I could surely preserve the sonnet form; I sent him the above, with the following:

TAKE then, in English, learned Godard's sonnet;
Ne'er to a sonnet was I put before;
And twice sev'n verses have I spent upon it,
Without one syllable or letter more.
Irksome the law that binds the poet's sense,
Like wine through strainer in decanter pour'd;
Rare is the talent, that within the fence,
Can to translation spirit due afford.
Th' Italian easier than the Briton rhymes;
Yet if I've fail'd to hit the shepherd's targe
In the bull's pupil, pr'ythee join to his,
At least my *Salve*, and affection large.—
Therein mine aim I've taken not amiss—
May health detain thee long from Charon's barge!

Visiting, one morning, Mr. Mathias at his lodging in Pizzofalcone, I happened to stand with him at his window, which overlooked a garden, in which was a marble statue of Flora; the window was latticed with

iron, and on its ledge were two flower-pots filled with flowers. I inadvertently leaning forward, struck one, and smashed it. The accident occasioned the following fable:—

DAMÆTAS, STREPHON, AND FLORA.

STATUES, as legends tell in Greek,
Have heretofore been known to speak,
And feel too.—Lately this occurr'd
At Naples; take me at my word.—
In garden there, a Flora stood,
Flow'r-crown'd, in sweetly pensive mood,
Of marble, white as drifted snow,
And gazing on parterres below.
Two swains, as people oft akin do,
Together stood at lattic'd window;
Which did a view command in full,
Of Flora on her marble stool.
And the main subject to be brief on,
One was Damætas, t'other, Strephon.
Both saw the goddess, both admir'd;
And both a kindred passion fir'd.
It happen'd, that expos'd to air,
Two flower-pots of earthen ware

Stood before each, of substance frail
As love, or friendship: this my tale
Will in the sequel show. The Queen
Of gardens saw their heads between
Her fragrant stores, and in a vein
Of pleasantry, to banish pain
For Zephyr's absence, thus in jest,
And frolicksome, her thoughts express'd:
"Ah me! ah, where's my Zephyr flown?
He leaves me here to pine alone,
And quite forget myself to stone.
But what see I? Two lovers? Stars!
Imprison'd too 'tween iron bars.
My virtue then is safe.—But love,
And true, those flow'rs of mine do prove.
Cheer, Flora, cheer thy drooping heart;
For both, with lively bouquets smart,
Study for thee Dan Cupid's art.
But let me, Venus, nearer see
Their age, their ev'ry quality.
——Upon my word, two pretty lovers!
One, not a hair his temples covers;
And t'other, though he younger be,
Too penseroso is for me.
Propitious this for love—But I
Cannot stand here all day to sigh;

These are my Zephyr's rivals; these
Are doing all they can to please.
I will discover in what fashion,
One can at least reveal his passion.
I'll take the tall one at a venture;
For love I grant him an indenture—
Now let me see how he'll present
Those flowers, which no doubt are meant
Love's pledge."—These words she scarce had said,
When am'rous Strephon bow'd his head
In admiration of her beauty,
And hit the vase, but not his duty.
—Down fall carnation, myrtle, rose;
From shatter'd bowl the water flows.
The goddess saw the flowers bruis'd,
The vessel crack'd, the swain confus'd;
Damætas too with anger rent;
Though he profess'd the same intent
Of off'ring flowers to assuage
His flame, though pent in iron cage.
Thus Flora Zephyr's loss beguil'd,
And triumph'd in her prank, and smil'd.

MORAL.

Ye lovers all, who fain would strive
To fan a flame, and make it thrive;

Your passion learn from this to fix
Before the age of lustres six;
Or if a later flame your fate is,
Court not behind an iron lattice.

WHEN at Cheltenham, some years since, I proposed to the proprietor of the ground where the Thames rises, to lay out a few guineas in making the spot more picturesque. This I proposed to do at my own expense. But the owner of the estate being a minor, leave was refused me. Had I obtained it, the following lines should have been engraved on a rustic stone at the head of the seven springs.

M. B.
SEPTEM FONTES TAMESINOS
AUXIT ET EXORNAVIT
S. P.

"FONTIBUS heus! septemgeminis, Tamesine, fruare:"
Cheltia Naiadum fluvii pulcherrima clamat:
"Lætior usque petas mare quam priùs. Ecce recessus,
Saxosos, gelidos, tua quêis admermuret unda;
Quos arguta inter tibi jam respondeat Echo."

When the sun was glowing in Gemini, I visited, some time since, Holwood, formerly the retreat of the Hon. William Pitt. Hard by, is the source of the river Ravensbourn; which, as I was in a fanciful mood, I thought might be embellished in the grotto style, with a raven in relief, sculptured above; for whose *beak* I imagined the following lines:

"Your ear, good traveller, is craven,
To listen to an honest raven,
Who owes his tongue, like you, to heaven.
You, from the moment you are born,
Fate hurries to some destin'd bourn;
And though you're wiser, 'tis averr'd,
Than me, a plum'd and prating bird,
Your bourn your wisest can't discover,
Toil as they may, till all is over,
And quench'd in death. *My bourn* I've found
Not under, but above the ground.
Whether through life I joy, or mourn,
Content I find at *Ravensbourn*."

VERSES WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM AT TROLHÆTTA IN SWEDEN.

GRANDIA Psammetichi jactet molimina Memphis,
Saxaque Dædaleâ concava facta manu;
Et plaga devinctis Lucrina superbiat undis,
Fucino et eductâ, Marsica terra, lacu;
Conjugis exultes ulnis, Tamesine, Sabrinæ;
Effossos montes Gallia ad astra ferat;
Et Scotia, artificem cumulatis laudibus effer,
Qui binûm marium jungere novit aquas.
" Est mihi et instar opus," subridens Suecia clamat;
Et simul ostendit claustra, Trolhætta, tua!

ON overhauling an old album at Trolhætta, I found some Greek anapæsts, left there by Viscount Royston, several years ago. I copied them, with a melancholy pleasure, having known him at Moscow before the conflagration. Of his bones long since is coral made; he having met a watery grave off Memel, on his return homewards. I subjoin a translation of his impromptu. " *Hoc saltem fungar inani munere.*"

Παντα δεδωκεν Φυσις ανθρωποις,
'Α μεν εν κολπω κρυπτει γαιας
Ἱερος κευθμων, ἁ δε και ποντου
Πορφυροεσσιν κυματα βενθεσιν.
Αλλ' ουκ αργοις, ου τεχνης ατερ,
Ἡ μεν αριστης θυγατηρ σοφιας
Αυτη δ'εργων ουκετ' αϊδρις,
Κυματα παλλει, φαινει γαιας
Κευθμωνα βαθυν, χαιτας δ'ανδρος
Φυλλοισι Σοφου
Μηποτε ληγει στεφανουσα.
Ῥειθρα Τρολἑττας, θαυμα ιδεσθαι,
Πωματα καθαρων απο κρηνιδων,
Σκοπελοι τ'ακροι, αντρα τε Νυμφων,
Δασκιος ὑλη, και δροσοειδες
Κρηνων φεγγος, θειοι τ'ανεμοι,
Ὁι αντηχεις κρηνων κελαδῳ,
Μηποτε, μηποτε ληξομαι ὑμων.

Kind Nature, of her gifts profuse,
Displays her treasure for man's use;
Whate'er's conceal'd in hallow'd caves
Of earth, or under ocean's waves.
On honest industry she smiles,
And grants the boon of zealous toils;
But turns away from artless sloth:
Unto the sage she, nothing loth,

Reveals the myst'ries of the deep,
And those which earth's abysses keep
Secretly seal'd, and crowns with bays
The brow of him that merits praise.
Trolhætta! wondrous to behold—
Streams from purest fountains roll'd—
Ye cliffs precipitous, and woods,
That throw your shadows o'er the floods
Impetuous hurl'd, and which diffuse
So far their snow-eclipsing dews.
Ye gusts, that so divinely blow,
Responsive to the roar below.—
Shores with caverns quaint indented,
By Scandinavia's nymphs frequented.—
My mem'ry's treasures these—No, never,
Never of these shall time bereave her.

VERSES WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE MONASTERY AT VALLOMBROSA.

HAIL to thy snowy steeps, and darksome pines,
Fam'd Vallombrosa! Britain's Homer erst

On thy sequester'd haunts poetic glance
Enraptur'd cast, and with thy Paradise
Embellish'd Hell. Thee do I visit glad,
Though lustres eight and more have something dimm'd
My vital lamp; though travel, thought, and care,
Have pal'd enthusiasm's meteoric fire.
Yet don't, Etruria's lov'd retreat, to me
Appear, as whilom to Miltonic Muse,
When Apennine's rude gusts bade sigh thy pines,
And strew with crispen leaves thy silv'ry brooks—
No, rather, vale umbrageous, do I court
Thee, howsoe'er to holy musings dear,
Now that the zephyrs kiss the nascent buds,
And clust'ring violets perfume thy dells;
Now that Vicano's fount Narcissus' blush
Reveals, and feather'd choristers attune
Their chant beneath Ausonia's lustrious heav'n.
Hail then, but most when Maia bids thee smile,
Encircling thee with zone of jocund green,
Gemming with crystal drops thy beechen crown!

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF AN AFFLICTED LADY.

MARY! the tomb shall not upon thee close,
Without the meed of sympathetic tear.
For though Adversity with iron rod
Thy spirit scourg'd for twice ten years and more,
Blotting that beam divine, that more or less
All mortal clay illumines, still my youth
Paints in remembrance dear, those social hours
Enliven'd by thine heart's spontaneous flow,
As yet unstricken, when assembled friends
Thy presence greeted, and thine absence felt;
When they could read upon thine honest brow
Joy for each other's joy, woe for their woe,
And writ in fairest character of truth:
They little dreaming what a change was near!
And whence that dismal change, that could divest
Thy finer essence of its hue, and make
All nature to thine eyes one dreary void?
Was it disgust, or suddenly conceiv'd,
Or long in secret rankling, at the wrongs,
The vice and follies of this wayward world?

Or was it, that thy soul too sensitive,
Bled from affection pledg'd, and not return'd?
Or was thy penance heav'nly mystery?
—Vain our surmises all, though 'twould appear
Disaster thee not likely to befall:
For easy manners, and religion free
From gloomy superstition's base alloy,
And temp'rate habits grac'd thy girlish years,
And in the còmplete woman shone confirm'd—
But hark! that elder sister of thy sire,
Than whom a purer sp'rit ne'er grac'd this earth,
Long since an angel, and whose name thou hadst,
Enjoining silence, whispers from the spheres,
"God chastens those he loves."—With this solàce,
Believ'd by seers, and stamp'd in Holy Writ,
My heart's outpouring, and my Muse's, ends.

END OF THE HORÆ JUVENILES.

PART THE SECOND.

COMPRISING

THE HORÆ ROMANÆ.

HORÆ ROMANÆ.

THRICE in my lifetime have I visited the Eternal City; and one of my favourite evening drives at Rome, was to the ruins of *Fidenæ*, to which you pass through the *Porta Salaria*. *Castel Giubileo* occupies the site, which is nothing more than a collection of two or three farm houses. Its distance from the city gates corresponds exactly with that assigned to it by Strabo, namely, forty stadia, or five miles. Nibby, in his *Viaggio nei Contorni di Roma*, has given a description of the very few ruins still seen there; and he adds an interesting sketch of the history of the city. But this road is memorable as leading to the scene of the death of Nero, which, we know from Suetonius, took place at the villa of Phaon, at the fourth milestone from the *Porta Salaria*. This tragic event occurred at the farm now called *La Serpentara*. I had visited a few years before Arpino, the birth-place of one of the best of the old Romans, and now I resolved on visiting the

scene of the death of not only the worst of the Romans, but perhaps of the human race. I could not help shuddering as I saw the cave, which still exists, and into which the emperor refused to enter; as I surveyed the small pond, where he quenched his thirst, and which is now called *il laghetto della Serpentara.* It is from the acropolis of Fidenæ, whence the spectator may command one of the most interesting reaches of that river, which by many modern tourists has been much calumniated, by being called nothing but a muddy stream. We are all privileged to take our school-boy's satchels in our memories, while rambling about Rome; and on contemplating from the hill of Fidenæ the rich yellow, and deep vortices of Tiber, I washed away the detractions heaped upon him, by repeating the well-known lines:

> Quo te cunque lacus, miserantem incommoda nostra.
> Fonte tenet, quocunque solo pulcherrimus exis;
> Semper honore meo, semper celebrabere donis,
> Corniger Hesperidum fluvius regnator aquarum;
> Adsis, ô tandem, et propiùs tua *numina firmes!*

Montesquieu observes somewhere, that the narration of the death of Nero, by Suetonius, is the *chef d'œuvre* of that biographer. It is a paragraph well worth attention; inasmuch as it pourtrays, better I think, than in

other authors, the dreadful workings of a spirit surcharged with turpitude and crime. The only English translation I have seen of it has woefully the odour of having been done for some *quondam* Jacob Tonson, at half-a-crown or three shillings per sheet. I have tried to abide more by the spirit of the original, in the following:—

"The universal hatred being stirred against the emperor, he was compelled to be the butt of every imaginable reproach. A toupee was affixed to the head of one of his statues, with the following inscription in Greek: '*Now at last we shall have a wrestling in good earnest:*' also, '*Give over at last.*' On the neck of another of his effigies was tied a goat-skin bag, to which was suspended the label: '*Take all that I have to give thee, a goat-skin sack—but thou knowest well that thou deservest the ox-hide.*'* On several of the book-stalls appeared the pasquinade: '*He has wakened the Gallic cocks by his singing.*' Several persons pretending to quarrel at night with their slaves, frequently

* The first of these pasquinades alludes to Nero's theatrical wrestling. The second, I suspect, to his irregular debaucheries, implied by the *goat-sack*, though he rather deserved the *ox-hide* sack, in which parricides were sown up and drowned. The third, while it puns on the word Gallus (cock) alludes to the rebellion in the Gauls, fomented by *Vindex;* whose name explains the point of the last.

shouted out: '*We want a vindicating Vindex.*' Nero was moreover greatly agitated by what was revealed to him through visions, auspices, and omens, both of late and old date; for he, who was never before accustomed to dream, saw in his sleep the rudder of a vessel, which he himself was steering, torn off suddenly; he dreamed too that he was dragged by his wife Octavia into the obscurest darkness; and that he was beset by immense swarms of winged ants. He saw too in his dreams, those statues which represented the conquered nations, stationed opposite Pompey's theatre, circumvent him, and hinder him from advancing further. Sleeping, too, he saw the hinder parts of his favourite Asturian pony turned into an ape's face, his head alone preserving the natural form, and neighing musical sounds.* From the mausoleum of Augustus, the doors of which flew open, a voice was heard, summoning him by name. His own household gods, decorated for a sacrifice on the kalends of January, fell from their positions in the midst of the ceremony. He presented to Sporus, who was entering on his official functions, a ring enclosing a gem, on

* To those, who weigh attentively all the circumstances of Nero's life, this dream will appear to be probably the bitterest irony ever invented by the imps of hell, wherewith to punish accumulated guilt. I have no doubt that Nero saw it.

which was sculptured '*the rape of Proserpine.*' As he was numbering the public votes, at a crowded assembly of the state functionaries, the keys of the Capitol were with difficulty found; and as a public recital was made in the senate of a portion of a speech he had delivered, inveighing against Vindex, which had professions to this import: '*I will see that the criminals shall suffer condign punishment;*' '*Thou shalt see it,*' was the universal cry, '*O Emperor!*' It was remarked also, that the last play in which he acted, was the *Œdipus in exile*, and that his voice faltered at this line:

> 'My wife, my mother, and my father, all,
> Do press me forward to my fatal fall.'

As he was at dinner, he received letters reporting the rebellion of the other imperial armies; which, when he received, he tore them to pieces, and smashed on the floor two cups, to which he attached particular value, which he called his '*Homerics,*' from their having been embossed with subjects from Homer's poems. He then ordered Locusta to bring him poison; and having put it in a box of gold, he hurried to the Servilian Gardens. There he despatched the most faithful of his attendants to Ostia, with directions to equip the fleet,

and plan a scheme of escape with the tribunes and centurions of the prætorian guard. But several of these turning their backs upon him; several openly denouncing him; and one among them repeating the Virgilian hemistich:

'Is then our final end so sad a thing?'

Nero's mind was torn by doubts and uncertainties. One moment he thought of throwing himself at the feet of Galba and the Parthians; one moment, of addressing the public in mourning, and as piteously as possible, begging pardon for his past offences, from the rostra; flattering himself at the same time, that if he could make no satisfactory impression on their minds, he might at least get off with a præfecture in Egypt. Some time after, a speech was found in his writing desk, drawn up to the above import; but it was generally thought, that he was deterred from its delivery by the fear of being torn to pieces by the populace, before he could reach the Forum. Having postponed his determination to the following day, he leaped suddenly from his bed, about midnight, as soon as he had understood that the imperial guard had removed from their stations; to inquire into the particulars of which, he gave commissions to his friends. But since none of them returned,

he, accompanied by a small retinue, knocked at the dwellings of each of them—all the doors were closed against him—no one gave him an answer. He returned to his dormitory, which his chamberlains had quitted, having removed his bed-furniture, and the box of poison. Immediately he earnestly asks for the gladiator Spiculus, or any assassin, by whose hand he might die; and no one presenting himself to his entreaties, he cried, '*Have I then no friend, no enemy?*' And he darted headlong forward, as if determined to throw himself into the Tiber. Nevertheless he recovered himself from that impulse, and looked around for some sequestered retreat, wherein he might recruit his spirits. His freedman Phaon offered him the use of his suburban villa, which stood between the Salarian and Nomentan ways, about the fourth mile-stone from the city. As his feet were naked, and as he had only his under-garment, he threw round his body a cloak of a dull colour; and having covered his head, and holding a handkerchief before his eyes, he sprung on his horse, accompanied only by four followers, among whom was Sporus. An earthquake, with thunder and lightning, happened at the time of his departure, which scared Nero, who heard from the neighbouring camp the clamours of the soldiers, portending dire events to himself, and prosperity to Galba. He met also some travellers on the road; of whom one

said, '*These are going in pursuit of Nero;*' another, '*I say, is there any thing known in town about Nero?*' It happened that his horse started at the scent of a putrefying carcase in the road; and as he uncovered his face, he was recognised, and bowed to, by an aide-de-camp of the prætorian guard. The party, on arriving at a bye-path, dismounted their horses, among shrubs and brambles; and Nero contrived, but with difficulty, to gain the back entrance of the villa, only by making a path for his feet with his cloak. There Phaon endeavoured to persuade him to take refuge in a cave, formed by excavated sand; which suggestion he refused, saying, '*I will not enter the earth alive.*' He then paused awhile, to give time to his attendants to effect for him a passage to the villa unobserved. He thirsted; and wishing to drink, he drew with his hand the water of a neighbouring drain, exclaiming the while, '*Behold the sherbet of Nero!*' As his robe was torn to pieces by the brambles, he levelled the mounds that obstructed his progress; his horse was led through the entrance of the cavern, to a neighbouring recess, while he threw himself on a mattress, stuffed with old straw, having at its head a small pillow. Presently, feeling the pangs of hunger and thirst, some one offered him brown bread, which he rejected with disdain; he drank, nevertheless, a little warm water. Then each of his companions used

all their endeavours to persuade him to emancipate himself, as soon as possible, from his impending disgrace; and yielding to their solicitations, he ordered his grave to be excavated in his presence, having given the measure of his own body; also to procure, if possible, any fragments of marble that might be at hand; water also, and wood for his funeral pile; shedding tears as he uttered each of the directions, and exclaiming at the same time, '*What an artisan do I perish!*' In this interval, he darted at and seized despatches brought by one of Phaon's couriers, and he read therein, '*that he had been judged by the senate an enemy of the state; that he was sought for, and that he was condemned to suffer the punishment decreed by ancient laws.*' He asked of what nature was that punishment; and on being informed that he was to be stripped naked, and have his neck inserted in the stocks, and be flogged to death; panic-struck, he seized two daggers, which he had brought with him, and having run his finger along the blade of each, he sheathed them again, saying, '*My fatal hour is not yet come!*' One moment, he would beseech Sporus to lament and weep; another, he would entreat some one to encourage him to suicide, by first setting the example. The next minute he would reproach his own cowardice, exclaiming, in Greek, '*My life is despicable—it becometh thee not, Nero; it be-*

cometh thee not. Thou oughtest to wake in this dilemma. Come, come, come, bestir thyself!' And now a troop of cavalry drew nigh, who had received orders to bring him back alive; as soon as he noticed their approach, he cried with faltering voice, in the Grecian language:

'The sound of pacing steeds assaults my ears;'

and he applied the point of the sword to his throat, Epaphroditus, his master of requests, pushing at the hilt. A centurion rushed in, and found him gasping; he applied his cloak to the wound, pretending to help him. Nero could only say, '*You've shown fidelity—but late.*' And with these words he breathed his last; his eyes so sternly staring, so starting from their sockets, as to paralyse with fear and horror all the by-standers."

THE ALSIAN FESTIVALS

Were to Rome what Greenwich fair is to London. In the correspondence of Marcus Aurelius and his tutor, the stoic Fronto, lately given to the literary world by Angelo Majo, I find two or three entertaining letters, descriptive of the fair. "Can I," says Fronto to his imperial pupil, "be ignorant, that for four whole days you have given way to sport and relaxation of mind at

Alsium? I doubt not that you have gone so well provided for the enjoyment of the fair at your marine villa, but that you should take a nap at midday; but that you should summon Niger to bring books to you; and that as soon as you feel an inclination for reading, you would polish your mind with Plautus, replenish it with Accius, console it with Lucretius, and inflame it with Ennius. That if he brought you Cicero's speeches, you would listen to them; that you would now and then ramble on the retired beach, and even among the splashy marshes; that you would occasionally embark on a water-party, or listen, on a fine day, to the clamour of the boatswains and rowers; that you would then promote a powerful perspiration at the baths; and that you would then celebrate a right royal banquet. ..... Tell me then, I beg, my good Marcus, did you go to Alsium to hold a fast? ..... Where is the bow that is always strung? The garden always turned up by the spade, wants manure; without it, it will no longer produce herbs and vegetables. The soil, to be productive, must sometimes lie fallow. How did your ancestors act, whose energies, profiting by occasional relaxation, augmented the resources of Rome? Your great grandfather Trajan, a distinguished warrior, now and then delighted in plays; he was, moreover, a tolerably hard drinker; and yet, through his prowess, he gave occasion to the Roman

people to drink to his health, at the celebration of his triumphs. We know too, that your grandfather Hadrian, a shrewd and learned man, not merely desirous of ruling, but of perambulating the world, was much devoted both to vocal and instrumental music. He delighted also in excellent cheer. Your own father, so conspicuous for his modesty, temperance, and piety, occasionally visited the wrestlers exercising; he angled now and then; and had buffoons to amuse him. Not to mention Caius Cæsar, the determined enemy of Cleopatra, or Augustus, Livia's husband, can you imagine that Romulus, when he killed so many in close combat, and dedicated his spoils to Jupiter Feretrius, prepared himself for these exploits by a rigorous fast? By Jove, my friend, I cannot think that any one fasting ran away with the Sabine lasses. I say nothing of our venerable Numa, who passed a great part of his life in supervising profane sacrifices, in arranging dinners and suppers, and in establishing fairs..... What think you of your own Chrysippus, who made himself a borachio daily? And we may infer from the symposia, dialogues, and epistles of Socrates, that he was a knowing and facetious mortal. You have, then, waged an eternal war against pleasure and relaxation of all kinds. Be it so. But at least do not deprive yourself of necessary rest. ..... Do let sleep mark the limits of night from day; do take this

my advice, whether you be inclined to treat it lightly or otherwise. I will now amuse you with an allegory, illustrative of this; and with the same gravity wherewith I penned the praises of Smoke and Dust. Why should I not devote the same enthusiasm to praising Sleep? I beg you to imagine two illustrious beings, Vesper and Lucifer, marking out each his respective limits, and that Sleep proposes to be the umpire; both the disputants saying, that they are wronged by his interference. According to tradition, Jupiter, when he created the world, and all that therein is, clave Time with one blow into two equal parts; and one of these he invested with light, the other with darkness; consigning business to the first, and repose to the latter. Sleep was not yet born; no mortals then closed their eyes; instead of sleeping, they only rested. By degrees, the ever restless spirits of men devoted equally day and night to toil, but no stated time to repose. Soon after, it is said that Jove, when he had observed that quarrels and recognizances ceased at night, and that night itself put a stop, as yet, however, ill-defined, to human activity, came to the determination of naming one of his two brothers superintendant of night, and the time devoted to repose. Neptune, when summoned, objected his many and heavy maritime concerns, and that if called away by other duties, the waves would overwhelm the whole

earth with its mountains; the winds let loose, would extirpate the crops and woods, and would shake all nature to her foundations. Old Pluto pleaded, that he had difficulties enough in keeping close and secure his infernal mansions; that Acheron was not easily banked up with separating dikes, from the Stygian pool and marshes; that it was necessary for him to watch Cerberus, whose business it was to keep those ghosts at bay that might wish to regain the upper regions, with his triple gaping jaws, and triple rows of fangs. Jupiter having put the question of the presidency to the other deities, remarked, that the trouble of watching more or less repays itself; that Juno, for the most part, was busied by night with women in labour; that Minerva, the patroness of the arts and artists, was generally disposed to be vigilant; that Mars often changed the scenes of violence and treachery by night; and that Venus and Bacchus specially patronised those who were night-watchers. After further counsel, Jupiter determines on creating Sleep; he enrols him among the host of heaven, assigns to him the supremacy over night and repose, and consigns to him the keys of the eyes. Jupiter also tempered with his own hands the juices of various herbs, wherewith Sleep should lull the hearts of mankind. The herbs of security and of pleasure were gathered from the celestial gardens; but from the gar-

dens of Acheron the herb of death was plucked. From this he distilled a small drop, mixing it with the others, about as much in quantity as the tear that falls from a hypocrite's eye. 'Sprinkle this,' he said, 'over the eyelids of men; all who have had their eyelids moistened therewith, will fall down, and remain immoveable; but never fear, for they will still live, and presently rise, when they shall have awaked.' Jupiter, moreover, affixed wings to Sleep, not like the ankle-pinions of Mercury, but braced, like those of Cupid, to the shoulder. 'You have no business,' cried he to Sleep, 'to rush upon the human eyelids with the noise of a troop of horse, or with the frequent flappings of a pigeon's wings; but you ought to glide smoothly, and win thereto your noiseless way, after the manner of swallows.' Moreover, to the intent that Sleep should be sweeter to man, he provides that pleasant dreams should be frequently his companions; so that one should see in imagination what pleases him most—that the applauder should face the dreaming actor, the dreaming flute-player, and the driving charioteer; that military men should conquer in their visions, and generals triumph in theirs; and that dreams should restore travellers to their homes. And for the most part these dreams are foretokens of the truth.—I am, therefore, of opinion, my dear Marcus, if you have any need of dreams of this

nature, that you will court Sleep, at least for so long as may be necessary for you to realize, when awake, your nocturnal visions."

The above is the best and the least mutilated of the letters that passed between Fronto and his illustrious pupil, on the subject of the Alsian Festivals.

As the motto which I adopted for directing my excursions round Rome was, *Juvat ire locis quà rara priorum orbita*, I selected a fine day in the summer of 1823 for a visit to Ardea, exactly twenty miles in a south-western direction from the city walls, and about four from the sea. Of all the more ancient cities, it preserves more perfectly than any other, the fortifications of its acropolis, which surround a volcanic rock, cut expressly to make it isolated. But these walls of the citadel are the only objects that Ardea now presents to the antiquarian. As near as I can conjecture, they may describe, no where rising higher than twenty feet, an irregular circumference of a short mile. Two or three cottages, in a deplorable state of dilapidation, and a small church dedicated to St. Peter, stand within the precinct of the citadel. In vain I searched for the remains of the Temple of Juno mentioned by Pliny, and

wherein were celebrated paintings by Ludius, a Roman artist. History, nevertheless, furnishes some records of the ancient capital of Turnus. Virgil attributes its foundation to Danaë, the daughter of Acrisius of Mycenæ. Pliny and Solinus coincide in opinion with the poet. But Dionysius of Halicarnassus says that it was founded by, and derived its name from, Ardea, one of the three sons of Ulysses by Circè. Ovid, in the play of his fancy, consigns the city to the flames, after its capture by Æneas; and makes a heron, phœnix-like, spring from its ashes. It sustained two wars against the Trojans, in the last of which, according to Dionysius, Æneas met his fate. From a very early epoch, it must have been of considerable importance, for before the days of Tarquinius Superbus, the Ardeatines, conjointly with the Zacynthians, founded Saguntum. The inhabitants formed a league with several other Latian cities to re-establish the Tarquins. Subsequently, Camillus retired hither in voluntary exile. In a successive century we discover from Livy, that the old Rutulian capital was not quite so tractable as the Consuls hoped to find it; for it persisted, with several other cities, to refuse its quota of troops and money to the metropolis; and its obstinacy could only be subdued by the all-eloquent argument of force. The Emperor Hadrian endeavoured to revive its splendour. In the ninth and tenth cen-

turies it suffered total ruin from the incursions of the Saracens; and such has been its condition to this day. But Ardea, to compensate its unwholesomeness, is rich in historical and poetical reminiscences. A young woman, tolerably well dressed for so wretched a place, was sitting before her cottage door, busied with the distaff, of probably no better shape than what was handled by the virtuous wife of Collatinus. The flap of my coat happened to strike the distaff, as I brushed by in a hurry, and nearly upset it. Immediately the fine features of the spinster were suffused with a colour which almost made her appear worthy of being descended in a right line from that Lucretia, the disregard of whose blush by Tarquinius, twenty-three centuries ago, changed the whole face of the government of Rome. Probably within twenty paces of her humble dwelling, arose that fatal discourse on the merits of their wives between Tarquin and Collatinus: "*Non verbis opus est; paucis id quidem horis possumus scire quantum cæteris præstet Lucretia mea.*" This signal for the establishment of the consular government was made then within a few yards from the spot where I stood; and the recollection of that important revolution was heightened by the accident of my coat nearly upsetting a distaff, and causing momentary blush to suffuse the cheeks of an Ardeatine Lucretia of Anno Domini 1823.

But Collatia, the scene of Tarquin's ravishing strides towards his design, was situated near the Anio, not far from the arches of the *Aqua Alexandrina*, and about the eighth mile-stone from the city, and not far from the ancient Gabii.

The Virgilian Muse too has shed an eternal interest round the environs of Ardea; and I passed a sultry two hours in rambling among the ilex coppices, now frequented by wild boars and buffaloes, with my old school-fellows, Nisus and Euryalus; never to be forgotten by those who have been introduced to their acquaintance in an episode, surpassing, *for the manner in which it is told*, all those of the Iliad. In vain I searched for some solitary apple-tree, a chance survivor of the "apple-bearing grove of Anna Perenna." Yet I followed the rough banks of the thrifty Numicius, into which that Ardeatine Ophelia precipitated herself. How magical is the power of genius! Most of the places to which Virgil has set his seal, retain to this hour their ancient names; and conspicuous among them is the antiquated capital of Turnus:

——— locus Ardea quondam
Dictus avis, et nunc magnum manet Ardea nomen.

THE MALARIA

Seldom attacks persons at Rome who have passed their fiftieth year, or thereabouts. The first impulse is less to be dreaded than the succeeding. I had agreed to make with a friend a pilgrimage to Corese, the ancient Cures, in the Sabine mountains, and nineteen miles from Rome, out of respect to the memory of Numa Pompilius, who was born there; but the fever struck me on the evening before our concerted journey. The pain at first was moderate; and I was clear of it after keeping my bed for a fortnight. I went to Sienna, celebrated for the purity of its air, where I naturally anticipated a speedy recovery of my strength. After a ten days' residence there, I did not gain ground; and I resolved on returning to Florence, with the view of being within the range of good medical advice. I had scarcely reached Poggibonzi, when I was attacked by violent vomitings, and the fever returned with tenfold violence. I kept my bed from the beginning of August to the middle of November, 1832. Severe was the suffering; but the worst symptoms were a certain constringing agony in the region of the heart, in comparison

of which the alternate successions of hot and cold fits, and the phantasmagoria of visions, out-doing the monsters developed by the gasmicroscope, were nothing. I owe my attack to the ancient Veii. *Veios migrate Quirites, non ego rursus.* The modern *Isolu Farnese*, a collection of two or three farm houses, exactly ten miles from the Porta del Popolo, stands on the ancient citadel; where I saw a very deep and capacious well, with an extraordinary echo, and one or two frusta of columns. I traced in part the ancient walls, which, as I was informed, were seven miles in circuit. I found only one object of great interest, and that is an emissary of the river Cremera, of Fabian celebrity, cut through a small hill for about two hundred yards. It is now called *il Ponte Sodo.* Of great antiquity is this work, attributed by Nibby to the Etrurian Veientes. Here the chill air entered my open pores; and I was attacked by repetitions of the fever at Naples, again at Rome in 1833, at Monterosi, at Foligno, at Parma, and at Milan; neither could I eradicate completely the disease till my lungs inhaled the Alpine air. For this horrible malady I am indebted to Virgil; for having been desirous of procuring the most probable likeness of the first of the Latin poets, it took a longer time than I imagined to study the busts preserved in the Campidoglio and Vatican; and so I loitered in Rome much longer than

I otherwise should. The malaria may be said to be the scourge of a full half of the Italian peninsula. It rages more or less in all the lower parts of the Tuscan and Calabrese Appennines. In Mantua it is very bad; and even the valleys near the reputed healthy Sienna are not exempt from the scourge. In short, the poisonous atmosphere is so general in Italy, that none but such sites as Vallombrosa can be said to be wholly free from its malignity. The cause of it baffles apparently all research. That it has existed time immemorial in the environs of Rome, we may collect not only from Livy, but from Horace, who satirizes a glutton indulging in delicacies at Nasidienus's supper, in the intervals of his hot and cold fits. In the correspondence too of Marcus Aurelius with his tutor Fronto, lately given to the world by Angelo Majo, the malaria fever is occasionally mentioned. In a clever article of one of the late Edinburgh Reviews, the cause of malaria is traced to a certain herb common in the marshes; but the conclusions that have been made are as yet only hypothetical. The poisonous effluvia seems to lie in certain strata of air, which are more or less elevated according to local circumstances. One would naturally think that the lowest spots are the most noxious; but this is by no means always the case. No less than two thousand four hundred persons were laid up by the fever, when I was at Rome in 1832.

TOWARDS the end of June, 1832, armed with a handkerchief well drenched with *vinaigre aux quatre voleurs*, I hired a boat near the Ponte Sisto, and descended the river to visit the Cloaca Maxima, the proudest work of Tarquinius Priscus, and the most perfect of the oldest class of the Roman antiquities. The arch where the Cloaca disembogues into the Tiber, is, however, generally attributed to Tarquinius Superbus. Pliny has by no means exaggerated its dimensions, when he says that a waggon loaded with hay might easily pass under it. The blocks of stone that serve for the support of the vaults, are five feet each in length, and three in thickness; and placed one on each other, without any cement. The water at the entrance is pretty deep, with a bottom horribly black with the accumulated filth of twenty-three centuries. The evening was exceedingly brilliant, and there was an indescribable glossy and unhealthy transparency in the air. A precipitous bank, facing the palace formerly occupied by Donna Olympia, was covered with the red skeletons of newly-slain horses. *Grace au vinaigre des quatre voleurs*, I penetrated for about twenty yards this interesting Cloaca, impatient enough, all the while, to

emancipate myself from the favourite haunts of Juvenal's eel.

AMONG my ramblings in Rome, I was not altogether so taken up with her pagan antiquities, her statues, and paintings, as to omit some minor recollections which she still preserves of the middle ages. An interesting object is furnished by an inn, now of small note, but which, in the time of the crusades, possessed at Rome the same consideration that the great hotels of the *Piazza di Spagna* claim in our days. This inn is called *i Orsi*. You have it to your left, as you descend that street which leads directly from the *Porta del Popolo* to the *Ponte Sant' Angelo*, from which it may be distant a quarter of a mile. It is the oldest inn in Europe, and I have passed it at least twenty times. The exterior presents nothing remarkable; but the stable, though low, is capacious; and if I might judge from the accumulated and hard-cemented dirt on the walls, blackened with the lamp-smoke of centuries, has not altered the form it originally had. I could not help entering it with a sort of religious emotion; for here, perhaps, the squires and retinue of Saint Louis found their quarters in their way to the Holy Land; here,

too, the stud of our Richard Cœur-de-Lion may have champed their hay and oats; here, haply, his knights-companions, and several Templars, warmed their blood with old Sabine, before measuring their swords with Sultan Saladin. Here hundreds of pilgrims were housed, who resorted to Rome to obtain that benediction which they deemed necessary to their eternal welfare. Here, perchance, the messengers of our Becket, or our Wolsey, and of that host of Catholic dignitaries, sent by Rome to Catholic England, reposed after their long fatigues. It is still an inn of some consequence, in a subordinate way; and frequented by many *condottieri*, who bait in its antiquated stable from twenty to thirty horses.

My mornings at Rome were generally devoted to the study and analysis of the Catholic doctrines, aided by the ecclesiastical labours of the Abbè de la Mennais. After dinner, the calash was put in requisition; and I doubt not that the Roman horses were not sorry at my departure, pleading guilty, as I do, to having expressed some streams of sweat from their hides. Winckelmann, Carlo Fea, Vasi, and Nibby, furnished my intellectual supper.

Dr. Kitchener, whose name tallied with the object of his lucubrations, has thrown a certain refinement over the kitchen, and its appurtenances; though men of study and thought, would generally let kitchens take care of themselves, could they once discover the secret of making those intractable elements of our nature, *palate* and *stomach*, pull in harmony together. The miseries resulting from their quarrels, resound from pole to pole. Partly to mitigate their discordant propensities, and partly for amusement, I devoted. some subsecive minutes to the study of the Roman kitchen. My dining-room in the summer, was a trellis-work formed by the branches of a mulberry tree, behind an inn, titled *La Lepre*, in the *Via Condotti*, if I rightly remember. The splendid water of the *Trinità* fountain, gurgling through two spouts, kept perpetually full two stone cisterns. When the thermometer ranged between 75° and 85°, I held it no bad thing to bury for half an hour, a bottle of Orvieto wine in one of the cisterns; which sparkles like Champagne, but will not keep good beyond a few months. I held that chicken or mutton broth, sprinkled with a tea-spoonful of scraped Parmesan, was a good foundation for a three o'clock dinner; and kept those wayward porters of the vestibule of life, *Palate* and *Stomach*, on good terms, at least for a while. I was, however, forced to beg a truce of the latter, for the admission of a small

cold lobster, from Ostia, with lettuce, slightly sprinkled with vinegar. Both were in good humour enough, with a red mullet or two, but not so large as what I had eaten some years before at Taormina, in Sicily; also with fresh anchovies, with green Lucca oil for sauce, from Gorgona, round which isle they attain a large size. *Stomach*, who always had a high idea of the skill and efficacy of Dr. Lent, proscribed peremptorily the acid Orvieto; and I was forced to compound for his admission, tax-free, of a small pint of honest and soft Gensano, which may be got very good for three-pence the bottle. I could never sign a treaty with him, in favour of the wild-boar cutlets, with grape sauce; nor of the Italian cream, seasoned with lemon, and which you may cut like cheese; nor of the diabred cake, insulated by a rich yellow custard, set off with split almonds. Cold fowl and lettuce entered the custom-house tax-free, as did a small morsel of Parmesan, the sovereign of cheeses; which I have eaten better at Lodi, than any where else; stringing, when broken, like combs of virgin honey. And this was the conclusion of the fare at *La Lepre*. Of the wines, Montepulciano, though good, has been too highly praised by Redi; it yields the palm to Montefiascone, in the apprehension of most foreign palates. The vegetables are, for the most part, excellent at Rome, especially the fennel, *finocchio*. The lettuces, with less

care in the culture, are more succulent than our own; the potatoes are small, waxy, and very inferior to the English. No where is broccoli eaten in greater perfection; boiled, and served up cold, with a sprinkling of vinegar, it makes a good sallad. But the most enviable vegetable at Rome, and the most wholesome, is the artichoke: it is known to give strength. I have walked through whole fields of them, cultivated with no more care than our turnips; they rise about three feet high, and have a glaucous, bristly aspect, very striking to a northern eye. The cauliflowers are much finer to the look than our own; but, I think, of inferior flavour. Of the fruits, the melons are excellent, especially the great *water*, not less wholesome than agreeable; they are sold in slices throughout the city, with their fine pink pulp, studded with bean-like seeds, and sparkling like diamonds; but I have eaten better in the south of Russia. Of the grapes, I will only notice the *pizzoutello*, remarkable for their irregular shape. The peaches, apricots, and nectarines, are inferior to our own, owing to the little attention paid to their culture; they are often wasp-eaten before they are ripe. The vegetables that delight in a mild and rather humid climate, such as the turnip, carrot, parsnip, and asparagus, are not comparable in flavour or size to the British: the same may be said of the raspberries, strawberries, and currants; the latter are

scarcely ever seen on the Roman tables. There is a pear of good flavour; but the apples, though fine to the eye, are spiritless, and often mealy. Cucumbers are but little esteemed; and I have seen them given to cattle. The knowledge of the dairy, and its appurtenances, has made progress of late years at Rome; there is a very large dairy concern, near the bridge of Narses, on the Anio. The pastures are naturally good, especially about the Anio, and in the Pontine marshes; but it is hard to get what would be called in England, good palatable butter.—Good or bad, about the middle of the last century, could not be procured at any price. The viands are pretty good, especially the pork from Spoleto, fed on chesnuts and acorns. But the ignorance of the art of roasting is remarkable at Rome. I remember eating, at Sir William Drummond's, some years ago, nevertheless, a leg of mutton, from the mountains above Tivoli, as well-flavoured as the best of our own. The pigeons are double the size of the English, and better flavoured. The hare and partridge are comparatively insipid; but the wild-fowl are innumerable, and excellent. I have seen them by thousands, darkening the air, in the Pontine marshes; where they arrive towards November, and disappear, in their migrations northward, about the vernal equinox. Such is the result of my demi-Apician and Vitellian researches, during my three visits to the

venerable nurse of the seven hills. At Paris, I occasionally devoted a few hours to culinary accomplishments; and remember to have procured a civil bow, the year that Napoleon returned from Elba, from Monsieur Beauvilliers, who united to a high seasoned knowledge of cookery, the manners of a gentleman, by exclaiming, "*Il n'y a q'un Paris, et un Beauvilliers.*"

In the spring of 1832, I visited the monastery of Assisi. As it lies out of the high road from Perugia to Rome, it is not often resorted to by travellers. You approach it by a continued ascent of about a mile and a half. I entered, with some veneration, the portal of this sacred edifice, built by the founder of the Franciscan order. Most singular is its architecture, having three churches, built one above the other. It has also a terrace of great solidity, which commands an enchanting view of the Appennines, towards Perugia. In one of these churches, they shewed me the portraits of eight pontiffs, of whom this monastery was the nurse. They preserve here too, in a splendid shrine, the body of St. Francis, of Assisi, before which so many thousand pilgrims, for at least six centuries, have fallen on their knees. Within the last century, a full twenty thousand,

on certain years, have flocked, to venerate the reliques of St. Francis; but this number has been vastly diminished, since the first explosion of the French Revolution. I found in the kitchen of the monastery, which was spacious, and tolerably stocked with culinary utensils, a compatriot, who had served under Abercrombie in Egypt. He appeared not only reconciled to, but cheerful under the cowl. Most interesting is the large chapel beyond the three churches, now abandoned. The walls are completely covered with frescoes, by Giotto and Cimabue, the restorers of painting in Italy. For some years, unfortunately, they have been irretrievably ruined by damp; but two or three heads, by Cimabue, preserve yet an astonishing freshness, considering they have been painted at least six centuries. The neglect of this chapel, one of the most interesting in Italy, is certainly a disgrace to the tenants of the monastery; for a brazier, lighted about a hundred days every year, would have warded off the damp from those precious efforts of infant art. Contiguous to the monastery, and standing nobly in front of a well-paved market-place, rises the Corinthian portico of the old Roman temple of Minerva; of which Palladio, who visited Assisi, has given the plan and measurement. The portico is in higher preservation than that of any other Roman ruin, and from its chaste style, I have little doubt of its dating about the age of Augustus. Its

cella forms the church of—I forget what saint. Palladio remarks, that it is the only temple of antiquity wherein the columns are mounted on pedestals. The effect is by no means unpleasing; and a fine evening sun set off the yellow-tinted stone of the columns in so attractive a manner, that I stood gazing at the venerable ruin for half an hour. Yet Assisi, though generally well-built, had an air of desolation about it, enhanced by the earthquake, which convulsed its environs some months before. A great church below had been much damaged; and I counted at least a dozen farms in the neighbourhood, more or less fissured by the shocks. I pursued the upper road to Spoleto, which of course presented far more imposing views than the lower; and Francis of Assisi soon made way for pagan considerations, suggested by the *Porta Hannibalis*, and the splendid aqueduct of Theodoric, which exhibits one of the earliest instances of the pointed arch in Italy.

