

FINAL RELIQUES

OF

FATHER PROUT



Rev. M. C. Barry.

M. C. BARRY,  
of Boston - 4/21/77.

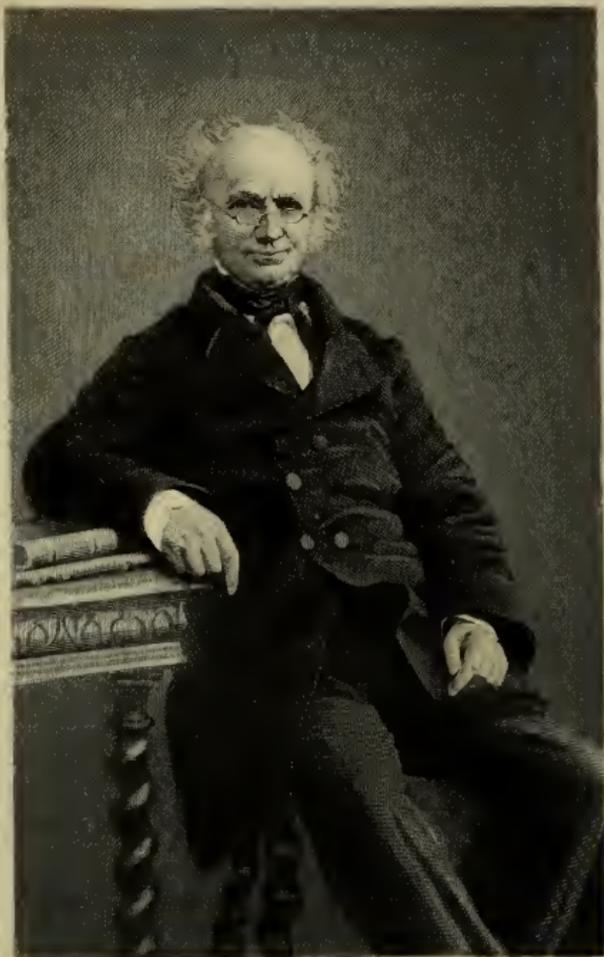


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FATHER PROUT

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REV. F. MARION.

(FATHER 1850)

THE  
FINAL RELIQUES  
OF  
FATHER PROUT

(THE REV. FRANCIS MAHONY)

*COLLECTED AND EDITED*

BY

BLANCHARD JERROLD



London

CHATTO AND WINDUS, PICCADILLY

1876



## P R E F A C E.

THE OBJECT of collecting and editing the Final Reliques of one of the most brilliant and original *littérateurs* of our time was to rescue from oblivion such of the Prout writings as had not been included in the celebrated work edited by Oliver York (Mahony himself), with illustrations by Alfred Croquis (Maclise).

These resuscitated writings comprise, for the most part, his Correspondence from Rome with the Daily News, begun when it was under the brief editorship of Charles Dickens. The letters were considered at the time not only worthy of as high a place in the public estimation as the generality, at least, of his former more showy and attractive contributions to 'Fraser's' and 'Bentley's' Magazines, but that they were sufficient, if he had never contributed a line to either

of those periodicals, to leave his mark upon his time.

To a public organ of essentially broad and independent views, Mahony was essentially the right man in the right place, as Roman Correspondent, during the short conterminous epochs which he described as 'The Fag End of a Long Reign' (that of Gregory XVI.) and 'The Bright Dawn of Better Days' (the opening of Pius the Ninth's Papal reign); and fortunate indeed was Dickens when he shook hands with the Padre on the Milvian Bridge, of historic renown, accepting from him a handful of cigars bought at Torlonia's and '*blessed by the Pope,*' and engaging him at the same time to enter upon the correspondence.

The period for Rome was one of transition. It came not long after the constitutional régimes which had been partially established in France and Spain, under Louis Philippe and Maria Christina, with which the Italian democracy, no matter how overawed by Austria, still cherishing the sacred flame of their old municipal liberties, secretly sympathised, and sighed and watched for, with all the fervour of their race, but with all the patience of martyrs—the martyrs of the

political and spiritual oppression of a thousand years! The transition was on its march shortly before the great European outbreak of 1848; and nowhere did it exhibit such peculiar phases as at the very seat of mental repression, in Rome itself. No one could read those phases, and understand the situation better than the bright and penetrating little Irishman, half-priest, half man of the world, the trained thinker, the tolerant looker-on, and accomplished scholar. In Rome he was at home and on his own manor. His education, his tastes, his training, all his antecedents attached him to Rome. He had its ancient and modern history by heart. He viewed and valued this irresponsible but peculiar despotism of Papal Rome in a Catholic spirit, which partook of no sceptical contempt, still less of sectarian rancour or exclusiveness. He praised and encouraged it where he saw it endeavouring with parental solicitude to do good, and advancing in the right direction, as it appears to have done in 'The Bright Dawn' of Pio Nono's reign; and he gave it no rest whilst it would slumber on with its eyes shut upon the signs of the times, as in 'The Fag End' of Gregory the

Sixteenth's. Like Erasmus and Savonarola, who never broke thoroughly with their old Church, he would stand by her, with all her faults, to the last; but he would not seek to reform her abuses in an ultra-puritan spirit with the one, but laugh her into common sense with the other. The great value of the letters, written during the closing days of Gregory the Sixteenth's régime, is that they enable the reader to understand the significance of the opening of Pio Nono's reign. Austrian diplomacy, representing an imperious despotism, second to none other on earth, ruled the Vatican during the former epoch, whilst a generous spirit of reform and patriotism inspired it during the latter.

No history of Italy pretending to give a full account of the progress of constitutional thought and action throughout that country, from the early years of this century to the entry of Victor Emmanuel into Rome, can be written without a studied and faithful reference to these '*Mémoires pour servir*' in which Mahony described Pio Nono's pure character, as it shone out in the bright days of his early promise and nobler aspirations. It will be for other pens to describe and

account for the change that presently came over the spirit of his patriotic dream.

The Preface to the 'Facts and Figures from Italy,' under which title Mahony's Roman Correspondence was published in a collected form by Bentley—now out of print and almost forgotten—was set forth as written by one Jeremy Savonarola, a Benedictine monk, and descendant of the great Florentine reformer. It was a characteristic Prout conception, worthy of the Padre in his happiest mood. Whilst professing to hail from Sardinia, and to give an account of the island and its affairs during a disturbed political epoch, it covertly caricatures the state of Ireland during the latter years of the O'Connell era. As a political satire it was worthy of Swift himself. Indeed it may be put down as one of the wittiest, most penetrating, and most suggestive, if not the most so, of all Mahony's prose writings. In Don Jeremy's Preface appears *The Lay of Lazarus*, one of the most powerful of the writer's satirical lyrics, ostensibly on the sending round of the begging box by the Sardinian agitator, and demagogue, Dandeleone, during the days of the chestnut rot, which beggared and more than decimated the

miserable inhabitants of the island. In reality it reprobated the extraordinary circumstance of the O'Connell Tribute producing 20,000*l.*, during the year of the potato rot, and consequent Irish plague and famine.

Some of the more remarkable of Mahony's prose writings were in his letters to the *Globe*, with which newspaper he commenced to correspond from Paris shortly after the Revolution of 1848. Although for the most part short, and some of them very short, they were always pungent, epigrammatic, and scholarly. Some passages have been carefully selected for a place in these *Final Reliques*.

In addition to such information as the editor could obtain from Mahony's few surviving relatives in Ireland as to his early education, a question of great interest when those rare and brilliant acquirements are taken into consideration which challenged the admiration of all who read his contributions to the periodicals and journals already mentioned; an old friend and quondam pupil of his, for a short time, at the Irish College of the Jesuits, has contributed a paper entitled '*Familiar Memorabilia of the*

Writings, Genius, and Education of Father Prout.' In this Essay is given the key to the Padre's wonderful facility in Latin Composition, and to his deep knowledge of ancient and modern Church History—to his hatred of O'Connell and the turbulent school of Irish agitation—to his apparent Toryism—to his trenchantly abusive style of political and general intellectual controversy in the press and in society. This latter, without such explanation, would seem a mystery to all who did not know him, when assured by those who did that he combined a thorough spirit of toleration with a mind that not only respected, but revered the *bienveillances* of society, and a heart surcharged with goodness.

Whilst the *raison d'être* cannot be given why a man of such genius, acquirements, and energy as must have secured him a leading rank in any profession but the incongenial one to which he unfortunately committed himself, should have been an ecclesiastic, and still more strange a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, the writer of the Essay palliates the abnormal position of his friend by declaring his belief that it was altogether an affair of pressure from home; and that, as Eras-

mus entered the priesthood to get rid of the importunities and persecution of his guardians, so Mahony took the same deplorable step more to avoid the reproaches of his family than to please himself.

It being the fashion to talk about the learning of the Jesuits, and a great deal having been said about Mahony's indebtedness to it, the 'Familiar Memorabilia' speaks in no flattering terms of the literary character of the celebrated Order during the present century, pointing out that the descendants of the men who left behind them such lasting monuments of classic learning as the *Gradus ad Parnassum*, and the Virgils, Ovids, Horaces, Juvenals, &c., edited *In usum Delphini*, have not enriched European literature with even an ordinary school-book for upwards of a hundred years. After alluding in laudatory terms to their leading Latin poets, Casimir Sarbievius, Vanierius, Camirius, &c., the Essay points to the gems of the *Musæ Etonenses* and *Arundines Cami* contributed by the Wellesleys, the Strangfords, the Cannings, the Lyttletons, the Gladstones, the Druries, the Merivales, the Creasies, &c., which of themselves, without calling in the aid of the Mil-

tons, Buchanans, Addisons, and Vincent Bournes of former times, need not fear comparison with the brightest and best of the Jesuit Parnassus.

The generality of the literary men who were intimate with Mahony having been of opinion that he owed much of his out-of-the-way knowledge, and what might be called quaint learning, to his Jesuit training, it is not uninteresting to know, from an old and intimate friend of his, trained in the same berceau of primary instruction with him, his reasons for thinking that the chief and most valuable portion of Mahony's learning was attributable to his extraordinary industry, and desultory reading, out of class, both at St. Acheul and the Rue de Sèvre. The Jesuit class lore gave him little or no trouble (something like Sir William Hamilton's case at Trinity College, Dublin, although not to be spoken of in the same day with that philosophic prodigy), and occupied not anything like the time he devoted to study. 'He read the most out-of-the-way works, and devoured every sort of knowledge he could lay his hands on.'

Of the manner of man he was, the space he filled in intellectual society at home and abroad ;

his quaint sayings ; his genial outbursts of sentiment, sometimes more candid than courtly ; his stern sense of right ; his reverence for religion, and hatred of scoffers ; his unqualified religious toleration, which caused him, whilst they were proud of him, to be looked on coldly by the men of his cloth ; his rarely gifted and discriminating mind ; his most sympathetic heart—all these traits and features of his personal character and history may be traced through the various anecdotes and sketches supplied to this volume by friends who knew him long and intimately. The Editor is indebted for notes of the Padre's last days, his portrait, autograph, &c., to some Paris friends of his, and particularly to the relatives of Mrs. Muldon, who nursed him in his last illness. With his illustrious friends—Maginn, Dickens, Jerrold, and Thackeray—the name of Mahony will be inscribed in the Literary Pantheon, amongst the English Wits and Humourists of the Nineteenth Century.

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CHAPTER I.

THE REV. FRANCIS MAHONY





Newstead abbey  
Saturday 5 o'clock

This is written at a roadside little inn where Frank  
has been dining off eggs & bacon. arrived here this morning  
and loitered the livelong day among the old cloisters of the abbey  
and the lakes and gardens.

need not tell H. what a host of memories and thoughts the  
various spots suggested. From the tomb of Swift to the place  
of Byron's wild revels the transition is perhaps not very  
natural but there is one moral deducible from both.  
Had either clung to & cultivated a real affection one  
would not have died mad and the other a victim of  
debauchery and recklessness in a far off land.

I will post this at Nottingham on my return to  
that place from which I will go to London tomorrow  
and write on Monday in answer to H whose letter will  
be sent on from Yorkshire

## CHAPTER I.

THE REV. FRANCIS MAHONY.

THE Reverend Francis Mahony, commonly called Father Prout,<sup>1</sup> came of a respectable middle-class Cork family, and was born in the year 1804.

<sup>1</sup> He always adopted his simple surname of Mahony, without the prefix of O to it, until a few years before his death, when he put it on his visiting card. He then took it off again in his last year. Mrs. Sheehan, of whose husband I speak further on, and with whom he was a prodigious favourite, asked him the reason why he had not retained the O before his name all his life previously, presuming, of course, that he had always a right to do so. He answered her in words to the same effect as the following letter, which he wrote to her next day :

‘ Paris, 21 August, 1857.

‘ My dear Mrs. S.,—I value your esteem too highly to make myself ridiculous by assuming what I have no right to. Pray look at the authority on these matters, and you will see what claim I have to use an escutcheon used by us for 250 years.

‘ The only occasion on which Irishmen made a stout and successful resistance to England was on the walls of Limerick. You will see that by records in Bermingham Tower, Dublin Castle, it was found that among those who marched out of

He went through his 'Humanity,' or Classical course, at St. Acheul, the College of the Jesuits at Amiens, from which, when he declared his intention to embrace a clerical life and enter the Order, he was transferred to their Parisian Seminary in the Rue de Sèvres. Between the latter establishment and Montrouge, the Maison de Campagne of the Fathers attached to it in the neighbourhood of the capital, he spent the usual two years' novitiate period, besides the years required to complete his philosophical and theological studies. It was whilst thus engaged in Paris, and as yet very young, that he was looked upon by the Jesuit community as a distinguished pupil who bid fair to add to the renown of the Order. But the learned fathers of the Rue de Sèvres were suckling not such a son as the P.P. de Poulevoy, whose mortal part is being laid under the stones of the Church of Jesus while I write.<sup>1</sup> This Jesuit father gave all his life to

Limerick, and, on their arrival at Cork, refused to go to France, was my great-great-grandfather, who had stood to his guns like a trump, he being in the artillery at the siege.

'Yours very sincerely,

FRANK O'MAHONY,

'TO MRS. JOHN SHEEHAN.'

<sup>1</sup> The Reverend Father de Poulevoy, who had been Superior of the house of the Rue de Sèvres for twelve years, was buried on November 30, 1874, at eight o'clock in the morning.

his Order, and died mourned by the dignitaries of his Church, and unknown beyond the quiet corridors of Jesuit seminaries and priestly circles ; whereas the pupil who was some seven or eight years his junior, and upon whom the eyes of the Society rested in his earliest manhood, was destined to travel far away from the cloister, and to turn that learning which the Jesuit fathers gave him to an account for which they never destined it. There were too many sides to the character of the Irish theological student. It was not possible to press them to one flame and make a placable and one-ideaed ecclesiastic. The humourist chuckled audibly under the soutane. He whom Rome sought to make a solitary and obedient man had a tongue for repartee, an ear for a song, a heart and soul for social enjoyment. The opinion which was formed of him as a young man may be gathered from the Abbé Martial Marcet de la Roche-Arnand's book,<sup>1</sup> where the modern Jesuits are described in no friendly colours—alphabetically. They were then triumphant in France. Our author describes him as promising to be an uncompromising and a cruel priest of the old school :—

<sup>1</sup> ' Les Jésuites Modernes.' Par M. L'Abbé Martial Marcet de la Roche-Arnand. Paris, 1826.

‘*O’Mahoni*, né en Irlande, je ne sais s’il est parent du Comte de ce nom ; mais à l’esprit, aux préjugés et aux systèmes de M. le Comte, il ajoute le fanatisme, la dissimulation, la politique et tout le caractère d’un jésuite. Dieu nous préserve que sa Compagnie triomphe en France ! S’il était confesseur de notre bon Roi, il ferait de magnifiques auto-da-fé. Les Catholiques Irlandais et Écossais ont un peu les goûts des Catholiques Espagnols ; ils aiment à humer la fumée des pauvres malheureux qui n’entendent pas la messe.

‘La Compagnie destine le P. *O’Mahoni* à être à la tête des congrégations et des collèges. Elle lui fait, pour cela, connaître à fond des sciences diverses de la Société. Après l’avoir fait passer par Mont Rouge, elle l’a mis au milieu des vieux P.P. de la Rue de Sèvres, pour apprendre, à leur école, à étouffer tous les sentiments de la nature devant la morale de la vie dévote, et l’on espère que, docile aux leçons de ses maîtres, le jeune *O’Mahoni* deviendra plus insensible et plus cruel encore que les inquisiteurs les plus endurcis de Saragosse et de Valence.’

This description amused Mahony on many a day of his life. He kept the Abbé’s book by him, and would read out the passage to a friend who dropped in, winding up with a hearty laugh. At

last he presented it to James Hannay in 1865, signing himself in the fly-leaf *Frank Mahony de Saragosse*.

But although Mahony could laugh heartily at the figure of himself as an Inquisitor, he was no scoffer; and he always spoke with reverence for the masters to whom he owed that taste for and command of the classics, which made him wealthy through his chequered life with a Horace in his pocket. He expressed his acknowledgments handsomely in his Fraserean paper 'Literature and the Jesuits;' and he freely repeated them whenever the occasion offered in conversation.

'Where did you get your wonderful familiarity with Latin?' he was asked.

He answered: 'From the Jesuits, where we lived in an atmosphere of it.'

As bearing intimately, and coming from one of the best living authorities upon this point, the following observations by Mr. John Sheehan,<sup>1</sup> of

<sup>1</sup> Better known in the world of literature by his *nom de plume* of *The Irish Whisky Drinker*, in the 'Tipperary Hall Papers' of 'Bentley's Miscellany,' and the *Knight of Innishowen* a few years back, in the 'Temple Bar Magazine.' He won his laurels as a classical humourist in prose and verse, after Maginn's death, and when Mahony was going off the Magazines and devoting himself to journalism. Having, like the Padre, gone through *in literis humanioribus* the *curriculum* of a Jesuits' College (Clongowes Wood), and afterwards our more hard-

the Inner Temple, will be found interesting to the reader :—

‘ Prout contributed in verse much more largely than his friend Doctor Maginn to “ Bentley’s Miscellany ;” and, although he first rose to literary fame with the “ Prout Papers ” in “ Fraser’s Magazine,” where his polyglot facetiæ took the world of scholarship by surprise, so signally and so agreeably, it may be fairly said that the gems of a similar description with which he enriched the “ Miscellany ” were equally brilliant and of the first water. Prout’s pure and idiomatic Latinity and mediæval quaintness of thought, displayed through the medium of his exquisite monkish rhymes, were something extraordinary. It is accounted for in this way that, having received the rudiments of his classical education in his native city of Cork, he pursued and completed it in the colleges of the Jesuits abroad. During his boyhood Cork, whatever it may be now, was famous for its accurate training in what may be called the junior classics,

headed University course (Trinity, Dublin, and Trinity, Cambridge), like the Doctor, as well as being an Irishman in heart and soul, and *au bout des ongles*, he may be trusted for a fair measure of the genius and writings of both his brilliant countrymen. This he has done in his biographical notes to the last edition of the ‘ Bentley Ballads,’ published by the New Burlington House in 1869.

and especially as regards a purely philological, if not an otherwise deeply critical knowledge of them. Indeed, throughout the province of Munster you could scarcely find a village which had not at the head of its school one of that class of teachers called "red-wigs," laborious and conscientious men in their line, and terrible disciplinarians, who taught Latin and Greek, and the elements of mathematics, up to the University entrance requirements, and taught these branches of primary education well ; for they spared neither *pains* nor *penalties*, in the strictest sense of the terms—and would have the business done. Those were the days, and Munster the country, of the "poor scholars," who wandered about from tutor to tutor, and from parish to parish, the charitable farmers of the neighbourhood affording them in turn a week or two's board and lodging "for God's sake," just as the students of the Middle Ages, thirsting equally after knowledge, and equally poor, were received throughout the schools, not only of Ireland, but of the Continent.

' Prout's career *in literis humanioribus* on the Continent was a distinguished one. It was under foreign Jesuits that he learned to write Latin elegiacs, hexameters, alcaics, and sapphics, with ease and elegance ; and it can be easily under-

stood that the curious felicity of expression to which he afterwards attained in his published productions was greatly assisted by the copious Latinity he acquired in the schools of logic, philosophy, and theology, in which it was the language of thesis and disputation. He spoke it with facility when a young man, on leaving the Jesuits, and when he made his appearance as a periodical writer. French and Italian he spoke nearly as well as he did his mother tongue.

‘ I have already given in a well-known work, my ideas more at large on the peculiarity of Prout’s Latin scholarship, and wound up my remarks on this point as follows :—

‘ These few observations on one of the most famous Latin verse writers of his day and the means by which he acquired his truly classic elegance and facility, may not be uninteresting to academic readers, especially at a time when change after change is taking place in the educational course, not only of our great public schools, but of our old Universities; when we already begin to contemplate the ignoble picture of our grandsons turning away from the ancient fountains from which even the humblest drank the mystic waters and felt a generous glow; and when old and young worshippers alike are be-

ginning to ask, are the voices and echoes of the haunted groves and streams of old to be lost before long, as we go down "the ringing grooves of change," amidst the roar of the steam-engine and the iron way?'<sup>1</sup>

He was even sensitive of the subject of his cloth, and the Order under whose roof he had learned to wear it.

'When Thackeray once began to talk of St. Paul, Mahony expressed a hope that he did not mean to lecture on him as one of the humourists. And when a very different man took some liberties with his cloth, he put him down with a peremptory and fervid sarcasm, which he well knew how to use, and declined ever again to meet him or receive his apologies. He was a thorough humourist in character as in intellect, and even excessive in his departure from anything like conventional manners. But he was too much of a gentleman at heart, and too sound a thinker, to tolerate any violation of what was essentially sacred in the decorum of life.'<sup>2</sup> Mahony became in due time a priest, and served in Switzerland and in Ireland. He was at one time a master at Clongowes Wood College (the Irish sister of

<sup>1</sup> Sheehan's preface to the 'Bentley Ballads,' 1869.

<sup>2</sup> The 'Pall Mall Gazette.'

Stonyhurst), although only for a short period, during which Mr. Sheehan was one of his pupils. 'There was a *quodam commune vinculum*—a free-masonry—between him and me,' Mr. Sheehan writes, 'which did not and could not exist between him and your father, Thackeray, Dickens, Cooke Taylor, Ainsworth, poor dear Blanchard, Maxwell, Crofton Croker, Percy Bankes, Maginn, or any other of his elder or younger literary acquaintances, with the exception of Frank Stack Murphy (the Serjeant and Commissioner of Bankruptcy), who was from the same original *berceau*, a Jesuits' College.'—*J. S. to B. J.*, April 30, 1873.

In a subsequent communication with which we have been favoured by Mr. Sheehan, he enables us to see what the lives and studies of the young Roman Catholic gentlemen of Ireland were in his time at Clongowes Wood, as well as to understand what Mahony's connection was with the College, a connection as brief as it was unfortunate, and which proved that his social spirit and liberal aspirations totally unfitted him for the highly disciplined and self-denying Order to which he would foolishly link his destiny, and in which he too fondly hoped to live and die.

'I remember,' writes Mr. Sheehan, 'first seeing Mahony and making his acquaintance on

my return from vacation in September, the beginning of our academical year, which ended on our great Academy Day, the 1st of the following August. I was then entering on my year of Rhetoric, the last of the Clongowes *curriculum*, previous to my entering the Dublin University. He was not then appointed to any class, but had just been made a prefect of the higher playground, in which my school or class (the first in the College) with the two next in rank, Poetry<sup>1</sup> and First of Grammar,<sup>2</sup> took our recreation of football, cricket,

<sup>1</sup> Called in the *Ratio Studiorum* of the Jesuits, *Humanitas*. In this school were read Homer and Virgil, with selections from the ancient minor poets; and the themes were in Greek and Latin hexameters and English heroic verse.

<sup>2</sup> This school did a good deal of work during their academic year. Entering the vestibule of the temple of poesy, they read the old elegiac writers, chiefly Ovid (expurgated, of course, *In usum Delphini*), and served the while the usual apprenticeship of Latin 'longs and shorts.' They also went in for every line of Anacreon (Barnes's edition), an odd sort of work, some over-righteous people might say, to be read and studied (*permissu superiorum*) by the *alumni* of a Jesuits' College. Studied the old Teian really was as well as read; for his charming metre was the favourite amongst the lyrical amusements of the upper forms, who did not confine themselves to class subjects given out from the professor's desk, scribbling in verse *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, which included a racy squib now and then on some obnoxious superior. Of all the writers of Anacreontics amongst the Clongownians, previous to and for many years after my time, Frank Stack Murphy (the Serjeant), was the best. For the truth of this assertion any competent

and fives. This prefectship involved not only the duty of looking after the most important section of the pupils during recreation hours in the playground and play-rooms, but the additional ones of preserving silence and decorum in chapel and study hall, and of taking charge if required of a walking or coursing party in the country.<sup>1</sup>

‘Amongst the subjects proposed by our Master of Rhetoric to our class, at the head of which I had the honour of being—orations, odes, epigrams, etc.—was one for an epitaph to be inscribed over the tomb of Jeremiah Daniel Murphy, a highly gifted young member of the

judge may be confidently referred to his exquisite version of ‘The Groves of Blarney’—for it was Murphy and not Prout, as all the world thought, who did it—in the second of the ‘Prout Papers.’ The First of Grammarians got also through a goodly quantity of classic prose as well, including *Quintus Curtius*, the *Germania* and *Agricola* of Tacitus, Xenophon’s *Cyropædia*, and Stock’s *Lucian*. Then English composition was confined to the grave Essay, called in the old Stonyhurst idiom, the *Amplification Theme*, turned out, according to the fancy of the writer, after the grand periodic style of Burke, or the more chaste and elegant model of Addison.

<sup>1</sup> The pupils were divided into six schools, of which the three upper ones, above mentioned, formed the ‘Higher Line.’ The three lower schools—Second and Third of Grammar, and Rudiments, forming the ‘Lower Line,’ played by themselves, in and out of the house, did not take very long walks in the country, and were not permitted to aspire to the honours, or to undergo the fatigues of coursing.

celebrated Cork family of that name, who had died a few years previously. As the most distinguished *alumnus* of all the Clongownians before our time, and, as far as the span of his young life may be considered, more distinguished than all that came after, it was thought that his Alma Mater ought not to leave him unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

‘Shortly after the subject had been given out, our master, who was a person of great consideration in the Order, was called to Dublin on some important business connected with it, where he remained for about a month, Mahony being appointed by the prefect of studies to take his place. This he did most efficiently, which is saying much for the acquirements and abilities which he displayed even in those early days, when, to fill worthily the place of such a man as the regular master was to teach up to the mark of the best professor who ever filled the same chair at Clongowes, either before or since. This was Grecian Fereley (Father Paul), who went by the name of the “Rattler,” for the brilliant style in which he used to rattle through his work, retouching so happily the odes and orations of his class, and rendering so choicely some of the more celebrated passages from the ancient poets and orators. Light be the

turf that covers his honoured remains in Rath-coffey! He was far away the prime favourite of the College during his career of more than a quarter of a century, during which time he enjoyed the esteem and affection of all who had relations with him, in class and out of it.

‘ To return to the subject of the inscription. Our temporary master proclaimed mine the best that had been sent in; but he afterwards put his Roman hand over it, polishing it *ad unguem*; and the amended edition was shortly afterwards sent to its destination, as follows :—

JEREMIAS DANIEL MURPHY,  
MAGNÆ SPEI ADOLESCENS,  
LIBERALIBUS DISCIPLINIS  
SUPRA ÆTATEM EXCULTUS; SEPTEM LINGUARUM PERITUS;  
MIRÂ MORUM PURITATE AC SUAVITATE  
BLANDUS, COMUS;  
ILLIBATI ÆVI FLORE PRÆCISUS,  
NON. JAN. MDCCCXXIV.,  
ÆTATIS XIX.  
HIC JACET.  
FILIO SUO PRIMOGENITO AC DILECTISSIMO  
AFFLICTI PARENTES  
POSUERE.  
AVE ET VALE!

*O dilecte puer, terris solatia nostra,  
Cælesti nostrum sis quoque sede memor!*

‘ The young Jerry Dan of those days—about

the close of the first quarter of the century—was a nephew of the then celebrated R. C. Bishop of Cork, and of the rich and princely merchant, Jerry Murphy, resident in “the beautiful city,” who was considered the head of the great Corkonian family. The latter was father of our Serjeant, who was an eminent Clongownian—a gold medallist for classics at Trinity College, Dublin, a Frazerian (he sits between Jack Churchill and Macnish in the cartoon of Regina’s twenty-seven worthies, with Maginn in the chair, at the opening of Prout’s book, published in 1860), an honoured leader of the Northern Circuit, as well as one of the most brilliant wits of his day; and who died before his time some dozen years back a Commissioner of Bankrupts. In the case of all the Cork Murphies, whose progeny during the present century seems to have fructified as numerous as “the seed of Abraham,” the second Christian name of the sons has always been understood as a patronymic, indicating the Christian names of their fathers respectively. Thus Jerry Dan was Jerry the son of Dan, Jerry Jerry the son of Jerry, Jerry Nick the son of Nick, Jerry John the son of John, and so on, Jerry seeming to have been the favourite Christian name of the celebrated tribe of bankers, professional men, and merchants, whose

accumulation of the gifts of fortune, even as regarded the least fortunate amongst them, made it more probable that their eldest sons were thus baptized in compliment to the great Jerry Murphy, the chief member of the family, and the Serjeant's father, than from any sympathy with the Jewish "prophet of sorrow."

' It was at the beginning of November, a couple of months or so after his arrival at Clongowes, and when Mahony was winning golden opinions in his temporary professorial chair that a play-day was proclaimed to all the College. Amongst the arrangements for the occasion it was agreed that the Rhetoricians, mustering about twenty of as smart Irish boys as ever entered in coursing line on a headland to "so-ho" and follow up a hare, should take the Duke of Leinster's country, as far as Carton, the other two portions of the "Higher Line," with their greyhounds, taking other directions. It was also agreed upon, Mahony, as our Master, taking charge of our class, that we should have a two o'clock dinner at the hotel in Maynooth, and then course home again whilst we had light, stopping an hour or so at the end of the day at my father's for tea and the *et cetera* of such festive occasions. Unfortunately for the expedition in general and its leader in particular, we

drank much less of the tea than the *et cetera*, as will be seen by the sequel. My father's place at Celbridge was about three miles from Maynooth and about five again to Clongowes, where it was calculated we should be able to arrive in ample time for night prayer, the chapel bell for which rang on play-days at nine and on ordinary ones at half-past eight.

'We had very good sport, I remember; but our conductor, who had nothing of the sportsman in him, took very little interest in our proceedings till feeding time; nor did anything of particular note occur during our two hours' dinner at the Maynooth Hotel. This was one of the ordinary bucolic banquets of boiled fowls and bacon, roast geese stuffed almost to conflagration, apple pies and custard puddings, with lots of cabbages the liquor of which you could smell a hundred yards off at least, and potatoes of the finest growth, such as they were before "the disease" set in amongst them, and boiled as none but old Irish female cooks could in those days turn them out on pewter or trencher. After dinner we had a single tumbler of whisky-punch, the spirit—considered the best in those days—being from old Johnny Power's distillery. This modest allowance was considered enough for young heads at a single

sitting ; and everybody was satisfied with it, recollecting that we should not be let off with tea alone on our way home at my father's. I mention these particulars to show that up till this moment of the day, when three-quarters of it had passed, the leader of the expedition had conducted it and himself unexceptionally.

‘At Celbridge we met, I need scarcely say, with a very hearty reception—in fact it was the Irish *Cead mille failthe* (a hundred thousand welcomes) that awaited us. If the fatted calf was not killed, there was, as they said in Ireland of old, “a fire lit under the pump,” or, speaking less poetically, the kitchen boiler was ready to overflowing for what promised to be an exceptionally wet evening. After tea and *barnbrack*, a capital sort of tea-cake of gigantic dimensions, stuffed with raisins and currants, a whole host of decanters, filled with “the native” and flanked by large jugs of the boiling element and carved wooden bowls of sugar, were put on for our refection, in the dining-room. My worthy sire sat at the head of the table, whilst the foot was taken by Father Dan Callinan, the parish priest, an eminent hand at a grave and spirit-searching discourse in the pulpit, and one of the pleasantest *raconteurs* in the world out of it.

‘I don't know how many songs we sang—how

many patriotic toasts and personal healths we proposed—how many speeches we made—how many decanters we emptied. These last as fast as they were emptied seemed to be filled again, as if by magic, my mother, from an inner apartment, keeping up the supply through the ministrations of a pair of cherry-cheeked and red-armed hand-maidens, who seemed greatly excited with the joy of serving the young *gintlemen*. Scarcely were these bounding nymphs able to contain themselves with the love and patriotism of the songs, the fun of the speeches, and the glorious uproar and *abandon* of everybody and everything.

‘The great speech of the evening was Father Dan’s, in proposing the health of Dan O’Connell, who was opening his Repeal campaign at the time, not satisfied with having carried Catholic Emancipation. Great was the applause which accompanied the parish priest’s sentiments; and there was a patriotic mob outside the windows which took up the cheers, and made the old place and the welkin ring again. Mahony alone dissented. From those early days he disliked O’Connell more than otherwise.

‘His grounds of objection to Dan’s glorification were twofold: first, his slavish adulation, amounting to adoration, of George the Fourth

when he visited Ireland. On that occasion, the patriot, he said, disgraced himself by going on his knees to the persecutor of Caroline of Brunswick, and presenting him, after an outrageously fulsome address, with a crown of green. How bitterly he quoted the lines from Byron's "Irish Avatar"—

“Wear, Fingal, thy trappings ! O’Connell proclaim  
His accomplishments ! *His !* And thy country convince  
Half an age’s contempt was an error of fame,  
And that Hal is the rascaliest sweetest young prince !”

‘Shouts of “Dan and Emancipation !” interrupted the speaker.

“Fifty O’Connells,” said Mahony, “would not have got you Catholic Emancipation, if the great bulk of the English nation had not made up their minds that the time was come, and Peel and Wellington had not been afraid of a civil war.” His second ground of objection to O’Connell was his agitating in favour of such moonshine as Repeal, when the state of the Parliamentary franchise called for reform in Ireland as much as in England ; and there was one great reform for which the sons of the Catholic upper and middle classes in Ireland held out their hands suppliantly—the reform of the Dublin University. “But,” said Mahony, “he may be a gentleman, he never was a scholar. He had no scholarly or academic instincts what-

ever. The humblest boy in any of the lower schools of Clongowes could run before him in classics. I don't think," said he, "the man could translate a chapter of any of the Gospels in the Greek Testament; and he never put a Latin hexameter or pentameter line together in his life. He never yet had a particle of sympathy with scholars and scholarship, and he never will. Like all half or quarter educated men, he hates us, and doubly so if we happen to be Roman Catholics."

'Now the row began.<sup>1</sup> Speech after speech was levelled at the "degenerate son of Erin," whose interruptions were of the most provoking kind, but never without point.

"Why do you blame O'Connell," said Father

<sup>1</sup> 'The Clongownian,' a monthly periodical of great promise, but short-lived duration, published in those merry days, 'Permissu Superiorum,' thus noticed this passage of the evening's entertainment:—

'Exoritur clamorque virum clangorque tubarum !

'Then the shindy that rose, and that came nigh to blows,

All description surpasses !

Such angry orations, and Latin quotations,

And jingling of glasses !—

You'd swear, never yet, such an uproarious set

Of rhetorical ranters,

Together all spouting, and cheering, and shouting ;

Till both those enchanters,

To stop the mad din, Kate and Molly stepped in,

And swept off the decanters !'

Callinan, "for welcoming George the Fourth to Ireland? Did he not afterwards give his royal assent to the Emancipation Act? And did not the most flattering of all our Irish Avatars come from Clongowes? I remember how well I liked it at the time—so much so that I got it by heart; and I'll sing it for you :—

“What radiance bursts across our isle,  
 Our night of woes redeeming,  
 And lights on Erin's cheek a smile,  
 So late with sorrow streaming?  
 'Tis he, that star, when hope was nigh  
 To wreck in Sorrow's ocean,  
 Arose with cresset light on high.  
 And woke our heart's devotion.

“Wreathe, Erin, wreathe a garland bright  
 Of song and glory blended,  
 Pure as the gems of starry light  
 That deck his brow so splendid.  
 There let thy native shamrock shine  
 In rays of triple gleaming,  
 And Scotland's thistle round entwine,  
 The rose betwixt them beaming.”

‘After drinking the worthy pastor's “health and song,” which reconciled all our differences, and taking our *duch and durris*, or stirrup cup, which, for most of us, was one, if not two, too many, we took our leave and turned out, about two hours at least later than we ought to have done, to return to Clongowes, if our leader as well

as everyone else had not been carried away by the heat of debate and the fumes of the parental punch.

‘What a change comes over the spirit of the drinker’s dream—the youthful drinker of the mountain dew—on such occasions, when leaving the fervid and protracted scene of the symposium for the outer atmosphere! The giddy head and swimming vision, the thickened speech, the disordered stomach, and in too many instances the eccentric motion of the feet!

‘All this was experienced by our party, some of us after we had got a mile, others of us after a couple, on our way back to the College. Then came on an autumnal storm, with thunder and lightning, and the rain descending in torrents, which scattered our already shattered column, like the Old Guard at Waterloo, in all directions. There is but little doubt that the majority of our party would have been found next morning *somno vinoque sepulti* amongst the wet grass, and under the leafless, dripping hedges, if our leader, with myself and a few others, sobered up to the terrific responsibilities of the situation, had not circulated amongst them, and kept them awake with our walking sticks.

‘A merciful Providence at last sent down the

road, on their way to Dublin, some Bog of Allen carmen, with their cars laden with peat for firing, called in that part of the country "black turf." I remember well—for I was one of the half-dozen who stood by the commander—what a hard bargain we had to drive with the bogmen, to induce them to turn back with us and our helpless charges to the College. A pound a load, I think, was what we agreed to pay for the turf, on the top of which—some of the loads being piled up from seven to eight feet high above the wheels—we got, after considerable difficulty, and laid out our unconscious companions in equal groups. It was indeed pitiful to see how we were obliged to tie them with the car ropes, to prevent their falling off, which from such heights would have been certain destruction.

' It was midnight when we got with our extemporised *ambulances* to the outer gate of the demesne. There men were waiting with lanterns, on the look-out for us. Not many minutes afterwards we defiled in front of the College, on to the kitchen wing, where several lay brothers were *en disponibilité*, who helped to get the sleepers very quickly down from their aerial perches. After administering hot negus all round, and chafing their wofully chilled limbs, as we were proceeding

to get our heroes to bed, a whisper went timidly round, the Rector having come down amongst us, with two or three of the superior masters, that one of our number was missing.

“Is it the red-haired young *gintleman* that *yez* are looking for?” enquired one of the turfmen, who was quietly enjoying his jorum by the kitchen fire. “Faith, if that’s all, my honeys, he’s lying on the top, where we put him alone, piling the sods about him to keep out the rain and the *cowld*, as nice as anything.”

‘It turned out as the stupid man had said, who had forgotten all about his charge in his hurry to help the rest of the sleeping convoy down, and his thirsty anxiety, as he confessed himself, “to get his share of what was going.” Our unfortunate companion was accordingly unfurled and unsacked; but everyone was horror-struck, when he was carried into the great kitchen of the College, between four men, each hauling him by a limb, and a fifth holding his head up, to see the livid and ghastly appearance he presented. His eyes were open and glazed, his nostrils frightfully distended, his extremities like icicles, and his breath nowhere. The apothecary of the establishment, who slept in the house and was called up, ordered the poor fellow a hot bath, to restore sus-

pended animation. Certainly the process was not long about producing the desired effect; for instantly the victim was placed in the wooden vat, which was used to wash the College potatoes, and which was now filled up with water from the boiler hot enough to scald a whole drove of slaughtered pigs, he uttered a scream loud enough to wake the dead. Instantly rescued from the boiling element, which everybody thought was not so hot, or, more probably, had thought nothing about it, he was rolled in blankets, and after having had some cordial administered to him he was carried to the infirmary. There he had to remain in bed for nearly a fortnight, the house apothecary having to attend chiefly to the frightful state of the epidermis, which was peeled from the nape of his neck to his tendon Achilles—in fact, the poor fellow was barked all over!

‘Mahony got into a sad scrape with the Rector, who gave me also an awful lecture, as it was in my father’s house the drinking bout had taken place which ended all but fatally. “If you want,” said the august personage,<sup>1</sup> “your next Scythian entertainment to be carried out to its

<sup>1</sup> Father Kenny, the most eloquent preacher of his day, when the pulpit eloquence of the Dublin capital was at its height, in both churches.

logical consequences, I would advise you, sir, to nail up the door, and let nobody out, till the coroner comes next day to sit upon the dead men, and the doctor to take care of the survivors !”

‘ Our young Master of Rhetoric resigned his chair to the old professor, who returned a few days afterwards ; and before Christmas he shook hands with our class and the rest of his friends in the College, on taking his departure for the Continent.

‘ The Kildare coursing match and carousal would not have settled of itself his fate amongst the Jesuits, nor prevented his being ordained a priest of their Order. It was long perceived that his genius and disposition were altogether unsuited to one of their vows, at least—that of passive obedience. He had certain independent opinions of his own, if not in theology, in politics and literature, and in morals especially, which he advanced on all occasions, not only freely but warmly, and too often not inoffensively.

‘ Whilst he rejoiced in the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829 (he was then in his twenty-fifth year), and willingly accorded to O’Connell the praise he deserved as the leader and wielder of the powerful popular influence which forced that great measure of relief on a

reluctant Tory Government, he never forgave him for commencing his wild-goose chase of Repeal, instead of devoting himself to the practical amelioration of his country—to introducing, for example, a Poor-Law system similar to the English one, which he opposed for a long time in deference to the jealous feelings of the bulk of the Roman Catholic priesthood, who feared it would lessen their hold on the obedience and affections of the poor; or a sweeping change in the laws between landlord and tenant—such as has taken place upwards of forty years afterwards; or the opening of the fellowships and scholarships of the Dublin University to the sons of the Roman Catholic middle classes, and thus giving them not only their fair share of the prizes of life in common with their Protestant fellow-countrymen, but bringing about between both the long-wished-for *ratio vivendi*—a more liberal and generous intercourse, a more cordial and Christian-like understanding. O'Connell, as is well known, very strenuously and eloquently denounced, on all possible occasions, in and out of Parliament, the Irish tithe system which, with all the other long-condemned anomalies of ecclesiastical ascendancy in Ireland, has been done away with. Mahony used to maintain that the Irish Roman Catholics in Parliament were bound,

by their oaths, and out of it by the spirit of the Emancipation Act, not to injure the Protestant Church of Ireland. Indeed he went so far as to express his delight that it maintained by its ample revenues a numerous and efficient body of scholars and gentlemen (meaning the parochial ministers) in that country, whose educated sons filled the liberal professions honourably, and whose wives and daughters went about, even amongst the Roman Catholic poor, dispensing charity and doing good. He may have been imbued with a good deal of this tolerant feeling by his intercourse with the Conservative men of letters with whom it was his fortune to mix when he first came to London, and chief of these the leading contributors to "Blackwood's" and "Fraser's Magazines." But from what source soever he drew his principles of religious toleration, it is quite certain that his warmest friendships were formed through life irrespective of ecclesiastical or sectarian considerations. Be it understood all the while that he was anything but lax as regards the religious tenets in which he had been brought up. Still less was he a latitudinarian or a scoffer. I have heard a good deal and read a little from men who knew him about his carrying about with him a Horace in one pocket and a Béranger in the other. Now

my own opinion is that he had no occasion to do so, for he knew both his favourite authors by heart ; and I never saw him produce either from any pocket on his person. There was one volume, however, which he carried in a silk-covered case, renewed from time to time by one or other of his lady friends. This was the Latin Vulgate of the Scriptures from which the Roman Catholic priests all over the world are bound to read their " Office " daily. He told me in his *entresol* of the Rue des Moulins in 1857 that he never allowed a day to pass without reading several chapters of it. And as this may be the best place and most fitting opportunity to testify to his deep sense of religion, I can solemnly say that I never knew him to allow any irreligion, especially Voltaireism, to pass unrebuked in his hearing. He may have been, canonically speaking, an indifferent priest—an inefficient member of an uncongenial profession, which I have always understood he entered from family pique and impetuously—like the wild Irish girl who " married for spite ; " but he was in heart and soul a thoroughly believing and, as everyone knew, a most sincerely tolerant Christian. He was on friendly and in some instances affectionate terms with many ministers of various Christian denominations ; had the highest esteem for several

Jewish Rabbis and their noble old faith ; and even his academic pride and high cultivation did not hinder him from sympathising with field and street preachers, whose mission, however rude their speech and manner might be, he always declared was generous and good. To one of these, after listening one Sunday afternoon to a discourse of excellent purpose, which the humble and unattached minister of the Gospel had delivered to a few dozen auditors of the working class on Kennington Common, he put this question in his usual brusque way : “ From what authority, sir, do *you* derive your ordination ? ” The man very quietly replied, “ From the authority of Him who said ‘ Go ye forth and teach all nations ! ’ ” “ Very good, sir,” said Prout, “ excellent authority ! you can’t have higher or better ! ”

‘ I believe that Mahony, after he had been sent from Clongowes to the Continent, sojourned at the Jesuits, College of Freiburg for some time on further probation, whence again he was sent on to Rome.

‘ The Jesuits in France, Switzerland, and Italy, it is well known, admired his genius and acquirements, just as much as he loved and venerated them to the last ; but, as Lord Melbourne said of

Lord Brougham, when he refused to make him his Chancellor, perhaps for the same reason, the Society *could not get on with him!*

‘It is quite certain that he did not remain long with the Jesuits in any of their establishments after his departure from Clongowes, and equally certain is it that he did not take priest’s orders amongst them. Neither did they recommend him to orders outside their pale nor object to his taking them. He was ordained by some Italian bishop, as I always understood, not as a member of any regular order, but independently, as an ordinary priest, for the secular mission.

‘He officiated in London, not long after his call to the priesthood, both at the altar and in the pulpit. He did occasional parochial duty for a worthy man, Doctor Magee, whom Dan O’Connell used to call the “Abbot of Westminster,” when now and then the latter took a vacation trip to the Continent. He preached several times moreover before the aristocratic congregation of the Spanish Ambassador’s chapel.’

He afterwards joined the Cork Mission under the Right Reverend Dr. Murphy, and acted as chaplain to one of the hospitals during the cholera epidemic. But we may dismiss Mahony’s early relations with his Church with a letter on the subject

from his friend Mr. C. L. Gruneisen,<sup>1</sup> which appeared in the 'Pall Mall Gazette' (May 25, 1866) in reply to certain passages of the obituary notice of Mahony in that journal:—

'In your highly interesting notice of the late Francis Mahony, you stated that his exact relations to his Church were not known, and that some of his writings gave offence to the Irish Roman

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Sheehan, who is an old friend of Mr. Gruneisen's, supplied me with the following note upon him:—'He was formerly one of the editors of the "Morning Post," for which he went to the North of Spain towards the end of the Civil War, as correspondent from the camp of Don Carlos. He was with the army of the latter's youngest brother, Don Sebastian, when it reached within sight of Madrid, and its commander turned back again to the North, in obedience to the advice of his council of war, as Hannibal did from Rome, who, however, when he reconnoitred it from the Alban Hills, found out he had strong walls, a resolute garrison, even after the disaster of Capua, and a regular siege to encounter. Don Sebastian, on the contrary, had only such resistance as an open town with its urban or national guard, and, at most, two or three regiments of regular troops could offer, to encounter. Taken prisoner by the Christinos on one occasion, Mr. Gruneisen was condemned to be shot, and the sentence would have been certainly carried into effect, with the express sanction of Espartero, if the powerful remonstrances of the British Ambassador (Sir George Villars, afterwards Lord Clarendon), had not had its due effect with the Government at Madrid, and prevented such a shameful piece of cold-blooded brutality, so characteristic not only of the Spanish Civil War in those days, but of that which is raging in the Basque Provinces at present.

Catholics. This is quite accurate as to the last statement, but, as regards Rome, there was never the slightest doubt as to his orthodoxy. So much so, indeed, that he might have had a Cardinal's hat, but for that which is imputed to him as his one great fault — conviviality. At Rome, so strongly impressed were the leading men of the Church with his abilities, that it was intimated to him that he might hope to rise high in honours ecclesiastical, if he would devote his exclusive services to the Pope. He assented ; a period of probation was assigned, during which it was ascertained that his notions of temperance were too liberal for the Church. Prout told me the temptation he had at Rome ; adding, " Any road, they say, leads to Rome, but would it not have been odd if I had got myself there through the Groves of Blarney ? " I treated his statement, at the time, as a joke ; but, from one of the highest Church authorities in Paris, I subsequently had full confirmation of the fact that the Cardinal's hat was actually offered to him, in prospect ; and that he lost the distinction as I have intimated. The Fraserian set of 1834 lived in a dangerous time. Club life was quite in its infancy. The artistic and literary world congregated chiefly in the small hours, in strange places. The painter, the sculptor,

the actor, the reviewer, the critic, the journalist, the barrister, the author, nay, even the divine, fraternised in coteries either at Eastey's hotel, the Widow's in St. Martin's Lane, afterwards in Dean Street, Soho; the Coal-hole, Offley's, the Eccentrics in May's Buildings, the Piazza, the Bedford, and other localities familiar to the few survivors of the Fraserian set. The Irish and Scotch convivialists, in their visits to London, considered it to be a marked distinction to be admitted to these coteries, at a period when drinking habits were in the ascendant. Father Prout's vivacity found vent in these nocturnal revels, and he never had sufficient resolution to shake off the convivial habits then acquired. How many survivors are there now of the translators of the popular song (in those days) of "All Round my Hat" into dead and living languages, including the unknown tongues? Father Prout, Doctor Maginn, Percival Banks, Jack Churchill, and others, threw off this odd effusion for Hugh Fraser's "Miscellany"—not Fraser of the "Regent Street Magazine," which was, however, founded by the former, who acted as second to Maginn in the Grantley-Berkeley duel.

'Father Prout occupied for years the *entresol* in the Rue des Moulins, a street of the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs. One of the most pleasant

chats I ever had with Prout was sitting with him and the late Cavour, the famed Italian Minister, outside the Café Cardinal, on the Boulevard des Italiens. How many "petits verres" were *verséd* on that occasion I care not to record, but in a sharp encounter Father Prout certainly got the best of Cavour, clever as that statesman was.'

Mahony, Maginn, and Maclise were all Cork men, and the two former had early recollections in common of the humours and carousals of their native city, which led them into the small hours, very often, at one of 'the strange places' round about Covent Garden. These reminiscences, enhanced with the learning of the Rue de Sèvres, and experiences of Italy, Switzerland, and France, which Mahony had obtained in his youth; and brightened with the unctuous humour and the piercing wit of the 'clubbable man,' who could not get himself within the rules of Loyola, but was much more at his ease tossing jests about Fraser's table in Regent Street, or quoting Horace or Béranger — his ancient and modern idols — at Offley's; made that brilliant amalgam of wit and tenderness, reading and roystering, which was presented to the world from the imaginary incumbency of Watergrasshill. Mahony was a combination of Voltaire and Rabelais. Indeed, give

the roguish Hibernian mouth to that head of the philosopher of Ferney, which adorns the *foyer* of the Comédie Française, and you have the author of the 'Prout Papers.' In his early time, Mahony was a cruel scoffer—not at things holy, as we have shown, but at men, and the ways of men. He was impatient of restraint and contradiction, a savage and seldom courteous antagonist in an argument, an enemy who never slept. He flew at the throat of his antagonist; but then this was the spirit which was abroad in his early literary day. For while he held his rapier in his hand, he could laugh, and sometimes let the offender off with the kick of contempt. He opens No. ix. of the 'Prout Papers' by a few words with the 'Sun: '—

'Before we plunge with Prout into the depths of French philosophy, we must pluck a crow with the "Sun." Not often does it occur to us to notice a newspaper criticism; nor, indeed, in this case, should we condescend to wax angry at the discharge of the penny-a-liner's pop-gun, were it not that an imputation has been cast on the good father's memory, which cannot be overlooked, and *must* be wiped away. The caitiff who writes in the "Sun" has, at the instigation of Satan, thrown out a hint that these songs,<sup>1</sup> and specifically his brilliant translation of "Malbrouck," were written

<sup>1</sup> 'The Songs of France.'

under vinous inspiration! A false and atrocious libel. Great mental powers and superior cleverness are too often supposed to derive assistance from the bottle. Thus the virtue of the elder Cato (*prisca Catonis*) is most unjustifiably ascribed to potations of unreflecting Horace; and a profane French sophist has attributed Noah's escape from the flood to similar partiality:—

‘“ Noé le patriarche  
Si célèbre par l'arche,  
Aimait fort le jus du tonneau;  
Puis qu'il planta la vigne,  
Convinez qu'était digne  
De ne point se noyer dans l'eau!

‘“ To have drown'd an old chap,  
Such a friend to 'the tap,'  
The flood would have felt compunction:  
Noah owed his escape  
To his love for the grape;  
And his 'ark' was an empty puncheon.”

‘The illustrious Queen Anne, who, like our own regina, encouraged literature and patronised wit, was thus calumniated after death, when her statue was put up where it now stands, with its back to Paul's church, and its face turned towards that celebrated corner of the churchyard which, in those days, was a brandy-shop. Nay, was not our late dignified Lord Chancellor<sup>1</sup> equally lampooned, with the

<sup>1</sup> Brougham.

slightest colour of a pretext, excepting, perhaps, "because his nose is red"? Good reason has he to curse his evil genius, and to exclaim with Ovid—

‘ “ Ingenio perii NASO poeta meo ! ”

‘ We were prepared, by our previous knowledge of history, for this outbreak of calumny in Prout’s case ; we knew, by a reference to the biography of Christopher Columbus, of Galileo, and of Dr. Faustus (the great inventor of the art of printing) that his intellectual superiority would raise up a host of adversaries prepared to analyse him, nay, if necessary, to accuse him of witchcraft. The writer in the “ Sun ” has not yet gone quite so far, contenting himself for the present with the assertion that the father penned “ these songs of France ” to the sound of a gurgling flagon—

‘ “ Aux doux gloux gloux que fait la bouteille.”

‘ The idea is not new.’

Then Mahony, forgetting the ‘ penny-a-liner ’ and the ‘ caitiff,’ upon whom he drew his sword, puns, and quotes, and frolics in his wildest manner :—

‘ It was stated of that locomotive knight, Sir Richard Blackmore, whose epic poem on King Arthur is now (like Bob Montgomery’s “ Omnipresence ”) present nowhere, that he

‘ “ Wrote to the rumbling of his coach-wheels.”

‘ In allusion to Byron’s lameness, it was hinted by some Zoilus that he penned not a few of his verses *stans pede in uno*. Even a man’s genealogy is not safe from inuendo and inference ; for Sam Rogers having discovered from Béranger’s song, “le Tailleur et la Fée,” that his father was a tailor, pronounced his parentage and early impressions to be the cause why he was such a capital hand at a hem-a-stich. If a similar analogy can hold good in Tom Moore’s case (whose juvenile associations were of a grocer sort), it will no doubt become obvious why *his* compositions are so “highly spiced,” his taste so “liquorish,” and his name so prodigally “sugar-candy.”’

This kind of attack is happily no longer in vogue—nor are there many who regret its disappearance, as Hannay did, because it was the emanation of a robust spirit. In Mahony it generally appeared to bubble out of excess of laughter and an overcrowding of whims and ideas ; but the laughter was not cordial however, but rather of victory over an enemy upon the ground.

The plentifulness of Mahony’s material always strikes his readers. He was a traveller who had crammed his wallet—and what he used were the bits that struggled out of the bursting corners. It had also been his happy lot to get upon

strange roads while very young. Now and then he would speak even tenderly of those thus early pilgrimages in which his mind was formed—putting his words between the lips of ‘the lone incumbent.’