Subsequently, I visited Cortona, built on a more precipitous rock than Assisi. The vast Cyclopian walls proclaim its remote antiquity; and one of the stones of the old walls I found to be no less than eleven feet in length, by about three in height; the breadth of course I could not ascertain. You mount by a winding ascent, and in about a mile, gain the entrance of the modern town, which is composed of pretty irregular streets, but

of lofty and well-built houses, several of which, as I heard, are stored with paintings by Pietro di Cortona, an artist, who I but little relish, being a decided mannerist. On gaining a sort of terraced walk towards the south, you command a glorious sweep of the Thrasymene lake, bounded by the circumjacent Appennines; and passing a grove of ilex and cypresses, in a sort of hollow, you gain, by a fatiguing ascent, the highest point of the old acropolis; the view commanded by which, he that has once seen can never forget. I prefer it on the whole, to the landscape from Vallombrosa. I regained the old inn late in the evening, and, aided by Micali, sat ruminating over my coffee, on the various fortune of Cortona, from the days of its founder, Tarchon, who flourished three millennia ago, to the present hour. The next morning I bade farewell to this most ancient of Etrurian cities, the *Tarchontis domus*, as it is called by Silius Italicus.

I REMEMBER well the justly-respected Chiaramonte. He occasionally walked about the city, without any ceremony. I recollect having met him, accompanied only by an ecclesiastic, a fine summer's evening, on my

return from the monument of Cæcilia Metella, wearing his plain pontifical robes, and broad-brimmed crimson silk hat. At other times, he exhibited the state adopted by most of his predecessors; and more than once have I heard the dragoon who preceded his carriage utter, in a peremptory tone, the word *scendere;* which obliged any passenger in a carriage to get out, and stand with his hat off as he passed; which I cheerfully did. A dozen well-mounted dragoons, on high-blooded horses, generally followed the pontifical carriage.

Eo tempore, ibam fortè ad Janiculum sicut meus erat mos, nescio quid meditans nugarum; and happened to notice an Ionic capital, imbedded in a ruined portion of those old walls, which flank the hill, as you go towards the *Acqua Paola.* Hard by, there lay a fragment, probably of an antique altar, an angle of which exhibited a ram's head. I was immediately struck with the coincidental appearance of this with the Ionic volute; and on my return to the *Piazza di Spagna,* I wrote a letter to the Abate Uggeri, well known for his attainments in architecture, stating my suspicion in the rams' horns having, at some period or another, furnished the first idea of the Ionic volute; and supported my belief of this, by the reflection, that among the Egyptians the heads of animals sometimes served as capitals of columns; as Denon has shown in a shaft, with a bull's

head for the capital;* also, that in the early ages of Greece, the heads of sacrificial animals were probably suspended on the architraves. I added in my letter, that it is plausible to infer that the ram's head often took place there, as well as the bull's and stag's; the skulls of which borrowed, no doubt, from this custom, were sometimes carved on the Roman Doric friezes, and sometimes on the Corinthian. Now, is it not plausible to surmise, that a ram's head accidentally suspended over a Doric abacus, may have struck the imagination of some Grecian, who had travelled perhaps in Egypt for instruction, about the time of Herodotus, and that he cradled in his brain this *fœtus* of the Ionic order, destined afterwards to be bred, and receive the finish of its education under the architects of Greece? Denon gives us an Egyptian capital, in which it is easy to trace considerable resemblance to the Ionic volute;† and he conjectures that this capital, evidently of remote antiquity, may have been the archetype of the order. Perhaps—But what furnished the origin of this capital, embellished with volutes? The ram's horns, are my answer.

The origin of the Corinthian order seems to be pretty

* Denon. Voyage en Egypte, planche lx. fig. 10.

† Denon, planche lx. fig. 3.

satisfactorily traced to the well-known anecdote of the acanthus and flower-basket. The origin of the Doric order may be referred plausibly to Egypt; for Denon found in one of the galleries of the Theban temples, a complete Doric shaft, gradually diminishing upwards; he says, "*elle resemble tellement par sa dimension, et sa cannelure, à la colonne Dorique, qu'elle peut en être l'origine.*" But the origin of the Ionic has hitherto perplexed those who have devoted their time to these inquiries. Some have whimsically imagined the volute to be an imitation of the curls that play gracefully round the temples of a young girl; others, with more probability, to the accidental curving of the bark of trees, that served as columns to the earlier temples. The Abate Uggeri, whom I visited at Rome, in his work illustrative of the three orders, has introduced a letter from one of his friends, ascribing the discovery of the volute to the usage of spreading veils in front of the Doric temples; and afterwards to the folding them in the shape of bales of cloth round the Doric capitals, to be always ready for future use at sacrifices. But I cannot acquiesce to either of the above opinions; though I do not think the accidental association of the ram's horns and Ionic volute, which struck me on the Janiculum, is entitled to the merit of a complete *Eureeka*.

An entertaining compilation might be made of all the pasquinades that have been recorded in modern Rome. These extemporary satires are no doubt of remote antiquity; and if they did not originate at Athens, found probably there the soil most congenial to their growth and propagation. We are indebted to Suetonius for several, levelled against the great personages of Rome. One of the most striking is that directed against Augustus, when he appeared at a masquerade, himself as Apollo, and his courtiers as the eleven other major deities. But it is too sublime for this species of satire.

Cùm primùm istorum conduxit mensa choragum,
  Sexque Deos vidit Mallia, sexque Deas;
Impia dum Phœbi Cæsar mendacia ludit,
  Dum nova Divorum cœnat adulteria;
Omnia se à terris tunc Numina declinârunt,
  Fugit et auratos Jupiter ipse thronos.

Which I thus render:—

Soon as the guests their coryphæus chose,
Sudden six Gods, six Goddesses arose—
These Mallia saw—She witness'd the disgrace
Of Cæsar aping Phœbus' form and face;

And introducing at his supper-tables,
The Gods' adulteries in poets' fables;
Which when the Gods beheld, their heads they turn'd
Aside, and Jove himself that banquet spurn'd,
Which, rivalling his own, with golden splendour
burn'd.

LECTORI BENEVOLO.

M. B.

HANC inscriptionem inveni, cùm essem Romæ, sub initio anni M DCCC XXXII, affixam ædibus quibusdam rusticis, in vineâ Altierianâ. Verisimile est illam fuisse scriptam in aliquo sæculi decimi sexti anno, ad risum promovendum inter amicos patroni villæ. Utcunque sit, O Lector, strepitus quidam argutus et singularis aures tuas percellet, si illam rapidè perlegeris.—*Vale!*

Hoc in rure
Cœli rore
Fusis æquis
Physis aquis

Solum fractum
Reddit fructum
Dum cum sale
Nitri et sole
Surgunt fumi
Sparsi fimi
Istud nemus
Parvus nummus
Tenet formâ
Semper firmâ
Dum sunt ortæ
Sine arte
Vites pyra
Et poma pura
Habens lacum
Prope lucum
Ubi lupus
Non sed lepus
Sæpe ludit
Dum non lædit
Mites oves
Atque aves
Canis custos
Inter castos
Agnos feras
Mittit foras

Et est ægri
Hujus agri
Aër solus
Vera salus
Replens herbis
Vias urbis
Sulci sati
Dant pro siti
Scyphos vini
Intro veni
Vir non vanus
Extrà Venus
Vobis fures
Claudo fores
Labe lotus
Bibas lætus
Meri mare
Bacchi more
Inter uvas
Si vis ovas
Et quod cupis
Gratis capis
Tibi paro
Corde puro
Quicquid putas
A me petas

Dant hîc apes
Claras opes
Dulcis mellis
Semper mollis
Hîc in sylvæ
Umbrâ salve
Tu qui luges
Nunc si leges
Notas istas
Stans hîc æstas
Vere mista
Fronte mæstâ
Nunquam fleres
Inter flores
Si maneres
Nec manares
Inter fletus
Dum hîc flatus
Auræ spirant
Unde sperant
Mæstæ mentes
Inter montes
Inter colles
Inter calles
Et in valle
Hujus villæ

Ubi vallus
Claudit vellus
Bonum omen
Semper Amen
Etiam petræ
Dum a putre
Surgunt patre
Ita notas
Hîc vix natas
In hâc portâ
Luto partâ
Tempus ridet
Brevi rodet!

THE VILLA LANTI

Commands, I think, the most advantageous view of Rome and its environs. Three of the apartments exhibit frescoes by Giulio Romano, but considerably the worse for the lapse of three centuries. It is supposed to occupy the site of the villa of Julius Martialis, celebrated in the well-known poem of the epigrammatist; the lines

> HINC SEPTEM DOMINOS VIDERE MONTES,
> ET TOTAM LICET ÆSTIMARE ROMAM,

have been inscribed, if I remember right, in the grand saloon.

The Villa Conti, at Frascati, is one of the most agreeable for its copious waters; the palace, placed at the western angle, is, however, ill-situated, and in bad taste. I amused myself with altering, in imagination, the whole plan. Commanding, as the villa does, such fine waters, (the *Aqua Crabra*, if I mistake not, mentioned by Cicero,) with a very few thousand *scudi*, it

might become one of the most enviable retreats in the Roman environs.

The Villa Borghese was my usual walk before breakfast, during my three sojournings at Rome. Jacob Moor has been too much praised for what he has done therein; indeed, in many particulars I so differed from from him, that I tossed, in imagination, the whole plan into a different form.

The Villa Corsini, on the Janiculum, has some delightful ilex walks, set off with artificial cascades. Here, at mid-day, have I loved to quote Martial:

> Æstus serenos frangam aquarum murmure,
> Obscurus umbris arborum.

I found the Villa Madama in a deplorable state of dilapidation. It was formerly inhabited by Margaret of Austria, daughter of Charles V. Raphael was its architect; and Giulio Romano painted its portico and one of the saloons. I found the great hall occupied by a farming family, and agricultural implements.

Twice have I visited the Villa Olgiati, close to that of Borghese. It was frequented by Raphael, and his disciples. He has left here three frescoes, which I suspect he must have painted when in an idle mood.

The Villa Aldobrandini, at Frascati, has too many

concetti in cascades, and childish play of waters, to please the lovers of the true spirit of ornamental gardening. The house itself is a vast barrack-like pile, of no pretensions to pleasing architecture. Still the park, with its cold and resplendent waters poured in violence from Algidum, has sufficient capabilities for the formation of a country retreat, which, if an independent person possessed, and did not know how to enjoy for a few months in the year, he would scarcely deserve the name of civilized being. The stream, shooting down steep declivities, forms in succession two or three basins of crystalline water:

> "Quæ tam candida, tam serena lucet,
> Ut nullas ibi suspiceris undas."

Twice or thrice have I strolled in the gardens of the Villa Massimi, with a beautiful portal of caryatides, contiguous to the hospital of *San Giovanni Laterano.* It is, I think, of more pleasing architecture than any, and more habitable, not being uselessly vast. One of the saloons has been recently adorned with frescoes above mediocrity, painted by a German artist, and representing subjects from the *Inferno* of Dante. I remember near the fountain having started a lizard of great size, and very venomous. In walking round the

the gardens, beautiful, though neglected, I found it necessary to fortify the moral, by repeating the tenth commandment.

The generosity of the possessors of these villas in laying them open to strangers, deserves their gratitude. Neither did I hear at Rome of more than one exception to this liberality.

TO THE MEMORY OF

NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI,

THESE RESULTS

OF MEDITATIONS

PARTLY PURSUED IN THE GARDENS OF

THE VILLA PAMFILI-DORIA,

ARE INSCRIBED BY THEIR

AUTHOR,

HIS ADMIRER.

ANIMADVERTO IN QUAM PERICULOSUM ITER PROCESSERIM.

Val. Max. lib. iii. c. 6.

But the Villa Pamfili-doria, in spite of its unhealthiness in the autumnal months, was, of all the villas in the immediate neighbourhood of Rome, to me the most attractive; presenting, as it does, the most perfect specimen of the old Italian style of gardening existing; and a walk there brings back the visitor to the period of the sixteenth century. Copious are the waters with which it is supplied; while one side of its boundary is marked by that splendid line of aqueduct, which furnishes water to the Acqua Paola. Its excavated garden, its lofty clipped hedges, have an air of grandeur, which make the admirers of the Italian gardening hope that they will not be altered. For let the disciples of Kent and Browne say what they will, Italian gardening is the most striking, if well understood; but the misfortune is, it hardly ever was, or is; distorted as it generally is by capricious and puerile fancies. Fine, here, is the effect of the fountains spouting water at the end of two of the grander avenues. Magnificent are the groups of the umbrella-pines; and among them have I frequently strolled, while the sun distilled from their barks an exquisite perfume. Here I

often indulged in ruminations suggested by what I saw on every side around me; but chiefly by what I had lately read. I had applied philosophy to nearly every chapter of the biography of Sisto Quinto, by Gregorio Leti, an entertaining and instructive work; and which all the talented Italians, who may have the tiara in view, should not fail to study. He was incontestably the greatest of the Roman pontiffs; and though he sullied his high office with two or three acts of cruelty, yet he succeeded in making himself respected out of Catholicism; and we have all heard of the *flirtations* that passed between him and our Elizabeth. "*Un gran crevello di Principessa!*" exclaimed Sisto. "I will give my hand to none but Pope Sixtus," retorted our Queen, with quaint jocularity. Sisto, even from the time that he made himself conspicuous, was nicknamed *l'Asino della Marca;* yet this same *Asino* could kick and bite pretty severely, when provoked; proved by the treatment of the author of the pasquinade, wherein Pasquin was made to ask Marforio why he wore so dirty a shirt? "Because my washerwoman is made a princess," replied the latter, in allusion to the Pope's sister, who, when her brother tended swine, had her hands frequently in the suds. The Pope offered two thousand pistoles for the discovery of the author of this satire, with the promise that his life should be spared,

even if the pasquinade originated with the informer. "There are your two thousand pistoles," exclaimed the Pontiff to the author of the satire, who had suffered himself to be allured by the bait; "but I have reserved to myself the privilege of boring your tongue, and amputating both your hands, to prevent the recurrence of a similar offence;" which sentence was immediately carried into execution. This was vastly too cruel. Had I been in Sisto's place, I would have said to the culprit: "Since one of my titles is that of *Asino della Marca*, I will confer upon you my own mark of distinction. You shall, then, have the figure of an ass, tattooed in gunpowder on your forehead. There is your purse of pistoles, and with them your liberty, as soon as you shall have received your new mark of distinction." But in spite of this, and one or two other severities, the recollections of his pontificate can never be effaced.

Nevertheless, as I walked among these fine groups of pines, I could not help pourtraying to my imagination a pontiff *dal mio cervello*, who might eclipse, with moderate attention, Sisto himself in sterling merit. I titled him Urbano Nono, not exactly of the Barberini blood, but of blood entirely his own. I imagined him installed with due solemnity in the pontifical chair; but before I could proceed with setting in motion the new pontiff, it was necessary to imagine in the corridors of the Vatican

two or three such chests as the one bequeathed by Sisto, and which contained five millions of *scudi.* I imagined him warm in his seat, and turning in his brain the results of his reflections on the different positions of the spiritual and political states of Rome, from the pontificate of Ganganelli to, we will say, the middle of the present century. One of his first acts would be, the issue of circular letters to several of the most learned dignitaries of Italy, requiring their attendance at a council to be held in the sacristy of *San Giovanni Laterano;* and which could not complete its labours before the expiration of many months: to these he would add a certain number of other foreign and learned dignitaries, who should be the representatives of other Catholic countries; each natives of the respective countries. The matters submitted to their consideration would be of very high and delicate importance. The principal results of the labours of this council would be:

1. The total destruction of the sanctity of every individual canonized by the Vatican, from the earliest epochs to the present day; adding the sanctity subtracted from them to the Holy Trinity, the Holy Ghost, our Saviour, Saint John the Baptist, the Virgin, the twelve Apostles, and the Evangelists; and decreeing, that no church or chapel should henceforth be dedicated to any person, save one or other of the above.

2. The total annihilation of papal indulgences.

3. The gradual removal of all the bodies, relics, and shrines from churches, of persons heretofore canonized by the Vatican, and reputed by the superstitious of former times as saints.

4. The overt renunciation of all future canonization of saints by the Vatican.

But since this act might, in an indirect manner, compromise the pristine dignity of the Vatican, it would be necessary to preserve, for some of those individuals so desecrated, the title of *Venerabili;* rescinding for the future any holidays or church ceremonies in their honour. This act would be followed by another, desecrating all the churches in Rome, with the above stated important exceptions, including in the desecration the Pantheon. The Araceli should, however, remain, and preserve its name. On referring to Vasi, I find that about seventy-five churches, dedicated to obscure saints of the middle ages, would thus, by Urbano Nono, after being with due ceremonies desecrated, either reconsecrated to one or other of the above sacred persons mentioned in Art. 1. or wholly demolished; care being taken, in case of demolition, to remove the more valuable paintings and marbles. There would then remain in Rome a full seventy churches, one of which is the vastest in the world; and these

would be superabundant for treble its actual population. This act would be followed by the gradual desecration of the churches throughout Italy, dedicated to the obscure local saints, and by reconsecrating most of them either to our Saviour, to John the Baptist, to the Virgin, to the Holy Trinity, to the Holy Ghost, to one or other of the twelve Apostles, or of the four Evangelists, and to one or other of them alone.

The consequence, then, of this act of Urbano Nono, would be the total destruction of the sanctities of such individuals as Saints Prassedi, Rosa, Carlo Borromeo, &c. &c. in Italy; of Saints Hermenegildo, Teresa, &c. &c. in Spain; of Saints Remy, Louis, &c. &c. in France; of Saints George, Patrick, Thomas of Canterbury, &c. &c. in the British isles.

Some of these, nevertheless, would be inscribed, after diligent investigation, in a book of vellum finely illuminated, and to be deposited in the sacristy of *San Giovanni Laterano*, and entitled *il Libro dei Venerabili.* With this the new Council of Lateran would decree that their spiritual glory should be satisfied; abolishing all holidays, or rather idle days, hitherto devoted to their honour. The festivals, then, throughout the year, would be Sundays, the usual days at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, the days of the Virgin, and of each of the Evangelists and of the twelve Apostles. But the

Circumcision-holiday should be abolished; it referring to an usage of the Jews sufficiently gross, and the preservation of which can further no religious view whatever. The sanctified abstemiousness of Lent would remain inviolate. This effected, Urbano, through the Council of Lateran, would naturally turn his thoughts to the melioration of the religious ceremonies; and he would question the wisdom of the dark ages in preserving the ritual in Latin. He would, therefore, order the universal adoption of the church service in the language of each country: to Spain he would say, it should be in Spanish; to Portugal, in Portuguese; to Germany, in German; to France, in French; and to the British isles, in English. The reorganization of the ritual would require much attention; and all those prayers dedicated to the saints of the middle ages, should be expunged, and considered for the future in the light of literary curiosities. The above projects he has in view, postponing the carrying them into effect to a future year; he also proposes to inculcate, by a *Motu Proprio*, the abandoning of the superstitious kissing and preservation of relics, observing therein, that this usage, though probably originating from pious motives, can never further true religion; exhorting, at the same time, an increased veneration for the churches of *Santa Maria Maggiore*, of *San Pietro in Vaticano*, and more espe-

cially for *San Giovanni Laterano*, the CUNCTARUM MATER ET CAPUT ECCLESIARUM, which I never passed, without feeling a thrill of religious veneration. He would then establish simpler vestures for the priests, instead of those silken red and white gewgaws, which originated in the middle ages; he would abolish those ostrich-plume fans used at the benedictions, and which belong more to puppet-shows than to any sacred ceremony. He would prohibit soldiers from entering any church with their arms; he would place a splendid organ in the pontifical chapel to the left of the aisle of St. Peter's, and organize a finer singing choir; he would order a hundred long benches with backs to be placed in the nave of that church, the music being confined to the chapel, to prevent the echo. He would clothe the functionaries in plain black on fasts, and during Lent; while on festivals, they should be habited in plain white. He would select the altar-table of one of the minor churches, to serve, nearly at least, as a model for the decoration of the others; the table being left open on festivals, with its marble ornaments; and on fasts, and during Lent, to be covered with black cloth or velvet. That gewgaw tinsel, so common in the churches, he would *poco a poco* remove; the altars too of the desecrated saints, he would also cause to be destroyed, after the observation of an introductory ceremony. Four

tapers, in stands of silver, should be the only lights allowed in churches; and those would be placed on the altars, two on each side of the crucifix, and each emblematic of one of the four gospels. None but pictures above mediocrity should be seen in the churches. He would abolish the disgusting usage of burying in the churches; observing, in a proclamation, that though, perhaps, it originated from pious motives, nothing can be more insulting to the decency of religion than the heaping together of bodies, festering in their shrouds, in places of devotion. He would then consecrate two cemeteries, one near the *Porta Pia*, the other near the *Ponte Molle*.

Urbano Nono would next turn his thoughts to the institution of the Cardinalate on better understood principles than hitherto. He would not go so far as the Abbé de la Mennais, in wishing to assign to the Cardinals the poverty and capuchin vestures of the primitive church; but he would require that they should be men of some tried merit, without exacting an overstrained morality. The Cardinalate then, I think, he would divide into two orders: *i Cardinali à latere*, who shall be twelve in number, and all Italians: *i Cardinali esteriori*, who should be Catholic foreigners, and men of some distinction and good blood in their respective countries. The twelve first, my Urbano would thus title:

IL CARDINALE DI SAN GIOVANNI LATERANO.
DI SAN PIETRO VATICANO.
DI SANTA MARIA MAGGIORE.
DI SAN PAOLO FUORI LE MURA.
DELLA TRINITÀ DEL MONTE.
DI SANT' ANDREA DELLA VALLE.
DELL' ARACELI.
DI SAN BARTOLOMEO.
DI SAN LUCA.
DI SAN MARCO.
DI SAN MATTEO.
DI SAN MATTIAS.

I Cardinali esteriori would be arranged as follows:

IL CARDINALE DI FRANCIA.
DI SPAGNA.
DI PORTUGAL.
DELLE ISOLE BRITANNICHE.
DELL' ALEMAGNA INFERIORE.
DELL' ALEMAGNA SUPERIORE.
DELL' AMERICA SETTENTRIONALE.
DELL' AMERICA MERIDIONALE.
DELL' ORIENTE.

These should be generally natives of their respective countries; and they would be so many representatives

of Catholicism as their titles indicate. The whole college of Cardinals would then be twenty-one in number, and limited to that number. *Il Cardinale dell' Alemagna inferiore*, would be the chief of Catholicism in all the German countries south of the Danube, from its mouths to its source, and so to the limits of France, including Swisserland; *il Cardinale dell' Alemagna superiore*, would represent all the Catholics to the north of that line, including Poland, and the Catholics in northernmost Europe; *il Cardinale dell' America settentrionale* would have his limits separated from those of his coadjutor, by the isthmus of Darien; while *il Cardinale dell' Oriente* would be the chief of the few Catholics existing in Greece, the Levant, and throughout Asia and Africa. Urbano, weighing attentively the actual resources of Rome, would not give more than 8000 *scudi* per annum to each of the *Cardinali à latere;* nor more than 10,000 per annum to each of the *Cardinali esteriori;* so that the whole Cardinalate would cost the Roman exchequer 186,000 *scudi* per annum. The latter Cardinals should be required to visit, and reside in Rome, for one year at least in their lives; their additional salary is explained by the necessary expenses entailed by the journey thither. The destruction of the seventy and more churches would throw a surplus into the pontifical exchequer, their officiating priests being no longer to be supported.

The Pope this year, and the fourth of his pontificate, holds a full consistory of several indigenous and foreign dignitaries, at which are present nine of the interior, and four of the exterior Cardinals; he addresses them nearly as follows: "Before I enter, O Cardinals, on the important topics which I purpose this day to communicate to you, allow me to offer you my sincere congratulations on the already visible benefits resulting from the acts of the late Council of Lateran. The dismantling of the condemned churches is proceeding rapidly; and three of those which were decreed to be reconsecrated, already bear on their portals the names of the saints to whom they are reconsecrated. It gives me a high opinion of the improved state of the minds of the Roman people to observe, that the carrying into effect this important decree of the Council has been attended by few disagreeable consequences, notwithstanding that several contracted spirits have used their endeavours to throw as many obstacles in the way of my views of improvement as lay in their power. The general results, however, correspond with my wishes, as I trust they do with yours, O Cardinals. These measures, nevertheless, I beg you to consider as only preparatory to the important plans, which I have long meditated for the improvement of the organization of the Church establishment; and doubtless you, as well as myself, are aware that it cries loudly for reform.

"But I have to claim your earnest attention to this; which is, that you should consider merely as *tentamina* what I am about to propose, and that you should ruminate thereon at your leisure; hoping, as I do, that in four months from this day, in another consistory, you will disclose to me individually, your opinions on what I am about to develop. And first, with regard to the elective principle, as established for the appointment of the Pope.

"This principle, notwithstanding that it has obtained in the Vatican for so many centuries, I cannot help thinking very defective. How can it be otherwise, if the electors and the candidates form the same body? Say, if you will, that by means of compromises, pairings off, with all the other tribe of subterfuges, the Pope becomes appointed; still it must be obvious to every candid mind, that if the body of the candidates, which is, and always should be, in the body of the Cardinals, be not distinctly marked from that of the electors, corruption in the principle will be much more likely to ensue, than if they be distinctly divided. As a remedy for this, what I consider a defective institution, I propose to form an electoral body of the Dean and Canons of St. Peter's, united to the Dean and Canons of *San Giovanni Laterano.* In each of these churches, there will be twelve Canons and one Dean, forming, on the future demise of

any pontiff, in the sacristy of *San Giovanni Laterano*, one electoral college, and comprising, of course, in all, twenty-six members. The Dean of *San Giovanni Laterano*, for the time being, to be always the president; and in case of the votes being equal, he to have an additional vote. Since Catholicism is so widely extended, I propose also, that six of the canonries of St. Peter's, and as many of those of *San Giovanni Laterano*, be laid open to individual ecclesiastics of all nations, who may profess Catholicism. Of deans and canons, there will be no more at Rome than the above. And these two bodies once formed, will draft from the most meritorious rectors, persons to fill the vacancies in the canonries that may occur. Such are my views with regard to the primary basis of our religious policy. With regard to the subordinate, after deep reflection, I am of opinion, that no more than bishops, rectors, and curates will be necessary; and that these, if they perform their functions with tolerable attention, will be amply sufficient. You know that I am called Bishop of Rome; if you create an archbishop, you place a person over *me*. The word *bishop* is authorised by the New Testament; but you will never find therein the words, *archbishop*, *prebend*, and all those supernumeraries invented by the Church, more for the furtherance of its temporal than spiritual interests. I beg you to consider deeply what I have

here proposed; and to state, at your next convocation, your sentiments thereupon; that I may be able to take the optimism from the aggregate of your opinions, and submit them to the Council of Lateran, which you know is still sitting. Seeing the weight of responsibility which must, God knows, press heavily on the shoulders of whosoever fills the papal chair, I have also to propose to your consideration, the expediency of vesting in the Dean and Canons of St. Peter's, and in those of *San Giovanni Laterano*, forming from time to time an aggregate body, the power of animadverting on any scandalous conduct that may occur in any individual attached to the Church. Let us suppose that Cardinal X. disgraces himself by having frequently high play at his house, or any other debauchery; he should receive a monitory letter from the convocation; and in case of his conduct not being altered, he will receive, but not too quickly, a second; that being unattended to, he will receive a third, and with it an order from the reigning pontiff for his being unfrocked. The ceremony for which should be, his receiving from the Vatican his cardinal's hat torn to pieces. Such is the view I take of this my proposed institution; care being taken to interdict, by the articles of its institutes, a prying inquisition into private affairs. I beg you to devote all possible attention to what I now submit to your consideration." He bows to the assembly, and it disperses.

The result of the opinions of the convocation assembled on the appointed day, tallies very nearly with the sentiments of the Pontiff; it is submitted to, and confirmed by the Council of Lateran, which concludes its labours after thirty-three sessions, held, at irregular intervals, during four years. At the breaking up of the Council, Urbano is presented, by three of the senior members, with the following new decree relative to the churches.

ABSTRACT OF THE DECREE OF THE COUNCIL OF LATERAN, RELATIVE TO THE CHURCHES.

CHURCHES TO REMAIN INVIOLATE.

SAN PIETRO IN VATICANO.

SAN GIOVANNI LATERANO.

SANTA MARIA MAGGIORE.

SAN PAOLO FUORI LE MURA.

SANT' ANDREA DELLA VALLE.

DEI SANTI APOSTOLI.

D'ARACELI.

SAN BARTOLOMEO DELL' ISOLA.

DELLO SPIRITO SANTO.

DI SAN GIOVANNI DECOLLATO.

DI SAN LUCA.

DI SAN MARCO.

DI SANTA MARIA DEI ANGELI.

DI SANTA MARIA AD MARTYRES.

DI SANTA MARIA DELLA CONSOLAZIONE.

DI SANTA MARIA DEI MIRACOLI.

DI SANTA MARIA DE MONTESANTO.

DI SANTA MARIA DELLA PACE.

DI SANTA MARIA DEL POPOLO.

DI SANTA MARIA IN TRASTEVERE.

DI SANTA MARIA DELLA VITTORIA.

DI SAN PAOLO ALLE TRE FONTANE.

DI SAN PIETRO IN CARCERE.

DI SAN PIETRO IN MONTORIO.

DEL SANTO SALVATORE.

DELLA TRINITÀ.

DELLA TRINITÀ DEL MONTE.

DELLA TRINITÀ IN MONTE CITORIO.

DELLA TRINITÀ DEI PELLERINI.

With, perhaps, after further consideration, about twelve or fifteen others.

San Luigì di Francia, first to be desecrated, and then reconsecrated to *San Mattèo*. *San Lorenzo*, to be reconsecrated to *San Giovanni Battista*. *San Gregorio*, with the splendid frescoes of Guido and Domenichino, to be reconsecrated to *Sant' Andrea in Monte Celio*. *San Stefano Rotondo*, to be reconsecrated to *Lo Spirito*

Santo. With the reconsecration of about twenty others; observing the important regulation provided by Art. 1.

All the remaining churches in Rome, after being desecrated, and after being stripped of their most valuable paintings and marbles, to be rased to the ground.

Urbano, on receiving this decree of the new Council of Lateran, presented by three of the senior members, says: "I could have wished that the Council had decreed the demolition of some fifteen or twenty more of the churches; I acquiesce, nevertheless, to the judgment which the Council has displayed in this delicate and important transaction, convinced as I am, that it has acted on the safe side, influenced probably by the sentiment, that it is imprudent to give too sudden a shock to long-established opinions, grafted on religious feelings, and by the probability of a future increase in the population requiring more churches."

He next turns his attention to his own household, and supervises, as from the first days of his pontificate, his kitchen; lest, peradventure, one of those spurious mushrooms, dished up from Juvenal's to Donna Olympia's times, crown him too soon with martyrdom. He abolishes the old orders, and establishes a new, and only one, of merit; and that he calls *dello Spirito Santo;* which he divides into three classes, each being of equal value. The first he bestows on individuals of the priest-

hood, of tried merit; the second, on persons of military and diplomatic excellence; and the third, on those who shine in letters and the arts. He arranges his residences thus: from November to May, he dwells in the Vatican; from that month, to the end of June, he resides at Tivoli; and having been bequeathed some thousands of *scudi*, he purchases with his legacy the Villa d'Este, then happening to be on sale, and builds in its room a rural cottage, destroying the artificial cascades, and letting the streams flow naturally through the grounds. He admits there no statues, no pictures; nothing but a small library. He occupies Castel Gandolfo from July to the end of October. Returning to the Vatican in November, he hurls a thunderbolt of mind at the Quirinal Palace, by simply ordering a caster of bronze to form, in that metal, the following inscription: *Collegio delle Discipline Matematiche e Fisiche.* He provides, that from the subsequent year, five professors should be paid each eight hundred *scudi* annually, with the injunction that they should deliver, each, lectures on the above sciences, for at least six weeks every year. He cuts up the Quirinal into apartments for these professors, and the president, who are to be laics, and privileged to marry. He distributes also the immense range of building into rooms, capable of receiving about one hundred and fifty students. From this excellent college would emerge

several of the medical and surgical professors, destined to pursue their vocations in divers parts of Italy. The *Collegio Romano* he purposes to devote to the cultivation of ancient and modern languages, and to all the branches of the belles-lettres. The *Sapienza* he dedicates wholly to theology and moral philosophy.

Urbano would next undertake the delicate operation of desecrating the churches dedicated to the obscure saints of the middle ages; and he would commence with the Pantheon, observing shrewdly, that having been a pagan edifice, it should be restored to secular purposes. The ceremony introductory to the desecration, he orders thus: after the usual prayers, the Dean of the sacred College draws a veil over each of the altars; and Urbano, with a small pickaxe, strikes two or three gentle blows on the interstices of the pavement; also against the exterior walls. He then consigns the pickaxe to a laic mason. He uses the same ceremony in the desecration of the other churches above alluded to. This done, he gives orders to new pave the Pantheon, and to give it a new foot of Tiburtine all round the exterior. He proposes also to leave it, as soon as circumstances will permit, in the centre of a tolerably regular square; but this he scarcely hopes to live long enough to see. He also devotes the seven grand recesses to the reception of the busts of the illustrious modern Italians. He suggests,

that over the key-stone of one of the recesses, the word POETÆ be inscribed in plain bronze letters; on the second, HISTORICI ET PHILOLOGI; on the third, SCULPTORES ET ARCHITECTI; on the fourth, PHYSICI ET MATHEMATICI; on the fifth, MUSICI; on the sixth, PICTORES; while a statue of Apollo, conceived in a new attitude, should fill the greater recess opposite the entrance doors, with the busts of the nine Muses, placed on brackets, each let into the wall of the recess behind. He provides, that each of the other recesses should be fitted up with a hundred marble brackets, destined to receive the portraits of the individuals who may figure in one or other of the above-mentioned arts and sciences. He suggests also, that these need not be filled for several centuries to come; confined, as the honour would be, to men of tried and first-rate merit.

He provides, that a new statue of *Roma*, in a sitting attitude, be placed in the centre of the Rotunda, with this inscription, from Erinna's Ode, to be mosaically inserted in bronze characters on the pedestal:

ΜΟΙ ΜΟΝΑ ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΑ ΔΕΔΟΙΚΕ ΜΟΙΡΑ
ΚΥΔΟΣ ΑΡΡΗΚΤΩ ΒΑΣΙΛΗΙΟΝ ΑΡΧΑΣ
ΟΦΡΑ ΚΟΙΡΑΝΕΙΟΝ ΕΧΟΙΣΑ ΚΑΡΤΟΣ
ΑΓΕΜΟΝΕΥΩ.

The Pope, this year, loses his favourite sister, Donna Leonora Fioravanti, married to a rich proprietor of that name, in the Abruzzi. The disease that carried her off was a cancer in the womb. She was in the days of her youth, *festivissima omnium puellarum;* but swerved from the right path. For his other unmarried sister, Eugenia Benincasa, an excellent woman, he always nourished a brotherly affection—but he loved Leonora. On being informed of her death, he shuts himself up at Castel Gandolfo, living on nothing but bread, water, and a few herbs, for more than a fortnight.

Rallying by degrees his spirits, on his return to Rome, he walks in the garden of the Vatican, with the Cardinal of *Araceli*, who is suspected of being an ultra-liberal. "Now, my dear Cardinal," says the Pontiff, "can Rome enjoy more liberty than she does now, consistently with her being sole dispensatrix of the Catholic religion? You cannot have at Rome the entire and riotous liberty, or rather license, of a republic, if at the same time she is to be consistent with her sacred character. And after all, is that extreme license in human societies desirable, which has been preached with such fury, in France especially, during the last half century? Do not religion and philosophy teach us that more than half of the elements that enter into that incomprehensible composition, man, are of a restive and untractable nature? No one

is more hostile to tyranny than myself, especially if it be grafted on the hereditary principle. But the great beauty of our institutions is, that though certain ordonnances in some cases may appear savouring of constraint, still it must be remembered that they emanate from a system grafted on the elective principle, and bulwarked by respect for religion. No human institutions can unite all desiderata. In every thing that touches man, both individually and collectively, there are certain compensating balances, from the study of which it is the business of the legislator to derive the best possible result. Remember the fine remark of Machiavelli: '*In tutte le cose umane, si vede questo, chi le esaminerà bene, che non si può mai cancellare uno inconveniente, che non si surga un altro.*' Because I prohibit pernicious and free-thinking books, I am called by some a narrow-minded bigot. I will grant, for the sake of argument, that these books are beneficial to their readers, the reverse being generally the case, still were I to admit their free circulation in Rome, should I not be playing the part of a traitor to my sacred office? Low, and narrow-minded indeed should I be, were I to prohibit works that assist the sciences, the arts, and agriculture. But of what advantage do I deprive Rome, in prohibiting the sceptical, and sometimes atheistical works of Hume, Voltaire, Diderot, and others of that stamp? Twenty

years ago, when I lived for a short time at Ariccia, I devoted a fortnight to the perusal of Hume's infidel writings. What did I gain by them?—a spirit in a vague and disturbed state, unable to find in his works any pivot on which it might rest. I like to see people reading in Rome his History of England; but I should be false to my duties, were I not to do all in my power to prohibit the dissemination of works that undermine the special basis on which the Roman religion and policy repose. O the insupportable tyranny that excludes from Rome about three or four hundred books, the perusal of which, in ninety-nine minds out of a hundred, is attended by baneful effects! Always will I oppose the introduction of those works into the city. If people like to study them, let them go to other countries —*Roma la Santa* has the city been, since the days of Saint Peter; and *Roma la Santa* shall she remain." He walks with the same Cardinal, to the church of *San Salvatore,* at least seventeen centuries old, and says: "I would rather be reduced to beggary than see a stone of this venerable edifice removed. Here it was that I preached for some months; and I love the church to my soul."

A few days after, he issues an edict prohibiting, for the future, that any church whatever should afford a place of asylum from arrest to criminals guilty of heinous

offences, such as burglary, assault, and murder; but he leaves the altars of the three principal churches still open, as a refuge to those guilty only of petty larceny, and similar small misdemeanors.