‘When,’<sup>1</sup> he observes, in his paper on ‘Dean Swift’s Madness,’ ‘my course of early travel led me to wander in search of science, and I sought abroad that scholastic knowledge which was denied to us at home in those evil days; when, by force of legislation, I became, like others of my clerical brethren, a “peripatetic” philosopher—like them compelled to perambulate some part of Europe in quest of professional education—the sunny provinces of southern France were the regions of my choice; and my fresh gleanings of literature were gathered on the banks of that mighty stream so faithfully characterised by Burdigela’s native poet Ausonias, in his classic enumeration:—

“*Lentus Arar, Rhodanusque celer, plenusque Garnumna.*”’

And in another passage, on the songs of France he reverts to his early time:—

‘I have lived among the French; in the freshest dawn of early youth, in the meridian home

<sup>1</sup> Written in 1833.

of manhood's maturity my love was cast and my lines fell on the pleasant places of that once-happy land. Full gladly have I strayed among her gay hamlets and her hospitable châteaux, anon breaking the brown loaf of the peasant, and anon seated at the board of her noblemen and her pontiffs. I have mixed industriously with every rank and every denomination of her people, tracing as I went along the peculiar indications of the Celt, and the Frank, the Norman and the Breton, the *langue d'oïe* and the *langue d'oc*; not at the same time overlooking the endemic features of unrivalled Gascony. The manufacturing industry of Lyons, the Gothic reminiscences of Tours, the historic associations of Orleans, the mercantile enterprise and opulence of Bordeaux, Marseilles, the emporium of the Levant, each claimed my wonder in its turn. It was a goodly scene; and, compared to the ignoble and debased generation that now usurps the soil, my recollections of ante-revolutionary France are like dreams of an antediluvian world.'

Here speaks the sometime student of the Rue de Sèvres, who knew Paris when Charles the Tenth was king, and when his 'Order' flourished on the sunny soil. Three years before<sup>1</sup> he had

<sup>1</sup> 1830.

gossiped from the mountain-shed of Watergrass-hill, on his journey from France to Italy :—

‘ Gladly do I recur to the remembrance of that fresh and active period of my long career, when, buoyant with juvenile energy and flushed with life’s joyous anticipations, I passed from the south of France into the luxuriant lap of Italy. Full sixty years now have elapsed since I first crossed the Alpine frontier of that enchanting province of Europe ; but the image of all I saw, and the impression of all I felt, remain indelible in my soul. My recollections of gay France are lively and vivid, yet not so deeply imprinted nor so glowingly distinct, as the picturings which an Italian sojourn has left on the “tablets of memory.” I cherish both, but each has its own peculiar attributes, features and physiognomy. The *spirituelle* Madame de Sévigné and the impassioned Beatrice Cenci are two very opposite impersonations of female character, but they pretty accurately represent the notion I would wish to convey of my Italy and my France. There is not more difference between the “Allegro” and “Il Penseroso” of Milton. France rises before me in the shape of a merry-andrew jingling his bells and exhibiting wondrous feats of agility ; Italy assumes that awful shape of

the spectre that stood before Brutus in the camp, and promised to meet him at Philippi.'

In this same paper, the writer refers to the Jesuits as 'that unrivalled Order of "literati,"' and expresses his personal feelings of attachment to the instructors of his youth, alluding to Latin as 'that glorious parlance,' and confessing his partiality towards Petrarch because he belonged to his 'Order.'

But if Mahony made a close acquaintance amongst the Jesuits with the classics in those years which form the man, he lost the grace and sweetness (such grace and sweetness as Horace derived from his father sitting at his elbow in his school hours) which the stripling can derive only from a virtuous home. The 'lone incumbent' shows that his boyhood was lonely. He was sent off to Amiens before he was twelve years old. If he had the acuteness of boys bred away from the society of mother and sisters, he had also their hardness. It is curious to note, by way of illustration, the respective moods of Mahony and Theodore Martin when they approach Horace.

Martin is by no means strait-laced; but in his approach to the immortal Venusian he sweeps the mere convivial aspect of him aside, and discourses of his tender conscience and his honour, and has a passing regret for the absence from his

verse of that 'gracious tenderness towards womanhood' which is perhaps its only blemish.<sup>1</sup> Mahony, while acknowledging heartily the life-long consolation and enjoyment Horace had been to him, dwells rather on his brilliant and convivial than on his noble and affectionate qualities. We seem to see Martin at his fireside with a noble and gifted wife at hand, and in a framework of household gods conning his Horace to the sweet scent of Bohea; but we are left in no doubt about the Father's way of setting himself to the enjoyment of his poet. He draws the scene himself. Watergrasshill, present: I. Prout; II. An Elzevir 12mo; III. A jug of punch; 4to. He lifts his glass and cries 'Here's a health to Horace!' *Vivi tu!* Songster of Tivoli, who alone of all the tuneful dead, alone of Greek and Roman wits, may be said to LIVE.' And the address that follows has a flavour of punch stirring strange jumbles of ideas in the Jesuit brain:—

'In the circle of thy comprehensive philo-

<sup>1</sup> 'His mother he would seem to have lost early. No mention of her occurs, directly or indirectly, throughout his poems; and remarkable as Horace is for the warmth of his affections, this could scarcely have happened had she not died when he was very young. He appears also to have been an only child.'—'Horace,' by Theodore Martin. William Blackwood and Sons.

sophy, few things belonging to heaven and earth were undreamt of ; nor did it escape thy instinctive penetration that in yonder brief tome, short, plump, and tidy, like its artificer, thou hadst created a monument more durable than brass, more permanent than an Irish " Round Tower," or a pyramid of King Cheops. It was plain to thy intuitive ken that, whatever mischances might befall the heavier and more massive productions of ancient wisdom, thy lyrics were destined to outlive them all. But though the epics of Varius might be lost, or the decades of Livy desiderated, remotest posterity would possess thee (like the stout of Barclay and Perkins), *entire*—would enjoy thy book, undocked of its due proportions, uncurtailed of a single page—would bask in the rays of thy genius, unshorn of a single beam.'

And presently he concludes—as he drains the bowl :—' Here, then, I say, is a HEALTH TO HORACE ! Though the last cheerful drop in my vesper-bowl to-night be well-nigh drained, and the increasing feebleness of age reminds me too plainly that the waters are ebbing fast in my clepsydra of life, still have I a blessing in reserve—a benison to bestow on the provider of such intellectual enjoyment as your small volume has

ever afforded me ; nor to the last shall I discontinue holding sweet converse, through its medium, with the Graces and the Nine.'

I imagine that the Father's Elzevir fell open at the ode 'Ad Amphoram,' but the Cork wit's cups were not of the clearness and cleanness of that which dainty Horace lifted to his lips. Prout in his convivial moments reminded you of Cork, and not of Rome ; except, by the way, that in the famous *entresol* of his in the Rue des Moulins, the *pignatta* always simmered by the stove, and enabled him to have the alternate refreshment of brandy and *bouillon*. A bottle of Chablis and a volume of Rabelais, Browning's delight, would not have been exactly to the taste of his friend, who had used himself to stronger stuff and a more exciting stimulant.

'I never saw him but twice,' a friend<sup>1</sup> writes to me, 'each time at a Paris *café*. The first time he pulled a medal, bearing the effigy of some Roman emperor, from his pocket, and said that it was in exact accordance with the description of the said emperor given by Suetonius.'

A friend met him in the Strand. Mahony, without saluting him, looked at him, as usual, over his spectacles, and said :—

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Sutherland Edwards.

‘What are you doing?’

‘A curious thing,’ was the answer, ‘an article on the beard.’

‘Ah!’ said Mahony, ‘Laurence Beyerlink, “Magnum Theatrum Vita Humana”—article *Barba*.’

The prompt hint proved a valuable one; and Mahony added that Beyerlink was a Low Countries Jesuit—‘one of the old fellows that you Protestants are always running down.’

Mahony, the cosmopolitan, was at home in many places. His grey eyes had twinkled over the waters of the Tiber, the Seine, the Arno, and the Thames. He had wandered with his hands clasped behind his back by the shores of Lake Lemman, and he had had tender moments by the River Lee, which he sang in the ‘Bells of Shandon’ and the ‘Lady of the Lee,’ discovering herein a softer vein than is commonly found in his writings. But he was most at home in London, after all, among the Frasersians and their successors; and in later life it was to these early London associations he always recurred when the wine had loosed ‘the jesses of his tongue.’ We shall presently see the kind of man he was in Paris; let us glance at him now as we remember him in the Museum Club, in Henrietta Street,

Covent Garden, at Offley's over the way, or snugly housed for the evening in some cosy chambers of the Temple.

He was a remarkable figure in London. A short, spare man, stooping as he went, with the right arm clasped in the left hand behind him; a sharp face with piercing grey eyes that looked vacantly upwards, a mocking lip, a close-shaven face, and an ecclesiastical garb of slovenly appearance—such was the old Fraserian, who would laugh outright at times, quite unconscious of bystanders, as he slouched towards Temple Bar, perhaps on his way to the tavern in Fleet Street where Johnson's chair stood in the chimney-corner.

Speaking of Temple Bar reminds me that this is the place to introduce a good story which Mr. Sheehan has favoured us with concerning the old gate and another one almost as old, in which Prout and my father figure conspicuously; and in which I need scarcely add that both the combatants were worthy of each other's steel.

'There was a curious felicity in Jerrold's titles and nomenclature of all descriptions,' writes Mr. Sheehan, 'as regards his plays, papers, and personalities. His happiest hit in this way was his "Hooks and Eyes," a dining society founded by

him in one of his merry social moods, which flourished for a few years early in the '50's, and which comprised men of letters, medical men, lawyers, engineers, and *enfants d'esprit* of all kinds with pretensions to the name. The quaint but comprehensive idea, worthy of the witty founder, involved the proposition that, in humanity at least, it needed nothing like exact mechanical fitness for the hooks and eyes to fasten and adhere to each other. The hook might be a large one, but the eye would never be found too small; and, *vice versa*, the small hook fastened on to the large eye most admirably—such was the power of spiritual influence, moral magnetism or other social *esoterica* comprehended in the superiority of mind over matter.

'Jerrold, when present, as he generally managed to be, presided at our dinners, which took place once a fortnight at one or other of the moderate-priced dining-houses. Our dinner ticket, with a pint of sherry, cost five shillings, paid for at entrance, all other drinks during or after dinner being paid for as ordered by the guests respectively. Pretty much the same rule obtained at the Red Lions Dining Society about the same period, at Anderton's in Fleet Street, with the additional *solatium* to the pride and pockets of the

poorer members that wine was tabooed, the pewter being substituted for the decanter during dinner, and the kettle<sup>1</sup> for the screw throughout the night afterwards.

‘On one occasion, at the Hooks and Eyes, when there was a goodly muster of the right sort, with Jerrold in the chair, the symposiarch told us how, as he was hurrying along Fleet Street that evening, to get in time to our club dinner, he had been arrested by a certain transcendental poet, who asked him if he had seen his recently-published poem. “What poem?” said Jerrold, endeavouring to disengage himself from the button-holder. “What—have you not seen my ‘Descent into Hell’?” said the author, a little surprised, if not mortified. “No, indeed; but I’d a deuced deal rather hear of it!” responded Jerrold. Prout, who was always glad of a fling at his friend Douglas, or indeed at any other, when he saw an opening, cried out “A glass of wine with you, Jerrold, and a better way of thinking to you!”

“How’s that?” said the chairman, looking down the table at the Padre, who happened to be in the vice-chair, for an explanation.

<sup>1</sup> The usual post-prandial question at the Irish Squire’s house, even when claret was cheap, before the Union. It was almost invariably answered in favour of the kettle; the utensil by metonymy, or cause for effect, typifying the decoction.

“Why not have wished him in the other and the better place,” answered Prout, “if he crossed your earthly path so disagreeably, and if you must hate poetry like Plato and Tom Carlyle?”

“Poor devil!” rejoined Jerrold, “I only wished him in limbo that the chaplain of the Hooks and Eyes might have the pleasure of emancipating him, unless he preferred sending him on to purgatory for his outrage on the Muses.”

“Where I’d much sooner send a certain writer in ‘Punch’” said Prout, “to undergo a slight process of purification!”

‘Jerrold said something about his inadmissibility to a place which excluded heretics; and the wits laughed heartily at each other, as everyone else did; but the laugh was not all over yet.

‘Later on in the evening, when some half-dozen songs had been sung, and some half-dozen eccentric subjects had been discussed, the chairman proposed several rounds in succession of “good things,” everyone being bound to take the theme up, whether in prose or verse, and pass it on to his right-hand neighbour. Rounds of Parliamentary, literary, and dramatic bores; the gallant and indefatigable Member for Lincoln; the Bavius or Mævius of the last unfortunate poem that had been brought out; and the last weaver of tragic

fustian, were safe to be included ; rounds of historical fools, from “ Macedonia’s madman to the Swede ; ” rounds of the gentlemen of fiction, from Don Quixote to the Baron of Bradwardine ; of its sages, from Sancho Panza to Sam Weller ; rounds of ancient and modern beauties, from Helen of Troy and Cleopatra, to the Eglintoun Queen of Beauty, and the then reigning Queen of Song, the matchless Guilietta Grisi ; rounds of “ old sayings and true ” &c. &c., all of which had circulated in merry round most happily, without flagging or failure, till at last some member coming in rather late, and being ushered by the waiter through the folding doors at the back of the chairman, which the ceremonious functionary flung open *à deux battants*, Jerrold immediately proposed a round of gates, with or without comment ; and called on the newly-arrived member to lead off, without further reflection. The latter, who was a barrister,<sup>1</sup> gave

<sup>1</sup> Poor Moriarty ! Every one in and about the Temple, and every member of the Garrick knew him. He was officially connected with the opening of the first Crystal Palace, and wrote the famous article in the ‘ Edinburgh,’ ostensibly on the Catalogue, but which was an eloquent and exhaustive review of the grand and memorable affair altogether. Like Prout he was an Irishman and a Catholic ; a southern too, but tall, slender, and dark, whilst the Padre was short and thickset. Moriarty was brother to one of the most distinguished members of the Irish Roman Catholic episcopacy, the Bishop of Kerry, who died not long ago, a few months before the barrister.

at once "The Gates of the Temple," and added, with mock dignity "May those glorious portals long protect from profane mobs and despotic governments the arc of the Constitution!"

'Jerrold, who followed the barrister, gave "The next-door neighbour to the Temple gates, more ancient and respectable than either—old Temple Bar." He added the wish, in which he felt certain all present would heartily join, that the luminous head of their esteemed friend at the other end of the table might never be seen surmounting it, spike-pinned and ghastly, and taking an unenviable position in the criminal records of the country, alongside the heads of the rebels of 1715 and 1745; for he shared the opinion of several mutual friends that any man who sang the "Reel of Tulligorum" with such *verve* and *gusto* as their reverend chaplain, must not only be a Jesuit, but a Jacobite as well, of the very first water!

'When the uproarious laughter which followed Jerrold's biting bit of *badinage* had ceased, and the universal call for Prout had brought him to his legs, the former was to be seen still chuckling at the fun he had produced, though anything but unmindful that he was just going to "catch it" in his turn; and the latter looked round the board with that look of mingled drollery and mischief,

over his spectacles, which he always fixed upon you when one of his good things was coming. Looking down at length stedfastly at his antagonist, he said—"The gates of Janus's temple were only shut three times during the 700 years of the Roman commonwealth, from Numa to Augustus. The gates of Temple Bar were only shut three times during my time, and then only for a moment on each occasion, when they were opened again to welcome and admit within the civic precincts, on their coming to the throne, their Majesties George and Billy the Fourth, and our present young and most gracious Queen Victoria. If those illustrious portals are ever destined to be shut a fourth time in our days, I trust it will be in the face of Douglas Jerrold by that discreet *arbiter elegantiarum* and master of ceremonies, the City Chamberlain. He would, of course, reopen it, *more majorum*, to our royal visitor, the *facile princeps* of London *argot* and *chaff*. But, if not recommending him to the Recorder's court and a gate thereunto adjacent, which holds a still more unenviable position than Temple Bar in the criminal records of the country—and most assuredly, if he does not mend his manners and moderate the rancour of his tongue, he shall have to appear before the one, and pass through the

other—I think I see the wise janitor pointing out to our modern Diogenes a gate, which stands further on in the heart of the city, where he may breathe freely of a congenial atmosphere—an atmosphere which we all know is redolent of ichthyological sweets; in other words, pre-eminently *fishy*! Without dismissing our chairman, as our venerable deceased friend Anchises did pious Æneas and his gipsy companion the sibyl, through the Gate of Ivory, or the Gate of Humbug, which Virgil we all know meant it to be—that particular descent into hell, like Jerrold's, being a fable and a joke the whole way through—without further comment of any kind, I'll give you, gentlemen, “Billingsgate and Douglas Jerrold! May the capital of England never miss the time-honoured and classic odour of the one, and the literature of England long enjoy the searching and trenchant wit of the other!”

‘Everyone who knew Jerrold well will recollect that, like Robin Hood, he rather gloried than otherwise in an adversary who put him fairly on his back or shot a straighter and keener shaft than he, which however was very seldom the case. Consequently, after the laugh in turn at his expense had passed away—and it can easily be fancied that it was a long and hearty one—he and

Prout were as good friends as ever during the rest of the evening.'

With Horace in one pocket and Béranger in the other, he was never a man at a loss how to spend an hour; and many a fancy and many a 'roguery' such as he played on Tom Moore to his heart's content, came out of his peripatetic dreamings in the populous streets of London. Sometimes, in the thick of his crowded thoughts, he would pass a friend, hardly deigning even the nod with which Thackeray would keep you at a distance when he was working out 'the next number' in the hall of his club, or lounging along Pall Mall. At others he would quit you in haste, or abruptly tell you the line he had quoted that morning in an article, or burst into the news of the day, and embroider it with some literary fancy of his own. For he looked at all the world's affairs over the page of a book, and the day was a happy one when he had seized upon some passing event, and wound a line of Horace, like a wreath, about it.

The good Father was an impatient man in a controversy, or when an argument became warm; but a good hit would send him off into a loud snappish laugh, and recall him to a friendly humour. He frequented the smoking-room of

the Museum Club, when the club-house was in Northumberland Street, and before he left for Rome in 1847 as the correspondent of the 'Daily News.' Here he would have lively bouts of wit with Douglas Jerrold, or talk of books with T. K. Hervey, or of painting with Frank Stone. At Offley's he would assemble his younger friends (he delighted in young people), as Hannay, Joseph Crowe,<sup>1</sup> the humble collector of these final reliques, Sidney Blanchard, and other literary beginners, and among these the Father was at his best. He poured out his stores of learning and his far-reaching experiences of men and things prodigally, and without any airs of superiority or seniority. He was the oldest in a company of boys. Yet in his most hilarious moods he contrived to inspire respect. He also evoked a warmer feeling, for he sympathised with the struggles of his young friends, entered warmly into their plans, gave them advice frankly and familiarly; and never dealt it out from a height. I recall many very happy hours of bookish talk and banter with the Father that warms my heart towards his memory, and has inclined me to the task I am now seeking to ac-

<sup>1</sup> Son of Eyre Evans Crowe, the historian of France, and now Consul-General at Düsseldorf.

complish. I think it was his young companions who regretted him most when, in a lively and hopeful mood, he went away in 1847 to France, on his way to his post at Rome :—

Starting from France, across Mont Cenis,  
 Prout visits Mantua and Venice ;  
 Through many a tuneful province strolls,  
 ‘ Smit with the love ’ of Barcarolles.  
 Petrarca’s ghost he conjures up,  
 And with old Dante quaffs a cup ;  
 Next, from his jar Etruscan, he  
 Uncorks the muse of Tuscany.

His lines heading his ‘ Songs of France ’ recalled the genial spirit of Prout, when he had left England, to return only at long intervals for a few days :—

With many a foreign author grappling,  
 Thus have I, Prout, the Muse’s chaplain,  
 Traced on Regina’s virgin pages,  
 Songs for ‘ the boys ’ of after-ages.

That there were loveable qualities in Francis Mahony, and that he commanded sympathy and friendship as well as admiration, the following notes of Mr. Robert Browning will satisfy the reader. They make the figure of the Padre live again before the old friends of his who are still living :—

‘ I would do much when appealed to in the

name of our common friend Mahony.<sup>1</sup> How can I make the very nothings I shall be able to tell you—which yet are all I remember like “characteristic points” in the man whom I knew so little, and liked so much—into something worthy of record? I met him first at Emerson Tennent’s, many years ago. We talked and agreed about Rabelais and Erasmus, disagreeing as notably when he undervalued Spenser. I henceforth continued to meet him about town, generally in Regent Street. I never knew where he lived; he used to disappear, and return as unexpectedly, and our communication was a Latin word or two of greeting. “Where have you been?” His answer “At Constantinople,”—“At Rome,”—a classical good-bye, and there an end. One day I began “I go to Italy——” “We shall probably meet there,” he said. I started a few days after, spent a month on the road, and reached Leghorn; as I was being rowed past the Lazaretto to land, I looked up at the knot of passengers just deposited there by a steamer of longer passage than mine. Mahony was leaning over the rail: “Heus tu!” and so on. Thus I continued to find and lose him during my years of Italian life. Once he came, and found me too indisposed to see him:

<sup>1</sup> Letter of Mr. Robert Browning to B. J., June 5, 1868.

he changed his whole manner of indifference, and pushed into my bed-room, despite all entreaty, saying he “knew more than any doctor about sore throat such as I was affected by.” I remember his earnest and affectionate way: he made me drink some compound of strong wine and good things, while the Italian servants declared that “the *pretaccio* was murdering the *signore*.” However, the *signore* got well at once; to assist convalescence he came six weeks together, without the interval of a day, spending the evenings hilariously. I hear him now in the entrance of the apartment, three rooms off, announcing himself by shouting a song at the top of his voice with, for his first word, “Boy, my pipe!” “A priest!” ejaculated the servants.

‘But he talked wisely, kindly, and considerately too. I thought he was a man full of sympathy and in want of it, vexed by the knowledge that his reputed Jesuitism put people upon their guard, and threw suspicion on his own advances. His love for the two or three who had got at his real nature, despite of its fantastic disguises, was all the more intense; Thackeray he could never praise enough.<sup>1</sup> At last he came one evening—“Just as

<sup>1</sup> Mahony was the trustee of the property settled on Feargus O'Connor; and was a most tender and considerate friend to this misguided enthusiast in his troubles.

I expected ; Rossi has been murdered, I shall go to Rome to-night." He certainly had expected it, for he said a week before, " The foolish fellow will be stabbed one of these days." Exactly so our acquaintance continued to the end. Of late years, it was only in Paris that we met—in Galignani's reading-room. I saw him there a month or two before his death, bade him come into the passage and shake hands with a boy of seventeen, whom he knew a baby : he did so, asking kind questions, and ending, in reply to mine, with " I shall very likely spend the remains of an ill-ordered life in Rome," laughingly ; but the next I heard was of his death, as I say. What can you make out of such poor points as these ? They help me, however—of course with many other subsidiary touches too faint for reproduction—to confirm my instinctive guess at, and subsequent certainty of, the goodness of Mahony's heart ; his fine scholarship and rare faculty were plain to everybody.'

Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, who knew Mahony well from the Fraser time downwards, speaks of his companionable qualities, as well as the eccentric forms his friendship would take :—

' He<sup>1</sup> once tore down a small bill, announcing a continental edition of my romance " Rookwood,"

<sup>1</sup> Letter from B. J.

from the walls of Galignani's courtyard, then in the Rue Vivienne, and sent the mud-bespattered fragments in the shape of a letter . . . . When he chose, he was a most agreeable companion. He often dined with me quietly—sometimes alone, and sometimes with Maclise and others—at Kensal Lodge; and I look back with delight on those little meetings, when we were all young—or comparatively so—and full of enthusiasm.'

Mr. Sheehan gives us the following recollections of the Padre's life in London, which would have been from about the end of the '40's (when Prout returned from his Roman "Daily News" mission) to about the middle of the '50's (when he finally went to live in Paris), during which period both friends saw a great deal of each other.

'Mahony enjoyed very fair if not altogether robust health nearly all his life, his "pipes," by which term he called his bronchial tubes, being from the time he had passed his fortieth year the only weak point in his constitution. As he went still deeper into middle age, and the falling leaves of autumn warned him of coming cough and catarrh, he used to speak in terms of genuine horror of our English winter; and yet, although possessing means enough to migrate regularly with the swallows, instead of being off to winter it as in former years

in Egypt, Palestine, Malta, Rome, or Florence, he was to be found within a stone's throw of the Thames, weathering as best he could our November fogs and rainfalls of December, and, still more trying in his case, our dry easterly winds of spring. For the fascinating communion of kindred spirits whose evenings breathed nothing of the stiff and studied conventionality of the modern club smoking-room, but gave him so often the opportunity he so relished of crossing his trenchant blade with intellectual metal worthy of his steel, he struggled with atmospheric drawbacks, and braved the dangers of the climate.

‘ It must not be understood that he remained during anything like a whole lustrum of his middle life all the year round in England, with the exception of that one which intervened between his return from Rome, after having corresponded for a couple of years with the “Daily News” from that city, and his settling down in Paris in a similar capacity for the “Globe.”

‘ If there was one thing more than another that he hated in nature, it was frost. He would have been about the last man to volunteer as chaplain to an Arctic expedition. He had not the most remote idea of being “laid on Greenland's coast” even with the same London companionship—still

less under the more uncanonical conditions of the poet's erotic hypothesis. And yet I have heard him cry out approvingly, in the gay spirit of his favourite Horace, from whom he would tell you that Gay took his inspiration :—

‘ “ Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis  
Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ;  
*Quod latus mundi nebulæ, malusque  
Jupiter urget.*”

and, dwelling with emphasis on the words in Italics, he would declare that they described England in winter, with its leaden sky, pestiferous fogs, and dreary leafless woodlands, to the very letter.

‘ All who knew him in his later years must remember how his cough used to tease and sometimes rack him, when he had just indulged in one of his hearty and literally uproarious fits of laughter, after having floored, in his strong and uncompromising way, an intellectual foe, or hailed some humorous joke or genuine witty saying, even at his own expense.

‘ The Parisian winter, after he left London to correspond with the “Globe” from the French capital, he found in some respects more trying than the London one. He used to say that the cold dry wintry wind in that “side of the world”

commingling with the dust of the white stone from the Valley of the Seine which is scraped from the front of the Parisian houses, every three years in their turn, was as hurtful to the thorax as the hot sand-wind of the Sahara, and a much more bitter draft of ill-health to drink down than the November fogs or the cutting spring winds of London.

‘ Before he had finally given up his editorial chair in the Strand to commence his correspondence from Paris, he was tried during that winter very severely by an increasing elongation of the uvula ; and he shrunk for a long time from the safe and simple, as well as the comparatively painless, operation of having it cut. At length Erasmus Wilson, who was a great friend of his, persuaded him one morning when he called on the Doctor, after a night of torture, to allow him to examine his throat in the regular way, promising, of course, not to attempt any operation without giving him due notice. Wilson, proceeding to put in the usual spatula with his left hand, concealed in his right the little sharp instrument for such delicate cases made and provided. This, while the patient’s head was thrown back, he secretly introduced, and removed the superfluous lump of tormenting flesh, without warning, but without the slightest delay or difficulty. “ In fact,” as Mahony

used to tell the story, "the rogue snipped off the offending member before I could cry out 'murder in Irish' or say 'Jack Robinson;' and I found myself jumping about the room like a stuck pig, with my fists up to my jaws, spitting and spluttering, with my mouth full of blood, and with all the voice that was left me calling out like Tantalus for *cowld* water!" "By all means, my friend," answered the Doctor; "but you shall have something in it to take the chill off!" Then taking up the poetic extract from the carpet with a pair of forceps, the operator held it aloft in triumph for a moment, and finally consigned it to the infernal gods, through the blaze of the study fire.

'Doctor Erasmus Wilson having refused to accept any fee from such an intimate and valued friend, was surprised some six months afterwards by the reception of a case consigned to him from Paris, which, when opened, he found contained a beautiful bronze statuette of "Health" by Pradier, with the following inscription on the pedestal :—

PRO UVULÂ  
FELICITER  
EXCISÂ, ERASMI MANU,  
PROUT PATER.

'Nothing could be choicer or more complete, nothing more truly classical, and of the ancient

stamp in all respects, than this singularly beautiful inscription.

‘The old classic, during his Italian wanderings of earlier days—and nobody alive knew Italy, ancient and modern, better than he—had most probably meditated over some broken statue amidst the ruins of Lucullus’s gardens, tracing on its pedestal the letters *Luculli manu*, and recollected them in after years; for he never forgot anything.’

‘Prout,’ Mr. Sheehan continues, ‘was a constant visitor at Gore Lodge, Kensington Gore, when I occupied it for a few years after my marriage—1850–53. My predecessor in this beautiful residence, which was situated next Lady Blessington’s (Gore House) was Mr. Nurse, a well-known architect in his day, who had purchased the lease and furniture, the latter in exquisite taste, of the Louis Quinze era, from the then celebrated man of fashion and genius, Count d’Orsay; and I purchased the place and everything, as it stood in the Count’s time, from the architect.’

‘There, in that now solitary-looking dwelling, almost the only one of the old houses of the Upper Gore left standing amidst the new and magnificent quarter which has sprung up around it, like—

“The rose of the wilderness left on its stem,  
To show where the garden had been,”

were assembled, a quarter of a century now gone by, and in the very prime of their years and intellect, some of the most genial and brilliant spirits of their time, When Prout appeared amongst them, if not *primus in illis*, certainly *nulli secundus*, there was sure to be an evening of rare and very often most amusing intellectual enjoyment. Alas! how many of them have passed away with our gifted friend himself—Thackeray; Jerrold; the trio of the “Times,” Mowbray Morris (the able manager) Bailey (the writer of the “grand fact” leader, and afterwards Governor of the Bahamas), and poor Bowlby (massacred when “Times” correspondent in the war by the Chinese); Burcham, the metropolitan police magistrate and ex-Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge—(perhaps its best classic since Bentley and Porson); William Costello, the great lithotritist (whom Prout used to call *Gulielmus a Lapide*); Lawrence, the Queen’s surgeon (afterwards Sir William); McDowall, the sculptor; Cottrell, the Benvenuto Cellini of the race cups; Sir Richard Kirby, of the War Office, who himself with his accomplished daughters used to receive, so often and so hospitably, everybody who was worth knowing in literature and art at his house in

Dorset Square ; Pat Costello, Dan O'Connell's famous attorney, the wittiest of droll Irishmen, whose good things, had they been jotted down and published after his death, would have had a greater run than Jonah Barrington's, a great many of which, I always fancied, were apocryphal ;— all gone ! But several others of the old set still remain in front of their various professions and positions, in as fine heart and “ keeping ” as in the heyday of youth—the privilege of high cultivation, which, combined with honourable antecedents, can render the afternoon and even the late evening of life cloudless and cheerful as its brightest and happiest morning.

‘ Although our winter fireside was a very warm and social one, and around it were assembled in various groups the choice spirits already alluded to, our most agreeable evenings were passed during the summer season, which we enjoyed at our *rus in urbe*, without any break, until Parliament itself broke up, and the exodus from the capital to the seaside and the Continent became at length complete.

‘ Our dining-room opened on the garden of the Lodge, which was more of a *plaisance* in miniature, with outspread lawn, and a few fine old trees, to walk and lounge amongst, than a fruit or flower

garden, there being scarcely half a dozen fruit trees or flower knots within its entire area, which embraced about the space of an acre. Near its entrance from the house, and within hail of the dining-room, to which we could retreat in case of a sudden storm, rose a fine old mulberry tree, one of the loftiest and shadiest I ever remember to have sat under, where our choicest little dinners used to take place. Our table was a round one, capable of being expanded by putting on leaves in sections, but not to the extent of holding more than eight to nine persons. Indeed half a dozen, including my wife and myself, was our favourite number.

‘ On one of these occasions Prout dropped in on us at our sunset feeding hour, as he sometimes did, an unexpected, but—as he ever was—a welcome guest. Our servant had just served the soup; and our only guests at the moment were the M——s, husband and wife, the former a barrister of my own Inn of Court, the Inner Temple—and the latter a classic beauty in mind and person, whom those who have met her in society (during the '50's) can never forget. Although English, and of high blood, and one of the most refined and educated women I ever had the pleasure of being acquainted with, she sang some of the more

genuine Scotch and Irish songs and ballads—amongst these, “Kenmuir’s up and awa’, Willie!” and the “Shan Van Vaugh”—with a *naïveté* and a witchery which I have seldom seen equalled on the stage or in society. She sang amongst those, many of whom could sing well themselves, and all of whom knew what good singing was. She was Prout’s tenth muse; and Thackeray thought her conversational powers the most agreeable in the world; and we all thought her ballad-singing perfection. She is a leader of Indian society at present, where my old friend her husband holds a leading position at the Calcutta bar.

‘Fish had just been served round, when a tremendous *tanta-ra-ra-ra* knock at the hall door shook the whole house from chimneypot to foundation. Immediately afterwards one of the servants presented the card of a visitor, the announcement of whose name sent the colour from the cheeks of both the M——s instantaneously; and they looked for all the world like people who, having gone out for an agreeable sail, suddenly felt they were in for a pretty considerable squall, with a black thunder-cloud about to burst over their heads.

‘The new arrival, an old Cambridge friend of mine, and a Fellow of one of the chief colleges of that

University, was a cousin to the barrister, to whom, with his wife and myself alone of those present, it was known that he had gone wrong in his head, and fallen into very eccentric habits for some years back. We were aware too of the additional sad fact that he had had to be placed under medical care and treatment some time previously at Winslow's, or Munroe's, or some other upper-class *maison de santé*, which I cannot at this distance of time exactly remember.

‘Neither my wife nor Prout had ever seen or heard of him before.

‘Before any decision could be come to respecting our eccentric visitor, and whilst I was about to proceed upstairs to him, he appeared in the balcony of the back drawing-room window overlooking the garden, from which he called out exultingly—

“Hallo, Jack, my old friend! (myself)—What, Willy, my boy (his cousin,) you there, too. And by all that's lovely, there's my beautiful cousin Nelly herself!”

‘Of course there was nothing for it but to accept the situation, and surrender at discretion to the storming party, who came down on the instant to join us and be presented to Mrs. S. A moment's whisper to the latter from Mrs. M. before W. M. reached the garden, let her into the secret;

but Prout was left in the dark about the newcomer altogether, being absorbed in a specially favourite *plat* of his, a red mullet (*en papillote*) to which, he said, Lucullus apportioned one fishpond alone, and always supped on it in his "hall of Apollo."

' Everything went on smoothly and pleasantly enough between our eccentric guest and the company for nearly the whole of dinner time; and, with the exception of a very odd sort of laugh, which he indulged in without an accompanying observation, as he swallowed each successive glass of Moët, and which made us all laugh at its oddity—Prout (*secundum morem*) laughing the loudest—the poor fellow's conduct, all things considered, was unexceptionable.

' The authorities of his college having refused, very naturally, to recommend him to "orders," he had taken it into his head, it would appear, to come out on all occasions in the style of a clerical dandy, his idea being that, in doing so, he should "spite the Dons, and make them ashamed of themselves." Consequently, he always appeared in the height of High-Church fashion—black frock with straight-cut collar and single breast, and black silk waistcoat buttoned high to the lower edge of his cravat, which was tied with scrupulous elegance, and was of such a dazzling snowy white-

ness as none but the most superior French *blanchisseuse* could accomplish. Getting somewhat excited on the subject, towards the end of dinner, he declared it to be his intention before long to mount an archdeacon's hat, and turn out in smalls and black gaiters as well.

'Prout, who attached the highest respect to the clerical order in every Church, entertained very different feelings for such of its members as did not maintain at least its general decency and respectability. Least of all could he tolerate its being turned into masquerade, or made the object of undue levity, which he considered tantamount to scoffing and profanity.

"Are you a clergyman, sir?" demanded the Padre of the delinquent, sharply and suddenly, looking at him across the table over his spectacles with those singular grey eyes of his, which twinkled far from pleasantly.

"I am not, and I am; just as you are one, and you are not," said the challenged party.

"That's not logic," said Prout.

"What is it, then?" asked the other.

'And the dialogue went merrily on.

'*P.* "That's evading the question. But shall I answer it for you, sir?"

'*M.* "By all means. It will be unlike your

Church, which asks all sorts of questions, and answers none."

'P. "Then, sir, you are not a clergyman; and therefore you have no right to assume—above all to assume constantly—the dress and appearance of one."

'M. (laughing with the peculiar laugh alluded to) "*Cucullus non facit monachum.* Is that logic, you old Jesuit?"

'P. "You're laughing at your own joke!"

'M. "Who has a better right?"

'P. "Sir, you're sailing under false colours!"

'M. "And clerical rig (singing at the top of his voice),

"Now we sail  
With the gale  
Through the Groves of Blarney, O!  
Where old Prout  
Is drinking stout  
And whisky with Kate Kearney, O!"

'P. "Sir, you're a privateer!"

'M. "Sir, you're a gazetteer!"

'There was no resisting this absurd hit at Prout's journalistic occupation, which, with the proposal of a glass of champagne all round—*bien frappé à la glace*, suggested by one of the ladies with emphasis—dispelled at once the raging storm; and the controversial thunder rolled harmlessly from the clear blue sky.

‘The laughter that followed threatened for some time to be inextinguishable.

‘Prout told me years afterwards in Paris that he never laughed so heartily in his life as he did the summer evening he met mad M—— under the mulberry tree at Kensington Gore.

‘Appealed to by the madman, who certainly bore all the appearance of one at the time, and called on by him to say if he had not settled the Jesuit, I said that I thought it a fair fight but a drawn battle ; and his cousin the barrister added :

“Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites :  
Et vitulâ tu dignus, et hic.”

“The whole affair,” said our friend, settling down a bit from his exaltation, “reminds me of a little masquerade in clericals, which beats my fun into fits ; and, if you like, I’ll tell it to you.”

“By all means let us have it !” everyone cried ; and we had it from him, as follows :—

“Your glorious countryman, Jack,” said he (to me), “and yours, *Reverendissime* (to Prout) the Marquis of Waterford, was driven home one night very late, or rather very early in the morning, by a stalwart and swellish-looking cabman. He occupied at the time the Archbishop of Armagh’s house in Charles Street, St. James’s Square, during his uncle’s temporary absence from town. Jumping from the hansom, he was soon admitted by

the hall porter who had waited up for him, and whom he ordered to give the driver half a sovereign, and dismiss him.

“ Cabby, so far from being satisfied, expressed himself abusively to the servant, flinging him back the half-sovereign, although it appeared that he had been only engaged by the Marquis something under an hour, and telling him that in offering him less than a sovereign his master was anything but a nobleman and a gentleman. Finally he declared in a loud voice outside the hall door that he should not think of taking less than a sovereign, and that he'd have it too—so help him so and so, &c.

“ The insolent bully then waited for a moment or two, to see what effect he produced inside the house.

“ The Marquis, who had just turned into the morning room off the hall, heard all that the cabman had said, and, being rather partial to polishing off bullies in those days, made up his mind on the spot to give this particular one a prime taste of his quality. Perceiving his uncle's House of Lords costume hanging up in the morning room, he instantly donned it, three-decker wig, gown, lawn sleeves, and all, and turned out to the cabman, who was then recommencing his abuse, and swearing more fiercely than before.

“ ‘Hallo, sir!’ cried the Marquis, coming out before the porch of the great house and tucking up the lawn sleeves as well as the tail of the gown for action, is that the sort of language to make use of within hearing of an archbishop? If you’re not off like a shot this moment, you profane scoundrel, I’ll give you the rights of the Church with my clerical knuckles, and plant such a sermon on your *os frontis* as will make you keep a civil tongue in your mouth for the rest of your life!’

“The cabman did not want pluck. Moreover he never thought for a moment that he had the Marquis to deal with, and was much tickled at the idea of having a turn-up with an episcopal swell. Squaring up to his man, he showed fight accordingly. The result was that he was licked after a couple of fair stand-up rounds, rattled off in Waterford’s very best style, and very much at the cabman’s expense as regarded his head and face in all directions: so much so, that after a third round had been commenced, which promised to be even hotter than either of the preceding ones, the fellow, who had been beaten back to the square, turned and ran round the railings as fast as his legs could carry him. When he got back into Charles Street he mounted his cab again, and drove off at a full gallop, the terrible wag of a

Marquis still following him and crying out, 'Won't you wait for the half-sovereign?'"

'Shortly after the ladies had retired upstairs, and we lit a cigar all round, the barrister, taking a stroll round the garden with Prout, told him of his cousin's afflicting condition, assigning the usual reason in such cases why no one should take offence at rudeness or eccentricity where there was no moral responsibility.

'Strangely enough, the same thought came into my head as I strolled with W. M. on the other side of the garden; and, more as a colourable excuse for Prout's discourteousness than in the spirit of a joke at either party's expense, I told him he must excuse our friend the Padre, for he had gone wrong in the head and suffered considerable mental affliction some few years back.

"Theologically twisty," my friend supposed; "the most dangerous of all madesses, next to homicidal."

'I thought not,' I replied, for although he stood by his old faith, he did so in anything but a controversial or sectarian spirit. On the contrary, his was a broad Christianity, and his religion one of charity and toleration. A good man to him was a good man, whatever creed or colour.

"I suppose he thinks religious faith an affair

of birth, and pretty much what Metternich said of Italy, a geographical expression," observed W. M.

' I could not say that our friend went quite so far, although I was sure he was the last man in the world who was likely to have gone mad on controversial crotchets or theological casuistry.

" " Confined in a clerical madhouse abroad, of course."

' I would not commit myself so far as to say so.

' W. M. would rattle on, however—" Where they chain the poor patients to an iron ring in the wall, and flog them within an inch of their lives. Poor fellow! All he must have suffered, and gone through! They're not so bad however as that in England, where the worst thing they do to a fellow is to put him in physic, give him the shower-bath now and then, and dock him of his liquor!"

" " And," he added, " he does not care, I dare say, to be spoken to on the painful subject."

" " I should think not," I replied, emphatically. " In fact, I know that all his friends carefully avoid it."

" " And so shall I, most religiously," said my thoroughly good-natured and most gentlemanly friend the real madman, whose malady, after a short and deceitful lull, a few months afterwards began to show returning symptoms of exaltation, till it set

in at length more uncontrollably than ever, and he died at last of softening of the brain in the West of England.

‘The two men met some two or three times subsequently to their first meeting, and on one of those occasions again unexpectedly at Gore Lodge; when it was remarked that they fraternised most sympathetically, displaying something bordering on a womanly tenderness for each other. They drank, smoked, talked, and walked together, to the exclusion almost of every other person present. When they walked about the garden, it was arm in arm; or sometimes poor W. M., who towered head and shoulders over the Padre, would be seen with his arm for a moment or so half enclosed round the latter’s shoulders, like a great school girl fondling some little pet; and his companion would with the utmost gentleness (a rare effort for him) disengage himself and recommend, in both cases, some *eau de Seltz*, at the buffet, with what he used to call “a hot cinder in it.”

‘During their conversation, I ascertained, in talking to both separately afterwards, that they had been particularly guarded not to touch on the subject of madmen or madhouses.

A second evening, on this occasion a winter

one, at the Gore, is given by Mr. Sheehan as follows :

‘ *The Bells of Shandon.*

‘ An entry in my journal for 1851 reminds me that on a certain night in the January of that year we had Prout in great force at our house, and never more himself, singing or rather shouting “The Bells of Shandon” to the uproarious merriment if not to the thorough appreciation of all present. This was after I had given the song in a much more subdued, and as I thought, appropriate fashion, to our friend the author’s disappointment, disgust, and indignation.

‘ Most unquestionably this heart-stirring song has made the Watergrasshill poet’s name more famous than all his other poetic productions put together. His polyglot versions of “The Groves of Blarney,” his exceedingly clever metrical translations of some of Moore’s melodies into Latin and French, and his exquisite rendering into English verse, whether faithful or paraphrastic, of the *crème de la crème* of the modern Latin poets, as well as of the songs of Béranger, Clement Marot, and other favourite French lyric writers, were read and enjoyed only by a limited number, and those only the liberally educated portion of the public.

The few thoroughly original poems—about half a dozen in all—which he condescended, over a space of so many years, to publish, were also addressed to persons of cultivated intelligence. But there is a genuine natural pathos and a manly simplicity, like what you find in some of Robert Burns's and Béranger's choicest songs, which make their way to the most untutored heart and humblest intelligence, in the natural way he recalls the memory of the old bells that rang out from the ancient steeple in years long gone by and enchanted his infant ear—the music to the imagination of infancy, celestial—the music of the skies—

“ Whose sounds so wild would  
In the days of childhood  
Fling round his cradle  
Its magic spell,”

and which, haunting him in his after wanderings, when listening to the bells of Saint Sophia, Moscow, Notre Dame, or Saint Peter's itself,

“ Made the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters  
Of the River Lee.”

‘ The spire of Shandon, built, as he states himself, in a foot-note to the song, is a prominent object from whatever side the traveller approaches Cork ; and he adds that “ in a vault at its foot

sleep some generations of the writer's kith and kin." The poet's own remains have been gathered to his fathers in the same spot ; but no tombstone or memorial has been placed over them worthy of his name and genius. A collection for the purpose recently set on foot in Cork, strange to say, produced not more than some eight or nine pounds, as recorded the other day in the local newspapers—a sad reflection on the literary spirit and patriotism of Cork, which he wrote and spoke of with such enthusiastic affection ; and one which speaks still less for the poet's wealthier co-religionists therein, whose old Church, whatever they may think of his eclectic politics, he stood up for in the press and in society to the last. They indeed, above all others, ought to be proud of the literary laurels which he won, as well as of the peculiar education which developed and moulded his brilliant powers ; and if every one of the Cork Mahonys, Murphys, and McCarthys who have been educated at a Jesuits' college were only to subscribe a pound each, they would realise a fund ample enough to defray the cost of a monument worthy of him and his native city. On it they might well be satisfied to place the simple inscription that underneath lay the writer of " The Shandon Bells," a song which would be sung

as long as and wherever the English language is spoken.

‘From the time it was first published “Shandon Bells” became popular in England and Ireland, but especially so amongst the upper class of the London Irish, in consequence of the exquisite vocal rendering of it by Mr. Morgan D’Arcy, a relative of the celebrated Dublin brewer of that name, and one of the best private singers I ever heard in any country. D’Arcy sang, or rather warbled, it, as he did some of Moore’s heart-searching melodies, in tones of manly tenderness ; but, strange to say, the author conceived a different style of vocal illustration for it altogether. He was respectful when D’Arcy was called on to sing it in his presence ; and he could scarcely be otherwise, seeing that everyone present applauded the singer to the echo ; but he was not at all pleased, and sometimes expressed himself very ungraciously when any other singer of less *prestige* ventured on a similar style of interpretation. He would maintain that to sing it in a tender tone, pure and simple, was a mockery and a mistake. He would be understood as having conceived a loftier idea than sweetness and tenderness, *per se*, when he described the music from the old Shandon belfry ringing out more gloriously

and grand on the pleasant waters of the River Lee than all the "triple bob majors" (his own expression) that ever pealed from all the spires, domes, or minarets in the universe.

' On the winter's evening above alluded to, when some of the most gifted of our set were present at the Gore, I remember sitting down to the pianoforte and giving the song by general request. This I did in D'Arcy's manner, to the best of my ability, and to the satisfaction of everyone present excepting the author. "I never care," he cried, "to hear it sung in a puling and piperly tone; and I hope I never shall hear it so maltreated and murdered again. If we are to have a pianoforte accompaniment at all, let us have half a dozen grand ones, at least, giving the glorious peelings of the bells altogether; but I prefer a mighty Gregorian voice, or half a hundred of such that would rouse the hearts and elevate the souls of the hearers. I meant to produce, as Victor Hugo did, when he clapped the Hunchback athwart the bells of Notre Dame in rapid succession, a musical roar, something more gladdening, more dazzling, more tumultuous: a storm of bells, a furnace of campanology, something that would even distantly imitate, in the language of the great romance itself, 'ten thousand brazen tones

breathed all at once from flutes of stone three hundred feet high !' Sing the song, not as a ditty, but a dithyramb. Stand up to your work, and throw your whole voice and heart and soul into it ; or, if you will sit, let it not be on a pianoforte stool—sit on a classic tripod and kick out !”

‘ Prout then gave us his version of the song, chanting it much more loudly than even his “ Reel of Tullygorum,” which he used to sing in dithyrambic cadence, and declared that it ought to be accompanied by a Highland claymore dance throughout. His vigorous and formidable style of singing his own production had the charm of novelty, at all events, about it, and amused his audience prodigiously, with the exception of Thackeray, who very drily observed that it was a pity the law against parricides could not be put in force in this instance. To this Prout instantly replied that, as the Duke of Newcastle said about his tenantry, he had a right to do as he liked with his own.

‘ One or two ladies, who had joined us from the drawing-room, on hearing that something very special was coming off in the smoking-room endeavoured at first to stop their ears out of regard for their tympanums ; but after the first

stanza they got used to the fun, and joined in it most heartily.

We will now glance at the lone Incumbent of Watergrasshill—Mahony's second self.

'The real Father Prout,' the Padre's brother, Mr. Nicholas Mahony, J.P., of Blarney, Cork, writes to me,<sup>1</sup> 'was an old clergyman who was intimate with our family when we were all children; and was only remarkable for his quiet, simple manners.' Another correspondent (Mr. James Murphy), who knew the original Father well, asks me, 'Now, are you aware that the original Father Prout, the real eccentric Padre, was many years parish priest of Watergrasshill, about seven miles from Cork, who flourished from 1800 to about 1834, the time of his death? I suspect there are very few living now who know anything about him, except in the city and county of Cork, where his memory is still kept alive, owing to innumerable anecdotes told about him, many of them well known to myself; for I knew the old man well, and more than once, when I was a very young man, dined with him in his domicile at Watergrasshill, in company with many others, every one of whom, alas! are gone to their rest.'

<sup>1</sup> January 18, 1875.



CHAPTER II.

FATHER PROUT'S RELIQUES



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### FATHER PROUT'S RELIQUES.

OLIVER YORKE, in the preface to the first edition of 'Father Prout's Reliques,' observes: 'Objects of art and virtue lose considerably by not being viewed in their proper light; and the common noonday effluence is not the fittest for the right contemplation of certain *capi d'opera*. Canova, we know, preferred the midnight taper. Let, therefore, "*ut fruaris reliquiis*" (*Phæd.*, lib. i. fab. 22) the dim penumbra of a sepulchral lamp shed its solemn influence over the page of Prout, and alone preside at its perusal.' The cold, pale, sepulchral light now shines indeed over 'the lone incumbent of Watergrasshill,' and his whimsical introducer or master of the ceremonies, Oliver Yorke. In November, 1859, when Frank Mahony 'did the honours' to the latest edition of 'Father Prout's Reliques,' he dwelt, with that touch of sadness which underlay his wit, on his friend Maclise's great cartoon of writers in 'Fraser'—saying of the

twenty-seven contributors there depicted, only eight were then living ; Mr. Procter, lunacy commissioner ; Serjeant Murphy, insolvency ditto ; the author of 'Vanity Fair ;' the vigorous word-wielder who was then supplying 'Fraser' with 'Sartor Resartus ;' Ainsworth ; Gleig, the worthy and efficient chaplain-general of Her Majesty's forces ; Sir David, and Frank Mahony. And now how does the account stand ? The gentle Procter has lately passed to his rest ; Thackeray has lain some years 'under the daisy ;' Frank Stack Murphy has long ago passed from the scene. The vigorous word-wielder, and thought-wielder to boot, lives, however, keeping the old brightness and the old strength ; Gleig is still in evergreen bloom ; and Mr. Ainsworth has not yet laid his pen aside. But the Fraserians have died out, as Wellington's veterans faded out of the Waterloo banquet, until it was a sorry feast, with shadows behind the chairs.

In the 'dim penumbra of a sepulchral lamp' I am endeavouring to collect the *disjecta membra* of the quaint and witty Father who lies at peace within the shadow of the church tower of Shandon, while the bells in song still shake out their music over the pleasant waters of the river Lee. But first of the 'Prout Reliques'—written when first the Reverend

Francis Mahony strayed to the groves of Academe from the seclusion of a Jesuits' seminary. They are rich with the learning of the seminary, and they sparkle at the same time with the wit and humour of a travelled man of the world, and a *bon vivant* into the bargain.

James Hannay, in an admirable literary estimate of Father Prout,<sup>1</sup> and indeed, of the reverend author of Prout, has touched excellently well on the writer's relations with his Church, and on the effect of his priestly training and early traditions : prone to letters and the bright company of the club smoking-room rather than to the severe discipline of the Jesuit fathers. I must insist again that Mahony was never a scoffer, as shallow talkers about him have ventured to assert.

' But if Francis Mahony, otherwise Prout, has preferred all along the service of literature to that of his Church, he has paid homage to his spiritual mother all the same. One of his best essays is on " Literature and the Jesuits,"<sup>2</sup> where he cordially recognises and pleasantly describes what the Order which bred him has done for the field of action which tempted him. Nay, he pays a handsome compliment to his Church by choosing to

<sup>1</sup> 'The Universal Review.' February 1860.

<sup>2</sup> 'Father Prout's Reliques.' Bell and Daldy, 1866, p. 164.

embody himself in this very figure of a priest in the county of Cork, by which he is pleased to be represented. No man can separate himself from his traditions and early associations even if he tries. But a wise and generous man does not choose to try. He adores his own Sparta, though he may grumble at her modern government, and be tired of her black broth. There is no separating Carlyle altogether from Scotch Presbyterianism; and the cosmopolitan Mahony, known as well at Rome as at London, and at Paris as at either, has the kind of genius and accomplishments natural to an Irish Catholic and an Irishman of the South. Nothing is pleasanter than a brilliant Irishman who has not lived too exclusively in his native country, even though he share the national weakness of never getting Norseman or Saxon over his tumbler without endeavouring to prove his Celtic origin.

‘We think, in fact (and we love above all things to fix the historical position of a man preparatory to taking a good look at him) that Father Prout may be most conveniently studied as an Irish humourist. He is almost exactly to the Irish what Professor Wilson was to the Scotch—a representative of their peculiar talents and character in the guise of a humourist, but yet

without the narrowness of a too marked nationality. From that vice (which produces in reality only provincial bores) Wilson was saved, not only by largeness of mind, but by an Oxford education and a Cumberland residence ; as Prout has been by his Continental education, by London associations, and by foreign travel. The two writers are national in genius and spirit rather than in detail, representing the wines of their nationalities, not the skin and stone of the grape only. Wilson writes about Burns, Mahony sports with Moore. One glorifies the Highlands, the other the bells of Shandon. One takes a lowland shepherd to speak through, the other an upland country priest. Yet it would be unfair to charge either with undue narrowness of sympathies. . . .

‘ The reader will see at once that we are not comparing the characters, so much as the positions, of these remarkable essayists. Mahony may be to Ireland what Wilson was to Scotland, without great personal resemblance in genius ; the *flavour* of it, in fact, differing as widely in the men as that of the whisky of their respective countries.’

Mahony’s fun is essentially Irish—fanciful, playful, odd, irregular, and more grotesque than Northern fun. In one of his own phrases, he is

‘an Irish potato, seasoned with Attic salt’—a queer, characteristic touch of the very faculty it is meant to describe. But take a few paragraphs from his ‘Apology for Lent,’ to put you *en rapport* again with the wayward and eccentric spirit of his humour :—

‘The Hollanders, the Swedes, the Saxons, the Prussians, and in Germany those circles in which the Gothic blood ran heaviest and most stagnant, hailed Luther as a deliverer from salt fish. The fatted calf was killed, bumpers of ale went round, and popery went to the dogs. Half Europe followed the impetus given to free opinions, and the congenial impulse of the gastric juice ; joining in reform, not because they loved Rome less, but because they loved substantial fare more. Meantime, neighbours differed. The Dutch, dull and opaque as their own Zuider Zee, growled defiance at the Vatican when their food was to be controlled ; the Belgians, being a shade nearer to the Celtic family, submitted to the fast. While Hamburg clung to its *beef*, and Westphalia preserved her *hams*, Munich and Bavaria adhered to the Pope and to sour-cROUT with desperate fidelity.

‘As to the Cossacks, and all that set of northern marauders, they never kept Lent at any time, and it would be arrant folly to expect that

the horsemen of the River Don, and the Esquimaux of the Polar latitudes, would think of restricting their ravenous propensities in a Christian fashion ; the very system of cookery adopted by these terrible hordes would, I fear, give Dr. Kitchener a touch of the cholera.

‘ Mark the effect of this observance in Ireland, where it continues in its primitive austerity, undiminished, unshorn of its beams. The Irish may be wrong, but the consequences to Protestant England are immense. To Lent we owe the connection of the two islands : it is the golden link that binds the two kingdoms together. Abolish fasting, and from that evil hour no beef or pork would be suffered by the wild natives to go over to your English markets, and the export of provisions would be discontinued by a people that had unlearned the lessons of starvation. Adieu to shipments, too, of live stock, and consignments of bacon ! Were there not some potent mysterious spell over this country, think you we should allow the fat of the land to be everlastingly abstracted ? Let us learn that there is no virtue in *Lent*, and *Repeal* is triumphant to-morrow. We are, in truth, a most abstemious race. Hence our great superiority over our Protestant fellow-countrymen in the jury-box. It having been

found out that they would never hold out against hunger, as we can, when locked up, and that the verdict was generally carried by popish obstinacy, former Administrations discountenanced our admission to serve on juries at all. By an oversight of Serjeant Lefroy, all this has escaped the framers of the new jury bill for Ireland.

‘To return to the Irish exports. The principal item is that of pigs. The hog is as essential an inmate of the Irish cabin as the Arab steed of the shepherd’s hut on the plains of Mesopotamia. Both are looked upon as part of the household, and the affectionate manner in which these dumb friends of the family are treated, here as well as there, is a trait of national resemblance, denoting a common origin. We are quite oriental in most of our peculiarities. The learned Vallancey will have it that our consanguinity is with the Jews. I might elucidate the colonel’s discovery by showing how the pig in Ireland plays the part of the scapegoat of the Israelites ; he is a sacred thing, gets the run of the kitchen, is rarely molested, never killed, but alive and buoyant leaves the cabin when taken off by the landlord’s driver for arrears of rent, and is then shipped clean out of the country, to be heard of no more. Indeed the pigs of Ireland bear this

notable resemblance to their cousins of Judah, that nothing can keep them from the sea—a tendency which strikes all travellers in the interior of the island whenever they meet our droves of swine precipitating themselves towards the out-ports for shipment.’

In these passages, the characteristically Irish fact is, that the fun and the argument are blended together in a kind of way which makes it impossible to tell which is which. There is an audacity in Hibernian humour, above all, which mocks reason with an appearance of reasoning, as a ‘bull’ insults you by its superficial air of good sense. ‘They talk of our drinking,’ said Curran, ‘but who ever heard of an Irishman being *born drunk*?’ So, too, a certain Irish vagrant who was passing himself off for a shipwrecked sailor, happened unluckily to apply to a naval man for relief. ‘What is the mark on the lead-line at five fathoms?’ asked the officer. ‘Indeed, sir,’ said the ragamuffin piteously, ‘my misfortunes have put *that particular branch of saymanship* clane out of my head.’ There is a richness about this which we should not find in an Englishman or a Scot.

The basis of humour in Prout is racy of the soil from which he sprung. The men with whom he rollicked in his most exuberant pages were of

Cork. But his style of illustration was from the seminary, his wit was Attic, his outlook was from classic lands. He embroidered the long tails of Paddy's coat with jewels borrowed from the stores of Greece and Rome. Hannay says of him : ' He sports with his scholarship just as he quizzes Ultramontanism, and fires arrows at "Repale." Firmly believing in the classics, he shows his love for them, as a man shows his love for his children—by playing with them.' This very happily expresses Mahony's usual literary mood. But when we are told that ' Prout was making a fight for the ancient tongues, and this was the kind of way he chose to show his regard for them,' we say nay. Prout had no object. A man does not play with his children—with a purpose. Prout was a convivial literary man of his day ; when the tumbler stood close to the inkhorn. He was at home with Maginn and the Fraserians. He loved the ' dead languages,' for they were not dead to him, but rather the most robust living tongues which had supplied to him his daily literary food, through all the more impressionable years of a man's life. And, therefore, when jesting he used the weapon of Horace rather than that of Curran.

Being a scholar, he affected the society of

scholars—of men who could understand him, and whom he on his part cared to understand. In the preface to the ‘Reliques,’ dated 1859, Frank Mahony plainly says : ‘Prout preferred chewing the cud of classic fancies or otherwise approved of substantial stuff ; delighting to invest with new and varied forms what had long gained universal recognition. He had strict notions as to what really constitute the *Belles lettres*. Brilliancy of thought, depth of remark, pathos of sentiment, sprightliness of wit, vigour and aptitude of style, with *some* scholarship, were requisites for his notice or claim to be held in esteem as a literary man. It is useless to add how much of recent growth, and how many pretenders to that title, he would have eschewed.’ In another passage Mahony touches on the rambling propensities of Prout—propensities that, like those of the bee, filled his hive :—

‘ It will be noticed that the Father’s rambles are not limited by any barrier, or caste, or coat, or coterie ; his soul is multilateral, his talk multifarious, yet free, it is hoped, from garrulity, and decidedly exempt from credulity. He seems to have had a shrewd eye for scanning humbug, and it is well for him (and for others) that he has vacated his parish in due course of nature. He

would have stoutly resisted in Ireland the late attempted process of Italian Cullenisation.'

The Father was also a jovial soul—jovial as Maginn and his companions were. Hannay, who carried this old-fashioned conviviality down to our own time, and was the soul of a roystering club which met by the classic piazzas of Covent Garden, not twenty years ago, under the title of 'The Tumbler,' threw all his *verve* into a defiance of the good Tories and scholars who drank many glasses in the small hours, and were not Cockneys.

'Now,' says Hannay, 'in our good Father as in all the school, there is a broad liberal homeliness which we do most entirely respect even in the midst of its extravagance, which last was, of course, partly assumed for the sake of its roystering humour. A fine smell of lemons, so to speak, is felt through his pages,<sup>1</sup> alternating with the notes of

'The bells of Shandon  
Which sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

What is piquant too, is the peculiar *mixture* of the four great elements of Toryism, classicism, sarcasm, and punch. For they are all united and

<sup>1</sup> Notably in 'The Watergrasshill Carousal.' See 'Father Prout's Reliques.'

related. The punch is brewed with water from the Aganippe. The Radical is contemned as much for being a bore and what Lord Vincent, in "Pelham," calls a "Latinless lubber," as for his mere principles, being indeed as fatal to a true *symposium* as to our ancient constitution. Hence one quality of the man of this school led him into another. His loyalty was moistened by punch, his satire was fortified by quotation; and to picture him in all his entirety you must fancy him with a spoon in his hand, and a Horace in his pocket, holding forth to an after-dinner company upon the last public appearance of the Mr. Roupell or Mr. Williams of the time. Such would be the Frasersians of 1834-5 or so, whom we are anxious to hand down to literary historians of posterity. The class had its eccentricities and its exaggerations. We do not say that it is right to review an indifferent translator by calling him a "brainless and tuneless ragamuffin." We should not venture to call Cicero a pamphleteer. In defending the Irish Church, we should hardly interpolate in the argument a request for a tumbler of hot whisky-and-water. But in spite of such bits of literary friskiness we have a kindness for the old crew. Their respect for antiquities and institutions, for learning and letters, were valuable qualities.

Their horse-play in the polemic way was rough, but had an Aristophanic geniality about it. Our smart bagmen and sentimental counter-jumpers have less heart as they have undoubtedly less brains, while, with regard to knowledge, the new breed are in the deplorable condition of not even feeling the want of it. They pick up enough at a time to serve them for the day, as costermongers buy their fish or vegetables by the barrowful.'

Hannay's contempt for the 'Cockney' and his delight in convivial men of letters who could sport with the classics like Prout—a kind of sport in which he himself delighted—led him to a certain recklessness in his defence of the outrageous personalities which were rife in the old Fraserian days. There was robustness in the hitting—the robustness of the prize-fighter. The age has become so outrageously cockneyfied, as Hannay would say, that we have put down the ring and taken to croquet. He cites the opening passage of Prout's papers on Horace. Let the reader consider whether literature has lost much by toning down such rough handling as the Father indulges in.

'From the ignoble doings of modern Whiggery, —sneaking and dastardly at home, and not very

dignified abroad—from Melbourne,<sup>1</sup> who has flung such unwonted *éclat* around the premiership of Great Britain (*addens cornua pauperi*), and Mulgrave, who has made vulgarity and ruffianism the supporters of a vice-regal chair (*Regis Rupilius atque venenum*),<sup>2</sup> it is allowable to turn aside for a transient glimpse of the Augustan age, when the premier was Mæcenas, and the proconsul Agrippa. The poetic sense, nauseated with the effusions of Lord Lansdowne's family piper, finds relief in communing with Horace, the refined and gentlemanly Laureate of Roman Toryism. In his abhorrence of the "profane Radical mob" (*lib. iii., ode. i.*) in his commendation of virtue, "refulgent" with uncontaminated honour, because derived from a steady refusal to take up or lay down the emblems of authority at popular dictation (*lib. iii., ode. i.*)—in his portraiture of the Just Man, undismayed by the frenzied ardour of those who would force on by clamour depraved measures (*lib. iii., ode. iii.*)—need we say how warmly we participate? That the wits and sages who shed

<sup>1</sup> Trial, Hon. George Chapple Norton *versus* Melbourne.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Normanby was, at this date (1834), letting loose all the jail-birds and ribbonmen in Ireland. He has since come out in the character of Polonius at the Courts of Florence and Modena.

a lustre on that imperial court, should have merged all their precious theories in a rooted horror of agitators and *sans-culottes*, was a natural result of the intellectual progress made since the unlettered epoch of Marius and the Gracchi. In the bard of Tivoli, who had fought under the insurrectionary banners of Brutus, up to the day when "the chins of the unshaven demagogues were brought to a level with the dust" (lib. ii., ode vii.), Tory principles obtained a distinguished convert; nor is there any trace of mere subserviency to the men in power, or any evidence of insincerity in the record of his political opinions.'

Surely the odes are more worthily introduced in a subsequent passage:—

'His little volume contains the distilled quintessence of Roman life, when at its very acme of refinement. It is the most perfect portraiture (cabinet size) that remains of the social habits, domestic elegance, and cultivated intercourse of the capital, at the most interesting period of its prosperity. But the philosophy it inculcates, and the worldly wisdom it unfolds, is applicable to all times and all countries. Hence *we* cannot sympathise with the somewhat childish (to say the least of it) distaste, or indisposition, evinced by the immortal pilgrim, Harold (*canto* iv., *st.* lxxv.), for those ever-

enduring lyrics that formed the nourishment of our intellect, "when George the Third was King." The very affectation of alluding to the "drilled, dull lesson, forced down word for word, in his repugnant youth," proves the alumnus of Harrow-on-the-Hill to have relished and recollected the almost identical lines of the author he feigns to disremember—*Carmina Livii meministi PLAGOSUM mihi parvo Orbilium dictare* (Epist. ii. 70); and (though Peel may have been a more assiduous scholar) we can hardly believe the beauties of Horace to have been lost on Byron, even in his earliest hours of idleness.'

Hannay cites from Prout's translations of the Odes—Mahony's foremost work of love—his 'Vides ut altâ;' as containing the hearty, cheering vivacity of the original, with neatness and point of expression:—

VERSIO PROUTICA.

See how the winter blanches  
 Soracte's giant brow !  
 Hear how the forest branches  
 Groan for the weight of snow !  
 While the fix'd ice impanels  
 Rivers within their channels.

Out with the frost ! expel her !  
 Pile up the fuel-block,  
 And from the hoary cellar  
 Produce a Sabine crock ;

O Thaliarck ! remember  
It counts a fourth December.

Give to the gods the guidance  
Of earth's arrangements. List !  
The blasts at their high biddance  
From the vex'd deep desist,  
Nor 'mid the cypress riot ;  
And the old elms are quiet.

Enjoy, without foreboding,  
Life as the moments run ;  
Away with Care corroding,  
Youth of my soul ! nor shun  
Love, for whose smile thou'rt suited,  
And 'mid the dancers foot it.

While youth's hour lasts, beguile it ;  
Follow the field, the camp,  
Each manly sport, till twilight  
Brings on the vesper-lamp.  
Then let thy loved one lisp her  
Fond feelings in a whisper.

Or in a nook hide furtive,  
Till by her laugh betray'd,  
And drawn, with struggle sportive,  
Forth from her ambuscade ;  
Bracelet or ring th' offender,  
In forfeit sweet surrender !

'It is seldom' Hannay remarks 'that a Horatian translator attains more than *one* quality of his author at a time. Turn to other versions of this ode, and you will find that Lord Ravensworth's,

though elegant, is rather tame, and that Professor Newman's, though close, is stiff.

'These Horatian translations of Prout's are embedded in essays full of the peculiarities of his manner. He discourses on the poet in a rambling, familiar, colloquial way, through whole pages sparkling with epigrams and studded with quotations, in the course of which Horace is set in all kinds of quaint lights, with odd piquant comparisons and associations. A complete view of the Father's peculiar style may be gathered from the extracts which we proceed to make from his humorous and picturesque commentary on the Journey to Brundusium:—

“The words on which I would ponder thus, after the most approved method of the great Flemish commentator, are contained in the 48th verse, which runs as follows in all known MSS. :—

Lusum it Mæcenas ; dormitum ego Virgiliusque.

Lib. I. Sat. V. v. 48.

“My approved good master, A Lapide, would hereupon, submitting each term to the more than chemical analysis of his scrutiny, first point out to the admiration of all functionaries in the diplomatic line, who happen to be charged with a secret mission, the sagacious conduct of Mæcenas. The

envoy of Augustus is fully conscious, on his arrival at Capua, that his motions are narrowly watched by the quidnuncs of that vagabond town, and that the probable object of his journey is sure to be discussed by every barber in and about the market place. How does he act? While the mules are resting at the 'caupona' (for it appears the *vet-turini* system of travelling is of very old date in the Italian peninsula), the chargé d'affaires seeks out a certain tennis-court, the most favourite place of public resort, and there mingles in a game with the citizens, as if the impending destinies of the future empire of the world were not a moment in his contemplation, or did not rather engross his whole faculties for a while. This anecdote, I believe, has not been noticed by Mr. Taylor in his profound book, the 'Statesman.' It is at his service.

“ Leaving Mæcenus to the enjoyment of his game of rackets, let us return to the Capuan hostelry, and take cognisance of what may be supposed to be then and there going on. Here then, we are, say, at the sign of 'Silenus and the Jack-ass,' in the 'Via Nolana.' In answer to our inquiries, it will appear that the author of the 'Georgics' (the 'Æneid' was yet unpublished) had, as usual with him on the slightest emergencies, found his stomach sadly out of order (*crudus*);

while his fellow traveller, the distinguished lyricist of the day, had sympathetically complained of the effect produced on his tender eyelids (*lippus*) by the clouds of incessant dust, and the glare of the noonday sun.

“They have both, therefore, previous to resuming their seat in the clumsy vehicles (*rhedæ*), which have conveyed them thus far, decided on devoting the sultry meridian hour to the refreshing process of a quiet *siesta*. The slave, within whose attributions this service is comprised (*decurio cubicularis*), is quickly summoned, and but few minutes have elapsed before the two great ornaments of the Augustan age, the master-spirits of the then intellectual world, are fairly deposited in their respective cells, and consigned to the care of tired nature’s kind restorer. Whoever has explored the existing remains of similar edifices in the neighbouring town of Pompeii, will probably form a fair estimate of the scale of comfort and style of accommodation prevalent at the head inn of Capua. Entering by a smoky hall (*atrium*), the kitchen being on one side, and the servants’ offices on the other, your traveller proceeded towards the *compluvium*, or open quadrangle court-yard, on each side of which, in cloister fashion, were ranged the sleeping apartments; small, dark

chambers, each some eight or twelve feet square, having, at the height of about six feet from the mosaic ground-floor, a scanty aperture, furnished with a linen blind, a crockery lamp, a bronze tripod and basin (*pelvis*), a mirror of the same material, forming, with a hard couch (*stragula*), the complete inventory of the movables within. A knight templar, Carthusian monk, would feel quite at home in your antique hostelry.

“ Little dreamed, I ween, the attendant slave, mayhap still less the enlightened master himself, of the high honour conferred on his establishment by an hour’s occupancy of its chambers on that occasion. The very tall gentleman with the ungainly figure and slight stoop in the shoulders, so awkward and bashful in his address, and who had complained of such bad digestion, became, no doubt, the object of a few not over-respectful remarks among the *atrienses* of the household. Nor did the short, fat, Sancho-Panza-looking sort of personage, forming in every respect so complete a contrast to his demure and sedate companion, fail to elicit some curious comment and some not very complimentary conjectures, as to what might be *his* relative position in society, in what particular capacity did they both follow the train of the rich knight Mæcenas? This was, no doubt, acutely and diligently can-

vassed by the gossips of the inn. One thing was certain : in humour and disposition, as well as in personal appearance, they were the very antipodes of each other,—a musing Heraclitus yoked to a laughing Democritus ; aptly illustrative, the one of *il penseroso*, the other of *l'allegro*. Mine host, with the instinctive sagacity of his tribe, at once set Horace as a man familiar with the metropolis, habituated to town life, and in every respect 'fit to travel.' It was equally clear that the other individual belonged to the agricultural interest, his manner savouring of much residence in the country ; being, in sooth, not merely rural, but actually rustic. In a word, they were fair samples of the *rat de ville*, and the *rat de champs*. Meantime, the unconscious objects of so much keen investigation 'slept on ;' and 'little they recked' anent what was thus 'lightly spoken' concerning them, by those who kept the sign of 'Silenus and the Jackass,' in the high street of Capua

Dormitum ego Virgiliusque.

“ Do I purpose to disturb them in their meridian slumber ? Not I.”

‘ But he glances at them for all that, and turns his lamp on them, as they slumber, in the following way :—

“ Virgil from his earliest infancy up to the period of confirmed manhood, had not left the banks of the Mincio, nor the plains of Lombardy. It required the confiscation of his little farm and the transfer of his ancestral acres to a set of quasi-*Cromwellian* intruders (Octavius Cæsar’s military colonists) to bring him up to Rome in quest of redress. He was then in his 30th year. Tenderness, sensibility, a soul feeling alive to all the sweet emotions of unvitiated nature, are the natural growth of such happy seclusion from a wicked world. Majestic thoughts are the offspring of solitude. Plato meditated alone on the promontory of Sunium ; Virgil was a Platonist.

“ The boyhood and youth of Horace (as I think may be gathered from my last paper) were spent in a totally different atmosphere ; and therefore no two poets could be nurtured and trained in *schools* of poetry more essentially opposite. The ‘lake’ academy is not more different from the gymnasium of the ‘silver fork.’ Epicurus dwelt among the busy haunts of men : Horace was an Epicurean.

“ The latter was, in every respect, as his outward appearance would seem to indicate, ‘of the town, townly.’ Mirabeau used to say whenever he left Paris, that, on looking through his carriage

windows at the faces along the road, he could ascertain to a fraction how far he was from the capital. The men were his mile-stones. Even genius in the provinces wears an aspect of simplicity. The Romans were perfectly sensible of this difference. *Urbanum sal* was a well-known commodity, as easily distinguished by men of taste in the metropolis, as the verbal provincialisms which pervade the decades of Livy were quickly detected by the delicate sensibility of metropolitan ears.

“ In society Horace must have shown to great advantage in contrast with the retiring and uncommunicative Mantuan. Acute, brilliant, satirical, his versatile accomplishments fascinated at once. Virgil, however, inspired an interest of a different description. Thoughtful and reserved, ‘the rapt soul sitting in his eyes’ gave intimation of a depth of feeling and comprehensiveness of intellect far beyond the range of all contemporary minds. Habitually silent, yet, when he spoke in the solemn and exquisitely musical cadences peculiar to his poetry, it was as if the ‘spirit of Plato’ revealed itself, or the Sibylline books were unfolded.

“ I can’t understand the passage in the tenth Satire (lib. i.) where the Sabine humourist asserts

that the Muses who patronise a country life (*gaudentes rure Camœnæ*), having endowed Virgil with a mild and lenient disposition, a delicate sweetness of style, had also bestowed on him a talent for the *facetious* (*molle, atque facetum*). There is assuredly, more fun and legitimate drollery in a page of the said Satires, than in all the 'Eclogues' and 'Georgics' put together. To extract a laugh out of the 'Æneid' it required the help of Scarron.

“ Horace was the delight of the convivial circle. The flashes of his Bacchanalian minstrelsy brightened the blaze of the banquet, and his love songs were the very quintessence of Roman refinement. Yet never did he achieve such a triumph as is recorded of his gifted friend, when, having consented to gratify the household of Augustus and the imperial circle by reading a portion of his majestic poem, he selected that famous exposition of Plato's sublimest theories, the sixth book of his 'Æneid.' The charm of the recitation gave additional dignity to that high argument, so nobly developed in harmonious verse. But the intellect had feasted its full when he suddenly 'changed his hand and appealed to the heart;' when the glowing episode of the young Marcellus came by surprise on the assembled

court, a fainting empress, amid the mingled tears and applause of veteran warriors, confessed the sacred supremacy of song.

“The poetry of Horace is a pleasant *thought*; that of Virgil a delightful *dream*. The first has mingled in the world of reality, the latter dwelt in a fanciful and ideal region, from which he rarely came down to the vulgarities of actual life. The tranquil lake reflects heaven in its calm bosom; the running brook makes acquaintance with the thousand objects on its varied margin.”

When Hannay distinguishes between Mahony's wit, learning, eloquence, and happiness in quotations from the marvellous store the Jesuits had helped to cram into his brain, and his mere *tours de force*, he is just.

‘To write verses in many tongues, is, indeed, a rare accomplishment; but what is rarest is not always the best. A great singer is better than a great ventriloquist, though he is a common phenomenon too. A great horseman is better than the best Astley's man, though he never gets on more than one horse at a time. Prout must laugh in his sleeve at those who admire him, mainly for what is in reality a knack. He knows well that a man may be as good a linguist as he, without being able to handle the languages in his peculiar

and amusing way; just as of two men who know Latin, he who knows it best will not necessarily write the best verse or prose. There goes far more real brain to mastering one language, as Porson did Greek, than to all the readiness in using fifty languages, colloquially, of a Mezzofanti. But then the result is not so startling, so dazzling, so odd. The crowd pass by the land surveyor, who is doing intellectual wonders with his cord, to gape at the juggler who is swallowing *his*. Father Prout is a great wit, humourist, and essayist, of large literary accomplishments, and we heartily relish the fun which he thinks proper to make by amusing himself with his knowledge. We have intimated as much before. But we wish to see him admired for what is most admirable about him, not for the sportive exercises only of his versatile and brilliant mind.'

'The Rogueries of Tom Moore' combine in them all Mahony's gifts, except that of tender eloquence, which is to be found in his paper on 'Dean Swift's Madness,' in the course of which, by the way, he alludes to 'the beautiful simile of the melodist' who sang of 'some banquet-hall deserted.' The opening of the paper (dated March 1830) shows how Father Prout could be serious :—

‘ Yet a few years, and a full century shall have elapsed since the death of Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick’s. Yes, O my friends! if such I may presume to designate you, into whose hands, when I am gathered to the silent tomb, these writings shall fall, and to whose kindly perusal I commend them, bequeathing at the same time the posthumous blessing of a feeble and toil-worn old man—yes, when a few winters more shall have added to the accumulated snow of age that weighs on the hoary head of the pastor of this upland, and a short period shall have rolled on in the dull monotony of these latter days, the centenary cycle will be fully completed, the secular anthem of dirge-like solemnity may be sung, since the grave closed for ever on *one* whom Britain justly reveres as the most upright, intuitive, and gifted of her sages, and whom Ireland, when the frenzied hour of strife shall have passed away, and the turbulence of parties shall have subsided into a national calm, will hail with the rapture of returning reason, as the first, the best, the mightiest of her sons. The long arrears of gratitude to the only true disinterested champion of her people will then be paid, the long-deferred apotheosis of the patriot divine will then take place, the shamefully-forgotten debt of glory which

the lustre of his genius shed around his semi-barbarous countrymen will be deeply and feelingly remembered ; the old landmark of genuine worth will be discovered in the ebbing of modern agitation, and due honour will be rendered by a more enlightened age to the keen and scrutinising philosopher, the scanner of whate'er lies hidden in the folds of the human heart, the prophetic seer of coming things, the unsparing satirist of contemporary delinquency, the stern Rhadamanthus of the political and of the literary world, the star of a benighted land, the lance and the buckler of Israel—

“ We ne'er shall look upon his like again.”

‘ And still why must I recall (what I would fain obliterate) the ever-painful fact—graven alas! too indelibly on the stubborn tablets of his biographers, chronicled in the annals of the country, and, above all, firmly and fatally established by the monumental record of his own philanthropic munificence—the disastrous fact that ere this brilliant light of our island was quenched in death, towards the close of the year 1745, long before that sad consummation, the flame had wavered wild and flickered fitfully in its lamp of clay, casting around shadows of ghastly form, and soon

assuming a strange and melancholy hue, that made every well-wisher hail as a blessing the touch of its final extinction in the cold and dismal vaults of St. Patrick's? In what mysterious struggle his gigantic intellect had been cloven down, none could tell. But the evil genius of insanity had clearly obtained a masterdom over faculties the most powerful, and endowments the highest, that have fallen to the lot of man.'

Prout's translations of the songs of France, and the songs of Italy, are no mere *tours de force*: they are, in some instances, exquisite renderings and enrichments of the original poets. Prout was especially happy with Béranger, in 'Les Souvenirs du Peuple,' 'Le Vieux Drapeau,' and 'Le Dieu des Bonnes Gens,' for instance, but not in the 'Grenier' of Béranger. 'Le Dieu des Bonnes Gens' begins:—

There's a god whom the poet in silence adores,  
 But molests not his throne with importunate prayer;  
 For he knows that the evil he sees and abhors,  
 There is blessing to balance, and balm to repair.  
 But the plan of the Deity beams in the bowl,  
 And the eyelid of beauty reveals his design.  
 Oh! the goblet in hand, I abandon my soul  
 To the Giver of genius, love, friendship, and wine!

But in his 'Literature and the Jesuits' in which he poured forth his stores of learning in proof

that the Jesuits had deserved well of the Republic of Letters, he prints a translation of a short devotional poem by an old schoolfellow of Prout's 'who entered the Order in 1754, and died a missionary in Cochin China' the old schoolfellow being of course, 'the lone incumbent' himself. It is called Don Ignacio Loyola's Vigil in the Chapel of our Lady of Montserrat:—

When at thy shrine, most holy maid !  
 The Spaniard hung his votive blade,  
     And bared his helmed brow—  
 Not that he feared war's visage grim,  
 Or that the battle-field, for him  
     Had aught to daunt, I trow.

'Glory !' he cried, 'with thee I've done !  
 Fame! thy bright theatres I shun,  
     To tread fresh pathways now :  
 To track THY footsteps, Saviour God !  
 With throbbing heart, with feet unshod—  
     Hear, and record my vow.

'Yes, THOU shalt reign ! Chained to thy throne  
 The mind of man thy sway shall own,  
     And to its conqueror bow.  
 Genius his lyre to Thee shall lift,  
 And intellect its choicest gift  
     Proudly on Thee bestow.'

This from the translator of 'The Groves of Blarney' and 'The Night before Larry was Stretched.' There was in Father Prout a good

deal of Scarron and something of Gresset, the latter of whom he quotes at the opening of his 'Apology for Lent,' in which the bubbling Irish humour of the Father comes out more wildly than in any of his papers. Referring to his polyglot edition of 'The Groves of Blarney' he describes his own happiest faculty as 'a rare combination of the Teian lyre and the Irish bagpipe—of the Ionian dialect blending harmoniously with the Cork brogue,—an Irish potato seasoned with Attic salt.' The lyre and the bagpipe sound by turns in the following address of 'the lone incumbent':—

'I do attach much importance to the act of James I., who in 1619 issued a proclamation reminding his English subjects of the obligation of keeping Lent, because his Majesty's object is clearly ascertained to have been to encourage the traffic of his countrymen the Scotch, who had just then embarked largely in the herring trade, and for whom the thrifty Stuart was anxious to secure a monopoly in the British markets. But when in 1627 I find the chivalrous Charles I., your martyred king, sending forth from the Banqueting-room of Whitehall, his royal decree to the same effect, I am at a loss to trace his motives. It is known that Archbishop Laud's advice went to the

effect of reinstating many customs of Catholicity, but from a more diligent consideration of the subject I am more inclined to think that the King wished rather, by this display of austere practices, to soothe and conciliate the Puritanical portion of his subjects, whose religious notions were supposed (I know not how justly) to have a tendency to self-denial and the mortifications of the flesh. Certain it is that the Calvinists and Roundheads were greater favourites at Billingsgate than the High-Church party ; from which we may conclude that they consumed more fish—a fact corroborated by the contemporary testimony of Samuel Butler, who says that when the great struggle commenced—

Each fisherwoman locked her fish up,  
And truded abroad to cry 'No bishop!'

'I will only remark in furtherance of my own views, that the King's beefeaters and the gormandising Cavaliers of that period would never stand in fair fight against the austere and fasting Cromwellians.

'It is a vulgar error of your countrymen to connect valour with roast-beef, or courage with plum-pudding. There exists no such association ; and I wonder this national mistake has not been noticed by Jeremy Bentham in his "Book of

Fallacies." As soon might it be presumed that the pot-bellied Falstaff, faring on venison and sack, could overcome in prowess Owen Glendower, who, I suppose, fed on leeks; or that the lean and emaciated Cassius was not a better soldier than a well-known sleek and greasy rogue who fled from the battle of Philippi, and, as he himself unblushingly tells the world, left his buckler behind him: *Relictâ non bene parmula*.

'Among European denominations, in proportion as the Celtic infusion predominates, so in corresponding ratio is the national character for abstemiousness. Nor would I thus dwell on an otherwise uninteresting speculation were I not about to draw a corollary, and show how these secret influences became apparent at what is called the great epoch of the Reformation. The latent tendency to escape from fasting observances became then revealed, and what had lain dormant for ages was at once developed. The Tartar and Slavonic breed of men flung off the yoke of Rome, while the Celtic races remained faithful to the successor of the "Fisherman" and kept Lent.'<sup>1</sup>

Prout is friskier in the memorable Water-

<sup>1</sup> The continuation of this quotation will be found in another connection, on p. 100.

grasshill Carousal, that, by the liberal use of Cork names made in it, gave considerable offence in the Father's native town. But with none were more liberties taken than with that of Mr. Daniel Corbett. One of the Father's intimate friends writes to me :<sup>1</sup> ' At the house of one especial friend of his I often used to meet him—this was Dan Corbett, senior, a distinguished dentist, a man of rare genius, who, had he turned his abilities to the stage, would undoubtedly have realised a very large fortune, and so Prout often told me. He was an admirable comic actor, and repeatedly gave proofs of his genius on the boards of the Cork Theatre, for charitable purposes. He was without a rival in Ireland as a comic singer of rare and funny songs—many of them his own composition. On the whole, had he appeared at Drury Lane or Covent Garden, Corbett would have gained renown, and a niche in the temple of fame. In his "Reliques," Mahony alludes to Dan Corbett as "the hospitable dentist who never had nut-crackers on his table," for they would spoil his trade by saving the teeth of his guests.'

Friar O'Meara's song, sung with the friar's eye on a succulent turkey apparent through the

<sup>1</sup> Letter from Mr. James Murphy, of Liverpool, to B. J., December 17, 1874.

kitchen-door, is in the Father's most roustering vein :—

Why, then, sure it was made by a learned owl,  
 The 'rule' by which I beg,  
 Forbidding to eat of the tender fowl  
 That hangs on yonder peg.  
 But, rot it ! no matter—  
 For here on a platter,  
 Sweet Margaret brings  
 A food fit for kings ;  
 And a meat  
 Clean and neat—  
 That's an egg !  
 Sweet maid,  
 She brings me an egg newly laid !  
 And to fast I need ne'er be afraid,  
 For 'tis Peg  
 That can find me an egg.

Nostrâ non est regulâ  
 Edenda gallina,  
 Altera sed edula  
 Splendent in culinâ :  
 Ova manus sedula  
 Affert mihi bina !  
 Est Margarita  
 Quæ facit ita  
 Puellarum regina !

We now turn from the Reliques of the Fraserian days closed by the Ladye of Lee, to the Reliques of a later time which the jocund scholar scattered over newspapers and magazines while he

lived a lonely man, save when Thackeray broke in upon him from London, or he met a friend from across the Channel, by the Tiber or the Seine.

Let us first tarry with the Padre on the banks of the Seine.

CHAPTER III.

MAHONY IN PARIS



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THE Rev. Francis Mahony, or Father Prout, trudging along the Boulevards with his arms clasped behind him, his nose in the air, his hat worn as French caricaturists insist all Englishmen wear hat or cap; his quick, clear, deep-seeking eye wandering sharply to the right or left, and sarcasm—not of the sourest kind—playing like jack-o’ lantern in the corners of his mouth. Father Prout was as much a character of the French capital as the learned Armenian of the Imperial Library only a few years ago. He was of those voluntary exiles to the banks of the Seine who loved their Paris well, and was as much part of Paris as Murger, Musset, Privat d’Anglemont, Méry, the great Theo, Lespès, Monselet, Dr. Véron, and a host of other notable strollers were or are. Very scornfully, too, did the Father look down upon the later strollers, for he could carry

back his mind to the days of greater, more earnest men, when literary warfare was waged by soldiers with the souls of lofty gentlemen, and the tailor's son sang through the bars of Ste. Pélagie :

Lisette seule a le droit de sourire  
 Quand je lui dis : Je suis indépendant,  
 Je suis, je suis indépendant.

It was difficult to meet Father Prout. He was an odd, uncomfortable, uncertain man. His moods changed like April skies. Light little thoughts were busy in his brain, lively and frisking as 'troutlets in a pool.' He was impatient of interruption, and shambled forward talking in an undertone to himself, with now and then a bubble or two of laughter, or one short sharp laugh almost a bark, like that of the marksman when the arrow quivers in the bull's eye. He would pass you with a nod that meant, 'Hold off—not to-day!' You had been with him in his *entresol* of the Rue des Moulins over night, and had been dismissed in the small hours when he had had gossiping enough. You had been charmed with the range of his scholarship, the ease and raciness of his wit, by the masterly skill with which he handled his literary tools, and the shades of the best of all good company whom he could summon before

you in anecdotes which almost brought their breath again upon the cheek. To-day he is gathered up closely within himself, and is holding company in solitude. He was very impatient if any injudicious friend or a passing acquaintance (who took him to be usually as accessible as any *flâneur* on the macadam) thrust himself forward and would have his hand and agree with him that it was a fine day, but would possibly rain shortly. A sharp answer, and an unceremonious plunge forward without bow or good-day would put an end to the interruption. Of course the Father was called a bore by ceremonious shallow-pates who could not see there was something extra in the little man talking to himself and shuffling, with his hands behind him, through the *fines fleurs* and *grandes dames* of the Italian Boulevard. There were boobies of his cloth, moreover, who called him a bore. He was forgetful at times of the *bienséances* it seems, which regulate the use of scissors and paste. He made ill-timed visits. He was unmindful of the approach of 'the hour for going to press.' He lingered over the paper when a neighbour was waiting for it, while he travelled far off amid the vast stores of his memory, seeking to clothe some fact or truth of to-day in the splendour of a classic phrase or in some quaint

old Jesuit dress. When his brain was full-flowing to his tongue, he would keep you under a tropical sun by the Luxor obelisk, and tell you when he first knew Paris, and how he saw the scaffoldings of the Rue Royale, and what historic pageants he had watched progressing inwards and outwards by the Tuileries. Apposite anecdote, queer figure, sounding phrase covering wretched littleness, lace coats over muddy petty hearts: Monsieur *de* Talleyrand, Béranger's *de*, everybody's *de*, Louis Philippe and his mess, the poet-president and then the nephew of somebody who lives to rule the roast—better roast too, than Monsieur Chose got by contract for his guests—ha! ha! the Father laughed, unmindful of the heat—and he gossiped on. Louis Philippe as Ulysses! the thread was a delightful toy. Ulysses, as Leech could draw him, with bottle-nose, a cotton umbrella under his arm, and a market basket in his hand, going out for the Sunday dinner. The store of recollection would gape wide, and it would end with this, 'You've nothing to do for an hour, have a cigar.' And away to the Rue des Moulins, one of those grand ancient hotels in which the Padre delighted. He was proud of his hotel, with its Jacobin atmosphere, and would have writhed with 'expropriation' written upon the dear walls.

This Rue des Moulins and hereabouts, Father Prout loved—the Moulins and the New Street of the Little Fields of his friend Thackeray, whom he helped to perch in an apartment herein, before Mr. Titmarsh had written his book on Paris—a book, by the way, which the Father called ‘a very poor thing’—poor, for Thackeray. Also, the Father was a difficult critic to please, when the subject was Paris. We have stood together, looking at the old Thackeray home, on the way to the famous *entresol*, and hence the conversation has been led far back to the days when Mr. Thackeray was a young man, and the incumbent of Watergrasshill was his senior and literary mentor. They were a curious pair to meet in after days, sallying radiant from Thackeray’s hostelry in the Place Vendôme. Both had grey hair; and the silver head of the author of ‘Vanity Fair,’ towered high above the little sharp face of the sometime mentor, who had given up literary ambition, and retired to thread his beads of gold as they might rise to his fingers for his evening paper. Tender memories held the two together, and it was a holiday to the Father when a few lines of the familiar, handsome little hand, told him that his friend was round on the Place once more. Passing Vachette’s (it was not Brébant’s then) after dinner one summer evening,

a voice called to me, 'Brandy-and-water?' The Father was seated in the shade, alone with his iced water and carafon. Not a word of salutation; no hand-shaking.

'Sit down.'

I think Thackeray had just departed for America, after the great banquet, whereof there was much talk, extending beyond literary circles, on account of the indiscretion and tasteless picture-painting of a correspondent for a provincial paper. In parenthesis, I would ask what English society would say to an Adrien Marx? The Father was naturally led to talk of his friend, and the splendid fortunes that had waited at length upon his genius. And so, back to the beginning. The mind, like the eye, loves a contrast; a little shade, as a relief from the shine. Hawthorne observes, in his 'Blithedale Romance,' 'Human destinies look ominous without some perceptible intermixture of the sable or the gray.' If not of sable, surely of gray, enough was spread over the life of Thackeray.

'The sable overspread him,' was about what the Father observed on this head. 'I knew him well before you were born. I was his domestic friend in the early time, and got the little house together here for the young couple.' The eyes of

the Father turned from me across the Boulevard—illimitably beyond that—as he spoke. Sad and playful memories traversed his brain, as plainly visible in the eye and mouth as the clouds and sunlight are upon the water. He got up, and marched off without notice, his hands tightly clasped behind him. I followed; and as I reached his elbow,—somewhere about the Rue Vivienne,—without glancing at me, he said, in his own full time, without preface (he was a man void of preface in speech; and, like Siebenkäs, advocate of the poor, ‘he laid the egg of his act, or deep saying, without any nest, on the naked rock’):

‘I introduced Thackeray to Maginn.’ He laughed as the vision passed before him. ‘Thackeray was a young buck in those days: wanted to make a figure in literature—*la belle affaire!* So he thought he must help himself to a magazine. It is an expensive toy. A magazine wanted—in those days, I know nothing about these—an editor. I recommended Billy Maginn.’ A burst of sharp laughter followed this.

‘It wasn’t so easy to get hold of Master Maginn in those times. However, I did get hold of him, and made Thackeray’s proposition to him. The deck must be cleared for action. You must

put the women and the rest of it in a safe and comfortable place. Before Maginn could go into the matter he must have 500*l.* for deck-clearing.'

The Father looked slyly round at me, seeming to say, 'The old story, you see. *La belle affaire*, this literary business!'

'This was a startling beginning; but Maginn was not to be had on any other terms. He was the only available man at the time. *You* were not born, remember.'

The Father chuckled over the little scratch.

'Now, there are so many geniuses, the difficulty would be in the choosing.'

I ventured my little point—'the mulberries of that day are the blackberries of this.'

The Father was somewhat prone to resent an interruption of this kind, as an incursion on his province. 'No; the blackberries, to a single blackberry, believe they are mulberries, but they are just fit for gipsies' finger and thumb now, as blackberries were when the down was upon Thackeray's chin. Maginns are not running about the market-places, though Pat Lardner and the rest of them have veneered such a lot of ye. The impossibility of making a purse of silk out of a sow's ear remains; but, a plague on 'em,

they've contrived a silk cover, and the ear passes off unsuspected as the lining. Thackeray was obliged to come to Maginn's terms. Maginn got his first hundred; and where do you think I brought them together?'

Thackeray, the young man of fashion, and *the* man of the position when a magazine was to be started—I could make no guess.

'At the Crown Tavern, Vinegar Yard, Drury Lane!'

In Maclise's cartoon of writers in Fraser, anno 1835, Maginn is addressing the brilliant company from the chair. Thackeray is four removed from the president, between Percival Banks and Churchill. A young man with plentiful hair, the deep stock of the time, and a glass in one eye, generally with the mark of fashion upon him—the parent of the 'Yellow-Plush Papers'—faces his old friend Frank Mahony. And this is how my old friend of the Rue des Moulins looked, three-and-thirty years ago! I could pick him out from the throng, as I could pick out Allan Cunningham from the close resemblance to his son Peter. Just so must the Father, with the merry lip and the searching eye, have looked when all the world was young to him. I met and knew him in his after-glow; here he is in the noontide of his fame, a man of greater

mark than the future author of 'Vanity Fair.' 'The lone incumbent of Watergrasshill' watched tenderly over young Mr. Thackeray, in his literary go-cart days—when the fashionable youth about town thought it a great exploit and experience to get into the company of Maginn, and to be admitted to the mysteries of the public-house in Vinegar Yard. Prout, dating a preface to his 'Reliques' from Paris in 1859, observes that he knew the great Maclise in his boyhood. It was in boyhood, then, that Maclise fixed the Father's 'true features in enduring copper.'

The meeting at the 'Crown' in Vinegar Yard was, of course, of earlier date than the cartoon by Maclise; for herein Thackeray is established contributor to 'Fraser,' and is sitting at the board with the solid-browed Scot who is contributing 'Sartor Resartus'; and he may be taking wine with Coleridge, who looks the oldest of the company.

'It was a poor business, was the new magazine,' the Father resumed, thinking leisurely over it. 'It wasn't likely to get on.' Then a chuckle. 'They quarrelled. People always fall out over a failure. It's your fault, and it's mine, and it's t'other man's over the way. Maginn wasn't the easiest man in the world to deal with. The mag.

lasted about six months. Thackeray wanted to sell it; but Maginn had a share. Maginn conceived that he ought to be consulted. I brought them together: Maginn in a towering passion, but he was capital. In the course of the meeting—at the old place, the “Crown”—he volunteered an Eastern story too, of two pashas, close friends, and how they divided their property in a manner which gave all of it to one of them. You will wonder, but Thackeray listened delighted to the end, and didn’t see Billy Maginn’s drift. The boys! the boys! All this was before ye were born.’

‘And then he came over here, did Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh. John Barnet was here too.’

Mr. Sheehan favours us with the following amusing and characteristic convivial recollections of his friend, when both of them lived in Paris about the middle of the fifties:—

‘When his letter for the “Globe” had been despatched, Prout generally strolled down to Voisin’s, in the Rue de Luxembourg (one of Thackeray’s favourite restaurants) where he was to be found, in the lower room, at dinner, from 6 to 7. He was a great fish-eater, as all who have read his “Apology for Lent” in the opening of the “Prout Papers” can very well imagine. I never saw him

dine without fish ; and on Fridays he stood by his colours by dining on it exclusively. He always would maintain that the proper way of helping yourself to small fish at least, such as red mullets, of which he was passionately fond, whittings, herrings, trout &c., was with your fingers, as the Arabs dived into their savoury mess of rice and kabobs ; whilst with the larger ones he would use spoons and forks of ivory, bone, or wood. He submitted, for the *bienséances*, to a silver fork, to which he objected almost as strongly as he did to cold steel itself. It was a great treat when one got him well on to the subject of pisciculture, which he would discuss in all its bearings, from its importance as an object of national wealth to its beneficial bearings upon the public health, and its moral significance in the sumptuary regulations of the Roman Catholic Church.

‘After dinner and his bottle of Volnay at Voisin’s, he was sometimes to be found in the fine autumn evenings, sitting in front of the Café Riche on the Boulevards. On such occasions were generally seen with him some three or four of the leading men of letters of the time—Englishmen almost invariably ; for, although he spoke French to perfection, and could hold his own with his French acquaintances, no matter how

*spirituel* and witty they might be, yet he was more partial to their society during dinner than afterwards. His genial spirit never took to the post-prandial coffee and *petit verre*, and only came thoroughly out as he mixed his cognac and water, sometimes hot, if the evening was at all chilly, but generally iced, as all the world take it in Paris in the fine season. Hot or cold, however, the *premier garçon*, who knew his way, put the element before him, with lemon and sugar, and a small carafe of the finest *velours*, which the Padre discussed at his ease, over the space of a couple of hours, when he would generally rise, sometimes abruptly, without taking leave of his friends, and go home to bed.

‘On one of those occasions, during a very fine October evening, when the Boulevards shone out *en pleine jouissance*, as Prout was seated at his accustomed table with Thackeray and a couple of other friends, I happened to be strolling by, and was hailed by the party.

‘My friend Mr. Henry Smith, then mayor of Cambridge, as well as proprietor and editor of the “Cambridge Independent Press,”<sup>1</sup> was on a

<sup>1</sup> After Mr. H. Smith’s death, which took place some ten years back, the ‘Cambridge Independent,’ for which I wrote

visit with me in Paris at the time, and accompanied me in my stroll along the Boulevards. He was indeed what you might call big amongst big Englishmen, in well-proportioned height and bulk, being over six feet, and weighing not far short of twenty stone, with handsome regular features and a well-shaped head—his whole appearance indicating what he really was, one of the most genial and good-natured men in existence.

‘Whilst the *garçon* was looking out for a chair large and strong enough to accommodate my friend—no easy matter—I presented him standing to the group, as an English journalist of high standing, and the President of the English Provincial Press Association—Mr. Smith, of Cambridge.

“Not Mr. Smith, of Cambridge!” repeated Prout on the instant, in a tone of mock indignation, “but Mr. Smith, of England!” which sudden and not inappropriate outburst of droll fancy caused us all to laugh so loud that the occupants of the tables in our neighbourhood looked round at us, all anxious to ascertain what the fun was about.

the leading articles in Cambridge, London, and Paris for nearly twenty years, reverted to the family of Mr. Weston Hatfield, the original founder of the newspaper.

“Let me shake you by the hand, Smith, of England!” continued Prout, standing up suddenly, his uncovered head not reaching the great man’s shoulders. “Let me hail you and welcome you to France. It will do those half-starved Frenchmen, who are all gazing at you with admiration, a world of good to take moral and material measure of you. Sit down and join us, sir, whilst I sanctify your inauguration amongst us by praying Heaven to bless you every day you sit down to your bottle of old port and your national sirloin.”

‘Talking of big and bulky men—in which category Thackeray, who was six foot two inches in height, and from sixteen to seventeen stone in weight, may well have been placed—reminds me of another of our evenings on the Boulevards, when Prout pushed friendship to the verge on the point, and was guilty, although unwittingly, of personal rudeness to one of the best friends he had in the world. Indeed, if that unfailing ready wit, for which he was so remarkable, had not come instantaneously to the rescue, the victim of the *mauvaise plaisanterie*, would, in all probability, have risen to his height and walked away, leaving the perpetrator of it to enjoy the dignified reproof with which it was met, for another day or two at least,

without the chance of *éclaircissement* or reconciliation.

‘ A group of about a dozen jolly and remarkably substantial-looking English excursionists were passing along in front of us, and amongst them one of gigantic height and bulk, very like Ben Caunt, if it was not the veritable champion of England himself, with his nose very little, if at all, improved since the day it was flattened in his fight with Bendigo or the Norwich Tinman, I forget which.

“What a formidable-looking fellow!” exclaimed one of our party; adding the well-known “*Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens—*”

“*Cui nasus ademtus!*” added Prout, instantly changing the end of the hexameter for his purpose, so far happily, and remarking that, “If the giant did not get along, like Polyphemus, with his eye out, his nose, or what was left of it, would be the better of the Taliacosian operation.”

‘ Then the Padre, darting one of his mischievous looks at Thackeray over his spectacles, said, “Overgrown humanity becomes additionally conspicuous with any damage or drawback to the countenance.”

“You allude personally to my height and

bulk and the misfortune which occurred to my nose, I presume?"—said Thackeray; looking more serious than jocose at his tormentor.

“Not personally, in the sense you seem to mean,” answered Prout, “but æsthetically. I never heard from yourself how your great nasal accident happened; although I once heard a capital Charterhouse joke about it—very funny, but of course very apocryphal.”

“The bridge of my nose,” answered Thackeray, “was smashed, purely and simply, in a fair stand-up fight with another Charterhouse boy; and my beauty was so completely spoiled that I went by the name of ‘The Cherub’ as long as I remained in the school afterwards.”

“Poor fellow!” said Prout, really in sympathy—“and, sure enough, it was an awful smash!”

“And now for the Charterhouse joke—pray what may that have been about my nose?” demanded Thackeray.

“Why, not that it had been compromised in a fight, but—”

“Good heavens! what else?”

“That you fell and stood on it!”

“Of course, all present laughed heartily at the absurdity of the idea, excepting the victim, who ex-

claimed against its being a Charterhouse joke but a blundering Irish one.

“ Well, they say,” said Prout, returning to the charge—and not relishing the home-thrust about the blundering Irish joke—“ that in your school days your legs looked so long and so out of proportion with your *torso*, that the only wonder was they did not trip each other up and compromise you more frequently than they did !”

‘ Another laugh at Thackeray’s expense (none of us could resist it) who coloured up highly, and, looking in his opponent’s face, said very deliberately—

“ *Rudis indigestaque moles !*”

“ *Rudis*, if you choose, and since you are so sensitive,” cried out Prout ; “ although I could not have meant to be rude, when I said that the school version of your nasal accident was only a joke, and an apocryphal one. As to being an ‘ undigested heap of matter,’ I shall only return the compliment in a very different spirit, and hope it will put you in a different humour. For the Ovidian quotation which you apply to my case, I prefer to apply the Virgilian one to your own—

‘ *Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet !*

“ You are more long-headed than long-legged,

and your mind is far greater than even your body.”’

To return from Mr. Sheehan’s evening to our own stroll with Prout on the Boulevards.

We had turned down the Rue de la Paix—and the Father’s eyes wandered along the chimney-pots right and left—till we got to the Place Vendôme, when they fell on the column. They had pulled down the Little Corporal, and put up a bare-legged Cæsar. The Father had a passionate admiration for ‘the great modern inheritor of the iron crown,’ anointed, like Charlemagne, by a Pope, ‘and, like him, the sole arbitrator of European kingdoms and destinies;’ and the expressions on his face lightened and darkened in quick succession. He would have kept the gray coat and the cocked hat crowning that column of gun-metal.

Every street corner gave him some memory of the past. He walked along, pointing with a nod of his head—for he seldom unclasped the hands that were folded behind him—to a window or a gateway. On his rounds he generally turned into Galignani’s reading-room, in the anteroom to which he would possibly have a gossip.

Sometimes he passed through, saw everybody, but was not inclined to speak, or even be at the

trouble of a gesture of recognition. At intervals old familiar faces beamed upon him as he entered, friends of the long time ago, passing to or from the continental holiday. Mr. Browning would suddenly appear, homeward bound from London. Admirable were the caricatures of Mr. Browning, senior, who dwelt in Paris, and died there a few years ago, according to the Father. When Prout was pondering a new edition of the 'Reliques,' that of 1859, we find him in communication with the great man who wrote 'Pippa Passes.'

'From Florence,' the 'lone incumbent' writes, 'the poet Browning has sent for this edition some lines lately found in the Euganean Hills, traced on a marble slab that covered the bones of Pietro d'Abano, held in his age to be an astrologer :—

Studiando le mie cifre con compasso,  
 Rilevo che sarò presto sotto terra ;  
 Perchè del mio saper si fa gran chiasso,  
 E gli ignoranti mi hanno mosso guerra.

'Of which epitaph the poet has supplied this vernacular rendering *verbatim* :—

Studying my ciphers with the compass,  
 I find I shall be soon under the daisy ;  
 Because of my lore folks make such a rumpus,  
 That every dull dog is thereat *unaisy*.'

The literary sympathy between the poet

Browning and the translator of Béranger and author of the 'Bells of Shandon' is explained in this bit of correspondence.

The translation delighted the Father, who thereupon launched into his own theory of translation. He held that 'in the clear failure of one language to elicit from its repertory an exact equivalent, it becomes not only proper but imperative (on the law principle of *cestui après* in case of trusts) to fall back on an approximate word or idea of kindred import, the interchange in vocabulary showing at times even a balance in favour of the substitute, as happens in the ordinary course of barter on the markets of the world. He (Prout) quite abhorred the clumsy servility of adhering to the letter while allowing the spirit to evaporate; a mere verbal echo, distorted by natural unfructuosities, gives back neither the tone nor quality of the original voice, while the ease and curious felicity of the primitive utterance is marred by awkwardness and effort; spontaneity of song being the quintessence, spontaneity is that which is the charm of Prout's work in the way of translation. He waited till the corresponding idea came. In his 'Reliques,' and in his newspaper correspondence, there are hundreds of bits of happy inspiration, for his translation was inspi-

ration, witness his songs of France, whether of Millevoye, De Vigny, or Béranger. Drops of his scholarly humour in this way beaded the brim of his sparkling letters.

The manner in which these letters for his paper were produced was as original as the matter of them. They were put together like mosaics, or little scraps of paper, bit by bit, a tint being added wherever he could pick it up on his daily saunterings. The gossip of the day never failed to stir something good out of the full caldron of his brain. As he kept his *pot-au-feu*, his *pignatta*, his *olla podrida*, call it what you will, simmering in the Rue des Moulins, so he treated his brain, adding and still adding to the rare contents, so that the hazard of the fork was never risked without bringing something good to the surface. I take an example at random; it appeared in the 'Globe' in 1850.

The Father is roused by a foreign jargon, 'un-English in sound as well as significance,' about 'rescript,' 'enthronisation,' 'jubilee,' and 'pallium.' Since it appears they are to become 'household words in merry England,' they must be understood. The Father takes up the pallium, and he is at home, merry with the wealth of erudition he can easily throw about the subject. He premises

that it is an article of dress of which the Pope makes a present to archbishops, 'but the shape and cut of the garment has undergone such a serious change that the original and primitive tailoring is lost altogether.' The story is got through rapidly, with a crowd of passing references. 'Certain it is, that when Tertullian wrote his treatise "De Pallio" no such gifts were flying about from Rome.'

'Originally a Greek dress (as opposed to the Roman toga), it was a distinction of scholars, rhetoricians, and men of letters, who were most of them foreign to Rome.' Then again, 'in the lapse of a few centuries, it became by promotion a royal garb, and the name was exclusively given to a flowing robe of purple worn by majesty.' Again, 'in the celebrated forgery called the "Donation of Constantine," which has been long laughed out of court, and of which Rome is now thoroughly ashamed, there is a clause inserted about a special grant of the emperor to the pontiff, authorising him to wear this royal accoutrement. There is nothing about his right to communicate the privilege to others.' Cardinals' hats were not yet invented. The power to grant licences to wear this 'peculiar uniform' was assumed by the papacy and turned to solid account,

as the Father shows when 'in Henry I.'s time, his Archbishop of York got over head and ears in debt to buy a pallium.' The pallium is a 'purely mundane affair,' a 'regular bit of fancy costume, and not to be confounded with pious usages in any way.' The Father is bold; 'that it should be sought for so eagerly by sensible old men is only proof of human flunkeyism.' It shrivelled from the folds of a robe into the proportions of a garter, as it appears in the armorial emblems and official seal of Armagh, Canterbury, and Dublin. The following is one of the Father's happy uses of apropos knowledge :—

'There stands about a mile outside the Porta Pia, on the road to Tivoli, an old convent of nuns attached to the still more ancient church of St. Agnes. These nuns are poor, and rarely do any of Rome's high-born damsels enter the cloister of this lonely and neglected sisterhood. They have got a small paddock attendant to the monastery, and therein keep a couple of sacred lambs, not necessarily of the merino breed, but still proud and happy ministrants of their wool for the texture of this noble decoration. The sisters spin it, not by any new-fangled jennies, but on the old patriarchal spindle, and weave it in a loom of which the pattern might date from the days of Penelope.

Doubtless these simple-minded and angelic vestals feel inward happiness in the thought of working out an ornament for the chosen champions of their Church; a feeling akin to what in feudal ages animated the bosom of fair spinsters, who wove a scarf for some cherished and select model of chivalry :—

Emblem bright ! which to embroider  
While her knight was far away,  
Many a maiden hath employed her  
Fairy fingers night and day.

‘No one will be so unreasonable as to quarrel with the Pope for decorating any Englishman with his pallium, especially as he no longer pockets the fee, but allows it to go for the support of these poor nuns.’