He walks, one Whitsun-eve, to the Campidoglio, with the Cardinal *di San Bartolomèo*, and says to him, after casting his eyes round the hospitals of Rome, from the statue of Marcus Aurelius: "Is not Rome already over-hospitalled? All that I shall do, will be, to cause to be erected, in the environs of Tivoli, an assemblage of about a dozen cottages, whereto those afflicted with the malaria fever shall be transported; if not all, at least a considerable number." This put in train for execution, during the Christmas holidays he cracks a bottle of Xerez, brown and mellow with the age of thirty years, with the amiable Cardinal *di San Luca;* this wine, to the amount of fifty dozens, had been sent to him as a special present, from the Dean and Canons of the cathedral of Seville; and which he had just stored in the cellars of the Vatican. The Cardinal, having been bequeathed a legacy of twenty-five thousand scudi, and being now in the vale of years, tells Urbano he wishes to devote the same to the destruction of the two fountains enclosed by Bernini's colonnade, now half eaten away by the action of the waters, and covered with green weeds; with this proviso, that the Pontiff would

allow him to double the size of the two basins, give them a circular form, and place in the centre of each a rock, from which the waters should be made to gush, in a cascade of ten feet in each. He bargains also, that through the falling waters, which will be in broad and thin laminæ, these words should appear in bronze letters:

ECCE SAXUM! ECCE VIVI FONTES!

And that on each side of the two rocks should appear Carrara marble figures of the angels of the four Evangelists, two on each rock, and each pointing with his right hand to the inscription on the rocks. Urbano, on hearing the proposal, leaping from his seat, and embracing the Cardinal, exclaims: "*Tu sei il fiore di tutti i miei Cardinali; fattelo subito.*"

The Pontiff, nevertheless, is by no means ardent in spending much money in mere ornamental embellishments. Walking one morning before breakfast, with the Cardinal of *Sant' Andrea della Valle*, he observes: "Is not Rome already stifled with art? I will not throw obstacles in its way; neither will I do much to encourage it. What I want to see is a cheerful and happy peasantry, inhabiting well-ordered farms in the Apennines; and not a set of banditti in those mountains, at

present the refuse of Europe, and thinking of nothing but murder, theft, and a picture of the Madonna. My purpose is to institute triennial prizes; the first, of three hundred scudi; the second, of two hundred; and the last, of one hundred scudi; to be given, with a silver medal, to the three best agriculturists, who shall have displayed the most intelligence and neatness in rural economy. The arbiters shall be the majority of an agronomical society, which I purpose next year to organize, and which shall consist of at least twenty-one members. There is no end to mania for antiquities—Have not the monuments been engraved *usque ad nauseam?* None but a coxcomb can feel enthusiasm in contemplating many of those vile brick arches, which have no more interest than two sections of an old brick-kiln. At the same time, I will provide, as I hope will my successors, that the splendid lines of aqueducts shall be kept in occasional repair, at the expense, from time to time, of a few hundreds of *scudi.*"

He next revokes, in full consistory, the decree of Pius VII. which re-established the order of the Jesuits, taking a luminous view of the rise and progress of the order, from the date of its creation, to that of its dissolution. He observes, in the course of his speech, that the corruption and intrigues of the order had become so barefaced, as to require the interposition of every

government that had hitherto tolerated them; and that this consideration ought to have weighed with his predecessor, Pius VII. He nevertheless panegyrizes the high talents that marked several individuals of the order; observing, that education owed more to them than to any other Catholic fraternity; but that notwithstanding, so creeping and subtle was the spirit of intrigue that always influenced the order, the decree for their dissolution by Clement XIV. will always be cited by the candid, as the most glorious act of his pontificate.

In the succeeding month, he turns his attention to the military resources of the pontifical states, and comes to the determination of not supporting more of regular infantry than eight thousand, nor more of cavalry than four thousand, with a small park of artillery. He is very angry with the general-in-chief, if he finds that a considerable interval elapses without their exercising. He attends annually a grand review of all the forces quartered at and near Rome, and held near the ruins of *Fidenæ*. He goes there in his pontifical carriage; and the troops pass him with the usual ceremonies. Each battalion is composed of five hundred men, and no more. The first regiment is his favourite; of which even the ensigns and lieutenants from time to time partake of the pontifical table on fast-days. This regiment forms his body guard.

The ensuing summer, he holds two or three conferences at Castel Gandolfo, with five profound lawyers, preparatory to striking a formidable blow at the old Roman aristocracy. "It must be established on simpler principles; I do not want to extinguish it," cries Urbano. "Of all points of legislation," he continues, "the judicious organization of any aristocracy always appeared to me the most difficult. My new basis for the aristocracy, I neither take from Filangieri, nor Machiavelli; but solely from my own brain. What will furnish its *primum mobile* is the assertion of Montesquieu: '*Les familles aristocratiques doivent être peuple autant que possible. Plus une aristocratie approchera de la démocratie plus elle sera parfaite.*' Following this wise precept, I am come to the determination of exterminating all those coxcomb titles of *Principe*, *Marchese*, *Duca*, *Barone*, and *Conte*. No one shall hereafter, in the Roman states, be his landed or funded property what it may, have any other title than that of *il onorabile Signore*, and *l'onorabile Signora;* and the qualification for any individual, holding that title, shall be his or her possession of a clear annual rental from *land only*, of at least four thousand *scudi*. This *minimum* should, perhaps, every half century, be raised or lowered, according to the greater or less influx of money into Rome. A new valuation of the estates

shall be immediately made at the registry-office. All other persons, as well as the sons and daughters of the new nobles, shall be simply *Signore* and *Donna.* If any foreigner chooses to buy land in the Roman states, he may do so; but he cannot enjoy the title of *onorabile,* but by an act of naturalization, which shall not be conferred, unless the stranger shall have been possessed of the estate for the period of at least ten years, and shown himself a man of energy and respectability. It is not true that this law has a mere reference to the possession of money. For let a man be possessed of any given amount of *scudi,* vested in funds, navigation, or merely houses, he will not be noble. This rental conferring the title *onorabile* must only proceed from land, arable, or pasture, or both. My law will operate differently in relation to natives and foreigners. Peralto of Perugia is possessed of land with a *chateau* of the annual value of four thousand eight hundred *scudi.* It follows that he is *ononabile.* But John Bone, an English protestant is possessed of *quasi* the same sum from arable and pasture lands in the Apennines. If the estate be *bonâ fide* purchased, possession shall be guaranteed to him; but he cannot be a Roman *onorabile,* unless he profess the Catholic religion, and have been owner of the estate at least ten years.

"This law will operate beneficially in several ways;

it will give a spur to agricultural industry, eminently desirable for Rome, the basis of whose policy is pacific; and this mild and well-tempered aristocracy, blending on nearly equal terms with the people, will disarm envious feelings, raised as it will be on a broad basis; and at the same time guarantee that civilization of intercourse, without which human societies are no better than bear-gardens. Law has always attached, and wisely, an adscititious respectability to the more considerable landholders. This law, my own invention, has been long ruminated by me, and studied in all its bearings. By it I will either stand or fall.—Cardinal-secretary, give this the form of a *Motu Proprio*, and see that it be carried into execution the first day of the next year. I will not act in this case like a certain island in the north, keeping two chambers in a perpetual fret of discussion for five or six years, and then throwing out the law, by means of compromising conferences."

This *gran colpo di Stato* rouses a host of enemies against him, and his life hangs on a cobweb. Sensible of this, he is more than usually alert with the military, and principal functionaries. A splendid review takes place, in which each piece of artillery is answered by another from the castle of St. Angelo. He orders three picked regiments to be stationed at Castel Gandolfo,

whither he arrives himself next morning at sunrise. On ascending the hill at Albano, a pistol-shot, discharged from behind the tomb of the Horatii and Curiatii, passes through his carriage. He says to the colonel of his body guard: "They want to convince me of the folly of my law, by having recourse to the *plumbean* argument." The troops parade, morning and evening, before the terrace of Castel Gandolfo. A silence pervades the whole city. Faces, pale and yellow with concentrated ire and bile, are seen to sally forth from the portals of most of the palazzi; and mutterings to this effect are heard—*Sporcheria di Pontefice! Saranno le cose cosi? —Noi l'altissimo, Santissimo e purissimo sangue Romano, gettati come porci nel suo nuovo fango onorabile!* A villa, waving with splendid pines, and not remarkable for easy access, becomes the focus of machinations against the Pontiff. Nine of the old families swear, on the day that the new edict is to take effect, to parade in their coaches, with all their old insignia, repeatedly from the Corso to the Vatican and back. But the majority side with the Pontiff, consisting, however, chiefly of those who have little but their titles to boast of. The Pontiff is indefatigable; and patroles doubled parade the streets of the city all night. His cook reveals to his master, to whom he is much attached, that he has received a letter, promising a reward of five

thousand scudi, if he would mix a dose of *acqua tuffana* in the papal coffee; the letter is produced, traced to its author with direct and circumstantial evidence; the culprit, of the high old blood, is arraigned, condemned, and executed on a scaffold at the top of the castle of Saint Angelo, in the space of six hours; and his head, borne on a pike through the city, puts an end to all further commotion. The Pontiff, walking to and fro in the great antechamber adorned with the frescoes of the battle of Lepanto, addressing one of his secretaries, says: "Thank God, I had not enrolled this fellow among my new *onorabili*—it was these *acqua tuffanati* who poisoned, two or three centuries ago, the hearts of the Roman people; throwing a chill of suspicion on all their social intercourse. Had he fired a pistol at me, I might, perhaps, eventually have forgiven him. I am, however, willing to believe, that these offences are *quasi* obsolete in Rome."

After recruiting his spirits for ten days at Castel Gandolfo, Urbano regains the Vatican, when one of the junior Cardinals, having had a rich bequest, meets accidentally the Pontiff in the *Camera dell' Incendio del Borgo*, and proposes to him to erect, at his own cost, a new fronton to the church of Araceli. "You see, *Santo Padre*," showing at the same time the drawing, "it will be an octastyle front of eight Doric columns,

from the theatre of Marcellus, and of Carrara marble; the tympanum of the pediment will exhibit, in *alto-relievo*, a figure of Religion with her cup and crucifix, in the same material. But as the other three sides are but little seen, I propose, with your permission, *Santo Padre*, to incur but little expense in altering them." "*Che sia fatto dunque, benamato fanciullo, in trenta mesi da quest' ora*," retorts Urbano, giving amiably his benediction.

Carlo Cirenzi, architect, meets the Pope one day in the *Camera di Heliodoro*. He was a school-fellow of the Pontiff, who recognising him immediately, in spite of his altered aspect and shabby attire, says, shaking him by the hand: "I fear the things of this world at least, are at a low ebb with you—Come and breakfast with me to-morrow morning." "You have been in England lately," says Urbano, the next morning, at the breakfast table; "they like there hot buttered rolls for breakfast; there is one for you." Cirenzi, on removing the crust, sees a slip of paper, containing a draft for five hundred scudi. "Now, my good friend," says the Pontiff, "you know the obelisk of Sisto Quinto, facing St. Peter's. I wish, by this day week, you will efface the words of the inscription, *fugite partes adversæ*, and those only; insert in their room a thin slab of the same granite as the obelisk."

The Pontiff is generally an early riser, a rigorous observer in Lent, but rarely appears at St. Peter's, except in the holy week, on the benediction day, and one or two other festivals. Like Sisto Quinto, he wears a horse-hair cilix on most fast-days; on other days, a shirt nearly allied in texture to sail-cloth, as is his bed-linen. Not even his confessor could ever learn the reason of the cilix. Scandal, however, whispers, but on no sure foundation, that in the hot blood of his youth he got a girl of Velletri with child, who died in her travail; which he took to heart. His private oratory is simple: the altar is of plain white marble, left so on festivals, and covered with a very fine black cloth cover on fasts. A crucifix, by Benvenuto Cellini, over the consecrated wafer, stands in the centre of four tapers occasionally lighted. Their stands are small, and of pure gold. Opposite the altar is a portrait of the Virgin and Child, by Pellegrino Tebaldi, in a plain ebony frame: and these are all the ornaments of his oratory. He generally resides at the Vatican, in the *Camera del Papagallo:* he arranges two other chambers; one called *la Camera dei Fasci*, where he transacts business with the officers of state; another, *la Camera del Pavone*, where he receives respectable ladies. One of the old princesses hearing that he has just finished his oratory, and gaining admittance thereto, entreats him to

adopt the only really venerable design for an altar-piece. She orders a servant to unpack a model of an altar-piece, in which two highly coloured wax figures of the Madonna and Child appear, each with glass eyes, and covered with a veil of pink sarsnet, and set off with silver tinsel. "Only see, *Santo Padre*," she cries, "how beautifully I have embellished them with pinks, jonquils, passion-flowers, roses, and carnations!" "Good lady," cries the Pontiff, "you cannot oblige me more than by transferring the sarsnet veil to your toilet-glass, the two dolls to your nursery, and the plants to your green-house;" giving her at the same time his benediction. "No more Arlecchino liveries in my household!" he cries to his major domo, "see that all my servants be simply liveried in purple cloth frocks, and those of no fine texture." Walking one morning in the *Camera della Torre Borgia*, he meets Calci the plasterer. "Calci," he says, "I hear you are a good intonaco-mixer. Prepare some for me, of much the same quality as that in the Chiaramonte Museum; just enough to cover the brick pavement of the Vatican library for about a hundred feet. That is all I want to do; I shall leave the finishing of the work to my successors; I only want to furnish the style in which it should be completed." Turning to his private secretary, he says, "Write to Taglacherci, the great wood-merchant

at Leghorn. I know he has dealings in America. Tell him to procure therefrom for me, on my private account, seven hundred tons of best American cedar. Tell him, I expect that by this day twelvemonth, his vessel or vessels will be moored in Citta Vecchia, with their cargo." The cargo arrives; and is housed in the church a few years before dedicated to Antony of Padua and his pig. A portion of this timber is formed into the first book-cases for the Vatican library; and finished with locks from England. Turning to Cirenzi, the architect, he says: "Your son is a good draftsman; I wish he would draw for me a plan of a new façade for a grand quay from the *Porta del Popolo* to the *Ponte St. Angelo;* let the houses be rather low than otherwise, each house to belong to one family, and chequered with several shops on the ground floor, as in England. The quay shall be lined with Tiburtine all the way down to the bridge. Do not let the houses bear any architectural order. Observe throughout the *bello semplice.* Let him also draw a plan for a theatre of moderate dimensions, in a pleasing architectural style, which I intend shall be in the centre of the new walk on the Pincian. I intend it, during the Carnival, for the representation of Alfieri's and Goldoni's plays especially. I intend also, at some future time, to arrange a musical saloon, for the sacred oratorios in Lent. These build-

ings have never been rightly understood. One shall be built, lined throughout with very thin panels of deal; which is an idea of my own; and which will ensure the good effect of the music, much better than the stone, brick, or stucco, of which they are usually built. With regard to the new quay, in a few years hence, the whole of the houses on the side nearest the Tiber may be removed. In the new range of buildings, let two spacious chemists' shops appear, each with laboratories behind, and presenting, as in London, a good display in front. About the middle of this quay, let a market-place be established. Let it be of three distinct buildings; forming three sides of a parallelogram. Take twenty columns of Segestan Doric, each twelve feet in height, with each intercolumniation of five diameters. Carry all along strong oak benches and dressers; and let one side be the butchers' market. The corresponding wing shall be the game and poultry market; while the side at the end shall be the cheese, milk, and butter market. The *Piazza Navona* shall remain as now, the fruit and vegetable market, but with new stalls for the venders. Place a small fountain, which may be conducted from the *Trevi*, in the centre of this new market. The columns shall be only towards the Court, the other sides shall be enclosed in walls. Let your son design this; but I can hardly hope to do much more than lay the first stone of the whole plan."

A deputation of the principal Jews resident in Rome is ushered into the *Camera dei Fasci;* who supplicate a more liberal system of policy with respect to the class of their persuasion. "We will take it into consideration," replies the Pontiff, at the same time dismissing them. Turning to the *Cardinale di San Pietro,* he says: "A veil of mystery, Cardinal, hangs round this people, which we cannot rend asunder. They shall not be persecuted; neither shall they be encouraged. At the same time, I will allow them to have two synagogues in Rome and no more. They shall also be allowed to reside where they will, but I repeat, I should be sorry to see their numbers greatly increased in the city. If they should even threaten to gain an ascendancy in numbers, it will be necessary in this city, the domicile of Catholicism, to make their residence here any thing but desirable, by the imposition of a heavy capitation tax on all individuals of their persuasion."

Burrelli, the lawyer, is ushered into the *Camera del Papagallo.* "I wish to explain to you," says the Pope, "the operation of my new law, Burrelli, relative to the nobles. Primogeniture ought to subsist in Rome. The optimism of primogeniture I consider to be, when the heir at law inherits the whole landed property, which should be charged with some, but not heavy, deductions, to be divided equally among the junior branches of the family. Let me explain. According to my late law,

A., of Tivoli, is possessed of a nett annual revenue from land of four thousand seven hundred *scudi*. He is, consequently, one of my new *onorabili*. He has two sisters and one brother. Now the question is, what should be the per cent. deduction from the annual proceeds of the estate, in favour of the junior branches? I am tempted to think, that a deduction of five or six per cent. from the whole profits, would be about the mark. If you deduct nothing in their favour, ill-will in the family is the necessary consequence; if you make a heavy deduction, say twenty per cent, A. will not only be scarcely able to live on the estate, but all his efforts towards its melioration become paralysed, consequently the public suffer from an overstrained principle of law. Observe, too," he says, "another beneficial operation of my proposed law. A., the owner of the estate, is, we will say, a profligate spendthrift. In consequence of his debts, he is forced to sell his estate; B., a wealthy and industrious capitalist in money, purchases it, and becomes, *eo instanti*, one of my new *onorabili*. Thus, you see, my new law must operate as a check to profligacy, and at the same time as a spur to honest industry." Burrelli's remarks in answer are not recorded.

In the subsequent week, a deputation from the Protestants resident in Rome, is introduced into the

Camera della Segnatura, and dismissed with: "*We will take your address into consideration.*" Their object is, to obtain permission for the erection of a certain number of churches for the followers of their persuasion. "Nothing thorns me more than these addresses," says Urbano to the Cardinal of *Araceli;* "if I reject them, I am called, even by many persons of education, a narrow-minded bigot; if I acquiesce to them unreservedly, I sap, as it were, the fundamental bases of the Roman religion and policy. In these cases, a *mezzo termine* is always the wisest mode of proceeding. Let the Protestants have two of the largest dismantled churches, and no more; but they must look to the fitting of them up themselves. If we continue to do our duty, and to expand our souls to more liberal principles, than hitherto, the word *protestantism* will become *quasi* obsolete in Rome, and in many other countries."

Don Antonio Melendez, the ambassador of Spain, is ushered into the same chamber. He complains, that in consequence of the desecration of Santa Teresa, the city of Aviles is in commotion; that the priests are insulted in their own houses, for no longer performing service on the day formerly appointed for the consecration of her divinity; that the women attribute every disease or misfortune that befalls them to your wickedness (as they call it), *Santo Padre.* "Your excellency

will observe," says rather coldly the Pontiff, "that what has been done with regard to Teresa, and many others, who have obtained in Spain as well as elsewhere, rather hastily, the titles of saints, is the act of the Council of St. John of Lateran. Teresa was, no doubt, an excellent woman; but is that any reason why she should, century after century, monopolize the spirits of the city of Aviles? Let your functionaries do but their duty, and the tumults in Aviles will cease."

Soon after, a deputation from the principal bankers and capitalists of Rome, are summoned by the Pontiff to the *Camera dei Fasci.* He says to them: "I know that the funded and banking systems, established on the extensive principle they have been in Holland and England, will not suit either the genius of the Roman people, or their resources. But that is no reason why a bank, with laic directors, should not be organized. Its nominal influence alone, even with but little activity in the interchange of monies, will be of great use. I intend to devote the great building, gentlemen, opposite the obelisk of Heliopolis, and close to the post-office and Antonine's column, to the purposes of a national bank. You should commence with a small capital—supposing we say two millions of scudi to begin with. What regulations may be adopted with regard to the interest given, and other particulars, I leave to your better judgment."

An architect, in poverty, contrives to gain admittance to the Pontiff. He submits to him, all in a hurry, a design for what he calls necessary improvements for the port of Citta Vecchia. It exhibits all the orders of architecture, very ill put together. "It will only cost one million and half of scudi, *Santo Padre*," he adds. "Leave it on my table," says Urbano, giving him at the same time a purse with twenty scudi. "This poor fellow," says the Pope, turning to his confidential secretary, and tearing the plan to pieces, "thinks that the Braschi blood flows in my veins. He wants me to act as Braschi did at Terracina, who thought he could there make a flourishing port, by erecting, at a great expense, a vast line of buildings, now in ruins. Citta Vecchia is already rather overbuilt. If increasing commerce fattens it, I shall know how to meet it with commensurate improvements."

Glad is Urbano now to retire to his villa at Tivoli, for a few weeks. During his residence there, Father O'Flaghanan, of Roscommon, and who was his schoolfellow at *Sant' Andrea della Valle*, arrives at Tivoli, to visit the cascades. Urbano, hearing by accident of his arrival, desires his company to dine. Mutual cordialities take place. The Pontiff, on the removal of the cloth, says: "I cannot give you Irish *viski*, my dear O'Flaghanan, but we will open together a bottle of old Sabine.

Vile potabis modicis Sabinum cantharis? You see I have not forgotten my Horace, which we used to scan together at *Sant' Andrea della Valle.*" O'Flaghanan, taking him up, exclaims in a sonorous voice: "*Reddit laudes tibi Vaticani montis imago!* You see, *Santo Padre*, I have not forgotten mine." The Pontiff bows his head, and smiles.

In the mean time, Pasquin and Marforio are busy at Rome. The first appears with a sort of hat on his head, composed of twisted roots of passion-flowers, and of *arbor vitæ.* The last asks him why he wears so uncouth and uncomfortable a hat? Pasquin replies: "*Se la tiara è fatta Radicale, perchè non il mio capello?*" In short, Urbano is nick-named the *radical Pope.* With regard to the theatres, he will admit of the opening of none, but from about Christmas to the end of the carnival; but he allows in the summer months the equestrian tournaments, and fire-works; and abolishes the old horse-races in the Corso, and transfers them to be held annually in June, at a race-course fenced off near the circus of Caracalla, where the horses for the future are to be rode by jockeys. He now visits in succession several churches; and conceives such a mortal hatred against the old trumpery at the altars, that he orders a great mass of the wooden gilt and silver candlesticks to be burned. He has been known to ask for a ladder, and

to tear away with his own hands the silk curtains fringed with gewgaws. Once he met a priest, with the old silk and gilt hooded surplice; he tears it from his back, saying: "Give this to Donna Teresa, the old woman at the Trinità fountain; say it comes as a flirtation-present from me." Once, when he was on the ladder, moving some of the theatrical curtains from a church, he did it with such vehemence, that the cilix, which he happened then to wear, was, through the violence of his exertions, streaked with blood.

The consecrated wafer-stands, of simple silver, he stations in the centre of four tapers, each emblematic of each of the gospels; and their stands are melted down into a simpler form, from the antiquated church-plate. The ex votos he only suffers to remain three months in the churches; when they are to be restored to their respective donors. Walking one day in the *Loggie*, with the Cardinal of *Sant' Andrea della Valle*, he says: "It would be well if the Sacred College were to abolish the ceremony of the washing of the twelve mendicants' feet. We have sufficient in our religion to inculcate humility, without having recourse to a sort of theatrical imitation of our Saviour. But I would not touch, for the whole world, the august ceremony of the tow burned at the tip of the reed, at the pontifical installation. Cardinal, Cardinal, he who struck out of his brain the words:

Sancte Pater! sic transit gloria mundi! at the same time tipping the reed with fire, was a man of ten thousand! Had he been my contemporary, I would have done much to advance him." Urbano transplants the singing of the celebrated *Miserere* from the Sistine to the pontifical chapel in the Vatican; in the gallery of which the new powerfully-toned organ is arranging. He often dines, in a rusty purple suit and slouched hat, with the *Padri Capuccini*, during Lent, eating, like them, on his wooden platter, and going there *quasi* incognito. But in consequence of the immense exhaustion his spirits suffer, he has twice a week, even during Lent, a joint of roast mutton, or of roast beef, dished up for him by Henry Wolsey, formerly cook at the Bedford, in London. "Ah, Henry," he says one day, tweaking him playfully by the ear, "you won't serve me an *acqua tuffana* soup, I know." As for his amusements, during the carnival, he sometimes sips coffee with one or two artists; but he is reserved and cold to those who execute his portraits, either on canvass or marble, never giving them any remuneration. He often paces to and fro the grand terrace, in the garden behind the Vatican, for an hour before breakfast, which he likes to see served up on a fine Holland table-cloth; the tea, to which he is partial, is of the best quality, and it is sent him from Russia. His butter is made for him at a farm near

Tivoli, by Jenny Talbot, a ruddy-faced dairymaid from Devonshire, and it is served him floating among pure pieces of ice, from the Simbrivine ponds, in the Sabine mountains. Once the *Cardinal delle Isole Britanniche* was breakfasting with him at his cottage at Tivoli, when Jenny had just brought in some fresh butter from Subiaco. He summons her into his presence, and says, in tolerable English: "Jenny, what sort of a popess do you think you would make? They say we once had a popess Joan; why should there not be a popess Jenny? Would not Jenny, if installed chiefess of the Anglican church, perform her functions full as well as popesses Betty and Nanny did before? Would not my *Pontificia Maxima* Jenny be a *brillante Vittoria per la chiesa Inglese?* To be sure she would, to be sure she would," he says, laughing gutturally, "and were I king of England, I would unfrock the bishops, if they refused to be *orthodox* on that head." Poor Jenny, blushing, staring, pale, confused, amazed, thinking the Pope mad, runs away as fast as her legs can carry her.

The Pope was, in his youth, fond of the violin; his taste for which he retains, though, since his elevation, he has abandoned the instrument. He has specimens of all the Amatis, all the Guarneriuses, two Steiners, and a first-rate Straduarius. He shows weakness in this instance: one Lucilio Veracini, of Lucca, contrives to

throw such a soul of expression into the violin, as almost to do what he pleased with the Pontiff. He would run with his bow from Handel to Corelli, from Haydn to Guglielmi, from Mozart to Palestrina, from Spohr to Rossini, from Durante to De Beriot, blending bars from each so dexterously, as to make his music appear the novel production of one extraordinary composer. This man, a worthless fellow, a hump-backed dwarf, and as ugly as a baboon, would often creep about his knees, and play a thousand pranks. Once he carried his impudence so far, as to swear that he would not touch the violin, unless the Pontiff would let him smear his face with charcoal marks, to which the Pope submitted. The imp carried his impertinence to such a length, as once to lock him up in his *chaise percée*, crying, as he turned the lock: "*Adesso io sono mezza Papa; perchè tengo una chiave della Chiesa.*" Neither would he let the Pontiff out, till he had promised to sign a draft in his favour for five hundred *scudi*, and which the Pope, on his egress punctually did.

These lightnesses of character detract a little from the dignity of Urbano, though it may easily be conceived, that the above freaks occurred with no one present. The malignity of Pasquin does not fail to grossly exaggerate the interview with Jenny Talbot, making a vile pun in English on the occasion. He appeared to Mar-

forio, one morning, with a very high boot where formerly was one of his legs. "What new fashion have you now? You who are legless, what business have you with a boot?" says the latter. "O, you are not aware of my fancy for a *tall boot*, I see," retorted Pasquin. This joke, proceeding from some English wag at Rome, makes, however, the Pontiff more circumspect for the future. His enemies, nevertheless, though fixing more eyes than Argus's on him, could never see him smile during the holy week.

At his cottage at Tivoli, he sometimes hears poetry recited by young students. He gives there, now and then, but only to two or three friends, a concert, executed only by the first performers, at which he allows of no more instruments than one violoncello, one flute, one tenor, and two violins. He has there a small library, but very plainly bound; and, aided in his readings by one or two learned men, he keeps up something of his classical literature. Of the fathers of the church, his favourites are, Lactantius, Arnobius, and Gregory of Nazianzen. He analyses, sometimes for an hour in his garden, the philosophical treatises of Cicero, or a dialogue of Plato; he has Tacitus almost by heart; and it was remarked, before he opened his batteries against the old aristocracy, that he devoted many hours to the pages of the acute Florentine secretary. He is so fond of Milton,

that he calls him "*il mio Messer Giovanni;*" and he gives orders that the Paradises should be translated into Italian prose, each book to be illustrated with plates, from the drawings of the best artists in Rome. He fences in a small park at Castel Gandolfo, and carries round the grounds a charming road. Here he sometimes drives, before breakfast, two favourite Calabrese ponies, in a four-wheeled open carriage, accompanied only by Ficoni his gardener, who, like himself, is conversant with plants and trees. They breakfast together, now and then, at a summer-house, which commands a glorious view of the Albano lake. He orders the change of the guard at the Vatican, to be without music on fasts and ordinary days; but on grand festivals, and on Sundays, it is always done accompanied by the superbest band. He orders stands for the arms of the soldiers, to be placed within the colonnade; prohibiting them for the future to appear with their arms in the Basilica. He hardly ever attends the parade; but on one day of Pentecost he did, where, seeing Anselmo Monticuli, commander-in-chief of the pontifical forces, he says to him: "Breakfast is waiting for us above, General." At table, he asks: "How many troops are there at Bologna? How many in the march of Ancona? I intend to be at Bologna on the first of May. Pitch a camp near that town, the middle of April; let it consist of five thousand

infantry and two thousand cavalry, and a park of twelve pieces of artillery, of large calibre. I like now and then to whiff powder, as did my predecessor, Ligurian Julius. Old women, General, are those who think, that without a moderate standing army, the machinery of government can move. You see the number of regulars forming the Roman army, is rather below, than above what it ought to be. Rome might justly dub me the tyrant of the Romagna, if I had forty thousand regulars. Their support would press much too hard on our resources. I should be doubly amenable to reprehension, since the basis of the Roman policy is eminently pacific. Generally speaking, I am averse to standing armies. The same pernicious results ensue from large standing armies, as from too numerous a priesthood. Both serve to intimidate and chain down the people."

The Pontiff arrives at Bologna on the fixed day. In the same week, a grand review is held. Urbano is on the field by six o'clock in the morning. He appears mounted on an Andalusian stallion, a present from the Court of Madrid, accompanied by the Austrian, Florentine, Sardinian, Spanish, and Neapolitan envoys. He wears a white broad-brimmed and slouching hat, with a large black band, fastened by a steel buckle; brown leather breeches, military boots above the knees, a black stock, a plain purple cloth cloak, without star, but

trimmed with fur of the blue fox, a present from the President of the United States of America. He wears no sword; but white leather gloves reach half way up his arms. The troops salute him by platoons. A sham fight follows. He takes his station close to one of the parks of artillery. A burning wadding stings his cheek like a dozen hornets; but he keeps his place. He says, laughing, to Monticuli: "General, these explosions are good antidotes, both to physical and political malaria." The whole of the march of Ancona is in a thundering blaze. Each cannon, having fired nearly two hundred times, begins to liquefy. Thirty-seven officers dine with him after the review, which is the only one he ever attended on horseback; and he pays dear for the thunder of the cannon, never after hearing well with his left ear.

He arrives, accompanied by the pious Cardinal *di San Bartolomeo*, an *ad unguem factus homo*, at Florence, and visits the Abbey of Vallombrosa. He remains with the monks three hours. Passing the bridge at Pergola, on his return, he says to the Cardinal: "The advantages of these institutions have been never properly appreciated. Too often, indeed, are they the resort of idle and stupid beings, blind to the goods they might possess, did they but stir themselves. Here are men, whose revenues, I am told, are considerable; they ought to show a garden of three or four acres, beautifully arranged;

they ought to have a good chemical apparatus, bought in London or Paris; a thousand of the dark firs ought to be cut down, and to be supplanted by other trees; the dull walls ought to make way for a light iron fence. I rate these friars low in my estimation, who have one of the most enchanting sites in Italy, and perhaps the healthiest; who inhabit a spot celebrated by the English Homer."

During the journey back to the Vatican, and on arriving at Arezzo, he touches the characters of several of his predecessors, in conversation with the same Cardinal, and says: "Sixtus IV., Innocent VIII., and Alexander VI., were shameless venders of offices, never having in their eyes the value of personal merit. Clement VII. did great harm to the Romagna, by sweating it with over-taxation, wherewith to subsidize the Catholics in Ireland, and elsewhere. He was the first to give that aspect of desolation to the *Campagna*, from which it has never since recovered. Gregory XIII. was, I believe, at bottom a good man; but he smarted severely for his lavish expenditure in support of Catholicism; his bigotry, but not, perhaps, his avarice, made him unjust; for he expelled many nobles from their possessions, making them, as was natural, his sworn enemies; and so little moral courage did he at last show, that we know he gave absolution to Piccolomini, swel-

tering in blood. Leo X. had but few of the elements necessary for a good pontiff. The lustre shed round his name, is more due to the illustrious men by whom he was accidentally surrounded, than to his own merit. If he had had any perception of the finer essence of Christianity, he would have sent letters missive to the court of Madrid, reprobating Torquemada and his inquisition. He would also have reprobated with indignation the sale of indulgences in Germany, and with all possible publicity. Then came the Council of Trent, which ought, in my opinion, not only to have openly disapproved, but abolished indulgences, as my late Council of Lateran has just done.

"Julius II." he continues, "would have made a much better general than pontiff. He was violent in temper, and has, for that reason, been too much vilified by posterity. There was something noble about him. Sixtus V. deserves the title of extraordinary; notwithstanding that, if you analyze attentively several of his acts, they have the strong odour of the *hogsty* wherein he was cradled. Braschi was a vain creature, and much spoiled by luxury. Had I been his doctor, I would have prescribed for him the occasional adoption of my horsehair cilix, to serve as a good anti-luxury cataplasm, which you know I call *my fine cambric shift, my fine cambric shift*," he says, repeating his words, and laughing

gutturally. They arrive at *Le Vene*, where the Clitumnus, gushing in a thousand blue eddies, arrests his attention. "Happy are they," he cries, "who in Italy possess a mansion close to such a stream! I should prefer it to half the works of art in Rome." Then resuming one of his odd moods, he says, "Come, Cardinal, indifferent as I am, you must allow I am almost as good as Braschi; though, to be sure, you may say in your next sermon, there is abundant room for improvement; for my conscience tells me I am a *tristo ecclesiaclastico, un tristissimo ecclesiaclastico*," alluding to his demolition of the seventy churches, laughing in a shrill tone, and at the same time so pinching the wrist of the Cardinal, as almost to make it black and blue.

As they pass through Spoleto together, a conversation ensues, on the comparative merits of the Roman and English liturgies. He says: "We have nothing so comprehensive and fine in our ritual, as the English litany; and for this reason I propose its adoption in our service. But, I think, this is the only point in which the English ritual surpasses our own. Many of the British prayers, individually considered, are fine compositions; still it must be confessed, that they are oppressed with a heavy tautology. The impressive pauses of silence, which mark our Mass, are worth twenty of the prayers of the English church. Nothing is wanting

to perfect the Mass, but its pronunciation in the indigenous dialects of the different countries of Catholicism; and this change I purpose to adopt. But I will not imitate the English in adopting the reading the chapters of the Old Testament. The English generally have the reputation for good sense, but in this last respect they scarcely answer to that title. For, Cardinal, is not the study of the Old Testament a *crux literaria* even for men of some acquirements? Can they comprehend all its allegorical allusions, without the help of commentaries on their table? Every body knows that the Old Testament is, in its general character, a consecutive history, in chapters, nearly all of the subsequent of which depend on the precedent. Yet these are read by chapters in the English Church, to rustic congregations, for the most part, not only ignorant of the allegories frequently interspersed, but also of the matter contained in the preceding chapter, on the recollection of which the understanding of the chapter in reading depends. With regard to the New Testament, I propose to have it printed separately, and dispersed, at a cheap rate, among the people. If the English are wrong in reading the Old Testament, we also have been to the full as wrong as they, in the enunciation of our prayers in rusty Latin. One of the great points of superiority of original Catholicism over Protestantism, consists in the importance

attached to the doctrine of confession, which is too vaguely insisted upon by the Protestants. It not only has been consecrated by the usage of the earliest church, but is also based on a profound knowledge of the human heart. For, Cardinal, are not the criminal annals of all nations replete with instances of the human heart being relieved by confession of guilt, not only in reference to the major crimes, but also to those minor sins which infest the best of us? On the other hand, I vehemently disapprove of a prying spirit, too common in the confessors of our persuasion."

The next Easter, Lord Kelater, a Catholic peer of Ireland, and former acquaintance of the Pope, arrives at Rome with a large retinue. He is ushered into the *Camera del Papagallo* by the Cardinal *delle Isole Britanniche.* The peer, well versed in ecclesiastical and civil polity, expatiates with the Pope on the different aspects assumed by the Catholic church, since the first explosion of the French revolution to the present day. "Ah! my dear Lord," cries the Pontiff, "without uniformity in the primary bases of religion, I see nothing but disturbance in the social intercourse of man. I am convinced too that a visible point of union is necessary; and that that point can only be found in Rome. If looked for elsewhere, as the Protestant nations persist in doing, schism begets schism, and new religious Pythons are

daily engendered, and raise their horrid crests from the slime of controversy. Look at England; look rather at Ireland—the natives call it God's own country; for my part I see in it nothing but Satan's country; and so there is every chance of its remaining, till the British isles coalesce in opinion, and see, as they heretofore did, the chief of Catholicism in the legitimate descendants of St. Peter. God knows alone how this fearful schism will end; that unfortunate schism, begun by your eighth Henry, whose ghost stalks nightly through your isles, muttering the horrible text, 'I came, not to bring peace, but a sword amongst you.' God grant, however, that the late acts of my Council of Lateran may tend to diminish those heart-burnings, and make Ireland worth living in. I see one good symptom. So many hundreds of British travellers have, since the death of Napoleon, visited Rome, and meditated on its spiritual and political positions, that the thinking part of them carry back hearts by no means so ardent in veneration for the eternity of the sanctity of their divine eighth Henry. Every thing shows that this feeling is daily gaining ground in the British isles. In vain do our enemies assert, that the popedom is established on a similar principle; for, let the Protestants call me, my Lord, as bad, or even worse than Alexander VI., still I am here only for a short time; I should be only a bad exception

to a good principle. What is it that makes England so hostile to the old religion, which she knows she owes to Rome? I see two causes; first, the unreasonable attachment to the sanctity of the eighth Henry, or his vicegerents upon earth; secondly, the filthy machinations of low and intriguing Catholics, against whom I set my face, to the full as irreconcileably as to the first. If a low-born Catholic, looking only to his purse, goes among you, and tells several nuns that they will certainly be saved by rubbing their noses against an old bone of Francis of Assisi, or Rosa of Viterbo, or Thomas of Canterbury; it is immediately trumpeted to be under my authority, though I am as hostile to such superstitions, as Martin Luther himself. What would you think of me, if I were to look upon your Lord Chancellor as responsible not only for every futile speech that may be uttered in your house, but for every inept proposal broached by your newspaper writers, and your alehouse politicians? An absurd prejudice is prevalent in England, that Catholicism and national liberty are incompatible. Did not your House of Commons originate with Henry III., who was a Catholic? Did any Cardinals interpose at that period, or any pope, to put down your nascent House of Commons? It is true that Innocent, who ought rather to be called *Nocent*, played a vile game at the establishment of your Magna

Charta. Yet even in this point, he was, in spite of himself, of use ; for, had the King and Innocent pulled uniformly well together, they, aided by the Church, would have been so strong, that the barons could never have had influence enough to establish your Magna Charta. I am ready to allow, that many vile Catholics have been panders to despotism, and that some of my predecessors, who fomented the Guelph and Ghibeline factions, often abused their sacred ministry, by flattering the most powerful despot. But those times are long since gone by ; an increased and daily increasing intelligence in your country, would completely baffle all insidious attempts that might be made by any fomenters of discord, or partisans of depotism, lurking under an ecclesiastical gown, were your nation wise enough to return to the religion of its ancestors, and re-embrace that veneration for the legitimate descendants of Saint Peter, which she cherished from the days of Augustine to those of the eighth Henry. You, my Lord, who have studied the history of the lamentable schism in all its bearings, must, I think, be aware, that though faults are manifest on both sides, the primary visible font of the living waters of religion always remains at Rome. That they have been sadly disturbed, and mudded in their course, I am ready to allow. Still, nevertheless, here they always are. Here is the matrix of the religious

ore, though, God knows, it be encrusted with dross. To waive all arguments on the spiritual side, so often sifted and to but little purpose, what, I ask, has England gained, with respect to temporal interests, since the date of the grand schism? What she has gained has been, and is, the alienation of three-fourths of the hearts of the Irish nation; mints of money spent, to keep that island in subjection; methodistical and Calvinistical vampires fluttering with their dark wings over half the churches; a general gloom, in your islands, resulting, in great part, from the funereal monotony of the worship; expensive and murderous wars, frequently protracted to the verge of ruin, owing to the impossibility of your sovereigns forming connexions by marriage with Catholic families, which, had it been in their power, though it might not have prevented, would at least have shortened the duration of a full half of the wars wherein you have been engaged, since the days of my predecessor, Leo X. Your position completely verifies the line of Virgil; you are

Penitus toto divisi orbe Britanni.