The Father, on the creation of Sir J. Brooke as rajah of Sarawak, continues—well, not in the ordinary ‘our own correspondent’ style:—‘The Emperor of the Flowery Land may make Dr. Bowring of Hong Kong a first chop Mandarin, presenting the doctor with a splendid button, though both these happy gentlemen would see the propriety of a reference to their own sovereign on the occasion. Mr. Roebuck’s constitutional law sees nothing, even in the creation of a Westminster mitre by a foreign prince, to warrant the

notice of our Queen.' The Father is ready for the member for Sheffield:—' Upon that point the following aphorism of old Guicciardini seems to us worthy of recollection: "He that bears one blow at an enemy's hand asketh another, and he that endureth one contemptible neglect from his subject shall be sure of many. For not to have sense of a foreign affront and be displeased at home-bred abuses, and capable to redress both, are things much derogating from the honour of a prince; the first argues a pusillanimity of spirit, the other a debility of judgment. He, therefore, that will not be wronged a second time must remedy the first, against a stranger by the lance, against a subject by the law."'

As far back as 1833, the Father boasted that he knew the French character thoroughly; yet he was not tired of studying its manifestations more than a quarter of a century later. I don't think his opinions in the main were modified by his latter daily studies. The French, among whom he was happy, were always to him a nation of bright children, 'possessing all the frolicsome wildness, all the playful attractiveness of that pleasant epoch in life, but deficient in the graver faculties of dispassionate reflection.' He propped his opinion with his plentiful learning. 'In the

age of Louis XIV., Père Bonhours gravely disputes in his "Cours de Belles Lettres" the question "whether a native of Germany can possess wits?" The phlegmatic dwellers on the Danube might retort by proposing as a problem to the University of Göttingen, "An datur philosophus inter Gallos?" Certain it is, and I know them well, that the calibre of their mind is better adapted to receive and discharge "small shot" than "heavy metal;" that they are more calculated to shine in the imaginative, the ornamental, the refined and delicate departments of literature, than in the sober, sedate, and profound pursuits of philosophy; and it is not without reason that history tells of their ancestors, when on the point of taking the Capitol, that they were foiled and discomfited by the solemn steadiness of a goose.' In the 'small shot,' as he watched its wonderful play night and morning, as he listened to it in the salon and the café (not much in the salon of late years), Father Prout delighted. In zest and tone he was French. Over his fire in his *entresol*, you would have said of him—'Some bright, lonely, bachelor bibliophile, who can talk alone to the simmering pots, and let the world go topsy-turvy while he dwells on the learned glories of the

Jesuits, and fumbles amongst their inexhaustible treasures.'

The sneer and short laugh, the flash of the sharp eyes, and the impatient gesture and the rude tongue punished the audacious meddler with his theme. The Father was ready to bury him under a mountain of books the dabbler had never seen. He ran his tongue along the bright roll of names which had issued from the desks of the Jesuits: 'Forth from their college of Dijon, in Burgundy, came Bossuet to rear his mitred front at the court of a despot and to fling the bolts of his tremendous oratory among a crowd of elegant voluptuaries. They cradled the genius of Corneille. Molière was the fruit of their classic guidance.

'D'Olivet, Fontenelle, Orebillon, Le Franc de Pompignan—there is scarcely a name known to literature during the seventeenth century which does not bear testimony to their prowess in the province of education—no profession for which they did not adapt their scholars.' The Father is inexhaustible. He remarks that François Arouet issued from their college of Louis le Grand, and that they little knew to what purpose the subsequent 'Voltaire' would convert his abilities. Voltaire! Of Voltaire—of none so immediately and strikingly did Father Prout remind the

visitors—they were rare—who penetrated his *entresol*. And assuredly there never was a completer Frenchman than Monsieur François Arouet. Our friend had the Frenchman's playfulness also when he liked. I turned with him into a bye-street from the Rue de Rivoli one evening—somewhere behind the Oratory Church. He had stepped aside from our direct path to have a gossip with an humble housewife with whose boy and girl he appeared to be on terms of the most cordial intimacy. The poodle Toto bounded after him and licked his hands while he made his inquiries about his young favourites, who were at school. On another occasion he tapped at the window of a house. There was an instant commotion within. The family was that of a journeyman watchmaker, and the Father was a friend of theirs, and he handed his watch in through the window to be regulated.

But in London Father Prout showed his kindly side. I was a boy when I first met him. He was delighting in the society of a crowd of law and other students who had formed a discussion club. He looked a little grim now and then among us, he who had supped with Coleridge and Southey, and been a guide to Thackeray in his youth. He was generous, however, full of spirits, bubbling

over with anecdote and illustration ; in short, he had that touch of the boy in him which has been marked so often in men of the highest stamp. He laughed his heartiest at our debates, warmed his heart I think in the fire of our youth, showed a most affectionate interest in any among us who gave the least promise of intellectual excellence, and in a discussion manifested that amiability which a big dog shows to a little one.

I never met Father Prout by Galignani's or by the Café Cardinal, or in the Café Vaudeville on the Place de la Bourse (then the café of many newspaper correspondents), that he did not, if we fell into a chat, ask how the 'boys' were getting on. He had chosen a few from the hundred, and he held his impression of them fast, as he held the learning which he never ceased to accumulate.

I was not in Paris when he died, but I have heard of his closing days from an accomplished American lady who sat often at his bedside, brightened some of his last hours, and bore with his roughnesses, knowing that they were as much an inseparable part of him as the brain that lay under the thinly-scattered snow flakes of his age. Sometimes he would greet her, and bid his gracious visitor talk with him. Suddenly she was

dismissed—abruptly told to leave him alone. He was impatient about the delicacies which were sent to his sick chamber; but there was a warm corner in his heart answering these kindnesses. The lady to whom I have referred was quite proud to tell me that the Father had actually praised one jelly she sent, and hinted at another. She had first met him reading the papers in Galignani's room. She had referred to him in some difficulty of scholarship, and she said that nothing could exceed his kindness nor surpass his readiness of information. The strange lady with the scholarly mind had touched the glorious old man of letters, and you see, ladies who are apt to sneer at penwomen, the 'blue' who could comfort him with intellectual conversation could make him the most toothsome of the dainties which were pressed to his poor lips in the final hour. The blue-stocking adopted Jeffrey's suggestion, and wore long petticoats.

During the last fortnight preceding his death, the Father was often employed burning his papers; so that only a few scraps, like the poems and the letter I have given in facsimile, remain. His sister (Mrs. Woodlock) went over from Ireland, and remained at his bedside till the last. He could speak only with great suffering, his

throat being severely affected ; but he constantly wrote his wishes upon a slate kept at his hand. By his own desire he saw the Rev. F. Lefevre, the Superior of the Jesuits, and he wrote to the Abbé Rogerson, of St. Roch, to come to him ; and the latter remained with him after he had received the last Sacraments of the Catholic Church, until he died.<sup>1</sup> His remains were borne to Cork, and lie by ‘ the Bells of Shandon.’

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POSTSCRIPT.

[Having finally applied to Mr. Sheehan for a few ‘ Last Words ’ on the Padre’s literary career and original training, knowing that he had peculiar opportunities of being intimately acquainted with both, he has been good enough to favour me with the following *Memorabilia* on the subject, which form a fitting postscript to his agreeable souvenirs of our brilliant and singularly gifted friend. B. J.]

‘ Inner Temple, June 1, 1875.

‘ Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in acceding to your request to let you have a frank expression

<sup>1</sup> Letter from Mr. T. Woodlock, of Uplands, Monkstown, Dublin, Mahony’s nephew, to B. J. January 11, 1875.

of my opinion on the genius and writings of our deceased friend Mahony, as well as what I know and think worth relating of his early training and education, to enable you to measure his peculiar school, and account for the more singular features of his brilliant originality.

‘I accord with your wishes the more readily as, in the first place, you express your confidence in me that, having had the experience of a University career, after finishing my primary education at a Jesuit college, I should, from such an independent and advanced standpoint, be enabled to form a more impartial as well as more competent judgment in the matter than if it had been my destiny to have begun and ended my academic education with the *Ratio Studiorum* of the Jesuits. In the second place, from the circumstance of having worked in the same fields of classic humour on which he has left his more enduring mark, you give me credit for appreciating more accurately than the passing reader the high character of the literary reliques he has left behind him. And finally it is understood between us that I am not expected to write an elaborate review or essay, but simply jot down a few frank and sincere remarks, given as if in conversation with a friend, without any formal premeditation of the subject.

‘Wishing you all the success which your undertaking merits, and feeling confident that our world of English literature sympathises with the object you have in view of rescuing from future oblivion the biographical and literary memorabilia of a name which claims an honoured place amongst the most brilliant *littérateurs* of our century.

‘I am, dear Sir,

‘Yours faithfully,

‘JOHN SHEEHAN.

‘BLANCHARD JERROLD, ESQ.’

*Familiar Memorabilia of the Writings, Genius and Education of Father Prout.*

‘. . . Ut premerer sacrâ  
Lauroque, collatâque myrto,  
Non sine Dis animosus infans !’

HOR. *Ad Calliopen.*

‘The most interesting moments of Mahony’s life were when he first opened a Latin grammar in Cork, to prepare for the priesthood, for he was “dedicated to the altar” from his childhood ; and when he went to London some quarter of a century afterwards.

‘Had his parents been imbued with more

common-sense than pietistic notions, he would have flourished in after life as an eminent member of some one of the other liberal professions; and had his pilgrim footsteps after missionary employment not led him to London to officiate in the chapel of the Bavarian ambassador, France, the land of his love and choicest recollections, would have been proud to claim him as the descendant of a race who fought for her on other though not more honoured fields; eloquence would have been the only mode of the lyre that would have exercised his brilliant powers; and we should have heard of him by this time as a Lacordaire or a Lamennais, if not a Massillon or a Bourdaloue himself.

‘ Mahony had not long been in London, where he arrived in his thirty-first year, when he made the acquaintance of Maginn, his celebrated fellow-townsmen, a classic amongst classics, who led the eminently convivial set of the Fraserians, and occupied the most prominent position himself on the then famous periodical. Even in those early days, the young priest had an exceptionally large knowledge, not only of books but of men; and his experience of foreign life, literature, and travel, especially as regards Italy and France, where he felt himself at home, and spoke their languages to

perfection, was, without any exaggeration, marvellous.

‘ Among such *enfants d’esprit* his rare acquirements and jovial originality made him at once popular, and his rich literary resources were in full requisition. Breathing such an exciting atmosphere, amidst such fascinating employments and companions, he wove his Parnassian wreaths instead of composing his homilies, and changed the smoke of the incense and the sacerdotal chalice for the fumes of the Virginian weed and “the cup that cheers” but we cannot always say “inebriateth not.” It was not, of course, to be expected that a dissolution between him and an uncongenial Order should not, however it was brought about, have taken place before long. Here I should say that he never underwent any episcopal censure, that he never was on unfriendly terms with his ecclesiastical superiors, who simply thought that he had mistaken, not dishonoured, his profession ; and that I am aware of his having performed without any prohibition, implied or positive, different sacerdotal functions at different periods of his life, afterwards.

‘ The most popular of the polyglot compositions in the “Prout Papers” was that which first of all attracted the attention, not only of university

readers generally, but of all who in this country receive the ordinary education of a public school. This was "The Groves of Blarney," the original words of which were written by a celebrated convivial wit in his day, Dick Milligan,<sup>1</sup> of Cork, and were introduced into Lord Glengall's farce of "The Irish Tutor," by the famous actor of comic Irish parts, Tyrone Power. When the classic curiosity, as clever as it was amusing, first appeared (see second Prout Paper, "Fraser's Magazine" for April 1835), it was interwoven with a serio-comic prose rhapsody in praise of pilgrimages, the gist of the story being a pilgrimage to the Blarney stone by the old pastor of Watergrasshill and no less a personage than Sir Walter Scott. Three versions, in Latin, Greek, and French, were given in parallel columns, alongside the original words, of which the Latin and French were by Prout, and the Greek by Frank Murphy, of the Temple, afterwards the Serjeant and Commissioner in Bankruptcy. The French was considered to stand the highest in order of merit, the Greek second, and the Latin third. It was thought by the leading critics of the time that the whole production would have been still more perfect, as a

<sup>1</sup> The author also of 'Saint Patrick was a Gentleman,' a song of equal popularity with 'The Groves of Blarney.'

piece of classic drollery, had the Latin and French rhymes been adapted to the metre and air of the old canticle. The Greek version being in rhyming anacreontics, at once faithful and spirited, and no one ever dreaming of singing the language of the Teian, as German and other Continental students chaunt Latin verses,<sup>1</sup> and even English do French, Murphy's performance was deemed all that could be desired. The Serjeant, *en passant*, was the best writer in his day of Greek anacreontics at Clongowes Wood and Trinity College, Dublin. There were three more similar odes contributed by him to the earlier "Prout Papers," as Frank Creswell, of Furnival's Inn, which the Padre acknowledged—although not intelligibly enough to the uninitiated—as well as that he was indebted to the young barrister for the chief portion of the report of the "Watergrasshill Carousal." He intimates moreover in terms about which there can be no mistake, that the rhyming Latin Sapphic version of Campbell's "Battle of Hohenlinden" was Frank Creswell's; and even if he had not, the difference in style from his own would disclose the fact that, on the point of fidelity alone, it did

<sup>1</sup> *Gaudcamus igitur, juvenes, dum sumus!* 'Edite, bibite, conviviales!' 'Dulce cum sodalibus sapit vinum bonum;' &c. &c.

not come from the hand of the diffuse although eminently brilliant paraphrast.

‘Prout’s acquaintance with Greek although respectable, was not by many degrees to be compared with his superior knowledge of Latin. The Latin races, and consequently their colleges, did not cultivate the former up to the high point of the English and German universities. Latin was the *forte* and speciality of the Jesuits ; and as regards Latin prose, it has ever been acknowledged that they wrote it with superior purity and elegance. It does not follow however that their school of Latin versification was of so high an order of merit, or indeed anything like it. I could point out specimens in the *Musæ Etonenses* by the Marquis Wellesley, Lord Strangford, Lord Lyttleton, Canning, Stratford Canning, Gladstone (our late premier), Sir Edward Creasy, Sir G. C. Lewis, &c., as well as others from the *Merivales*, *Druries*, &c., in the *Arundines Cami*, without going back to Vincent Bourne or Addison, Milton or Buchanan, which need not fear comparison with the choicest flowers of the Jesuit Parnassus. Indeed, I feel certain that in most instances the palm would be awarded to our English scholars. After Casimir Sarbiewski, who was far and away their best Latin ode writer, and was

justly called, as far as Latinity may be regarded, "the modern Horace," the three next in lyrical rank were Camirius, Hosschius, and Wallius. Vanniere, their best writer of hexameters, and author of the beautiful poem of the *Prædium Rusticum*. I always thought deserved a Cambridge edition as much as Casimir, and that he ought to be much better known in our world of scholarship than he is.

'The best of the Continental modern Latin poets are not to be found enrolled in the Order of the Jesuits. Vida, Archbishop of Cremona, the author of "The Christiad" and "The Silkworm"—(the translation of the latter by Prout, one of his best performances) had just gone off as the Jesuits were coming on; Sannazaro, a Neapolitan gentleman attached to the court of Frederick of Arragon, who wrote *De Partu Virginis*, and Fracastor,<sup>1</sup> who invested even such an otherwise repulsive subject as the *Morbus Gallicus* with the most exquisite graces of the Latin muse, both flourished in the century before Ignatius of Loyola founded his institution. Cardinal Polignac,<sup>2</sup> who published

<sup>1</sup> Hallam prefers him as a poet to Vida and Sannazaro, not for the construction of his verse, but for his brilliant conceptions.

<sup>2</sup> The unfortunate minister of Charles the Tenth derived his origin from the same old stock. The cardinal was a con-

in 1747 his "Anti-Lucretius" (a poem which Professor Tyndall would do well to read in the original Latin, unless he should prefer the excellent translation of it by M. de Bougainville) was not a Jesuit; nor did he attain such excellence as a writer of Latin hexameters in any of their colleges.

'Speaking of the cardinal's education and scholarship, I am reminded of the fact that about this epoch the classes at the Jesuit colleges showed a great falling off as regards not only the numbers but the rank of the students in Humanity. Pascal and the Port-Royalists, when the Order sided with Rome, as it has ever done, against the Jansenists and the liberties of the Gallican Church, had exposed its dangerous and despotic system of theological casuistry in Louis Quatorze's time. The generation living during the earlier years of Louis Quinze's reign had begun to forget much of its obnoxiousness; and the generation coming after had nearly forgotten all about it. Then other events, which cannot be blotted out of their history, took place, and which sent them down hill in the public estimation faster and faster every

temporary of Voltaire's, and the object of his work was at once an attack on the atomic theory of the old Roman poet, and the general materialism of the encyclopedists.

day, until at length they were expelled from France by a decree of the King and Parliament (1762) brought about by their great enemy the minister Choiseul, additionally instigated to effect their downfall by the Marquise de Pompadour, on account of their endeavours to put an end to her intercourse with the King. During the period ranging over the second and third quarters of the last century, the Order appears to have paid more attention to court and political intrigue than literature and the circle of the sciences; and, even whilst it retained its sacerdotal character and collegiate status, to have mixed itself very largely and unworthily with trade and commerce. It naturally fell back therefore from the high intellectual position it had previously maintained; and when at length the governments of France, Spain, and Portugal made a clean sweep of it from their dominions, its scholarship seems to have been snuffed out, not only from Western Europe, but from the world altogether. When it was suppressed by the rescript of Pope Clement XIV. in 1773, the Fathers of the Order became missionaries through Asia, Africa, and America, and were to be found again on a few European spots, following their usual *métier* of collegiate instruction, about the end of that century. The Empress

of Russia gave them a warm invitation to open schools in Poland, accepting their honourable assurance that there or elsewhere in her dominions they would not propagandise amongst Russo-Greek believers in favour of the Roman faith. Mr. Pitt, who, of course, consulted his royal master, George the Third, before giving them any countenance, granted their application to be allowed to settle in England, under security of the oath of civil allegiance, prescribed by the Act of 1791.

‘It was in 1794 that the Jesuits, who had been driven in former periods of our history from our shores ignominiously and savagely, and who, during some periods of ultra-religious rancour, would have been, if caught lurking amongst our old Catholic houses, consigned to the gibbet by our Protestant ancestors, landed once more, but this time in safety, on English ground, seeking an asylum from their co-religionists of the Continent. The Government of the Austrian Netherlands allowed them to settle under it when expelled from France, Spain, and Portugal in 1762; and in 1773, when the suppression of the Order was decreed by Clement XIV., they were allowed to retain their collegiate establishment at Liége, until they were expelled from it and from Belgium

altogether by the French Revolutionary Army, under Dumouriez.

‘The exiled Belgian Fathers found a munificent protector in Mr. Thomas Weld, of Lulworth Castle, one of the most ancient and wealthy Roman Catholics in the United Kingdom, who bestowed upon them his mansion and demesne of Stonyhurst, in Lancashire.

‘In less than twenty years afterwards the Order purchased the splendid residence, with about three hundred acres of land attached to it, of Castle Brown, in the county of Kildare, giving it the ancient title Clongowes Wood, which it had enjoyed before the Brown family came into possession of the property.

‘The English and Irish branches of the Order, the former about eighty, and the latter about sixty years in existence, have pursued an extremely quiet and inoffensive course, attending exclusively to the education of the sons of our Roman Catholic upper classes, and caring as little about making a figure in the literature of the outer world as for mingling in the religious controversies or party politics of the country.

‘The somnolency of Stonyhurst in intellectual movement may be fairly measured by the evidence that was elicited concerning its *ratio studiorum*

from some of its *alumni*, during the great trial of "The Claimant." It certainly can boast of having originally educated Richard Sheil, who, however, graduated subsequently at Trinity College, Dublin, one of the most brilliant orators of his day ; and it produced an able and accomplished writer and speaker in the person of Thomas Wyse—the former of whom the British public of every religious creed were pleased to see advanced to the head of our Legation at Florence, and the latter to a corresponding position of dignity at Athens. I know no other distinguished man in arts or arms, in literature or the learned professions, whose education the Lancashire establishment can claim since its foundation.

‘ Clongowes Wood can boast of not a few names which stand high in the Honour Lists of Trinity College, Dublin, and afterwards amongst the leaders of the Irish Bar, and the Dublin Faculty of Medicine. The difference in the results of the educational training at these Jesuit colleges I take to be fairly owing to the fact that the rich and respectable professional and mercantile classes of the Irish Roman Catholics, a working lot, who depend on their brains for getting on in life, go to Clongowes, and in many, if not most instances, to Trinity College afterwards, whilst

the sons of the Roman Catholic nobles, baronets, and superior landed gentry generally, not alone English but Irish, go to Stonyhurst, and to no University afterwards—just as the sons of our upper ten thousand of the English Established Church are sent to Trinity, Cambridge, and Christ Church, Oxford, these colleges being considered more *comme il faut* and gentlemanly than the other colleges of the two great English Universities.

‘All this has reference, more or less, to the learning of the Order generally, of which Prout got the credit of having drunk deep, from his post-mortem biographers in the Reviews and Magazines, as well as to “Literature and the Jesuits” in particular, his sixth paper of the Fraserian series, the subject of which he treated very cleverly, and which, without accusing him of even partial affection, he made the most of, going back, however, very far into the history of the Order to illustrate his panegyric. He has told us nothing of the literary or learned career of the Jesuits for ever so many generations back. How could he? The successors of the learned Fathers who wrote the works he speaks of in prose and verse, as well as left behind them such lasting monuments of classic learning as the *Gradus ad Parnas-*

*sum* and the Virgils, Ovids, Horaces, Juvenals, &c., edited *In Usum Delphini*, have not, to the best of my belief and knowledge, enriched the literature of any country in Europe with even an ordinary school book for upwards of a hundred years!

‘Of course I do not seek to maintain for a moment that to be a good teacher one must be a great author as well. Those who preside over a college or a class meritoriously and successfully cannot be all Doctor Arnolds. The best instructors *in Literis Humanioribus* I ever knew were the Fellows of the Dublin University, which was called in my young days “The Silent Sister,” because she contributed nothing, or next to nothing, to the literature of the country. This brings me to speak of Prout’s early training, a most important point in considering his scholarship, for it is early training makes or mars the future scholar. I have seen little well-trained fellows of ten or a dozen years who could keep for ever in class above so called dunces many years older, who were not dunces after all, but were kept down by their misfortune of having been badly handled at first, just as the badly handled colt never makes a good horse in harness or the saddle.

“An early acquaintance with the classics,” says Tickell, in his preface to Jacob Tonson’s edition

of Addison's works, "is what may be called the good breeding of poetry, as it gives a certain gracefulness which never forsakes a mind that contracted it in youth, but is seldom or never hit by those who would learn it too late."

' An acquaintance with the classics, be it early or late, cannot be achieved without its elementary foundation having been first securely laid. Prout did not study his rudiments under the mild and gentle class system of the Jesuits, but got them by heart, in fear and trembling, under a Munster pedagogue, who first put a Latin grammar in his hand when about seven years of age, and a Greek one about a year and a half afterwards. Those were the men, those Munster teachers, and the Cork ones<sup>1</sup> especially, who would have the elementary business done to perfection. Any one who shirked it, no matter what his age, size, or condition, was safe to have it well flogged into him.

' After some four or five years of this perfect training—and what a deal of the junior classics he must have had drilled into him during that time, at

<sup>1</sup> Maginn's father, who kept the first school in Cork, was one of them upwards of fifty years ago. The Doctor assisted in the famous academy for some years, previous to his literary life in London.

an age when, if of a good constitution, and rightly handled, a youth can do as much brain work in a week as in a month afterwards—the tiny Cork school-boy was sent to the Jesuit College at Amiens, at the same early age as his precocious and brilliant fellow-townsmen Maginn entered the Dublin University, namely in his thirteenth year. Of course, the well-drilled and precocious little fellow jumped up at his first term's examination to the head of his school or class, and kept it till the end of his Humanity career. With emulation at the prow, and confidence at the helm, he sailed over the azure waters which flowed for him gently and as smooth as a summer lake; or, during this, the pleasantest period of his pleasant life, he galloped along the floweriest of paths and over the springiest of courses, like that which Atalanta bounded along in Arcadia, or the old four-mile one of his native Curragh. The Jesuits turned him out, not so much a brilliant specimen of their training, as a bright, particular, and self-illuminated star. Their classic course gave him little or no trouble, and occupied not anything like the hours he devoted to study. He read the most out-of-the-way works, and devoured every sort of knowledge he could lay his hands on. “The Learning of the Jesuits,” indeed!—

“*Stat nominis umbra*”—all that had passed away long and many a year before his pupilage at Amiens and the Rue de Sèvres. Then, as now, the Order took no lead in the world of intellect; but was satisfied to enjoy its rich inheritance, the renown of bygone years, the reflection of its former greatness.

‘Prout’s great facility of Latin composition, which surprised his literary friends in the commencement of his London career, was to be accounted for by his having been accustomed to speak and argue in Latin during the years it took him to go through his logic, philosophy, and theology schools in the Seminary of the Rue de Sèvres, where it was the language of thesis and discussion. At the same time, although it enabled him to have Latin and even the choicest of modern Latin at his fingers’ ends, it would not have made him an elegant Latin verse writer, which one cannot be without constant reading from an early age of the Augustan poets, committing their choicest passages to memory, and endeavouring to conceive and compose in their classic idiom and manner. He had gone through all this in his Humanity course at Amiens, as the students at every other Jesuit college, successfully or unsuccessfully, went through it; or as the

upper forms of the great schools of England are similarly exercised. He had acquired the readiness of speaking and writing Latin in the Rue de Sèvres, but the spirit and beauty, the *lepores* and *munditiæ* of the Latin lyre, during his previous career at Amiens. This latter fact is patent even in the droll but exquisitely beautiful monkish Latin rhymes into which—to use his own expression—he has “upset” such English originals as Tom Moore’s “Nora Creina” and “Evelyn’s Bower,” and such Anglo-Irish ones as Sam Lover’s “Molly Carew,” and Tom Hudson’s “Judy Callaghan.” There is not a single unpoetic conception, no *serpens humi* expression throughout these or any other of his rhyming versicles—no turn of thought or phrase which might not be interwoven in classic metre. Of the latter, by the way, he gave us very few specimens—not half a dozen in all—but what he gave were good, especially the elegiac version of “Let Erin remember the days of old,” and the Alcaic one of “John Anderson, my jo.”

‘But independently of and superior even to his curious felicity of Latin thought and expression were his merits as a lyrical translator into French and English, which shine out conspicuously, and challenge our admiration throughout the whole of

these outpourings of his fertile muse without scarcely an exception. They consist of the songs of France and Italy, the *crème de la crème* of the Horatian odes, Vida's "Silkworm," Vanière's "Parrot," a goodly selection from Sarnieski, Sannazaro, Buchanan, Beza, &c. (into English); such specimens, grave and gay, of our own songs as "The Burial of Sir John Moore," (his *chef d'œuvre*) Tom Moore's "Shamrock" and "Go where Glory waits thee," "The Groves of Blarney," &c. (into French). "The Groves" he turned also into Italian rhymes, precisely to the same metre, which, although composed late in life, I think one of the best things of the kind he ever did. Indeed, I have heard more than one well-educated Italian declare it to be perfection.

'It has been said over and over again that it requires a poet to translate a poet worthily; that he who would transplant the foreign flowers successfully into his native soil must not only be a master of his language, but be endowed with the poetic spirit as well; and Pope and Dryden are always adduced as instances proving, by their famous translations of the two greatest poets of antiquity, the truth of the proposition. I am afraid the theory does not hold good in all or even in most cases; take that for example of our English

translators of Horace, some of whom have done, although only in detached portions, their work well, without having ever produced anything original of their own worthy of being called a poem. One of the best of these Horatian translators, indeed we think the best of them, is the latest, Mr. Theodore Martin. He has done the odes with great spirit and fidelity; yet one has never heard of him as a poet—of having done anything original of such merit as would entitle him to such consideration.

‘Prout’s original writings in verse may be put in a very small space, but what few there are entitle him to no undistinguished place in our poetic firmament. I allude, of course, to his more serious subjects, his treatment of which place him at all events in the first rank of the *vers de société* writers of his day; and one of them, “The Mistletoe,” places him, I think, far above them all. The symbolical connection between the mystic plant and the coming of Christianity he declares to have heard sung in an old *noël* or Christmas carol once in Bretagne, where tradition gave the credit of the fanciful theory, so charming in thought and sentiment, to a Breton divine, the greatest if not always the most orthodox scholastic philosopher of his day. This was none other than the accomplished but un-

fortunate Abelard, who used to mix up diamond dust with the dust of the schools, as well as the quaintest of fancies with his metaphysics. Second in order of merit I would place his "Redbreast of Aquitania," a ballad of great pathos on the loss of one of those beautiful birds when endeavouring to follow the poet's steamboat in the waters of the Garonne, which conveys an allegory on the falling away of Harrison Ainsworth from his early promise. "The Lady of Lee" comes next, a love lay more sensuous than spiritual, which, when indulging in its passionate conceptions, one can very well imagine the enamoured writer feeling a smart twinge or two at least at the recollection of his sacerdotal vows, if he had not reason to repent them as bitterly as the young priest of Cybele, or the above mentioned Peter Abelard himself. Then "The Legend of Arethusa," addressed in a different spirit to Mrs. Milner Gibson, a tribute of classic refinement, wit, and delicacy, which does equal honour to the poet's genius and good taste, and of which the proudest lady in the land might feel proud. He wrote a beautiful poetic address to Dickens from abroad when the great novelist of the future edited the opening numbers of "Bentley's Miscellany." Lastly, we have his tender and heart-searching song, "The Bells of Shandon," of world-wide popu-

larity. These are the only serious metrical writings which Prout has left behind him, the last of which, I have already said, will be sung at all seasons of the year, and the first deserves to be recited at happy Christmas-tide, wherever the English language is spoken.

‘The poem of “The Mistletoe,” for it is of too high an order to be called a carol, should not undergo the chance of being consigned to the library shelves of the old “Bentley’s Miscellany,” or partially lost amidst the small type and crowded pages of the collected edition of the “Prout Reliques.” Looking on it, therefore, as “a gem of purest ray serene,” and one in which his genius and power shine out most brilliantly, I think it deserves a prominent and permanent setting amongst the “Final Relics of Father Prout.”

### THE MISTLETOE.

#### I.

A *Prophet* sat in the Temple gate,  
 And he spoke each passer by,  
 In thrilling tones—with words of weight,  
 And fire in his rolling eye !  
 ‘*Pause thee, believing Few !*  
*Nor make one step beyond*  
*Until thy heart hath conned*  
*The mystery of this wand.’*

And a rod from his robe he drew ;—  
 'Twas a withered bough  
 Torn long ago  
 From the trunk on which it grew.  
 But the branch long torn  
 Showed a bud new born,  
 That had blossomed there anew.  
 That wand was '*Fesse's* rod,'  
 Symbol, 'tis said,  
 Of *Her*, the Maid—  
 Yet Mother of our *God*!

## II.

A *Priest* of *Egypt* sat meanwhile  
 Beneath his palm tree hid,  
 On the sacred brink of the flowing Nile,  
 And there saw mirrored, 'mid  
 Tall obelisk and shadowy pile  
 Of ponderous pyramid,  
 One lowly, lovely, *Lotus* plant,  
 Pale orphan of the flood ;  
 And long did that aged hierophant  
 Gaze on that beauteous bud ;  
 For well he thought as he saw it float  
 O'er the waste of waters wild,  
 On the long remembered cradle boat,  
 Of the wondrous Hebrew child :—  
 Nor was that lowly lotus dumb  
 Of a mightier Infant still, to come,  
 If mystic skiff  
 And hieroglyph  
 Speak aught in *Luxor's* catacomb.

## III.

A *Greek* sat on *Colonna's* cape,  
 In his lofty thoughts alone,

And a volume lay on *Plato's* lap,  
 For he was that lonely one ;  
 And oft as the sage  
 Gazed o'er the page  
 His forehead radiant grew ;  
 For in Wisdom's womb,  
 Of the world to come  
 A vision blest his view.  
 He broached that theme in the *Academe*  
 Of the teachful olive grove—  
 And a chosen few that secret knew  
 In the *Porch's* dim alcove.

## IV.

A *Sybil* sat in Cumæ's cave  
 In the hour of infant Rome,  
 And her vigil kept and her warning gave  
 Of the *Holy One* to come.  
 'Twas she who culled the hallowed branch,  
 And silent took the helm,  
 When he, the Founder-Sire, would launch  
 His bark o'er Hades' realm :  
 But chief she poured her vestal soul  
 Through many a bright illumined scroll,  
 By priest and sage,  
 Of an after age,  
 Conned in the lofty *Capitol*.

## V.

A *Druid* stood in the dark oak wood  
 Of a distant northern land,  
 And he seemed to hold a sickle of gold  
 In the grasp of his withered hand ;  
 And he moved him slowly round the girth  
 Of an aged oak to see

If an orphan plant of wondrous birth  
 Had clung to the old oak tree.  
 And anon he knelt, and from his belt  
 Unloosened his golden blade,  
 Then rose and culled the *Mistletoe*  
 Under the woodland shade.

## VI.

O blessed bough, meet emblem thou  
 Of all dark Egypt knew.  
 Of all foretold to the wise of old,  
 To *Roman, Greek, and Jew.*  
 And long, God grant, time-honoured plant,  
 Live we to see thee hung  
 In cottage small, as in baron's hall,  
 Banner and shield among !  
 Thus fitly rule the mirth of Yule  
 Aloft in thy place of pride,  
 Still usher forth, in each land of the North,  
 The solemn *Christmas Tide!*

‘ Parnell’s “ Hermit,” so praised by Pope and other competent judges, was deemed enough by itself to constitute him a poet, if he never wrote another verse, the fact being that he was too well off to compel his muse to be industrious. The same view may be fairly taken of “ The Mistletoe,” without taking into consideration its author’s performances as a metrical translator or paraphrast of the most charming poetry of ancient and modern times, which were as numerous as they were charming, and, in many cases, incomparable.

‘ Having already entered into explanations

upon Mahony's early training as a means of enabling the general reader to understand the ease and felicity with which, as regards his metrical performances, he turned out such a vast amount of classical work, it only remains for me to explain the reasons of the peculiar temper which pervaded his prose writings occasionally, and too often his conversation on subjects of controversy, causing his pen now and then to indulge in the fiercest invective and unworthiest imputation, and his tongue very often to transgress in the most egregious manner the laws of good breeding and fair discussion.

‘ In the biographical sketch which I gave of him in the edition which I edited for the New Burlington House of the “Bentley Ballads,” I remarked that—

“ Mahony was a brilliant conversationalist and a most amusing, although not always to some of his hearers an agreeable, companion. There was a strong Johnsonian element in him of consciousness, amounting sometimes to contemptuous superiority, which would sometimes break into downright rudeness of discussion. He had an ungovernable propensity to break flies upon the wheel, and to smash little people who were presumptuous enough to doubt, even with the utmost courtesy, the correctness of his opinions.

“In the society of ladies, who petted and flattered him very much, his choleric temperament was charmed and soothed down, and the ‘extraordinary creature’ (the name he went by amongst his fair friends) who would worry and toss up a hundred small controversialists of his own sex in the same time that the famous dog Billy would have settled so many rats, became *tout à fait* a tame and most agreeable lion in ‘my lady’s bower.’”

‘I always considered this unrestrained intolerance, which formed such a drawback now and then to my friend’s otherwise fine conversational powers, arose from his own passionate although by no means ungenerous nature, untamed and untempered by the wholesome training which boys obtain throughout the public scholastic establishments of this country, and about which they know nothing in the Roman Catholic colleges of the Continent. In the former case, the school is a miniature world ruled by its own schoolboy laws, which teach, besides the principles of *meum* and *tuum*, those of toleration and fair-play, and the manners and manhood of a gentleman. These principles being maintained very rigorously on some occasions, the masters think it better not to look on at many things that occur in carrying them

into practice—things that will and must take place in the playground, although they are never inculcated from the pulpit—such as not submitting to wrong or insult, not presenting your right cheek when your left has been smitten, or, *vice versâ*, putting a bully down, or sending a sneak or a coward to “Coventry.” In the Roman Catholic system of the Continent the ascetic spirit dominates everything on the one hand, whilst passive obedience to and total dependence on Superiors are made a religious obligation on the other. Had Mahony learned when a small boy the inestimable lesson of keeping a civil tongue in his head, which he certainly should after a few lickings from one or other of his schoolfellows, his brilliant and genial qualities as a social companion in after life would have been without a drawback; and we might apply to him the second half of the quatrain of Moore’s monody on the death of poor Sheridan, as fully and truly as the first:—

Whose humour, as gay as the fire-fly’s light,  
 Played round every object, and shone as it played;  
 Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,  
 Ne’er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.

‘As to the personal vituperation in which he indulged in writing against Whigs and Whiggery and political opponents in general, it was the rule

and practice of the Press to indulge in such personalities, not only during the first but for the better part of the second quarter of our century, which latter was the season of the Prout literary laurels ; and he indulged in it in common with his contemporaries.

‘ Those were the days when the “ John Bull ” and the “ Age ” of the weekly, and the “ Herald ” and “ Standard ” of the daily press, were in all their glory of party rage and personal invective. It was then that Theodore Hook and Maginn and the wits of the Temple, paid by Westmacott of the “ Age ”—who could not write a decent paragraph himself—squibbed the Whigs to madness, who had no publication to retaliate on the brilliant but reckless Tory skirmishers, with the exception perhaps of the “ Weekly Dispatch,” then in its best days, and rendered particularly attractive by the powerful writings of “ Publicola.” Leigh Hunt libelled the Prince of Wales in the Liberal “ Examiner,” and was imprisoned for it. Cobbett suffered also for his personal virulence in his “ Register.” He applied to the “ Times ” newspaper an epithet of the shambles. Amongst his mildest nicknames were “ Old Glory ” for Sir Francis Burdett ; “ Black Slugs ” for the clergy of the Established Church ; “ Puddledock ” for Print-

ing-house Square ; “ Grandmother ” for the “ Morning Herald ;” and the “ Tap Tub ” for the “ Morning Advertiser.” “ Fraser’s Magazine,” in which the “ Prout Papers ” appeared contemporaneously, was notorious for the most trenchant personalities. As a couple out of many specimens that recur to my memory, take the ridiculous but reprehensible insinuation that Mr. Alaric Watts, a celebrated man of letters of the time, purloined a picture from a collection which he had gone to criticise ; and Doctor Maginn libelled Mr. Grantley Berkeley’s mother in a review which he wrote on a novel which had been recently published by that gentleman. The latter horsewhipped Mr. Fraser in his own office for the outrage, and very nearly shot the author, who went out and exchanged shots with Mr. Berkeley the same evening. “ Blackwood’s Magazine,” in those fiery and fire-eating days, was as remarkable for the slashing style as “ Fraser’s.” Even Parliament, with Brougham in one house, and Dan O’Connell in the other, breathed occasionally a strong atmosphere of personal vituperation. The Tory party thought that Catholic emancipation was to ruin the Established Church, the Reform Bill was to knock the landed interest into a cocked-hat, and both together were to lay the Crown of England

in the dust. The Whigs, goaded beyond what flesh and blood could bear, fired into and charged the Tory scribes and spouters as heartily and as terribly. Vituperation! vituperation! vituperation! was the order of the day, till the veteran battalions began to retire or die off; their successors got reconciled to the changes in the constitution; and the violent storm of party personalities beginning to pass away, the reign of good taste and decent English got gradually to be restored, and the Press to be purified. Like the white star of the twin sons of Leda shedding its gentle influence over the angry face of the deep, Her gracious Majesty's advent to the throne and subsequent marriage to a wise and accomplished Prince ushered in a calmer political atmosphere, if it did not altogether set the party winds and waves at rest.

‘Simul alba nautis  
 Stella refulsit,  
 Defluit saxis agitatus humor,  
 Concidunt venti, fugiuntque nubes,  
 Et minax, quod Di voluêre, ponto  
 Unda recumbit.’

Even when the great free-trade agitation was at its highest, a few years afterwards, the Press, with perhaps a few petty provincial exceptions, got up

very nearly, if not altogether, to its present honourable and gentlemanly standard.

‘About this time it was that Mahony wrote his letters from Rome to the “Daily News”—afterwards his correspondence to the “Globe,” in both of which, whilst he displayed his former wit and learning, he evidenced a much more tolerant spirit than when he heaped personal abuse on Dan O’Connell and Lord Mulgrave, and flung his personal flippancies—which I always considered the very worst of his *mauvaises plaisanteries*—at his distinguished countrymen, Dionysius Lardner and Thomas Moore. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.*

“Such is the natural disposition of mankind,” says the greatest orator of ancient or modern times, “that invective and accusation are heard with pleasure, while they who speak their own praises are received with impatience.”<sup>1</sup> The second part of the proposition holds good invariably, the first not always—at least it does not at present, in English oratory, English literature, or any decent society or circle of English men and women.

‘As the mantle of charity covereth many sins, so Mahony’s clerical gown, which, although he very

<sup>1</sup> Demosthenes. Oration on the Crown.

seldom wore it, no one could take away from him — (*Sacerdos in æternum secundum ordinem Melchisedec*), if it did not screen his ebullitions of temper, protected him from their consequences. He knew this well ; and it was the reason why, with his generous disposition, he felt sorrow for his rudeness, and was always ready to ask pardon for it a few moments afterwards.

‘ The ardour of his temperament and brilliancy of his genius would have ensured him a place in the first rank of any profession but the one to which he unfortunately had committed himself, and for which he was as unfit as another of its great but erratic lights, Erasmus, who too entered it more from fear of his guardians, as Mahony did to avoid the reproaches of his family, than to please himself.<sup>1</sup>

‘ The choice of an uncongenial profession has rendered many a one morose and generally disagreeable to his acquaintances (Mahony, never morose, was, except under contradiction, a most agreeable companion) ; but if not too far committed

<sup>1</sup> ‘ Comme il n’estoit entré dans cette Maison Religieuse que par force, il s’estoit resolu d’en sortir avant que faire Profession ; mais néanmoins la crainte qu’il eut de ses Tuteurs, jointe à la honte qu’il avoit de quitter ainsi son Monastère, l’empescha d’exécuter ce qu’il avoit projeté, de sorte qu’il fit profession. — ‘ Ancient French Life of Erasmus.’

by time and circumstances, the disappointed man can break new ground, and try his fortune in a more congenial calling. It is not so with the profession which Mahony allowed himself, as I have always heard, to be at least talked into. Its chief vows at ordination are never to be broken, above all that of celibacy, which can only be absolved in a Royal case for State purposes by the Pope himself. A bad wife or a bad husband can be got rid of in the Old Church from bed and board, at least, and in the Reformed Church from the chain of matrimony; but with the "sacerdos in æternum secundum ordinem Melchisedec" it is for ever and for ever; and they have much to answer for in this world and the next who, from pietistic motives or family tradition—which latter feeling has a good deal to do with this social and religious abuse in the south of Ireland—have directly or indirectly been the means of forcing any young man into this most awfully responsible of all professions, for which God never intended nor nature constituted him, and condemning him to a life of secret sorrow, self-reproach, and inevitable hypocrisy.

‘J. S.’



CHAPTER IV.

DON JEREMY SAVONAROLA



## CHAPTER IV.

DON JEREMY SAVONAROLA.<sup>1</sup>

MAHONY opened his famous Roman correspondence with the 'Daily News,' at the instance of Charles Dickens, in January 1846; and he made the following pleasant record of the engagement in his first letter, dated January 31:—

'Rome : January 31, 1846.

'My dear Dickens,—When you took leave of me at the Milvian Bridge, a spot witness of many occurrences more important to mankind, yet of none to me so particularly interesting as our final farewell!—final, for alas! I am a very old man, and cannot hope to revisit England,—you engaged me to enter upon this correspondence, and we

<sup>1</sup> 'Facts and Figures from Italy,' by Don Jeremy Savonarola, Benedictine Monk. Addressed during the last two winters to Charles Dickens, Esq., being an Appendix to his 'Pictures.' London, Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street. 1847.

ratified the solemn compact by your acceptance of that handful of cigars, which I pressed on you under the pretext that they were 'blessed by the Pope,' whereas I had bought them freshly at the shop of his highness Duke Torlonia, in the Corso. I trust you found their efficacy in traversing the pestilent Campagna, and that your remembrance of the donor has not gone the way of all smoke.

'By this time you will have rejoiced all Cockneydom with your pleasant pictures from Italy, from which I understood you to intend carefully eliminating all shadow of our peninsular politics. Perhaps you are right. You have passed too rapidly among us to penetrate these darker objects, and though gifted with the most observant eye of all modern seers, your glance was but transitory. As you passed along you have simply *daguerreotyped* the glorious landscape, the towered cities, and the motley groups: but your countrymen, the landscape painters here, at whose mess-table I am an occasional guest, have stigmatised that new-fangled process, no doubt from jealousy, by the opprobrious term of *dog-trapping*. The old method of the *camera obscura*, which they still cling to, allows a more patient study of details, and involves a more laborious investigation of varying appearances; the phenomena of our

Italian institutions, I apprehend, must be contemplated by aid of the older instrument, and much delicacy of handling is requisite in bringing it to bear on the "Camera Apostolica" of Rome.'

And then the writer plunged into an account of what he called 'the fag end of an old reign.' When, in 1847, he republished them, he took a *nom de plume*, in the true Prout vein, and figured as a Benedictine monk, one Don Jeremy Savonarola. He prefaced the collection of his letters with the following account of Don Jeremy :—

The venerable author of these letters, now living at Rome in the hale enjoyment of his seventy-seven years, was born in the island of Sardinia, A.D. 1770. The family, as anyone familiar with Italian history knows, is of Florentine origin, and this branch appears to have left the banks of the Arno in disgust at the brutal treatment which their great kinsman, the sainted Jeronimo, experienced at the hands of the degenerate Medici, and the infamous Pope Borgia, in 1498. Quitting the commercial but very profligate community of Florence, the exiles appear to have brought with them, and introduced into Sardinia, a taste for industry and woollen manufactures, matters not much understood by

the idle aborigines, and we find the family settled near the southern seaport town of Cagliari, where they have carried on steadily their useful pursuits for the last hundred years.

To understand the biography of our author, it is absolutely requisite to enter fully into the circumstances of the island in which he was born, and where he passed his early life at the close of the last century. Sardinia is an oblong bit of ground in the middle of the Mediterranean, containing near 10,000 square miles, but so shaped that it resembles what Robinson Crusoe was so frightened at on the sea-shore, on that memorable occasion when he saw in the sand the print of the sole of a man's foot—

Et *sola* in siccâ secum spatatur arenâ.

Some superstitious people have jumped at once at the conclusion that the island was originally meant to be trampled on; indeed, Junius says it has been 'uniformly plundered and oppressed,' but the fact of its peculiar form cannot be denied with the map of Europe staring one in the face. So sure as the peninsula of Italy is a visible *jack-boot*, kicking Sicily before it as if it were a sort of *triangular foot-ball*, so Sardinia looks like the huge *vestige* of some megatheriac

Titan, who has left one of his monster soles in the water, as Empedocles left his slipper on the top of Etna. It is hence called a sandal by Pliny, '*sandaliotis*' ('Hist. Natur.' lib. iii. cap 7); and a footmark, *ἰχνούσα*, by Pausanias, in his 'History of Greek Colonies,' book x.; while Claudian, in his poem ('De Bell. Gild.') clinches the matter:

Humanæ speciem plantæ sinuosa figurat  
Insula, Sardiniam veteres dixere coloni.

In allusion to which one of their native poets, *Il Moro melodioso*, has the following beautiful sentiment, which runs capitally in the original semi-Italian *patois* spoken by the islanders themselves:

Sardinia! when Nature embellished *the tint*  
Of thy hills and thy vales and green sod; anon  
She failed in the *outline*; and traced but the print  
Of a *footmark*, in order to give us a hint  
That we'll always be trampled and trodden on!

The earliest inhabitants appear to have been fugitives driven by Divine command out of the land of Canaan by the children of Israel. These poor devils are known to have emigrated in numbers at the ports of Tyre, Sidon, and Beyrout, for the western islands of Europe. They were fond of building round towers, the original idolatry of Babel; and more than 300 of these distinctive architectural cylinders, though not exactly after the

Irish pattern, still exist in the interior of this island, besides one or two at Malta. The Carthaginians soon conquered these eastern colonists, and introduced with Arab and Nubian blood the true *Punic* idiosyncrasy which all subsequent intermingling of more sober and steady northern races has never effectually cured or tamed. The island was most useful to that great trading community as a grazing-ground and corn granary: hence in the treaty of Hanno, after the first Punic war, the following stringent article was inserted, at the instigation of the African board of trade :

*‘In Sardinia nulli Romanorum negotianto neve oppidum possidento, nihil emunto; si quis venerit, intra diem v. abito.’* (Polyb. lib. iii.)

But it was doomed to follow the fortunes of the sea that surrounds it. When Rome mastered the Mediterranean, Scipio seized on Sardinia, which became so fertile under the cast-iron fixity of Roman rule that Horace immortalised its corn-fields in a song (lib. i. od. 31). But when Rome fell and the northern Vandals captured the island, its fertility received a check from which it has never recovered. The Roman system had fixed everything; the barbarians left everything loose, vague, and undefined. Theirs was the Celtic system of agriculture, which Cæsar describes as

existing in Celtic Gaul. 'Nec quis agri modum certum aut fines proprios habet, sed magistratus in annos singulos gentibus cognationibusque hominum' (clans) 'quantum agri et quo loco eis visum est attribuunt; et anno post, alio transire cogunt' ('De Bell. Gall.' lib. vi.) Horace, a Sabine farmer, was aware of this defective system among the Scythian tribes of agriculturists. 'Immetata quibus jugera,' says he,

Nec cultura placet longior annuâ. (Lib iii. od. 24.)

The *con-acre* tenure of soil was thus fatally introduced, for which the Sardinian word 'tancave' is used up to this day, where the 'vidazzone' holdings are annual leases of tracts of ground, for which the farmers draw lots with the *middlemen*, and all is confusion. When the Saracens, a sort of Danes, mastered the coast in the seventh century, they ravaged but did not alter the tenure of the land, which, under every successive government, has continued to the present. In the eleventh century the two trading republics of Genoa and Pisa took the island alternately, and squabbled about its masterdom, agreeing at last to leave their rival claims to the arbitration of Frederick Barbarossa. This Imperial wiseacre, reversing the judgment of Solomon, cut the foot in two parts, giving the *toes*

and *instep* to Pisa, and the *heel* to the Genoese. *Corn*, as it happened, grew principally on the *toe* district. Matters jogged on this way, heel and toe, until A.D. 1300, when Pope Boniface VIII. took it into his head, by some *hocuspocus*, to discover that the island belonged to him, and he accordingly issued a bull (in the exact terms of Adrian's brief to our Henry II., making him a present of Ireland), and bestowed the *foot* on Jacomo Secondo, King of Arragon. (See this grant in the 'Church History' of Cardinal Baronius, continued by Ranaldi, anno 1299.) The Spanish king sailed from Barcelona, took the island, and, as a record, built the town of Barcelonetta, a kind of *London-derry* in its significance. Spain held its footing in it up to 1708, when it was captured by an English fleet under Admiral Leake, in the war of the Spanish succession. The Marquis of Jamaica, then viceroy, made a very poor resistance for his sovereign. In 1720 Cardinal Alberoni and Lord Stanhope agreed to swap the island for Sicily—and the House of Savoy thus finally got possession, which it has ever since retained.

Under the strong and wise government of Turin the country, which the Spanish viceroys had only plundered and demoralised, began steadily to advance in all the elements of European pro-

gress. Frequent petty insurrections and religious bickering (always a favourite pastime of the native Sardinians) kept the island back, it is true, more than other provinces, but the statistics are on record. In the time of the Spaniards, to which the factions always appeal, viz. up to 1721, Sardinia presented :—

Population. Souls	Export duties	Manufacture of salt	Duty on tobacco	Coral fishery
327,000	189,400 f.	34,000 f.	33,000 f.	4,230 f.

Seventy years afterwards, in 1790, the following augmentation had taken place :—

456,000	440,000 f.	280,000 f.	265,028 f.	20,000 f.
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And in 1837, the respective items presented further increase :—

620,000	560,000 f.	320,000 f.	345,000 f.	32,000 f.
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These very dry details are yet absolutely necessary to understand the part our author took in the politics of Sardinia. It was a natural consequence of the various conquests and the confiscation of land which so many successions of foreign rule had occasioned in the island, that there should exist a vast variety of discontented spirits, and that a good number of these, disagreeing in every possible way upon every practical matter, should still join in a wish to get the *foot* into their own

hands, reckless of what must necessarily occur after that difficult consummation. During the short interval of foreign conquest, when they had the isle all to themselves, it is in black and white recorded by their only authentic historians (*Gli Annali dei Quattro Maestri*), that their favourite political economy consisted in cutting each other's throats; for, having taken the trouble to read that work, a rather ponderous composition of 400 pages, I find the average for each historic page gives six broken heads, four throats cut, twenty head of cattle carried off, three rapes, and a few brace of minor robberies. The more sensible and thoughtful patriots who knew the elements of Sardinian society will ever keep aloof from the mischievous mootings of this missionary millennium as not merely flat moonshine, but the wildest internecine lunacy.

The crowned head of the House of Savoy, one of the oldest and most respectable monarchies in Europe, reigns over three united kingdoms, viz. Piedmont, Savoy, and Sardinia. The union of these three countries under one sceptre was brought about and elaborated, by a necessary chain of events, to their mutual clear advantage; and every well-informed person will ejaculate with me, *Esto perpetua! Quis separabit?* Savoy

towards the north was the cradle of the royal family ; it was originally a poor district of Highlanders, which by the transfer of its court to Turin on the acquisition of Piedmont, thought itself ruined outright, whereas the very contrary has taken place, and by its junction with the more wealthy and enterprising population of the south its prosperity has been marvellously developed. Much of this is owing to the shrewd common-sense and matter-of-fact tendencies of the thrifty Savoyards, who are not to be deluded or gulled by cajoling appeals to their weak side or Celtic prejudices. Not so the Sardinians. Averse to habits of sustained industry, unwilling to use the means of improvement within their reach, taught by designing rogues that they are the finest peasantry in Europe, which they have heard so often that they almost believe it a fact, they imagine they could cut a grand figure in the world, could they only 'cut the painter.' In the meantime, they sedulously neglect every single department of local, individual, or national amelioration.

But before this mischievous dream of a repeal of the union with the two other kingdoms came athwart their habitual slumber, there had been a preliminary subject of angry and unprofitable agitation. Religion was the ostensible cause.

They are all Catholics, and all agreed as to the substantial doctrine which everywhere regulates the influence of the gospel; but two denominations of minor theology, unknown to the primitive teachers of Christianity, sprang up in the island during the Spanish occupation. The Dominicans of Spain had introduced among the people an exaggeration of the respectful homage ever due to Christ's Holy Mother (the most exalted of merely human beings), and had inculcated the debateable doctrine of her 'immaculate conception' as a point of belief without which no intercommunication could be held with fellow-Christians. The metropolitan church was dedicated under this title. In vain, for the pacification of these wild theorists, did the gigantic intellect and unrivalled erudition of MURATORI write, at the suggestion of government, his book—'De Superstitione Vitandâ adversus votum sanguinarium pro immaculatâ Deiparæ conceptione' (Milan, 1742. 4to). Unfortunately a *Spanish* party was hereby created in *politics*, under the outward guise of simple religion. The loyal adherents of the court of Turin, comprising most of the intelligent, great part of the commercial, and nearly all the landlord class, did not hold the Spanish view of the 'immaculates,' but held with the Piedmontese that

‘it was an open question.’ It was natural that the central government should favour and prefer its own supporters to the exclusion of the Spanish faction, whose disloyalty was ill concealed; but the administration was ill-advised enough to enact a set of penal laws incapacitating the ‘immaculates’ from public functions.

Here was a palpable grievance—not indeed affecting the great mass of the people, whom its subsequent abolition left where it had found them, but sorely felt by the middle and upper classes of the Spanish faction. They got up accordingly a clamour for the summary abolition of those penal laws, and called their demand ‘immaculate emancipation.’ Freedom, toleration, liberality, were their new watchwords, when in point of fact their exclusion had been originally caused by their refusal to recognise *any* freedom or *any* toleration of opinion. However, their case was favourably viewed by a powerful party at the court of Turin—that of the Perukes—who formed half the wealth, influence, and intelligence of the kingdom. The songs of TOMASO IL MORO had a great share in giving the fashion to ‘immaculate emancipation,’ which, supported by wit and reason, became the theme of impassioned eloquence in the grand council of Piedmont.

The great opposition to this grant was not from the upright and fairplay-loving people of Italy. Turin is known to be so called from *Taurinum* (taurus), and *John Taureau* (a familiar name to the inhabitants) is a just and honest fellow, unless you attempt to *bully* him, and then he becomes obstinate. But the most deadly obstacle arose from native Sardinian adversaries within the island itself. Possessing the loaves and fishes, these men like to bask alone in the sunshine of government patronage, to the exclusion of disloyal and disaffected folks. The two factions began a stand-up fight. If it could not be described under the fragrant designation of a war of the roses, it might have some claim to be called the battle of the citrons—the acidity being great on both sides—while sour ‘oranges’ and rotten ‘lemons’ were the respective missiles of each party, the common interests of both going to the juice. The central government, being then at war with France and Spain, was sincerely desirous of bringing this debilitating inward squabble to a close. All that Turin required was a guarantee against Spanish influence, and with that proviso offered to admit the ‘immaculate’ laity to public offices if the latter could vouch that none but loyal subjects should exercise spiritual control over them in the higher

ranks of their clergy. The foresight of the court of Turin, in making this stipulation, was subsequently shown. Had there been a right of objection on the part of the crown, no such public nuisances would since have ensued as MAC-(*chiav*) HELLO, Archbishop of *Vestram*, a roaring bellows of sedition; HIGGINI, firebrand and *bishop* of Arda, and *Cata-male*, the incendiary pharisee of MIDIA.

A quiet interchange of mutual concession was about to set the vast question at rest, when a brawling lawyer, with the aid of the mob (which had no interest in the exclusion at all), broke off all negotiation, took the business forcibly out of the hands of the upper middle classes, and, getting that portion of the clergy who depended on the mob for support to back him, began systematically to bully the court of Turin, quite disgusted the great Peruke party, exasperated the royal family, and *flung back* the settlement of the question FIFTEEN YEARS to be *then* most unsatisfactorily *settled* amid rankling bitterness and mutual gnashing of teeth, which it will take another generation to forget; for *the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge.* (Jerem. xxxi. 29.)

*This result* of the arch-lawyer's taking up the

question in the spirit and tone of a vulgar bully, was not then anticipated, nor is it now even generally understood; but it was both seen and felt by our young Jeremy in his calm retreat at the Benedictine abbey of STO. MAURO, where he took a dispassionate view of the distant tumult. His youth and manhood passed in compiling, with the rest of the Benedictine brotherhood, that unrivalled storehouse of history, 'L'Art de Vérifier les Dates,' in which every doubtful matter is sifted by reference to authentic records. Their *art* is exemplified below.

This arch-lawyer's name was Dandeleone, of an old Carthaginian family of the Smugglêri,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The following minute stands recorded on the books of the Board of Revenue Commissioners, 1781, and was afterwards confirmed by the Irish House of Commons, and placed on their journals. It completely *settles* an historic doubt.

'The plan of smuggling on the coast of Kerry having been changed to Darrynane, where there were stores for purpose of storing the goods smuggled, it was found that the establishment of the Dungannon cruiser was not calculated for the prevention of the illicit trade; a plan was therefore fixed upon to meet the then mode of smuggling, and effectually to subdue it at Darrynane, and overturn the system of illicit traffic; and marine and land parties were therefore established under the command of Mr. Whitwell Butler, a gentleman of property and character, and a justice of the peace in the county of Kerry.

'Done by the Board, with approbation of government, the 22nd of May, 1781.'

The above is extracted from the Appendix to the Journals

settled on the south-west coast, towards the Spanish port of Valentia. Always disaffected to the government of Turin, they were of course ineligible to posts of emolument in Sardinia, but they helped themselves to wealth in rather an off-hand manner. This is rather a delicate topic, which I would rather avoid, but the 'immaculate' party having adopted the bullying system in every minute matter, will insist on our not only reverencing a hero himself, but his grandfather and his grandchildren, his ox and his ass, and everything belonging to him. To drive a coach and four, or a 'six-oared gig,' through Sardinian *law*, was an exploit therefore to him of instinct and hereditary transmission.

The cause of the 'immaculates' had been left to the management, hitherto, of a BOARD, comprising the leading gentry, barristers, merchants and landowners; folks really interested in the repeal of the exclusive code. To join them and add his own native vigour and activity to their social weight would have been a straightforward and disinterested course: but Dandeleone's plan was to quash the gentry altogether; his scheme was to estrange the masses from any union with them,

of the Irish House of Commons, dated the 19th of March, 1796, where it may be seen, *verbatim et literatim*, at page cclxxi.

to get the question into his own hands, and appropriate it to himself by infuriating the multitude in a pursuit totally profitless to themselves, but not so to him—this affords a clue to his whole career.

*Non bis in idem* is a maxim of our criminal jurisprudence; but though a man cannot be prosecuted, he may be rewarded thrice for the one act: originally and subsequently Dandeleone was. The penny and the paternoster were not more inseparable than, in his eye, pence and the proper sort of patriotism:—

Alterius sic

Altera poscit opem res et conjurat amicè.

His professional gains among the Sardinian litigants were considerably increased by the notoriety of his political efforts, as the radical oratory of the late Henry Hunt helped the sale of his blacking. His popularity filled the small local newspapers; and as action begets reaction, the newspapers swelled his popularity. He skilfully kept his name before the public, a process of which he understood the full value. He preferred abuse to silence. The educated classes instinctively shrunk from contact with this boisterous man of the people. But his jolly phiz was on every *aqua-vitæ* jug in the

island. *Padre Matteo* had not yet arisen in those days of delusion.

He got up an 'immaculate association' in the Sardinian Corn Exchange, in which the principal orators besides himself were Dick Scutum, afterwards master of the mint in Turin, and Tomaso Le Sage, now secretary of the board of control for Cyprus, who has written a history of that society, and is connected with the Buonapartes. Both these saw how pernicious the system was, but were forced into it. There was, besides, a chivalrous buffoon called Tomaso *Ferro*, whom Dandeleone made the mouthpiece of every absurdity, useful in its way to himself, but of which he shunned the utterance. He also kept a newspaper editor, Barretti, of the *Pilota*, author of a slang dictionary in choice Italian, who, being most unscrupulous, did all the dirty work in print.

The office of *gonfaliere* for the Clara district became vacant; a spirited gentleman, Gormano Mahon<sup>1</sup> originated and *forced* Dandeleone into the plan of electing *him* into the vacancy. This settled the business, and Turin sullenly gave up

<sup>1</sup> The name is Carthaginian. The Mahons or Mahonys gave it to Port Mahon (*Portus Maghonis*) in Minorca, in the first Punic war.

the point, which it had been ready to concede gracefully fifteen years before. All the *people* got was the loss to them of their forty-franc franchise, by Dan's collusion. The upper classes were alone benefited.

It would have been natural enough for these well-off classes to pay Dandeleone his fee for speechifying. But they shirked payment, thinking, perhaps, that he had been rather an obstacle to, than a promoter of, the accommodation of the question. Thereupon Dan got the clergy to hold a plate for him at the chapel doors, year after year, to collect pence *from the poor*, for whom he had never done anything in his whole life, and whose claim to a legal provision he had actually resisted when proposed by the holy bishop of Kildara. This roused the bile of Don Jeremy. A like fit of *sæva indignatio* prompted Swift to denounce, in 1735, William Wood's design on the tradespeople's copper currency in Ireland. For years, as long as it lasted, Jeremy mixed up with all his literary effusions a continued onslaught on the beggary. Dandeleone, in return, maligned *him* in a 'speech of the day,' at the Corn Exchange.<sup>1</sup> No Sardinian priest, according to Dan, was at

<sup>1</sup> On Monday, February 20, 1843. See Irish newspapers of the day.

liberty to take a different view of politics from the cloth in general; a doctrine which the blast of Padre Kenyon's trumpet, from some wild hill in Tipperaria, has since blown to tatters. But it was not pleasant in those days to live among his fanatic followers. Jeremy retired to Turin. When Clodius became the darling of Rome's mob, Tully went into exile: *abibo!* et ubicumque invenero bene pacatum et *liberam* civitatem in eâ conquiescam!—but he kept up in the press of Piedmont constant hostility to Dan, especially to his new project for separating Sardinia from the two sister kingdoms. Dan thought to effect this by the same bullying system that he had before employed—a total MISTAKE! In vain did he establish a club called 'Consternaturi Hall,' gather monstrous mobs, and *talk* of battle. In vain did he, taking a hint from Corsica, where 'King' Theodore was then at work, set up like him ('Biog. Univers.' vol. xxxi. p. 100) an 'order to liberators.' The Turin authorities pounced upon him and his friends, and locked them up in a Sardinian penitentiary. He came out cowed, but impenitent. Then, alas! alas! 'La Nazione,' an able journal, forsook him. He had been created by the newspapers; an independent print killed him.

The press *unmade* him, as the press had *made*.

Archbishop Mora and the Primate of Armagh, with the wisest and most enlightened of the episcopacy, formally withdrew from his set. They even approved of certain government colleges, which would bring together all classes, and extirpate mutual hatred and distrust : a state of public feeling, on which Dan having thriven and grown prosperous, felt loth to see abolished. He therefore called the colleges ‘godless,’ and got Barretti to hint in his ‘Pilota,’ that ‘the archbishop was *insane!*’<sup>1</sup>

This happened just as a rot among the chestnuts had begun to alarm the people, whose food that tree principally furnishes, and Dr. Mora had ordered prayers against famine, which would have the effect of preventing the annual plunder at the chapel doors ; yet he got about 20,000*l.* that very November. It was, however, the last haul he ever made, and drew forth a lyric from Don Jeremy, which, in an English form, may be seen in the ‘Times’ of November 14, 1845, not badly translated :—

<sup>1</sup> This infamous ‘dodge’ is noticed in the ‘Morning Chronicle,’ October 7, 1845 :—‘The utmost disgust is felt at an article in the “Dublin Pilot,” of Monday, calculated to convey the impression, or rather the certainty, that the Catholic Primate of Ireland (Dr. Crolly) was insane !’

## THE LAY OF LAZARUS.

*(Lamento di Lazzaro).*

## I.

Hark, hark, to the begging-box shaking !  
 For whom is this alms-money making ?  
 For Dan, who is cramming his wallet, while famine  
 Sets the heart of the peasant a-quaking.

## II.

Man's food in Earth's bosom is rotting—  
 But Charity's dole is allotting—  
 To whom ? At God's door the PAMPERED once more  
 To plunder the PAUPER is plotting !

## III.

The priest from the altar inveigles ;  
 The peasant, reluctant, still higgles ;  
 'Tis his children's support. But a jolly year's sport  
*Must* be had for the Derrynane beagles.

## IV.

'Tis '*godless*' to give education—  
 'Tis '*godless*' to teach a gulled nation—  
 But '*GODLIKE*' oh call it, to shoulder your wallet,  
 Swelling huge in this hour of starvation.

## V.

Archbishops 'are mad' if they reason ;  
 'Are mad' if they league not with treason,  
 'Stark mad' if they hint, in a prayer or a print,  
 Common sense to the people he preys on !

## VI.

Their rounds mark his myrmidons plying  
 To where in yon cabin is dying  
 The victim of want, pale, stricken, and gaunt.  
 Go ; enter and pillage the dying !

## VII.

Take, take it, in meal or in metal.  
 But hush !—where is infancy's prattle ?  
 On its mother's chilled breast lies the babe in Death's rest.  
 ' Pshaw ! Come, give the box a good rattle !'

## VIII.

The land is all blighted with famine,  
 The land is all blighted with famine,  
 Yet still doth *he* crave—and, like ghou! at a grave,  
 Racks rottenness, rooting for Mammon !

## ENVOI.

With a HAND from ABOVE to afflict him,  
 Low LAZARUS lies. Yet the victim  
 In his anguish implores (but in vain) for his sores,  
 That the BEAGLES of DIVES may lick them.

He died two years afterwards at Genoa. His son, however (*infelix puer!*) continues the business, which, in his petty and paltry hands, has sadly fallen off. *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.* May we all be let enjoy peace and quietness at last in this our Island of Sardinia!

CAGLIARI : July 1, 1847.

CHAPTER V.

ROME 1846

THE FAG END OF A LONG REIGN



## CHAPTER V.

### THE FAG END OF A LONG REIGN.

AMID the settled gloom and sullen despondency which continue to weigh down our spirits when engaged in brooding over our condition internally, the year 1846 has opened rather auspiciously on this capital, with reference to its external relations. The imperial visit runs no risk of being forgotten: long will it be talked of by Roman diplomacy with all the enthusiasm of Scott's old dowager respecting a royal visit, equally unexpected, and proportionately important. Great also is the exultation of the hotel-keepers at the unwonted influx of Russian plutocracy, the northern hordes having this winter crossed the *Ponte Molle* in unusual force—not, as of old, to ravage and despoil, but rather after the fashion of their ancestral gladiators from the Volga and Danube,

To make a Roman holiday.

The English migratory flocks are also in considerable feather ; last fortnight, at the ' blessing of the cattle,' their hunters and carriage horses were numerously conspicuous in the muster of quadrupeds annually gathered before the porch of St. Antonio, on the Esquiline ; oxen, mules, asses, sheep, all had their share of the friars' blessing, save the fox-hounds, the whipper-in not having the grace to bring his pack up from the Campagna. A ' very bad sign,' as Father Luke, in your wicked comedy, would say or sing ; for, considering the precarious tenure which this esoteric sport has of the ground, its enjoyment is to be fenced round with all due observances.<sup>1</sup>

Nothing could exceed the frigid indifference of all classes here at the announcement of the Duke's death at Modena. The Pope's coachman dying would make a greater sensation ; indeed were it not that etiquette of relationship required the postpone-

<sup>1</sup> Fox-hunting is far too manly and exciting an exercise not to alarm the drowsy old prejudices of the government. Accordingly when poor Bertie Mathews broke his neck, Governor Marini gladly made it an excuse for his edict of suppression, issued in November. But he was made quickly to retrace that step. The Roman nobility rose *en masse* against the attempt to meddle with their sports, and the prelate has been forced to draw in his horns. Had it been an edict merely oppressive to shop-keepers, tradesmen, or peasants, its revocation would have been quite another matter.

ment of the ball at the Austrian minister's, to the serious annoyance of several young ladies, and of not a few old ones, no notice would be vouchsafed to the fact of the ducal collar having been transferred from the shoulders of an imbecile father to those of his still more stolid boy. The state of Modena is to Italy what a gradual ossification of the heart would be to the human system. The rest of the Peninsula, though slow and stagnant enough, has not yet come to that pitch of petrification. For the rest, from the Po to the Faro, under this trodden-down race no new star of hope has risen, unless it be found in the announcement seven days ago of a telescopic *comet* first seen on the 24th, by a lynx eye from the Jesuits' observatory here, and, ominously enough, in the significant constellation of *Eridanus*.

The Pontiff bears the weight of his eighty-one years with wonderful ease, actually looking younger than at any period of the last dozen winters. The polypus has been long since effectually cured, his voice, a deep baritone, bearing evidence to unabated vigour. He may yet sing a *requiem* to Louis Philippe.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It will be seen that Savonarola here was no prophet. It would have been better, perhaps, for the French king's ultimate place in history, had he *not* survived, to turn in his dotage mar-

From his *aboccamento* with the Czar, to which it is now pretty well known that he and all in his confidence look forward with tremulous, with sleepless anxiety, and out of which, to his amazement, he came forth so signally successful in the eyes of Europe, the octogenarian frame of Gregory has gathered fresh impulse, and, as it were, galvanic action. What may be called the mere 'court' of Rome had never flattered itself that the æsthetic fascination of St. Peter, so potent in influencing Goth, Hun and Vandal, but which Charles V. Joseph II. and Napoleon profanely set at naught (confiding in the more modern agency of *salt*-Peter) would have overawed so stalwart a barbarian. A new *fresco* is in contemplation for a hall in the Vatican; indeed 'Leo confronting Attila' clearly can be reproduced without much novelty of attitude or even drapery, save in the regimentals of the gigantic Romanoff.

An early day in February, and a chosen committee (superseding the routine tribunal which would have otherwise taken cognisance thereof),

riage-broker at Madrid; but it is quite enough for us to stick to the affairs of the Peninsula:—

Be his old age hale and mellow,  
 And may the shrewd old fellow  
 Last long as his old umbrella!—ED.

have been named for investigating, in its spiritual operation, the late act of the British legislature for the endowment of lay colleges in Ireland. The few whose names have transpired are thoughtful and accomplished men, and know the bounds of their competency, long accustomed to similar vexed questions in other European states. The clauses submitted, as more or less objectionable, by the Irish remonstrants, have every chance of being fairly sifted. The only Irish prelate here, Dr. Kennedy of Killaloe, keeps strictly aloof, but is understood to side rather with the older and more enlightened members of the episcopacy in his judgment of the measure. His prudent reserve has not, however, prevented the free expression, three days ago, in his presence, of a rather forcible opinion, to wit that 'the bishops in Ireland favourable to the colleges ought to be denied Christian burial, and their ashes thrown into the Shannon,' the merit of which decent and sober utterance belongs to an official of the Irish seminary here. The wiseacre is from Waterford, for which latitude he is better fitted than that of Rome, where as yet the Turkish custom has not generally obtained of keeping a holy idiot in each mosque for luck.

People here are not easily surprised at

any absurd rumour in the newspapers, which indeed they seldom read; but the persevering tenacity with which the Carlist journals have, month after month, asserted the failure of Rossi's diplomatic mission at this court, has amazed the oldest inhabitant. The influence he obtained at first he kept and extended, and never were Louis Philippe's wishes more respected than since he was chosen to urge and enforce them. Lately he had but to signify an objection, and the Jesuits, who have access everywhere, found it *not* to the pulpit of the French national church of St. Luigi de' Francesi.

In the matter of railways much uncertainty prevails: the Holy Father is said to have relaxed his frown and lent his ear to innovation and to his barber Gaetanius, a functionary of well-known influence, and whose position in state affairs and other matters should be understood. In the spring the steamer will resume the towing of barges up the Tiber, beyond the city, into the Sabine territory, where a good bed of coal has been lately found and is worked, besides another farther inland towards Subiaco. But concerning the development of steam power in this capital, and the prospect for its utterly idle people of the varied branches of industry to be created through

that magic medium, I can hold out none but the faintest hopes. A straw thrown up may serve for an anemometer. One of our sculptors took a fancy to import from Liverpool an Arnott stove to warm his spacious studio this winter, and laid in his stock of Sabine coal with comfortable thought : great was his glee at the genial glow it diffused through his workshop ; but short are the moments of perfect enjoyment. In a few days a general outcry arose among the neighbours : the nasal organ at Rome guide-books describe as peculiarly sensitive : a mob of women clamoured at the gate : they were all ‘suffocated by the horrid *carbon fossile*.’ Phthisis is fearfully dreaded here : with uproarious lungs they denounced him as a prompter of pulmonary disease. Police came, remonstrance was useless. The artist’s *lares* were ruthlessly invaded and his ‘household gods shivered around him.’ The Arnott altar of Vesta now lies prostrate in his lumber yard, quenched for ever !

February 2.

The Roman *virtuosi* have been, these weeks past, impatiently looking out for the public appearance of Taglioni, who has been an in-dweller of our city some time. It appears, from what I am told, she had some difficulty in getting the Roman

*coryphées* into dancing order ; the clumsiest ankles in all Christendom being those of Rome, as every artist will tell you, and any eye can see. She came out, however, last night (Sunday), it is understood, with applause unequalled since the days of the classic *Arbuscula*. To-day, being Candlemas morning, Pope Gregory in person, and in rude health, went processionally through the ceremonies, and BLESSED the CANDLES ; may I never see a Pope rather inclined to bless *extinguishers* ; and let us both thereupon devoutly ejaculate *Fiat Lux* !

The consistory, held this morning, February 12, has just broken up and has afforded the friends of Louis Philippe matter for congratulation. The assembly of cardinals, which would not have taken place for some time in the usual course, was hastened in compliment to the newly-arrived French Bishop of Arras, a strenuous adherent of the Orleans dynasty, a quondam veteran soldier of the Empire, and whose pure and unchallenged merits as a Gallican prelate had justified the demand of the King for a hat, which had been granted five years ago, but which had to be fitted on by Gregory in person, according to rule, this morning. From twenty to thirty of the leading

cardinals were in attendance. The Pope having taken his seat, a lawyer opened the pleadings *pro formâ*, in a 'beatification case,' but was quickly cut short by the crier, who called on the real business of the day. The aged Frenchman was therefore introduced, and advancing to the steps of the pontifical throne, received a most cordial accolade from the pontiff. The respective ages of the two performers in the solemn scene being 80 and 81, added not a little to its impressiveness. The only objection that can be taken to an occurrence like this is its rarity. The admissions into the purple order, which ostensibly governs the Roman Catholic church, of individuals born beyond the Alps have of late years diminished in an alarming ratio to the eyes of the thoughtful supporters of the pontifical system. Out of near seventy hats, not half a dozen have been given beyond the Italian Peninsula. The present Pope has created fifty out of the living princes of the church, and not only have they been almost invariably Italians, but thirty of the number have been selected from a still more restricted boundary viz. the Papal States. This is neither far-seeing nor *œcumenical*. Spain has but one hat left of its many olden dignities; Portugal has but recently acquired one; Bavaria and Belgium have each

a single *chapeau*, and Austria proper is in a similar state of destitution. France, by the exertions of Louis Philippe, has three. As for the British Isles, they have no claim, of course, since they will neither give nor take even a diplomatic representative, though old Nicholas himself is about to admit a nuncio at St. Petersburg. Acton is merely a Neapolitan, and as such the name is mixed up with intrigues of a period little creditable to Great Britain. The time is far remote when men of mind, Lingard or Wiseman, will be raised to the dignity which God and nature had intended for them. The thing, however, may work its own cure before then. The Irish seem to take their aboriginal and persevering exclusion from any power, place, or rank in the church they love with surprising placidity. It is true that some rather curious candidates would be probably put forward for a hat did the whim seize their patriots. We should have Mayo recommending its 'Lion of Tuam' (*leonum arida nutrix*), Connaught its 'Dove of Galway' (*nota sedes palumbis*), to the combined horror and amazement of this knowing, grave, and eternal city.

In the matter of canonisation, (incidentally alluded to during *the consistory*), Italy has still more signally taken to itself the lion's share.

Saints from beyond the Alps have become an extinct species—monuments of a former social condition now swept away. It is true that to get a single one enrolled on the sacred panel *costs* as much as one of your moderately-contested railway bills, since the system of centralisation was adopted, and Rome made sole adjudicatrix of the merits and the sanctity. In Ireland and England, had the clergy and people omitted to crowd heaven with native-born SS. by simple acclaim, before reference was made necessary to Rome, those islands would never have got the numerous intercessors and the flattering title they shared in the middle ages. St. Kevin, St. Senanus, St. Dunstan, and St. Jarlath had the halo painted round their heads by a native decision, and a home determination—‘*Hereditary Bondsmen,*’ &c. &c.

We had some hope that the truly angelic creature, the late Princess Borghese, would have made some progress in this path of recognised sanctity in the arms of her mother church. But as her bright and unblemished memory happens not to be mixed up with any particular theory or school of casuistry, or any collateral ambition or interest of any set of churchmen, the officials have let the matter drop, as being but a mere exempli-

fication of transcendent maidenly and maternal holiness.

Rome : Ash-Wednesday.

Carnival has been unprecedentedly brilliant. For the last ten days, the roll of equipages, the interchange of bouquets, the discharge of confectionery projectiles, mid the uproar of the Corso, and of the two parallel streets that disembogue into the square *del popolo*, have been incessant. The French embassy ball outshone the competition even of the Doria, the Borghese, Lord Ward, and the Bachelors' Club. The colts from the Campagna ran their appointed races, and save that a Roman lad was killed by a kick from one of these quadrupeds, and an American artist stabbed in the back by a native, everything went off properly. The sudden contrast of this quiet morning is quite a relief. The flaunting masqueraders have vanished as by enchantment. The garb of sobriety and demure looks meets the eye. Many a northern nymph who might be met yesterday in very different attire—

Nuper in *stratis* studiosa florum,

is now close-veiled in the costume of *cenerentola*, borne towards the Vatican, to share at the old Pope's hands the envied ashes.

The profits of this season to the commerce of Rome (such as it is) can scarcely be overrated. Their political economists have the honesty to confess what is still denied in high quarters here, that the influx of strangers is the very breath of Roman nostrils. You need not be told that the 'balance of trade is awfully against the pontifical dominions ; but this—as well as many other unpleasant facts—is carefully kept out of men's thoughts in this eternal place. From a diligent examination of official papers (not of easy access), it turns out that the *imports* exceed the *exports* by no less a sum than five millions of dollars annually. One detail of this balance-sheet (which I intend to send you) is still more discreditable, inasmuch as the export trade is almost exclusively made up of raw materials, while the imports are invariably articles of foreign skill and industry, leaving to Rome an overwhelming account of beggarly indolence and government incapacity. It can be no longer matter of surprise that, while every capital of Northern Europe has nearly doubled its population since the century began, this metropolis numbers only a few hundred more citizens this year of our Lord than it did in 1800 ; neither will it be thought a very improbable occurrence that memorials and remonstrances to be presented to

the Roman government on the part of crippled and oppressed trade, as well as other subjects of political grievance, were actually flung, on the drive of the Pincian Hill, into the lap of the late visitor—aye, the Czar Nicholas. Even as regards England, the balance of Russian commerce is somewhat differently cared for.

These few lines will occasion your paper to be stopped at the post-office, as was every number in which the public interests of this oppressed community were advocated. Whenever 'Galignani' copies similar obnoxious paragraphs, he is also vicariously punished by strict confiscation in the Piazza Colonna.

We can only grumble at such things as they are, *senza rimedio*, but the Spanish nation has a right to complain, and deserves to be trampled on by foreign diplomacy if it do not give proper utterance to its indignation when the despatches of its envoy at this court are (as they *were* a few days ago), after having been confided to the custody of the post-office, found unsealed in the public piazza of St. Agostino, and brought in that state to the Spanish representative by a passing stranger.

You will not see this fact in the 'Gazette d'Augsbourg.'

Yesterday, March 4, a few miles out on the Via Nomentana, an unusual assemblage of brilliant equipages, mounted cavaliers, and miscellaneous pedestrians, gave token that the Roman nobility had fixed on a rendezvous for some signal display. The hounds were to meet at this spot, and the scarlet tints of the horsemen's costume accordingly gave additional relief to the glowing effects of the general landscape under an unclouded sky. Prince Constantine, the second son of the Czar, was expected on the ground, and hence this unwonted gathering. The newly-arrived visitor somehow did not come, and a fox being speedily unearthed, after a short run, the brush was won by the Prince Odescalchi. A cordial welcome is in preparation for the Czarina his mother, whose arrival here from Palermo is impatiently looked for.

The speech of Lord Aberdeen on the relations between Russia and Rome was in great request here, and was deemed additional evidence of his lordship's calm sagacity. You are long since aware of Cardinal Lambruschini's disavowal (in a formal note) of any participation in concocting or publishing the 'Nun's Tale'—of that marvellous Odyssey, overshadowing in fanciful horrors the history of Baron Trenck, or the story of Mazeppa.

The real editor was the facetious Father Ryllo, a Lithuanian genius of no common order, who cannot forget being exiled by the Czar's predecessor in 1824. Ryllo is a stirring spirit, and has left his mark on the Caucasus, on the Anti-Lebanon (ask Sir C. Napier), and the island of Malta. He is now about visiting Abyssinia, and you may therefore expect to hear of bustling intelligence from that quarter.

It is hard, nevertheless, to exonerate the authorities from the publication, in Roman type, of this pseudo-narrative. The title-page of the little *brochure* bore, 'tis true, no printer's name—the whereabouts was simply 'Italia,' and since then it has disappeared miraculously from all the Roman bookstalls; but that the printing thereof was *winked at* is well understood by anyone who knows of the perils that environ here clandestine typography. This is one of the inconveniences to which a government is liable, which looks upon the 'freedom of the press' as the 'offspring of hell first-born.' It must be responsible for whatever *is* printed.

It were happy for the public welfare if that were the only inconvenience, but people will read, even in Rome; and the book trade is a branch of industry which, on the banks of the Tiber,

government has effectually withered up, and thus added another melancholy leaf to the *hortus siccus* of Roman beggary. Without taking into account what is smuggled, a sum of 120,000 dollars is annually paid by this poor community to foreign booksellers—mainly for Italian works. If a Roman *virtuoso* labours with an MS. he seeks the obstetric art of the printing-press *anywhere but within these walls*.

You need not be told how many hands and heads are lucratively engaged elsewhere in the recently-adopted style of illustrated typography. From all share in that elegant industry Rome, by its own restrictions, has shut itself out. The engraver's family pines, the hand of young genius languishes unemployed, and, by paralysing the free production of letterpress, its concomitant and brother art is stricken down.

As to periodical literature, which is now awakening mankind all over Europe to a sense of the beautiful and the useful in every department of science, here there is a universal blank. There is, to be sure, a costly serial, called the 'Album di Roma,' a number of which fell under our eye the other day; but the leading article being a dissertation on *il giuoco del oca*—viz. 'the game of goose,' we flung it aside with a wish that if the

'authorised' editor did not wish to enlighten his docile readers, he might avoid thus sneering at their imbecility. Newspapers and their great corollary—advertisements—are, of course, undreamt of.

The paper on which this number of the 'Daily News' is printed has probably come in the shape of Roman rags from Civita Vecchia or Ancona. This export (exclusive of smuggling) is, in pounds, two millions and a half of the raw material of paper. Any boy in one of your 'ragged schools' can calculate the loss which ensues on exporting rags and receiving printed books in return. An alarm was raised a few years ago about this glaring deficiency in the management of things, and by way of remedy, a prohibition against the exit of rags was enacted. The rags were then used as manure; nothing could *force* them into paper under the restrictions of the press. The prohibition was accordingly removed. As in the similar case of the old log in Horace, the better alternative (between dung and divinity) was resolved upon—

Maluit esse Deum. Deus inde ego, furum aviumque  
Maxima formido.

I must break off, having to attend a sitting of

the Academia d'Arcadi, which takes place at four to-day.

March 12.

That 'amusing print' the 'Diario di Roma,' which, as you know, is generally a mere recital of church ceremonies, chronicled with chamberlain precision and Chinese solemnity, published last week, in a fit of generosity, the balance-sheet of the savings bank for February. The laity were thus informed that during the past month a sum of 30,403 dollars had been lodged by them, while only 16,332 had been withdrawn—a palpable hint to be joyful at such evidence of their prosperous condition under the ecclesiastical system of rule. As if they did not know this exceptional surplus to be a simple derivative from the disbursements of foreign opulence during carnival, and a casual result of the circulating medium being freely lavished among tradesfolk by these northern revellers, far from being an index to the sustained healthy condition of remunerative industry. This topic I have touched on before, and may resume with effect. The middle classes, the *prolétaires*, and operatives have been utterly overlooked in the dominions of the church (with, thereunto, the ignoble connivance of the aristocracy), uni-

formerly snubbed and crushed since the days of Rienzi.

The declamations of Young Italy may or may not be all froth; but Arabic figures cannot be dealt with in the fashion of rhetorical flourishes; the whole question may resolve itself into a simple study of the balance-sheet of the Roman trade. Let your readers (matter-of-fact people) pause at each separate figure, and then sum up their impressions from the general *coup d'œil* of the following cartoon, which has not been painted in the Vatican:—

1. *Cotton tissues.* The population pays, for every yard in use, hard cash to the looms of England, Switzerland, and Mulhausen. Two millions of dollars (exclusive of smuggling) are ascertained to be lost on this item. The only attempt to manufacture a coarse description of cotton stuffs was made in the workhouse at Diocletian's baths, and in the arsenal of galley slaves at Civita Vecchia. The paupers preferred begging, and the only 'cotton lords' left are the latter gentry.

2. In *woollens*, things are not quite so bad, though the staple is miserably cared for. Alarmed some years ago at the enormous outgoings of money to purchase foreign broad-cloth, the present

Pope's advisers suggested the exploded system of bounties ; a certain sum was ordered to be paid to the manufacturers according to quality as well as quantity.

The result was that the trade appeared to revive.

		Manufactories		Ells
In 1836	there were in operation	. . 28	producing	34,526
„ 1837	„ „	. . 36	„	48,492
„ 1838	„ „	. . 46	„	63,165
„ 1839	„ „	. . 44	„	63,810

But the force of bounties would no farther go. The thing had been worked uphill to the utmost of its capacity ; smuggling increased, and bounties were jobbed ; last year Peel's policy of reducing the tariff was adopted, and at the fair of Sinigaglia, the quantity of foreign cloth admitted at reduced rates doubled in amount, and kept up the produce to the Papal treasury, but several factories have since been discontinued, and much misery has ensued. It must be added that the intelligent manufacturers blame government for not giving such powers as are supplied in France by the system of *livrets*, a matter not understood in England, but absolutely necessary here whenever workmen are congregated in bodies. Meantime the Roman states export *raw* wool to the amount

of 260,000 dollars, and import the same spun or woven to the amount of 480,000 dollars.

3. In *silken tissues* these states could supply all Europe, with common painstaking. The whole Campagna might be planted with mulberries, if the landowners had the slightest wish to improve their enormous tracts. The *women* spin enough to save a portion of the loss, which is thus :—

Raw silk exported, in value . . . . .	489	dollars.
Spun silk „ „ . . . . .	515,651	„
Woven silk imported, in value . . . . .	237,554	„

4. In *flax* and *hemp* the balance of trade is actually in favour of Rome, and that to an unexpected extent, so as to cover the whole loss of the cotton imports. The spinning and weaving of linen is attended to, not in manufactories, but in the homesteads of the cottagers, and without any encouragement or interference of government. The women here again redeem the laziness and incapacity of the men. For, particularly on the other side of the Apennines, the old habits of the peasantry have survived, and though no longer is *part* of Macaulay's description true—

When the oldest cask is opened,  
 And the largest lamp is lit ;  
 And the chestnuts glow in the embers,  
 And the kid turns on the spit.

If no longer

The good man mends his armour,  
And trims his helmet plume ;

Still

The good wife's shuttle merrily  
Goes flashing thro' the loom.

5. In *wax* and *honey* the imports surpass the exports by 140,000 dollars. This is absolutely shameful, and shows how little the fourth book of the Georgics, or the good old man of Æbalia's example has done for the degenerate agricultural mind.

6. The *fisheries* are in as miserable a state of neglect as in Ireland. St. Peter appears to have only bequeathed his ring (*annulum piscatoris*) to the pontiffs. 400,000 dollars are paid in hard cash to us English for fishing the cod banks of Newfoundland, to enable the Romans to keep Lent, which they do very badly.

7. In the matter of *oil* only think of a country where the olive has but to be planted to spread its silver leaves in the sun and give abundant returns, actually importing foreign oil from other Italian states, particularly its neighbour Tuscany, to the amount of 320,000 dollars. Most of the land thus mismanaged is in the claws of the church. To be badly off for *soap* is a still more

blameable condition, arguing arrant laziness : this article is *imported* to the extent of 100,000 dollars.

8. *Corn* shall form a chapter to itself in a future communication. This is the monster grievance, and ought not to be dealt with perfunctorily.

9. For *gums, resins, fruit, wines*, the absolute loss on the balance of import and export is 130,000 dollars.

10. *Colonial produce*, tea, coffee, sugar, are of course on the wrong side of the ledger, but not an attempt has been dreamt of to imitate the French and German beet-root factories, though this vegetable, planted lately in the fat ground near Aricia, produced roots varying in weight from *ten* to *thirty* pounds ! It might as well rot on Lethe's wharf as on the banks of the Tiber, for all the government cares.

11. In the matter of *cheese* and *butter*, fancy an agricultural country importing these two articles from its neighbours to the amount of 68,191 dollars, and at the same time exporting cows and oxen to the extent of 304,000 dollars.

12. *Iron, brass, tin, lead, and zinc*, are all imports ; yet are there abundant chalybeate indications and olden mines of iron at Viterbo, at Tolfa, at Montelone, and coal-beds unworked.

The government prefer bringing the all-important article from Elba of the Florentines. Some praise is due to Gregory for the ironworks established at the Falls of Tivoli and Terni, but the rule subsists more glaringly because of the exception.

13. In *straw bonnets*, the industry of the women again exhibits a slight compensation in an export of 120,000 dollars.

14. I have not been able to get the returns of the delf and crockery trade, but a large balance is here against Rome ; though one of its small dependencies, Fayenza, had formerly the glory of giving its name to this most profitable branch of industry.

15. In the article of *Belli Arti* the export is of course on the side of Rome, but to an amount far less than would be supposed, a mere trifle over 100,000 dollars. These be a few data on which to found an opinion as to the value of church government and the exclusion of laymen from the management of temporal affairs ; and further, while such an aggregate of poverty is necessarily accumulated in the Roman states, with what face can the ecclesiastical rulers of this benighted land refuse the offer of capital for the construction of railroads ? Let Europe judge.

Rome : March 18.

Much disgust is felt and expressed in ecclesiastical circles here at the tenour of Dr. John Mac Hale's Lenten manifesto, ascribing the potato rot to the establishment of Irish colleges for the laity. Italian gravity relaxes into a smile of pity for the people to whom such garbage is presented with impunity. Nor, while the question is known to be under reference to superior authority, do people here overlook the indecency of this individual prejudgment, seeming, as it were, to bully the Vatican.

The British artists, who meditate exhibiting their *capi d'opera* among you in May, have last week been engaged with the numerous agents of Mac Cracken, &c., and many a trim bark spreads its canvas for England, with other and more precious canvas under hatches.

Not a few flasks of Orvieto have perished in wafting good wishes with the bill of lading. It were invidious to mention names ; besides, does not this particular department belong to one of their artistic brethren, whose pen is as graphic as his pencil, but whose sterling good nature is still more conspicuous—'Michael Angelo Titmarsh.' He is well remembered here, where he rested

awhile after his famous pilgrimage from 'Cornhill to Cairo.'

In the 'address book' of working artists, lying for public inspection at Monaldini's news-rooms, the eye is somewhat bewildered in meeting with an English earl. In sooth, the pictorial brotherhood is augmented by the accession of Lord Compton, who, 'scorning' mere aristocratic 'delights,' sits at the mess-table of art, has donned the blouse, and wears the indescribable beaver in which rejoiceth your modern Raffaele; for the rest, *incomptus*, to a hair completes the picture.

Placards stuck up yesterday at various corners of streets acquainted the hackney coachmen and other *litterati* of Rome that a German work, ycleped *Die Römisch-heidensche Kirche* (please spell it correctly for the bookseller's sake) was condemned by the *Index Expurgatorius*. Germany and Italy never did, nor ever will, thoroughly understand each other; there lurks a principle of antagonism in the very nature of both; all attempts to assimilate two such different idiosyncrasies must fail. As to the so-called 'German Catholic Church,' it bears about the same relation to Catholicity as 'German silver' to the real article.

‘Galignani,’ of the 7th, having had the hardihood to copy something extracted from one of my letters to you, was confiscated at the pontifical post-office. Like Hoby the bootmaker, when Ensign Shuttleworth threatened to withdraw his custom, the great Paris newsmonger will no doubt put up his shutters.

March 28.

The utter discomfiture of the insurgents on the Vistula, and the sad tinge of ridicule which this attempt has flung on popular efforts to obtain redress of grievances by the sword, are things not without important reaction on the prospects of Central Italy. The aspiration for deliverance is not checked nor retarded; but the folly of any premature and fractional attempt has been thus effectually demonstrated. And hence, though the old Bastilles of darkness and despotism and the dwellers therein may imagine the ground more steady beneath them than it was before this slight earthquake, or rather *mudquake*, the volcanic action is but adjourned. From Mount Gibello to Hecla the hint is taken.

The Swiss regiments concentrated in the Legations for the expected outbreak in April may now pile their muskets comfortably, and the un-

usually thick crop of bayonets visible on the other bank of the Po may disappear for the season. Many a good old cardinal legate will enjoy a sounder night's rest beyond the Apennines; and if a new loan is wanted of Torlonia, to stop a fresh gap of the yearly-yawning deficit, the great tobacco contractor will be, perhaps, in better humour.

A few days ago this government provided for its subjects the spectacle of a public execution, into the details of which performance I do not enter. The law's delay had allowed the culprit to remain two years in prison before his final production, and his case is not unsuggestive of much sound teaching, not to the mere rabble who gathered round the spot where of old Rienzi spoke, and where now the guillotine discourseth, but rather to those whom providence had made responsible for the conduct of the modern Roman people. In the minutes of the trial it appeared that this youth of twenty-four had sought all over the Campagna, from Frascati to Ardea, for work, and had sought in vain, before resolving, first, on the sale of his prayer-book, which fetched three *bajocchi*; and finally, on killing the first man he met, who turned out to be a charcoal-burner, as poor as himself. Now, wherefore was there no

work for Francesco Sciarra, in that wide champaign with its rich soil and its abounding pastures? The answer is simple: these lands are either held in mortmain<sup>1</sup> by the church or the monks (which are two distinct categories), or by hospitals, or by such leviathan landowners as Borghese, Rospigliosi, Piombino, Barberini, and (a namesake of the criminal) Prince Sciarra. The church lands are never improved by additional labour, because the incumbent has but a life-tenancy, and generally lives in Rome. The monks are migratory or reckless. The hospitals are gigantic jobs, where the plunder is divided between the highest and the lowest functionaries, a mere fractional part finding its way to the original humane object, and no funds can be spared for agricultural progress. The great land-proprietors either have no taste for expensive improvements on a strictly entailed estate, or they have other and less creditable pursuits; they feel themselves to be mere ciphers in the ecclesiastical dominions, without the natural influence of property and rank, and therefore deem themselves not answerable for the pauperism around them. So between the aristocracy and the church (the

<sup>1</sup> See Mahony's evidence on this subject before a Committee of the House of Commons.

middle classes cannot get any land to purchase in the Campagna), the labourers are as little cared for as if they were tenants of an Irish absentee, or squatter of that Milesian Eldorado, Derrynane Beg.

They have a corn-law here too, which attempts to regulate not only the import of grain, but is principally effective in preventing its export, a process capable of being made most extensive and remunerating, but for the peculiar distribution of property. Fertile tracts are only ploughed once every third year, being left the other two to be 'cooked' (*si cuoce*) in the sun. The food of the working peasant is rarely bread, mostly Indian corn made into a moist cake, and having dried fruit, a raisin or something of that kind, frugally interspersed to make the lump palatable. With this provender he goes forth to labour at a great distance from his dwelling, and returns at eve to a supper of wild herbs, with a little oil and vinegar.

To return to the gallows. The prevalent feeling was of course pity for the young murderer, whose guilt was totally forgotten; and while the dismal preparation was being made, and pick-pockets at work, masked pilgrims went round making a collection for anticipative masses to benefit his soul. No one thought of including in

the votive offering a *bajoccho* for the soul of the poor charcoal-burner—the sympathy being all monopolised by the homicide, as in Ireland, and none left for his victim.

The selection of the neighbourhood of Rienzi's house for these exhibitions is singularly infelicitous, but not more so than was a certain advertisement in the form of a leading article which appears in the 'Roman Journal' of last Thursday. By this the public is informed that the Colonna family offer for sale all that remains of the famous pine-tree in their gardens on the Quirinal, blown down by the thunderstorm of May 1842, it having been planted so far back as 1332, on the day that, through their ancestors, the Commonwealth of Rome was brought under subjection to its present rulers, by the death of Cola, the last of the Tribunes. Already fifteen cart-loads of firewood had been retailed out of the broken branches of the giant tree, and, now that the trunk alone was left, it was supposed that some admirer of antiques, vegetable as well as mineral, might be tempted to exchange with the Colonna for hard dollars this proud memento of their race. No bidder has yet offered, though the gardener yesterday strongly recommended the timber to an English visitor as *buono per un vapore*—'good for building a steam-

boat;' it were better perhaps used in the construction of a printing-press. You may recollect that the same storm blew down Tasso's oak on the Janiculum, but the poor monks did not sell for firewood the memorial of their melancholy guest, nor made they a peddling traffic of Torquato's tree. The wife of your member for Manchester—Mrs. Milner Gibson, daughter of Sir T. Cullum, Bart. of Suffolk—is a descendant of the Colonnas, and she is not probably aware that this opportunity offers of securing an heirloom of that time-honoured lineage. You may mention the subject to her with my best respects.

April 4.

There is much quiet amusement, not untinged with a dash of melancholy, supplied perpetually to strangers here by the efforts of government to arrest the progress of those modern improvements which must obviously ultimately be adopted even in Rome. The mirth which borders on sadness is stated by metaphysicians to have peculiar fascinations, and some æsthetic poet observes that no merriment was to him more enjoyable than

The fun

In mourning coaches when the funeral's done.

Some such feelings were apt to creep o'er the

mind, in reading last week the newest edict of the local authorities affixed on the walls for the guidance of all shopkeepers and others. This *hatisheriff*, which it is impossible not duly to respect, denounces the modern innovation of gas-light made of our old acquaintance the previously denounced *carbon fossile*, and all private gas-works of this nature are suppressed. Hereby many an industrious and enterprising establishment has its pipe put out all of a sudden, while those which are suffered to remain are subjected to a thousand vexatious restrictions and domiciliary visits from officials, who, as usual, must be bribed to report favourably. They are further told that their private gas-generators will be all confiscated at some undetermined period when it shall please the wisdom of authority to establish government gas-works—a period far remote, to be sure, but sufficiently indefinite effectively to discourage the outlay of private capitalists on their private comforts or accommodation. Milan, Florence, Leghorn, Venice, Turin, and Naples are gas-lit long since.

There is a refinement of stupidity in this proceeding, which requires no further development. Alas! there was a time when the Rome of Leo X. girded up her loins to walk in the vanguard of civilisation, instead of being, as now, decrepit and

bedridden, or, if you will, after the fashion of a midnight hag squatted on the heaving breast of Italy. The 'iron roads' will nevertheless be made, and the *carbon fossile* shall redden the furnace of many a Roman steam engine yet, and this very gas now denounced shall add new irradiancy to the majestic dome of Peter, which is just about to be illuminated with tallow for the blessed Easter festival.

There is much of secret, senseless pride in this opposition to any innovation, the merit of originating which does not happen to belong to this side of the Alps. But the *odium theologicum* has also some share in the matter. We ourselves, in bygone days, showed a similar dogged dulness in our refusal for a century to adopt the Gregorian calendar because, though obviously right, it was derived from a Papal source. For no other reason on earth does the Russian empire still continue to be eleven days out of reckoning with the rest of mankind, being kept in countenance by the modern Greeks alone among civilised nations.

April 11.

The Sistine chapel, adorned with the 'Last Judgment' by Buonarotti, seems at this period of the year to possess, in common with that grand

and awful gathering of the whole human race, the peculiarity of assembling on one spot the most heterogeneous elements, which nothing short of a grand convulsion could otherwise bring into juxtaposition. On looking round, the eye wanders from the uniform of the cardinals to that of the British red coats. A fat Capuchin friar is seen alongside of the great French novelist De Balzac, whose rival rotundity of form and amplitude of visage are conspicuous; the pious assiduity of Don Miguel edifies the beholder; while the two married daughters of Charles Kemble, spite of their black veils, send his thoughts far away to the haunts of Norma and of Julietta. The bluff face of Sir Henry Pottinger reminds one of our recent glories on the banks of the *πέντε ποταμοί*, while the tall gaunt figure of Mr. Polk (brother to the Yankee President), rising in a ghastly vision behind him, suggests a similar discomfiture of the Kentuckian Sikhs on the banks of the Columbia river. Scotch feudalism is there in the person of 'the Glengarry;' Polish exiles pray alongside of Russian major-generals; Puseyite parsons abound. There is Prince Paul Lieven near Mr. Whiteside, late counsel for the Repeal conspirators; Count Toltstoy, Sir Charles Fellowes, Prince Gallitzin, Countess Flahaut, and Mr. James

Twig, of the 'well-known firm in Crutched Friars,' London.

Apropos of Mr. Polk (aforesaid), the presence of this gentleman in Europe is one of the beautiful illustrations of the supposed democratic exemption from that well-known Roman vice, nepotism. Here is an individual sent out at the expense of the all-repudiating republic, in the high capacity of envoy to the court of Naples, for which employment his qualifications appear to be that he is absolutely incapable of interchanging his ideas in any European dialect spoken on this continent, a sense of which incapacity seems to have suggested to him the uselessness of his sojourning in Naples, for he has been all this year in Paris or elsewhere.

April 18.

My anticipations of there being a screw loose in the arrangements between Rome and Russia prove correct. The visit of the Empress to this capital is, after all the expensive preparations, finally interdicted by the autocrat, and the Czarina is by this time on her way seawise from Naples to Leghorn. As she sails along the Roman coast she may probably catch a glimpse of the cross topping the dome of St. Peter's, an object visible far out at sea ; but nothing further is

she fated to behold of all the marvels gathered together here. Among the many evils originating in the schism of old Photius, 'twixt Greek and Latin church, the non-gratification of laudable female curiosity, in this instance, is clearly traceable to bygone theology, and a most curious commentary might be written on the oracular warning of the seer in the 'Æneid' uttered many centuries previous :—

Has autem terras, Italique hanc littoris oram,  
Effuge ! cuncta malis habitantur (*mænia Graiis*) rura Latinis ?

The innocent Mr. Murray, in the pastoral simplicity of his guide-book, has put on record his 'agreeable surprise to find the artists of all countries living here together on such amicable terms.' It is, perhaps, right that the public generally should take for granted the existence of this Arcadian state of things, and one feels loth to disturb so charming a vision. What boots it, in sooth, to learn that the French clique do not associate with the German set, or that the Russians have an overseer at a high salary, to see that their political principles undergo no contamination from the indiscriminate *Burschenschaft* of art ? Who cares to learn that a Germanic confederation have established among themselves a kind of

Zollverein, admission being made dependent on the use of the Deutsch tongue, and the old club of the *Ponte Molle* has been consequently expurgated of the few British artists who had been smuggled into it during a more liberal system of customs? But it is *not* pleasant to observe a nascent spirit of exclusiveness among ourselves. It is not quite the thing that the residents of a year's standing in Rome should form themselves into a class apart, to the mortifying depression of all freshmen who may not yet have eaten 365 dinners of roast kid to qualify for association with the aforesaid yearlings. As to individual squabbles, *non ragionam di loro*. But the grand feud of all, reviving the wrath of Guelph and Ghibelline, is the feud between the *Puritani* and the *Classicisti*. This quarrel, which has been smouldering for the last twenty years, has now broken out in good earnest.

Sir David Wilkie, writing from this place to Sir William Knighton, in January 1826, notices thus to his courtly correspondent (who kept the privy purse), the rise of this riot:—‘Some Germans, with more of the devotion of a sect than of a school, have attracted much attention by reverting to the beginning of art, by studying Raffaele's master, rather than Raffaele, in hopes that, by going over the same ground, they may, from

Pietro Perugino, attain all the excellences of his great scholar. These artists, among the most zealous of whom are Fyght, Schaddow, Schnore, and Overbeck, in their works, display, with much of the dryness of Albert Dürer, great talent, and a strong feeling for expression. They are not without admirers and patrons.

Now, although volumes have been since written on the subject in newspapers and reviews, the whole pith and substance of the matter has been put forth by Shrewd Davie, in these few lines, twenty years ago. The real sting which envenoms the business is, however, contained in the concluding words of the cannie Scot; and in England, I apprehend, as well as here, the real question which sets men at loggerheads is, ought there to be a monopoly in certain mystical hands of the public patronage, of government orders, and private commissions? Is there to be a dominant sect in art? Are there to be Christian and Pagan painters? Are the 'saints' to inherit the land, to the utter exclusion of the profane?

A grand stand-up effort to do battle against this conspiracy has just been made in the great hall of the Roman Capitol. On the occasion of a biennial solemnity held by the Academy of St. Luke, Professor Visconti read an official harangue,

which, owing to the noise of the over-crowded saloon, could be but indistinctly heard, but which being now in print before me, can be calmly considered. It is a violent tirade, almost personal, against Overbeck and his followers, and by way of being more dispassionate, is announced as the composition of the president, Cavalier Fabris, himself a sculptor; the venerable old imitator of the stiff Perugino is styled by the classic president *un copiatore pedante*, at the same time that he is somewhat incoherently designated as a ‘novatore che con falsi principii temerariamente esposti e con presuntuosa sicurezza inculcati fa deviare la gioventù credula, &c. &c., the object of this new sect is further stated, with some shrewdness, to be merely a scheme to avoid fair upright competition, by keeping aloof from the ordinary field of emulation, where their intrinsic weakness would be detected; to crow on a dunghill of their own choice, where no rival deigns to encounter them; ‘per toglier dinanzi qualunque importuna emulazione e restar soli a dominar l’arte;’ he calls the purist painter a ‘povero di spirito,’ ‘senza anima,’ at the same time that he hints at his being only an old hypocrite all the time, ‘con arrogante ipocrisia’ as if all this anti-paganism, artistic Puseyism, philo-Puginism, &c. &c., were all but cunning

devices of quackery to fill the pockets of men who laugh in their sleeve at the enthusiasm they have created.

I give you these details, without entering into the merits of the case further than to state that strong jealousy exists among the Italians, forced to see, as they do every Sunday, the enormous crowd of English attending the levee of Overbeck. This idol's shrine is near the Jews' quarter, in the palace of the Cenci (chosen for effect by the cunning charlatan, say they), and certainly there are various symptoms of trickery discernible in some of the old gentleman's peculiarities.

In sculpture, where there is little scope for deviation from the enduring canons of the sublime and beautiful, the new sect has not broken ground to any extent; but the Cavalier Fabris aforesaid, who has succeeded to the presidency and emoluments of Canova (owing to the *cameraderie* of Gregory XXI., who, when a poor monk, often quaffed a flask of Orvieto with the sucking sculptor), is but a poor apology for the genius that is departed.

John Gibson's statue of the Queen, ordered for Buckingham Palace, is now nigh finished, and stands forth confessedly a masterpiece of marble portraiture. No coin, medal, picture, or miniature, which the British public has yet seen, can boast of

being so striking a resemblance, and at the same time embodying so majestically pleasing an impersonation of royalty. With one hand she grasps a scroll (some enactment of beneficial legislation), while with the other she is presenting a wreath of reward to some meritorious subject of her happy realm. The drapery is most gracefully studied, and so skilfully managed that modern costume is insensibly blended and dovetailed in the classic folds of antiquity. The expression is that of firmness tempered with benignity.

John Hogan's colossal statue of Mr. O'Connell is in a similar state of forwardness. This tremendous figure, twelve feet in vertical height, carved from a spotless block of white Serravezza marble, produces an effect (spite of every reminiscence connected with the individual represented) of unmixed and unaffected grandeur. Dignity of attitude, consciousness of power, and indomitable energy, are in the extended arm and protruded leg of the orator. There is a slight shadow of sadness, with a half-suppressed twinkle of roguery perceptible in the countenance. It is the very image of the man. The gigantic folds of the broadly-flung mantle are in the boldest style of masterly art; and there stands no pedestal in the British islands bearing a statue in marble of such dimensions at

all approaching the merit of this work ; a production of unmistakable native genius, which is understood to be ordered by the managers of Conciliation Hall. If they thus expended all the funds levied from the duped multitude, none would cavil at the extortion ; for when all the brawlers will be silent in their graves, and the follies of the present hour long forgotten, this proud monument of well-directed patriotism will yet gladden the eyes of millions.

The Bavarian artist, Wolf, among many important works for Berlin and Munich, has been commissioned by Her Majesty of England to execute a statue of Prince Albert, by reason, perhaps, of his having many years ago (before the royal marriage) carved a bust of the Prince when here in Rome. Of the present work, which is nearly completed, it is enough to say that the likeness is unexceptionable. There is an elegant gentleness in the Royal Consort's expression, a smooth mildness, somewhat grotesquely contrasting, nevertheless, with the warlike costume of a Roman legionary, in which (kilt included) he stands before you. There are the bronze buskins, the corslet, the studded belt. He grasps the Roman short sword, and leans on a round buckler, with dolphins (?) carved thereon. It needs no prophetic

soul to anticipate the future. celebrity of this performance; the 'hat' was nothing to this: alas! there is a sad dog in Fleet Street, an unscrupulous assailant of the most solemn tomfooleries—need I name the implacable 'Punch,' who,

Hushed in grim repose, awaits his marble prey!

A Mr. Cardwell<sup>1</sup> of Manchester has modelled some very superior works; he is just now engaged in modelling a wassail-bowl, which has been ordered by some patron of the Anglo-Norman period of art. It is supposed to represent the favourite drinking-cup of him who wrote the 'Canterbury Tales,' as is indicated by the following suggestive inscription, which, in black letter, gracefully runs round the tracery of the vase:—

This be Chaucer hys cup : ye well of english undefiled.