The perpetual combats between your Whigs and Tories can hardly present any thing interesting to the philosophical politician. You seem to me to have a good deal

of the fever and irritation that prevailed in ancient Rome, without much positive grandeur in compensation. And how can it be otherwise, with the inviolable ecclesiastical supremacy of your eighth Henry? The beauty of our religion, if it be not abused, which alas! it too often has been, and is, consists in its admitting equally of every form of government, whether republican, mixed, or despotic. Several of your own countrymen, firm Protestants, have often acknowledged that the Catholic families of England especially, are as sincere patriots as any among you; and the great majority of them stand in good repute for their probity. If we contemplate the religion in America, have any Catholics been suspected or accused of wishing to destroy the elective principle so generally established in that union? I know that the ground I tread is very delicate; for if the priesthood be too multiplied, which it is the business of every enlightened state to prevent, a certain depression takes place in the spirits of the people, which might eventually endanger liberty. The object of my pontificate is, to allow as much liberty to Rome, as is consistent with her character of being the special domicile of the Church. Some slight sacrifices must be made by the people, to preserve this character, which has been her prerogative since the days of St. Peter. But even after making these sacrifices, the Roman people, I am sure, during

my pontificate, enjoy as much positive liberty as you, without having their spirits maddened by gloomy Calvinists, methodists, baptists, and *id genus omne.* All my endeavours have been, and are, to simplify and purify the sacred pivot of Christianity; which, by presenting a visible and homogeneous point of union to the civilized part of the world, cannot fail to be beneficial to man, whether contemplated in social, moral, or political intercourse. But you, my Lord, are of the religion of which I have the honour, however unworthily, to be the chief; consequently to you I need say nothing more. I leave the acts of my late Council of Lateran to speak for themselves."

A few days after, a vender of rosaries, crucifixes, and relics, meets him as he is walking on the terrace of the Vatican. Urbano, turning to his confessor, says: "My dear Ambrosio, give that poor man twenty *scudi;* little does he know that if any thing wrong be done, a prayer from the heart is worth a million of these baubles." At another time, being at his cottage at Tivoli, he exhibits a different drift of feeling. For a priest of Alatri comes to him, and shows him a fragment of a femoral bone, which he assures the Pontiff belonged to the *divine* Prassedi. "*Si, Santo Padre,*" he exclaims, "*é vero come il cielo se stesso.*" A favourite spaniel happened to be at the Pope's feet. "Moro," cries the Pontiff,

"here is a bone for you to venerate;" and he rubs the spaniel's nose twice or thrice against it.

He now visits the works at the Pantheon, and arrives there just as the workmen had finished the demolition of the vile turrets put up by Urban VIII. He eyes with pleasure the new pavement, of which about a dozen square feet are completed. He orders Urban the Eighth's fulsome inscription to be removed; neither will he allow any other to be substituted.

The Pontiff is in excellent spirits this year; and gives two or three dinners at the Vatican. At one of thirty covers, a Monsieur Legerremine, a young and opulent banker of Marseilles, is invited. He sits eight or ten seats from the Pope, and thinks proper to indulge, in a sort of whisper, in sarcasms to his neighbour against the fundamental doctrines of Catholicism, taken from the school of Diderot. The Pontiff, very quick in ear, catches most of his words. He says nothing. The next morning he summons his confidential secretary, and says: "Monsieur Legerremine may remain at Rome as long as he pleases; but see that he never enters the Vatican again. Had he confined his sarcasms to indulgences and relics-kissing, I should have thought nothing of them—but he judged proper to give a proof of his *bel esprit*, by attacking, within my hearing, those fundamental doctrines believed by *idiots* Bossuet,

Fénèlon, Montesquieu, Buffon, Shakspeare, Dryden, Pope, and several other *idiots* of the same stamp, and whom no doubt he has registered at home in his manuscript catalogue of *idiots*."

Urbano is very exact in seeing that the moneys collected in the poor-boxes be strictly applied to their purposes. One Christmas, he orders that all the collections in the poor-boxes should be brought into the *Camera della Torre Borgia*, where he arranges a large dresser, thirty feet long. The contents of the boxes he commands to be voided in his presence, and distributed into three or four hundred prizes, the least of which is one *scudo*, the second two, and the last three *scudi*. Under each of the prizes, is a slip of paper with a number. A large frame of wood stands at the end of the dresser, with as many slips of paper as there are prizes, protruding about an inch from holes in the perpendicular frame. The mendicants, coming in by tens at a time, draw the numbers, and walk off with the prizes designated by corresponding numbers, under each of the piles of *scudi*. Among them is an English Protestant, a Lazarus with his sores, and with scarcely a rag on his back. "And who are you?" says Urbano. "James Gurney, and please your Holiness." The Pontiff speaking tolerable English, says: "Take your luck with the rest, my good fellow. You have in England,

your Christmas gambols, why should I not have mine? Am not I a fair lottery-holder?—all prizes—no blanks. But I bargain, that if hereafter we should meet in England, you will not send me to the treadmill for holding a lottery." Gurney draws one of the largest prizes, which pleases the Pope; and he orders him to be lodged, doctored, and fed, in the Vatican, during his stay at Rome.

An ulcer now festers on his arm, owing to the friction of his horse-hair cilix, which he wore the preceding Lent. He never urges its adoption by others, and he sets his face against the self-flagellating disciplinarians.

In his earlier age he had devoted three years to theological studies; and the conflicting opinions which he had poured into the crucible of his mind, tinge sometimes his expressions with rather a disagreeable causticity; as was the case in his interview with Lord Kelater, who was accompanied by a stripling Protestant cousin. Urbano showed them both his new oratory; and on reaching the door, he patted the stripling's cheek with the back of his left hand, saying: "Don't tell mamma, when you get home, that you saw me worshipping this canvas, these colours, this ivory, this marble."

Being at his cottage at Tivoli, and in one of his humorous moods, he sends for his English cook, Henry Wolsey, who had given him for dinner roast beef and

Roman artichokes. "Well, Henry," he says, "do not the two dishes you have served me go well together? They both give strength. The gardener that cultivated these artichokes was a good fellow. But supposing these artichokes had been cultivated by Henry the Eighth's Gardiner, would they not have choked me, my brave Henry? These have good and palatable pulp; his had nothing but choke." He seasons his joke with giving a glass of porter to Henry, which he had just received from the house of Messrs. Barclay and Co. in London.

A few days after, seven individuals, on each of whom he had bestowed preferment, come to express their gratitude; and falling at his feet, servilely kiss, in the old fashion, his great toe: he dismisses them with a Tiberius-frown, exclaiming: "*O homines ad servitutem paratos!*"

He now dines on New Year's day in the hall nearly finished, at the Quirinal college. He passes with one of the professors into a vast apartment, destined for the new library. "I hope your funds," he says, "will be sufficient to enable you to devote annually three hundred *scudi* to the purchase of the best works on the physical and mathematical sciences, that may appear from time to time in the different European capitals." He surveys the rooms for the professors and students; and walking

with one of the first in the garden, he exclaims: "As far as the first ilex hedge, you will have a good space for the *giuoco di pallo*, and other manly games for the students; the space on the other side shall be the new botanic garden; which I hope to see in two or three years as scientifically arranged as if Linnæus had supervised it. You see I have a college here ready built. I do not want to wring money from the Roman people to add another vast pile to a city which is already overbuilt. I do not borrow any of my learning from the Sisto or Braschi dictionaries."

He visits the kitchen, and seeing therein a merry-faced greasy cook, slipping at the same time into his hand a few *scudi*, he says, laughing. "Ah, you'll have hot work now! What will you do if there be a dearth of meat in Rome, to dish up on festivals?" Taking by the arm the *Cardinal di San Mattèo*, a man of remarkable elegance and refinement, he exclaims: "I suppose you'll turn him into an *omelette aux fines herbes*," laughing louder. "And what will you do with him?" pointing to the Cardinal of *Sant' Andrea della Valle*, a man of skin and bone, "he'll make a good soup-meagre." Laying hold of the good-natured *Cardinal di San Luca*, *homo vastus* and of Falstaff-corpulency, he says, "Even his merry thought will furnish a rich sauce for the college, for a whole week," shaking his ribs with laughter

"You'll put me on a gridiron next, and serve me up with St. Lawrence's sauce; and this, I suppose, your urbanity will call an *Urbano-frittura.*" And so he goes on in playful mood, *seria cum jocis permiscens,* till the whole kitchen resounds with such peals of laughter, that they echo from the Quirinal to the Palatine hills.

Early in the following year, he summons several of the professors lately appointed, together with the new President of the College, to the *Camera dei Fasci,* and says; "I am not yet quite settled as to the mode of organizing the new Quirinal College; but I am of opinion that it should be wholly a college of laics. Considering the actual population of the city, and her resources, perhaps if one president, and twelve associates form its directing body, the number will be found ample. All these will have apartments in the college. One of the senior associates will be the vice-president. The vacancies among these associates that may occur from time to time, should be replenished by election; that election generally falling on some student, who, having proved himself a man of merit, has few or no means to work his way otherwise in the world. With regard to the students who may enter the college, I apprehend it will be well, not to admit them before the age of seventeen years. At that age, we may fairly presume, that they will be grounded in arithmetic, a little geometry,

and perhaps in the rudiments of one or two languages besides their own. At the end of three years, degrees will be conferred by examination of their proficiency in the mathematics and natural philosophy. Examination in these alone, should confer the degrees. I think of adopting much the same mode of organization for the venerable college of *La Sapienza;* which will be wholly governed by ecclesiastics, but with this important difference, that the studies therein will be entirely turned to the theology and moral philosophy; and the degrees will be conferred by examinations in those studies alone. A professor there shall be appointed to expound the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle. With regard to the *Collegio Romano* its organization should, I think, be partly ecclesiastical, and partly laical. Its objects will be the studies of ancient and modern languages, and the various branches of the belles-lettres; and degrees there will be conferred by examination in those studies alone. With regard to the salaries of the professors, associates, and presidents, I have good reason for believing that the funds formerly appropriated to the churches, which I have lately dismantled, together with some half dozen destroyed monasteries, will furnish very handsome stipends for each. A certain remuneration should also be paid by at least, the wealthier students, to those who may deliver lectures. These three colleges will form

the new *Università Romana;* ample will it be for the city, with even double the actual population; and nothing will be wanting to shed around it due lustre, but the observance of discipline on your parts, and of industry on those of the students." With these words, he dismisses the assembly.

Urbano is not frequent in his acts of public devotion; but when he does perform them, he uniformly proves an earnest sense of piety, especially in the Holy week. His confessor has more than once found him in his oratory hung with black, the eve before Good Friday, wholly absorbed in religious meditations, and with his eyes moistened with tears.—He has another at Castel Gandolfo, in which is an *Ecce homo*, crowned with thorns, a splendid effort of Vandyck; also a large *Stabat Mater Dolorosa*, by Spagnoletto, in which the Virgin, with blood-shot eye-lids, is contemplating the great sacrifice. Once or twice, during Lent, he shuts himself up therein; while half a dozen voices, in an adjoining apartment, separated by a thin partition, sound the celebrated *Stabat* of Pergolesi. So impressive is the harmony of the voices gradually swelling and dying away, that the united effect of the picture and music would almost convert a cannibal of Owhyhee.

He sends for the leader of the choir of St. Peter's, who meets him close to the statue of Constantine, and

says to him: "Tell Bronzi the bell-caster, I intend to bring his muscles into play. He is getting paralytic from not using his arms. I purpose to have a new complete octave of bells at St. Peter's. The largest shall be a quarter of an octave deeper than the actual largest. For most days the usual *cariglione* shall remain. But I mean to adopt the simple descent of the gamut, to be rung as in England, on the benediction day, and perhaps on one or two other festivals; before the opening, and at the close of the service. Never let me hear again in the court of the Basilica, the mixture of music and bell-ringing at the same time. The two sounds neutralize each other, and make a horrible dissonance." Bronzi approaches the Pontiff, who, touching his forehead with his little finger, says: "Bronzi, I am going to give you a feather to play with; a soap-lather bubble to blow from your tobacco-pipe to one of St. Peter's spires; a silky gossamer to weave with your little fingers." This he says in a soft whisper; then he adds with a stentorian roar: "*Conflandum est immane tintinnabulum, grandisono clangore, boans bombis raucisonis omnium taurorum Romanorum.*"

The next summer, he summons two or three of the principal merchants of Città Vecchia, as many from Bologna, as many from Sinigaglia, and Ancona, to his summer retreat of Castel Grandolfo, and interrogates

them respecting the state of commerce in those cities: whether trade has visibly improved since the introduction of steam into the Adriatic? how many silk looms are at work? what is the daily pay of the manufacturers? and whether any new and productive source of trade has lately been discovered?

He visits shortly after the prisons, with the *Cardinal di San Mattèo.* "I can hope to do but little herein, as yet;" says he, "nevertheless, as soon as the new tribunals shall have acquired form and consistency, I hope to lend a new force to the lines of Juvenal:

> Felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas
> Sæcula, quæ quondam sub regibus atque tribunis
> Viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam!

He summons ten or a dozen of the schoolmasters of the village in the environs of Rome, charging them to expand the minds of their pupils, with a little more classic literature than "*Ave Sancta Petronilla! Ave Sancte Carole Borromæe!*" He tells them to send to the Vatican biennially, at Christmas, each a list of those students who may promise genius in any particular branch of study. "If you fail to do this," he adds, laughing, "I will treat you all just as Camillus did the pedagogue of Faleri;—go and find how that was in Plutarch."

A few days after, he goes to the hospital of San Giovanni Laterano, drawn thither by four high-blooded horses, a present from the oldest Catholic family in England. "These institutions," cries he to the *Cardinal di San Mattèo,* "have never been rightly understood, piled, as they often are, four or five stories high; and uselessly adorned with architecture. They should never be above one story high; neither need the rooms be very lofty. The dozen cottages which I have lately erected near Tivoli, for the reception of the malaria patients, will, I hope, furnish a model for any future hospital that may be built, supposing Rome to have double her actual population. For none but a coxcomb would think of building at present another hospital in the city."

Urbano, in his charities, is often disposed to say to any applicant: "*Che ha fatto?*" He, nevertheless, frequently opens his purse; and he has been known to house in the Vatican, upwards of seventy persons in distressed condition; giving them bed, board, and fuel; among them, sometimes poor artists from Germany, and the north of Europe, of whatsoever religious persuasion.

He is always pleased at seeing parties of pleasure going on Sunday evenings, and other festivals, to Tivoli, Frascati, and Albano; and encourages the mirth and fun of the carnival. But if he meets riotous people during Lent, and the Holy week especially, he eyes them

superciliis obductis. In spite of this, no narrow bigotry obfuscates the spirit of Urbano. He sends for the magistrates of Frascati, and tells them it is his intention to institute in that village an annual and gay fair, to be held for two days, in the third week of every revolving July.

A circumstance now occurs, in which I know not whether Urbano be reprehensible or admirable. One Francesco Maroni, a great musical genius, but in miserable poverty, blind in one eye, and liable from his birth to epileptic fits, is defrauded of a splendid musical manuscript, his own composition, by one Filoni, of Milan, a man of considerable property, who publishes it as his own, and gets universally caressed in that city, as a second Mozart; though he knows but little more than his gamut. The Pontiff, aware of his roguery, writes to Filoni, and says, he wishes to see him at Rome, to give him a proof of his esteem for so brilliant a composition. Filoni arrives at Rome. The Pope having appointed a day of reception, stations three herculean fellows, from the Apennines, in a retired apartment. Filoni enters, *quasi* sure of a pension of at least two hundred *scudi.* The Pontiff gives them a preconcerted wink. They lock the door; Filoni is stripped; he is tied to a frame, and receives on the back one hundred lashes, given with such force, that a slice of his flesh flies into the Pontiff's

face; and the culprit's back, cut into deep furrows, requires a two months' surgical treatment. The Pope, on his egress, is met on the staircase by the Cardinal of Araceli, who says to him: "*Santo Padre*, there is blood upon thy face!" "None at all, none at all," answers the Pope; "I have only been drawing a bottle of claret, to me of excellent bouquet." These three fellows from the Apennines, he nick-names, his *three pet furies;* and he keeps them, highly paid and well lodged, in the Vatican. Another case shortly occurs, in which he brings their energies into play. One Teresa Morini, of Terni, an orphan, is sole heiress of estates in that neighbourhood, to the amount of two thousand seven hundred *scudi* per annum. She has also capital to the amount of twelve thousand *scudi*, in the bank of Naples. Giovanni Fredoni, and Manfredo Torchi, distantly related to her, were named her guardians, at the dying request of an aged mother, dotingly fond of Teresa. Fredoni and Torchi, though both in very good circumstances, combine to swindle Teresa out of her property; and after much thought on the subject, come to the determination of so distempering by degrees her mind, as to upset it, which would not take long, especially as the girl, though by no means imbecile, was far from being strong-minded. Speaking to her kindly at first, they by degrees insinuate reports to her disadvantage; which

she does not take to heart, till she hears a man in the street, suborned by Fredoni, cry: *Qui dimora quella—di Teresa.* Many other irritating imputations are one after another applied to her feelings; and one night, Torchi, dressed in a horrible and diabolic mask, rubbed with phosphorus, enters with Fredoni, her bed-room, at night, and hangs over her, both groaning dismally. Teresa, awaking, falls into violent hysterics; her reason leaves her; a slow fever ensues, and she dies. They both follow her funeral, shedding crocodile's tears; and Fredoni, the heir at law, succeeds immediately to her property. But the crime gets wind, through a female servant, who Fredoni judged to be too stupid to note their proceedings; and the crime is additionally proved, by the strong circumstantial evidence of another servant, whose room was separated by a thin partition, hearing frequently Fredoni in his dreams exclaim: "Teresa, away, away! I killed thee! O glare not so horribly!" The Pontiff having been informed of the crime, corroborated by an immense accumulation of circumstantial evidence, all of which he had scanned, with the aid of three distinguished lawyers, says to his chamberlain: "I wonder why Signori Fredoni and Torchi do not come to the Vatican, to receive their new titles of *Onorabile.*" They go thither, splendidly dressed, and in a magnificent equipage. They stare at the long and

narrow passages leading to the papal chamber; they stare more at seeing in the room a large wooden frame, which, however, they imagine to be a stand for an effigy of the Madonna. They both fall down and kiss the Pope's toe. The Pontiff coughs. The *three pet furies* appear; who gag and pinion Fredoni and Torchi. Tied to the frame, they each receive three hundred lashes, dealt with such force, that their dorsal vertebræ appear bare; and their cries are stifled by the Pope repeatedly exclaiming: "*Più forte, Garzoni, sempre più forte!*"

A week or two after these horrible events, which occurred before the organization of the tribunals, Urbano visits, with considerable pomp, *Santa Maria Maggiore*, drawn thither by four high-blooded English horses. He expresses himself pleased with the alterations. All the smoky lamps that burned before the Madonnas in frames, together with the Madonnas themselves, are removed. All the milliners' flowers, in gingerbread stands, have also disappeared. All the priests appear in plain white surplices; on the altar are four superb silver candlesticks, with their large wax tapers, each a symbol of each of the Gospels. Between them is a crucifix; the figure of ivory, the cross of ebony. Over them is the celebrated Madonna di Foligno, by Raphael, no longer to be smeared with lamp-black.

On quitting the church, he is accosted by a female

with dishevelled hair, and eyes starting from their sockets: "*Ahi, maladetto Pontefice, brutto immondezzajo d'inferno in corpo umano,*" she vociferates, falling down, foaming at the mouth, and digging her nails in the earth: "*Tu mi hai rubato la Santissima Madonna dalla mia porta....ed ecco i ladroni mi spogliano di tutto....Lo stesso giorno, ciurma del Vaticano; lo stesso giorno, io dico....*" "Do see," says the Pontiff, "that the poor woman be taken proper care of," ordering her at the same time a purse, completely covering her loss. But this is the only disagreeable circumstance that results from the total removal of those Madonnas in their frames, from the corners of the streets, with their vile lanterns, and incensed beneath by canine excrement. Shortly after, he summons three or four of the ladies, who direct as many of the schools for the young Roman misses, and says to them: "Understand, good ladies, that since Rome is annually visited by malaria, I propose to make you a present of a *palazzo*, at or near Palestrina, where the air is wholesome, during the months that it is pestilential in Rome. Thither you will do well to remove, with your fair disciples, from May to the beginning of October. "*Non son io un galantuomo di Papa?*" he adds smiling, at the same time opening the door of the *Camera del Pavone*, where he had received the ladies, and bowing to them repeatedly, with an ultrà Chesterfield politeness.

On the day formerly dedicated to Saint Louis, now no longer a saint, a faint murmur is heard at the end of Bernini's colonnade, which gradually swells into the words, *l'Ambasciatore di Francia.* It is echoed from the statue of Constantine, to the entrance of the *Camera dei Fasci.* The Pontiff receives him with great civility. Fifty sheets would be required to expound their conference, which lasts six hours. It is, however, whispered in Rome, without any thing certain being hazarded, that the thinking mass of the French nation acquiesces to the dispositions of the Council of Lateran; and that the desecration of all the saints, with the important exceptions as before stated, is rapidly gaining ground; and that none will be hereafter recognised as sanctified, save the Holy Trinity, the Holy Ghost, our Saviour, the Virgin, the twelve Apostles, John the Baptist, and the Evangelists; and that no church or chapel should, for the future, be dedicated but to one or other of those.

Spring now returning, he visits his cottage at Tivoli; and being most seriously disposed, he is accompanied thither by three profound theological disputants, who discuss with him important points of controversy. At one of these colloquies, he panegyrizes highly the *Variations des églises Protestantes* of Bossuet, calling it a splendid effort of the human understanding. He passes, too, no light encomiums on the *Génie du Christianisme*

of Chateaubriand; saying that he has thereby strewed with flowers a path of study, before deemed pretty universally dry and repulsive.

Having returned to the Vatican, called by important business, he walks one evening towards *San Paolo fuori le mura.* Near the church he is accosted by a friar, whose face is pallid with anger. With both his arms upraised, he addresses the Pontiff thus: "*Tu sei la maledizione di Roma. Distruttore delle settanta Chiese, svanisci dai miei occhj! Tu sei Papa Satan, Papa Satan, aleppe!*" And having said these words, runs furiously away, uttering a shrill howl. The Cardinal of *Sant' Andrea della Valle* was walking with the Pope. The latter says to him: "This poor fellow cannot comprehend that man here below is a mixed being; that if you spiritualize his nature too much, you plant a sort of death in his existence here. Now this was much the condition of Rome, before I decreed a sentence of destruction for those churches, which would be even supernumerary with double the population of the city. The beneficial effect of this, the greatest act of my pontificate, cannot yet be appreciated. But wait a few years, and you shall see."

The Pope now frequently, in his drives, visits the workmen engaged in the demolition of the condemned churches; and, accompanied by his purse-bearer, he

scatters four or five hundred pauls among them. Several wealthy foreigners resident in Rome, assist them also with a subscription-purse of a few hundred *scudi*, which is divided, from time to time, in fractions among them. Once, as he witnesses the crumbling down of a roof, in which were two or three rather superior frescos, he overhears an artist muttering to another: "*Il nostro Papa a tutta la barbarità dei Goti e dei Barbarini uniti.*" His companion replies: "*Cospetto! è il Demetrio Poliorcetes delle Chiese!*"

A certain diminution, but not general, of the monastic establishments, occupies Urbano next; he generally disapproves of them in cities, observing, "The country is the best place for these institutions. God made the country, and man made the town. Neither will I have them so numerous as hitherto." He decrees, that so much of their revenues should be left them, as to supply them well with the necessaries of life, and not much more; at least, for those orders that profess, like the Capuchins, poverty. He says: "Though *primâ facie* there be something sublime in the institution of La Trappe, it is too much so, for a world like ours, where all of us ought to be at least of some use, one to another. Now a complete Trappist might as well no longer exist." The superfluous wealth of some of these suppressed establishments finds its way into the pontifical ex-

chequer; unjustly, if given to pamper nepotism, like the Borghesi and Braschi; but very justly, if spent as Urbano provides that it should be.

He now orders the inscription on the frise of St. Peter's to be removed, observing to the Cardinal of *Araceli:* "St. Peter's was the work of seventeen pontiffs; Borghese then had no right to assume the glory of the building to himself. He acted like a tailor, who, having only put the side-buttons to a coat, would tell you: 'Sir, the whole coat was my making.' I intend to substitute the words:

BEATO. PETRO. APOSTOLO.

PONTIFICES. ROMANI."

Walking one day with the Cardinal *delle Isole Britanniche,* in the *Camera dell' Incendio del Borgo,* he says: "Are there good grounds, Cardinal, for believing that the great fire of London was occasioned by the malignity of some worthless Catholics?" "You know, *Santo Padre,*" answers the Cardinal, "that it is so recorded on the monument of the catastrophe in London." Retorts the Pontiff: "O then, we are bound to believe implicitly the *ipsa dico* of the column, as *infallible* as all the popes, are we?"—laughing ironically.

At Castel Gandolfo, he is closeted with Ambrosio Pitrucci, who submits to his inspection several medals,

destined to furnish the archetypes of the new coinage. "Pitrucci," he says, "I think one gold coin, the value of two scudi and a half, will be sufficient. The old scudi shall be melted down, and assume a more portable shape. They shall bear the same inscriptions as heretofore. But their silver fractions shall be called *Petrini*, and not *Paoli*, as now. The copper coins should be something smaller than the present." He slips into the medalist's hand a slip of paper, with the following schedule:

One Petro d'oro = $2\frac{1}{2}$ scudi.
One scudo ..... = 10 petrini.
One petrino .... = 10 baiocchi.

"Such is the monetary scale I think advisable to adopt."

The Cardinals' vestures he scarcely alters; but he orders most of the old pontifical vestments to be destroyed, reserving only a few to which interesting recollections may be attached. When he officiates on fast days, he appears in a plain black bombazine surplice, but little differing from the English; when on festivals, in a surplice of very fine white linen, over which is thrown the red scarf, embroidered with the tiaras and keys. On the day of the benediction, he always wears the *annulus piscatoris*. He performs that function almost as well as Braschi.

The singing boys he also clothes in fine white linen

vestures, with a plain red sash round their waists, leaving their finely combed hair to flow in glossy ringlets behind, reminding the spectator of Guido's or Domenichino's cherubs. No music he admits on fast-days, with the exception of the *Miserere*, in the Holy week; neither does he approve, though he does not interdict, any other instruments, but the organ on festivals, saying: "I do not want an opera in a church." In the ensuing spring, he makes an excursion into the Apennines, accompanied by the librarian of the Vatican, Maggioranti. He visits his birth-place, Arpino, and attends an examination of the scholars in a school of that city. He says to Maggioranti, "I always loved the city of Arpino; I intend to let any students in law, who may be natives of this town, have apartments in the new legal college at Rome gratis." He visits the fine cascades of the Liris and Fibrenus; and the two islands formed by these rivers, and frequented formerly by Cicero and his friends. Laughing, he says: "Does not Arpino belong of right to Rome? Do you not think the court of Naples would let me have it, if I granted indulgences for all crimes and sins, for one hundred years; if I sent it a tooth of Santa Petronilla, a jaw-bone of Sant' Asinario, and a little toe of San Carlo Borromeo, and excused, for ever, the annual tribute of a white palfrey?" He leaves a purse of five hundred *scudi*, to be distributed among

those scholars, in prizes, who may have the most distinguished themselves. "By the by, Maggioranti, I intend to demolish that absurd fountain by Bernini, at the foot of *Trinità del Monte*, and to place in its room, two marble figures; one a personification of the Liris; the other, of the Fibrenus, discharging from their urns copious waters into a new basin. Fail not to remind me of this." He alludes, on the journey, to the late changes he has introduced in the vestures of the priests. "My adoption," he says, "of black for fasts and white for feasts, is grounded on the general belief, that one is serious, the other enlivening. Who but a theatrical coxcomb would wish to attire the priest officiating at the altar, in silk and gold glitter? This invention, I am aware, came from the east; but it must have originated rather from a theatrical, than a religious mind."

Referring to the usage of lamps in churches, he says to Maggioranti: "Lights of all kind are useless, unless they speak symbolically to the eyes. The hundreds of paltry and smoky lamps, that I found in the churches, at the beginning of my pontificate, appear to me to have been the result of the dreams of old women on their death-beds. Braschi provided to have lights after his death, burning perpetually round his *divine* image. These, you see, I have removed, as well as the statue of the *divine* man. But I would not remove, on any

account, the monument of Alexander VI. in the chapel underneath. It shall stand, Maggioranti, as an useful memento to any of my successors, who may be tempted to lay claim to *absolute infallibility*."

The Pontiff and Maggioranti regain the Vatican; and a few days after he summons the Cardinal *di San Giovanni Laterano* into his presence, who had for some time disgraced his station by an irregular life. "You thought," he says, "I did not see you going up and down the Corso, in a shut up carriage, last Thursday, with Giulia Fazzoletti. Come, come, Cardinal, the hey-dey of your blood being long over, it is high time for you to give up these pranks. If you cannot find out the station you fill, you shall discover it from me, by being unfrocked. And now, if you please, you may tell the world, what a narrow-minded bigot I am." The Cardinal retires, the colour stinging his cheeks like a hornet.

In the following week, a transalpine Baron arrives in Rome. He begs the honour of an introduction to the Pontiff, which is granted. He goes so covered with stars, that scarcely a patch of two inches of the cloth of his coat is visible. After a few minutes of common talk, the Pope asks him rather drily: "Pray, Baron, may I ask, what you have done to merit stars number two, number three, and number five?" The Baron, highly incensed, rushes to the door, and bangs it in the Pontiff's

face. Of course he asks for his passport immediately; and on passing the *Ponte Molle*, says the next morning to a fellow traveller: "This is the way with all these upstarts. This low-bred priest has not even common decency of manners. Because he wears the tiara, he thinks himself justified in offering the greatest insult that can be offered to a man of probity and honour."

The Pope, perceiving still in the city some lurking seeds of discontent, in consequence of the destruction of the old aristocracy, devises the following expedient to eradicate them. He orders two or three Polichinel boxes to perambulate the streets, in which Punch is made to say to a puppet covered with stars: "*E chi sei tu?*" "*Non sai, birbante, che io sono l'illustrissimo Principe di Grandaltaterra, dal decimoterzo secolo,*" retorts the puppet. Punch thwacks him well about the shoulders and head, saying a hundred comical things, too long to record here.

A short time afterwards, three friars from the monastry of the Theban Onuphrio, who had enjoyed a snug godship, for some eight or ten centuries, beg earnestly an interview with the Pope, to remonstrate with him on the unholiness of the proposed adoption of the English Litany in the Roman service. The Pope asks them, drily: "Good friends, have you read and digested that Litany?" "We would not pollute our souls, *Santo*

Padre, with such a heresy," is their simultaneous reply. "Pray open the door to these good men," says Urbano to his chamberlain, "who have come to treat me with commentaries on what, by their own avowal, they have never read."

Urbano shows as good discrimination between the shades of guilt, as if he had devoted some years to the study of casuistry, proved in the two following cases. One Melchior Ardenti, a priest of forty years old, he finds, from unquestionable authority, abuses his sacred function of confessor, by gestures and words too improper to be stated, towards females who approach the confessional box. The Pontiff sends for him, and reproaches him with such a concentrated power of indignation, that Ardenti, puny both in body and soul, takes to his bed, and is found dead the next morning, literally of fright. The other case was that of Giovanni Maldito, a young priest of Viterbo, who was found carousing at Frascati, and revelling with a common woman. Urbano, after reproaching him with much bitterness, says: "I'll think no more of it; but I would advise you, for your own sake, and for mine, never to be guilty of a similar offence."

In two brigand cases, he proves also a good discrimination. A party of five are seized by his troops, who only fired over a carriage, and having robbed the

passengers of their money, let them go without further injury. He consigns them to work in the gallies for three years. But another party of four are seized, who, after robbing the passengers, carry them into the mountains, strip them naked, rub their faces against the road: and having violated a young lady, tie her in nudity to a tree, where she dies. "By the Holy Virgin," says Urbano, "I will neither eat, drink, or sleep till justice be satisfied." The criminals are arraigned, tried, and condemned with full proofs; and shortly after they swing from a gibbet thirty feet high, on the *Monte Testaccio.* In vain the pious *Cardinal di San Bartolomèo* pleads for the mitigation of the punishment. The only reply he gets from the Pope, is a loud repetition of this verse of Virgil:

Mens immota manet; lacrymæ volvuntur inanes.

And all this is done in the short interval of nine hours. The executioners, their hands reeking with blood, dine afterwards with the Pontiff, who preserves at dinner an unagitated demeanour.

A few days after this execution, he give a tête-à-tête dinner to François Minot, distantly related to the Pontiff on his mother's side, and now a wealthy Abbé of Nismes. A cloud of illish humour having flitted across his mind,

he speaks but little during dinner. But at the serving up of coffee, he says: "Well, François, the time-piece of your age having some time struck forty-five, I suppose you no longer keep that English girl, you got from Lancashire some years ago." "*Vous pensez bien que toutes ces sottises-là sont oubliées, Saint Père; je l' ai chassé, il y a long temps.*" "And how much did you give at parting from her? Three thousand *scudi* at least, I presume, for you have four thousand per annum." Not a word from Minot in reply. "How many then? One thousand? Five hundred? One hundred, at least? Come, come, out with it." Minot, a man of fine manners, remains mute; then rising from his seat, he bows with the utmost politeness, and retires, not without muttering in the Lepanto-antechamber: "*C' est un homme qui n' a pas une étincelle de politesse.*"

The Pope, though cordially averse to the old system of nepotism, pursued by nearly all his predecessors, is by no means forgetful of the interests of his family. He has a nephew, whose nest he feathers with an estate in the Apennines, which brings him in a clear eight thousand *scudi* per annum. And he gives to his niece, for her marriage portion, one hundred and fifty thousand *scudi*. But the exchequer is not charged with a *baiocco* in their favour.

He walks with Luigi Angellari, his major-domo, one

fine summer's evening, to the remains of the temple of Jupiter Tonans; and says to him: "Luigi, I suspect you are a little touched with *Gracchomania;* not that I mean to class you with the wild enthusiasts of the Rienzi breed, who would rejoice to see this spot, this Forum, I say, in the same uproar as formerly, in the days of the Gracchi. The best way to cool such heated brains, is to remind them of the argument used by Saturnius, in his reply to Tiberius Gracchus. He was a shrewd fellow, that Saturnius; he did not wield the Aristotelian syllogisms and enthymems; but he came to the point at once. Tiberius's brain did he so convince, that his oratorical weapon penetrated the suture of his skull. He was the inventor of the *bench-argument.* O! he was the flower of the *benchers!*" And so he goes on in jocose mood; adding, in the intervals of his laughter, and at the same time punning in Latin: "*O aurea sæcula! O Saturnia tempora incidentia Gracchanis temporibus!*"

The subsequent Lent he dines with the *Padri Cappuccini,* taking in the pocket of his rusty coat, fourteen or fifteen fine and healthy chestnuts, and many more of shrivelled appearance, and many containing nothing within the husks. The cloth being removed, he roasts them at the refectory fire, blowing the sparks from them, and whistling at his fingers, as he puts them, one by

one, on the table. Turning to Father Girolamo, he says: "You see the separation of the chestnuts was no easy matter;" alluding to the difficulties he had experienced in the arduous task of the desecration of the saints of the middle ages. He now discharges his thunderbolt of mind, which for some time he had reserved in the *armamentaria Vaticani* at the Campidoglio; and gives, in the first place, orders to remove to the Vatican, all the monuments of arts therein deposited. Of the three buildings there, thus left bare, the one to the right, as you ascend the steps, bears on its frise, in letters of bronze, the words, TRIBUNALE CIVILE; its companion opposite is inscribed TRIBUNALE CRIMINALE; while the central building is to be devoted to the reception and conservation of testamentary bequests, and other legal documents. He orders the statue of Marcus Aurelius to be removed, and placed in the centre of the largest court in the Vatican; and a marble group to be substituted in its room, representing Themis and Justice embracing.

He next turns his attention to the establishment of a law-college for the students, to consist entirely of laics; and he cannot select a better building for the purpose than the *Palazzo di Venezia;* which, with about twenty thousand *scudi*, he cuts up into apartments, capable of receiving about one hundred followers of the profession

of the law. These apartments he lets to the students, at a very low rate, leaving each to provide his own furniture. *I due Presidenti dei Tribunali Civili e Criminali* are each paid instar the Cardinals *à latere;* and he orders the sittings of the Tribunals to be public; each to be held twice a year, and, of course, to sit as long as the greater or less pressure of cases would require. He orders a summary of their proceedings to be printed in the Gazettes. He reserves for himself the right of reprieve and pardon; which, in criminal cases of black and occult malignity, he would never exercise. Heavy would be the task of revising the criminal law; and he could only hope to leave things in train for his successor to follow up. His dislike of the old system of indulgences is so inveterate, that he rarely lets slip an opportunity of launching a sarcasm against them. Once as he was walking in the Via Papale, he met a waggoner giving a smart stroke of the whip to a restive horse that was dragging a load of hay. "What right have you," he said in a mock austere tone, "to punish that poor animal? You do not know, I suppose, that I granted him a week ago, plenary indulgence for all sins that he may commit for seven years, two months, eleven days, six hours, and nine minutes. Had he kicked, and broken your thigh-bone, you would have been a profane fellow to wish even to stir in your defence."

Walking one day through Trastevere, with his chamberlain, he is accosted by a certain Jeroboam Hothed, a determined Calvinist, who had travelled all the way from Leeds, on purpose to give a spiritual warning to the Pope. He roars out: "Thou scarlet sin! quit my sight, let the earth hide thee! Thou beast with seven heads and ten horns, to whom the dragon giveth power to blaspheme God, and vex the saints, avaunt! What is thy number? Thou knowest it not. Hear it from me, a true servant of the Lamb. Thy number is six hundred, three score, and six. It is written on thy forehead; though thou knowest not that it is there. Thou caterer for the mother of harlots, and all abominations, thou that drinkest the blood of the saints, polluted would be the earth were it to swallow thee up! He who receives thy mark, shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God. He shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the angels and Lamb for evermore." The Pontiff having kept his eyes fixedly on Hothed, all the time he was thus ranting, pursues his walk towards the Villa Pamfili, without saying one word.

In the subsequent week, he takes an airing in a shut up carriage, to the *Scala santa*, with Angelo Maggioranti, librarian of the Vatican, a man with a hawk's eye, of profound erudition, and various information. Pointing to the *scala*, he says: "The quota of veneration,

Maggioranti, that I feel for these relics, is generally in proportion to their greater or less authenticity. Have we good authority, Angelo, for believing that this is the identical *scala*, mounted by our Saviour, when led before Pilate? Can any one state to me, on good foundation, the year, the month, the day, when it was brought from Jerusalem to Rome? Can he inform me, who was tetrarch of Judæa, when it was broken up from the house that was Pilate's? Can he tell me who filled my chair, when the stone staircase arrived? At what port did it land? Was it embarked at Tyre, Sidon, or any other of the Phœnician ports? Do rummage the Vatican, Angelo, and see if any records exist, that may serve to clear up these points.

"Ah, Angelo, I am sometimes quarter wicked enough to think that this *scala* is first cousin to the aerial one, seen by Jacob in his dream; and to deem it not impossible that it winged its way from Jerusalem with the same Dædalean wings, that transported the *Santa Casa* to Loreto. I have also in my blood, a slight poison of incredulity with regard to the statue called of St. Peter in the Vatican, the toe of which, you know, is nearly eaten away by kisses; and which, I have heard, was originally the statue of some pagan deity. Now, if one of my predecessors knew that this statue was such, and at the same time urged its salutation out of respect to

St. Peter, I have a great contempt for him. You know," he adds, smiling, and speaking in a shrill tone, "that I am *un Papa un poco difficile, un Papa un poco difficile;*" at the same time touching Maggioranti's forehead with his little finger. Maggioranti gently inclines his head without saying one word. He dines tête-à-tête with the Pontiff. The dessert introduced, the Pope draws from his coat a leather pocket-book, scratched and worn, and filled with nearly a hundred cards, beautifully written by himself, with short extracts from the works of the Fathers of the Church, done when he pursued his theological studies, twenty-two years since. "Here is a sentence from Jerom; here is one from Augustine; here is one from Lactantius, another from Cyril, and another from Clement of Alexandria; here are two from Gregory of Nazianzen," observes the Pontiff. "None of these are any longer Saints; they are now enrolled in my new *Libro dei Venerabili.* In the new edition with which you are busied of the works of Augustine, I wish the title to be *Venerabilis Augustini Opera;* and let this serve as a model for the titles of any future editions, that may be undertaken of the works of the primitive fathers especially." Maggioranti makes a slight inclination of the head, and says not a word. "I do not see on what grounds," continues the Pontiff, "the ancient Church assumed to herself the right of

canonizing Saints. It always appeared to me a sort of insult to the better essence of our religion. It is tantamount to saying to the Deity: 'We will thrust this individual into Heaven, whether you approve him, or no.' The title of *Venerabile* is sufficient for the church to bestow. Indeed it cannot do more, without offering a positive insult to God. The case is different with the Twelve Apostles, who, having been named by our Saviour his coadjutors, obtained thereby a prescriptive right to sanctification. With regard to indulgences, it is incontestable, that they crept into the church in the dark ages. I suspect that they were the invention of that coxcomb, Urban the Second; who procured money by the sale of them to recompense the crusaders; and so entailed endless scandal on the church. It was this fellow, Urban, (and I almost shame at bearing the same title) that sowed the seeds of the grand schism, which burst their pods four centuries after. Leo X., too, was a shameless *tric-trac* player at the game of indulgences; and then he stared at the Germanic schism, and afterwards at the British! I would rather have my tongue torn out of my mouth, than say, as several of these coxcombs did, at least indirectly, through their agents; 'Lo, the heavens are open! For twelve pence, you may rescue your father's soul from purgatory, and your own too.' At the same time, it would be unfair to stigmatize

the characters of some of the better of my predecessors with having encouraged such vile and despicable proceedings." Turning to other topics, he observes: "The important question whether or no the dignitaries of the church should be allowed to marry, appears to me balanced by very nearly equivalent arguments. Our Saviour has left us nothing on this point conclusive. From the words of St. Paul, we may nevertheless infer, that he was in favour of their celibacy; which having subsisted from the earliest epochs of the Church, and made thereby venerable from its long date, I would not rashly alter."