Painting in Rome ranks now but second to sculpture; there is no use in asking why,<sup>2</sup> but the

<sup>1</sup> The Statesman, vol. i. p. 97.

<sup>2</sup> At an artists' dinner last Christmas (the occurrence will be found later on) it was stated from the chair, and ratified by 'applause,' that the head-quarters of SCULPTURE must ever be Rome, as irremovable thence as the *immobile saxum* of her CAPITOL; but as for being still the head nurse of young painters, she performed that office of late somewhat after the fashion of her own she-wolf, and her udders were exhausted.

fact is undeniable: there is a much greater amount of relative talent among the brethren of the chisel than among the fraternity of the brush. Among the natives, Cavalier Podesti has succeeded to the emoluments and office of the late Camuccini, a change considerably for the better. Brick-dust is now at a discount, and a more pleasing set of tints have been introduced on the Roman palette. Mere academic figures have been banished from the canvas, and some originality of design has superseded the monotony of previous years. Yet is the Roman school far below that of Paris, London, and even Milan. In Podesti's studio there is, nevertheless, a *Decameron* which might vie with that of Winterhalter. It is decidedly more simple, and has more local truthfulness.

Capalti is exquisite in portraiture, and Minardi unrivalled in linear drawing; but the great attraction is the studio of Cornelius. It were wrong to confound this painter with the servile adherents of Overbeck: he has burst the swaddling-clothes of 'early art,' and dashes off his subject with a noble freedom. He is now engaged on a series of cartoons for a grand cemetery to be painted in fresco at Berlin. The subjects are from the Book of Revelation, and also from his own teeming fancy: for, as I was contemplating one of the

awful scenes of exterminating angels and so forth, a shield, with the word 'Waterloo,' caught my eye, and I soon discovered its possessor to be an elderly gentleman with a Roman nose and a Roman toga, whom an angel was tapping on the shoulder, to draw his attention to another elderly gentleman holding a child on the baptismal font, which I supposed to be His Prussian Majesty, standing godfather at Windsor Castle, in the costume 'of the period.' An American artist, Mr. Powell, confessedly the most clever of his people here, has shadowed out the plan of a picture representing a rather hackneyed subject, viz. Columbus before the Council of Seville. In poetry as well as painting, the fault of these New Englanders is their want of individuality. There is nothing racy of the American soil about them. There will never be an American school of art at this rate.<sup>1</sup>

Power at Florence, has given freshness and

<sup>1</sup> There is some value in any addition to the old worn-out nomenclature of professional criticism; 'the *correggiosità* of Correggio, and the grand contour of Angelo.' At this American painter's studio, last October, lay on the easel the portrait, in progress, of a Mr. Habbakuk Bourne of Massachusetts, and that worthy citizen, being somewhat proud of his effigy, had brought a brother Yankee to give *his* opinion on the performance. Silently did he scan the work of art, and 'TIS A DEUCED TIGHT FIT!' revealed his deep appreciation.

originality to his marble busts ; he may be truly called the founder of Yankee sculpture. This style is quite his own.

An able artist, as well as a connoisseur, Mr. Macpherson, has lately had the luck to purchase, at the breaking up of the great storehouse of Cardinal Fesch, an oaken panel, about four feet by five, which is covered with an unfinished painting of Christ borne to the sepulchre, now pronounced by the best judges in Rome, and by Cornelius, to be an undoubted oil picture by Buonarotti, equal in all its peculiarities to that in the Florentine 'Tribuna.' Its history is curious enough. It was purchased at Fano, on the Adriatic, for thirty-five *bajocchi*, in a barber's shop, where it had done duty for several centuries as a table, the back of the picture having been polished for the upper surface of that piece of domestic furniture. The speculator who brought it to Rome sold it to the Cardinal at once for twenty-seven crowns, and it has lain among the lumber uncleaned ever since. The government officer, Visconti, was ordered to put his seal on it—*ne exeat regno*—but, by some oversight, the custom-house functionary, Fioroni, allowed himself to be outwitted, and the valuable

oak board is now safe at Leghorn, under the protection of the British flag.

The same gentleman, whose researches in the interesting mine of Stuart antiquities have been rewarded by so many valuable Jacobite treasures (see 'Quarterly Review' for January 1847, art. 'Stuart Papers'), seems to possess a kind of Scottish second-sight, by which he instinctively recognises the presence of an old master. In the 'Odyssey' we have Ulysses, the 'old master' of Ithaca, after many years of defacing care and disfiguring toils, still identified by canine sagacity. And a picture by Sebastian del Piombo (an unquestionable portrait of Vittoria Colonna, painted in her widowhood), was on the point of being scraped to utter destruction by an ignorant restorer, when Mr. Macpherson came, saw, and rescued the invaluable canvas and restored it to its name and origin. Cavalier Minardi, the first authority in Rome on these matters, has hailed and vouched for the discovery, which has derived singular corroboration from an acknowledged portrait of the lady in a Neapolitan collection. Since the bold revelation of Ossian by his distinguished grand-uncle, there have been few such felicitous *trouvailles*.

*Memorandum.*—At the Café del Greco, frequented by the children of art, the uninitiated visitor hears what sounds like an ‘unknown tongue.’ Those who gently ask the waiter for a *Carlo Dolce* are simple applicants for a very mild form of alcoholic stimulant; while you well-whiskered individual, who prefers a *stiff* tumbler of grog, quickly conveys his meaning by calling for a *Pietro Perugino!*

Florence: April 29.

Being here to pay a passing visit to some very dear friends, I do not omit to keep you *au courant* of what passes, and I am now in a position to tell you that the pear is ripening, if this Peninsula can be likened to a pear, when it bears so notoriously the semblance of a boot. Our Florence, ‘the thrifty,’ is situated on the shin-bone of that fanciful similitude, and Bologna, ‘the fat’ forms naturally part of the calf; while Genoa, ‘the superb,’ supposing the boot to be of the small Hessian model, would have to play the ornamental part of its then *obligato* appendage, the tassel. In this arrangement Lombardy and the Venetian territory would not be included within the leather at all, though undeniably belonging to the leg; and Austria most undoubtedly thinks that where the

leather ends the nationality ought to stop, as in the contract of Queen Dido :—

Taurino quantum potuit circumdare tergo.

*We* demur to this; and it is proper that you should be cognisant of the present prospects and hopes of those (so-called enthusiastic) day-dreamers who look on the deliverance of Italy as at hand. Whilst these matters bore only the semblance of conjectural reports or fanciful combinations, I withheld any reference to their existence; but as latterly certain outward manifestations and positive overt acts have borne evidence to the reality of what seemed doubtful, I no longer hesitate to put you in possession of what is no secret here.

Within the last four months a remarkable change has been perceptible in the policy of the court of Turin. The old and long departed spirit of the Prince of Carignano of 1820 seemed to have revisited the glimpses of the moon, and even to have walked in open day. The tone given to public instruction by a new appointment; the withdrawal of confidence from the Jesuits, who had been hitherto paramount; the circulation given publicly to the patriotic theories and opinions of that noble-minded and intelligent Christian philosopher Gioberti (whose liberal views are yet

combined with strict adherence to Catholic orthodoxy); the permission given to the refugees of 1820 to revisit Piedmont and Genoa, the increase of the army to over 100,000 well-disciplined troops, all natives of Upper Italy; the selection of Genoa as the *rendezvous* of all the scientific minds and daring souls of the Peninsula, who are to gather an immense force and unanimity there next September—all these indications of ulterior views on the part of King Carlo Alberto have spread alarm and dismay among the Austrian authorities at Milan. The objects contemplated are perfectly obvious. ‘Italy for the Italians,’ is the ill-suppressed ‘cry’ on every lip. Hence a rapid march of numerous Hungarian and Bohemian regiments into the provinces of Lombardy; hence a strengthening of the garrisons along the frontier.

Explanations have been sought by the old Mephistophiles of Vienna, and he has received evasive replies. The mild game of diplomacy is found to be of no use here; there are no Galician peasantry here to let loose on Italian noblemen. What is to be done? Foreign bayonets are brought down in plenty, and the slightest commotion will give an opportunity to test their efficacy.

Meantime, the war of custom-house vexations has already commenced. Within the last few

days we learn that the duty on Piedmontese wine has been considerably augmented at the frontier of Lombardy; you are aware that immense supplies of that article pass from Piedmont into the neighbouring territory, less productive in vineyards, and subject to Austria. Another and most significant change has taken place in the relative bearing of Milan and Turin towards each other. Hitherto the subjects of both dominions having landed property in both were allowed all the rights of reciprocal citizenship, and were in the enjoyment of a twofold protection, coupled with a twofold allegiance. Lately the Austrian authorities have given notice that all his Imperial Majesty's subjects so situated must make their election, and declare themselves lieges of either the Kaiser or of the King. A further measure has been adopted (still on the part of Austria). Hitherto the farmers and peasantry on the immediate frontier could pass to and fro with a document *annually* renewed. Now, there must be a special and distinct passport for each time they pass the boundary. It is reported that, to meet the increase of duty on Piedmontese wines, the court of Turin is about to increase the customs on all the woollen and other tissues of Bohemian origin, and to retaliate right and left on the

Emperor. We shall see. War may be carried on by tariffs.

Nous frapperons Falck with twenty per cent.

The facts suggest their own commentary. That commentary is freely made in the Universities of Pisa and Bologna, and wherever the youth of Italy congregate; nor do elderly men draw any different conclusion of what is going on. The Italians have ceased to look to France for aid—

Can Gaul or Muscovite befriend ye? No.—BYRON.

They are learning self-reliance, and if the principle of non-intervention is 'sustained, short work will be made of the foreigner.

Of course you gave no credit to the rumour that Renzi had been secretly executed in the castle of St. Angelo. The Roman government dare not indulge in such a luxury of vengeance, however palatable to some of Metternich's disciples at the Vatican; but the next best thing was to murder his character, and that has been attempted by the Austrian embassy here, to which I have traced the report prevalent last week, 'that Renzi had turned informer, and given in a long list of secret rebels of Ancona, Bologna, Forli, and Perugia.' None believed it, when the question of

Renzi's extradition to the Papal government was under consideration in the council of our Grand Duke, and ultimately carried by the influence and threats of Austria. It is understood that one of our Florentine jurists, a member of that council, and favourable to the views of despotism in this case, was Judge Buonarotti. Alas! for the lineage of Michael Angelo! The popularity of our Leopold, shaken for a while, is re-established by his firmness in resisting the first attempts at introducing the Jesuits into Tuscany. The University of Pisa, which took so prominent a part on that occasion, is by far the most advanced and enlightened body in this peninsula, and their sympathy with Poland in the late struggle was allowed free scope. They subscribed to the fund raised in Paris, and openly denounced the tyranny of the northern courts—a step which neither at Rome, Naples, nor Modena, would be tolerated a single moment by the paternal rulers of those respective prison-houses.

At the approaching scientific congress at Genoa, I am given to understand that the government of Turin will connive at (if not originate) the centenary commemoration of the levying of the siege of that republican capital and the withdrawal of the Austrian forces from before its

walls on the memorable occasion. This is plain speaking. Numbers of the Piedmontese and Genoese clergy are to harangue the people in the churches on the subject of that signal triumph of their fatherland over the invader.

To promote sympathy and brotherhood among the states of Italy seems to be the watchword of the patriots. Already have the municipality of Genoa determined on restoring to Pisa the colossal chains which adorn the Cathedral of St. Lawrence and the mole, and which were maritime trophies carried off many centuries ago by the Genoese fleet, when Pisa *had* a fleet and harbour to guard with the aforesaid chains. A deputation is to be sent, and a warm interchange of patriotic feelings will doubtless ensue.

Bologna.

The tenure by which the Pope retains his half dozen 'Legations' north of the Apennines resembles somewhat the hold which the Grand Turk *had* on Algiers, and still has on the regency of Tunis. He cannot keep them with a tight hand, and must be satisfied with a lax grasp and a loose rein. His Pashas have done their duty if the tribute bags be duly remitted to the Papal treasury, and all minor disarrangements must be

winked at. The people of Bologna, in particular, are rather unwilling to be kept in leading-strings. When writing from Rome, I transmitted to you the late edict against gas published in the metropolis, and which was, of course, there submitted to with a slight growl. No such childish manifesto would be tolerated here. The municipal authorities have at this moment in active construction three large gas-works for the public lighting of this active and industrious town, notwithstanding the well-known displeasure felt thereat at headquarters. Their indignation at the refusal of railroads is intense, seeing that the whole line from Florence to Leghorn, with a branch to Sienna, will be open next year.

It will go hard with the multitudinous lay dependents and clerical hangers-on about the Papal court when these provinces fail them. Bologna is the grand milch-cow from which these babes of grace derive their alimentary supplies, and without the Legations the whole system could not last a single day. Hence any peace-offering to Austria, any bribe to Louis Philippe, any complaisance to Prussia, sooner than lose this *vacca sacra*. The animal is exceedingly restive meantime,

Fænum habet in cornu.—κ.τ.λ.

and no wonder, considering the perpetual drain on its resources, receiving nothing in return save a present of two Swiss regiments (of 4,000 men each) to keep it in order, assisted by a regiment of Pontifical dragoons.

When it is stated that the principal portion of the Papal income is collected here and transmitted over the mountains, it were well to remind you of what that income is, and how further circumstanced, in order that those who shall have recovered their money out of the railway deposits may have the option of investing the same in Roman five per cents. It is well then to remember that the total revenue of the Roman states is somewhat under two millions sterling; but the expense of collecting it being about 460,000*l.* there remains a net income of 1,540,000*l.*

In 1834 the public debt was 6,300,000*l.* Since then other loans have been contracted, at various rates of usury: one last year, from the tobacco broker, Torlonia, for two million dollars.

The interest of the public debt, payable in Paris and Milan, absorbs annually 560,000*l.* and upwards.

The different heads under which the revenue may be classified will indicate the form of taxation used in the Roman states: it stands thus in dollars:—

The receipts of the land-tax, tax on grinding corn, and other prædial taxes . . . . .	£ 3,280,000
The tobacco and salt monopoly, and all custom duties, principally at Ancona . . . . .	4,120,000
The stamp duties, and all fees for registration . . . . .	550,000
The post-office department, most miserably managed . . . . .	250,000
The sale of lottery tickets to the Roman people . . . . .	1,100,000
Total . . . . .	9,100,000

Now when it is added that the annual expenditure of this government amounts to the sum of 10,154,000 dollars, the *deficit* each coming year, ‘casting its shadow before,’ is about 1,000,000 dollars, or exactly 222,222*l.* The shades deepen as day declines :—

Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant,  
Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ !

Methinks the obvious consequences are duly felt by so intelligent a mind as yours ; as Sterne has it—‘Shall I go on ? No !’

Yet it is not unimportant to observe *how*, and at what expense, these taxes are gathered, in order that your people at the treasury may take a lesson in economy :—

The cost of collecting the land-tax and other prædial imposts, is . . . . .	23 per cent
The customs are levied and transmitted at a cost of	11 „
The stamps are distributed and registries effected at	16 „
The post-office is managed at a charge of . . . . .	60 „
The machinery of lottery tickets for poor gamblers costs the revenue . . . . .	69 „

You can find the average from these data. This last item, viz. the income made by encouraging gambling propensities in the ignorant vulgar, is a subject too serious to be dismissed in a passing notice. I promise to anatomise this part of the Roman system in detail, and exhibit its demoralising operation in full. I have only sought here to give you some insight into the mere financial condition of the ecclesiastical dominions.

Returning to the affairs of this capital town, centre of the 'Legations,' its principal feature is of course its world-famous and time-honoured university. In the present fallen condition of this once celebrated 'Alma Mater' may be traced the degrading influence of the modern Roman court and the unblushing effrontery with which these selfish worldlings trample out the torch of science. Shortly after the few months of emancipation which this territory enjoyed in 1831, the first act of the Papal legate was to issue an edict confining the benefit of university education to youths born in the district, and forbidding all others to approach the schools; at one fell swoop sweeping off more than half the aspirants after knowledge. Numbers of students from the Levant, from Greece, from Dalmatia, and other countries, were

thus sent off to other founts of learning, and the halls of Bologna have ever since borne resemblance to those of Balclutha in desolation. Every professor of eminence was either banished or kidnaped. *Mezzofante*, whom Byron found here in the good old days of the university, was induced by the splendid bribe of a red hat to quit the scene of his early distinction, and mingle with the mob of courtly valets at the Vatican.

Jurisprudence and medicine, which were so highly cultivated for so many centuries, are now both in the most languishing state, and the very School of Divinity, when compared to that of Munich, Bonn, or even Louvain, is much below par, and far beneath contempt. The only academy here which may be truly described as flourishing and full of vitality is the Lyceum of Musical Science, presided over and kept alive by the immortal Rossini. It is the policy of all despotisms to encourage the enervating arts, and to turn, if possible, the energies of youth into the voluptuous paths and mazes of elegant sensuality.

Motus docere gaudet Ionicos,

and music has effectually done for Italy what tobacco did for the Turks. Ever since the introduction of operas here and chibouks there,

all energy has departed as well from the children of Dante as the followers of the Prophet. The old Saracen sword was left to rust in the scabbard, to be replaced by the peaceful pipe; and the war-cry of the Viscontis, the Gonzagas, old Dandolo, and old Doria, have been superseded by the modern modulations of some Signor Squallini, 'of Her Majesty's Theatre,' late from the Scala or the Pergola. It is pitiful to see the young nobles of this once valorous land totally absorbed, day and night, in the frivolities of the gamut.

The chairs of jurisprudence and medicine can scarcely be expected to attract the ambition of any intelligent professor in a country where a free exercise of the mental faculties is looked upon with jealous distrust and forthwith surrounded with a *cordon sanitaire* of *espionnage*, sure to end in malignant misrepresentation. Yet, notwithstanding Rome's horror of innovation in science, and though up to this day that common instrument the stethoscope is not admitted into the hospitals (an English doctor who used it having been nicknamed the 'dottor della tromba'), some old ladies in the metropolis have had influence enough at the Roman court to obtain toleration, and even patronage, for 'homœopathy!' In the middle of last Lent, the Dowager Princess Piom-

bino was so treated for hernia, by a notorious homœopathic practitioner, and, of course, died, under circumstances that would render a coroner's inquest inevitable in England.

Instead of beggars, who used to beset you at every turn in Rome, your eye will be here met in every direction by the well-known northern visages of the Swiss mercenaries. Their scowl is returned with interest by the civilised inhabitants, and even the native soldiers owe them a heavy grudge because of their double pay and extra allowance of brandy and kirschwasser. You have visited Rome, and there have admired the gentlemanly beefeaters, clad in harlequin costume, lounging about the saloons of the Vatican, but you must not think you have seen any part of a Swiss regiment. These organised janissaries are always kept here in the Legations, and are the main cause of the deficit in the Roman finances; there are now about 8,000 of these Vandals fed and pampered by a bankrupt government to overawe the people who pay for all. When the last year's loan was contracted, and the two millions paid by Torlonia into the Papal treasury, do not think that the money was for a moment destined, even in imagination, to the revival of trade, the opening or repairing of roads, the encouragement of manu-

factures, or fisheries, or mines, or public works—not a bit of it—the ‘Apostolic chamber,’ as it humorously calls itself (they call the same thing an ‘Aulic council’ at Vienna), laid out the money at once in soldiers; they purchased up at once some prime lots of bludgeon-men in the most brutal and ignorant valleys of Switzerland, and they now think themselves safe while the pay and provender can be provided.

Let there be the slightest misintelligence between the courts of Turin and the authorities of Lombardy, the Legations rise to a man, and aid the northern Italians to sweep the country of every beer-drinking boor in the length and breadth of the land.

Methinks I have said enough to persuade those happy people in England called ‘scrip-holders,’ who have recovered their deposits from the committee-men, to invest this so happily recuperated capital in Roman *Fives*.

Milan: May 12.

The attitude of open hostility assumed by the authorities of Lombardy towards the court of Turin, so promptly met, on the part of Piedmont, by scorn and defiance, is a new feature in the aspect of Italian politics, and you will have been

the first to put the English public in possession of this startling change in the prospects of Southern Europe. The situation is not altered, and the note is rather *crescendo* than symptomatic of abatement. The utmost activity reigns in all the public departments ; the war and police offices are at work night and day, and strangers arriving from Lower Italy or the Swiss frontier give the most ludicrous accounts of the vexatious examinations they and their passports have to undergo in the general panic. The movement has communicated itself to the small adjacent territories more or less depending on Austria. The young Duke of Modena has precipitately left his capital and fallen back on Reggio. The Archduchess Maria Louisa has left Parma in a most unexpected manner, and retreated upon Placentia. The consternation and alarm would be most amusing, did they not indicate a most conscience-stricken admission of imbecility, usurpation, intrusion, and recognised wrong. The whole policy of Metternich seems to go to pieces at a single kick, and Austria stands here in the predicament, not of a European power, but of a member of the swell-mob detected *in flagrante*, and exposed to general derision.

Con arte e con inganno  
 Si vive mezzo l'anno ;  
 Con inganno e con arte  
 Si vive l'altra parte !

It is true that I have my own suspicions as to the real cause of the sudden flight of the young Duke and the concurrent and synchronous *hegira* of the imperial widow. Politics may have something to do in the matter, but

Thrift ! Horatio, thrift !

Economy was one among the propellent motives. You must have learnt how the King of Naples was *cleared out* by the visit of the Czarina : the rumour of culinary ravages committed by the Russian locusts set every Italian court aghast ; Tuscany trembled at the approach of this female Attila, with her famished hordes. The Grand Duke, however, is rich, and he put the best face he could on the matter ; he even went out of his way to give a grand gas illumination of the whole quay of the Arno, from the Ponte Trinità to the new gas-works. He got but small thanks and poor courtesy in return from these haughty folks. They departed, however, and set out over the Apennines northwards, no exact route having been announced, and *hence* the complicated terror of the petty courts on the high road. At Bologna it

was reported that not a sausage remained undevoured, and the imperial caravan, numbering about one hundred and fifty mouths, was announced as within half a day's journey of Modena. What could the young and poor-spirited sovereign of the beggarly town do but run away? He had no 'Caleb Balderstone' among his ministers to get up a mock feast of shreds and patches and apologies; or, perhaps, to set fire at once to his dreary and lumbering old palazzo. Buonaparte's widow has been making a purse for her children by Nieperg these fifteen years, and has succeeded thereby in marrying one of them into the noblest family of Parma. *She* had no notion of wasting the revenues of her duchy on itinerant empresses, though she was once (like Dido) an itinerant herself—

Non ignara mali, &c. &c.

She has, you know, but a life-interest in the sovereignty of these dominions, and everything shows the dilapidated and desolate condition to which such a tenure is sure to reduce a kingdom as well as any other kind of landed or household property. After her death, Parma and Placentia become the estate of the Duke of Lucca, whose little duchy reverts to the neighbouring state of Tuscany. These are nice little family arrange-

ments, but there is a little bird that sings a note of warning aloft, and the tenor of its song, if not *ça ira*, is something tantamount. It may not be the 'rogue's march,' but possibly an air more polite from the *Gazza Ladra*. People will have their own again.

It will be perhaps urged, in respect to the provender with which Maria Louisa could furnish her Russian visitors, that Parmesan cheese might supply a *pièce de resistance* capable of blunting their exorbitant appetite. Those who make the suggestion are not probably aware that the cheese in question, owing to the neglect of successive rulers, is no longer a staple of either Parma or Placentia; scarce a pound of it is made here, and the whole manufacture is now carried on beyond the Po, in the pasturages that surround Lodi. Many are the melancholy changes which have befallen the cities of Lombardy; and many more are expected. Verona, from being a most refined, gentle, and industrious town, is now transformed into a barrack, and within the last week is made uninhabitable by intrenchments, bristling cannon, and barred gates. Mantua, which was once, in the bosom of its limpid lake, with its long causeways and glittering domes, the Mexico of Italy, has seen its water drawn off into stagnant ditches, its

churches changed into cavalry stables, and its artistic courtly Dukes replaced by a sauerkraut-eating Field-Marechal. The splendours of Montezuma have vanished, and the glories of Gonzaga are gone! yet what poet is found to weep over Mantuan decay? Why is there no sympathy for such desolation? Perhaps the neighbouring widowhood of the 'sea Cybele'—of Venice—has monopolised our deplorings, and none are left for Mantua; the Virgilian town suffering in this instance from its vicinity to *la bella Venezia*, as it did of old from its 'too great proximity to Cremona:'

Mantua vae miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ!

The demise of Gregory XVI. was the period originally fixed for a new organisation of this country; but it is pleasant to learn that the venerable old Pontiff is yet likely to last a year or two; a swelling in the legs<sup>1</sup> has been announced in my

<sup>1</sup> It has since been ascertained that one of his medical advisers strongly urged, as the only chance of prolonging his life, immediate amputation of the left leg. Gregory was thunderstruck at the unheard-of proposal. From the earliest personal records of the Popes, compiled by 'Anastasius *the Librarian*,' down to this day, there had been no precedent for a Pontiff with a wooden leg. His horror of innovation, which vented itself upon gas and railroads, here produced a repugnance which swayed his mind even at the peril of his life. He

last Roman advices ; his general health is, however, wonderful for his age. With all his political mistakes (and what could a poor monk have learnt in his cell of this wicked world's ways?) the Roman Bishop is, after all, a genuine honest character. When he dies, you may fairly reproduce the words of your Lord Bacon, concerning his namesake and predecessor :—‘ Gregory XIII. fulfilled the age of eighty-three years, an absolute good man, sound in mind and in body, temperate, full of good works, and an almsgiver.’—(‘ *Novum Organum*.’ Chapter of Life and Death.)

It would be premature to hint anything as to his probable successor ; though more is likely to be known here in Genoa about the matter than at Rome itself. This city has had the luck to produce and possess no less than six of the most influential Cardinals, for the Genoese get a footing anywhere ; they are not unlike the Scotch in promoting and assisting their countrymen. The secretary of state, Lambruschini, is from this town, so is Franzoni, head of the Propaganda, and spiritual ruler of all your Hiberno-British

scouted the proposition. There is something impressive in the old man's consistency, reminding us of the sublime outburst in Tacitus.—

*Oportet Imperatorem stantem mori !*

colonies. Next conclave will be most interesting, if not to England, to Russia, France, Germany, and Spain, who are, each after its fashion, already busy in the electoral field.

Of course no one thinks of Acton for the tiara, though in every respect a naturalised Italian, and a most obliging, modest, and un-presuming prelate: it were time nevertheless that old Nicholas Breakspeare (Adrian IV.) had a successor from your part of Europe, were it only to rebut the prevalent notion that the Italians have made a snug job of the popedom for themselves. Was it not your late friend Tom Hood who left on record his truly Cœcumenical sentiments :—

My heart ferments not with the bigot's leaven,  
 All men I view with toleration thorough,  
 And have a horror of regarding heaven  
 As any prince or prelate's rotten borough.

*Apropos* of your solitary English cardinal, it is rather curious to trace the origin of his red hat to the quarter-deck of a ship in the last century. If you look at Smollett's 'Letters from Italy'—a book which got him the nickname of Dr. Smell-fungus from Sterne, his rival in this branch of itinerant literature—you will find a passage dated January 28, 1765, from Leghorn :—' He that now

commands the Emperor's navy is an Englishman called Acton, who was heretofore captain of a ship in our East India Company's service. He has recently embraced the Catholic religion, and been created Admiral of Tuscany. In this curious record of the Italian branch of the Actons, a family which boasts of *two* baronetcies in England, you will admire the energies of your Anglo-Saxon race in taking root when transplanted. You will also recognise in the Roman eminence attained by the offspring of a seafaring adventurer, something already illustrated in the opening lines of the 'Æneid :'

Fato profugus Liburnia venit  
Littora: multum ille et terris jactatus et alto  
    . . . . genus unde Latinum  
Albanique Patres.

There is no further political overt act to communicate ; the fermentation goes on steadily.

The Jesuits here help it on by their efforts to regain the mastery over the King's present advisers ; but it is all fruitless intrigue. The parochial clergy at Genoa are to a man on the popular side, and the pulpit will shortly become the vehicle of patriotic appeals to an awakening people.

I have had the good luck to get from Marseilles an early copy of your 'Pictures,'<sup>1</sup> in which this city occupies the foreground. I have just glanced through the work, the tone and tendency of which I fain would notice at full leisure. Without indulging in political diatribes, *à la* Lady Morgan (indeed *morgue*, as the French call it, or presumption of any sort, is alien to your gentle nature), you have done Italy yeoman's service. I am rather glad you have not adopted the outward semblance of a politician, whatever may be the real working of your spirit, *non optat ephippia Boz*.

<sup>1</sup> Dickens' 'Pictures from Italy.'



CHAPTER VI.

BETWEEN THE OLD RÉGIME  
AND THE NEW



## CHAPTER VI.

BETWEEN THE OLD RÉGIME AND THE NEW.

IT is well known that His Holiness Pope Gregory XVI. (called in that branch of the Benedictine order to which he belonged, Don Mauro Capellari), departed this life June 1, on the very day that the people in England were reading in a morning journal of recent birth those kind and considerate reflections on his memory which are to be found at page 101 of his remarkable volume, and which Don Jeremy wrote on May 24 at Genoa. It would appear that at Genoa our author embarked for his native island of Sardinia on a visit to his family and friends at Cagliari, and consequently no record exists from his pen of the transactions that occurred during the conclave which immediately assembled at Rome, and eventuated in the happy election of Count John Mastai Ferretti.

I was not in Rome myself then, nor indeed at

any other time, but I don't consider that an impediment to my speculating accurately upon the affairs of the Catholic capital ; rather the contrary, as I thereby enjoy the advantage of that respectful distance which is known to lend enchantment to the view. The best and most circumstantial works on Roman topography have been written by honest Germans who never crossed the Alps in their lives ; and my laborious friend Desborough Cooly, author of that astonishing book, the 'Negroland,' knows every corner of Africa better than Mahomed Ali or Marshal Bugeaud, though his travels, except an occasional trip to Gravesend, have been mostly confined to the reading-room of the British Museum, among the writings of old Jesuit missionaries.

The Museum library is a great national work-house where the paupers of literature are employed in elaborating the materials of their dead fellow-creatures into a useful kind of literary guano for the cultivation of the public mind. Much has been said during the last days of the late Parliament about a great case of bone-crushing at Andover, in Hampshire, and considerable sympathy has been elicited for the bumpkins engaged in that pursuit. The result is—a big blue-book added to the stock in our Museum. But I hope

when we get a fresh House of Commons, with a reasonable admixture of literary men among the knights of the shire and the burgesses, something will be said in favour of us poor devils, who in seedy garments and with lank visages spend our days up to old age in the silent task-work of grinding into an available compost or composition the ossuary fragments of our defunct predecessors.

It is not perhaps right on my part to let the public into the secret of our operations, thus telling tales out of school; but I have latterly become quite reckless, and as I am paid so much a page I may as well let the cat out of the bag, and eke out twenty pages which I have bargained to write for Don Jeremy Savonarola, by gossiping on the process by which such business is generally accomplished.

Thus the topic being given, as in the present instance it happens to be the conclave held at Rome last year, the general practitioner in literature hunts out any accounts he may be able to find of by-gone conclaves, and starts with a preliminary dissertation on elective monarchy as compared with hereditary kingship. He may then become etymological, and show how these assemblies are so called, because of their being held under lock and key (*con chiave*), and also their

having for object to decide into whose custody the key of heaven is to be committed, being composed of cardinals, so named, rather oddly, perhaps, from the term *cardines*, the hinges of a door. He may then indulge in a slight digression on the cardinal virtues, making honourable mention of the four cardinal points, and of a recent item of fashionable haberdashery.

But if he means to astonish the public by the depth of his researches and the extent of his erudition, he will never confine himself to commonplace dissertations, nor bound his enquiries within the limits of the 290,000 printed books to be had at the Museum. He will make a plunge into the more recondite department of manuscript, and grope with desperate daring through the MS. repositories of our national collection. This is the plan which I follow myself.

In the present instance I have ferreted out (and the documents are all now lying before me), a complete assortment of the squibs, placards, and pasquinades put forth at Rome during the several conclaves of—

Urban VIII.	. . . .	( <i>Barberini.</i> )
Innocent X.	. . . .	( <i>Pamphili.</i> )
Alexander VII.	. . . .	( <i>Chigi.</i> )
Clement IX.	. . . .	( <i>Rospigliosi.</i> )

Clement X.	. . . .	( <i>Altieri.</i> )
Innocent XI.	. . . .	( <i>Odescalchi.</i> )
Alexander VIII.	. . . .	( <i>Ottoboni.</i> )
Innocent XII.	. . . .	( <i>Pignatelli.</i> )
Clement XI.	. . . .	( <i>Albani.</i> )
		ending with
Innocent XIII.	. . . .	( <i>Conti.</i> )

and embracing a period of exactly one hundred years, viz. from 1621 to 1721. The collection appears to have been the work of an impartial amateur, and though the handwriting is peculiar, you can make it out by an occasional guess. It is numbered in Sir Fred. Madden's catalogue, 10806 *addit.* MS.

These spontaneous outbursts of popular humour, applause, indignation, or sarcasm, as the occasion might suggest, are the only true mirror in which we can get a glimpse of the real state of affairs in any country where there is no *free press*; and consequently they are far more to be relied on (making every allowance for personality and passion) than the solemn humbug of history from the pen of an enslaved or hired historian. In Milton's celebrated plea for liberty in matters of the press, a treatise of wondrous logical power and manly common sense, the 'old man eloquent' dwells scornfully on the necessity existing in a

government like that of Rome of submitting every scrap of print to a Dominican friar, 'master of the sacred palace,' without whose *imprimatur* nothing has ever been suffered to go forth to the Roman world. Is the world in its infancy, that it is to be treated as a child? Pius IX. *now* says 'No!'

Considering them in this point of view, I must say that a very comprehensive, and, at the same time, very minute knowledge may be acquired of Roman society and the prevalent characteristics of civil and ecclesiastical life in that city during the period in question from these remarkable MSS.

Hinc septem dominos videre montes  
Et totam licet contemplari ROMAM.

Though much will depend on the construction which each reader's previous prejudices will prompt in disparagement or in favour of that Eternal City.

VEUVE d'un PEUPLE ROY et REINE encor' du monde !

There is vast variety of matter as well as style in prose and verse, and, with some doggerel, a good intermingling of terse and beautiful poetry in this voluminous assortment of Roman personalities. I have too great a respect for old Jeremy's book,

and too great a regard for good taste in general, to quote in this volume any of the more objectionable parts of the collection, though the moralist and historian may be considerably enlightened in their severe researches by the perusal of every line. Too much of this pervades the memorials of the earlier conclaves, which became gradually, as public men began to be more amenable to public opinion in Europe, less characterised by open intrigue and a barefaced contempt of decorum. Hence I would confine myself to the last assembly of the kind chronicled in the MS., which was a severe electioneering contest, but ended very satisfactorily in the choice of Innocent XIII.

Among the candidates was the famous Cardinal Alberoni. From being a bell-ringer in the cathedral of his native town, he had risen to be a canon of Parma, where, by turning marriage-broker to Philip V., for whom he secured the hand of Elizabeth Farnese, Princess of Parma, he quickly became prime minister, bishop, cardinal, and grandee of Spain. In a few years he raised the fallen monarchy into a condition to be the dominant power in Europe (Louis XIV. had just died), and exhibited an energy and diplomatic skill which threw Richelieu and Mazarin, and

even his great predecessor Cardinal Ximenes, into the shade. Resembling in many points our own great political Cardinal Wolsey, his rise as well as his fall was the work of female influence, and one *Laura*, the Queen's nurse, bribed by the Regent Orleans, achieved his disgrace and downfall. Like Wolsey, *he* also aspired to the Papal throne, and when forced to quit Spain attended the conclave of 1721 in the character of a candidate. Among other squibs directed against his pretensions, I select this as being almost sublime in its splendid introduction of a passage from the prophecies of Daniel.

A BLAST AGAINST CARDINAL ALBERONI, CANDIDATE FOR THE TIARA (THE SON OF AN OLD GARDENER IN PARMA), 1721.

ALBERO, che fra noi t'estolli e ti dai vanto,  
 Ch'il mar' adombri e'l sol e il ciel riempi,  
 Volgi l'idea nei già trascorsi tempi,  
 Ne di tuoi fasti insuperbia cotanto.

Deh non hai tu letto nel libro santo,  
 Pieno per te di memorandi esempi,  
 Che IDDIO grida destruttur degli empi,  
 L'ALBERO SI RECIDA E CADA INFRANTO.<sup>1</sup>

Tal contra TE non meno funesta e atroce  
 Qual turbo orrendo infra spelonca alpina  
 Tuona del ciel l'inesorabil' voce,  
 E della tua caduta ormai vicina  
 All' averno, all' orco, alla tartarea foce  
 Si udira rimbombar la tua ruina !

<sup>1</sup> Daniel iv. 11.

As a curious specimen of the freedom of invective publicly indulged in on those occasions, and the existence in Rome of a strong spirit of irreverence towards the governing powers both in Church and State, I select the following lampoon against the whole body of the red-hatted dignitaries, preferring to give a sample of wholesale abuse than to transcribe more specific onslaughts on individual character with which the collection abounds.

A SILLY DIATRIBE ON THE CONCLAVE OF 1721.

Fan consilio gli volpi in Vaticano :  
Guardate a vostri polli, Aquila e Gallo !<sup>1</sup>  
Che in conclave vi è più d'un capel giallo  
E più d'un Turco in abito Cristiano.

Il Macchiavel vi sta l'officio in mano ;  
Veggonsi ogni or : per non commetter fallo ;  
Più d'un man' vi è ch' ha fatt' il callo  
Nel tesser frodi ; e ogni inganno strano.

Non più colomba, ma fiamme di fuoco,  
Per abbruciar in un tutto il conclave,  
Scendi, SPIRITO SANTO ! in questo luoco !  
Affonda col nochier anche la nave,  
Atterra i rei ! di te si prendon giuoco ;  
Che in man' di LADRI non sta ben la CHIAVE.

After that, it is but fair to give an example of the laudatory style, which portion of the MS. is, I regret to say, less plentifully furnished than the

<sup>1</sup> France and Germany.

uncharitable part, being thus an accurate mirror of human society. The activity of friendly poets on these occasions never seems to equal the energetic labours of critics and foes. It must have been a period of great gain to the hirelings of Parnassus, for I perceive (with a blush for our gentle craft) that most of the eulogies bear internal evidence of having been paid for in solid *zecchini*. Here is a poetic recommendation, which to a careful reader would seem rather ironical:—

A PUFF FOR CARDINAL BARBERINI, CANDIDATE FOR THE  
POPEDOM, 1721.

O Iddio ! non avrai già mai pensato  
Ritrovar fra noi simil persone ;  
Tessuto aver' e favole e cansone,  
E tutto contra un tal buon' porporato !

Si ti vuol ramentar ch' egli sia stato  
Il punitor del empio e del bricone  
E prottetor solo delle pie persone ;  
E più buon di lui non si è trovato.

Regirator lo chiam e avaro. O ! indegno  
E quanta opera col' senno e colla mano  
Fè che superi ogni più sano ingegno.  
Si è PAPA, buon per te, popol' Romano !  
Vi danno l'APE in ogni strada l'insegno  
Di quel che fè in tuo ben' l'ottavo URBANO.

The allusion to the heraldic *bees* towards the close of this sonnet is intelligible to everyone who

has visited Rome, as in the Piazza di Spagna, all round Propaganda College, cut stone emblems of that industrious insect are visible, and in various other parts of the city. The institution of that college is the greatest work of the Barberini family, one of whom, as in our own day, is always on the board of management; and no other college or society has done so much for the enlightenment of the heathen and the diffusion of Christianity.

This brings to my memory a most classical puff, which, though not stuck on Pasquin's effigy like the rest, and not contained in these MSS., nevertheless was circulated at the election of Urban VIII., founder of the Propaganda. The poet on this occasion was the famous Jesuit father, Sarbieski, a distinguished Polish nobleman, who was subsequently employed by the Pope in polishing up and rendering less barbarous the Latin hymns of the Roman breviary. How far he was adequate to that or any other difficult task in the range of Horatian accomplishments, the connoisseur in classic Latinity will quickly perceive on reading:—

AD APES BARBERINAS (1621).

I.

Cives Hymetti, gratus Atticæ lepos,  
Virginiae volucres,  
Flavæque veris filiae !

## II.

Fures rosarum, turba prædatrix thymi,  
 Nectaris artifices,  
 Bonæque ruris hospitæ !

## III.

Laboriosis quid juvat volatibus  
 Rus et agros gravidis  
 Perambulare cruribus ?

## IV.

Si Barberino delicata principe  
 Sæcula melle fluant  
 Parata vobis sæcula !

It is, perhaps, very impudent on the part of a mere literary hack, as I humbly confessed myself, in undertaking for Don Jeremy these intercalary pages, to submit any poetry of mine for inspection, but having translated Sarbieski's lines to my own satisfaction, I cannot help printing them here.

## TO THE ARMORIAL BEES OF BARBERINI (1621).

## I.

Citizens of Mount Hymettus,  
 Attic labourers who toil,  
 Never ceasing, till ye get us  
 Winter store of honeyed spoil.

## II.

Ye, who nectar, (sweets, and odours),  
 Hebes of the hive ! compose,  
 Flora's privileged marauders,  
 Chartered pirates of the rose.

## III.

Every flower and plant ye touch on,  
Wears at once a fresher grace ;  
BEES ! ye form the proud escutcheon  
Of the Barberini race.

## IV.

Emblem bright ! which to embroider  
(While her knight was far away),  
Many a maiden hath employed her  
Fairy fingers night and day.

## V.

Bees ! though pleased your flight I gaze on,  
In the garden or the field,  
Brighter hues your wings emblazon  
On the Barberini shield !

## VI.

Hitherto a rose's chalice  
Held thee, winged artisan,  
But thou fillest now the palace  
Of the gorgeous Vatican.

## VII.

Of that race a Pontiff reigneth,  
Sovereign of Imperial Rome,  
Lo ! th' armorial Bee obtaineth  
For its hive ST. PETER'S DOME !

## VIII.

And an era now commences,  
By a friendly genius planned ;  
Princely Bee, URBAN dispenses  
Honeyed days throughout the land.

## IX.

Seek no more, with tuneful humming,  
 Where the juicy floweret grows ;  
 Halcyon days for you are coming,  
 Days of plenty and repose.

## X.

Rest ye ! workmen, blythe and bonny,  
 Be no more the cowslips suckt:  
 Honeyed flows the Tiber ; honey  
 Fills each Roman aqueduct.

## XI.

Myrtle groves are fast distilling  
 Honey ; honey'd falls the dew,  
 Ancient prophecies fulfilling ;  
 A millennium for you.

Turning aside for the present from the contemplation of these former conclaves, and entering on the subject of that recent assembly which elected Count John Mastai Ferretti, his present Holiness, no documents have been put into my hands by which I might hope to elucidate the various influences which contributed to bring about that happy result. Confessedly, things had gone on during Gregory's sixteen years of reign from feebleness to dotage, and from bad to worse. The finances were in an awful state ; the trade and commerce of the country depressed, paralysed, and in despair ; the cultivation of science in every

department clogged and discountenanced; no hope, no buoyancy in any of the liberal professions; deep-rooted discontent among the people, open rebellion in the Legations; corruption in every branch of civil and in some departments of ecclesiastical administration; dogged reluctance to adopt any system of amelioration; stupid adherence to worn-out expedients and by-gone traditions of red-tapery; the approach of RUIN looked at with the calm stolidity of an idiot who hugs himself to the last in the cherished monotony of routine and fatalism. Such was the state of things at the close of the late reign.

Added to this internal state of general decay, the overpowering predominance of a European power, the shadow of whose black eagle hovering over the Roman territory caused a 'dim eclipse,' and scared all aspirations and hopes of a better future. This gigantic nightmare was far more felt in the Pontifical dominions than in Upper Italy, where slavery had its counterbalancing accompaniment of mere brute prosperity and physical enjoyments, which, among well-fed negroes, will always lessen the pangs of their prison-house, if they cannot eradicate the longing for freedom. But in the Papal States none of the common material efforts at amelioration pre-

valent in Lombardy were objects of administrative solicitude. All was desolate, barren, waste, and dilapidated, beyond the graphic picturing of the inspired writer who has left on solemn record his landscape of the field tenanted by an idle man, with its fences broken down, and its other evidences of sad improvidence.

*Proverbs, xxiv.*

*Ver.* 30. I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding ;

31. And lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down.

32. Then I saw, and considered it well : I looked upon it, and received instruction.

33. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep :

34. So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth ; and thy want as an armed man !

It was at a crisis like this that old Gregory at last died. What followed I may leave to a poet to describe ; for, singularly enough, the conclave of 1846 has been foreseen, and allegorically adumbrated, in an episode called 'The Monks and the Giants,' as far back as the year 1818, when Robert

and William Whistlecraft, harness and collar makers, at Stowmarket in Suffolk, published their proposed NATIONAL POEM, of which Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street, printed four cantos. In the fourth canto is the following prophetic narrative, which speaks for itself, and saves me the trouble of entering into details :—

. . . . .

## XVII.

We wheeled him out, you know, to take the air ;  
 It must have been an apoplectic fit.  
 He tumbled forward from his garden chair :  
 He seemed completely gone but warm as yet.  
 (I wonder how they came to leave him there.)  
 Poor soul ! he wanted courage, heart, and wit,  
 For times like these—the shock and the surprise,  
 'Twas very natural the gout should rise.

## XVIII.

But such a sudden end was scarce expected.  
 Our parties will be puzzled to proceed  
 The Belfry Set divided and dejected :—  
 The crisis is a strange one, strange indeed ;  
 I'll bet the fighting friar is elected.  
 It often happens in the hour of need,  
 From popular ideas of utility,  
 People are pitched upon for mere ability.

## XIX.

I'll hint the subject, and communicate  
 The sad event—he's standing there apart ;

Our offer, to be sure, comes somewhat late ;  
 But then we never thought he meant to start,  
 And if he gains his end, at any rate  
*He* has an understanding and a heart :  
 He'll serve or he'll protect his friends, at least  
 With better spirit than the poor deceased.

## XX.

The convent was all going to the devil,  
 While the poor creature thought himself beloved  
 For saying handsome things and being civil,  
 Wheeling about as he was pulled and shoved  
 By way of leaving things to find their level.  
 His funeral sermon ended, both approved,  
 And went to Friar John, who merely doubted  
 The fact, and wished them to enquire about it.

## XXI.

Then left them, and returned to the attack.  
 They found their Abbot in his former place ;  
 They took him up and turned him on his back—  
 At first, you know, he tumbled on his face :  
 They found him fairly stiff, and cold, and black ;  
 They *then* unloosed each ligature and lace,  
 His neckcloth and his girdle, hose, and garters,  
 And took him up and lodged him in his quarters.

## XXII.

Bees served me for simile before,  
 And bees again, bees that have lost their king,  
 Would seem a repetition and a bore,  
 Besides, in fact, I never saw the thing ;  
 And though those phrases from the good old store,  
 Of ' feebler hummings ' and of ' flagging wing,'  
 Perhaps may be descriptive and exact,  
 I doubt it—I confine myself to fact.

## XXIII.

Thus much is certain, that a mighty pother  
 Arises—that the frame and the condition  
 Of things is altered. They combine and bother,  
 And every winged insect politician  
 Is warm and eager till they choose another.  
 In our monastic hive, the same ambition  
 Was active and alert ; but angry fortune  
 Constrained them to contract the long importune.

## XXIV.

Tedious, obscure, inexplicable train,  
 Qualification, form, and oath, and test,  
 Ballots on ballots, balloted again,  
 Accessits, scrutinies, and all the rest.  
 Theirs was the good old method, short and plain  
 Per *acclamationem* they invest  
 Their fighting Friar John with robes and ring,  
 Crozier and mitre, seals and everything.

## XXV.

With a new warlike active chief elected,  
 Almost at once, it scarce can be believed,  
 What a new spirit, real or affected,  
 Prevailed throughout. The monks complained and grieved  
 That nothing was attempted or projected ;  
 While quiristers and novices conceived  
 That their new fighting abbot, Friar John,  
 Would sally forth at once and lead them on.

## XXVI.

I pass such gossip, and devote my cares,  
 By diligent enquiry, to detect  
 The genuine state and posture of affairs,  
 Unmannered, uninformed, and incorrect ;

Falsehood and malice hold alternate chairs,  
 And lecture and preside in Envy's sect.  
 The fortunate and great she never spares,  
 Sowing the soil of history with tares.

## XXVII.

Thus jealous of the truth, and feeling loth  
 That Sir Nathaniel henceforth should accuse  
 Our noble monk of cowardice and sloth,  
 I'll print the affidavit of the muse,  
 And state the facts, as ascertained on oath ;  
 Corroborated by surveys and views,  
 When good King Arthur granted them a brief,  
 And ninety groats were raised for their relief.

## XXVIII.

Their arbours, walks, and alleys, were defaced ;  
 Riven, uprooted, and with ruin strewn,  
 And the fair dial in their garden placed,  
 Battered by barbarous hands and overthrown.  
 The deer with wild pursuit dispersed and chased ;  
 The dove-house ransacked and the pigeons flown,  
 The cows all killed in one promiscuous slaughter,  
 The sheep all drowned, and floating in the water.

## XXIX.

The mill was burnt down to the water-wheels,  
 The giants had broke down the dam and sluice ;  
 Dragged up and emptied all the fishing reels,  
 Drained and destroyed the reservoir and stews,  
 Wading about and groping carp and eels :  
 In short, no single earthly thing of use  
 Remained untouched. Beyond the convent wall,  
 The friars, from their windows, viewed it all.

## XXX.

Hence the bare hope of personal defence ;  
The Church, the Convent's, and their own protection  
Absorbed their thoughts, and silenced every sense  
Of present feuds at Friar John's election.

Such would appear, in the form of a prophetic allegory, by substituting the cardinals for the monks and the Austrians for giants, a full and true statement of the recent transactions at Rome.

The first acts of the newly-elected Pontiff are on record. He was scarce proclaimed to the people, and raised amid enthusiasm to the vacant chair of Peter, than he called for the French ambassador, the only representative in Rome of European progress, and by cordially embracing Count Rossi, seemed at once to fling down the gauntlet to the old despotisms of the Continent.

Nor was he long without striking a forcible blow at the system of terror, tyranny, and espionage by which the government of his predecessor had been miserably upheld. He saw near ten thousand of the quondam subjects of Rome pining and gnashing their teeth in exile, fomenting infidelity and disaffection to all ecclesiastical rule in every town in Europe, scandalising Catholic countries and rejoicing Protestant dominions, by their open, and in some respects justifiable, denunciations of their native land. He knew that

he held the keys, not to lock the gates against their return to fidelity and patriotism, not to preclude hope, and change hostility to despair. He seized the glorious opportunity of showing himself generous, magnanimous, and confident in the natural emotions which, in an Italian breast, kindly treatment is sure to awaken. He unbarred the gates of the Roman territory to them all. The great act of political amnesty was the act of the Pontiff himself. Alone he did it. Ambassadors fumed and threatened ; cardinals disapproved, hinted, earwigged, and menaced ; old stagers showed an elongated visage, as if all were lost. Not one of the officials in authority could be got to sign the decree. HE SIGNED IT HIMSELF. It appeared on June 17. Rome arose in its transport of joy like one man, and the kindred and friends of the banished did not feel more wild enthusiasm than the rest of the population. The general bosom swelled with grateful emotion, and the voice of the people found utterance in a vast variety of delightful demonstration. From the ends of the earth, from the capital cities and seaports and dark recesses of the whole Continent, the exiles came back, as Israel returning from a Babylonian captivity. The shout of welcome and the song of gladness was heard in the land.

Then was felt the new era had begun. The old crust of antiquated oppression had been broken, and a free current given to the gushings of humanity.

Has the reader ever been in Hungary when, in the spring of the year, the Danube, icebound during the winter, relents at the approach of a genial warmth, and with a sudden revulsion bursting the cold manacles in which it has lain enthralled, restores its capacious flood to fluency and freedom? It is a moment of annual recurrence, but one of unparalleled excitement and native grandeur. The watchmen on the banks above Buda have, for miles along the mighty river, transmitted from man to man the signal of the approaching outbreak. The guns from the citadel of Comorn have announced far upwards, and reverberated down the stream the joyful event; the surface of the wide flood has heaved up as in the throes of deliverance: vast fissures, with a thundering sound, have cloven the hitherto monotonous expanse of frozen waters; a general breaking-up is perceptible from brink to brink, and when a few hours have elapsed, amid the acclamations of the millions who dwell on the margin of that immemorial current, the combined voice of Hungary calls out that the ICE IS

BROKEN, and the highway of nations made free once more.

Year after year the phenomenon takes place in the presence of those various and manly tribes,

Qui profundum Danubium bibunt ;

but it has not happened for centuries on the banks of the Roman river, where, though to all appearance the yellow waters had run their course with the semblance of a rapid flow, yet was the moral and intellectual progress of the Tiber checked, obstructed, and frozen ; and after the dormant monotony of ages, it was reserved for the energy of Count Ferretti to give the indwellers of the Eternal City a spectacle such as that above described. The guns of St. Angelo that announced his election, told Europe at the same time that the old pathways of progress and civilisation were reopened, and that the ICE WAS BROKEN at Rome.

We have seen great things already achieved. What are we to look for in the vista of a long and prosperous future ? Those who know Pius IX. have their answer ready ; indeed, they find the query ready satisfied in the words of Paul :—  
‘ Whatsoever things are TRUE ; whatsoever things are HONEST ; whatsoever things are JUST ; what-

soever things are PURE ; whatsoever things are LOVELY ; whatsoever things be of good report ; if there be anything VIRTUOUS, if there be anything PRAISEWORTHY, count on the realisations of these things.'—Philippians iv. 8.

For us, who are not of his flock, what may we hope from the accession to the confessedly most distinguished chair of Christian episcopacy of an enlightened nobleman, who is a disciple of Christ far more than a rabbi among men? Much in every way. We may count on him for sympathy in what may be our unintentional error ; for a kindly toleration in matters which limited reason or deficient information prevent us from seeing in the same light as he was educated to view them. We may look to him for a mitigation of that intolerant spirit which has never made converts, whatever bitterness it may have infused into the intercourse of European society. We may look to him, finally, if the accomplishment of such a work enters at all into the designs of Providence, for a GENERAL UNION<sup>1</sup> and AGREEMENT

<sup>1</sup> 'This union is not so difficult as it appears to many : the points of agreement between the two Churches are numerous ; those on which parties hesitate few, and not the most important. On most of those, it appears to me, there is no essential difference between Catholic and Protestant, the existing diversity of opinion arising in most cases from certain forms of words which

among CHRISTIAN CHURCHES, a 'Communion of Saints.'

admit of satisfactory explanation. Ignorance, misconception, prejudice, ill-will, pride, and points of honour, keep us divided on many subjects, not a love of Christian humility, charity, and truth.'—James Doyle, Bishop of Kildare. Letter to an M.P., dated Carlow, May 13, 1824.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BRIGHT DAWN OF BETTER  
DAYS



## CHAPTER VII.

### THE BRIGHT DAWN OF BETTER DAYS.

Rome : October 20.

THE month of October has been from time immemorial sacred to the observance of the Roman *villegiatura*, during which the cool acclivities of the circumambient hills afford, if not watering, at least breathing, places to the general public, state functionaries included. The active mind of Pius IX. brooks no relaxation ; and during his visit to the Falls of Tivoli this week, his whole time was devoted to the organisation of the new iron-works, which promise to relieve Rome from part of the disgraceful tribute she now pays to foreign industry. Fire-blasts, smelting furnaces, specimens of agricultural implements, models of iron bridges (these latter especially), occupied the attention of him who is ex-officio ‘Pontifex,’<sup>1</sup> and orders mixed

<sup>1</sup> The original Roman Pontiffs were entrusted with the repairs and construction of *bridges*—whence their designation.

with encouragement were issued for a variety of works. The Roman finances are, thanks to the various retrenchments made in the Papal household, and the discontinuance of many sinecures, far from being in the hopeless condition they would have assumed had the late reign gone on. The grand millstone tied round the neck of the Papal treasurer is the payment of the Swiss boors, who, to the number of near 10,000, garrison the Legations. To get rid of these now worse than useless mercenaries is the firm determination of Pius ; but he is bound by the stolid and suicidal compact signed by the late Gregory in the year 1831, when, frightened out of his senses by the revolt of Bologna, he agreed to guarantee their pay and allowances for twenty years to come, which period will not expire till 1851. There is some notion of *hiring* them out to any foreign power who may want such efficient bludgeon-men, and may be willing to relieve his Holiness of the incumbrance. They would be invaluable to keep

In those early days, religion was intimately blended with whatever conduced to public *utility*. This etymology has not escaped the author of 'Paradise Lost,' who alludes to it for the purpose of having a fling against his *bête noire*, PRELACY. Talking of the bridge which he makes the devil build over chaos to get at this planet, the sublime old Roundhead calls it 'a work PONTIFICAL !'

down the Poles, and I suppose Russia or Austria will ultimately take them off his hands. The Swiss officers have had the cunning to bargain for full pay during their natural lives, besides certain prerogatives and emoluments, which place them over the heads of their Italian fellow-commanders—a perpetual blister on the Pontifical *corps d'armée*. Does not Milton say something about annulling certain

Vows made in pain, as violent and void.