"Maggioranti," he continues, "though many individuals formerly reputed as Saints, no longer figure as such in the calendar, though many of them now bear only the title of *Venerabile*, I should be sorry to see their names wholly omitted in any sermon that may be preached, which may derive greater argument by a reference to their authority and example; provided that when they be mentioned, it be only under the title of *Venerabile*. For instance: *il venerabile Augustino*, *il venerabile Massillon*, &c. &c." Speaking of the Vatican library, he says: "I do not want to be difficult with regard to natives or foreigners consulting the books. A simple permission from you will be sufficient. But if any individual wants to consult the manuscripts,

it will be necessary for him to obtain a rescript from me." He alludes to ecclesiastical decorations, saying: "I am averse to many pictures in churches; let a fine one, illustrative of some act of our Saviour, or of one or other of the Apostles or Evangelists, be at the altar piece; and that will be generally sufficient, except in churches, like St. Peter's, vast. I do not look for picture galleries in churches. Devotion is better ensured by concentrating it in one focus, and that should be at the altar. Neither do I approve of that multitude of chapels so frequently tacked on to the main building, and destroying its form." He turns to other topics, and asks Maggioranti, whether he thinks there by any good authority for imagining that the works of Vitruvius are forgeries. "You are aware probably that they have been rumoured to be so; I should be sorry to find it made out that Vitruvius did not compose them. I have derived some profit from their perusal; and you know," he adds, laughing, "that I am a bit of a dabbler in architecture; if not grandmaster, at least a mason, and a free one too;" pinching at the same time Maggioranti on the knee. The librarian, having kept his eyes on the firmament all the time the Pontiff was talking, inclines again his head and retires without saying a word.

A few days after he summons Calci, the plasterer. The Pope, in humorous mood, says to him: "Calci, I

suspect you are getting an idle fellow;" touching the artist's forehead with his little finger; "tell me if you know how to clean effectually statues, without injuring the marble." "I do, *Santo Padre*," retorts Calci. "Apply your process then to Bernini's statues on the *Ponte Sant' Angelo;* but mind, if you injure them in the least, I'll calcinate your bones, by throwing them, one by one, into a brick-kiln. They'll make excellent mortar, wherewith I'll build a church dedicated to Saint Calci. I'll preserve your great toe, and tell all good men who come to Rome, This was Saint Calci's toe!" convulsing his ribs with laughter. This was one of the last of his playful, yet coarsish sallies, in which he never indulged, whenever the essentials of religion were the topics of his discourse.

A few days afterwards, a dean of Durham, a canon of Norwich, a Calvinist of Manchester, an anabaptist of Leeds, a Joanna-Southcotian from Exeter, a presbyterian pastor of Dumfries, and a Humeist from Edinburgh, all firm anti-catholics, happening to rendezvous at Rome, solicit the honour of an interview with the Pope, to say on their return home, "*We have seen Urbano.*" He receives them just within the pale of civility; which temper of mind soon subsides into a coldness. This, though not intended as offensive by the Pontiff, is construed as such by the visitors, who, taking umbrage at

it, retire with cold bows on their parts. Urbano, turning to Maggioranti, who was engaged with manuscripts at an adjoining table, says: "In spite of myself, I always feel a chill strike my ventricles, whenever any venerators and asserters of the sanctity of Henry VIII. approach me. I should feel much more at ease with the Japanese envoys, received by Sisto Quinto, than with them. Here are men, whose respectability I have no right to question; belonging to nations as intellectual as Italy; and yet losing half the value of their sacred vocation by a blind devotion to the spiritual majesty of their eighth Henry. What would these same gentlemen think of the Roman conclave, had it decreed, three and a half centuries ago, that Alexander VI. and the fruit of his loins, should for ever reign both hierarchically and temporally in Rome? The dean of Durham looked as if he was sure of my being privy to the incendiarism of the British Houses of Parliament, that occurred a few years ago; at another moment, he looked as if he wished to give me a lecture on civil liberty, dressed as he was in the sacred livery of his eighth Henry. And I expected to see the canon of Norwich produce from his pocket a sermon preached before both Houses of Parliament, to convict me of impiety, for preferring Saint Peter as chief of the Christian church, to his own divine eighth Henry, illustrated with perpetual commen-

taries by my Lords of Canterbury, York, and Gloucester, also with convincing annotations from the pens of Doctors Fox, Petty, and Russell;" and this he says pacing up and down his apartment, filling his nostrils with rapèe, and chuckling gutturally. "The anabaptist from Leeds," he continues, "had the air of thinking me nothing better than a Guy Fawkes *in pontificalibus*, always standing with my fusee lighted, and ready to blow the King and Parliament all up alive, making them ride on such a blast as Milton's Satan met in Chaos," chuckling again gutturally. "The Humeist from Edinburgh, with a face of dry and wrinkled parchment, and an Icelandic heart, stood gaping at me; and as for my friend the Dumfries presbyterian, he appeared more than half inclined to spit and roast me in Smithfield. The straight-haired Manchester Calvinist I expected to see produce from his pocket a right holy and edifying plan to transform St. Peter's into a wailing meeting-house, nicely divided into pews at one *Paul* per seat; and as for the Joanna-Southcotian, he looked as if he was ready to produce the old Exeter apple-woman's cradle for the new Shiloh, and force me to kneel before it. Maggioranti, is not my coldness a natural corollary to these, and a hundred other considerations? Never let me see more of this sacred brood of the eighth Henry."

In the summer of the ninth year of his pontificate, he summons thirty-seven of the most learned dignitaries of the church, to the great hall of Castel Gandolfo, and among them, Valpini, supervisor of the Propaganda press. With them he discusses minutely the best mode of organising the new ritual. After several pithy and pointed remarks, on the absurdity of cramming rusty Latin into the mouths of the congregations, he says: "The new ritual shall be wholly in the Italian language. It should form a volume of smallish bulk. I mean to introduce into it the English Litany, nearly word for word. The prayers should be, I apprehend, divided into two classes: first, the *direct;* secondly, the *interceding.* The first should only be directed to the triune First Cause, or, in ecclesiastical language, to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost; or, in other words, to the Holy Trinity. The interceding prayers should be introduced into the service of the Church, on the festivals of those saints appointed as saints by Article the first of my late Council of Lateran, and only addressed to them. Our Church is very rich in pious effusions. We have many fine compositions, addressed to those individuals who have hitherto figured as saints in the calendar. Some of the finest of these may be preserved, substituting the names of the sacred persons above indicated. Such are the general bases I

intend to adopt for the reformation of our Liturgy. As to the number of prayers, I pretend not to decide, whether they should be ten, twenty, or even more, exclusive of the Litany. Great delicacy will be required in the selection, in the length of the prayers, which should not be considerable, and in their number; and I beg you earnestly to observe this important point, which is, not to fail to note in the Liturgy, at the head of the *interceding* prayers, the days on which they are to be recited." Turning to Valpini, he says: "I hope, in a short twelvemonth, this work, which appears *primâ facie* difficult, but which in fact is not so, will be brought to a conclusion." After dismissing the assembly, he calls aside Valpini, and says: "As soon as I shall have determined on the new Liturgy, I beg you will cause to be struck off at the Propaganda press, one hundred copies on vellum; these will be deposited in different libraries; five hundred on finest paper; three thousand on inferior; and ten thousand on common paper. I hope the last will not cost more to the public than three pauls a-piece. I do not intend to give generally the ritual *gratis* to the poor; for you, as well as myself, are aware, that the great mass of the inferior orders of society are apt to attach no value to things which they can acquire too easily. This effected, in, I hope, about a twelvemonth, I have in view the publication and dis-

tribution among the booksellers, in the Italian language, of one volume, which will comprise a selection of about fifty of the finest of David's Psalms, the book of Job, the Proverbs, and most of the chapters of the Wisdom of Solomon, Ecclesiastes, and Ecclesiasticus. These will form the first part of the compilation; the second part will comprise the whole of the New Testament, omitting the Revelations."

Then assuming a cheerful tone, and at the same time touching Valpini's forehead, with his little finger, he says: "Now, my dear Valpini, put on your spurs, and drive them deep into the flanks of the *Propaganda. Sudor fluat undique rivis.* If those inky devils of thine work well, I will not fail to turn them into angels of light."

The succeeding year, the works at the Campidoglio being nearly completed, he attends, in state, the first opening of the tribunals; and takes his seat on the right hand of the President of the Civil Court. He listens with earnest attention to the proceedings, especially to a luminous development of a difficult case, by the *Avvocato* Cinori. With it he is so much pleased, that he invites the lawyer to dine with him the next day at the Vatican. During dinner he discusses several legal topics, among others, the trial by jury, the universal expediency of which he questions, with great acuteness, for a man not

professionally a lawyer. At the dessert, the servants introduce a plateau, covered with a small but elegant service of plate, with which he regales Cinori.

Shortly after, he summons the Cardinal *di San Marco*, who abominates the Pontiff, who uses his utmost endeavours to thwart him in all his projects of improvement, and Urbano says to him: "What a scurvy fellow you are, Cardinal! I know, that exclusive of your cardinalate, you enjoy twenty-five thousand *scudi* per annum. And how do you spend it? You can hardly tell me; unless it be in parading the Corso, in your coach and four. Taste for agriculture, the fine arts, books, a heart for charity, you have none. Though you riot in good health, and have excellent sight, you cannot even master what, with those advantages, is easy of attainment, I mean an ordinary grade in the scale of good manners. I never solicited your love, being one of those who believe that the affections of our hearts are by no means under our own control; but you sit before your fire, biting the inside of your cheeks, and spitting viper-venom against me, who never wronged you, in word or deed. O! you are a sorry one for the red hat." The Cardinal, writhing like a scotched snake, retires, biting his lips, colourless, and quivering with concentrated and irredeemable envy, hate, and ire.

The Pope, though he does all that lies in his power

to break that stiffness of ceremony incidental to his station, is not, however, pleased, unless he be addressed with the title of *Santo Padre*, or simply *Santità;* and he likes to hear these words spoken trippingly, as it were, on the tongue, and without emphasis. As for his amusements, he now and then indulges in a game at whist, backgammon, and draughts, with two or three chosen friends; but only for a short time, and never playing for money. He occasionally summons from twenty to thirty of the students at the University, to Castel Gandolfo, where a vast target is planted on the great lawn; and where he gives to the most skilful archer, the prize of a silver cup of considerable value.

Urbano cares not much for pictures or statues; but he is fond of the glyptic art, in all the details of which he is eminently skilled. He has a dactyliotheca, of great value, filled with good copies of all the finest cameos and intaglios known. On festival days, he sometimes wears a cameo of Augustus, cut on sardonyx, by Dioscourides; he possesses also a fine intaglio, on amethyst, of Titus, executed by Euodus, a contemporary artist; he has also a splendid cameo, on cornelian, representing Marcus Aurelius, and executed by Æpolianus, who flourished in his reign. The above three are the only originals he has. But he has a splendid head of Priam, copied from the gem of Aëtion; a Minerva's

head, from the jasper of Aspasius; an intaglio-copy, on sapphire, of the celebrated Dionysiac bull of Hyllus; a Theseus, slaying the Minotaur, from the gem of Philemon; and an Achilles, sounding the lyre, from the amethyst of Pamphilus.

In a conference with Onnibono, President of the College of *Sant' Andrea della Valle*, he says: "Onnibono, I always had a high respect for several of the English preachers: I wish you would select half a dozen of the best of Tillotson's sermons, as many of those of Blair, and as many of Barrow; see that they be faithfully rendered into the Italian language. The Italians surpass the English, as far as regards the imaginative faculty, but not in the argumentative. I intend these sermons to be occasionally delivered at St. Peter's, during Lent especially. I beg you to set several hands in the College to work; and I hope to see the manuscripts in about a year from this day."

He now confers with the magistrates of the *Rioni*, on the best mode of appointing a company of scavengers, for the cleansing and lighting of the city. "Their functions being any thing but pleasant," he observes, "they ought to be paid nearly double what the vine-labourers receive." He says to them: "See that no coffee-house or liquor-shop be open during the holy week; and that during Lent, they only be open from the hours of twelve

to three. The rest of the year, hours of service excepted on particular days, they may be open all day, till ten or eleven at night. With regard to the shops, during the holy week, all should be shut, except the bakers', and those who vend articles of prime necessity; also, I think, every Wednesday and Friday during Lent. In spite of these apparent, though in fact no real checks, I intend to do all in my power to remove every obstacle in the way of commerce. '*Veruntamen oportet dividi sacros et negotiosos dies, quîs divina colerentur, et humana non impedirentur.*' For eighteen centuries, the city has been *Roma la Santa;* and *Roma la Santa* she shall remain!"

The Pope, walking one day with the Cardinal of *Araceli*, in the Chiaramonte Museum, observes: "This is superb. But when will the additions to the Vatican end? Most of my predecessors thought they out-Trajaned Trajan, by adding first one wing, then another, then a third, to a pile, which, even in the days of Sisto Quinto, was already too vast. Cardinal, if I add one brick more to the Vatican, I will give you leave to inscribe, in letters two feet high:

STULTISSIMUS URBANUS NONUS

ÆDES VATICANAS AUXIT.

My predecessor, Chiaramonte, though certainly a respectable man, spent much money absurdly enough,

considering the scantiness of the Roman exchequer in his time."

Seeing the incogniti busts, not yet arranged, and lately removed from the Campidoglio, he says: "I intend to order the destruction of many of these. Here are several busts so mutilated, that they can be of no service to art whatever. Perhaps some ten or dozen of them I may preserve. Here is one, which from some faint points of resemblance to Marcus Brutus, I would not destroy. Here is one, which from the contour of the forehead, may have been a Marcus Aurelius; such, you see, Cardinal, I would preserve. But as for that host of noseless incogniti, they will make good materials for the Via Cassia." He eyes for a minute fixedly the two mutilated busts of Publius Virgilius Maro, and says: "If we compare the few points of resemblance that remain in these two, with those in the more perfect marble of the Vatican, I think we may find they tally sufficiently to give us a fair idea of the physiognomy of the divine poet, who, had he written works of much inferior value than what he has left us, would still, if clothed in similarly harmonious versification, have ensured for himself immortality." He lays his hand on the vase given by Mithridates to the Temple of Fortune at Antium. "This bronze," he says, "must be of great value if authentic. I wish your nephew, who is con-

versant with these things, would write a short memoir, showing me who was the fisherman who dragged it up, in whose pontificate it was found, and all circumstances relating to it." He pauses for a minute, opposite the bust of the Emperor Julian, and says to the Cardinal of *Araceli*, who accompanied him: "I cannot think this bust authentic. It has rather a mean expression; it has nothing of that ardent look, which must have been the characteristic of Julian, during his short and singular career." Then, with a smile writhing his lips, he adds: "I wonder how he and I should have pulled together, had we been contemporaries; perhaps, Cardinal, not quite so ill as you might at first imagine; for Christianity in his time was only nascent; it had not been purified by the meditations of the fathers of the Church, and other learned men. Its dross, in thick incrustations, rendered invisible its finer ore. Squalid faces were seen emerging from sepulchres; hands were brandishing crucifixes; and illiterate spirits dealt forth the menaces, but as yet little of the well-defined consolations of the new religion. I cannot otherwise account for the inveterate hatred that animated Julian against the Christian converts." He walks on the Vatican terrace, and pointing to the ship-fountain, he says: "Here is a pretty nonsense of one of my predecessors, Odescalchi, perhaps, wherewith to gratify his adorable Olympia. Who but a

coxcomb would make water spout from the yards, the deck, and the masts of a ship? Let it be destroyed; and substitute a Triton emerging from a circular basin, and spouting a full volume of water from his conch." He adds, laughing: "I bequeath the ship-fountain to all the Misses of Rome, with their dolls. It is surprising what absurdities in art are often committed. In the garden of the Vatican, one of my predecessors placed what he called a rural villa, within a hundred yards of the enormous range of the Vatican buildings. Let this be rased to the ground. What right," he adds, "had Braschi to will, that the figure of his precious self should be placed immediately within the precinct of the great altar at St. Peter's? He had not a tenth part of the merit of Chiaramonte, nor the twentieth of that of Ganganelli. See that his statue be removed, and placed in another part of St. Peter's church, by no means conspicuously."

His spirits being this year somewhat shattered, he visits, for a month, Luca Anfossi, a priest of Terracina, and lodges with him in a very private manner, at that town; where warm sea-bathing, frictions, and the blue-pill, added to the

> Nemus, et fontes, solidumque madentis arenæ
> Littus, et æquoreis candidus Anxur aquis,

restore considerably his health. During his residence there, he marries, himself, two or three peasant couples.

On his return to the Vatican, the Cardinal *dell' America settentrionale* begs the permission to introduce to him several individuals from the United States; which, as they are not of the Catholic persuasion, is reluctantly granted by Urbano. A tunker from Boston, a shaker from Cincinnati, a Wesleyan methodist from Dismal Swamp, a Whitfieldian from Canandaguia, a wet quaker from George Town, a Moravian from Bethlehem, an universal baptist from New York, a deist from Fayetteville, a dry quaker from New Orleans, a Socinian from Pittsburgh, a sceptic from Louisburgh, a Swedenborgian from Norfolk, an anabaptist from Albany, a congregationalist from Washington, a Mennonist from Charleston, and a mongrel, got by a tunker, out of a shakeress from Alabama, form the group introduced by the Cardinal. The Pontiff addresses a few words to them for some minutes; and is glad to give the significant bow of dismissal. They are no sooner gone, than Urbano, turning to the Cardinal, says: "The sight of these schismatics, condemned, as they appear to be, to sow endless heart-burnings among one another, operates on my understanding like ipecacuanha on my stomach. Did not the quaker and shaker look pretty considerably as if they suspected me of wishing to kill their President,

and substitute, in his room, a Louis XI. on the throne of Washington? Thank you for the spiritual breakfast you have served me up this morning, Cardinal; thank you for it again and again. To put me in good humour, I suppose you will send me next, from America, a hamper filled with living *Crotali horridi*." This he says half smiling, and half with bitterness, a temper that occasionally characterises the Pontiff. In a most serious tone, and shedding tears, he adds afterwards: "These are the miseries of multiplied schisms. Blank atheism excepted, can a greater scourge befall a nation, than to be cut up into these multitudinous sects? Alas! I see but little hope for a better state of things, either in the British isles, or the United States of America, till enlightened minds shall see the beauty of a point of unity in religion. I go further, and assert, that it would be better on the whole to make one or two sacrifices in the subordinate articles of belief, than for a nation to be thus at the mercy of hot-blooded and illiterate fanatics."

His temper not a little harassed by these visitors, one Pietro Marchi steps in, to propose a plan for a new church, to be built on the summit of the Monte Mario, and which is nearly to equal St. Peter's in size. The Pontiff, in almost the only bad humour he ever gave way to, says to him in a raucous voice: "Why do you not go and build your church in the centre of the desert

of Sahara? You would at least have there a congregation of particles of sand, to be edified by a tornado-sermon, which you could not have at Rome." Turning to his *Camerlingo*, he says: "Do remove this poor coxcomb from my sight. Send him to the *Incurabili*."

In the eleventh year of his pontificate, business pressing less than usual, he orders the Chiaramonte museum to be shut for a month to strangers; and the saloon to be lighted about a dozen times, with a hundred argand lamps. Half a dozen small tables are furnished with *dilettante* opuscules on some of the marbles. Here he passes several evenings, in company with two or three learned friends. His mind being full of more important matter, he would frequently jump up, and launch forth in as bitter *tirades* against the obstinacy and narrow-mindedness, that for so long a period had characterized the Vatican, as ever fell from the lips of one of Luther's disciples, or of Bonaparte himself. Now and then he plays for half an hour at backgammon, with the Cardinal *di San Giovanni;* and if the throw is on his side, he exclaims with irony: "Come, that's an *infallible;*" if against him: "Come, that's a *fallible*," chuckling gutturally, and satirising in the same breath, the old doctrine of papal infallibility.

On Trinity Sunday of this year, Giannetta Stracchini, Laura Massi, and Maria Caltoni, three young ladies of

Taranto, accompanied by Sara Gravedonna, abbess of a nunnery in that city, are introduced to the Pontiff. The three young noviciates had persuaded the abbess to accompany them to Rome, to procure the papal benediction, before submitting to the tonsure. The Pope precedes them to his oratory, recites two or three prayers, not in rusty Latin, but in Italian; and gives the fair noviciates, as well as their abbess, impressively his benediction.

Shortly after, he gives a tête-à-tête dinner to the Cardinal *delle Isole Britanniche;* with whom he quaffs some porter, sent to him from the house of Messrs. Meux and Co., in London. "I always liked this beverage," says the Pontiff, "it gives strength." Then, before emptying the glass, he says significantly to the Cardinal: "Cela va de *meux* en *meux*," playing on the name of the brewer, and alluding to the hopes he cherished of things, by-and-by, moving better in the religious world. Urbano is, however, never happier than when he dines with the *Padri Cappuccini*, partaking of their frugal fare, and seasoning it with playful and innocent jokes, addressed to Father Girolamo. He, nevertheless, from time to time displays a considerable magnificence. He gives a dinner to fifty persons, among whom are nine of the cardinals, on a service of plate, presented to him as a subscription present, by the catholics of Ireland, and worth twenty thousand English pounds. At one of

these banquets, turning to his major-domo, Luigi Angellari, he says: "Tap that cask of Dublin porter, given me last year by Patrick O'Sullivan, Esquire, of Limerick. He is a good man. He is equally charitable to catholics and protestants; he is not one of those who would renounce the ancient religion of his country, merely because some fifty or a hundred rogues, three centuries ago, sold indulgences in Germany; merely because my predecessor, Leo X., spoiled perhaps by prosperity, omitted to reprimand them, as he ought to have done. Fill the goblets full to the health of Patrick O'Sullivan." A magnificent band, stationed in the *Loggie* of Raphael, sets off the pontifical toast, with a cheerful symphony of Rossini.

The revolving year, and the twelfth of his pontificate, brings back St. Peter's festival; when the service is performed, for the first time, in the Italian language. Certain variations occur in the service on stated days. Stupendously fine is the first thunder of the organ from the lateral chapel, set off with thirty voices. Its entrails are from London; its case from Nuremberg, exhibiting two flying angels in *altissimo relievo*, the whole carved in lime-wood, and admirably joined; but with no gilt pipes, as in England. Round the angels' trumps, are two scrolls, inscribed: *Gloria in Excelsis.* The Pontiff is fond of the old anthems, from Palestrina and Corelli.

He often, too, selects the music himself, from the works of Haydn and Handel, heretics as they were.

A few days after, Maximilian Füger, of Augsburgh, and Cardinal *dell' Alemagna inferiore*, well read in Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, is ushered into the *Camera del Papagallo.* "Ah, my dear Cardinal," says Urbano, "rejoiced am I to see you; though you be a *Tramontane*, to which title several superficial coxcombs here attach a sort of contempt. The German mind is, in many particulars, profounder than the Italian, and I am glad to find a man with whom I can converse *è pectore.*" "Highly flattered am I," rejoins the Cardinal, "and I can bring you, *Santo Padre*, good news. Several hundreds of individuals in Germany, in consequence of the acts of your late Council of Lateran, have bowed their heads to the original and true Church." "But where is the surprise?" says Urbano. "The great source of ill, the principle of corruption in the Church, was the sale of indulgences, and the absurd veneration for relics, which, three centuries ago, was pushed to such a pitch, that, had I lived in the time of Luther, I most likely should have sided with him. In my early years, I devoted much time to theology. I placed on one table, the arguments of the Protestants, on the other, those of the Catholics, and after having meditated thereon for a long time, I have come to *quasi* the

same conclusions as those promulgated by my late Council of Lateran. The inviolable and fundamental bases of the Catholic doctrines are; religion through the merits of Christ, and the purity of the blessed Virgin; the belief in purgatory, and in the seven sacraments; the necessity of confession; the sanctity attached to our Saviour, to the Holy Ghost, to the Holy Trinity, to the blessed Virgin, to the twelve Apostles, to the Evangelists, to St. John the Baptist, and to no others. The *adscititious* bulwarks of our religion, are the canonization of saints, arrogated, in my opinion unjustifiably, by the Church in the dark ages, together with the kissing of relics, and adoration, instead of veneration paid to those Christians, who have succeeded, either through the policy or imbecility of the ecclesiastical conclave, in obtaining the title of saints. But I trust, my dear Cardinal, that a new era is opening for Catholicism, that those nations, separated, in great degree, through our own fault, from the unity of doctrine and worship, will return to within the pale of the one and original religion." The Pontiff had scarcely finished, when the Cardinal *delle Isole Britanniche* comes in, bearing a box filled with letters announcing the conversion, or rather return of many families in the British isles, to the original religion. "Ah," says Urbano, "they begin to sicken of the sanctity of their eighth Henry. I am persuaded

they do; and all that we had to do, to effect this, was to acknowledge that the Catholic Church acted ill, in some subordinate particulars, three or four centuries ago." As the Pontiff was speaking, it happened that the guard was changing at the Vatican, and the music accidentally struck up a favourite air of the Pope, "*See the conquering hero comes*," which made his eyes sparkle; and he paces with rapidity the *Camere di Rafaello*, accompanied by three cardinals; and an animated conference lasts till dinner, when the Pontiff relaxes into the indulgence of a short conviviality.

The dessert removed, he rambles with seven cardinals, to the terrace in the garden, where he expatiates with great eloquence on the grandeur of the destinies of Rome, of what immense utility she has been in propagating the seeds of religion and civilization, though not always without their tares, in remote nations; on the courage, dignity, and learning of very many of her cardinals, both resident and legate. He gives a glowing picture of the ills that result from ecclesiastical schisms; and proves the great superiority of the original Catholic worship over every other; he descants on the meagre baldness of the twenty-fifth article of the English ordonnances, which limits the sacraments to two; he inveighs bitterly against those priests, who, bearing the functions of confessors, abuse their sacred office by prying too

minutely into domestic concerns; observing that confession should never take place out of a church, except in cases of illness, or extraordinary emergency. He reprobates the triste monotony of the English worship, observing, that in the British isles, scarcely any difference is marked in the ritual, on fasts and feasts. "This spreads," he adds, "a certain gloom over England, remarked by every enlightened foreigner who visits that country; and for this Britain is indebted to the sacred unction of her eighth Henry. Funereal tolls throughout the British isles are always heard, but no cheerful *cariglione*. I have indeed, generally speaking, a good opinion of the British nation; but the more I consider the great question of the schism, the lower is the estimate I form of her pretended reformers. Search all history with candour, and you will find no nation ranking so low, in a *spiritual* sense, as England at that period. And I am persuaded, that if Henry VIII. had cried to his trembling slaves in black livery: 'I will have forty-five articles of faith, and not thirty-nine,' forty-five would there have been. 'I will have thirteen sacraments,' let us fancy the matchless monarch saying; thirteen there would have been. 'No, no,' he cried, probably, to his dear Gardiner, flying in the face of the fundamental and venerable traditions of the Church, 'I'll only have two sacraments;' and two were decreed."

—In a tone of irony, he adds, "I suppose I shall soon have to be edified by a series of sermons preached before the University of Cambridge, convicting the successors of St. Peter of contumacious impiety, in refusing to see the divine Spirit energizing transcendantly through the sacred vessel of the eighth Henry."

The Pontiff afterwards dwells on the superiority of the Roman Church, in not cutting up the interior into pews, and in letting the church open, even to the poorest, without requiring so much per pew per annum. He adds, that the Catholic congregations are summoned by a cheerful *cariglione;* while in Lent, and the holy week, the service is announced by a solemn toll. This distinction proclaims, he says, the fasts and feasts. He enters, at great length, on the abuses of indulgences, which, he says, must have crept into the Church during the dark ages. "Indulgences," he observes, "caused the grand schism; there is something rotten even in the word, which does not expressly convey the meaning of the institution; all that is good in them may be found in confession; all that is corrupt and dangerous, in themselves; therefore, the late Council of Lateran has at length wisely decreed their abolition." He dwells with great energy in favour of the doctrine of purgatory; remarking, how gross must have been perceptions of the reformers under Luther, when they excluded this

most essential point of doctrine. Turning to the Cardinal of *San Pietro*, he says: "What should I be thought of, if I ordered a poor and hungry mendicant, who had stolen a loaf from a baker, the same punishment due to one, who had poisoned the husband of a woman whom he had seduced, having before committed several frauds and murders? But such is the view the Protestants take of the justice of the Deity." He then descants with fervour on the high merits of most of the cardinals legate in England, from the epoch of Augustine, to the days of the schism; who frequently interposed their good offices, even to their own detriment, in the cruel dissensions between the kings and the barons; and without which interposition, the whole island would have been nothing better than a den of cut-throats. And this, he contends, may be often proved from the protestant historians themselves. The Pontiff continues these, and many other ecclesiastical topics, till the moon, peering over the Tiburtine hills, admonishes him to recruit his wasted energies with sleep.

The Pope passed the Lent of this year with great severity. In Whitsun week, he retires to his favourite cottage at Tivoli, accompanied by the Cardinal *delle Isole Britanniche;* drinking tea with whom, he says: "Think not, Cardinal, that because I am averse to the pictures of the Madonna and Child placed at the corners

of the streets; and often surrounded by ordure, I am, therefore, insensible of the value of her pictures, placed in decent situations. I have always remarked, that where poverty and disease laid their iron hands on any dwelling of the poor, if a picture of the Madonna and Child, with the lamp attached, be preserved in the chamber, a certain beam of hope and consolation has been diffused therefrom, and cheered the unhappy inmates. With this conviction, my good friend the Cardinal *di San Bartoloméo*, having some loose *scudi*, employed them lately in procuring four hundred copies chiefly from Raphael, and Carlo Dolce, and distributed them among as many poor families. I am too good a Catholic, Cardinal, not to be aware of the Madonna and Child forming one of the most important essences of true Catholicism."

He alludes to his late desecration of Mary Magdalen, and inscription of her name in the new *Libro dei Venerabili*: "Mary Magdalen cannot have less in Catholicism and Protestantism, than five thousand churches and hospitals, dedicated to her special patronage. This is rating her vastly too high. Her name, indeed, without the title *Saint*, is highly appropriate for an hospital of penitent females. Her example may be occasionally referred to in a sermon, and with good effect. But those numerous churches raised to her glory are, in my

opinion, nothing more than the result of an overweening and ill-directed enthusiasm. The council then, by stripping her of all future churches, holidays, and altars, and inscribing her name in the new *Libro*, appears to me to have placed her in her proper sphere. Neither do I see how this courtesan of Judea could even obtain this honour, had it not been for her penitence, and touching proof of a reclaimed heart, which she shewed towards Christ, in his severe afflictions." A long conversation ensues with the Cardinal on divine grace, which the Pontiff concludes with these words: "Goodness in its finest essence, always drops unconsciously as it were, from the heart; if it be attended by premeditation and consciousness, it loses something of its odour. In its first character, it resembles the violet on a sequestered bank, quaffing fragrance from the dews of heaven, and consigning it to the passing breeze of May; in its last, it is the violet carefully manured in the trim parterre, looking finer than the other, but odourless in comparison."

The thirteenth year of his pontificate sets in; and he gives audience to Atanasio Bevilacqua, a monk of the rigidly austere order of San Bruno, and a conscientious follower of that saint. His hair was dishevelled, and his limbs were dried like parchment, by the blasts of Mount Vultur. The Pope receives him with the greatest

kindness. A momentary silence ensues; when the Pontiff turning to his valet, says: "Casaglio, my horse-hair cilix; and my thread-bare habit of San Bruno, bring them immediately." The Pope retiring, reappears dressed like Bevilacqua, and walks with him arm in arm, to an ilex-harbour in the Vatican garden. A dinner is served them both, consisting of a portion of salt fish, two hard biscuits, a few water cresses, and a jug of water in the coarsest ware. The Pope says, during dinner, "I know that the Protestants look upon San Bruno, as nothing more or less than a superstitious madman. For my part I always contemplated him as a being remarkable at least for his sincerity. If sincerity ever found an asylum in the human heart, it found it in Bruno's. He was no half and half man. He was not like the Jesuits, who, while they were feathering their own nests with luxuries and intrigues, preached poverty and humility to the poor. He was the greatest trampler down of the vanities and temptations of the world, that ever existed. Yes—he was *il vero mastino Calabrese, il Diogene della Santa Chiesa!* Like all other orders, his has been often abused; and some robbers and assassins have skulked under his garb. Very few indeed have the courage to follow his discipline conscientiously, and I, for one, should make a sorry Brunite. You know, my friend, he is no longer a saint; but he

fills a splendid page in the new *Libro dei Venerabili.* Had the Council of Lateran made an exception to its adopted rule, it would have been in favour of Bruno. And how goes on old Monte Vergine? Stands Vultur where it did? Do the rains pelt it, does the hail rattle against it, do the winds howl around it as of old, when they formed the sacred orchestra of Bruno?"

The Pope then taking Bevilacqua to his study, shows him a picture of Bruno in the desert, by Salvator Rosa; and tells him, that he would rather part with many pictures in the Vatican than that. He orders one of his carriages to take him back to Monte Vergine; accompanies him to the end of Bernini's columns; hands him himself into the carriage; a compliment which he never paid to any one else; walks by the carriage, to the end of the bridge of Saint Angelo; and says a thousand kind things on taking leave of Bevilacqua.

In the same week, Andrea Zoffani, supervisor of the public works, is ushered into the *Camera del Papagallo.* During the conference, he says: "I always entertained a high respect for the character of Belisarius; I can add nothing to his glory, I can do something for his memory. The *Porta del Popolo* was at one period called the *Porta Belisaria;* let it resume that title; destroy the tablet containing the present inscription, and substitute a clean slab of Tiburtine, with the words *Porta Belisaria*

cut in black Carrara marble, and inserted with strong cement, mosaically, in the stone. Let the letters be nine inches high. I hope it will be done in two months. Tell also Carlo Fenni, that clever disciple of Thorwaldsen, to execute in the finest white Carrara, a statue larger than life, of Belisarius in his mendicity. Let him take his time. When finished, station it in one of the rotundas of the Vatican."

Towards the close of February, as he was walking one day, with his private secretary, in a narrow street near the Pantheon, he noticed a small shed erected against an old house, over which were the words: *Federico Lattanti Calzolajo*, ill-scrawled in black chalk, on a deal board. The words struck the Pontiff as not unknown to him; for Margarita, the *Urbania nutrix* at Arpino, whose bones were long since peeled by the worms, was so named. The Pope soon discovered that Federico was her son. Partly from untoward circumstances, and partly from his own fault, he was sadly reduced, and scarcely contrived to keep body and soul together by mending old shoes. Pale misery had worn him to the bone; and on his back hung ragged poverty. The Pontiff, with the view of cheering him, said: "*Ebbene Federico, come vanno le cose, teco?*" "*Non troppo bene, Santo Padre,*" replied Federico, sobbing. The Pope, taking from his pocket three doubloons,

ordered Federico to measure him for a pair of shoes, saying: "Take care, my good fellow, not to give me corns; for if you do, you will make my steps more difficult for me to take than they already are." He orders his secretary to inscribe Federico on the pension list for fifty *scudi* per annum.

Urbano summons, a day or two after, one of the canons of St. Peter's, who but little liked the Pope, and he says to him: "*S'accommodi, s'accommodi, Canone.* Do you know the history of that universally-known statue of St. Peter, which stands at the end of the nave of the cathedral, and the toe of which has been eaten away by at least one hundred millions of kisses? You are a man of some erudition; search the Vatican, and deliver to me a memoir, as soon as you can; stating therein, the time when it first began to be venerated as a true statue of the apostle. It is at best of very doubtful authority. Opinions are divided on the subject. Many *cognoscenti* have seen in it a Janus, others, a Jupiter. That it was originally pagan, there can be but little doubt. Do try and discover which of my predecessors it was, who, holding the office opposite to St. Peter, and who, knowing the statue to be a pagan antique, set it up to the people as a true one of the apostle. And yet I dare say this, his *most worthy* successor, gave himself out as one of the *infallibles*, one of the absolutely *infal-*

libles. Where things reputed sacred stand on so sandy a foundation, my conscience will not sting me in authorising that clever young artist, Pannoni, to carve another in Carrara marble, in *quasi* the same attitude, and rather larger than the old one, *bonâ fide* cut from the first stroke of the chisel, in honour of St. Peter, and dedicated to him in the name of the Catholic church. I hope it will be ready by the St. Peter's day after next, when I purpose, after officiating at the altar, to consecrate the statue, and imprint on its foot the first kiss. This ceremony, I know, has been derided by the Protestants. But it has subsisted from the earliest epoch of the church; it is very venerable; and gross must be the fibres of those schismatics, who cannot perceive in the kiss, a tacit enunciation of this sentiment: "I venerate those doctrines, of which thou, St. Peter, wast the chief organ."—The Canon bows and retires.

The succeeding month, being at Castel Gandolfo, he writes an autograph to the new electoral College for the nomination of future pontiffs, stating, that it would be advisable for the College to adopt as a rule, the non-admission of any candidate for the filling of a vacancy in the College, unless he can show that he is master of three languages, besides his maternal. This may be done, he says, by a professor of the University presenting to them three books, in whichsoever of these three

languages they may profess themselves proficient. Not, he adds, that it will be necessary for them to prove a rigid grammatical knowledge in the three tongues; it will be sufficient if they know the general meaning of any page presented to them. The regulation is adopted; and pursuant to it, an individual of the old Vendramini family at Venice, presenting himself as a candidate, and scarcely knowing one tongue more than the Italian, was forced to make way for Luigi Melzi, son of a small merchant at Leghorn, a young priest of great promise, and who mastered three languages fluently, besides his own. The Pope, in his epistle to the sacred College, remarked, that he had always observed, that the study of languages did more towards removing narrow-minded prejudices, than any other. He decrees too, that the electoral College for the nomination of the Pope, comprising only for the future, the Dean and Canons of St. Peter's, united to those of St. John Lateran, should be designated the *Sacred College;* and that the College of Cardinals should be called the *Consistory;* and that these two bodies united, and occasionally convoked for the inscription of an individual in the *Libro dei Venerabili*, or for other important functions, should be designated *the Grand Consistory.*

Walking one morning on the terrace of the Vatican, with two *Abati*, he is accosted by one Marco Ricci, a

very worthy, but very scrupulous priest of Sinigaglia. He presents a petition to the Pope, who on reading it, finds that it contains an exhortation to nominate for every episcopacy in Christendom, male innocents born in wedlock. Their functions to continue from the age of two years, to that of six; at which period, they are to make way for others; because about that age, they open their eyes to the sins and disorders of this world; and derive therefrom more or less contamination. The two *Abati* taking snuff, treat the proposal with derision. Not so, the Pontiff; who folding the petition, lays it to his heart, turns for a moment his eyes to heaven, gives the bow of dismissal to Ricci, and says not one word.

On Trinity Monday, the honourables John Foster and William Russell, senators of the United States, and Catholics of Maryland, are introduced to the Pope. They are accompanied by Francis Osborne, a priest of Baltimore, and well read in ecclesiastical literature. He too is kindly received. They dine with the Pontiff. On the removal of the cloth, he says with a slight guttural chuckle: "I know, you Americans do not like the drones; come, I hope you do not think me one of the *ignavum pecus.* You republicans ought not to hate the Vatican, where the elective principle has so long obtained. Most defective indeed I found it; it cried loudly for reform; which I have applied to it. I have

done all I can to quell and annihilate those vile intriguing interpositions of foreign envoys, which have so long been the disgrace of the sacred college. I have introduced therein a law, which henceforth strips of his benefices, and expels the Church, any member of the conclave, who during its session, shall receive or open any letter or parcel which may be addressed to him. This Vatican of our's must no longer be a billiard-ball driven and pocketed by the queues of the French, Spanish, Austrian, Portuguese, and Neapolitan ambassadors. It must henceforth act solely on its own ground. My enemies say, (and I have enough of them) that my acts have wounded Catholicism. But I am certain that if they be probed profoundly, they will be found to renovate and purify her." He then asks Osborne many questions touching the state of Catholicism in America; and he praises the Catholics of Maryland, saying, "that they are the most reputable individuals in the American Union; much better than the Irish, who give more trouble to the Vatican, than all the rest of Catholicism together, and whose chief object seems to be to make of their religion a tool for sedition." He takes leave of his transatlantic guests with expressions of the best good will; places at their disposal his carriages during their stay at Rome; and names a learned Abate to accompany them in their visits to the antiquities.

They take their departure a little before sunset; and the Pope, to stretch his legs, passes through the ilex-walk, to the garden in the rear of the Vatican; he no sooner gains the terrace, than he is accosted by a lady from the Swiss Canton of Gall; no longer a saint. She had evidently known better fortune, than what was her present lot. She solicits the Pontiff's charity, stating, that she had been the mother of sixteen children. The Pope gave her three Venetian sequins, which was all he had in his pocket. Descending the terrace, the lady passed through the iron gate below. The Pope, turning to *Facetutto*, one of his private secretaries, who was with him, and touching at the same time, his forehead with his little finger, says to him in a husky tone: "*Ho pure mai amato quelle trote.*"

Shortly after, he visits the Cardinal Campeggi, of antique severity, descended in the fraternal line, from the dignitary Campeius, who figured at the court of Henry VIII. The venerable Cardinal was *quasi* octogenarian, and had resided in a sort of cell on the Esqui line, for upwards of thirty years. In one small apartment he had a valuable collection of the Fathers of the Church, and of the *Acta Conciliorum*, very plainly bound, and from which he had made manuscript extracts, with commentaries, noting with great acuteness, the tendencies of the different Councils towards

meliorating or deteriorating Catholicism. His religious views *quasi* squared with those of the Pope. These manuscripts he purposed to bequeath to the Vatican library. The Cardinal had long let his beard grow, and generally wore the habit of the Celestine order, out of regard for a brother who had died many years since, a monk of that fraternity. A garden of half an acre, in which were several orange trees, sown by himself, and now of considerable size, furnished his chief amusement. He had also an old Antonio Amati, dated 1599, and of exquisite tone; for which he had adapted some of the old music of Palestrina, Scarlatti, and Leo. On seeing the Pontiff enter his cell, he jumped up, and folding his withered arms round his neck, kissed his forehead. Urbano converses with him for a long hour; and the conversation turns on the extent of the powers of ecclesiastical Councils. "They must be limited, from their nature," says the Cardinal. "Thus if any Council were much to exceed the powers exerted of late by the Council of Lateran, it would nullify itself. No Council could alter the grand primary doctrines of our religion. No Council, I think, could cancel the sanctity of St. John the Baptist; for he was the founder of one of the most important of our doctrines; nor I think of the Apostles, nor of the four Evangelists; they forming, as it were, the ducts of the water from the sacred font.