And was not such the case of the late Pope when he was cheated into such an agreement by the Dalgetties of Lucerne. *One* family of that canton has held command of these hired troops for the last 300 years—a vested interest with a vengeance.

Another great source of unprofitable expenditure is the support of the galley-slaves, who are a very numerous class indeed, owing to the repugnance of the Papal code to spilling blood, when the penalty can be possibly commuted to perpetual labour. You are aware of the value of such labour: the result is a dead loss to the exchequer. Count Rossi, before he left Rome to consult his masters at Paris, made, officially, an offer to relieve the Pope of all his convicts, whom he en-

gaged to convert into agricultural labourers in the flourishing French colony of Algiers. Whether this was meant as a dry joke by the generally serious and solemn plenipotentiary, I have no means of knowing. Nothing has yet been decided on the point. Of one thing there can be no doubt, and that is the cordial feeling of Pius towards Louis Philippe, and hence he has done all in his power to forward the Montpensier marriage, as far as his influence with the Spanish clergy could be used for that object. Viewed from Rome, that question assumes an aspect very different from its appearance to an English eye. Don Carlos has received a hint that if he comes here his sojourn will not be made very satisfactory should he assume the character of a pretender. All these things annoy the French Carlists as well as those of the Peninsula, but they must swallow the bitter pill in silent acquiescence.

You will scarcely believe it true, but it is, nevertheless, so generally asserted by grave men in every quarter, that there must be some foundation for the report, that his Holiness, previous to taking solemn possession of the Papacy on the 9th of November, intends, during eight consecutive days, to preach *in propria personâ* from the pulpit of St. John Lateran. We are all on the

*qui vive* for this unheard-of course of lectures, only to be historically paralleled by the discourses of my respected kinsman Savonarola, in the glorious days of Florentine freedom. I shall send an analysis of these 'speeches from the throne' as they occur. The late secretary, Lambruschini, was detected last week in a *quasi*-treasonable correspondence—the original letter having found its way into the Pope's hands. Pius sent for him, tore it in fragments before his face, and told him to 'sin no more.' Cardinal della Genga has been still more deeply engaged in plotting with Austria, along with certain old jobbing functionaries here; the belief in town is that his Eminence is now lodged in the Castle of St. Angelo. If not, where is he? For the last week his whereabouts is the town mystery.

Rome: October 28.

I forward the first number of the 'Roman Advertiser,'<sup>1</sup> an English weekly journal, which began its significant career last Saturday.

No less than five new daily and weekly publi-

<sup>1</sup> This paper is edited by a son of the late poetic Mrs. Hemans. Emerging from a Benedictine convent, the young lad shows taste and industry, but is yet rather green. He has much to learn in his editorial capacity.

cations are announced to meet the demand of a freshly-created reading public of native growth—among others ‘Il Popolare,’ ‘L’Echo del Tempo,’ ‘Il Contemporaneo,’ and, perhaps, the most important of all, ‘La Giurisprudenza.’ This last journal is to be modelled on the French ‘Gazette des Tribunaux,’ and is the natural offshoot of a most vital amelioration of justice, viz. *publicity in criminal trials*—matters which have hitherto been managed in the dark, and over which public opinion never could exercise any sort of control. Not only are all trials to be now conducted in the light of day, but the whole criminal code is undergoing revision, and the land that has produced a Beccaria is no longer to be disgraced by the systematic absurdities and glaring discrepancies of late Roman jurisprudence. The cellular system is under consideration for prison discipline. In no part of Europe, perhaps, are there such discreditable jails as have existed from time immemorial here, and nothing has been attempted in the way of change since they were inspected by your philanthropist Howard, at the close of the last century.

To improve the administration in every branch is the firm resolve of Pius IX. ; but the very existence of the government must be first provided

for ; and, with the yearly deficit which for the last sixteen years was going on in arithmetical progression, the days of the sovereignty were numbered. Finding that all reductions in his household and the abolition of sinecures cannot meet the evil, he has boldly broached the project of an *income tax*. In the state of landed property throughout his dominions this is nothing short of a financial revolution. The tax on salt, that on corn ground at the mill (*la moltura*)—this latter most oppressive to the peasant, who is not allowed to grind his own corn!—are to be abolished on the expiration of the monopoly now belonging to the great salt-seller, Torlonia. A very serious item of expenditure was indulged in by the late sovereign, no less than the rebuilding of an imperial basilica, the gigantic church first erected by Theodosius while master of the Roman world, on the Via Ostia, in honour of St. Paul. There can be no question that the apostle of the Gentiles deserves every reasonable testimonial, but prudence, not to speak of justice, would suggest the impropriety of ‘robbing Peter to pay’ his illustrious collaborator.

When this splendid edifice was originally planned, the road to Ostia was the highway of nations, and the gorgeous colonnade and cedar roof did not flourish in a positive desert, but the

solitude is now unbroken, save by a chance buffalo driver or cockney tourist, for whose edification it is rather too much to spend a half-dozen million of dollars, even if a surplus existed in the Papal treasury. King Otho, who repudiates his bondholders, might as well exhaust the small remnant of the Greek budget in an attempt to restore the Parthenon, while roads are wanting and banditti unsuppressed. The present Pope has reduced to one-third the allowance for this item of unnecessary outgoings, and has thus obviated the oppressive effects of its ultimate bearing on the people. The late Gregory never took this view of things, being a simple monk. Two years ago an old Florentine usurer put up a stone façade to a church in the Via Larga, and about the same time Professor Segato, having succeeded in a process of embalming dead bodies, so as to render them solid and imperishable, this squib was read on the pediment :—

Nuovo miracolo !  
Vivo segato  
Sangue del popolo  
Petrificato.

Next to finance the most urgent difficulty of his Holiness is to find men of intellect and integrity not only willing but adequate to the task of carrying out his views ; all the old red-tapists

are found to be more an incumbrance than aid. In the new cabinet, the members of which are named in the public journals, you will find that he has included none of the cardinals. Much will depend on the new creations which he may be enabled to make by frequent deaths among those respectable octogenarians. One point he has determined upon, viz. not to grant a red 'hat' merely because routine of office has accustomed certain functionaries to look up to that dignity as a retiring provision. The governor of Rome, a sort of police officer, expects it as a matter of course; so does the head of the war office; but I can safely affirm that neither Marini nor Medici Spada (who hold these respective posts), will be made a cardinal in a hurry, even on removal from office. The late Secretary Lambruschini has no reason to grumble, having got a splendid retiring allowance, 10,000 dollars a year, as *segretario dei Brevi*. I am sorry to report the fading health of Cardinal Acton; and I fear much for the speedy loss of old Micara, deservedly popular with the Romans.

We have had torrents of rain for the last ten days. Old Tiber walked the streets, and among other entertainments consequent on rainy nights

at Rome (for you recollect that when *nocte pluit totâ, redeunt spectacula mane*) the Pantheon presented a most striking though simple phenomenon; the whole area of the marble floor being covered several feet deep with a placid sheet of golden-coloured liquid, the reflection of the great concave above in the mirror below, 'swan and shadow,' gave you an idea of the interior of a vast globe of overpowering dimensions.

Fanny Elsler was presented to the Pope by Colonel Pfyffer, of the Swiss Guard; and the monarch blandly said that 'talent in every department of human excellence was ever welcome to his dominions.'

The Pope made a visit in state to the aged martyr of alleged Russian brutality, the Polish nun Macryna, as if to intimate his views respecting Poland. This lady's story made a great stir last year, and she is now the object of extraordinary veneration. She has of late been induced by the flattery of the French nuns, who have given her kind hospitality, to try her hand at 'miraculous cures,' and this year a young French abbé, who had lost his voice, became quite a lion in all fashionable circles here, by recovering his speech

through the agency of Mother Macryna. Should her claims to canonisation rest upon this exploit at any future day, I fear the *avocato del diavolo* will demur; the miracle should have been reversed to become truly forcible; she should have succeeded in checking, not in promoting, the loquacity of a Frenchman.

Although his Holiness is overwhelmed with business, your indefatigable countryman, Silk Buckingham, 'resident director' of some establishment at the West End,<sup>1</sup> having insisted on having it, had an audience, the details of which I possess, but am not at liberty to amuse you with; it was as good as anything lately produced at the Haymarket. He will not fail to give you his own version of it, however, as he has already taken care to do here, in a paragraph of the *Diario Romano*, at which the British consul, who volunteered to introduce him, is deservedly rabid. Altogether, the Pope, from this specimen of the native modesty and bashfulness of Englishmen, must imbibe a strange notion of John Bull. The Roman paper calls the affair *Britannico straniero*—British and strange—especially the latter.

<sup>1</sup> Probably the British and Foreign Institute.

Rome : November 3.

On the evening of October 28, Mr. Newman, accompanied by Mr. Ambrose St. John, entered the Eternal City, which had been for the last ten days deluged with incessant rain. Next morning the ex-Anglican proselyte's first impulse was to pay his homage at the tomb of the Apostles (*limina apostolorum*), when, as chance would have it, Pius IX. was in the act of realising the lines of Scott's ballad—

The Pope he was saying his high high mass,  
All at St. Peter's shrine.

Their interview occurred in the crypt or subterranean sanctuary, the oldest portion of the basilica. Whatever importance may attach to the arrival of this distinguished *transfuga*, the most celebrated, perhaps, of the many that have come hither since the days of Queen Christina of Sweden (in which eccentric lady's quondam boudoir I now happen to write), the advent of so propitiatory an offering to the genius of the seven hills seems to have influenced the elements; the rain has stopped,

Et soles meliùs nitent.

It would appear that the inundations of Upper Italy opposed serious obstacles to the progress of the Oxford pilgrims, and that at one passage the

cart which bore them, drawn by oxen (in the absence of any other conveyance), was well-nigh swallowed up by the rush of many waters. Safe from those semi-apostolic 'perils of the flood,' they are now engaged, under the guidance of the most intelligent of their countrymen and co-religionists, in a brief survey of whatever is most remarkable here ; and in a few days Mr. Newman, late of Oxford, with his companions, will take possession of chambers in the College of Propaganda, and enter on a preparatory course previous to re-ordination in the Church of Rome.

There will be another *capella* to-morrow in the church of St. Charles Borromeo, in the Corso ; this church is one of the most majestic in Rome, and it is but fitting that it should be so to typify aptly the grandeur and high character of the benevolent spirit it is erected to commemorate. Why the Pope should visit this church in particular on the anniversary of the great Archbishop of Milan is a question interwoven with the quarrel of the Spanish succession in 1706, and therefore not uninteresting in 1846, when just a century and a half have terminated in reproducing the selfsame imbroglio, as if in exact accordance with the Pythagorean cycle of which Virgil is expositor,

and which would foreshadow a new Peninsular War, another Wellington.

Alter erit tum Tiphys, et altera quæ vehat Argo  
Delectos heroas : erunt etiam altera bella,  
Atque iterum ad Trojam magnus mittetur Achilles.

In 1706, then, the dean and chapter of the church, being Milanese subjects, and partisans of the house of Austria, had prepared for the saint's festival splendid banners displaying the arms and effigy of the Archduke Charles, which coming to the knowledge of the Bourbonite Spanish ambassador, the latter contemplated an inroad on the church at the head of his followers and a host of French auxiliaries ; whereupon Clement XI., who had publicly announced his perfect neutrality in the contest, proceeded in person to the church of San Carlo ; and, as no earthly monarch's insignia can be displayed in presence of the reigning Pontiff, there was a decent excuse for both sides refraining from collision. Once established, the Pope's visit became an 'annual commemoration of peace and union among Christian princes.'

It is worthy of remark that, since the accession of Pius IX. in June, the number of crimes committed against the person as well as against property in the district of Rome, has diminished in the most extraordinary ratio—the month of

June offering about 500 cases, July 340, August 230, September 200, and last month's calendar falling to 112; the old admirers of 'the red-tape system,' coercion and routine, can make nothing of it. It seems to them a sort of 'witchcraft;' ay, such as that by which Othello compassed the willing affection of Desdemona.

Rome : November 8.

The grand ceremony of taking formal possession of the Lateran church began this morning, and is not yet terminated, though the guns of St. Angelo are just now marking by their reverberated roar that the most solemn stage of the business is being enacted. To this exhibition of Papal pomp the whole country round has been flocking in for the last two or three days, and the constant arrivals from Naples and Florence have evinced no less interest on the part of foreign visitants. The Olympic Games of Greece could scarcely present a fairer gathering in epitome of the various Hellenic tribes than Rome presented this week of all the surrounding towns in a circuit of one hundred miles, diversified in costume as distinctly, and as easily recognisable by a peculiar juxtaposition of primitive colours, as your Highland clans. Down from the suburban hills came bands

of music and troops of *pifferari*, to describe the general effect of which would require the classical bagpipe of Mr. Macaulay ; *ex. gr.* :—

The horsemen and the footmen  
 Came pouring in amain  
 From many a stately market town—  
 From many a fruitful plain—  
 From many a lonely hamlet,  
 Which, hid by beech and pine,  
 Like an eagle's nest hangs on the crest  
 Of purple Apennine.

For aged folks on crutches,  
 And women large with child,  
 And mothers gloating o'er their babes,  
 That clung to them and smiled ;  
 And sick men borne on litters,  
 High on the necks of slaves,  
 And troops of sunburnt husbandmen,  
 With reaping-hooks and staves ;

And droves of mules and asses  
 Laden with skins of wine, &c. &c.

literally 'choked every roaring gate' of the city, principally on the side of Tivoli, Frascati, and Albano. For several evenings past the theatres have resounded with acclamations bestowed on a dull drama of Abbé Metastasio, dug out of oblivion for the purpose of political allusion, *La Clemenza di Tito* ; and it was obvious that a popular demonstration, on a gigantic scale, was about to be given to his Holiness, expressive of the public

resolve to sustain him against all reactionary efforts.

And most overwhelming was this day's exhibition of physical strength along the whole line of the Pope's progress from his Quirinal palace to the Lateran, amid shouts of enthusiastic devotion, such as the unanimous heart of a whole people, long estranged from such feelings, could alone give forth. The richest tapestries lined the palaces on the line of procession; festoons, garlands, and silk hangings profusely ornamented the inferior dwellings, and every balcony was a focus of patriotic ebullition, as the Pontiff was borne onward in the midst of as picturesque a cortége as the imagination of this fanciful land could conjure into existence. An idea of the dresses worn by the Roman court in this singular cavalcade can be only conveyed by you, dear Dickens, to your friends in Cockneyshire by referring them to the gorgeous picture at Hampton Court of the 'Field of the Cloth of Gold;' almost all the costumes in that glowing representation being reproduced in the retinue which rode with the Pope in this splendid revival of a mediæval ceremony. All the judges were on horseback as well as all the prelates, bishops, pages, the governor of Rome, captain of Swiss halberdiers,

the senators, and other indescribable functionaries of a variegated and many-tesselated government, men in armour, the noble guard and the Pope's standard-bearer, on his *obligato* mule, leading the van.

Formerly the cavalcade mounted the steep ascent of the Capitol, but since Ganganelli fell off his horse on getting down towards the arch of Septimus, it now enters the Forum by a circuit. An immense crowd of swarthy peasants from the Sabine, Volscian, and Latin districts, filled the Campo Vaccino, and rent the air with reiterated shouts on the Pope's entering the old Via Sacra, at which moment the great bell of the Capitol, which is only heard on such an occasion as the present, roaring above the voices of the multitude, uttered its diapason of singularly deep vibrations.

Pealing solemnly.

At the triumphal arch of Titus some curiosity was excited in the expectation of the Jews' representatives in Rome paying homage, as usual, to the new sovereign, and craving toleration; but the Pope's good taste dispensed with a display which only keeps alive the sense of inferiority and difference of caste—a prelude, I hope, to ulterior measures on behalf of Israel. All

the rising ground on the Palatine Hill was densely covered with spectators, but the Colosseum, divided into boxes and hung with silks, seemed to be what your great stand is at Newmarket races.

Further on, at the church of St. Clement, celebrated on many accounts, and now tenanted by a few Irish friars, some curiosity was excited in the crowd and expressed by the Papal cavalcade as to the meaning of a huge *green* banner floating from the porch, and bearing a harp *uncrowned*, with other heraldic puzzles. The hereditary colours of the Ferretti family, as displayed in the Papal escutcheon, are white and orange, and such were the pervading tints of every other attempt at decoration on his passage. The cavalcade ultimately reached its destination, no doubt; for me, the crowd prevented all approach to the Lateran church; and certainly no Roman triumph or mediæval pageant could have surpassed what I witnessed to-day. To realise *one* part of the old classic procession, there was only wanting the Rev. Dr. Newman, Ambrose St. John, and George Talbot, to walk in the character of war captives.

Britannus ut descenderet  
Sacra catenatus via.

The Pope has offered, by placards on the walls, a gold medal, value 1,000 dollars, to him who will

present the best plan for crossing the great Apennine barrier from Ancona to Rome. Should Waghorn and Pius IX. succeed in bringing the overland route from India to Europe into this channel, they will have done no small deed; and it will be curious to find that the earliest engineer who laid down the line of railway, with its gradients and terminus, was the playful poet, 'the end of whose journey and letter was Brundisium.'

Rome: November 11.

We are in full progress here towards popular government. One of the most significant tokens of the new era was exhibited yesterday, when eight hundred Roman citizens assembled at a public banquet to greet the political exiles of the provinces, under the magnificent roof of the Aliberti Theatre, thousands of spectators crowding the boxes, and not a 'policeman' to be seen of any sort.

This demonstration was got up at a few days' notice. The committee consisted of men of the middle class—an order of mankind never yet heard of in Roman affairs. Their names deserve record; they were: Orioli, son of the exiled professor (who has returned from Corfu to his native university of Bologna); Nattali, a bookseller;

Delfrate, an artist ; Thomasson, a 'man of letters ;' and De Andreis, a painter.

The guests were gathered on an elevated platform, the committee presiding—for this popular banquet presented the peculiarity of the president's chair being 'put in commission'—when, after discussing the viands with Italian gravity and sobriety, the business of the evening began. Chechetelli, a well-known and voluminous writer, appeared for the first time in the character of a speaker, and in a graceful oration bespoke the moderation of his hearers in the enjoyment of their newly-recovered liberty of thought and action ; so would they best defeat any scheme for rolling backwards the now happy onward tide of Roman freedom. Next rose Professor Sejani, an exile lately returned from Malta, the author of many tragedies, and implicated in not a few conspiracies ; on him devolved the task of proposing the health of Pius IX., a colossal bust of the monarch being forthwith borne forward and crowned with laurel, amid the loud vociferations of the whole theatre. Sejani's speech was energetic and clever, and drew down thunders of applause. After him a distinguished medical light of our university here, Dr. De Dominicus, whose brother lately died in prison for political causes, made a most affecting

appeal to his fellow-citizens, and was listened to with intense interest : he dwelt on the necessity of not thwarting the present Pope with an unreasonable eagerness for change, not one in that assembly being more anxious to accelerate beneficial measures than the pontiff, to whom alone were known the obstacles to be encountered, and the difficulties to be overcome. Sterbini, late exile from Marseilles, followed in prose for a while, till, kindling with his subject, he burst forth into poetry, or a kind of measured recitative, in the chorus of which the whole assembly, as if whirled into a vortex of ecstasy, soon joined.

The evening would have passed off with undisturbed regularity were it not for an incident which may leave the germ of much future ill-will and mistrust. I said before that the middle classes of Rome, hitherto a totally unrecognised body, were the originators of this festival. About a dozen tickets had been taken by members of the *Casino dei Nobili*, and their places kept until an advanced hour, when others were but too happy to fill up the vacancy their absence created. A buzz of enquiry ran through the theatre as to the cause of their non-appearance, when it transpired that Prince Borghese was entertaining, that night, a distinguished circle at the palace, and had pressed

all his acquaintances into the service. This was, of course, deemed an aggravation of the offence, and construed into a premeditated slight on the popular feelings, and on the Pope himself; whereupon, at the close of the proceedings, several hundreds of the younger and more boisterous proceeded in a body to the Palazzo Borghese, and with determined shouts called for an illumination of the façade in honour of Pio IX. '*Lumi fuori! lumi fuori! viva Pio nono!*' Instead of complying with which demand, and thus restoring good humour, the inmates of the palace began to close the window-shutters, when a storm of popular execration assailed Borghese and his guests—hisses and groans of an unmistakable character. The Prince was proceeding to address the mob from the balcony, when, luckily for himself, he was drawn back by Vincenzo Colonna; and some of the graver and more thoughtful citizens arriving from the banquet-hall, prevailed on the irritated crowd to withdraw for the present, convinced that the nobles of the Casino and their host would offer every apology to-day.

Rome : November 18.

Nothing is yet known of an intimated intention, which I hinted at last month, on the part of

the pontiff, to address the Roman people in a series of homilies in that ancient Basilica, after the old fashion of Leo and Gregory 'the Great.' The last Pope who made his appearance in a Christian pulpit was the Bolognese Lambertini, about a century ago—an undeniably great man, and the first canonist of his day. Since then the only harangues pronounced by Popes have been 'allocutions' to the College of Cardinals, mostly distinguishable for bad Latin and premeditated obscurity. The late Gregory, on one of these occasions, took a fancy to denounce the freedom of the press as '*damnabilem imprimendi licentiam.*' The press throughout Europe is likely to return *him* the compliment. The common people of Rome have already adopted from Tuscany and the Legations the term *frataccio*, as embodying their notion of his reign and character.

In the Legations the petty despotism of each successive local satrap had never been controlled by any well-defined limits of authority; limits are being fixed, and means of appeal facilitated, so as to render the functions of the Legates somewhat analogous to those of French prefects of departments. Each district and municipality is to be fairly represented in the persons of responsible

landholders, whose voice is to be heard potentially in matters affecting the improvement of their respective territories.

The most sanguine partisans of progress appear satisfied at the pace which regulates the advance. If not a galloping reform, 'tis a good smart trot—

‘Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.’

November 28.

To the denizens of Rome there is newly opened an abounding source of gentle merriment in the perusal of French and German journals, whenever the affairs of this metropolis are introduced—which is now of constant occurrence, though it would seem that the matrimonial *imbroglio* of the Spanish peninsula and the subsidence of Cracow from the map of Europe ought fully to engage the energetic spirits engaged in editorial *rédaction*. Paragraphs of hazarded news are ventilated at Nuremberg or take wing from Frankfort and Cologne, birds of good, or, as it may be, of evil, augury, which were never seen from this Vatican hill, but belong rather to what in French newspaper dialect is called *canard*, Anglicè, a species of literary wild duck. Fabulous onslaughts on the Jesuits in various small towns throughout the

Romagna are favourite game of this description with the press of Paris. No one in Rome is cognisant of aught—save a few vocal manifestations of dislike, never approaching personal violence—of scenes such as are represented to have occurred in Fano and Perugia. The pamphlet of the witty Gioberti (severely prohibited in Naples, Modena, and Lombardy), attacking the society's line of Italian policy, under the title of 'Prolegomena,' is freely handed about, or, as the poet has it,

Con spavento dei divoti galantuomini  
Si vedono circular gli Prolegomeni.

But any overt act of physical force against the mistaken fathers is universally reprobated.

A paragraph appears in the 'Courrier Français,' announcing the Pope's wish to contract a fresh loan, and representing the Roman finances as irreparably embarrassed. No such loan is dreamt of. There is a present supply in the exchequer, and the future prospects of the treasurer are by no means discouraging. Such rumours were the constant mode of attack by which the irreligious party in Italy sought to damage the Papal throne while ineffectively filled by its late occupant; and many poetical squibs, with all the violence, and some of the fancy, of Béranger, held up the approaching bankruptcy of Rome to the world's

scorn. From one, entitled 'Il Fallimento del Papa,' I recollect a few lines :

Non basto il talento  
 Del gran Lambruschini,  
 A cento per cento  
 Non trova quattrini ;  
 O caso inaudito,  
 Il Papa è fallito !

Guai al Pontefice,  
 Quel buon Gregorio,  
 Che in brevi vendere  
 Dovrà il ciborio,  
 Perche il carnefice  
 Chiede il salario  
 Gli tocca a vendere  
 Sin' al breviario.

Che per servar' i titoli  
 Di Papa e di sovrano,  
 A benedir' i despoti  
 Distese la sua mano.  
 Deh ! al gran principe  
 Che ci governa  
 Gli presta Diogene  
 La sua laterna !

Torlonia, who contracted for the last loan, would feel but too happy to get another chance upon the same terms (which he is not likely to have soon), and the more especially as the family are about to receive back in hard dollars the purchase-money of the great Braccino property, which, near thirty years ago, was bought from the

Odescalchi, and which that princely race are now determined to regain. In the purchase of land here, there is always reserved a right of redemption within a given number of years, and the allotted term being now at hand, notice has been served on the Duke of Braccino that Prince Odescalchi intends refunding the cash, and resuming the duchy. As in the case of the old Taliacotian operation, when a fictitious nose was cut out of a porter's *gluteus maximus*, and affixed to a visage where no nasal organ existed, the title of *Duke* is lapsed with the loss of the property which conferred it, and the strawberry leaves fall away from the escutcheon of the banker. In the words of your 'Hudibras'—

Soon as the porter's life was out,  
Off dropt the sympathetic snout !

December 3.

By the death of Cardinal Gaysrück, Archbishop of Milan, a hat has fallen in, and as there are now more than half a dozen vacancies, a new creation is spoken of. Gaysrück was a true German of the old school, and a strong opponent of the Jesuits, whom he kept out of Lombardy to the last.

I took occasion, some few posts ago, to notice

the apathy of Prince Borghese in the cause of national advancement or the improvement of his country; a noble opportunity of throwing the weight of his immense territorial property into the scale of the progressive party has been let pass. I regret to find that, among other frivolities which occupy the leisure of the Palazzo Borghese, *homœopathy* is now paramount, and through female influence this nonsense has become positively mischievous. Last March the Duchess of Piombino was a victim, and this week a lovely daughter of Colonel Bryan, of Kilkenny, died under this treatment, none of the many English physicians resident here having been suffered to attend. She had arrived here but a few weeks before in perfect health.

The solemn dirge and requiem held over the poor lady in the church of Irish Franciscans, St. Isidoro, was attended by several hundred British visitors, besides the young lady's kinsfolk, of the princely houses of Doria, Pamphili, and Borghese. Towards the termination of the sorrowful ceremony, at a pause in the liturgy, there arose in the body of the church a person in ecclesiastical costume, of pensive and careworn aspect, who, standing near the coffin, addressed himself to speak.

His voice was low at first, so that few heard till it gradually filled the church, and it was understood to be a simple recital of the unostentatious virtues of the deceased; but soon came words of more impressive import, and a whisper went round that the unexpected speaker on the occasion was the Rev. Mr. Newman, late of Oxford. To the thousands who have perused his printed sermons delivered in Anglican pulpits, it would be difficult to convey a notion of his manner on the present occasion, it being the first time that he delivered himself of an extemporaneous unpremeditated discourse. But as a letter to you is no proper vehicle for theological comments, I add no more.

The next removal, it is devoutly to be hoped, will be the Postmaster-General, Massimo; this functionary, not content with neglecting his proper duties in the amelioration of the posting system throughout the Roman states, which is a disgrace to Italy, has within the last fortnight shown his tender regard for Austria by taking on himself the responsibility of stopping any journals, French or English, which reflect on that respectable court in its late absorption of Cracow. The Pope is utterly unconscious of his pranks, and may, perhaps, first learn them from this letter when printed.

Thus Postmaster Massimo has, of his own authority, confiscated 'Galignani's Messenger' of the 20th, 21st, and 25th of November, as well as the 'Morning Chronicle' of the 18th and 19th ditto. The British residents here are inclined to proceed in a body to the Quirinal, to lay their complaint at the feet of the pontiff, who will doubtless find a speedy remedy for such insolent interference with his general policy.

December 12.

A sad calamity has befallen our city. The Tiber, suddenly swollen by rain such as is only witnessed under the tropics, and impeded in its course towards Ostia by a south-east wind, has just flooded two-thirds of the inhabited streets, and destroyed property, both in town and country, to a melancholy extent. This century had not seen a similar inundation, that of 1805 being far less extensive or disastrous. As far as the eye could reach, from the Pincian Hill to the foot of Monte Mario, from the Ponte Molle to the contrescarpe of Castle St. Angelo, became at once a vast lake, interspersed with tops of trees and farm roofs, cattle swimming, and floating waggons. Not only the accustomed low quarters of the Piazza Navona and Pantheon, but the Corso and

Condolli were submerged, and the well-known magnificent area of the Porta del Popolo became a deep pond impassable to carriages. It was a singular sight to look down from the Pincian on this extemporised basin, reflecting calmly the surrounding churches and monuments, and receiving into its abundance the rather superfluous contributions of the four Egyptian lions who kept up the farce of their quadruple *jet d'eau* throughout. The central obelisk of Rameses, which rose in quiet grandeur over the waters, seemed, after many thousand years, to have got a glimpse of his native Nile at its work of fertilisation. Unfortunately, mischief, unmixed with any compensating result, ensues from these visits of the Roman river.

The reports from the various quarters (or islands) of the city have as yet brought no tidings of drowned men ; though horses, pigs, and kine have perished in numbers, and the misery of the poorer classes can hardly be estimated unless by the knowledge of their exclusive tenancy of all ground-floors, in Rome the upper storeys being alone inhabited by the wealthy. But the unfortunate Jews are in the worst predicament of all other denominations, their disadvantageous quarter being not of their own selection ; and hence it

became only an act of common honesty in the government to behave as it has done by them—to-day supplying them at once, and in the first rank, with food and necessaries. For this purpose domiciliary visits were made to all bakers and fashionable hotels and every loaf carried off to the Ghetto. If any good could possibly be elicited from the present sad occurrence, it would be, perhaps, the forcing the Pope's attention to the folly and un-Christian policy of his predecessors in cooping up the remnant of Israel here into a space of the town so confined and so objectionable as to nearly resemble the hold of a Brazilian slave-ship on the middle passage. To condemn a people to perpetual dirt and disease, with the interlude of an occasional deluge like the present, is a sorry scheme for their conversion, and a sad lesson of Christian love. These unlucky sojourners in the capital of the Church have just had all their property, cloths, silks, velvets, and every commodity in which they trade, destroyed at once by no act of theirs; and in any civilised country they would be clearly entitled to recover the amount from the legislature. The old houses are happily falling on each other's shoulders, and the whole rookery will be rendered soon uninhabitable, in which case they must perforce be

allowed to select some other part of this wide metropolis to build in.

This is the moment for their brethren throughout Europe to memorialise the benevolent pontiff on their behalf, with every probability of success. The Pope would be too happy to find outward support against the prejudices of the lower orders and the narrow-minded rich. 'Twas a touching sight to see these helpless sufferers, with the scanty wreck of their furniture, crowded under the roof of the synagogue, which was the only dry spot of their prison-house. By the river of Babylon well might they sit and weep when they remembered Sion!

There live 3,600 of them in this black hole, of whom 1,900 are paupers; about 1,000 earn a livelihood by trade, and the remainder are comparatively rich. They raise among themselves 13,000 dollars yearly for the support of their own schools and other institutions. The State draws a large revenue from their commercial operations, and it is a remarkable circumstance in the case of the Roman Jews that by way of propitiating their Christian fellow-citizens they are in the habit of emphatically disclaiming any part or portion in the great misdeed visited upon them and their children. They maintain, and with considerable

pretension to truth, that they are descended from a colony of Hebrew men settled in Rome long before the period of the Crucifixion—and certainly we know that Pompey brought thousands of captive Jews to Rome; and Josephus, I think, describes 8,000 of them going up to remonstrate with Augustus on some occasion or other.

I pray the assistance of your brethren of the press in London in drawing the attention of the friends of Israel throughout Europe to these poor people and their cause; it is truly that of the captive and the bondsman.

December 15.

It has been admitted to be a proper maxim (one, I believe, of Rochefoucauld's), *Qu'il faut laver son linge sale en famille*, and you will learn with satisfaction that a secret and confidential commission has lately been named by his Holiness to investigate every branch of ecclesiastical revenue, the rent-roll of every convent, hospital, confraternity, every canonry, chantry; in fact, to overhaul the whole financial resources of the Roman district. Other districts will come next. This secret committee is composed of Cardinals Micara (General of the Capuchins), Bianchi (ditto of the Benedictine Camaldulose monks), Ostini

(Prefect of the ' Bishops and Regulars '), and, finally, the late Prime Minister, Lambruschini. The most searching powers have been given to this committee, and woe to any abuse, or dilapidation, or malversation which may come under their notice. A consolidation of various institutes, and a severe economy throughout, will, it is understood, produce an aggregate of surplus to the treasury sufficient to meet all pressure, so as to obviate the recurrence to loans for the future altogether.

And though what follows belongs more properly to the speculations of your money-market than to political correspondence, the attention of buyers and sellers in the public funds of European States would do well to consider the new aspect of things in Italy, and the relative stability of the various governments, whose prospects have of late been materially changed. The price of the Roman funds (five per cents.) has for the last ten years remained unaltered at from 100 to 102, or thereabouts, even during the precarious rule of Gregory, whom the slightest breath of popular revenge would have dethroned in a twinkling, at any general outbreak on the Rhine, the Po, or the Bosphorus. Still he managed, by borrowing and patchwork, to keep up the Papal credit, which

never sunk below par. At the present juncture of pontifical prospects and with the stability which a whole people's enthusiasm must necessarily add to 'that divinity which doth hedge a king,' I should not wonder to see the Roman five per cents. advance at least to the price of the French ditto, which are now quoted at 116-117, and which have been not long ago as high as 120. *Verb. sap.* The only market for Romans is Milan or Paris, but any intelligent broker might bring them into Capel Court.

As a trifling indication of the Pope's anxiety to bring his states into better unison with the other civilised communities of Europe, the great clock of the Quirinal Palace marks the hours no longer in the old-fashioned and exploded system of twenty-four hours continuous, but in the double duodecimal used on your side of the Alps. It is an humble effort to teach his Romans the 'time of day.'

December 24.

The grant of a cardinal's hat to the unpopular Governor of Rome, on his late removal from office, has undoubtedly checked for a moment the enthusiasm of loyalty which had gone on *crescendo* since July. Numerous pasquinades have circu-

lated this week of a very violent kind, and full of gross personality against Marini. Arrangements were said to have been in progress for greeting the new dignitary with a storm of hisses and execration on the occasion of last Monday's ceremonial, but the boisterous state of the weather—unusually severe even for winter—cooled the indignation of the Romans, and, by the blessing of the barometer, his Eminence got off unscathed. His evening *levée* was even brilliantly attended, all the diplomatic body being present, in compliment to the Pope, and female influence having worked assiduously among the native nobility in furtherance of this demonstration. The British uniforms were especially conspicuous in the halls of reception, and much hilarity, considering the bitter cold, was occasioned by the display of the Scottish kilt on the person of some child of

Caledonia stern and wild.

The Princesses Lancelotti and Del Drago did the honours with inborn gracefulness, and all things passed off satisfactorily.

This being Christmas Eve will account for the brevity of the letter. The festival of this hallowed night is to be held with unwonted solemnity and liturgical magnificence in the basilica of St. Mary

Major on the Esquiline. It is probable that the pontiff, whose charitable donations have been this week on a scale of unusual *largesse*, and whose presence, during these sacred rites, in the midst of his people must endear him to all classes, will regain any amount of popularity which the shadow of this unlucky hat may have lost him.



CHAPTER VIII.

ROME. 1847

The following Reliques are taken from Mahony's letters from Rome contributed to the 'Daily News' during the first two years of its existence. On closing his correspondence Mahony wrote to Dickens :—' And now, dear Dickens, fare thee well. I have now, during two successive winters, kept you *au courant* of Roman events : a period which will be ever memorable in the annals of Italy and Europe—comprising the fag end of an exploded system and the first acts of the man sent from God, whose name was John.

' But before I conclude, permit me, *Carlo mio*, to remind you of those lines I sent you *ten years ago*, and to congratulate you on all you have written since then for the improvement of mankind.'

During the two years of Mahony's correspondence, which were the opening ones of the present Pope's reign, the latter was an anti-Austrian and an Italian patriot to his heart's core ; and the Correspondent sympathised thoroughly with the popular enthusiasm in his favour. The murder, however, by the Roman mob, of the minister, Count Rossi, who was a sincere friend of popular progress ; his Holiness's own flight to Gaeta ; the *régime* of the revolutionary triumvirate, and the French occupation, changed the spirit of his dream.

## CHAPTER VIII.

ROME. 1847.

January 2.

I SEE advertised in the usual form, and noticed by the 'Spectator,' a book entitled 'Christmas in Rome,' by some reverend American 'stranger,' whose views of men and things here seem rather jaundiced, to judge from the glimpse therein given. Rome cannot be understood by a Jonathan fresh from his conventicle. He cannot appreciate immemorial usages; no *carmen sæculare* brings to his ear the periodical mirth of centuries; for him in vain descends from Præneste and the Sabine hills the accustomed bagpiper, picturesquely dight, *tibicen* of the festival; in vain the grim wild boar's head (on the shambles round the Parthenon) exhibits between his tusks the suggestive lemon; the milk-white kid, bedecked with red berries, hangs alongside in unappreciated contrast; and the linen tunic in which the Roman butcher stands

arrayed, strikes not his eye as the exact costume of the old sacrificial functionary. The chestnut roaster at each street corner is in vain surrounded by merry customers, and beggary itself looks jocular. Such people should remain to mess at their huge boarding-houses in the Broadway, eschew the *via sacra*, and never know the taste of a fig-pecker (so to Anglicise thy sweet name), oh, rare bird! bonny *becca-fica*!

On Wednesday, December 29, Pius IX. mounted his horse, and rode off towards Ostia, to inspect personally the ravages of the river in the low grounds below Rome. A select group of Roman cavaliers formed the sovereign's escort, and that day his Holiness explored a circuit of 30 miles, giving everywhere orders for employment, pointing out tracts for drainage, and raising the wages of the labouring peasantry along his ride. Some of his equestrian cortége were hard pushed to keep up with the Pontiff, and probably remember their excursion yet. On that evening the students of the English college gave, after their annual dramatic performance, a grand supper in the library hall to their friends in Rome, Sir T. Miller, Scott Murray, Rev. W. Newman, Revs. G. Ryder and Talbot, MM. Langdale, Radcliffe,

Chomeley, Petre, &c. &c. The student painters, sculptors, and architects of the three kingdoms, to the number of forty, assembled at their Christmas dinner in the great hall of Bertini; Prout, pen and ink artist, in the chair.

The students of the University (*Sapienza*) having expressed a wish to that effect, the Pontiff has granted a new chair of political economy, and three other professorships are in contemplation. Several obnoxious and jobbing police functionaries were dismissed yesterday (Jan. 1, 1847) to begin the year; and nothing could exceed the numbers and enthusiasm of the host assembled before the Quirinal Palace windows, on the Monte Cavallo, to wish his Holiness the compliments of the season. When Pius appeared on the balcony, the shouts rent the welkin, and as a cloud seemed to approach, his Holiness put on his hat, and motioned to the uncovered crowd to do likewise; the few drops of rain which had suggested this apparently trivial kindness were sufficient to intimate deeper care for their welfare, and no 'hatti-sheeriff' of eastern romance ever elicited such heartfelt applause.

Yesterday afternoon (Jan. 13) there was, as usual, an immense concourse assembled in the church of St. Andrea della Valle, to hear the

Wednesday sermon of Padre Ventura, general of the Theatines, and by far the most eloquent of our Roman orators. Some delay ensued, when a taller and more majestic personage was observed to move through the crowd towards the pulpit, and soon the well-known and well-beloved figure of the Sovereign stood recognisable by the gladdened multitude; and Pius IX. it was who spoke. 'His heart was so full with the varied emotions resulting from the position he had been placed in by Providence in their regard, that he must give public utterance to what he felt; therefore he had come to commune with his people, after the manner of the olden days; and first he would thank them with the warmest effusion of heart for the transcendent manifestation of their loyalty and devotion upon the Quirinal Hill at the opening of the year, and at various times since the dawn of his pontificate; a revival of the old Roman reverence for the chair of St. Peter, however now inadequately filled. The best return he could make would be a renewal of his efforts for their welfare, political as well as religious; for the latter especially, as unmeasurably the nearer and dearer to his breast.' The Pope then went, with the utmost simplicity and manly good sense, into the details of practical improvements which he desired to see carried out

in the individual conduct of his hearers, touching on most of the popular vices, and urging, with all the fervour of the ancient homilies, a thorough moral reform in his auditory. His address, which lasted scarce half an hour, was of course listened to with breathless attention ; and then the usual evening service was resumed. This occurrence was quite unlooked for.

January 21.

Our new governor, Grazzolini, has addressed himself in earnest to the work of social reform. His first effort is arduous enough, no less than an attempt to extirpate the old cancer of mendicity, which has long disfigured Rome. Florence has shown, early in this century, what could be effected by an intelligent government, to discourage, and ultimately uproot, the mendicant system from the midst of an industrious and thrifty population ; but the difficulties to encounter in this city are far more formidable, and therefore success will be, if achieved, a paramount triumph of administrative capacity. The process is deserving of attentive study, for obvious reasons just now. For some days the active agents of the Roman police were constituted into an army of observation, and the various haunts of eleemosynary practitioners were

accurately mapped out. No alarm was given ; but at the close of the last week several simultaneous and well-directed *razzias* were made on the astonished natives of beggardom, and near 400 of the more prominent male and female characters carried off to the several depôts prepared for their reception. Church door corners and favourite thoroughfares were suddenly bereft of their immemorial sentinels, and the vested interest of each ragged incumbent set at nought. Rigid enquiry at each depôt quickly brought out the long suspected fact that not one-twentieth of them were natives of the city, but had been attracted hither from all quarters by the alms-giving renown of this capital. In return for alms so given, an immense amount of vice was shown to be imported among the native poor, with inveterate habits of the vilest hypocrisy. Means of conveyance forthwith were found for these unbidden guests, and some hundreds of them are now on their road homewards, specially recommended to the village or municipal authorities, who are made responsible for their non-return. Accompanied with a land-tax on the great estates of the Roman nobles for their support or employment, this measure will greatly relieve the city ; though it may not be so palatable to the Piombinos, Rospigliosi, Ruspoli,

Chigi, Borghese, and other leviathan landholders, who would much prefer the practice of ostentatious alms-giving in Rome to the compulsory and inglorious payment of extra labourers on their farms.

To one accustomed here, a walk through the streets of this town yesterday, without having to 'run the gauntlet' of the usual professionals, was a real novelty. New Rome might be described in the graphic words of Scott's 'Andrew Fairservice' when eulogising Glasgow Cathedral, which appeared to him 'all the better for being cleansed of popish *eedols*,' and made by John Knox '*as clowse as a cat when the fleas are kempt off her!*' Tastes differ as to picturesque effect, not merely with reference to the aforesaid *eedols*, but with regard to the fixed attendance of a goodly row of mendicants at the porch of Christian churches. Long ago Chrysostom boasted that *Pagan* palaces and temples might bedeck their porticoes with graceful statuary, but the maimed, the lame, and the blind were the proper ornaments, metopes and triglyphs of an orthodox peristyle. The Byzantine standard of art may not be quite infallible, though Raphael, in his cartoon of the 'Beautiful Gate,' has introduced the lame beggar of Scripture with a skilful eye to contrast. But as the business of a journalist is

merely with social amelioration, the picturesque and archæological part of this subject may be safely left to Mr. Pugin.

The annual ceremony of blessing the cattle at the porch of St. Antonio, on the Esquiline, which, during the present week (Jan. 21), keeps all the ostlers and *vetturini* of Rome alive with excitement, as well as the blessing of two milk-white lambs at the Church of St. Agnes, which interests all the young ladies from England, and took place this morning, are topics which the rude pen of worldly-minded journalism had perhaps better eschew also. The former of these yearly transactions may, however, be looked at, not alone in a sentimental or æsthetic point of view, but as an exhibition of the native breed of horses—a kind of Roman Tattersall's. Very little has been done, and very much might be accomplished, for the improvement of what Frenchmen call *la race chevaline*, in these parts. A few of the nobility attend to their studs, having nothing else to do; but the great mass of the working quadrupeds are miserably underbred, though the vast estates into which this territory is divided afford peculiar facilities for rearing a superior stock of cavalry. The introduction of the Chesterfield fox-hounds

has given some impulse to the breeding of saddle horses in the Campagna, and the new facility afforded by the Peninsular Company's steam communication direct between Civita Vecchia and Southampton may bring more English blood into the breed. The good friars' blessing can do the beasts no harm; nay, may tend to humanise the ferocity of their masters, who can scarcely ill-treat the recipient of St. Antonio's benison; as such, this ceremony ought to be patronised by the 'Animals' Friend Society,' who might possibly get up a branch establishment for the benefit of London cabmen, or prevail on some benevolent rector (say your editorial fellow-labourer, George Croly) to give the metropolitan cattle a benefit at the 'Elephant and Castle.'

A beggar on horseback is considered in England a rare combination, but a centaur of this kind was to be seen here on the Pincian Hill in the shape of a robust cripple, who rode in daily from his country seat, and dismounting took up his position on the great stairs of the Trinità, riding off *gravis ære domum* at eve. I see him now from my window, his donkey being tethered to the accustomed tree. His is a torso as finely developed as that in the Vatican, with a voice to

match. I rejoice to find *he* has escaped the *razzia*, being a fellow of infinite drollery ; he is in sooth the mighty P- (query D-)an of our Roman beggars. He has given his daughter 1,000 crowns dowry.

January 28.

Our latest lion here is Richard Cobden, fresh from a banquet given him by the merchants of Genoa. I fear he will find little scope in these parts for the development of free-trade propagan-  
dism, unless, indeed, he apply his ingenious mind to the effecting of a free intercourse with Great Britain in the matter of diplomatic relations, a topic of more vital consequence to the future prospects of the empire than seems to be generally understood among men of reputed foresight. The disaffected portion of our Irish fellow-subjects are fully alive to the importance of free-trade between England and the Vatican, and hence the violent howl from that quarter at the very mention of this 'delicate' question. As to mere commercial interchange, until the Romans have something besides beads and cameos to barter with us there must be a pause of some duration ; a few statues of modern make, with some old 'noseless blocks' of antique produce, will scarce make up a return

cargo. The little town of Massa di Carrara, in the Lucchese territory, exports more sculpture as well as unwrought marble than the whole Roman States. In spite of our immense rural resources and natural capabilities, we are, in Rome essentially, a mere *consuming* population. One fact tells our whole story: we send out annually to our Neapolitan neighbours about 100,000 skins of the kid who disports himself on our hills, and we receive back in return half a million pair of kid gloves which we might as well make at home. In truth, we have nothing to give in barter for colonial or manufacturing produce, of which we have nevertheless considerable *consumption*, and our case is exactly that of the Irish sea-port described by one of your poets with more suggestive wisdom than he gets credit for:—

There are ships from Cadiz  
And from Barbadoes,  
But the leading trade is  
In whisky-punch.

As to *corn* (in which breadstuff we might pay for all our wants) until the system of *entail* is destroyed, and the *mortmain*<sup>1</sup> of monasteries and hospitals broken up, and a redistribution of land

<sup>1</sup> Mahony gave some interesting evidence on this subject before a Committee of the House of Commons.

takes place, no surplus will be grown for exportation.

You will be naturally curious to learn how the grand experiment of uprooting mendicity from Rome, described fully in my last, has been found to answer. Hitherto the attempt appears very successful, and street begging has, if not disappeared, assumed a very different attitude. The genuine Roman beggar was proverbially the most insolent and importunate of the whole tribe; the Irus of Homeric days was but a faint prototype of the class. To receive your alms seemed his right, and he pursued you like a bailiff armed with a warrant of exaction. These marauders have been captured and impounded; the highway is now clear to all; but there remain a few stragglers in the byeways,—

Pauca tamen subeunt veteris vestigia fraudis,

principally composed of cripples and blind men, whose demeanour is subdued, and who merely rattle a tin canister filled with a few seed *bajocchi*. The grand staircase of the Trinita exhibits a specimen or two, but not as it did of old, in such numbers as to rival the famous ‘*Nix Mangiare* steps’ of Malta. The late Tom Hood described

his blind man as 'a figure in *alto rilievo* whom few relieved ;' as an instance of the '*clair obscur* ; being seldom blind to his own interest,' as a 'human canister tied to a dog's tail ;' and as a 'Venetian blind,' being pulled up and down by a string. But it is very remarkable that no one ever saw a blind man in Rome led about by a dog. Such an expedient never seems to have occurred to the natives here, or if the idea struck them it seems to have been rejected with scorn. Possibly the dogs here are not endowed with the instinct necessary to be entrusted with the guidance of a 'dark man ;' but the fact is that each sufferer from 'gut serene,' or other 'dim suffusion' takes good care to secure the services of a strapping young woman, or full-grown lad, whose whole time is given to the patient, and of course lost to the community. This is decidedly a more dignified style of thing than if dependent on a mere quadruped, or, as Virgil has it:—

Canibus data præda Latinis.

And as we are on the subject of dogs, I may as well notice some particulars of the habits of this animal in connection with the general subject. Louis Bonaparte (Prince of *Canino*), brother-in-law of Mr. Wyse, and rival of Charles Waterton

in knowledge of brute instincts, has drawn the attention of naturalists to the system of life pursued by the dogs of Rome. You are aware that no sewerage exists here except the *cloaca maxima*, and that having no regular dustmen or street contractors, the inhabitants are accustomed to throw out the garbage and refuse of their houses, which is deposited generally in some blind corner appointed for that purpose by the police, and decorated with a large inscription on the wall, *Immondezzaio*, i.e. 'rubbish shot here.' It appears that though several hundreds of these established depôts exist in Rome, not one is unappropriated, but has become, by usurpation or regular transfer, the fee-simple of some particular dog, who will not suffer his rights of *flotsam* and *jetsam* to be invaded by any squatter or new comer, but rules supreme master of the dung-heap he has acquired. Some cases of copartnership in a dirt corner have been observed, but generally with brothers on the death of the parent ; and desperate battles occur occasionally about 'fixity of tenure,' as in Tipperary. The unsuccessful claimant on ejection has no resource but the general run of the streets :

Heu ! magnum alterius frustra spectabit acervum !

Cases of suicide are proverbially rare in Rome : whether there be anything in the *genius loci* adverse to the commission of the ' rash act,' or whether the aspect of our mouldering ruins has something soothing to the mind diseased, I do not profess to say. It is certain that an old Roman general felt resigned to his defeat while seated amid the ruins of Carthage, who would, probably, have fallen on his own sword in a gayer locality ; and as a French poet observes :—

Et ces deux grands débris se consolai<sup>ent</sup> entr' eux.

It is a matter of statistic truth that in this 'city of the soul' to which 'the orphans of the heart' have resorted long before the days of Byron, self-murder has ever been of rare occurrence. Two days ago (Feb. 2), however, the Piazza di Spagna was the scene of a strange transaction. An author of several treatises on educational matters, who had lived some years in London and Paris, where his name is probably not forgotten, Angelo Cerrutti, after spending the last few months in composing his autobiography, which fills two octavo volumes, and having caused supplies of the work to be distributed for sale at the various booksellers' shops throughout the city, on the morning of the 2nd inst. ordered a number

of bill-stickers to placard all Rome with the title of the said autobiography, 'Scritta lui vivente,' and while they were executing his job in all directions, he quietly at noon blew his brains out.

For the information of some of your metropolitan rectors of parishes, whose pious wrath is wreaked, in the refusal of sepulchral rites, on the relatives of the departed, I hasten to acquaint you that in Rome, by a decree of Pope Benedict XIV., suicides are declared to be by the very act proven madmen, and as such entitled, as well as dying lunatics, to the full benefit of Christian burial, and are here buried accordingly.

February 8.

I fear Austrian influence in Roman affairs is but 'scotched not killed.' The old serpent seems yet lively enough, and twines itself round the high priest and his ministers after the old Laocoon fashion. Last week afforded a case in point. At the instigation of the Kaiser's embassy here, a domiciliary visit was made at the shops of the Liberal bookseller Nattali, and all his stock in trade overhauled in the most unceremonious style. The murder at last was found out, and what d'ye think came uppermost? Six hundred copies of a pamphlet bearing the print mark of

'Paris,' and embodying the speech of Count Montalembert, in the French Peers, on the massacres of Galicia and Tarnow! Also a few copies of the eloquent Abbé Gioberti's political and religious essays, which do honour to Italian and Christian literature. The indignation of all honest men is aroused at this wanton inroad on the declared policy of Pius IX., and it has neutralised to a great extent the effect of the late 'sermon.' In every social meeting of every class, the following 'card' is circulated reflecting on this act of the new governor :—

LO STAMPATORE PERQUISITO A SUOI CONCITTADINI.

Fummo sotto il reo Marini  
 Minacciati e non feriti;  
 Sotto il probo Grasselini  
 Senza aviso siamo colpiti;  
 Spetta a voi Romani adesso,  
 Giudicar qual sia il progresso!

And, certainly, if the attention of Papal authority is directed towards rectifying the *press*, it might find other game besides the works and speeches of two most distinguished members of our communion: men who combine, in *rare* conjunction, sincere faith with high intelligence and impressive logic. There is, for instance, a book which has a greater circulation in the Roman

States than the New Testament or Thomas à Kempis, called the 'Book of Dreams,' or the oracle of the government lottery. Wheelbarrowfuls are sold to the populace at every fair, and it is often the only book in a whole village. The faith of credulous ignorance in this book is a most astounding fact, and no later than four days ago, at the drawing of the lottery, an instance of its infallibility was quoted in all the haunts of the people. A labourer fell from the scaffolding of the new hospital in the Corso, and was killed on the spot; his fellow-workman left the corpse in the street, and ran to consult his 'Book of Dreams.' *Paura, sangue, cascata*, were the cabalistic words whose corresponding *numbers* set forth therein he selected for his investment of fifteen *bajocchi*. On Saturday his three numbers all came forth from the government urn, winning a prize of 300 dollars!

The subject of the infamous lottery system is, however, too vast for a casual notice, and deserves a separate letter; its degrading and immoral operation on every class of this pauper yet gambling community has been exposed by the best writers of Rome itself to no purpose hitherto. Sarcastic poetry has aimed its shaft of ridicule in vain; for the *pulpit*, alas! is not *allowed* to touch on the tabooed topic.

Evviva la legge  
Che il lotto mantiene !  
Il capo del gregge  
Ci vuole un gran bene ;  
I mali, i bisogni  
Degli asini vede,  
E il fieno provvede  
Col libro dei sogni.

February 18.

The Carnival, thank Heaven, is over at last, and ten days of this uproarious tomfoolery, which has forcibly superseded every rational sort of occupation, have come to a close.

Among all kinds of outlandish costumes reproducing the semblance of every foreign garb and gaberdine, people took no notice of something really striking and strange, viz., the entrance into Rome of the new Turkish ambassador and his suite of genuine Orientals. Most spectators took the solemn pageant for part of the general farce, and applauded the Sultan's envoy as a well got up buffoonery, to the utter amazement of the grave Ottoman. His Highness Shekib Effendi, amidst showers of confectionery and groups of dancing harlequins, proceeded with diplomatic gravity to his appointed residence, and there having spread his carpet and performed his ablutions, lit his pipe and duly pondered on his reception in this holy

city. What his musings were may be left to the imagination.

The day after his arrival being Shrove Tuesday, was the culminating point of the previous day's fun; and rumour having acquainted the Romans with the real nature of the distinguished infidel's visit, crowds of maskers and gaily filled chariots thronged under the windows of the turbaned plenipotentiary. There sat Shekib Effendi, plying his chibouk with imperturbable composure, having learnt from his attendants that the Christians were celebrating their 'Ramazan,' and having sufficiently imbibed principles of toleration to look calmly on the devotional exercises of the Giaours. Reports were rife as to the costly presents which he was commissioned to offer the Pope on his reception, though different versions prevailed as to the precise nature of the gifts, some maintaining the value of a splendid jewelled pipe, others holding out for a priceless blade from Damascus, while the learned advocated an illuminated MS. of the Koran; shawls ruled highest with the fair Romans.