Less still could any Council alter the doctrine of the Trinity, or annull the sanctity of the Virgin. The late Council of Lateran has, I am of opinion, extended its powers to their fullest stretch."

The conversation then turned on what were the best studies for the formation of a good Pope. "I should say," replied the Cardinal, "a good groundwork of Latin—small Greek—easy conversing power in one modern language at least, besides his own—no metaphysics—no mathematics—no more of the physical sciences, than what will enable him to comprehend the popular parts of astronomy—a long three years' devotion to theology and moral philosophy—a clear comprehension of all the details of ecclesiastical history; of all the orders of the Church; and of all the sects and creeds into which the Christian world is divided. Let him add thereto suavity of manner; great gravity, during Lent especially; and for his amusements, let him act much as you do," concluded the Cardinal. The Pope rises, and the Cardinal following him to the door, with both his arms uplifted, and the tears trickling down his venerable beard, gives the Pope his blessing. Returning to the Vatican, a Cardinal remarked to Urbano: "*Santo Padre*, pardon me, but the blessing should have come from you." Retorts the Pontiff: "I had intended it should; but I felt that I could not

bandy blessings with such a man as the Cardinal Campeggi." The highest compliment probably ever paid from one man to another.

In the subsequent week, Valentino and Proteo Ferri, two gentlemen of Verona, versed in ecclesiastical affairs, though laics, are ushered into the *Camera del Papagallo.* Three years before, they had been appointed by the Pontiff, to sound the opinions of the most literate priests, relative to the acts of the Council of Lateran, in different towns throughout the Calabrias and Sicily. "Well, Valentino," says the Pope, "is Filippo Neri yet desecrated at Naples? He is, you know, no longer a saint; he has found his proper station in the new *Libro dei Venerabili.* This saint has had, within the last few years, dedicated to him at Naples, one of the most magnificent churches in all Italy; the Council of Lateran has, I believe, decreed that it should be consecrated to the blessed Virgin, or to the Trinity: and this is as it should be. It is high time to exalt the religious principle in the *Regno.* For many years, even the Lazzaroni deride the liquefaction of the blood of Januarius; who, in my opinion, never existed; being most probably nothing more than a sanctified interpretation of the first month in the year, or in other words, nothing more than a *Saint Janus.* We may discover this Neapolitan saint in Ovid's Fasti. And how, my good friends, did you

find the spirits in the Calabrias, and in Sicily? What news do you bring me from the three-promontoried isle? What are the Messinese doing? Are they going to frame in gold and diamonds, that *most authentic* of all letters, believed by them, and but by few others, to have been written to their ancestors by the Virgin Mary? Are the Syracusans going to raise another church to their goddess Lucy? What are the Palermitans about? Are they going to exhaust Arabia of its frankincense, wherewith to perfume the bones of their Rosalia? Are the Catanians about to do the same for their Agatha of the Goths?" "*Santo Padre*," replies Valentino, "I can, generally speaking, bring you good news. The acts of the Council of Lateran make progress pretty satisfactorily in the *Regno*. But I judge it imprudent to push things too fast in the Calabrias; for several of the illiterate priests, your enemies, will, I am persuaded, without the greatest caution on your part, inflame the uneducated spirits against you. If an earthquake should occur, they will not fail to attribute it to your *wickedness*, as they already term the acts of the Council of Lateran. Several robbers at Taranto, Cosenza, and Reggio, are sharpening their knives for acts of atrocity, under pretence of avenging the saints about to be desecrated. Much also is to be apprehended in the minor Sicilian towns; where the lower classes of priests, instigated and suborned by your

enemies, will not fail to trumpet to their flocks, that, if the acts of the Council of Lateran be carried into effect, the Calabrias will be turned upside down by convulsing earthquakes; that Basilicata and Capitanata will reel to and fro like drunkards; that Ætna will vomit such fires, as to make Sicily one black mass of solid lava, from Pelorus to Lilybæum. My brother and myself, attached to you sincerely as we are, cannot recommend to you too much caution, *Santo Padre.*" "This is much as I expected," replies the Pope. "*Festinemus lentè—lentè—lentè,*" he adds, giving them at the same time the significant bow of dismissal.

A day or two after, he writes an autograph to the ecclesiastical functionaries at Granada, informing them that, pursuant to the tenor of the Council of Lateran, the lighting the tapers, and saying of mass round the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella, are to cease with the last day of the present year: the sacred functions to be hereafter confined to the grand altars. He sends also an artist to the monastery of Just, now stripped of his sanctity, in Estremadura, telling him to bring back an exact plan of the building, half a dozen views of the environs, and particular details of the chamber occupied by Charles V.

Walking one morning before breakfast, on the Vatican terrace, he is accosted by an English lady, decently

veiled, and simply dressed, who begged him to give her two children his blessing. Though she was Protestant, the Pope acceded to her request. He caressed the children; then turning to his secretary, said: "*Non Angli, sed Angeli forent, si Henrici octavi sanctitatem repudiare potuissent.*"

Soon after, he visits St. Peter's, with the Cardinal of *Sant' Andrea della Valle;* and observes the statue of Braschi removed from the altar, and placed on a simple pedestal, against one of the walls, like the other monuments. "He is well placed now," said the Pope. "Come, I have been somewhat too rough: Braschi was a gentleman, and spent much money in the encouragement of art."

The week after Easter, he appoints twenty-five individuals, well versed in the externals of Catholicism, to collect as many of the reliques as possible, from the churches and private collections, and to provide that they should be arranged, as soon as practicable, on a dresser, continued the whole length of the great gallery, of the Christian antiquities. "The abuses," he says, "have been for many centuries so crying; so many are spurious, as to excite the sneers and indignation of many zealous Catholics. When arranged on the great table, let them be separated into three classes; comprising, first, those that have every probability of being authentic;

secondly, those that are doubtful; thirdly, those that have every probability of being spurious. Attach to as many as you can, a short document, illustrative, in as few words as possible, of the history of each relique. The first class I propose to restore to the places whence they came; for there exists in the human mind an unquenchable principle of veneration for any thing authentic, that puts one in mind of those who are gone, and who have been specially gifted by the Deity. The second class of the reliques I intend to deposit in some of the lumber-rooms of the Vatican; after stripping them of any jewels, or gold, with which they may be adorned. These ornaments shall be restored to whatsoever church or individual they may belong. The third class shall be wholly destroyed."

He determines on visiting the venerable monastery of Monte Casino. On arriving there he dines in the refectory, wearing the habit of the Benedictine order. On the removal of the cloth, he says: "My beloved brethren, you know, that by the decrees of the Council of Lateran, Benedict and Germano are no longer saints; they are to have no longer chapels or altars. It is my will that this monastery, so deservedly famed for the learned and pious men it has for more than one thousand years produced, should be reconsecrated to *lo Spirito Santo.* Many were the abuses which afflicted several

ecclesiastical establishments, before the eruption of the French revolution; yet I would venture to vouch that this august monastery very generally acted up to the principles of the venerable founder. Wealthy you certainly were; yet I have good reasons to believe that your riches were generally well spent. Your redundant coffers nourished the genius of Luca Giordano, whose master-pieces adorn your splendid chapel." He remains three days with the monks, desecrates Benedict and Germano; and reconsecrates with great solemnity, their monastery to the Holy Ghost. He visits the valuable library; and examines critically some manuscripts; among them, the visions of Alberico, supposed to have furnished the first idea of the *Commedia* to Dante. The last day of his dining in the refectory, the monks to please him, produce a bottle of old Calesian, the produce of the neighbourhood; a good humoured Benedictine fills his glass; and the Pope says: "See how round and mellow it stands in the glass. It is like good old pure Catholicism pressed in the Urbano-vat." Then in one of his playful moods, he adds: "I see now why Benedict fixed on Monte Casino: it is near Cales, praised by Horace for its grape." He then observes: "The jacobin surgeons some fifty years ago, took too much blood from you; you were certainly growing too fat and plethoric; you would have been better for the

loss of twelve or fourteen ounces of blood; but you see they took thirty-six, and left you almost lifeless. You had formerly one hundred thousand ducats a year, and fifty monks—now you have only twenty-five thousand ducats, and fifteen inmates. If you had forty thousand ducats a year, and fifty brethren, you would have a healthy life-blood in you." He quits the venerable Monte Casino, and remains a day at Capua; where he desecrates a church dedicated to some obscure saint, who crept into a godhead, after the incursions of Attila.

On his regaining the Vatican, he orders the bad frescoes in the library, commemorating certain vanities of Braschi, to be effaced; he orders also certain indecent pictures preserved in the library, and sometimes shown secretly to strangers, to be destroyed in his presence. He says to the librarian: "As soon as the new St. Peter shall be erected in the Basilica, see that the old one, a Janus, or Jupiter, I know not which, be stationed in the gallery of antiques."

Wilhelm Hoffmann, a banker, of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, is ushered into the *Camera del Papagallo.* The conversation turned on national debts. "A national debt," says Urbano, "I apprehend to be a good thing for every nation, provided the taxation that pays its interest, press not severely on the resources of any given nation. The knowing where to stop, shows the great

statist. A public debt, within moderate bounds, tends to nourish confidence between the governors and governed; and furnishes a good deposit for capital. The Romagna, with its present resources, and generally idle character of the inhabitants, so inferior in activity to the English, cannot, I am persuaded, bear much more than about twenty millions of *scudi* debt. In a nation of such commercial resources and industry as England, if instead of her eight hundred million of pounds, she could read the same number of *scudi* in her bank-ledgers, she would, paradoxical though it may appear, be better off than if she had no debt. Her point of debt-optimism, with the duration of her actual commerce and industry, appears to me to lie somewhere between two hundred and two hundred and fifty millions of English pounds. I do not see that the American States are better off for having expunged their whole debt. Their financial system now, is like a clock without a pendulum. I want a subscription-loan of three millions of *scudi.* I wish you would negotiate one million, on as good terms as possible, for me at Frankfort. The rest, I hope to take up at Amsterdam, New York, New Orleans, and London." Hoffman, after half an hour's interview, retires.

The day after, the fat and merry Cardinal *di San Luca* steps in, and chats for half an hour with the

Pontiff. The conversation turned on phrenology; and the Pope praised Dr. Gall, saying, that he was one of the most remarkable men of the last century. "It is not true," he says, "that craniology strikes a blow at spiritualism; for let us imagine a man's bosses to be as untoward as possible relatively to the moral, spiritualism steps in, and so modifies or corrects the untoward bumps, as to make them, with the grace of God, germinate a fair show of cerebral and cardiac fruit. Spiritualism is to these untoward bosses what a good breaker in is to restive colts. After all, the theory is but as yet vaguely established; though I am inclined to believe in certain data respecting it." The Cardinal had led a gay life, before the age of thirty; and the Pope, in one of his *bizarre* moods, says to him, chuckling gutturally: "A certain boss at the nape of a certain Cardinal's neck, cried loudly for St. Peter's file, to scrape it down; scraped down it was. There is nothing like St. Peter's file for the untoward bumps." The Cardinal took the pontifical joke good-humouredly.

In the following week, news is brought him of the venerable Cardinal Campeggi being at his last gasp. He speeds forthwith to his cell, and ministers the sacrament of extreme unction himself.

Several ladies, upwards of one hundred, drawn to Rome by that curiosity inherent in the sex, had fre-

quently solicited, in separate parties, an introduction to Urbano; but hitherto in vain. At last, he determined on gratifying them with an interview; receiving them altogether, the day after the Purification of the Virgin. There were some from France, Spain, Germany, England, Ireland, and different towns in the two Americas. Among them were some grey-bonneted, dry and wet quakeresses, from Pennsylvania and New England, *thouing* and *theeing* each other, as they pass through Bernini's columns. About half a dozen of them came up Constantine's staircase, flaunting in pink silks, transparent handkerchiefs and stockings, crimson parasols, and satin shoes. They were told that their appearance in these dresses would be excused. Repulsed, they solicited an introduction to the Pontiff, the first day in the succeeding week; which is reluctantly granted. They go, however, in very decent and sober dresses. "Ah," says the Pope, as they enter the *Camera del Pavone*, "now, ladies, I recognize you." He chats with two or three of the elderly ones, for a few minutes; then preceding them to his oratory, gives them there his blessing. Among them, were two ladies of the Walpole family in England, to whom he says: "My blessing, good ladies, will do you no harm, provided you think me not antichrist." He passes with them through the Lepanto antechamber, and taking by the arm an English countess, who he knew

had led a very luxurious life, he says to her, in French: "*Vous m'avez regalé d'une vue de vos mousselines transparentes, l'autre jour, Madame; en retour, je vais vous fair voir mon petit gilet satiné, mon petit gilet satiné;*" so saying, he pulls up his sleeve, and rubs her delicate finger over his horse-hair cilix, showing her at the same time his wrist, which had been scarred with its friction. The ladies retire, staring at each other.

The next day, the Cardinal of *Araceli* steps in on business. At the close of the audience, the Pope says: "*Araceli*, my dearest *Araceli*, take my state-carriage and six horses, and go with two of the Canons of St. Peter's, to the monastery of Assisi. You know that by the first article of the Council of Lateran, their Francis is no longer a saint; he henceforth fills a page in my new *Libro dei Venerabili.* Let him be desecrated, with the same ceremonies which I have observed at Rome; and re-consecrate the monastery to the Holy Trinity. You will return, I hope, in about a week."

The next day, the Duke of Terramagra is ushered into the Pope's chamber. He begins by muttering some phrases on the hardship of being stripped of his title, and of being forced to put up with that of *onorabile.* The Pontiff, rather sharply, says in reply: "*Duca e non onorabile*, all that you have to do is to quit Rome; since you cannot digest the old proverb, '*fare in Roma, come*

fanno in Roma.' Live, if you please, in Vienna, Paris, or London; and carry your Terramagra title with you. Go rather to Philadelphia or New York; and there learn which of the two titles is the preferable."

The Duke retires, muttering *sotto voce* execrations of the Pontiff, as he passes through the Lepanto antechamber. The Pope turning to the Cardinal *di San Pietro*, who happened to be near, says: "Here, Cardinal, is a man, who cannot trace the word *duca* to its Latin root; if he could, he might understand that though the title would suit a Cæsar Borgia, or a Castruccio Castracani, it cannot him, especially in our age. It is as much as he can do to scrape from his estate, five thousand *scudi* per annum. A dukeling, with merely that amount of property, and not able from his position, to signalize himself in war, becomes an object of irony and sarcasm to his enemies. It would take me ten years to hammer that truth into his skull; and ten more, to prove to him, that in stripping him of his title, circumstanced as he is, I shew myself his best friend. Cardinal, am I not in the position of a physician to a hospital for sick children, who, going round the wards, and ministering the doses, eventually to cure, and perhaps to save, gets nothing for his pains, but squeaks, squalls, wry faces, and contortions?"

At a levee in the following week, Furio Camillo

Frenzi, originally a man of considerable property at Turin, but for many years wholly immersed in chymistry and galvanism, is introduced to Urbano. About a hundred hairs rose in bristles from his scalp. His eye-lashes, whiskers, and eye-brows, had been blown off by explosions in his laboratory; his hands were begrimed with chymical manipulations; his face was ghastly; and the insides of his eye-lids were turned outwards. His card of address was followed by near twenty letters of the alphabet, designating nearly as many learned societies of which he was member. He had submitted to a lingering death about five hundred animals, consisting of frogs, lizards, chickens, kittens, and puppies. If the galvanic battery played with full effect on their palpitating limbs, he would leap about, and cry in ecstasy: *Bellissimo! Tutto è galvanismo nel sistema—Iddio è il galvanismo.* Of the school of Voltaire, as well as of Volta, he was a great enemy of the church; and dealt largely in sarcasms against it. He in consequence hesitated whether or not he should go to the Vatican; but aware of the Pontiff's general respect for talents, (and Frenzi felt sure of the highest) he determined to go thither; anticipating if not a snuff-box, at least a compliment from the Pope; for he had discovered a sort of calcinated substance, by applying the blow-pipe to a pudding composed of flour, pulverised

pudding-stone, putty, zinc, and copper filings. This substance he called a new metal; which he dignified with the title, *Puddinasium.* He had also applied the blow-pipe to another paste, the chief ingredients of which were the pulverised bones of *toes* of monkeys, from the Chimpanzee, to the little green one of the river of the Amazons; and this new metal he styled *Toasium.* The Pope, to whom by repute, he was well-known, on receiving his name from his chamberlain, without rising from his seat, and in a slow and cold-drawn voice, says to Frenzi: "Are you come to Rome to apply your galvanic batteries to my great toe?" The Pope than rising, and shouldering Frenzi, turns to an individual, of the Intramini family of Lucca, of no pretensions to talent of any sort, but remarkable for the suavity of his temper, and elegance of manners. With him, he converses with great kindness, for a long half hour. At the same audience, Ivan Sherbatov, a bearded Protopapa of Moscow, is introduced. He is accompanied by Demetrio Nicolopolo, of Smyrna, a learned monk of Mount Athos. Sherbatov is the bearer of a complimentary letter from the chief ecclesiastical functionaries of Russia. They are both received with great cordiality by the Pontiff. During the interview, the conversation turning on the Greek church, the Pope says: "I always cherished a veneration for your eccle-

siastical establishment. The difference of your dogmas, and our own, appears to me, only to involve subordinate particulars. As for your prayers, your ceremonies, and your vestures, they are in some points, superior to our own. Your priests, protopapa, are generally speaking more respectable than the Catholic; they often preach more eloquently, and perform their other functions with more simplicity of heart." Sherbatov, after receiving from the Pope a Testament, which had long been in the monastery of the Apocalypse at Patmos, retires with his companion.

Urbano, pacing the *Loggie* of Raphael a few days after, meets Karl Jablonski of Warsaw, a brother of the archbishop of that city, and says: "Well, Mr. Jablonski, has your brother yet desecrated Casimir and Stanislaus, Kings of Poland, pursuant to the tenour of the Council of Lateran? They may, perhaps, though I am by no means sure, fill a page in my new *Libro dei Venerabili.* "Not yet, *Santo Padre,*" replies Jablonski. "Not yet? not yet? not yet?" retorts Urbano, with some asperity.

The agitations of the Pontiff are much increased by the arrival of three Neapolitan priests at Rome, deprecating the desecration of Filippo Neri, and reconsecration of his church to the Holy Trinity. They fall on their knees before him, saying: "*Era il nostro Dio,*

il nostro Dio, Santo Padre." To whom, then first incensed, the Pope replied: "Know you not that he has been stripped both of his sanctity and churches? Has he not his full recompense by being inscribed in my new *Libro dei Venerabili?* No more of your whining. If you object to the acts of the Council of Lateran, renounce your profession, like men of conscience. I'll take care you shall not starve, by giving you pensions equivalent to your ecclesiastical. You hesitate then to bow to the Council? Erect in your private houses an oratory to your god Neri; kneel before his effigy seven hours a day. Say not that Giovanni Benincasa hinders you from so doing."

The Milanese had been for some time in considerable ferment, in consequence of the edicts of Urbano. The desecration of Ambrose in the capital, and his inscription in the new *Libro dei Venerabili,* his proper station, creates some heart-burnings. Arona, Como, and Bergamo, are much agitated by the *Borromeist,* and *anti-Borromeist* parties. Of the latter, many very strong in favour of the Pope, even proposed the removal of the great statue of Carlo Borromeo at Arona, exclaiming: "Let it be melted down—is Carlo Borromeo to be the eternal deity of the Milanese?" The more superstitious, who had been taught to lisp the words, *San Carlo, San Carlino,* and but little else, from their

childhood, prognosticate nothing but cholera, fevers, fire, and famine, from the decisions of the Council of Lateran. One of these bigots posts from Bergamo to Rome; meets the Pontiff walking alone in Bernini's colonnade; and expostulates violently with him, against the decree of the Council, which strips Borromeo of his sanctity. Urbano, who had been harassed all the morning with business, eyeing him with stern irony, says: "How miserable is it for the Council of Lateran to differ in opinion from Carlo Zanni of Bergamo, the illustrious, the pious, the great, the infallible!" These schisms much vex the Pope; and he writes an autograph to the Rev. Carlo Grimani, a sensible canon of the Duomo of Milan, stating, that if the superior priests determine on performing their duties conscientiously, these disturbances must soon give way to reason and reflection. He adds, that the tomb of Carlo Borromeo ought to continue to be respected, as it always has been, and deservedly, by all Catholics, and many Protestants; but that he will hear of no more lights burning before it, no holiday in his honour; no prayers said before it. "When," he adds, "my Milanese flock, whom as their chief pastor, I ought to love, and do love, wish to say their prayers, let them resort to the high altar of their beautiful Duomo, or to those of the other churches." The acts of the Council are carried into effect with but

few obstacles, in the intellectual cities of Verona, Vicenza, and Mantua; but at the desecration of *San Georgio Maggiore* at Venice, and reconsecration of the church to the *Spirito Santo*, some gondoliers raise loud murmurs, and brandishing knives, cry: "*Quei scelerati cercano di sterminare Venezia.*" Sharp stiletto-cuts are given and received by certain fanatics, near *San Giacomo in Rialto.* At Parma and Modena some disturbances occur; throughout the Piedmontese, diversities of opinion, but unaccompanied by disorders, are loudly expressed. But at Padua, a dreadful ferment takes place at the desecration of Giustina, compelled to make way for the *Santo Salvatore.* This was fomented by the Cardinal *di San Marco*, a native of Padua, and the professed and inveterate enemy of the Pope. There was one Francesco Diruppi, of the lowest class of priests; but gifted with some natural talents. This man the Cardinal suborned to preach openly against the decrees of Urbano. He attracts a great assembly of the lower classes of Paduans in the square of the statues. And after fulminating for two hours and more, against the Pope, he closes his anathema with these words: "*Volete sapere, miei cari fratelli, quali saranno le calamità che accaderanno alla nostra bella Italia? Veo l'aria rimbrunirsi, manifestando la colera d' Iddio. Ecco Venezia, quell' antica dominante, sottomersa nelle onde*

dell' Adriatico! ecco questa antichissima e veneratissima università, la madre di tanti bei ingegni, brucciata dai lampi del cielo! Che diverrà Milano? Un sepolcro di cadaveri, una massa di ceneri. E perchè? Perchè quel mostro in figura papale, ha cacciato il divino, che dico? il divinissimo Santo Carlo Borromeo da suoi tempj. Credete miei fratelli, che questo è tutto? Non è ancora il cominciamento dei mali. Ecco il nostro santissimo Antonio, con suo innocentissimo porco, ecco la nostra diva, la nostra santissima protettrice, Giustina, cacciati, come diavoli, pel solo atto di quel mostro, dai loro santuarj! Che dobbiamo aspettare, miei carissimi fratelli, dall' impietà di questo papuccio? Ecco i vostri padri, le vostre madri, i vostri fanciulli, senza testa, senza cuore. Il viaggiatore girando nel Valdarno, sclamerà: 'Dov' é Firenze?' Che diverrà Roma se stessa? In tre mesi da quì, non ne sarà lasciata una pietra sull' altra. Ecco la rabbia, la fame, la cholera, le fiamme, in ogni città d' Italia! Ecco il Vesuvio, ed il Mongibello vomitando tutti due, i demonj d' inferno, per centinaje, per miliaje!" These, and other inflammatory sentences, create much tumult in Padua; and several tragic consequences ensue, which the necessary interference of the military, however, quells. The intelligence from Padua sadly disturbs the Pontiff; but on hearing it, he preserves a noble calmness, remark-

ing: "*Questo é solamente una piccola borrasca, che accompagna molte volte i cangiamenti dell' atmosfera.*" Soon after, the Cardinal *di San Marco* dies of the *morbus pediculosus;* and Diruppi, who had worked his brain to a phrenzy, is sent to a lunatic asylum.

At Arpino, the Pope's birth-place, every thing passes off quietly. Not so at Aquino; where Doctor Thomas Aquinas, certainly a learned and pious man, had so impressed the citizens with his unalienable right to a godship, that a serious ferment ensues at his desecration.

A violent affray takes place at Foggia, in Apulia; where a bevy of rioters, spurred on by fanatical old women and ignorant priests, carry the Pope about in effigy, surrounded by a cere-cloth, on which are painted black devils, emerging from red and yellow flames. The old women pelt it with rotten olives and garbage; and the effigy is afterwards committed to the flames, amid the hoots of, "*Ahi maladetto, ahi brutta sporcheria d'inferno!*" But the Marquis of Caraccioli, a firm friend of the Pontiff's, and minister at Naples, is no sooner apprised of the tumult, than he sends five hundred troops, by forced marches, to Foggia; traces the cause of the riot to its true authors, makes a prompt example of them, and restores tranquillity to the city.

A more tragic affair occurs at Macerata, in the march of Ancona; where a tumult, instigated by similar

causes, gains such a height, that Captain Ornano, who was stationed there with two companies of the second regiment of foot, was compelled to interfere; and in rather too precipitate a zeal for the Pontiff's service, gave the word, "*Fire!*" which brought to the ground seventeen of the rioters, and wounded about thirty others. The news afflicts the Pontiff; but he uttered not a word of reproach against Ornano. The very day that he received this news, he sends orders to the authorities of Civita Castellana, Narni, Terni, Teramo, Popoli, Ascoli, and Reati, to carry into effect without delay, the edicts of the Council of Lateran. They are, shortly after, carried into execution, without further opposition, at Padua; and *Signora* Giustina is made to walk quietly out of that sanctuary, which she had so snugly enjoyed for many centuries; and which it was believed she would continue to enjoy *in sæcula sæculorum.* The opposition of a few old women of either sex excepted, every thing passes off quietly at Florence, the talented Arezzo, Leghorn, Pisa, and the other Etrurian towns. At Genoa, and three of the towns on the two *riviere*, some sinister events occur. At the village which gave birth to Columbus, a priest received a stiletto-cut, given by a fanatical old woman, as he was desecrating some saint, bedaubed with the absurdest legends. The tumults, however, are soon quelled, by the active interference of the more en-

lightened priests, who had entered zealously into the views of Urbano. Rosa, at Viterbo, Bernardino, at Aquila, Nicandro, at Venafro, and Catharine, at Sienna, struck by the Lateran-bolts, reel to and fro in their sanctuaries.

Gottlieb Hartmann, a learned and enlightened Canon of the cathedral of St. Stephen's, at Vienna, arrives at Rome, and is ushered into the *Camera del Papagallo.* "Well, my good Hartmann," quoth Urbano, "pursuant to the acts of the Council of Lateran, I suggested to you several months ago, by letter, my wish, that your venerable cathedral, after being desecrated, should, with due solemnities, be re-consecrated to the Holy Trinity; and that the magnificent church in the Boulevards, hitherto dedicated to Signor Carlo Borromeo, should be re-consecrated, either to the blessed Virgin, or the Saviour, as the majority of your venerable colleagues might option; also that the other churches, not in unison with the dispositions of the Council, should be made to harmonise with them." "The acts of the Council have been the subject of deep meditation, and varieties of opinion, among the church functionaries of Austria and Hungary, *Santo Padre,*" retorts Hartmann; "the general belief is, that they will be finally acquiesced to by the great majority of the enlightened priests; but I cannot flatter you with any proofs of this majority being ascertained."

"And what is the cause of the delay, my good Hartmann?" replies the Pope; "Is not Stephen ousted from his sanctity, by the act of the Council of Lateran? Has he not at last found, in the new *Libro dei Venerabili*, his proper station? You must be aware that it was necessary for the Council to draw a strictly limiting line. Had only a very few martyrs, for about a century after our Saviour, obtained the palm of sanctification, the labours of the Council might perhaps have been deemed superfluous. But what torrents of abuses have been poured into the Church, century after century, by most of my predecessors, who opened the sacred portals to hundreds of godlings, the effect of whom is, and has been, to divert otherwise well-disposed spirits, from the veneration of the finer essences of Catholicism. We have left in a long distance behind, the spirits of the tenth and twelfth centuries. If every martyr is to reap an *in sæcula sæculorum* sanctification, for having braved two minutes' agony, all the powers of christendom should compel their subjects to work night and day at their churches, shrines, pictures, and statues. Thank God, we have had our eyes, at last, couched in the Vatican, as I hope your's are in Vienna." Without replying to the Pontiff, Hartmann retires.

Urbano holds this year three conferences in the sacristy of St. Peter's, touching the melioration of the

ecclesiastical vestures. A portfolio of at least five hundred representations of them throughout Christendom, is laid before him. He says to the dignitaries with him: "I hold, that in point of simple grandeur, no vestures excel those of the Greek church. Our own, though from their antiquity they naturally inspire some respect, are of marked inferiority, both as to form and effect. I could never see any thing dignified in those buckram or pasteboard robes, covered with satin, and bedaubed with filagree work in gold; the hood beating down the priest's head, and effectually preventing him from raising it." He proposes to the assembly, the adoption of new vestures, the general character of which should resemble those of the Greek church; but with some distinctions, strongly, yet simply marked. At the last of these meetings, he selects two musical scores, expressing new and cheerful *cariglioni*, to be rung on the greater festivals.

The Pontiff requiring a few days' change of scene and air, goes to Castel Gandolfo, with the Cardinal *di San Mattèo*, a man of superior refinement and intelligence. They enter together the papal study, on the mantle-piece of which, appear two finely-executed busts of Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington. "Well, Cardinal," says the Pope, "I hope you approve of my busts." "They are well cut, excellently well cut," retorted the Cardinal. The Pontiff then approaching the mantle-piece, and lay-

ing his hand on the bust of Napoleon, observes: "This was incontestably the greatest of all the Ghibelline generals. Put all together that have agitated Italy from the thirteenth century, to the present hour, and you will find he outweighs them all. From the days that the Ghibelline and Guelph factions first shook their gory heads at Rome, no sword shines with such flaming and terrible glare, as that unscabbarded by Napoleon. During the whole of his extraordinary career, he gave but too convincing proofs of his hostility to the church; yes; he sneered at her continually, with the irony of Voltaire, with the cold sarcasms of Diderot; yes: he snarled at her from his military lair, *come un tristo cane Ghibellino, un tristissimo cane Ghibellino.* But stop: had he not, my dear Cardinal, great cause for so doing? Might not his acute mind, though nearly engrossed with military affairs, have perceived that abuses swarmed in the church; that *Roma,* swollen with corrupt blood, required the lancet to be thrust deep into her main artery, by this Ghibelline surgeon? Might not indignation at our having so long granted indulgences, often too for money; at our spreading godlings throughout either hemisphere, with their bones to be kissed, in splendid churches erected to their glory; might not, I say, these, as well as other abuses, have stirred in Napoleon a noble bile? Might not that vile cringing to despots, which for so

long a period has characterised the Vatican, have angered the spirit of Napoleon? Were these the motives of his hostility to mother church? If it can be proved that they were, which I fear they cannot be, I am compelled to rank him high in my estimation, and to kiss his rod, not only in his military capacity, but also in his philosophico-religious views. Still I am in doubt whether or no his mind was capable of this elevation: and yet I sometimes think it was; for though he sneered at us with his tongue, and flagellated us with his sword, during his eventful life; though he was aware, as well as myself, that the rock of St. Peter was covered with foul and parasitical weeds; yet it is certain that he died a true son of the church, all Ghibelline as he was. Yes, on the rock of St. Helena, he clung to the rock of St. Peter." The Pontiff then turning to the bust of Wellington, and laying his right hand thereupon, says to the Cardinal: "This was also the greatest of the Guelph generals, and the most formidable rival of the other. His moral principle was, I think, superior generally to that of Napoleon. As for his career of arms, the consideration of all the particulars they embrace, lies out of my sphere; consequently, I am incompetent to decide thereupon; but whether he was equal to or less than Napoleon, in his military career, he shewed himself lamentably his inferior, in his apparent indifference to

the *true* church. The Guelphs from their earliest epoch, though several of them were sad rogues, adhered to the church, and with professed zeal for her welfare. Were I but a private individual, I should feel that I have no right to sound the religious sentiments of this great Guelph general; but as head of the original church, and successor of St. Peter, howsoever unworthy, I feel that I have that right. It would be absurd to imagine that this illustrious Duke could, in his extended military career, find time to prosecute deep theological studies; yet, my dear Cardinal, I ask, how is it possible for a man of discrimination, to prefer the ecclesiastical supremacy of the eighth Henry of England, to that of St. Peter? I know it may be said that he did not organize the Henrician hierarchy; he assuredly did not; but still he must be contemplated as its most strenuous assertor; and as such he will be considered by posterity. Ah, my dear Cardinal, how deeply is this to be regretted! Nothing appears to me to be wanting to his renown, but to efface that unction of the eighth Henry, wherewith he came smeared into this world. Had I lived twenty years before this time, and had he witnessed the acts of my Council of Lateran, I flatter myself with the persuasion, that he might have been induced, like nearly all the other Guelph generals, to consent to being hurdled into Saint Peter's fold. Can I, then, severely

blame him? Impossible, in the eyes of sense and reason; aware, perhaps, as he was, like myself, of the dross that obscured and fouled, for so long a period, the pure ore of Catholicism. Still, it is much to be regretted that, in this point, and perhaps in this alone, he shews himself inferior to his great Ghibelline rival; who clung in his last moments to the rock of St. Peter, though he knew it required cleansing. I and the Council of Lateran, are the accidents resulting from the contentions of these warriors. We are both the flashes of fire elicited from the clash of their two swords; they neither of them bargained for our appearance; yet here we both are."

The next morning, the Pope, walking with Custoni his chaplain, meets the Cardinal on the terrace of Castel Gandolfo, and says to him: "I understand that one of the English princes was a great reader of the bible. I wish he had pointed out for our edification here at Rome, that passage which authorises the superior claims of the eighth Henry to the supremacy of the church, above those of St. Peter. However, all attentive observers cannot fail to remark, that his sanctity has of late been sensibly on the wane; and that the thinking spirits in the two islands at last suspect, that three centuries of hierarchy are more than enough for the old wife-butcher."

Continuing his talk, he adds: "I should like also to be informed on what grounds, hierarchess Elizabeth of

England, threw in the back ground the sanctity attached to the Blessed Virgin, which time immemorial has been reputed one of the finer essences of Christianity; which is deemed by the best spirits, the venerable type of the incarnate principle; which addresses both the intelligence and imagination, in an irresistible manner; which incorporating the doctrine of pure love, tends so eminently to the perfection of the female character. The rejection, or to speak more exactly, the slighting of this important dogma of old Catholicism, squared completely with that dry starchness of spirit, which, through life, characterised Elizabeth of England. Had she told her subjects, that the sale of indulgences, and the kissing of saints' bones, were a *fond thing*, and limited her restrictions to those alone, in spite of her schism, I should cherish much regard for her memory."—He touches the acts of the Council of Lateran. "I have not," he says, "wounded the trunk of the tree of religion; I have only lopped off its fungous excrescences, and supernumerary branches. The more I weigh what has been done by the Council, the more I am persuaded, that it has thereby cicatrised the wounds of Catholicism. One of the thousand incentives of the French Revolution, was the indignation felt by many enlightened spirits, at that profuse sanctification, or rather deification, of more or less worthy individuals, so long adopted, and so widely

extended by the Vatican. When a person has been sanctified by the Sacred College; when he has churches and chapels to his name; when his relics are enshrined, and his bones kissed; when sermons are often preached to listening congregations, filled with panegyrics of his virtues; what, Cardinal, has he less than deification? Let pedants split hairs of distinction as long as they please, the signification of these two terms is the same.—Are not the words *Sanctus* and *Divus* promiscuously engraved on the frieses of the churches throughout Italy? Now the fullest tension of the human intelligence cannot confer a higher point of glory than this. Put all the stars, orders, titles, pensions, estates, and palaces, that have been given in recompense, in one scale, and sanctification, with churches and shrines, in the other, and the former will kick the beam, like grains of dust in the balance. The Council has at last discovered that this is much too high a prerogative for any church to exercise; and that were it to continue, it could not obtain; owing to such a system causing a revulsion in spirits, daily more enlightened, through the multiplication of books, schools, and colleges. To attract round Catholicism, in this more enlightened age, an encreased veneration, it is necessary to concentrate that veneration on fewer *foci*. With this view, Mary Magdalene, Anne, Elizabeth, Joseph, and others, who have hitherto had

churches, altars, and even festival days in their honour, stripped of their sanctity by the Council of Lateran, are inscribed in the first pages of my new *Libro dei Venerabili*, without any days set apart to their service. And in this, the Council, in my opinion, has shewn the most delicate judgment. For if these, as well as many others, are to enjoy sanctification, churches, and shrines, as they hitherto have done, where can you stop? You must by the same rule, sanctify all others, who perform very subordinate parts in the gospel. By the same rule, you must sanctify, and give churches to all the individuals composing the genealogy of Christ; to the good thief, the good centurion, and I know not how many others, as this Vatican of our's has done, for so long a period, with so little discrimination, with often so little a sense of the great importance of these acts. Let us suppose that in Baltimore, or New Orleans, a priest, pursuant to the old system of the Vatican, were to lay the first stone of a new church to Saint Thomas of Canterbury, or Saint Aignan of Orleans; by so doing, he would act in perfect unison with the old established system. But in the present century, can any sanctified respect be shewn by Catholics of the new world, to one, who though he may lay claim to venerability, from the horrible death he suffered at the altar, shewed sometimes an obstinate spirit; or to the other, whose merit was

having shown courage, and faced death, at the head of his flock, during the invasion of Attila? The day for the consecration of churches to such individuals as above, is gone by. In rectifying these abuses, and such, both Catholics and Protestants must call them, observe, my dear Cardinal, what judgment the Council has displayed. It has thereby concentrated a higher sanctity on the three persons of the Trinity; it has preserved entire the sanctity of the Blessed Virgin; it has preserved the sanctity of the apostles, of the evangelists, and of St. John the Baptist; these last forming, as it were, the *external buttresses* of the Catholic temple, and consequently possessing an *inferior grade of sanctity*, to that of the three persons of the Holy Trinity, and to that of the Blessed Virgin. And these, I assert, in the face of the world, to be the primary bases of true Catholicism. And here the Council of Lateran wisely stops. It recognises for the future no other saints. We count, if I remember right, nearly two thousand of these saints, or godlings; many of whom have, till the date of the French revolution, been in undisturbed possession of churches, chapels, and altars. I know that some of these were beings of exalted piety; several nobly suffered martyrdom in their sacred vocation; but on the other hand, it must be confessed that several were not only of equivocal, but of bad reputation. Respecting

the saintships of these last, there can be but one opinion. I and the Council of Lateran go further, and contend, that even for those of the highest merit, saintships with churches and altars, *in sæcula sæculorum*, must be said to outrage the soundest religious feelings; more especially in this enlightened age. The compositors of my new *Libro dei Venerabili* are, you know, busied with submitting to a rigorous scrutiny the merits of those individuals, who in the dark ages, have obtained such high and unjustifiable prerogatives. Many of them, I am persuaded, will not even be judged worthy of having their names inscribed in my new *Libro dei Venerabili.* To show how little the process of the old sanctification harmonises with the religious views of the present age, I was reading, the other day, Alban Butler's Lives of the Saints; and found among them, the sister of Louis IX. And what were this lady's high merits? Knitting woollens, and making clothes for the poor, united indeed to a sense of piety; qualifications which hundreds of ladies in the present day, practise to amuse their long winter evenings. Several persons, among them some Catholics, have strongly suspected that the Irish Saint Patrick never existed; and that he was nothing more than an ecclesiastical personification of Attila; whose military executions gave rise to the creation of many bastard saints, who crept into godships, which they

enjoyed unmolested, till the French Revolution. Cardinal, we live in times, wherein that highest of all prerogatives, sanctification, is, and will be more and more finely sifted daily. It will not do, as before the French Revolution, to incase in silver and jewels, the bones of some being, who, if not imaginary, is frequently most obscure as to existence and merits; and to drive villagers by tens and by hundreds, to rub their noses against his bones. The *why* and *wherefore* will be more sharply applied to these questions than ever. Not only Dupuis, from whose opinions I in the main dissent, but also very many Protestants, and some of our own church, believe that the names of divers saints in our calendar are of more than doubtful authority, both as to existence and merits. But patience, Cardinal, patience. The twenty-five individuals, whom I have selected for the arduous task of making our sacred calendar, without vulnerating Catholicism, harmonise with the intellectual progress of the present times, I have the best reasons to think are choice spirits. They have travelled, and read much, and are good linguists. I hope their labours will be finished in a few months. The English, who pretend to be such active reformers, may as well set about stripping their Giles, Olave, King of Norway, Neot, Chad, Botolph, Bride, Pancras, and others, of their too long arrogated sanctities." He next touches the new elective arrange-

ment for the nomination of future Pontiffs, and says: "The Protestants will now allow that the Vatican can at last trace the word *Catholic* to its Greek roots, extending as my new act does, the privilege of belonging to the electoral college, to ecclesiastics of any nation professing Catholicism; the Council having decreed that the number of foreign candidates shall for the future, be on a par with those of Italy. So that we may hope to see from time to time, either a native of France, England, either America, and other Catholic countries, fill with dignity the chair of St. Peter. Formerly the Vatican was much more liberal on this point, than during the last three centuries. But there has long existed a narrow presumptuous spirit in this Vatican of our's, which confines the tiara to Italian brows; which limits all excellence, both intellectual and moral, to this side the Alps. Now, Cardinal, asking you some indulgence for my *tramontane* dulness, I am not always certain of our prior claims to the former; and with regard to the latter, I profess myself a sad unbeliever."

He then says, with great emotion: "If Rome means to continue, as she has been since the fall of the eastern empire, the grand visible spiritual beacon, she must, as through my Council of Lateran I hope she has done, recaulk the bark of St. Peter, and close its chinks with a strong pitch of sincerity. Very much must depend on the

selection of worthy men with a liberal and enlightened stretch of soul, for the filling of the new electoral college for the nomination of the Pope. The same principle should be applied to the filling of the Cardinalates; but it need not be so tightly braced, in reference at least to the junior Cardinals. Vain are the speculations of theorists, who think and maintain, that Rome can easily adopt a different system of government, from what she has so long been accustomed to. Nations, like individuals, are creatures of habit. This axiom applies eminently to Rome. If she does not make her religious system square better with the increased intellect of the age, sink down she must, and become a bye-word among the nations. On all her monuments will appear engraved the energetic diction of the prophet: "*She who had strong rods for the sceptres of them that bare rule, is plucked up, and cast down to the ground. And a fire is gone out of a rod of her branches, which hath devoured her fruit; so that she hath no strong rod to be a sceptre to rule. This is a lamentation, and shall be for a lamentation.*" But if she sincerely applies the Lateran-salve to her gangrened ulcers, with the grace of God, she will enjoy a better state of health than heretofore, enhance that venerability which always hovers round her, and spread more efficaciously than of old, the healing waters of the Gospel from her sacred fonts."

The Pope continues dicussing these questions with the Cardinal, on the terrace of Castel Gandolfo, till the sun reaching the chambers of the West, turns into molten gold the azure of the Tuscan.

Returning to the Vatican, Juan Forez, Jorge Nuñez, and Pablo Marquez, three bare-footed hermits of Monserrat, who had come to Rome from pious motives, visit the Pontiff. He gives them an excellent dinner, and seasons his urbanities with good humour. On taking leave of them, he says: "I always had a respect for the hermits of Monserrat; they embraced poverty, and despised the temptations of the world in good earnest; unlike the major part of the Benedictines, and several other orders, who were often money-making and luxurious." He adds with his usual guttural chuckle: "I dare say though, you could count a scurvy fellow or two among you." The hermits retire, having received the Pope's blessing.

Towards the close of the year, a legate is sent to Spain. The acts of the Council of Lateran had long before reached Toledo; where they had roused most vehement discussions. Parties ran high at first, against the decrees of the Pope, but were much softened down by the exertions of the archbishop, a learned man, and devoted to the Pontiff. The legate after some conferences with the archbishop, proceeds through Madrid,

to the august monastery of the Escurial; where he arrives on an October evening. A violent hurricane was sweeping down the precipices of the Guadarrama mountains, as the legate descended from his carriage; he passes through the splendid corridors, where the wind was whistling, as through a hundred æolian harps; he raises his eyes with admiration to those walls, adorned with the highest efforts of Raphael, Titian, Vandyke, Sebastiano del Piombo, Coello, Velasquez, and Murillo; his pupils are riveted by the Madonna *del Pesce*, and *della Perla*, and also by the stupendous conceptions of Pellegrino Tebaldi. He visits the magnificent chapel, and those mausolea, which enshrine all the grandeur of Spain. He dines in the refectory, and after dinner informs the monks, that it is the especial wish of the Pontiff, that pursuant to the acts of the Council of Lateran, *San Lorenzo* should be desecrated, and that their noble monastery should, with all the splendour that their sacristy can furnish, be reconsecrated to the Holy Trinity. The decrees of the Pope had long before penetrated the cloisters of the Escurial, and to them, three-fourths and more of the monks had, though with some reluctance, acquiesced. But Juan Ibarra, with seven others, could never be induced to renounce the sanctity of his *San Lorenzo;* and scarcely had the legate communicated the wish of the Pope, than he

jumped up from his seat, and striking the table violently, exclaims: "*Estoy por siempre fiel a la voluntad del rey nuestro señor, Don Felipe el prudente, fundador de ese monasterio;*" then throwing his cowl on the floor, and trampling it under foot, with a face pale as ashes, he adds: "*No estoy mas monje del Escorial—y asi ayudeme Dios;*" and with these words he quits the refectory, banging the door with violence. But his party were in great measure convinced by the calm reasoning of the legate, and three of the superior monks. They acquiesce, however, to the change, but with great reluctance.

At Lisbon, Vincent totters in his sanctuaries, deserted by his protecting crows. But the decrees of the Council create much ferment in the minds of many of the professors of the Universities, especially at Coimbra; yet it was remarked, that nearly all the opponents of Urbano, were men who had passed their grand climacteric; and when the environs of that age are attained or overleaped, it is known that any innovation in important matters especially, causes a violent revulsion in the human fibres, hardening them with an obstinacy, which the best arguments, drawn equally from heart and head, are for the most part unable to overcome.

Throughout the peninsula, the decrees of the Council obtain with various success. In Madrid, the prejudices

of the lower classes of priests, chiefly illiterate, excite some disturbances. At the desecration of Ignacio Loyola, the celebrated founder of the order of the Jesuits, in a town of Biscay, serious riots occur. At Jaen, Cuenca, and Lorca, some assassinations instigated by certain bigots, enemies of the Pope, and which take place at the desecration of three saints, of whom the major part of the inhabitants knew nothing, but what they had learned from their nurses, determine the dignitaries of Toledo to proceed with great caution. At Oviedo, Cadiz, Leon, Seville, Carthagena, Valencia, and Malaga, the decrees of the Pope meet but with slight opposition. At Salamanca and Alcala, very sharp disputes take place; though the majority, comprising chiefly individuals who had travelled, side heartily with the Pontiff.

In Elba, the decrees of the Council are carried gradually into execution without any serious obstacles. At Bastia and Ajaccio, some sinister and tragic acts take place. At Cagliari in Sardinia, the military is forced to be called out, at the desecration of three or four churches, of which as many obscure cowl-bearers and bead-counters had long been the presiding deities. At Sassari, in the same island, a troop of people headed by ignorant priests, rush into the town from the *Insane Mountains*, and stab a priest in the act of desecrating a church dedicated to their favourite saint; but of whom

not the least authentic account can be traced even in the Vatican.

In Sicily, at Argiro, the birth-place of Diodorus, much perturbation ensues at the desecration of Signor Felipe, forced to make way for St. Paul. At Catania, Agatha of the Goths surrenders her sanctity to the Blessed Virgin; as does Placido at Messina, to St. John the Baptist; but not without bloodshed; and not without the belief of half the citizens, that the whole of the *regione scoperta* of Ætna will be tumbled headlong on their towns. Tragic events also occur at the ousting of Rosolia, absolute *goddess* of Palermo, and of Lucy, at Syracuse; both to be supplanted by the Holy Trinity, pursuant to the tenour of the Council of Lateran. In Calatagirone, Lentini, and Castrogiovanni, Girgenti, Trapani, Mazzara, and Marsala, it requires the utmost activity in the more enlightened priests, to preserve order in the execution of the papal decrees. The dire volcanoes of ignorance and superstition vomit their fetid exhalations from the Lipari isles, and present their hideous lavas of opposition to the Council of Lateran. There, as in Sicily, much time is required to quiet the fermenting spirits. In Yviza and Majorca, the removal of the bones of three or four saints, encased in silver, and of the existence of which in flesh, the Pope, after the most diligent researches in the Vatican, could trace

nothing authentic, occasions serious tumults. But in Minorca and Malta, every thing passes off quietly; the Pontiff, apprised of which, writes complimentary epistles to the chief functionaries of those isles.

At Paris, and throughout France, the innovations introduced into the church by Urbano, meet with various results in the religious world. At Nismes, Toulouse, Arles, and Dragiugnan, some very untoward animosities take place, followed up by tragic consequences. At Paris, since the church formerly dedicated to Geneviève and her fawn, had been long devoted to laic purposes, the decrees of the Council could not affect their building. But the Pope had written an autograph to the chief ecclesiastical functionaries in Paris, to the intent, that it was his wish, that the church of St. Sulpice, one of the finest in the French capital, after being with due solemnity desecrated, should be reconsecrated to the Holy Trinity; that St. Eustache should make way for St. Mark the evangelist; Saints Gervais and Protais, for Saint John; Doctor Thomas Aquinas, for St. Matthew; Saint Nicaise, for Saint Luke; that since Mary Magdalen had been desecrated, and since her name had been inscribed in the first pages of the new *Libro dei Venerabili*, her splendid church on the Boulevards should with due solemnities, be dedicated to the Holy Spirit, or to the Saviour, or to Saint Peter,

as the majority of their opinions may determine; and that several others should be new titled, pursuant to the tenour of the Council of Lateran.

The Fauxbourg St. Germain (he too is stripped of his temples and godhead) is in an uproar; owing partly to the bigotry of Louise and Françoise Devieuval, two wealthy maiden sisters of late devotees; but formerly moving with *éclat*, in the gay world. Their house is the evening rendezvous of all the old school of priests, who detested Urbano, and his innovations. At one of these parties, Louise, highly rouged, and with a sepulchral voice, says to her sister: "*Ah, ma chère, quel monstre que ce pape Urbain! Il a désacré notre divin Sulpice; depuis ce moment-là, je n' ai plus de repos; vous savez que je porte le portrait de mon Saint, mon dieu plutôt, peint sur ma tabatière, par Petitot.—Je l'ai payé deux cents louis; je ne la vendrais pas pour tout l'or du monde. Il était pour moi, mon dieu.—Oui, ma chère.—Le jour meme de son désacrement, par ce méchant pape, j'ai été frappée d'un coup de rheumatisme, qui ne m'abandonne plus. Pour sûr, la cholera va ravager encore tout Paris.*" "*Ah! le monstre!*" replies Françoise, "*et moi aussi je souffre du feu St. Antoine, depuis que son infame impiété ait ôté à notre Saint Louis ses eglises, et sa divinité.*" Ignace Phelipon, a brisk little Abbé of Rennes, strains every nerve

at these parties, to throw obloquy against, and promote hostility to the acts of Urbano, and the Council of Lateran. He runs up to Louise, and seizing her by the arm, exclaims: "*Soyez persuadé Madame, de cette grande vérité, que notre Pape Urbain est pire qu'un athée. Il prétend connaitre à fond le Catholicisme; il n'en sait pas deux mots. C'est l'être le plus pitoyable qui s'est jamais placé sur le siège de Saint Pierre. Alexandre VI. était un ange en comparaison. Il a osé ôter aux eglises ces os, ces reliques, qui ont toujours répandu un parfum céleste autour nos autels, et les âmes pieuses. De plus, il a escamoté à mille Saints leurs eglises; il finira par les escamoter au bon Dieu même. N'est ce pas qu'il a chassé de ses eglises, notre divin Thomas d'Aquin, pour le placer où? Dans ce qu' il appelle son Livre des Vénèrables. C'est donner le grade de lieutenant à un grand général. N'est ce pas qu'il a désacré nos divins Ouen, Omer, Die, Sulpice, Vit, Germain, même, et tant d'autres, qui nous ont toujours fourni une consolation complette dans le malheur? Fallait il dans ce siècle impie, diminuer le nombre des Saints de l'eglise? Tout autre pape, tant soit peu imbu de véritable piété, les aurait plutôt multiplié par centaines. Ah, Madame! nous ne pouvons trop mépriser ce pape Urbain. C'est un saint devoir.*"

In spite, however, of these and similar ferments,

stirred by bigotry and ignorance, in the provinces especially, acquiescence to the edicts of Urbano makes daily progress in the civilised cities of Nantes, Tours, Bordeaux, Bayonne, Narbonne, Lyons, and Marseilles. Marcel, Hilaire, Maurice, Exupèry, Ouen, Quentin, Apolline, Zory, Pardoux, Symphorien, Rémy, together with that rigid disciplinarian, Vitus, henceforth left to his own dance; and hundreds of others, *ejusdem flocci*, return to that obscurity, wherefrom they ought never to have emerged, to scale, at least, the pinnacle of sanctification; followed also by corresponding depreciation, the just consequence of having inspired for so long a period, an overweening respect, so immeasurably beyond their deserts. In the capital, *Maistre* Roch finds the house of his sanctity no longer built upon a rock, but on the shifting quicksand of opinion; and he bids fair to make way for St. Paul, pursuant to the tenour of the Council of Lateran. Philippe du Roule trembles in his elegant sanctuary, and counts the hours, when he will be compelled to make way for one or other of the apostles, or evangelists. *Maistre* Sulpice, known in history as the author of the *Historia Sacra;* in Latinity, as Sulpicius Severus; in the moral scale, as a pious and good man; is made to walk quietly out of that splendid godship, which he had so snugly enjoyed for a long millennium. On the frise of his magnificent fane now appear the

words: "*Sanctissimæ Trinitati sacrum.*" The sanctities of Dennis and Martin flutter like rags from their portals. The vaulted cloisters of Charlemagne, at Aix-la-Chapelle, resound with the name of Urbano. At Brussels, Ghent, and Antwerp; in the French Flanders, at Lille, Tournay, and other towns, the lettered part of the communities bows but with little opposition, to the edicts of the Council of Lateran. Gudule staggers in her sanctuary at Brussels; as does Ursula, with her eleven thousand virgins, at Cologne; both about to make way, the first, for the Virgin, the latter, for the Holy Trinity.

Intelligence is transmitted to the Pontiff, that at Prague, Leipsic, Ulm, Augsburg, and Dresden, the acts of the Council daily gain strength among the thinking spirits of those cities, Catholic as well as Protestant. The succeeding week, letters are received in the Vatican, that confirm the acquiescence of the great majority of the educated inhabitants of Lima, Buenos Ayres, Valparaiso, Bogota, and Mexico, to the decrees of the Pontiff; and shortly after, intelligence to the same effect comes from the Canadas.

The noise of Urbano, both direct and lateral, begins to reach England, and to penetrate the fogs and smoke of London. It runs hard now with the wife-butcher's hierarchy, in Canterbury and Rochester. The tomb of Becket is not so much scorned, as during the last three

centuries; and the names of More and Fisher are pronounced with renovated respect. In the capital, in the temples, and inns of court, Urbano's acts are agitated, with great varieties of opinion. On a Lord Mayor's day, John Tomkins, the newly elected Mayor, gives a banquet in the Egyptian Hall. He had found time to devote some hours to ecclesiastical history, sufficient to enable him to apply a certain judgment to the acts of the Pontiff. On the removal of the cloth, he gives, with great courage, and to the surprise of three-fourths of his guests, this toast: "*Pope Urban the Ninth! and God bless him!*" His words excite murmurs through the major part of the assembly. Thomas Scudamore, a Canon of St. Paul's, and inveterate hater of Catholicism, rising from his seat, and addressing the Lord Mayor, exclaims: "*What is this, my Lord? Can you, as Lord Mayor, give such a toast? Will you yourself apply the matches to a repetition of Queen Mary's faggots in Smithfield? You want us then to count beads, and buy indulgences at St. Paul's? To pay Peter's pence, and to rub our noses against Thomas-à-Becket's bones? Another conflagration of* 1666*? and another subscription for another Monument? Each word of your toast is a cask, each letter is a flask of powder, placed under the new Houses of Parliament. It is a Guy Faux in words. You cannot possibly have any veneration for the church-*

dignity of our eighth Henry, by all laws, human and divine, the eternal head of the Anglican church. Now, my Lord, every man has a right to have his opinion; I have mine; and sooner than abandon my veneration for the ecclesiastical supremacy of the eighth Henry, I would rather be a houseless outcast, and steeped in poverty to the lips." These words, pronounced with furious gesticulation by the Canon, cause a terrible commotion in the Egyptian Hall. He is supported warmly by Gerard Niblett, an alderman, who relisheth not St. Peter's larder in Lent, so well as St. Paul's. Most of the guests side more or less with the Canon; the remainder retire with the Mayor, who says to one of his friends, a sensible and thin alderman: "*Perhaps I was wrong in giving my toast; but I never bargained for such a man as Canon Scudamore among my guests.*"

In Ireland, much opposition is manifested against Urbano, owing to the desecration of St. Patrick; the Council of Lateran having come to the conclusion of its being more than probable that no such person existed; and that Patrick, a species of deity with the lower Irish, was nothing more or less than an imaginary ecclesiastical personification of Attila. But in spite of these contrarieties, the edicts of the Council make deep impression on the thinking spirits, both Catholic and Protestant, in Dublin, Belfast, Cork, and Limerick. In the Scotch

universities, animated and lengthened discussions take place relative to Urbano and his Council, supported without animosity. In Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, and Aberdeen, respect for the Pontiff gains a daily ascendancy. The church-dignity of the eighth Henry totters, both in London and Oxford; and with many in Cambridge, the old aboriginal rock of St. Peter, as cleansed and redintegrated by Urbano, is preferred to the artificial stone one of George of Cappadocia.

In the mean time, Urbano is indefatigable at Rome. One hundred and fifty circulars are issued from the secretariat to different towns, ordering that the dead should be no longer interred in churches; that this usage, so insulting to religious feeling, ought to be universally discarded, as it already, to a certain extent, is. And he designates Bologna as exhibiting one of the best examples of cemeteries, recommending its imitation, with a size proportionate to the resources and population of the different cities. Circulars are also issued, ordaining, that from the beginning of the subsequent year, funerals should only take place on Wednesdays and Fridays throughout the year, except in cases of contagious diseases. Orders are also sent to the authorities of Velletri, Anagni, Alatri, Frusinone, Veroli, and Terracina, commanding them to transmit to the Vatican, statements relative to the schools, charities,

and manner of disposing of them. Urbano also writes an autograph to the monks of the Grand St. Bernard, stating his wish, that since Bernard is desecrated, and now inscribed in the *Libro dei Venerabili*, their monastery should be consecrated to the Blessed Virgin, or the Trinity, or the Saviour, as the majority of their opinions might determine. He exhorts them too to continue those hospitalities, for which their establishment has been so long celebrated. He pens also a letter to the abbess of the nunnery at Trois Rivières, in Canada, stating that he had heard of certain scandals having of late infested their society; the repetition of which, he hopes, will no more reach his ears.

The fourteenth and most fatiguing year of his pontificate sets in. Immense were the labours in the *Camera della Segnatura.* Learned individuals, from seven or eight European nations, are seen passing to and fro the library, and the papal study. The Vatican is a Babel of tongues. The final sigills had not yet been affixed to the acts of the Council; they had been placed, three years before, on a large table, at the end of the apartment, finely written on vellum, in the oldest ecclesiastical character. The Pope, in the fifth year of his pontificate, had transmitted to different Catholic countries, the acts of the Council; and deputies, from various literary and collegiate institutions, with rescripts to the Pope, touch-

ing the acts of the Council, had been for many months in Rome, waiting to be presented in the Vatican; but the Pope, owing to the accumulated pressure of business, was unable to receive them till this year. These rescripts, with their sigills appended, were numerous, and contained in all, about seventeen thousand signatures; all of which were from persons, conversant at least with the *literæ humaniores.* Of these, thirteen thousand and more, were wholly assentient to the acts of the Council; and the remainder, though in some points assentient, were dissentient in not unimportant particulars.

The Pontiff, dressed in his full robes, and seated in an ancient chair of the Vatican, one believed to have been used by Gregory the Great, and in front of the table in the *Camera della Segnatura,* receives the deputies, each bearing the signatures from their respective countries. The deputies, after bowing to the Pontiff, leave each the scrolls on the table, and move on.

First, are presented the two deputies from France, introduced by the *Reverendissimo Cardinale* de Menè, a man highly esteemed by the Pope, for his enlightened views, and extended erudition. Then follow successively the deputies, with the scrolls, from Germany, Spain, Portugal, the Low Countries, Hungary, Poland, and the three United Kingdoms, each introduced by a Cardinal. Succeed the two deputies, bearing the signatures from the

venerable monasteries of Nazareth, Jerusalem, and Bethlehem; and from two of the monasteries in the Thebaid; also an autograph complimentary letter to the Pope, from the abbot of the sacrosanct monastery of Mount Sinai. These last are introduced by the *Reverendissimo* Baltasar Balcan, a learned native of Jerusalem, and *Cardinale dell' Oriente.* Then follow the two deputies, with the scrolls subscribed in five of the West India islands, in New York, New Orleans, Baltimore, Cincinnati, and Mexico; introduced by the *Reverendissimo* Francis Fennick, *Cardinale dell' America settentrionale.* The procession is closed by two deputies, with the signatures from Lima, the Caraccas, Buenos Ayres, Valparaiso, Rio Janeiro, and the old Jesuit missionaries on the Rio de la Plata; these last are introduced by the *Reverendissimo* Teodosio Calderon, *Cardinale dell' America meridionale.* Many of the rescripts in partial opposition to the Council, were well-written, and contained arguments of sufficient weight, to give the Pontiff much trouble. Nine interpreting secretaries worked at them for seven months, as many hours a day, holidays excepted. Turning to the Cardinal *di San Mattèo*, the Pope says: "The result, Cardinal, must be deemed, on the whole, very satisfactory; indeed, I had rather receive some of the signatures more or less dissentient, than the whole completely assentient. These diversities prove

minds, that can and dare think for themselves. We have, however, a vast majority on our side; and thank God, this is sufficient to prop the Council of Lateran."

The difficulties relative to the changes in the liturgy, were not yet cleared away. At last, after seven sessions of the deputies, held in the Sistine chapel, and at all of which Urbano presided, with eleven of the Cardinals, it was finally settled: first, that no alterations should be adopted in the saying of the mass, save its pronunciation in the respectively indigenous dialects of the different countries of Catholicism; secondly, that nothing should be adopted from the English *liturgy*, but the English *litany;* the Pope remarking, that that fine composition belonged *in disjectis membris* to old Catholicism; but that certain pious English theologians had had the merit of enframing them in one admirable whole; Catholicism in reclaiming it, only taking what belonged originally to her; thirdly, that this litany of a very solemn character, should only be recited, or chanted during Lent, and the Passion-week; fourthly, that the *interceding* prayers should be confined to those saints, decreed as such, by the first article of the Council of Lateran, and only addressed to each of them, on their severally appropriated festivals; fifthly, that the old Latin used in the briefs, bulls, encyclic epistles, and in certain admirable hymns set to old music, should re-

main unaltered. At one of the last of these sessions, long and vivid discussions take place relative to the consecration, or non-consecration of churches, as before, to the Conception and Assumption; the Cardinal of Spain having proposed, that in addition to Art. I. of the Council of Lateran, they should be inserted. In answer, the Cardinal of *Araceli* remarks, that the doctrines of the conception and assumption are necessarily concentrated in the worship of the Blessed Virgin; that there is no end to the application of analysis in these important higher essences of Catholicism; that the proposal itself, though not *per se* objectionable, would furnish a precedent, which might be prejudicial to the rotundity of Catholicism, by opening, as heretofore, a door to many fanciful dedications; that, in fine, churches dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, will comprehend all that is sufficient, as far as her worship is concerned. The Pope sides in opinion with the Cardinal of *Araceli;* and the suggestion of the Cardinal of Spain, put to the vote, is rejected, but only by a majority of two voices. An important arrangement is also made relative to confession; which is, that in case the confessee should disburden his conscience of premeditated murder, whether occult or open, the confessor should be compelled, under pain of expulsion from the church, to reveal the name of the confessee, to the judge of the supreme criminal court,

who, sworn to secrecy, will provide that his person be watched; but that this law is not to extend to other offences *merely premeditated;* the same secrecy to exist as heretofore, between the confessor and confessee, provided due repentance be manifested.

These regulations, after long discussions between the Pontiff, the consistory, and the deputies from the different countries of Catholicism, are determined upon; and the final sigills are affixed to the acts of the Council of Lateran, on the day of Pentecost, of the fourteenth year of the pontificate of Urbano Nono.

The Cardinal of *Sant' Andrea della Valle,* happening to stand by the Pope as he held the seal, says: "*Santo Padre,* the day harmonises with your act; you extend the *tongues* of Catholicism on the day of the *tongues.*" The Pontiff smiled. During the whole of the ceremony, he was remarkably pale, and faint with exhaustion, occasionally leaning on a cane, which belonged to Sixtus V., and occasionally, on the arm of his first valet, Casaglio. He says in a faltering voice: "My dear Cardinal, have I not now a right to three weeks' holidays at Tivoli?" He arrives at his cottage in company with the Cardinal; but he had not been there a week, before Dr. Hildebrand Crichton, of the Marischal College in Aberdeen, profound in ecclesiastical literature, and descended in a remote line, from the admirable

Crichton, presents him with a letter of recommendation from the head of one of the oldest Catholic families in Scotland. He partakes of a frugal dinner with the Pope, who says to his guest: "I shall be glad, sir, to hear that Scotland, a country one of the most intellectual in Europe, and formerly—alas! and only formerly—attached so eminently to Catholicism, is not altogether indifferent to my exertions. I hope at least she gives me credit for being honest." "Honest," replies Crichton; "the word is too weak to express the respect that all, at least in the highlands, entertain for you, *Santo Padre*." The Pope converses with him for a long hour, on the ecclesiastical condition of Scotland; and in the course of his talk, remarks, that Scotland was a far more cheerful and happy country under old Catholicism, with all its faults, than since the pretended reformation. "I grant," he adds, "that many individuals of your church are learned and conscientious men; but there is a stubborn dryness about your Presbyterianism that makes the greater part of them look like spectres emerging from sepulchres. Rarely does a smile exhilarate their faces. To make your country with its climate, the very den of melancholy, were some Mephistopheles to appear in your sky, all he would have to do would be to wave his wand, and engraft a sombre Calvinism on your already dry Presbyterianism; and his malignity would be all

in all gratified. Neither would the ill stop there; for the schism-hydra will continue to multiply its horrid heads, spreading perturbation and disunion among families. One ray of hope, however, remains for your country; for I know that my brave highlanders cling in heart to that rock of St. Peter, so long beloved and venerated by their ancestors; they only require it to be cleansed of those foul weeds, which have so long gathered round it; to clear it of which has been my object, as well as that of the Council of Lateran." The Pope then embracing Crichton, presents him with a snuff-box, on the lid of which is a Madonna and Child, by Carlo Dolce; he afterwards gives him his blessing. Accompanying Crichton, was an old highlander, Culverhouse by name, whose grandfather was a faithful attendant on the first Pretender; him too the Pontiff receives kindly, and presents with a crucifix in ivory, which had long been in the oratory of Cardinal Stuart.

A day or two after, Giovanni Mantegna, a learned and worthy gentleman of Mantua, much attached to Catholicism, and who had long pined in secret, at the abuses which had obscured it, at the calamities which had beset it, and who had watched attentively from his cottage at Pietole, the birth-place of Virgil, all the reforms of Urbano; enters the Pope's apartment, bearing

two palm-branches in his hand, and brandishing them over the Pontiff's head, exclaims in a sonorous voice: "*Sancte Pater! Idumæas referet tibi Mantua palmas!*" The Pope most affectionately gives him his blessing. But these two interviews excepted, he receives no one at Tivoli, save his confessor, and the venerable and pious Cardinal *di San Bartelomèo.*

Repose was so necessary for Urbano, that on retiring to Castel Gandolfo, which he always did in the summer, he did but little more than amuse himself with Ficoni, his gardener; overhauling from time to time the letters of Petrarch, and a choice selection of Italian sonnets, lately published at Milan.

The fifteenth year of his popedom sets in; and he determines, his health somewhat restored, to officiate himself at the altars of some of the newly consecrated churches, in the garbs of most of the ecclesiastical orders. He appears successively on different days, in the habits of the Franciscans, the Dominicans, the Celestines, the Carthusians, the Theatines, the Capuchins, and the Benedictines. His spirits rallied considerably towards the close of the year; he walks with the Spanish ambassador in the Medicean gardens. The conversation turning on his new organisation of the Roman nobility, he observes: "Can it, *Señor embaxador*, be better arranged for a state, whose policy

must be more pacific than any other. I am abused night and day, for my extermination of the titles of *Principe*, *Duca*, *Conte*, and *Barone*. And what is the basis of these titles? Military or naval exploits; which so long as Rome remains the visible nurse of Catholicism, she can and ought not to have. Under Julius the Second, she made some efforts to create an aristocracy founded on military merit. The attempt naturally failed. We live in times, when communities will not eye with respect and honour, a tenth or twentieth descendant of the Dorias, the Zenos, the Venieri, the Medici. And what have any of these families to do with Rome? Let it not be imagined that I undervalue military merit; but it must be recollected that we cannot here eye military desert with that enthusiasm that it always has obtained in France, Spain, and other countries. After all, under my new system, Rome may realize, not indeed that flashy blood, resulting from the clash of arms, but a very respectable drift of blood, from ecclesiastical, agricultural, and *Belle Arti* excellence." Speaking of Louis XIV. he says: "Had he opened the tribunals more, abolished the *lettres de cachet*, and erected a palace at St. Germain, which he might have done better at half the cost of Versailles, posterity, whatsoever view may be taken of political institutions, could never have refused him the title of *Great*. I say

nothing of his revocation of the edict of Nantes; for it is certain this Vatican of our's instigated it." He then alludes to the *quasi* extinct dogma of the infallibility of the Pope. "It is evident," he says, "that it crept into the church, at some dismally barbarous epoch. The power of thought is now so diffused and strengthened, that all Catholics of any stamen of mind reject it. At the same time, I never liked those who treat lightly the respect due at least in the aggregate, to the *acta conciliorum;* which, though they may not be infallible, deserve in the main, a higher veneration than several of the laws of laic legislators, or laic legislative assemblies, influenced as they generally are by the pushing interests of the day." He alludes to the new *Libro dei Venerabili.* "How is it possible that in Spain," he says, "Hermenegildo, Ildefonso, Ignacio, and others, can now inspire more than ordinary respect? Who would busy themselves now with erecting churches to Ignacio Loyola, Teresa of Aviles, and such like? They find at last their proper stations in the *Libro dei Venerabili.* In our age, they can hope for nothing higher. We have had great difficulties in the arrangement of this *Libro,* seeing that the merits of some were sealed by martyrdom, and those of others only by acts of piety and abstinence. Let us take the most exalted merits of those who have sealed their faith by undergoing the

trials of martyrdom. Surely one thousand years, more or less, of sanctification will have shed an overblazing halo of glory around their names, for a transitory state like this, where it is preposterous to look for eternal rewards. Yes, it must be confessed, that the sanctification even of these, aided by hundreds of paintings and sculptures, commemorative of their sufferings, has most superabundantly compensated their merits, at least with us, here below. As for the others, of whom there are not a few in our calendar, and who have so long obtained sanctification with churches and altars, for having uttered frequent prayers, and merely practised observances of self-denial, the hourly encreasing intelligence of our age wills, that all of those latter should be stripped of their sanctities and altars; but *not* of that respect, due to, and ensured to several, by the registration of their names in the new *Libro dei Venerabili.* The difficulties occasioned by these considerations, have been *quasi* cleared, by the division of the work into two classes: the first entitled, *Venerabili dell' ordine primario;* the second, *Venerabili dell' ordine secondario.* The first class will comprise those, who living subsequently to our Saviour and the Apostles, obtained the crown of martyrdom; the second, those who were eminent for their piety, discipline, and predicatory exertions. What good Catholic can now instruct his flock to adore

the hysterically enthusiastic visions of Teresa, or Giulia Falconieri, or rivet their faculties with the contemplation of the tortures of Lorenzo?" He alludes to the political condition of Spain, and says: "Your country, *embaxador*, since the death of Charles the Third, presents a pitiful page for history. Under that monarch, Spain was happy enough and wealthy at home, and made herself sufficiently respected abroad. The inquisition indeed existed, but not much more than in name. Now your country is neither respected abroad, nor happy at home. And what are your Cortes about? They surely cannot think that the same ecclesiastical frame-work can now exist, as what did half a century ago. Now that Potosi and Mexico no longer pour dollars by thousands every month, into Corunna and Cadiz, your archbishops of Toledo, and other towns cannot hope to enjoy annual stipends of half a million of dollars each. Spain to be happy, must begin by lowering her tone in these things. Destroy the archbishoprics. Preserve the episcopacies, the canonries, and the curacies. Give to your principal bishops about fifteen thousand dollars each for annual stipends; to the inferior, about eight. I do not mean to assert in a breath, that this is the best possible arrangement; but still it would be doing something. Your chief bishops would then be as well off nearly as the President

of the American States. I cannot find that any member of your Cortes has yet proposed to alter the old method of keeping the public accounts in pitiful *reals*, and to substitute for them *dollars*." Then falling into one of his *bizarre* moods, and laughing, he says: "Supposing I were to drive my *bull* into the arena of the Cortes, I mean my *Lateran bull*, do you think he would goad them into activity? Would he find an *aficionado* to back him? I am afraid he would fall foul of a *matador*. Then the *matador*, after killing my *bull*, would propose a glorious expedition against the windmills of La Mancha." Then shaking his ribs with his guttural chuckles, he adds: "Well, *embaxador*, how would they receive the *bull* of Juan Benincasa, deputy to the Cortes from the city of Toro?" The ambassador, not a little nettled at these jokes of the Pontiff, frowned sternly in silence. The Pope perceiving which, suddenly changed the tone of his discourse, and restored the good humour of the envoy. They dine in the Vatican; where a lengthy and serious discussion takes place relative to the ecclesiastical affairs of Spain, too long for me to record. Urbano takes an airing the next day to *Capo di Bove*, accompanied by the supervisor of the public works, and Dragoni, the master of his band. In his playful way, he shot squibs at the corrupt state of architecture, which had infested Italy, not less than other countries,

for so long a period; but he said, considerable meliorations in taste have lately taken place; at least we have made great progress, since the time that Boughese favoured us with his harpsichord palace, and Braschi with his. Then turning to Dragoni, who was a favourite of the Pontiff, and chuckling gutturally, he says: "Come, Dragoni, I intend to build an organ palace, and another to be called the *contrabasso* palace. This I will give you. It shall have a spiral stair-case up the sound-post, and two *f* windows in the roof, from which you can pop your head, and inhale the morning air." Then abandoning his vein of pleasantry, and turning to the supervisor of the public works, he observes: "It is surprising how difficult this art is. The Cardinal *delle Isole Britanniche* gave me some time ago, a whole University, the work of an English gentleman, by name Kesell, Kessell, no—Kelsall—that is the name; and yet with all the labour he must have bestowed upon it, several of his designs are good but for little. What a pity it is he did not keep his work longer on the anvil, and string his ideas more logically together. The pressure of mind was probably too great for him. Like me, he had too many irons in the fire; heavy ones too," he adds, with his guttural chuckle. And well might he say so; for the labours he personally underwent in the sifting of the old saints for the formation of the new

Libro dei Venerabili, were incalculable. Often did he order the Vatican library to be lighted; and there would he remain almost till dawn, affixing marginal interrogatory notes to the labours of the commissioners, and aided in his researches by a dozen and more individuals of different nations. Frequently these papers relative to the very dubious merits of several of these heretofore saints, were sent and returned half a dozen times, before the Pontiff and his learned associates could be satisfied, even in reference to the privilege of admission into the new *Libro dei Venerabili.* Thrice did his valet Casaglio find him there, speechless, and stiffened by catalepsy.

Tot sustinens et tanta negotia solus, Urbano, the succeeding year, presents for the most part a sad spectacle. Exhaustion, and an internal relaxation of the more important branches of the nerves, caused by the violent action and reaction, which his fibres had so long sustained, throw him on his couch for hours together. He rallies for a short time, towards the summer; and the Cardinal of *Sant' Andrea della Valle* persuades him to visit the Vatican library; where he finds the old brick floor covered with a fine *intonaco;* fifty feet and more of the new book-cases, chiefly of American cedar, erected; and about half a dozen of the cedar chests, for the reception of the manuscripts, with their recesses newly

labelled and alphabeted. He visits also the new Quirinal College, and sees the first layers of Tiburtine, destined to form the new observatory; the first stone of which was laid two years before, by the Cardinal of *Araceli.* A professor from Bologna chalks out in his presence, the first arc of the Quirinal meridian. The Cardinal also, to divert his mind, engages a fine band of performers to go to Castel Gandolfo, where they arrive, with a waggon load of scenery, and get up the *Nozze di Figaro;* of which the Pope, though he had never heard it in a theatre since his boyhood, was specially fond. During the performance, he suffered a relapse. One moment he would weep; another, he would gaze on his favourite gem of Marcus Aurelius, the work of Æpolianus; then again he would gaze on the third finger of his left hand, on which was the head of Augustus, by Dioscourides; and this he would eye with a smile, partaking of one quarter of imbecility, and three quarters of sense; then he would remove it, and play with it like a child, for a second or two between his fingers; then again he would weep. Before the end of the piece he was forced to retire, supported by his favourite valet Casaglio. The gem of Augustus,—whether forgetting it or no is uncertain—he left on his chair. His physician urged him to use finer linen, and a softer bed, to which the Pope, who had no foolish obstinacy about him, assented.

In the beginning of the seventeenth year of his popedom, he was better; and in a conference with the Cardinal *di San Mattèo*, he remarks: "I intend to abolish officially excommunications, as they already are virtually; and have been, since about the days of Louis XIV. when the affair of Crèquy, his minister, made such a noise at Rome. The thunders of this Vatican of our's are long since spent. The church should, I think, in lieu, adopt what I would term *monitory letters*, which should be couched in less or more severity, and sent to those ecclesiastical functionaries, who abuse in any flagrant manner their duties."

A day or two after, he sends for two of the principal printers in the city; and proposes the establishment of one opposition newspaper, to be printed twice a week; not that he wishes Rome to swarm with enormous gazettes, like London; the spirit of her institutions being averse to any thing like strong political contentions. But he says, it will be beneficial to have a paper conceived and written in a temperate spirit of opposition to the *Diario di Roma;* and this new one he proposes to call *La Gazzetta dei sette Colli.* He also abrogates the usage of compelling young virgins to take the veil, substituting a tentatory noviciate of two years; at the expiration of which, any novice, having made the experiment of the nun-life, may either reject or embrace it;

but without the power of returning to it, except by a special permission of the higher ecclesiastical authorities. The same law is adopted for the monasteries.

A day or two after, the Cardinal *di San Pietro* comes into his study, accompanied by Francis Camberlin, a young priest, born of a good family in Maryland, a great favourite of the Pope, and who was pursuing a course of studies at the *Sapienza*, with the view of rising in the church. He tells the Pontiff, that he is the bearer of good news; that the acts of the Council make a daily encreasing impression on the towns of the Union; that very many quakers, both wet and dry, baptists, anabaptists, tunkers, shakers, Socinians, Jews, and Deists, in all about two thousand, had at Baltimore, Charleston, Cincinnati, and New Orleans, professed their future devotion to the good old aboriginal church; and that the Honorable John Foster, a Catholic member of Congress, and admirer of Urbano, had been just elected to the Presidency of the United States. The news spreads a smile of satisfaction over the care-worn features of the Pontiff; and giving Camberlin his blessing, he says to the Cardinal: "I recommend this young man to the protection of the sacred college; if he continues as he has begun, he will, I hope, one day adorn the chair of St. Peter."

He was still at Castel Gandolfo, which he was about

to quit for the last time. As he passes through the court, a large dog, presented to him by the monks of the Grand St. Bernard, wagging his shaggy tail, reclines at his feet; and Argus-like, eyeing the Pontiff, takes a farewell of him, in an affectionate howl. "Florio, Florio," says the Pope, "thou, at least, wilt miss me at Castel Gandolfo." Many Protestants had flocked to Rome; they, with several of the Pope's friends, had resolved on ushering in his return to that city with a gratulatory procession. Urbano had rallied considerably; and he arrives at the gate, formerly *del Popolo*, but now *Belisaria*. The procession is headed by his own superb band; then follow about fifty choristers, accompanying fine but serious music; then, immediately heading the papal carriage, are seen fifty young maidens, attired like the ancient vestal virgins, who strew from baskets, flowers in his way, through the Corso to the Vatican. On arriving at St. Peter's colonnade, the band and the maidens congregate round the obelisk; where the music and voices sound three or four times the fine finale of the Figaro, set to appropriate words, as the Pope passes through the columns. He is received by his sister, Eugenia Benincasa, who had not seen the Pope for more than six years. She stands on the grunsel edge of Constantine's staircase, attended by two ladies of Arpino, and two or three of the wives of the new nobles. She hardly

recognizes her brother, so shaken as he was, so wan with care; and flinging her arms round his neck, she bursts into a flood of tears. He passes a quiet evening in her society alone; and recruited by this interview, a few days after, he decrees, that the titles of the cardinals, both *à latere* and *exterior*, should be simply *Reverendissimo Monsignore*, and not *Eminentissimo*, as heretofore; and that the title *Reverendo* should belong to ecclesiastics of other denominations. He orders too, that the *Cardinali esteriori* should, on their first arrival at, and final departure from Rome, be saluted, each, with a discharge of fifty guns, from the Castle of St. Angelo. The first application of this ceremony was to the departure of the *Reverendissimo Monsignore* Ambrose Lettsom, from Rome for London, first *Cardinale delle Isole Britanniche.*

He also suggests to the conclave, that it would be well to establish as a generally current principle, without giving it the fixity of a law, the not conferring the cardinal's hat on any individual till he shall have passed the age of thirty-five years; stating in a rescript of his own, his reasons for so doing, which are too long for me to record here.

The new *Libro dei Venerabili* is completed this year, the labour of nearly thirty learned individuals, who had worked at it for upwards of five years. It is stationed in the centre of the Sistine chapel; where it remains for

one night. It is then removed to a stand opposite St. Peter's statue in the Basilica, where it remains three days. In the first pages appear several of the heretofore saints of the first ages of Christianity; in the succeeding pages appear the names of Francesco Assisi, Philippo Neri, Francesco Xavier, Carlo Borromeo, Francesco di Sales, Francesco di Paolo, and some others; but in which, numerous Italians, who have hitherto figured as saints in the calendar, as well as many foreigners similarly honoured, are not even deemed worthy, after minute investigation, of the title of *Venerabili;* and are consequently excluded. In the emblazoned pages, figure especially, Jerom, Basil, Cyprian, Lactantius, Arnobius, Chrysostom, Augustine, Boethius, and the rest of the primitive fathers, some of whom heretofore bore the titles of saints. In the subsequent pages, speak all-eloquently to the eyes, the names of Louis IX. of France, no longer a saint; Le Chevalier sans peur et sans réproche, Du Guesclin, Massillon, Fléchier, Bourdaloue, Bossuet, Fénélon, the Bishop of Marseilles, and one or two others; Bede, Thomas-à-Becket, Edward I., Pole, More, Fisher, and one or two more of England; Alphonso V. of Arragon, Ferdinand the Catholic, Ignacio Loyola, Teresa, and a few others of Spain; three or four well-attested of Portugal; with very many of all countries omitted, who have *hitherto* obtained the certificates of sanctity and venerability *rather* too hastily.

Splendid was the ceremony of the transportation of the new *Libro dei Venerabili*, from St. Peter's to St. John Lateran. The Pope supervised the whole arrangements himself; desirous that they should display none of the old theatrical gew-gaws. His object was, to exhibit a procession as simple and imposing as possible, without any theatrical flare. The *Libro* of the finest vellum, with the names of the new *Venerabili* inscribed in the oldest ecclesiastical characters, was simply bound in purple Genoa velvet. The box, destined for its reception, was a three foot cube, of three casings. The interior was of a cedar from Lebanon, sent from Aleppo expressly, and one inch in thickness; a half inch of mahogany was veneered to the cedar; and the exterior casing was of plates of Venetian sequin gold, of the thickness of strong sheet-tin, so well soldered and fastened to the mahogany, that the box, top, bottom, and sides, appeared one block of burnished gold, exhibiting no reliefs, no inscription. It had two partitions; the lower, four inches deep, was separated from the upper, by a strong net-work, in flat bars of Mosaic gold, on which the book was placed. The lower partition was filled with a paste, composed of the most odoriferous gums and spices of the east, surpassing in fragrance any made at Constantinople. The hinges, lock, and key, the handle of which was of the finest gold, were the

master-pieces of Bramah. On the eve of All Saints, the box is stationed on a temporary altar, where it remains all night, opposite St. Peter's statue in the Basilica, five hundred tapers blazing around it. The next morning, mass said, it is borne on a tressle, to a car, stationed near the obelisk, by six canons of Saint John of Lateran, and as many of St. Peter's; who are also destined to bear a canopy of plain purple velvet, with eight black poles, suspended over it, all the way to the sacristy of St. John of Lateran. The car was a truncated pyramid, seven feet in height, with purple velvet, drawn tightly over it, completely concealing the wheels, giving a square area of fifty inches, for the station of the box. The area was surrounded by a three-inch border of Mosaic metal, but very plain. First advances the Pope's band, playing serious airs, from the oldest composers, accompanied by the choir of St. Peter's. Then follow eight priests, from different Catholic countries, bearing flags of finest white linen, stretched from two poles; the four flags inscribed in letters of black velvet, with the well-known passages from the Psalms, allusive to the departed righteous. Then follow twelve incense-burners, immediately preceding the car, drawn by the Pontiff's eight superb English horses, caparisoned from shoulders to haunches, with plain purple velvet palls, reaching to their fetlocks. From their heads rose heron plumes.

Each was led by a priest. No gold or silver lace, no tassels or festoons, were seen in any part of the procession. Peremptory orders were issued, that no noises of any kind should take place during the ceremony. The only noise allowed was the discharge of the great gun from the castle of St. Angelo, every three minutes. To add to the imposing effect, the Pope had ordered Monticuli, the Commander-in-Chief, to station at six different points, bevies of military, consisting each of about twenty privates, with their ensigns, all the officers, and each bevy with its band. The car stops for a few minutes, opposite each of these groups; when the military do not present arms as usual; but lay them on the ground; the troops, their muskets, the ensigns, their flags, the officers, their swords, hats, and gloves; a band, stationed with each group, sounding a few bars of sacred music. The procession, after passing the castle of St. Angelo, gains the obelisk at the end of the Corso; thence by a circuit without reaches the *Porta Felice;* and sweeping round by the Quirinal, and *Santa Maria Maggiore*, arrives in three hours at the portico of *San Giovanni.* The Pope did not follow the procession; but receives the box at the entrance of the sacristy. It is lowered in his presence into a vast teak chest, inlaid with the most precious oriental woods, and presented to the Pope by a nobleman of Ireland, who had been in

Bengal, and for which he had paid one thousand guineas. The Pontiff, holding the small key of the box in his right hand, and the larger of the teak chest in his left, turning to the Deans and Canons, addresses them in these words: "*Venerati Decani, venerati Canonici, utriusque Basilicæ, vos omnes consaluto. Notum vobis jampridem est, qualium quantarumque sollicitudinum et vigiliarum fructus, novus Liber Venerabilium fuerit in hâc arcâ inclusus. De hoc opere, ad ecclesiæ Catholicæ redintegrationem maximè spectanti, ab hominibus, cùm emunctioris naris, tum summæ doctrinæ, confecto, approbato, confirmato, ampliùs commentari, planè supervacaneum foret. Concedo, igitur, has claves, tibi venerate Decane, Decanisque futuris ecclesiæ Sancti Johannis Lateranensis, universarum matris, in æternum custodiendas.*"

The whole city now assumes a different aspect. Where ten beggars were seen a few years before, scarcely three are to be met now. Three-fourths of the dismantled churches are battered down. Some of the reconsecrated churches bear on their friezes their new dedications, as provided by the first Article of the Council of Lateran. Watchmen perambulate nightly the *Rioni*. An iron bridge from England is about to supplant the old and unsightly *Ponte Rotto*. Many of the iron-latticed windows are removed, behind which, for so many centuries, squalid faces were seen, afraid

to look, or to be looked at. Stiletto-cases are rare; cicisbeism is less frequent; not numerous are the courtesans. The boys apply the words, "*e una Madonnacciata*," to the few women who remain, with gold ornaments in their heads, to the value of five hundred *scudi*, under a horn lantern of the Madonna, and cracking lice from morn to even. No Madonna with her tin frame, and horn lantern, can now be seen from the *Porta del Popolo* to the *Acqua Paola.*

The heat is intense at Rome. A hot sirocco whirls the dust in spiral columns, "*adeo turbidis imbribus, ut vulgus iram deûm portendi crediderit.*" A violent thunder-storm ensues, which rattling in protracted peals round Bernini's colonnade, in a night of pitchy darkness, is reverberated, with echoing din, from each of the Seven Hills. The lightning is so frequent and vivid, that every building seems in one continuous glare. The *Araceli*, just completed, with its figure of Religion in highest relief, on the pediment, the lightnings played around it and leaving it intact, speaks marvellously to the eyes. A death-like silence prevades for some minutes the whole city. A sable cloud hovering over the Pincian, bursts all at once in full plenitude of sound; when Esquiline, Aventine, Palatine, and Cælian, bellow to each other in thunder, for two long hours. The spent storm dies gradually away, in sullen mutterings

behind Soractè. The Pontiff, always fond of the sublime, as he surveys the appalling scene from the terrace of the Vatican, receives a flash of lightning in the left eye, which deprives him of its sight. The news spreads the next day through the city; and the Trastevere old women cry: "*Ah l'infame! Ha trovato alfine la meritata vendetta della Santa Madonna.*" He rallies his strength a little, and visits for the last time St. Peter's. Here he gives orders to conduct a small pipe to each of the grand receptacles for the holy water, from one of the fountains, so as to make the water perpetually flow to each, and lose itself in each by another pipe, conducted under the pavement of the church; so as to preserve in each of the receptacles, not a muddy water as now, but an always rippling transparency. He makes also a farewell visit to the school of *Sant' Andrea della Valle*, where he was educated. One of the senior students, running before him, lets drop in the grand arcade four scrolls of vellum finely illuminated, on one of which is inscribed: *Pax et felicitas tam in urbe, quàm in suburbanis, sub Urbano:* on another: *Nunquam sub Regibus, sub Consulibus, sub melioribus Imperatoribus, gratior libertas Romæ extitit, quàm sub Urbano nostro;* on a third: *Quod non fecerunt Barbari, fecerunt Barbarini; quod non fecerunt Barbarini, fecit carus Pontifex noster;* conveying a delicate com-

pliment on the recent improvement of the Pantheon: on a fourth: *Nobiles cum populo tandem bene compositi sub Urbano Nono.* The Pope, delighted, cries: "*E un ragazzo di dieci mila!*" and slips into his hand a purse with a dozen Spanish doubloons.

He takes a farewell look at the cathedral of *San Giovanni Laterano,* which he loved from his youth with almost a feminine fondness, calling it, "*La mia cara Chiesa! La mia sempre benamata Chiesa!*" He presents to its altar two cherubims of silver, each kneeling on either side of the receptacle of the host, and worth thirty thousand *scudi.* He prognosticates that this is the last view of his favourite church; the "Cunctarum Mater et Caput Ecclesiarum;" and tears of incipient dotage fall from the eyes of Urbano Nono.

On his return to the Vatican, the same evening, he gives a small concert of sacred music to three of his best friends, at which are performed short extracts from the works of Handel, Corelli, and Beethoven. The concert closes with the Requiem of Mozart.

And now paralysis sticks her icy fangs into Urbano Nono. He musters, however, courage to disclaim, in a *Motu Proprio,* his title to infallibility, reprobating the dogma as originating in the superstition of the dark ages. In the same *Motu,* he inveighs with indignation against the ceremony of the papal foot being placed on

the altar at the pontifical installations; and against the arrogant usage of putting the cardinals' votes in the sacred chalice. He reprobates, but not austerely, the relics-kissing, and beads-counting; he exhorts his successors to renounce the usage of kissing the papal foot, observing, that both Catholics and Protestants should hereafter be received with only a slight bow, and with arms extended, as generally done by Pius VII. He orders a few of the finer pictures to decorate the altars of the minor churches; and preserves with veneration the crucifixes on the altars; remarking, that he believes the most zealous adherents to the sanctity of Henry VIII. of England will at last give the Catholics credit for not adoring the picture or statue so placed at the altars; every honest Catholic only considering them as incentives to religious feeling.

Urbano Nono now sinks rapidly to the tomb; and, a few hours before his death, he thus addresses his friend and confessor, Francesco di Sienna, in faultering accents: "My dear Francesco; the main scope and aim of my pontificate has been to square, as far as lay in my feeble power, the august dignity of the pontifical office to the increased intelligence of our age. Most ancient, most venerable is my office, and I felt but too often sensible of my unworthiness to fill it. Severe, however, have been the difficulties I have had to contend with;

but I was consoled by observing, that nearly all my adversaries in the most important of my acts, or bore but an indifferent character, or were persons who, born in low life, had not the advantages of education, and therefore suffered their minds to be warped by bigotry and narrow-minded prejudices. I hope nevertheless that, with the grace of God, I shall be found to have laid the corner-stone of an edifice, which may ultimately be regarded with veneration throughout Christendom. I have uniformly set my face against those intriguers, who, under the mask of religion, set other nations in an uproar, only having in real view the gratification of their malignity, or the furtherance of their temporal interests. As soon as the Protestant nations shall have seen, as I trust they have during my pontificate, that Rome claims only what of perfect right belongs to her from the days of Saint Peter, the supremacy of the Christian church; as soon as they shall have seen several superstitious observances of the dark ages, which have *quasi* all been by me annulled, no longer insisted upon, I cannot help hoping that they will return one flock under one shepherd; and I am confident that by so doing, they will further even their own temporal interests better, than by remaining scions separated from the original trunk. By the act of my Council of *San Giovanni Laterano*, the church renounces the coining of saints; and I have

provided that even the title of *Venerabile* shall be but very rarely granted; and that too without requiring either prayers or holidays to any individual who may be so honoured. The bones and other relics so commonly adored half a century ago, are now only to be found in the curiosity-shops; and the altar at Loreto is stripped of its tinsel ornaments. Such have been my principal objects in view during my pontificate; but, except the Lord build the house, the labour of them is lost that build it. The mystery of the consecrated wafer I have always chosen to adore as a mystery, rather than to attach a positively fixed dogma thereto; but I always unreservedly adored the sanctity of the Trinity, and of the Incarnation, typified by the Blessed Virgin.....I am faint, good Francesco..... ....place before me the bust of Ganganelli."....Urbano breathes hard, just as Francesco di Sienna had slipped on his finger the *annulus piscatoris.*

The oldest crucifix preserved in the Vatican, is pressed to his lips; the *viaticum* is ministered to him, by the venerable Cardinal *di San Bartolomèo,* which he receives with great piety. An incoherent state of mind ensues, during which he mutters: "*Protestants no more—so?—not—yes?—Indulgences gone—Relics kissed still—ha, ha, ha!—Henry the Eighth's toe—Sanctity kiss—schism dead—England note—alive still*

—ah!—Luther out—Point of unity gained—no—yes—no—perhaps!" A stroke of catalepsy ensues; he heaves a profound sigh, bows his head, and gives up the ghost.

Thus dies Giovanni Benincasa, titled Urbano Nono, a native of Arpino, and in the sixty-fifth year of his age; having filled the pontificate seventeen years, three months, and two days. Many of his friends on his decease, wished to prove his descent in blood from the Ciceros; but their researches were of course fruitless. He was, however, descended in the maternal line, from Cardinal Baronius of Sora, near Arpino, the learned author of the *Annales Ecclesiastici.*

From the days of St. Peter, no Pontiff entertained a higher and sincerer veneration for the fundamental bases of Catholicism; no enthusiastic disciple of Luther or Melanchthon, could more dislike the scum and dross, which had infested it for so many centuries. In spite of the violent oscillations to which his mind was so long exposed, he rarely lost the balance of his temper. In the following instance, however, he did. For being busied with sifting the claims of Floranus of Brescia to sanctity, and a priest of that town happening to be at his elbow, he said dryly to him: "Can you tell me who this Floranus was?" "I know nothing about him, *Santo Padre*," replied the priest. "Nothing? Are

you sure he was not the *illegitimate* son of a certain goddess Flora, whose temple stood on the site of his church? It was some such animal as yourself, who created this godling of Brescia, whom you instruct your flock to adore, unable to inform them who he was." So saying, he seized the priest by the ear, and led him to the entrance of the Lepanto antechamber, thrusting him out with violence, and closing the door with a kick, as he departed.

He indulged in very few luxuries; in none towards the close of his popedom; the ten or dozen splendid banquets that he gave, being more from policy, than the gratification of pride. He could not always observe Lent with the strictness that he wished, owing to certain constitutional *défaillances*, partaking of the cataleptic nature, and which required an inspiriting diet to counteract. To palliate this distemper, he used profusely the *Eau de Cologne*, three or four bottles of which he would order to be poured over him, on quitting a hot bath, which he took usually twice a month. Six hundred bottles of that restorative were annually sent him from Cologne. He had little or none of that prudery, so often observable in churchmen. One Frangipane, a priest of Terni, very rigorous in outward observances, thinking to ingratiate himself with the Pope, complained to him of a greater concourse of

courtesans in the city, during the tenth carnival of his pontificate, then usual. The Pontiff replied to his complaint, saying with his guttural chuckle: "Tell the hussies, that if they remain in Rome beyond Shrove-Tuesday, I'll souse them all in the well of the *Bulicame* at Viterbo; frequented by their *noble* sisterhood in the days of Dante;" thus vindicating the dignity of his profession, and hinting at the same time, that their occasional presence was an ill, sometimes to be winked at, though not countenanced. But the point in which he outshone all his predecessors, not excepting Ganganelli, was his never making his profession a tool for despotism. He often said, that good old Catholicism could flourish equally well, if rightly understood and practised, under a monarchy, a mixed government, or a pure republic. In his political sentiments he inclined to the liberal side; though he was reserved in expressing his opinion.

From the beginning of his reign, he insisted on a decent observance of Lent throughout the city; and it was remarked that Rome was never so serious during that fast, and never so gay on festivals, as under Urbano. In the Lent of the fifth year of his pontificate, he was passing through the *Piazza di Spagna*, in his carriage, followed by ten dragoons, and happening to meet a party, consisting chiefly of drunken foreign couriers, engaged

in a noisy squabble, he beckoned to his nearest dragoon; who, taking the hint, shouldered them so roughly with his horse, that three or four of the rioters fell; but they got off with a few bruises.

He was much more liked by laics, than by men of his own cloth. Among the latter, he found through life his most deadly enemies; for this reason, that he did not fill their pockets with superfluous bonuses. The working classes were very fond of him. At the re-paving of the Pantheon, he once or twice appeared among the masons, who worked with double ardour in his presence. Seeing the sweat falling from their temples, he ordered a cask of London porter to be rolled among them, saying, with his guttural chuckle: "London porter is a good thing for the supply of the perspiration-fountains." Like Sixtus V. he could enjoy four or five glasses of wine; and he was known to economise twenty dozen, bottled from the natural pressure of picked single grapes, and presented to him by the city of Oporto; also a large case of the finest claret, sent to him as a present by the municipal authorities of Bordeaux.

His most expensive amusement was the procuring of a series of half-length portraits of cardinals of all nations, most remarkable for their piety and amiability, as far back as art could furnish them. From their portraits, he ordered new ones to be painted, wherewith he adorned

the gallery at Castel Gandolfo. In this he expended near thirty thousand *scudi.*

He often expressed a contempt for the too passive spirit of the educated Italians, Spaniards, and Portuguese, in reference to their indiscriminating acquiescence to *all* ecclesiastical arrangements. "I like," he said, "men, who on hearing that a saint had been coined in the Vatican, would cry: 'What has this godling done to merit churches and altars?' Here now is my Valet Casaglio. Supposing I had first drilled him for sanctification, with a dozen years' counting of beads, and looking pale over a crucifix, for seven hours a day; suppose him dead, and then that I had dubbed him *Saint Casaglio*, and sent coxcombs in black livery, through Italy, and the Spanish peninsula, to raise churches to his *sacred* name; say, that all this had been done half a century ago, I doubt whether ten voices would have been heard in opposition to my anile decree. But I contend that a full half of those who have obtained sanctification, with churches and altars, possessed no more title for that pre-eminence, than what my Casaglio, so drilled, would have. Let us suppose," he would say, "that I were coxcomb enough to dub Napoleon a saint; what would every right-headed man think of me? But nay," he would add, "he has as good a right to sanctification, as George of Cappadocia, who, we know,

is in the snug enjoyment of I know not how many churches; to say nothing of the splendid one to his godship on the Giudecca at Venice, nor of his holy patronage of England. Let us imagine," he would say, "that the Court of Convocation at Canterbury were to dub the hero of Waterloo a saint, assigning to him a holiday, and churches inscribed with his name; (though now-a-days, a Henry the Eighth's sanctityship is at a very low premium,) would, I ask, the English Court of Convocation be more reprehensible than several of my coxcomb predecessors?"

During his pontificate, he more than once uttered, with great earnestness, these words: "Religion must, from its essence, delight in a point of unity. Any deviation from that point must be, more or less, a deviation from the truth. The finding of, or rather, the approximation to this *punctum optimismi*, is, from the concurrent testimony of all history, and of the *acta Conciliorum*, the most arduous and delicate operation of the human head and heart. Much as I approve the acts of my Council of Lateran, I dare not assert that the arrow of intelligence has even hit the central ring of the sacred target, much less its point. And yet," he would add, sighing, "I *feel* I have done something."

Talking of monastic institutions, he more than once said: "If they are to exist, the inmates, of either sex,

to ensure themselves respect, must shew that they are of some use; the junior monks in assisting the schools; the nuns, in contributing to female education, and in the formation of voices for music; which, it must be said, many of the Italian nuns have often done to their honour. I am averse to numerous monastic institutions; but I like them in moderation, both as to numbers and revenues. About half a hundred monasteries, and as many nunneries, each containing no more than fifty individuals of either sex, would be *quasi* the right number for all Italy." He entertained a high respect for certain monastic institutions; frequently inquiring into their revenues, condition, and number of inmates. His favourite establishments of this nature, were Monte Casino, Vallombrosa, Camaldoli, Assisi, and Monte Vergine. The higher the precipices on which they stood, the more interest he took in them; and for this reason, out of Italy, the Grande Chartreuse, and the Grand St. Bernard; and in Greece, those at Patmos, Mount Athos, and the rocks of Meteora, were his favourites. But he took little interest in those of noisy and populous cities. But the monastery, for which he felt a reverence almost to weakness, was that of Mount Sinai. In the fifth year of his pontificate, he consigned as a present to its monks, splendid copies of the Complutensian and Walton Polyglott Bibles, inscribing on the sheets facing the title-

pages: "*Dilectissimis fratribus meis cœnobii veneratissimi Montis Sinai.*" He directed also a copy, in marble, to be made of Michael Angelo's Moses, which he purposed for the chapel of the monastery; but the order was countermanded, owing to the difficulties attending the transportation of the statue. Any one who had travelled thither, and could bring him an account of the monks, their numbers, age, pursuits, and funds, was sure of meeting with a cordial reception in the Vatican. His bed-room at Castel Gandolfo was adorned with several views of the monastery; and the artist who designed them, though a loose fellow, continued a favourite with him through life.

"*Araceli,*" he would say to the Cardinal so named, "no spot on this face of the terraqueous globe, equals in interest Mount Sinai. In my youth, I felt some enthusiasm for Delphi, Delos, and Dodona; but how vague and unsatisfactory are their impressions in comparison! The religious light which glimmers on the ruins of Iona, on the hut-church of Skalholt, on the Troitsky abbey, on the Baikal sea, on the churches of Australia, and on those of extremest Chili and California, radiates primarily from Mount Sinai. There was the first stone of the old law placed, on which was subsequently raised the superstructure of Christianity. Jew, both highest and lowest, who bears the stamp of mystery on his forehead,

eyes almost with adoration Mount Sinai; so doth Christian of every denomination. The Mohammedan of either sect, regards it with but little less reverence; aware as he is, if literate, that the doctrine of the old law furnished his prophet with the finer spiritual essence of his Koran. The missionary of the South Seas, as he gazes on the peaks of Mouna-Roa, thinks on Mount Sinai; the waves of the *Sacred Sea*, as they break near the Troitsky monastery, seem to waft to the ears of the Siberian monk recollections of Mount Sinai. The philosophical deist, whatsoever opinions he may conceive of the Jewish nation, sees there the first authentic worship offered to a pure spiritual Being. Even the cold sceptic, who believes in nothing, is forced to eye with astonishment the important results, that have emanated from Mount Sinai. If there be any one who sees in all this, nothing but a fortuitous assemblage of coincidences, all I can say is, that his heart and fibres are composed of different materials from my own. *Araceli*, my dear *Araceli*, thy title compelleth thee to join with me in veneration of Mount Sinai. I should like to have the monastery put in good condition; its chapel gothicised; its garden walled round; a statue of Moses therein, striking a rock, wherefrom shoots a pellucid stream, surrounded by venerable trees; its monks learned, and of fine blood, about fifty in number; with moderate incomes,

and a well-chosen library; preserving jealously in their establishment a noble simplicity."

Of course the monasteries of Nazareth and Bethlehem obtained their due respect from Urbano; but next to Mount Sinai, the one at the foot of Ararat inspired him with the greatest interest.

Of the dissentient churches, he liked the most, the Armenian and the Greek; and the least of all, the Calvinistic; and not a great deal better than the last, the Anglican church. Of the latter, he said: "I grant that many of its members are learned and conscientious men. But they all, more or less, exhale something of the odour of their eighth Henry."

One of the most marked traits in his character, was his uncompromising hatred of lies, in every thing that concerned the altar. And in unison with this feeling, it occurred to him, while examining the piles of reliques, placed by his order on a table, ranged all along the gallery of the Christian antiquities, to ply the members of the committee of inquiry with continual questions respecting them: "*How many of Veronica's handkerchiefs are there? which is the most genuine of the hundred and one that are venerated? Can any one of them be considered as satisfactorily authentic? The proofs, the proofs: if not direct, at least circumstantial. Here is a bit of the cross called true, looking more like*

cork than wood: am I unreasonable in requiring that it must be proved to have been venerated for a long millenium at least, before I can restore it to the sacristy of the church, whence it came?" These, and hundreds of similar questions, were echoed all along the Christian gallery. And in unison with this feeling, it followed that so many of the heretofore saints were excluded even from the pages of the new *Libro dei Venerabili.* Much hesitation occurred at the inscription of the name of Becket. His horrid death at the altar alone procured his enrolment among the *Venerabili dell' ordine primario;* while such names as More, Fisher, and those of the Spanish and Portuguese missionaries, who incurred death in their sacred vocations, in the eastern and western hemispheres, were entered without hesitation. Pursuant also to this finely discriminating nerve which marked the Pontiff, it was ordained by the Council that a strong line of distinction should be drawn between the sanctities of the primary elements of Catholicism, and those of the apostles and the evangelists. He only acquiesced to the dedication of churches to the apostles and evangelists, with the special proviso, of their being placed in a *secondary grade* of sanctification; forming, as it were, the *external buttresses* of the temple, not the *temple itself.*

In spite of the continual calls of business, more fre-

quent than those undergone by Leo X. and Sixtus V. united, he rarely let a Lent pass, without finding time to communicate with his confessor; to whom he would reveal the inmost workings of his heart; with whom, to use the words of the poet:

"*Totum se exploravit ad unguem.*"

The dangers to which he was exposed during the first years of his popedom were imminent and ceaseless; and in parrying them, he shewed as much talent, as if he had been under the tuition of the Florentine secretary himself. He paid, therefore, special attention to the state of the troops. For several weeks before his *coup d'état* against the old aristocracy, they were seen marching and counter-marching, by regiments and detachments, throughout the Bolognese and the Romagna. Though he knew *quasi* nothing of military affairs, yet his acuteness was such, that in throwing his eyes over any one, he could tell whether the soldier-blood was in him or not. The officers he selected were chiefly Piedmontese, they being the most warlike of the Italians; many of his troops were Albanians and Corsicans, remarkable for their stature, and not a little for their ferocity. At the crisis above noticed, a serenade from the band stationed near the Vatican staircase, always announced his departure and return. He spent near a

million of *scudi*, in *douceurs* to the troops and officers, who had shewn the most discretion in the delicate transactions of the alteration of the aristocracy, and of the desecrations of the old saints. In spite of all these precautions, had it not been for the united vigilance of his valet Casaglio, and his cook, Henry Wolsey, he would probably have fallen a prey to the machinations of his enemies. In the sixth year of his pontificate, he happened to notice a deal box, placed on a marble table in his study, with its key on the lid. After enquiries from each of his secretaries and valets, he could not discover how it came there. His suspicions were roused; and on examining the lock, he saw on its tongue, three or four grains of gunpowder, which adhered to some oil. He ordered his valet to remove the box as gently as possible, to the centre of a large abandoned stable in the rear of the Vatican; where four soldiers were ordered to discharge a dozen and more bullets at it. The box splintered to pieces, it was judged safe to approach it; when it was found to contain two pounds and more of powder. A small cylindrical cap, attached to the end of a spiral spring, also the fragment of a match, tipped with brimstone, and about as thick as a quill, were found. At the bottom of the cylindrical cap, was found a paste, which on being analysed, turned out to be the Luciferan. As far as could be judged, it appeared that the match,

by the turning of the lock, would be made to impinge on the inflammable paste, and so ignite the powder. What saved the Pontiff, was his methodical habit of always keeping his keys in one drawer, the key of which alone he kept. This box of Pandora, or rather of Tisiphonè, determined Urbano never to receive a box or parcel, unless it had first passed through the hands of his first valet and private secretary. No trace could be found of the bearer of the box; only a sentry had some vague remembrance of having seen a little hump-backed priest brushing quickly by him, two days before the Pope noticed the box. A figure very like him, had been observed more than once at the parties of the Cardinal *di San Marco.*

He was always in hot water with a full half of the old nobles. One of these, in the fourth year of his popedom, aware of the exhaustion of the vital principle brought on by the overhauling of numerous papers, laid before him, with apparent humility, a parcel filled with insignificant petitions, collected from the scum of the metropolis. Urbano, *cui fuit acerrima mens,* scented the noble's object from his countenance; and told him in a husky tone: "Leave them on the table." He was no sooner departed, than the Pope threw the parcel between two mastiff dogs in bronze, which were the andirons to his fire. His contentions with the nobles were, however, much mitigated towards the close of his pontificate.

Now and then during the vintage, he would go to Velletri, accompanied only by Ficoni, his gardener, dressed in a purple fustian surtout, and slouched hat. He would run the twenty-eight miles in two hours. He would there sit in a vineyard, and drink the *new must* with the vintners, chuckling with them gutturally, in his odd manner, enjoying the fine landscape, and returning late to the Vatican.

He did one extravagance. In the seventh year of his pontificate; complaining one afternoon, to the fat and merry Cardinal *di San Luca*, of the enormous weight of business that hung on his mind, the Cardinal replied: "I'll cure you: there's a tournament this afternoon, in the mausoleum of Augustus. Let us go. We will disguise ourselves as millers." They did so, putting on old jackets and trowsers, well powdered with flour. One of the spectators observed: "*Cospetto, quell' nomo rassomigliasi assai al nostro papa.*" His companion answered: "*Si direbbe che è il suo fratello.*" They both returned to the Vatican undiscovered; and enjoyed the merriest supper they ever partook of, consisting of cold lamb and mint-sauce.

Of the public amusements, he encouraged the oratorios during Lent; and occasional operas and plays, for a month or two, at other seasons of the year; but he would never allow of dancing-girls at any theatre; their entice-

ments squaring worse than any other amusements, with that serious character, which ought to mark the special domicile of Catholicism.

In the worser abuses of the ecclesiastical profession, he shewed more than once a stern indignation, as in the following case. He had ordered in the third year of his pontificate, that the monies deposited in the poor-boxes, should be registered weekly, and distributed to the poor on the first Monday in every month. While he rested at Foligno for a few hours, in his journey to Vallombrosa, he summoned two of the chief priests of one of the churches, both with good stipends, and ordered them to lay before him the account-books of the charities. He found them most slovenly kept. He said: "I cannot find out the amount of the monies deposited in your poor-box, even for the last year. How is this? You think this of no import, do you? If you cannot understand that many of the coppers deposited in your box, were often spared from small gains, won by sweat falling from the forehead, you shall be made to understand it." He stormed at them both with such vehemence, that their hairs stood particularly on end, and their faces were as pale as sheets. Nor was this all; on his return to the Vatican, he stripped them of their benefices, substituting others in their room. In spite of this, he had nothing of austerity with regard to his profession, encouraging frequent recreations for the priests.

In his portfolio after death, were found papers relative to the greater simplification of the ecclesiastical orders. They were more *projects* than any thing determined upon. He had, however, nearly made up his mind to the plan of destroying all the archiepiscopacies, archdeaconries, deaconries, and prebendaries. The new church to consist of bishops, and what are called in England, rectors and curates. These two last to be multiplied in the room of the four first. Of the deans and canons, he proposed only to preserve those of St. Peter's, and St. John of Lateran; their utility being obvious, in forming the new electoral college for the nomination of the Pope. To each of the deans, he assigned seven thousand *scudi* per annum; to each of the canons, one half of that sum. A few of his ideas were borrowed from a work, published some years ago, by one Mela Britannicus, and entitled: *Idea of a new ecclesiastical arrangement for the British isles.* This opuscule he had commented with marginal notes, sometimes coinciding with, sometimes differing from the author. He threw also lightly on paper hints for a certain diminution of the monasteries, and a division of their inmates into the working and reposing classes; to the former he assigned regular work, at least two hours a day, at the schools of the villages contiguous to their establishments; the holidays of course excepted. Miscellaneous ideas

also, relative to the alteration of the episcopacies *in partibus*, rejecting their titles from non-existent cities, written with a trembling hand, after paralysis had struck him, are found among the papers of the deceased Pontiff.

So good was his economy, that he only left the pontifical exchequer burthened with a debt of about three millions of *scudi*. Most other pontiffs would have sweated the purses of the people with additional heavy taxes, to raise palaces for worthless nephews; and the above stated debt was chiefly caused by the expenses of removing old buildings for the new market; by the works at the Pantheon; and by the transformation of the Campidoglio into tribunals. The only taxes he imposed were, a slight additional export duty on works of art, and a double of the actual on the importation of distilled spirits and liqueurs.

The expenses of his household, though as far as concerned himself frugal, were occasionally considerable; for he had none of that foolish affectation of wishing to extort admiration, like several of his predecessors, by saying: "*See that my dinner never costs more than three pauls a day.*" In his portfolio is found a list of twenty-seven individuals, mostly men of merit, and who had fallen into unmerited adversity, pensioned, each from the sum of twenty-five to one hundred *scudi*; some of whom had been pensioned for

more than a dozen years, and nine of whom were annuitants from his private fortune.

His testamentary dispositions did not regard his sister, she being already handsomely provided for; but he left her a portrait of Victoria Colonna, by Guido; also a silver chalice, which had been many years in the monastery at Bethlehem, given him by the monks of that establishment: to the Cardinal *di San Pietro*, he bequeathed a splendid portfolio of the finest engravings of religious subjects; which had been executed in Italy, France, Spain, and Germany, since the death of Pius VI.: to the Cardinal *di San Mattèo*, a copy of the Italian translation of Milton, lately completed under his own patronage: to Castelbrillante, another copy of the same work: to the Cardinal of *Sant' Andrea della Valle*, his favourite gem of Marcus Aurelius, by Æpolianus: to the pious Cardinal *di San Bartolomèo*, he left his favourite Virgin and Child, a master-piece of Pellegrino Tebaldi; also six views of the monastery at Placencia, in Estremadura, the retreat of the Emperor Charles V.: to the Cardinal of *Araceli*, his fifteen views of Mount Sinai; also six views in water-colours, of the landscape near the sources of the Tigris, which he had bought of an oriental traveller, representing the country at or near the site of Paradise; also four views of Mount Ararat, drawn by Sir Robert Porter, while

travelling in the East: to the Cardinal *delle Isole Britanniche*, a Didot Virgil, set off with the Duchess of Devonshire's engravings; also a Shakspeare, interleaved with fine prints: to the Honourable John Foster, President of the North American States, a bronze ring, known to have been in a monastery near Ravenna, more than six hundred years, and always considered as having been worn by Gregory the Great: to Custoni, his chaplain at Castel Gandolfo, a velvet cap, which belonged to Leo X., also a breviary, and walking stick, used by Ganganelli. The estate at Arpino he bequeathed to his favourite valet Casaglio for life, producing an annual rental of about fifteen hundred *scudi*, chargeable with a life annuity of two hundred and fifty *scudi* to his cook, Henry Wolsey; and as much to Ficoni, his gardener; the estate on the death of Casaglio, to revert to the nearest representative of the Pope's family. To his cook, Henry Wolsey, whose fidelity in his service was most fatiguing and unremitting, he also left a *rouleau* of five hundred English sovereigns, and another, of two hundred Spanish doubloons. To Francis Camberlin, of Maryland, five hundred Venetian sequins, also a letter written by Las Casas from Mexico, to a Cardinal-secretary of his time, reprobating the cruelties practised by the followers of Cortes: to Onnibono, president of the College of *Sant' Andrea della Valle*, a Bible, which

belonged to the sole English Pope, Adrian IV: to Filippo Dorrelli, a mitre, worn by Archbishop Warham, one of the last Catholic prelates of Canterbury: to Pili his train-bearer, a Latin epistle, written by Leo X. to Cardinal Campeius, ordering him to quit forthwith London: to Giovanni Russelli, a gold angel of the mint of Henry VIII.: to Federico Ripponi, a ditto: to Francesco Bordetti, a ditto: to Vassallo Fosso, a ditto: with two or three other insignificant legacies, not worth recording.

Various are the opinions in the city, respecting the deceased Pontiff. Many sensible persons, attached to him, regret that he lost something of his dignity by occasionally indulging in jokes; though all that he uttered, scarcely took up three hours of his entire pontificate. Two or three which I have recorded, might, indeed, have been well excused; yet when any important acts touching his high vocation, were in question, no human being could exhibit a more serious spirit or demeanour, than Urbano Nono. Some learned men, his zealous partisans, exclaim with Tacitus: "*Multos pontificum velut inglorios, oblivio obruet; Urbanus noster posteritati narratus et traditus, superstes erit.*" Others, who disliked him, cry, remembering a few of his wayward jokes: "*Di boni! Quàm ridiculum habuimus Pontificem!*" Several of the old aristocracy clap

their hands and say: "Thank God the old *birbante beer-bibente* is gone, to swill his English beer and crack his jokes in hell." Onuphrio Peretti, a priest formerly attached to one of the dismantled churches, exclaims to one of his fraternity, his forehead fissured with two frowns: "*Merita per certo, tutte le tanaglie ardenti d'inferno.*" Fulvia Duranti, one of the old duchesses, who has two black and yellow tusks projecting from her upper jaw, and a breath like the exhalations from Tarquin's Cloaca, with one eye squinting and the other fixed, cries: "*E partito dunque il mostro, per dare la sua creazione d'Onorabili ai demonj d'inferno.—Io, chi era una celebre Duchesa distinta, per essere una onorabile Signora di quel brutto! Piuttosto vorrei rotolarmi nel porcile colle troje. Ho voluto fare di suo corpo vivente, un torsello di dirizzatoj infuocati.*"

But the mass of the Roman people regret him deeply; as generally do those who have expanded their minds to the progress of intelligence.

The Conclave, after the usual interval of time, rendezvouses in the electoral chamber, and substitutes in Urbano's chair, Pepino Lattaqua, of Modena, under the title of Innocent XIV., as poor a creature as Nature ever formed. One of whose first acts is, to inscribe five hundred boards with the words: "*Viva il Sangue di Gesù Cristo;*" and five hundred more, with the words:

"*Indulgenza plenaria per tutti i peccati;*" and to post them at the corners of all the streets in Rome. He follows up these acts with the creation of a new *batch* of eleven saints. Each of these is to have new churches with altars; each, marble sarcophagi, wherein their bones are to be enshrined; each of Pepino's new godlings is to cost the Roman exchequer at least thirty thousand *scudi.* But Pepino, whichsoever way he stirred, found stumbling-blocks in his path, wherewith he was circumvented by the genius of Urbano. Perpetual irritation at finding his decrees neglected and despised, so distempered his nerves, that he falls into a brain fever, which closed his days, in the seventh week of his pontificate. The Conclave rallies round the liberal system of Urbano, and names as his successor, the *Reverendissimo* Ambrose Lettsom, *Cardinale delle Isole Britanniche,* who assumes the tiara under the title of Eusebius, with his due number. But *his* acts belong to futurity.

The funeral of Urbano is more remarkable for solemnity than pomp. His dear and favourite valet Casaglio, on seeing the pontifical remains sealed in lead, swoons away, though his mitred master, *per Bacco,* had sweated him to the bone. *Conspicui sunt antiqui nobiles, eo ipso, quòd in funere prosequendo, non visuntur.* The venerable and pious Cardinal *di San Bartolomèo* follows

the hearse in tears, for he doted on the Pontiff. Shouldering his crutch, and with a tremulous voice, he exclaims: "I'd fly from remotest Apennine to follow his remains." He adds, totally forgetting the acts of the Council of Lateran: "He must, he shall be canonised; he must, he shall have churches to his name, throughout the world. Every bone in his body shall be encased in silver; his portraits shall every where be studded with chrysolites." And this exclamation was the first proof he gave of his mind lapsing into dotage. He had passed his seventy-seventh year. Follow the pontifical remains the upright and clear-headed Cardinal of *Sant' Andrea della Valle;* the always merry, but now sad Cardinal *di San Luca,* the acute and refined Cardinal *di San Mattèo,* and the unaffected Cardinal of *Araceli.* Follow them also several of the new *Onorabili;* among them are Luciano and Giuseppe Partetti of Viterbo, with whom the Pope had occasionally discussed the changes in agitation. The procession moves first from the Vatican to *Santa Maria Maggiore,* where the body is placed in the centre of the church. Round it blaze five hundred tapers; round it swing the incense-burners; round it sit as mutes, all night, twelve priests, each severally from France, England, Ireland, Spain, Portugal, Upper and Lower Germany, Poland, Hungary, New Orleans, Mexico, and Buenos-Ayres. The proces-

sion at eight the next morning, joins the hearse leaving the church; and proceeds with measured steps, to *San Giovanni Laterano*, the CUNCTARUM MATER ET CAPUT ECCLESIARUM; the favourite church of Urbano, and where he willed to be interred. The alternate thunder of the great bell of St. Peter's, and of a forty-eight pounder from the castle of St. Angelo, every half minute, is continued, till the body enters the church; on approaching which, thirty of the finest voices in Rome, stationed in the Portico, sound the *De Profundis*, which swells gradually on the ears of the procession. Urbano finds his final resting-place in a contiguous chapel; and his tomb is a sarcophagus of porphyry surmounted with the papal tiara, and keys in bronze, with this inscription in letters of the same material:

URBANUS. NONUS. PONT: MAX:

I was engaged with thus moulding my Urbano Nono in the *terra cotta* of my imagination, when I was accosted by a monk, not of thin air, like Urbano, but of solid flesh and bone. He had been patronised by Pius VII., had travelled in Egypt, and was conversant with the Arabic language. He was an inmate of the Capuchin convent on the Janiculum; and he presented me with a complimentary memorial in Arabic, which I preserve. Glad enough was I to rub my forehead, and join him in a walk to the end of the ilex avenue; whence we descended by the cascade to the lake below; and so winding our way through the pines, where he first found me, we reached together the iron portal of the villa. As the gates closed upon us, the setting sun was inflaming the verge of the horizon; *et majores cecidêre Albanis de montibus umbræ.*

END OF THE HORÆ ROMANÆ AND VIATICÆ.

J. Chilcott, Printer, Wine Street, Bristol.