Meantime, in endless succession, carriage after carriage rolled under the balconies of the envoy, each brilliant equipage of gay masquers vieing with the other in polite manifestations, flinging

flowers and saccharine projectiles in token of recognition; to all which the Sublime Porte's representative 'made no sign.' It is related in Homer that, seated on the walls of Troy, old Priam got Helen to point out the distinguished Greeks as they fought in the distance round the beleaguered town. Had some 'devil on two sticks' been at the Turk's elbow on the present occasion, he might have performed a similar office in respect of some remarkable characters.

'Yonder respectable, middle-aged gentleman with a party of English ladies, O Shekib, is the Sahib Robert el Gordon, brother of Aberdeen Effendi, both of which personages thou hast heard of in diplomacy. Saib Robert has been British envoy in Germany, whither thou goest, but he now disports himself with the rest after the manner of the Romans. In the next chariot seest thou a young nobleman of flash appearance, with a black eye, got by a blow from an orange? That is one of the hereditary legislators of England, Ward Bey. Following him driveth past, in a dashing vehicle, the Prince of Syracuse, brother to the King of Naples, to Christina Munoz of Spain, to Caroline Lucchese Palli and to Penelope Capua Smith. He appeareth to be, what I fear he is, a very snob of royalty. Next, in a hackney convey-

ance, sitteth a tall gaunt personage alone, with a quid of tobacco inside his cheek ; that, O Shekib, is Ben Polk, of Naples, brother of "Jeames," the great sultaun of the Yan-kees. He always leaves his embassy and the lazzaroni of Rome during Ramazan. Not very gifted is he in diplomatic accomplishment, but a true connoisseur in the famous transatlantic sherbet, sherry cobbler. Anon, cometh a striking figure, rather short but manly, with a bushy beard and square forehead : 'tis the only clever remnant of the Bonaparte race, the intelligent Prince of Canino : profound as a sage, sportive as a boy. Dost thou notice the splendid equipage, with running footmen and tricolour cockades ? 'Tis Count Rossi, envoy of the Feringees, the only nationality represented here. Yonder carriage with the royal arms of Portugal carries a masked personage. He would fain pass for Dom Miguel, formerly King of Lisbon ; he is only the Don's valet, but very like his master. He can't impose upon the people here, for we know that the real Miguel secretly left Rome, on his way back to Oporto, ten days ago.'

Such would be the indications furnished to the inquiring Ottoman by a dispassionate eye-witness, who might also enter into details of many less

known, but not less curiously interesting, private individuals ; but as none but avowedly public characters—appearing as such in public—are legitimate subjects of comment, ‘non ragionam di loro, ma guarda e passa.’

The last news is the interview of the senior captain (Cacciari) of the Roman civic guard with the Pope, on the occasion of electing a new colonel of the corps. After some discussion his Holiness asked whether there would be any objection to his becoming a candidate for that office? Of course none ; and consequently, to the great delight of the Romans, Pius IX. is gazetted to-day (Feb. 18) *Colonel of La Guardia Civica.*

February 28.

The Italians are gifted by nature with a high order of intelligence, and whenever the swathing bands by which their very infancy is enveloped are removed, their native energies are in immediate evidence. The growth of public spirit in Rome, within a few months, resembles the sudden exuberance of a Russian or Canadian summer. Among the clergy liberal opinions are professed with a marvellous enthusiasm which, under the late Gregory, *di fratesca memoria*, would have

not only barred all chance of promotion, but involved more serious consequences. The public journals teem with the effusions of clerical penmanship in favour of political reform. In yesterday's 'Cotemporaneo,' so ably edited by the prelate Gazzola, the leading article is on the 'liberty of the press;' and the same paper contains vigorous essays on the 'right of petition,' the necessity of a 'penny postage,' and the sacred duty of every citizen taking part in politics, *il svelupamento della vita pubblica*. Gioberti's principles are forcibly maintained in the teeth of Austria: the Jesuits—considered by public opinion here as the political tools of the retrograde faction, whose centre is Modena—are rather roughly handled, and it is clear that the secular priesthood leads the van in the march of political progress.

'Sir Ricardo Cobden,' as the Italian newspapers insist on calling him, was introduced this week to Pius IX. by Cardinal Fieschi, and had a prolonged interview with the sovereign. The most distinguished of the Roman nobility vie with each other in doing honour to the English cotton-spinner. An edict went forth this week, opening the ports to foreign corn of every sort; which, though limited for the present, will no doubt be

made a permanent measure. Gas-works are being organised; the railway board is actively engaged; the national guard is a favourite object of the Pope's attention, and a splendid banner, sent them from the civic guard of Bologna, in token of fraternisation, was this week solemnly acknowledged and hung up in the Capitol.

The birthday of General Washington occurring last Monday, a grand banquet was held in the hall of Bertini, at which nearly sixty citizens of the United States assembled, under the presidency of their Neapolitan *chargé d'affaires*, Mr. Polk, junior, whose name is not unknown to your readers. Thirteen toasts were gone through with republican vigour and perseverance, not omitting 'a successful termination to the Mexican War, with three cheers for General Taylor.'

Judge Welborn, of Georgia, was eloquent in showing how a visit to Europe only made his countrymen all the prouder of their domestic institutions. 'Hail, Columbia,' and 'The Star-spangled Banner,' were performed on the piano-forte by Mr. Karsten; and the American gymnast, Signor Risley (who has made a harvest in Rome), volunteered an appropriate nigger dance, in honour of the father of freedom.

Readers who have visited Rome, or have merely seen drawings of the porch of St. Peter's, with its ambidextrous semicircular colonnade, must recollect two statues of mediæval design, meant for Peter and Paul, standing on each side of the ascending steps before the portico. These two blocks of shapeless travertine might have harmonised with the Byzantine taste of the old basilica to which they belonged, but were a palpable eyesore in juxtaposition with the exquisite sculpture prevalent throughout the work of Leo X. and his successors. Their limbs were stiff, their attitude awkward and clumsy, their antiquity undeniably venerable. Like many other of our time-honoured respectabilities, they have received notice to quit, and will be replaced before Easter by two marble statues of somewhat different taste, from the chisels of Fabris and Tadolini, the one director of the Belle Arti, the other a scholar of Canova. These modern productions are on a colossal scale; each figure is nearly twenty feet in height, though formed each of a single block from Carrara. Each cost 12,000 dollars, and both are now ready to be transported from the workshop on the Tiber, near St. Paul's, on the Ostian road. I have already alluded to the ill-judged expenditure of the late pontificate in this pestilent swamp.

It was the intention of the late Pope to have added these two giant works to the other costly materials entombed in that remote spot, where a casual visitor might possibly admire and appreciate them ; but the eminently practical and common-sense intellect of Pius took a different view of the matter ; and thought them, if worth paying for, worth seeing by rich and poor without the trouble of a special pilgrimage. In Lucan's 'Pharsalia,' a Roman general is introduced as indignant at the idea of Ammon's oracle being located in an African desert—an arrangement which did not accord with his notions of a provident deity.

Steriles neque legit arenas  
Ut caneret paucis, mersitque hoc pulvere verum (pulchrum?).

So thinks Pius. . . . In placing these new statues, the Pope seems to have had an eye to avoiding the blunder of your famous Wellington arch-abomination. Previous to deciding, he ordered colossal drawings to be executed, with proportionate pedestals, and had the whole erected *pro tem.* on the spot to be occupied. He would not depend on any eye but his own—and his glance is unerring. The new Peter will wield his 'keys,' and the new Paul brandish his 'sword of the Spirit' after a truly dignified fashion. Their

dimensions will not be of the stunted character of their predecessors, but in full accordance with the dome before which they are to stand sentinel.

Talking of St. Peter reminds me of our governor's answer to the remonstrances of M. Guizot and the Portuguese ambassador on the late escape of Don Miguel—'Our keys are not those of a jailor.'

At a late sitting of the Roman Archæological Society, Cavalier Campana—whose collection of Etruscan antiquities is the first in the world—gave some interesting details respecting a newly-discovered sepulchre of the Roman republican period, not far from the family vault of the Scipios at the Capena gate. The inscriptions record the entombment of several freedmen of Paulus Emilius and Julius Cæsar. Subsequently, there is record of the interment of Messalina's tiring-woman, among whose bones in the cinerary urn were found several gold hair-pins and broken jewellery; and also of a serving-maid of Cecilia Metella, with similar remnants of toilette. The 'court physician' of Augustus, one Pindarus, is also recognisable for the first time; as is the unknown colleague of the consul, Sergius Lentulus, anno urbis 762, the marble on the *fasti consu-*

*lares* of the Capitol being broken after his name. This colleague is now ascertained to have been one Junius Blesus, as was happily conjectured by some old scholiast. It also appears from these inscriptions, for the first time, that there existed a Philharmonic Society in republican Rome, one of the interred being described as belonging to *collegium symphonicorum*. 'We know so little of classic music or its performers,' says a correspondent, 'that any hint is of value: be it therefore known that this amateur was a "clasher of cymbals," which may suggest the *strepitoso* character of these ancient concerts.'

March 8.

The organisation of municipal institutions and of a magistracy selected among the enlightened laity, has occupied the sovereign's attention this week. Prince Corsini, Marquis del Bufalo, Vincenzo Colonna, and Camillo Borghese have been named commissioners for the furtherance of these desirable reforms. But a far more vital measure has been taken by his Holiness, and one likely to be far more practically useful in its effects on the social condition of his people. He has called together, at the Quirinal Palace, a numerous assembly of the principal landowners of the Roman

territory, and in a vigorous allocution plainly told them that he would no longer tolerate individual neglect, in allowing so many broad acres of land to remain unproductive, and so many of his faithful peasantry to remain unemployed. He gave them notice that a vigilant eye would be kept on the management of the gigantic territorial districts confided to their care; denied that they might do as they liked with their own, while there existed hands unemployed and months unfed within the boundary of their estates; told them that if he found labourers in want of work on their properties, he would find occupation for them at the proprietors' expense; and finally dismissed the astonished feudal lords with a new but firm impression that duties as well as rights formed part of their landed inheritance. What he said, he is a man to *do*.

To understand the full value of this bold step on the part of Pius IX., besides exhibiting him as seeking the support of the people alone, without reference to the suffrages of an effete aristocracy, it is necessary to know that five-sevenths of the whole population depend on agriculture, which forms the real resources of the kingdom. There are here three millions of inhabitants; and if the produce of the soil were equally distributed, each

native of these dominions would be entitled to exactly 750 lbs. weight of good available food ; that is to say, our annual

Pastoral and grazing produce amounts to	.	350,000,000	lbs.
Grain of all sorts, rice, vegetables, &c.	.	1,900,000,000	„
Total	.	2,250,000,000	„

Now the surface of the country, hill and plain, has been ascertained to present, in the form of cultivated ground, an area of 16,071 square miles ; while there remains in a state of neglect, though susceptible of culture, an extent of 1,315 square miles, in addition to only 731 quite incapable of improvement—presenting a total of 18,117 square miles. Your Irish ‘reproductive board’ have here means of comparison between the extent of their waste lands and ours ; and if a master’s grasp is put forth here to compel a lazy proprietary to exertion, ought not an iron grip to be laudably laid on the spendthrift squirearchy who have for ages been the curse of Ireland ?

We have been amused here with accounts of a conspiracy among some friars at Ancona to upset his Holiness ; but the attempt would seem as hopeless at that alluded to in the ‘Georgics.’

Et conjuratos cœlum rescindere fratres !

Our newspapers give constant evidence of the

bold and enlightened views held by political writers in Rome ; and the wonder is, how so many accurate thinkers and vigorous penmen have contrived to bottle up their indignation during the last sixteen years. The 'Cotemporaneo' of the 7th has a splendid 'letter to the Pope,' signed by Gioberti, from Brussels, remarkable for freedom of speech and depth of philosophy. The 'Italice' appears to be written by our first professors in law, medicine, and divinity. The 'Pallade' is an artistic and utilitarian sheet. The old 'Diario' crawls on as of old with imperturbable imbecility—a goose waddling among swans—and so fully is the mind of Rome satisfied with the new organs of recognised publicity, that an attempt to circulate a clandestinely-printed journal, 'La Sentinella del Campidoglio,' was put down by us all, out of respect to the liberal pontiff who has set opinion free for the first time within papal memory. The *soi-disant* patriotism of irreligionists and anti-socialists is at a discount in this peninsula, and all revolutionary abortions of the Carbonari school are at an end for ever. Every honest mind rallies, for hope, round Pius IX., and eschews the false oracles of demagogism and its delusions. Our great lyric poet, Monti, can no longer give utterance to that bitter sentiment, which the spectacle

of so many self-seeking and declamatory politicians extorted from him some years since :

Della patria l'amor santo e perfetto  
Empie a mille la *bocca*—a dieci il *petto* !

The rumoured demise of Mr. O'Connell raised a slight ripple on the surface of society here, and the principal effect was to attract visitors to Hogan's studio for a glance at the colossal model of the statue now placed in the Dublin Exchange. The *locale* which forms this sculptor's workshop (once tenanted by Canova), presents just now what may be termed a sort of Hibernian Walhalla. There stands the sainted effigy of the late Bishop Doyle, imploring divine mercy on a suppliant figure of ill-treated Erin, the right of whose impoverished children to legalised relief he argued in vain; the voice of hollow turbulence, alas! prevailed over the honest accents of him whose crozier whilom swayed

Kildare's holy shrine.

There stands the statue of Drummond, who first directed the energies of Dublin Castle to the amelioration of the neglected peasantry. There beams the mild and kindly countenance of Archbishop Murray, ever averse to ecclesiastical strife and the unseemly exhibitions of political church-

men. Again, the allegoric figure of Erin clasps in fond embrace the bust of her aged patriot, Cloncurry. Close at hand, in a spacious monumental bas-relief, Bishop Brinkley, of Cloyne, rests one hand on the celestial globe, while with the other he turns over the pages of Holy Writ. From another quarter the bust of Father Mathew looks forth, redolent of Christian philanthropy; on the same shelf is seen the mirthful brow of Father Prout. Tom Steele himself has a niche in this Irish temple of celebrity, and truly somehow the cranium of the 'head pacificator' seems identified with the reading of the Riot Act. The late venerable Mr. Beamish, of Cork, as well as his meritorious partner, William Crawford, both models to any mercantile community, have their representations here, with several Murphies from that city, worthy men and knowledgeable in their generation. The bust of the late Thomas Davis, who first turned the youthful intelligence of Ireland into pathways of manly independence and self-respect, was ordered last year by a vote of his grateful fellow-countrymen; but the funds have somehow or other been diverted to purposes more pleasing to 'Old Ireland.' Just at present the sculptor is engaged on a vast design, a sepulchral alto relievo, to the memory of the late Peter

Purcell, the lamented founder of the Irish agricultural societies, who gave, for the first time, a practical direction to the spirit of association, long applied in Ireland to mere moonshine purposes or the selfish aggrandisement of individual ambitions. The form of the deceased worthy is accurately, yet ideally, pourtrayed ; he has fallen in the midst of his favourite pursuits. The plough is alongside the body of the departed husbandman, a shepherd's dog guarding his feet, while the genius of agriculture, crowned with ears of corn, presents a palm branch from above to the votary of food-creating industry. Alas !

Quid labor aut benefacta juvant ? Quid vomere terras  
 Invertisse graves ? . . . it tristis (Hibernus) arator,  
 Mærentem abjungens PURCELLI morte juvencum  
 Atque opere in medio defixa relinquit aratra.

March 13.

Our sovereign has brought back the days of the great and good Haroun al Raschid, and goes about incognito, investigating abuses and relieving distress. A paragraph in the ' Roman Advertiser ' gives an account of a visit paid to the Ragged Schools of Rome, originally founded by some pious *laymen*, and which the clergy have since taken in hand. Would that all the unoccupied friars of Rome (amounting to 800), had the grace

to employ their leisure in imparting instruction to the ignorant multitudes of children by whom they are surrounded !

There was found yesterday (what is an exceedingly rare occurrence here), the dead body of a poor drunkard in the classic basin of the Fontana di Trevi, which is the water used by the select classes of Roman citizens. Much horror is felt by delicate persons at the unheard-of circumstance. Possibly it may have been a victim of revenge or jealousy, but as we have no Wakley here to coronise the corpse, the mystery must remain unrevealed.<sup>1</sup>

Not a little disgust has been felt in ecclesiastical circles on receipt of the last Lenten pastoral of Dr. M'Hale, dated February 15, contrasted, as it necessarily is, with the mild and considerate tone of similar official documents here.

<sup>1</sup> The *actual* in life warrants, more than is generally thought, the fanciful fictions of the best 'imaginative writers ;' allow me to quote You—*ex. gr.* :—

'And her father?' enquired the poetic Snodgrass. 'Remorse and misery,' replied the Stranger. 'Sudden disappearance—talk of the whole city—search made—fountain in the great square suddenly ceased playing—weeks elapsed ; still a stoppage—workmen to clean it—water drawn off—father-in-law discovered sticking head first in the main pipe, with a full confession in his right boot—took him out, and the fountain played away again, as well as ever.'—*Pickwick Papers*, chap. ii.

It appears that he inveighs amid Irish famine against the 'soup establishments with which this country is about to be inundated,' talks about 'breaking down the fences of discipline!' and sapiently adds that 'this soup, without affording sufficient nutriment, has just as much of the juice of meat as would fill the poor with remorse!' An Indian fakir on the banks of the Ganges might be supposed to howl forth such ravings, not a Christian teacher. Last year, it is well remembered here that the same individual ascribed, in his Lenten address, the potato rot to the Bill for endowing provincial academies for the middle classes.

March 18.

Since the public holding of criminal courts (a gracious reform of our new monarch), the able Irish barrister, Mr. Whiteside, Q.C., has been a constant attendant on the sessions, and I trust on his return he will give you the benefit of his experience in Roman law, as laid down by Bartoli, *our* 'Coke upon Littleton.'

Accounts from Florence represent the Grand Duke as affrighted beyond measure at the freedom of public opinion in the Roman press, and he doubtless aided Austria in getting the new edict Gizzi.

Every southern and northern despot feels that the battle of human progress is to be fought at Rome, and we all feel the truth of that notion. Here the banner of reform must be unfurled to rally the millions of hereditary bondsmen. 'Signifer hic statue signum! hic optimè manebimus.' (*Vide Livy.*)

March 27.

The struggle between the Roman newspapers and Austrian interference has just terminated in the total discomfiture of Metternich and the triumph of the press. The 'edict' forced on the pusillanimous Gizzi has, thanks to the firm attitude of our local editors, become a dead letter; and yesterday all our journals came out fresh and vigorous as ever, without the ghost of a 'government stamp,' and evincing no trace of meddling censorship. The 'Cotemporaneo,' at the head of the public instructors, shows redoubled energy from its short repose, and contains articles of an eloquence and ability which the Parisian 'Débats' has seldom exhibited. I transmit you yesterday's number. It is understood that no change will be attempted in matters of public journalism 'for the present year,' and such a concession to the late outburst of opinion is quite tantamount to a final settlement. It is a point of etiquette tacitly under-

stood in Rome, that no edict once promulgated can be formally repealed, however it may be suffered to lie dormant : for instance, the late Governor Marini issued an ukase against fox-hunting in the Campagna, according to which the horse and his rider are still liable to fine and confiscation, yet the hounds meet twice a week, and the whipper-in is reckless ; ‘ habemus contra te Catilinam senatus-consultum vehemens et grave ; verum tanquam gladium in vaginâ reconditum ! ’

Last night another kindly effort was made to aid the life-struggle in Ireland, and produced a thousand dollars. Adelaide Kemble (Sartoris), in unison with a number of amateurs, German, Russian, and Italian, got up an extemporaneous concert ; the Spanish envoy at this court flung open the long-deserted halls of the once gorgeous palace of his national embassy for their reception ; Lord Ward paid for the lights, and Earl Compton sang, as did Countess Calergi, De Rougemont, Prince Wolkonsky, Count Castlebarco, and Miss Brown, of Mayo. Nearly three hundred years ago, in these identical saloons, Olivarez and the general (of the Jesuits) Aquaviva, organised the rebellion of Hugh O’Neil in Ulster ; and here the ‘ blessing ’ of the Spanish Armada was concocted.

The same roof looked down last night on somewhat more creditable proceedings.

Pius IX., whose popularity flags not among the lower and middle classes, does not meet with the same enthusiasm among the selfish and worthless 'nobles,' who have for ages preyed on the vitals of this land without exhibiting a particle of the qualities by which their forefathers bought their honours and distinctions; it is true that some of these Roman patrician families at no period produced any great men, but merely gained wealth and an hereditary position from the accidental elevation of a Pope whose stupid nepotism became a mine of inexhaustible revenues to his relatives. Some very prominent and very frivolous leaders of fashionable life here will recognise themselves in this description. Not of this origin, however, is the family whose mansion the Pope honoured last week with a visit, being the first time he has paid such a compliment to any of his private subjects. Prince Massimo, though an indifferent post-master, is unquestionably one of the best born and truest gentlemen in Rome, being an undoubted descendant of the sole surviving Fabius out of the 300 who marched to Oremera; and through Fabius Maximus and a line of known

consuls and subsequent magistrates of this city, traceable in every link to the present day. Mabillon, Litta, and Cardinal Mai have each in turn elucidated this unrivalled genealogy, so as to defy cavil. But if anything were wanting to corroborate the testimony of parchments and marble inscriptions, the experience of every traveller from Civita Vecchia or Florence might be appealed to as to the slow-coach system prevalent under the present functionary, whose kinsmanship to the great *Cunctator* is thereby invincibly proven.

April 3.

This solemn week has 'given pause' to all sublunary things, and the public of Rome, as well as the floating population of pilgrims from every clime, have devoted themselves exclusively to the observances of the ritual and the immemorial pomps of the Catholic rubric, carried on not without due admixture of exquisite music and soul-stirring anthems. Many whose sympathies could hitherto never be awakened by these outward ceremonies, looked on by them as only tending to exalt a domineering priesthood in the eyes of an ignorant crowd, have this year mingled in the throng, out of pure regard for our truly enlightened and benevolent pontiff, and, entering into the true

spirit of the mystic liturgy, have ceased to scoff, in more than one instance, the

Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens

has remained to pray.

Cobden's visit to Naples, though unattended by any public display (the lazzaroni government being afraid of Liberal speeches, such as were delivered in Rome and Genoa after the banquet), elicited, nevertheless, the true feeling of public opinion in that capital. No less than 119 cards of important personages from every class in society were left at his residence.

April 5.

Yesterday, while the pontiff was in the act of blessing '*urbem et orbem*' from the porch of St. Peter's, before a concourse of over 200,000 Christians of every creed, a slight disturbance arose, which might have had bad results. The civic guard (of which he is colonel) had petitioned to be allowed to put their hats upon the points of their bayonets, and to cheer, which had been allowed, but the troops of the line made a similar application which had not been successful, and, in consequence, Zamboni, the commandant, had countermanded the order of the day as regarded the

national troops. The people did not know of this, and when the Pope arose amid a deep silence, and his silvery voice was distinctly heard over the crowd, a sudden burst from the whole multitude greeted him, and all eyes were turned on the national guard for their expected manifestation; their attitude of simple 'attention' did not please the Romans, and a row would have ensued but for the timely explanation of some officers, who were on the *qui vive*. The Pope was escorted, amid wild enthusiasm, back to the Quirinal.

Clubs are getting quite into vogue here. The nobles have not any longer the monopoly of *casinos*. The merchants have got up a club; the artists have got one. The Germans had taken the lead in clubbing, and were soon imitated by the French. The English have a well-appointed one in the Piazza di Spagna. A kind of semi-political club (called *Il Circolo Romano*) numbers already 300 members, and most of the journals of Europe are taken.

A funeral took place last week of some importance, as showing how the middle classes are emerging from nonentity to importance and self-respect. A coffee-house keeper, called Ricci, who

had been distinguished as the first Roman who brewed gas for the lighting of his splendid saloons in the Palazzo Ruspoli (the putting out of which gas-pipe I enumerated last year on the 4th of April, among the doings of the late Governor Marini), having died, was convoyed to his last resting-place by several thousands of his fellow-citizens; the Corso was resplendent with torches, and the national guard, of which he was a soldier, turned out in force to honour their worthy comrade. He was the great support of the poor exiles, and a stout reformer. You will find the speech pronounced over his grave in the pages of the 'Cotemporaneo.' None but a noble or a 'saint' ever had honours of this sort in Rome. The *mezzo ceto* have begun to understand their own worth.

Rocca, the President of Ecuador (Quito and Guayaquil), has sent an ambassador to our court, the Marquis Lorenzana.

Among the odd regulations which from time immemorial have obtained in Rome is the law by which goats are not allowed to enter the city until after Easter Sunday. In consequence the town was thronged at an early hour this morning with herds of horned visitors from the Sabine Hills,

their udders full of milk, and their odour recognisable through every thoroughfare. Carriages could hardly go at any pace for the obstruction. Why they are excluded during the Lent's holy fast I do not pretend to discover; possibly it may have some mysterious connection with a passage in the beautiful old dithyramb, 'Dies iræ,' sung on mournful occasions of the church service :—

Inter oves locum præsta !  
Et ab *hædis* me sequestra,  
Statuens in parte dextra !

April 8.

You may look out for a speedy adjustment of the question of Rome and England's interchange of diplomatic relations. Her Majesty's ambassador at Naples has just arrived here; and if his visit to Rome has merely a recreative object, he would scarcely have chosen to come *after* the Easter attractions had ceased to render our city interesting, and just when the season of Neapolitan festivity opens. The Hon. Mr. Temple and our late English minister at Vienna, Sir Robert Gordon, do not appear idle; and though this business belongs properly to the department of our Florentine envoy, Mr. Hamilton's continued illness has rendered the services of another official

personage indispensable. To lay the foundation of an embassy at Rome (*tanta molis erat!*) would seem a work of surpassing gravity; and the brother of the late as well as the brother of the present occupant of the Foreign-office are not too many for the task. May the mother of the graces smile on the undertaking!

Sic te diva potens Cypri,  
Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera!

for, in a case like this, one may be allowed to draw upon both Horace and Virgil for illustrations.

Letters from Paris to the Irish college here prepare the members of the clergy and other admirers of Mr. O'Connell for his immediate arrival by sea at Civita Vecchia, from which he will have, owing to the horrid state of that road, a most tedious drive to Rome. The town is fast getting empty, as usual about this time of the year, and next month the heat will begin to be intolerable, so that the baths of Lucca, or some other cheerful retreat, would be a more sensible move. He will find here, in a state of bodily and mental debility equal to his own, at an advanced age, the only living daughter of Curran, the sister

of her of whom it is written, in pages that will never die :—

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps.

If he is enabled to climb the Janiculum Hill, he will trace on the marble floor of the church of Montorio the newly-repaired and refreshed epitaphs of two Irish chieftains who did not confine their aspirations against the Saxon to mere talk, but wasted both life and fortune in the hopeless endeavour to create an independent Ireland, to

Right her wrongs in battle line.

HEIC JACENT

O'NEALIVS BARDO DE DVNGANNON

MAGNI HUGONIS FILIVS, ET

O'DONNEL COMES DE TYRCONNEL

QVI

CONTRA HÆRETICOS IN HYBERNIÂ MULTOS ANNOS

CERTARVNT

MDCVIII.

This memorable inscription had long remained unknown and neglected, when an Irish artist in his rambles brought it to light, and piously restored the nearly-defaced characters and the 'red hand of Ulster,' which is of porphyry. That artist was John Hogan, of Cork, a worthy disciple of your Scott's 'Old Mortality.'

The Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer 'Tiger,' which is to bring Gibson's Queen, is cram full of pictures and sculpture. The Royal Academy will be great prigs indeed if they object their 'time regulations' to the reception of the statue. 'Nullum tempus occurrit Regina!' eh?

April 15.

I regret to announce that Gibson's statue of the Queen, which left our quay, in a *barchetta*, for Civita Vecchia, to meet the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer for Southampton, missed arriving. The small barge, owing to the low water in the Tiber, and to the great weight of the marble, with its treble oak casing, stuck in the mud at Ostia, and lies there still. Such are the inconveniences of greatness, as Boileau curiously observes, speaking of Louis XIV. on the Rhine banks, while his army was forcing the passage:—

Le grand roi, admirant leur courage,  
Se plaint de sa grandeur qui l'attache au rivage !

Milan, April 24.

The vacant archiepiscopal mitre, with contingent or rather concomitant red-hat, has been placed on the brow, not of a German, as of late, but of Count Romilli, a Bergamasque, who has

been just translated to Milan from the suffragan see of Cremona, henceforth to play first fiddle in the church affairs of Lombardy. The Milanese are in high glee at this forced concession of Kolowrath, and in every shop-window exhibit a print of the new primate—a faint reminiscence is their joy of the days when the civic governor Ambrose was, by sudden acclamation of the people, made bishop; and from being a mere layman, and it is supposed only a catechumen, in three days baptized and priested and all. The new prelate had only ruled Cremona one year, but had shown unexampled zeal for the social and moral bettering of the inhabitants; proved efficiency has been his sole recommendation. He was neither tutor of some booby lord, nor editor of a crabbed Greek play, nor calculating pamphleteer, nor sycophant master of a college. To the poor of Christ (the original grantees) he handed over, on principle, far more than two-thirds of his church revenues. Such a man ought to succeed to the great Frederick, and the still greater Charles, Borromeo.

The prospects of agriculture in Italy must be a topic of interest to your readers; and as I have just traversed the whole of the central and upper

districts of the Peninsula, I can affirm that for the last twenty years never was the aspect of the country, or the operations of the farmer, in a state so promising. There can be no doubt of an immense surplus of grain for export next autumn, nearly double the usual breadth of land being laid down with that view, consequent on the removal of your corn-laws, of which the presence here of Cobden had been an active memento. The rice-fields about Milan and Mantua are in high order; the numerous floodings of the various streams throughout the winter have had in Tuscany and the Romagna rather a favourable and fertilising effect; and the second or after-crop of Indian corn is sure to be provided for in due time (after the present harvest) to an immense extent. The weather, which had been bright and bracing, is more genial and warm—indeed, in the plains inconveniently hot for the period of the year, and just such as Tasso described it in his time—

Cessa al fin la pioggia, e torna il sole,  
Ma dulce spiega e temperato il raggio,  
Pien di maschio valor; siccome suole  
Tra il fin d'Aprile e il comminciar di Maggio.  
(*Gerusalemme*, xx.)

The mere material interests of the population in Austrian Lombardy are looked after carefully,

and, if men were mere animals, no government could be more laudably active in providing for the lower instincts and comforts of the people; but, though it is severely proscribed, and the exercise of the mental faculties strictly interdicted, not a single reading-room is to be found in all Milan, and the splendid library of the Brera has but a very scant attendance of book students; but woe to the possessor of a copy of any Roman newspaper. If the plague or cholera were in the Pope's capital, there could not be such alarm or precaution against what emanates now from Rome.

Rome : April 28.

Concerning the anniversary festival of the foundation of Rome, held in the baths of Titus, amid a concourse of 20,000 spectators, 800 sitting down to the banquet, you will have, ere this, heard much; but the speech of the evening, that of Marquis Azeglio, which eloquently denounced the presence and pride of 'Goths, Huns, and Vandals' in Italy, elicited thunders of applause, and has been printed, by authorisation of the new board of censorship, in a supplement of the '*Contemporaneo*.' The only other allusion was to England, which the speaker designated our elder sister in 'manufactures, commerce, and freedom.'

For obvious reasons no reference was made to France, the recent instructions and conduct of Count Rossi having taken the gold off his gingerbread completely. The liberality of the new censors is the topic of general praise ; and, indeed, it is considered that the palpable truths uttered in the presence of so many applauding auditors, and ratified by the common sense of the whole Peninsula, would amount to a *suppressio veri* equivalent to a *suggestio falsi*. Altogether this awakening exhibition will not fail to tell throughout Italy ; and if the founder of the baths, ‘the beloved of mankind,’ were permitted to hover in spirit over the scene, he could not repeat that ‘he had lost a day.’

I am sorry to record the sequel of what took place on the publication of the speeches hailed with such enthusiasm. Four hours elapsed from the moment of their issuing from the press ; they were greedily devoured in every coffee-house, club, and private family in Rome ; blessings were invoked on the orators, and on the whole proceeding ; when lo ! the agents of the police, ‘blushing as they entered,’ made their appearance in every hole and corner of Rome where the ‘Cotemporaneo’ was supposed to be taken, and begged and menaced until they got back the

‘supplement of speeches.’ Not in all cases were they successful ; but at the post-office they succeeded but too well, and such was the rigour of the search, that I have been unable to transmit a smuggled copy of what was spoken. This I have ascertained on enquiry to-day among officials in my confidence.

This is simply another quasi-concession to Lutzow, the Austrian minister, whose ‘demand for his passports,’ recorded by me, produced some weeks ago the attempt at suppressing the Roman journals—an attempt which, as I then chronicled, was defeated by the firm attitude of the press. To ‘ask for his passports’ appears to be the only diplomacy of which he is capable, and in this instance he has only rendered his position at Rome really what he recently described it in a letter to Metternich, as *pas tenable*. For God’s sake, since evidently go he eventually must, why does he wriggle and hesitate about the precise moment of his *hegira*—why imitate the unfortunate Ovid when about to go into banishment:—

Sæpe valedicens sum multa deinde locutus,  
Et quasi discedens oscula multa dedi,  
Indulgens animo pes mihi tardus erat !

That he must vanish is evident after the recent convocation of the Roman States-General

(for it amounts to that) contained in the late circular of Gizzi. This circular has ignited an electric combustion in every Italian heart ; and every dreamer of constitutional freedom, every enthusiast for the revival of Florentine and Venetian commonwealths, is in ecstasies at the unexpected initiative taken by the Pope of Rome in a matter so vital to the cause of civilisation :—

Via prima salutis  
(Quod minimè rêris), Papæ pandetur ab URBE !

And Lutzow learned yesterday from the loud execrations of the people their determination not to be baulked of their franchises by any menace of Austria. You must know that a mock fire was got up yesterday at the Vatican Palace (Pius resides at the Quirinal) in order to exercise the *pompieri* firemen's brigade. Mock incendiarism might have appeared a capital joke to Gizzi, but the Austrian minister did not see the point. People were seen screaming at the windows, mock flames were visible, ladders were uplifted, fire-engines worked assiduously, and a mob of 8,000 people had gathered to witness the uproar. Unluckily the carriage of Lutzow was descried by the populace, when howling and yelling began in earnest ; the blinds of the vehicle were instantly

let 'down, but they knew their man, and amid shouts of execration accompanied him to the seat of embassy. He thought himself lucky to have got clear home.

May 8.

On Wednesday, the 5th, being the feast of St. Pius, whose best achievement (his bringing about the battle of Lepanto), once rescued the south of Europe, great doings were planned to honour the name in the person of its present possessor, who bids fair to effect a similar European rescue. Hearing of these projects (for strict orders are issued to inform him of every matter) our monarch at once intimated his wish that the waste of blue lights and Roman candles should be superseded by a general distribution of bread. To wish is to be obeyed. Sixty gentlemen met immediately at the Doria Palace, organised themselves for a combined effort among the affluent, and, though Dante has left on record—

Quanto è duro calle  
Il scendere e salire per altrui scale :

each member cheerfully climbed the stairs of the palaces allotted him in quest of donations. Seven thousand dollars were quickly forthcoming, and sixty thousand bread tickets put in circulation.

The remnant is kept to establish an infant school.

Measures are in progress to reduce the cost of salt to one-third of its present price. The great salt-seller, Torlonia, must, of course, be compensated for his monopoly. The poor have long felt the hardship of being taxed for this article ; of course the cattle have never aspired to such a luxury. On the 29th of April, Prince Livio Odescalchi paid down the ransom of the Duchy of Bracciano, which had been in pawn since 1803, and reassumed the title, which had gone into trade for over forty years. Do you recollect Sterne's description of the French nobleman resuming his sword on his return from commerce in the Antilles ?

Lord Ward, whose eccentricities are accompanied by many graceful acts, has just come out in the character of a *cognoscente*, and paid over to the Prince of Canino 7,000*l.* for four pictures of acknowledged merit. One is by Fra Angelico, and represents the ' Last Judgment,' another is a sketch from the hand of Rembrandt, ' St. John Preaching in the Wilderness.' I have not seen the others.

The annual artistic festival of the ' Cervera,'

occurring on the 1st of May, was this year quite a failure. The cause of this is attributable to the matter having fallen under German management; and the utter repulsion of the Roman population to any emanation from Austria has found vent in this comparatively trivial celebration. The Prussian artists kept aloof, as if to show that all Germans were not inimical to social progress. The English scorned the whole affair, and the result was a melancholy but significant tomfoolery.

On Thursday night a seizure was made of eighty pounds' weight of printed satires against the Pope, entitled 'La festa delle Spighe in un giardino in Pistoia;' also another, called 'Articolo del suolo 47 sopra le cose Italiane.' These, it appears, were written by the notorious monk Domenico Ambrosiani, and the package containing them was addressed to the Abbate Don G. Tamburini. Both these gentlemen have absconded. The treasonable trash was printed at Viterbo, and the carrier was instructed to drop it at a little potherhouse at the Milvian Bridge. But the spot, ever since the days of Catiline, has been unlucky for conspiracies; the landlord, Toffanelli, smelt a rat, and the carrier has been put into jail until he gives evidence respecting the whole transaction.

That Pius IX. is a great and good man is pretty well known by this time of day; but the man of human sympathies, the man of feeling, is predominant even above the statesman and the legislator. At the farewell audience of Bishop Wilson, previous to his return to the Antipodes (where there are half a dozen R. C. bishoprics), the Pope said, presenting him with a splendid golden chalice 'Be kind, my son, to all your flock at Hobart Town, but the kindest to the *condemned!*'

May 28.

To-morrow Pius IX. leaves Rome for a prolonged visit to the Benedictine Abbey of Subiaco, in the Apennines, forty-four miles inland. This important move had been determined on previous to the receipt of to-day's news describing as desperate the hopes of Mr. O'Connell's attendants of dragging him alive to this capital. No change in our sovereign's projects can be ascribed to the advent or non-arrival of the Father of Repeal; indeed, when it was known here that they had decided upon a land journey from Genoa to the Tuscan frontier, involving the 'Pass of the Magra,' of which any of your friends can form an idea from Stanfield's picture, exhibited, as I read, in this year's gallery, the hopelessness of his coming alive was demonstrated; their selecting the

route to Lyons by Mount Tarrare having previously shown how little conversant they were in practical geography. But as for our Pontiff, his mind is essentially practical ; and in labouring for the substantial welfare of his people he has an utter disregard for claptrap and mere popularity. The object of his visit to that glorious wilderness is understood to be twofold. First, he intends to reform the monastery, root and branch, and restore it to what it was in 1465, when it gave hospitality to the first printing-press that was set up in Italy ; two fugitive Germans having claimed its shelter for the printing of the *editio princeps* of Lactantius, a copy of which is carefully preserved in its once splendid library, *typis Sweynheim et Pannartz, MCCCCLXV*. The lately-defunct Cardinal Polidori was titular Abbot of Subiaco, a snug sinecure of 6,000 dollars a year. He is to have no successor in that fat berth, which lapses into the national treasury, to pay the national debt. The late Gregory, who granted the sinecure to the late Polidori, was very partial to a sojourn in these romantic regions, and from the adjacent village he brought to Rome his favourite, the famous barber Gaetanino, who trafficked in all commodities, sacred and profane, for sixteen years.

The second object of our monarch is to keep

aloof from the turbulent manifestations of popular applause which he anticipates from a series of new reforms fixed and decided on, of a most sweeping character. Financial, administrative, and municipal decrees will issue from his retreat at Subiaco, calculated to astonish the red-tape politicians of Europe, and smacking of the old Roman energy of Sixtus Quintus. How different his position, in this austere abode, from that of him who wrote verbose epistles from the island of Capræa to the ghost of a Roman senate!

Poor Acton is gone to Naples to die; his life is not worth a fortnight's purchase, and he was a real saint. His removal was a signal for the break-up of a very curious establishment kept on for centuries here—a government school for young aspirants to diplomatic and prelatic office, a kind of ecclesiastical Sandhurst, where 'church cadetships' were the sure reward of successful intrigue and a display of clerical hypocrisy. Learning was at a low ebb in this snuggery, to which none could be admitted but of rich and noble Roman families; but in lieu of erudition, all the arts of cajolery, duplicity, and *finesse* were practically and theoretically cultivated. Pius has swept away the nuisance without pity, and seized the funds for

public use. The institution was a well-meant thing in its original conception ; but, like vegetables which have been planted in too fat a soil, it had 'run to seed.'

The greatest financial reform which Pius IX. has yet effected is in the matter of the hospital of Santo Spirito, the great Hotel Dieu of Rome : its revenues surpass, in land and houses, 100,000*l.* a year, and of course the official plunder is proportionate. The 'master of the 'Spital' had so good a berth of it, that what with fines (bribes), and other *douceurs*, in letting out the property, he scorned a cardinal's hat, which was his on resigning office. He has been cashiered, and the management put under the care of efficient and honest laymen.

The Princess Barberini, just dead, lies in state.

I have to record another investment of Lord Ward : this time he has bought, from a set of old monks who live close by the *Fontana di Trevi*, a gallery of thirty pictures—some good and some bad—for the round sum of 27,000 dollars.

May 18.

The leading event of the week here is the death of the great tribune of the Roman people, Cardinal Micara, who expired on the 24th. In

him were centred the hopes of the *trasteverini*, should any evil befall our enlightened monarch: for though Dean of the Sacred College, and born in 1775, he was a vigorous septuagenarian. Fanny Kemble, who, like old Boetius, has written a book, 'De Consolatione Philosophicâ,' in brisk demand here, records a conversation between Micara and Lambruschini, on their way to the conclave in one carriage: 'If the powers of darkness preside over the election, you'll be Pope,' said the defunct; 'if the people had a voice, I'm the man; but if heaven has a finger in the business, 'twill be Ferretti.' Micara was the terror of the retrograde faction; he was known to advocate most sweeping reforms, including an agrarian law for breaking up entails and reconstructing the tenure of land in the Roman territory. Hence the great leviathans of the desolate Campagna tried to ridicule and depreciate him; being a *Capuchin*, he wore a flowing bifurcated grey beard, and was nicknamed by them the 'Pacha of two tails.' The utter simplicity of his establishment rebuked the pomp and expenditure of his brother dignitaries; but he recked not what they said, and was himself a frank outspoken. I had a long conversation with him last month, of which Father Matthew, his brother Capuchin, was the subject. 'Why

doesn't he come to Rome?' 'Your Eminence is not, perhaps, aware that the lives of some thousand poor people depend on his untiring personal exertions in Ireland.' 'Bene capisco, bravo padre!' But, said he, about his advocacy of temperance, 'we wanted him here a little under the late pontificate.' Whether this was an epigram or not, I do not presume to judge. I merely give his words.

The 'pilgrims of the heart,' to use their own phraseology, arrived on Monday, and proceeded at once to the Irish seminary with the contents of the silver urn, which I saw to-day deposited in the vestry-room of the church adjacent, called St. Agatha dei Goti (of the Goths). The associations and reminiscences connected with this spot are by no means Irish, it having been, since the time of the Gothic Arians, a den of heterodoxy; indeed, Gregory the Great calls it 'Spelunca pravitatis hæreticæ' (lib. iii. epist. 19). The seminary itself is far from realising the character of a national institution; it was got up a few years back by a Dr. Blake, whose impracticable temper it had to contend with till his removal and the appointment of the present mild and considerate president, Dr. Cullen; but it is by no means an improvement on Maynooth. Far from fostering a

race of young clergymen, able to overawe and cope with the intelligent laity, of new growth in Ireland, it can at best only produce a set of half-witted ascetics. There is here an Irish convent and church better entitled to this national relic. I mean St. Isidoro, founded several hundred years, and always tenanted by distinguished Irishmen, the earliest being Luke Wadding, the great historian of the Franciscans. There was some whisper of a vault in St. Peter's, but up to this moment those who gave that hint have been told that none but crowned heads were admissible, such as the Stuart race, the Sobieskis, the ex-queen Christina of Sweden, and (should she die here just now) the ex-queen Christina of Spain, her great rival in combining gallantry with devotion. If I were consulted on the matter, I would at once carry the silver away from the obscure and ill-famed locality of the Suburra (vide *Persii Satyr.* v. 32), ascend the Janiculum Hill, and in the church of Montorio seek out the spot where moulder the bones of O'Neil of Tyrone, and O'Donnell of Tyrconnell 1608.

I'd not leave thee, thou lone one,  
 To pine on the stem ;  
 Where the PATRIOTS are sleeping—  
 Go ! sleep thou with THEM !

The Italians find some difficulty in understanding why and wherefore this Irish champion was

not disposed to allow his heart a resting-place in his own beloved land. The notion altogether is suspected here to be of posthumous origin, yet numbers resort to this small church to pay their respects to the assertor of his country's freedom, and feel flattered at the thought of possessing the relic within their walls, by whatever agency brought here. The deceased had certainly no reason to cry out, with Scipio Africanus, 'Ingrata patria, ne ossa quidem habebis.' As to ingratitude on the part of his coreligionists and other admirers, the thing is preposterous. He was most munificently remunerated, and never were the words of the Greek orator in reference to his great antagonist more applicable *'Αχάριτος ὁ δῆμος ; οὐχ ! ἀλλὰ μεγ πτεγαλαιοτρόφης*. It is on record that the common disturber of Europe, Pope Hildebrand, dying somewhere near Naples, exclaimed, no doubt in perfect sincerity, 'Dilexi justitiam et odivi iniquitatem, ergo morior in exilio ;' but, as for Mr. O'Connell, his exile itself was voluntary, not like the banishment of an illustrious writer of antiquity, whose dying moments are sung by Lamartine :

Au rivage des morts avant que de descendre  
 OVIDE lève au ciel de suppliantes mains,  
 Aux Sarmates barbares il a légué sa cendre,  
 Mais sa gloire aux Romains !

Then with both hands uplifted, the bard, ere he breathed  
His last sigh far away from his kindred and home,  
To the Scythians his ashes hath left—but bequeathed  
All his glory to Rome !

The mention of uplifted hands may well introduce an anecdote of Dan's dying chamber. It seems that the pressure on the brain had caused, naturally enough, partial paralysis of the limbs. On the 14th of May he was observed by his chaplain to draw his right arm from the bed-clothes, and making a feeble effort to raise it, 'Doctor,' he faintly murmured, 'this arm is emancipated.' It soon fell.

We 'Romans' are exceeding fastidious in the matter of Latin inscriptions, and, perhaps from habit and frequency, are familiar with the elegances which enter into what is here called the 'lapidary' style. Hence sundry comments have been made on the cacophony of what we read on the urn—'Natus Kerry, obiit Genoæ.' It is mentioned in the authorised but somewhat ponderous and bigoted biography compiled by John, that Dan's first schoolmaster (who, besides the hornbook, initiated his pupil into the mystery of a horn comb) was one of the Mahonys. That worthy pedagogue, if alive, would have suggested to Dr. Miley something less dull and less unclassical than

the above. Perhaps he would have furnished a couplet, justifiable by Virgilian precedent, *ex. gr.* :

*Kerria* me genuit : *Ligures* rapuere ; tenet nunc  
*Roma* cor, at reliquum *Celtica* rura ducem.<sup>1</sup>

*Postscript.*—I have just returned from another visit to the vestry-room, where the heart is kept. I now have found some reason for justifying the selection of St. Agatha's church as the final receptacle of Dan's heart, for here at least there is one other distinguished man entombed. On examining the edifice I find at the right hand, between two columns, the following inscription on a Greek worthy, who, it appears, is interred beneath, John Lascaris, one of the refugees from Constantinople (when taken by the Turks) and an efficient promoter of the revival of letters in Western Europe—compiler of the 'Anthologia.'

<sup>1</sup> A friend and fellow-countryman has given me the following metrical translation, in the Prout vein, of the Padre's proposed inscription for the urn containing O'Connell's heart at Rome. Most of my readers are, doubtless, aware that the body of the great Irish leader lies buried at Glasnevin, where, beside his remains, a lofty round tower, after the ancient Irish model, has been erected to his memory.

In Kerry I was born ;  
In Genoa died forlorn ;  
My heart awaits at Rome,  
The Judgment Day to come,  
Till when, without replevin  
My bones lie at Glasnevin !

Ἄσκαρις ἀλλοπάγῃ γαίῃ ἐνικάθετο Γαῖαν  
 Οὐτὲ λῖαν ξήνην ὧ ξένε μεμφόμενος·  
 Εὖρετο μελιχίην· ἀλλ' ἄχθεται εἰπὲρ Ἀχαῖος  
 Οὐχ ἐπὶ χὸν χεύει πατρὶς ἐλευθέριον

which I have not time to versify, but the plain prose of it is this :

‘Lascaris lies here in a foreign grave ; but, O stranger, he does not feel uncomfortable on that account—he rather rejoices, yet is not without a pang, as a Grecian, that his fatherland cannot afford him an emancipated sod of the earth.’

June 8.

The heat has been quite intolerable until this week, when a few teeming clouds floated hither and took pity on the parched-up patrimony of St. Peter. These refreshing showers happened to coincide with the Pope’s return to town from the Apennine wilderness of Subiaco, and long may he reign over us ! Nothing can exceed the dismay which his conduct in abolishing the fat sinecure of that ‘ abbot ’ has spread among the whole tribe of clerical aspirants after loaves and fishes : of such our city has been crammed full from time immemorial. There is now an end to all their bright visions, *à la* Friar Tuck :—

After dinner, of heaven I dream,  
 But *that* is fat pullets and clouted cream !

Every church living that falls vacant is sure to be stripped of any superfluous wealth, and reduced to its most frugal limits before it will be conferred on *any* successor, and *that* successor must show some claim besides the petty accomplishments and often unworthy influences which hitherto misdirected Church promotion. Jobbers and Pharisees bewail in accents of sadly-attuned Gregorian cant this, to them, premonitory symptom of their utter downfall.

The policy of Pius IX. is far from being dependent on the mob, or inclined to pander to mere popular whims, and last week affords an instance corroboratory of the assertion. On the day of his expected return an immense mob left Rome to welcome their sovereign, and took up various positions along the road. Not far from the *Mons Sacer*, ever memorable from old Agrippa's speech about the 'belly and its members,' a lot of the great unwashed had, by a predetermined scheme, mustered in force, determined to have their wishes conveyed to the Pope in the most imperative fashion. For this purpose they had engaged a noted character from the *Trastevere* quarter of the town, known for his 'gift of the gab' by his surname of Ciceroacchio (which must be pronounced, according to Walker, Chichero-whackio)

to be their spokesman on the occasion. On the approach of the Papal escort these plebeians blocked up the passage, and their champion from the top of a barrel began his oration, modestly begging that he would oblige them by turning up the present governor of Rome (Grazzolini), '*Ma perchè?*' said Pius. '*Perchè non lo vogliamo!*' replied the 'Ciceronian' spokesman. The pontiff, disgusted with the impudence of the whole proceeding, motioned to the motley crowd to kneel down, as he would give them his blessing. When he saw them all fairly on their marrow-bones, he signalled his escort to move on at double-quick trot, briefly bestowing his benison on the deluded 'aggregate,' and was soon lost in a cloud of dust, (*nube cavâ*), out of the reach of impertinence.

In the 'Lutrin' of Boileau there is a scene described at the close of the fifth canto which has a few points of resemblance to the foregoing actuality: a Church dignitary, beset by some insurgent underlings, gets rid of them and their ringleader thus:—

Mais le prélat vers lui fait une marche adroite,  
 Tout-à-coup tourne à gauche, et d'un bras fortuné  
 Bénit tout à coup le guerrier consterné;  
 Sur ses genoux tremblans il tombe à cet aspect,  
 Et donne à la frayeur ce qu'il doit au respect;  
 Et de leur vain projet les chanoines punis,  
 S'en retournent chez eux éperdus BÉNIS!

My budget of anecdotes about this journey to Subiaco is not exhausted. When Pius resolved on going, he summoned the major-domo, and bade him present his estimate of the expenses of such a trip.

That official reappeared with a detailed programme involving a *tottle* of 2,000 dollars. 'Send me the post-master,' said Pius. Prince Massimo (our old friend) was summoned, and a bargain struck to do the business for 400, and no mistake. Thus does our monarch respect the feelings of our tax-payers.

The grand annual procession of Corpus Christi has just taken place (June) with a splendour and devotional enthusiasm never before witnessed in by-gone years. The most novel feature was, however, the brilliant appearance of the noble guard in their new steel helmets. This new head-gear is after the fancy of Pius himself, who is a connoisseur in military points, and has produced something superior to your 'Albert hat.' It is of the old Roman model, and garnished behind with an abundant cataract of horsehair. The previous cocked hat and feathers gave these young nobles a mere effeminate and holiday semblance. Their present accoutrement is to them an admonition to

prepare, if necessary, for hard knocks on the head, if they really mean to prove an efficient body-guard to the champion of human progress in the teeth of the old despots of Europe.

Lord Ward had an interview with our sovereign a few days ago. Pius, wishing to be affable, but at a loss how to compliment his eccentric visitor, felicitated his lordship on 'his easy circumstances!'

In the 'Cotemporaneo' of this week (June 8) there is honourable mention of the death and obsequies of Father Borghi, a Capuchin, translator of Pindar! Several thousand literati assembled to bury the votary of the cowl and the muse. There occurs in that paper no allusion to the funeral ceremony performed at St. Agatha, but there is a pastoral letter from some Italian Bishop in Lombardy, imploring alms for the country that has produced *un Usserio* (Archbishop Usher), *un Moor* (Tom), *et un O'Connell* (Dan) — a droll *tria juncta in uno*.

One would think that we ought to be by this time tired of *festas*, orations, and public rejoicings; but we have no sooner hailed one great achievement of Pius, than we are impelled to celebrate

another and another. 'Still they come,' and we must again 'hang out the banners on the castle walls.' One thousand crowns prize was offered for the best ode on the great exploits of the grand Condé in his youthful dalliance with victory. It was awarded to a poet from Gascony for the following lines :—

Pour célébrer tant de vertus,  
Tant de hauts faits et tant de gloire,  
Mille écus !—parbleu ! *mille écus !*  
Ce n'est pas *un sou* par victoire !

Such is our case. We are exhausted in our means of testifying fit appreciation—bankrupts in gratitude. We made an effort yesterday (June 17). 1,500 musical amateurs, and it is easy to get together that number here, all more or less vocalists, put themselves in training beforehand, and executed under the balcony of the Quirinal a monster anthem in honour of the great deliverer. The standard brought hither from Bologna was plucked from the Capitol and placed in the van of a gorgeous processional march ; thence to the baths of Diocletian, and in those gigantic halls which the genius of Buonarotti has restored to more than Roman grandeur, the anthem was resumed, and shook the roofs of the Imperial structure. Vespers were sung by a whole population in a way that would have astonished the old Pagan

persecutor. In the evening the illumination was a truly wonderful affair, not a lane or alley that was not radiant ; but the Jews outshone us all. Their *Ghetto* being an obscure hole, embosomed in desolation, and almost under the bed of the Tiber, afforded a grand opportunity for a scientific exhibition of chiaroscuro. Rembrandt and Gherardo delle Notti were cast into the shade by Hebrew ingenuity on this occasion. The effect of an old lantern on a pole draped in an old blanket, and stuck up in a lone churchyard is known to most country gentlemen. Equally sublime and terrific was the glare in the Ghetto. A fish hung against the wall of a dark room sometimes grows awfully phosphorescent, and the race of Abraham could well afford to shine out on this occasion, immense sums having found their way into the pockets of Israel for the purchase of old tapestry to line the exterior of palaces and hang from the balconies on the passage of the procession. This trade has been enormous for the last year, and there is not an old rag of embroidered silk or arras to be had now in that once celebrated emporium—a hint to Holywell Street.

Overbeck has just executed one of those touching and graceful little outline drawings, in

which his real genius is conspicuous, and his present effort will soon be extensively known in Edinburgh. Bishop Gillies, who is personally a most amiable and kindly man, full of zeal for bettering the operative classes, has founded, it appears, a sort of holy guild in modern Athens, and prizes are given to those of the brotherhood who excel in 'thrift and cleanliness.' Overbeck was asked by the patriotic prelate to furnish the design for a medal to be distributed on these occasions, and I have seen the result. It is the holy dwelling of Nazareth, displaying a modest but neat interior; Mary is at her distaff on the right, Joseph plying his axe on the left, and the mysterious indweller among men is humbly engaged in sweeping the chips of wood from the earthen floor with simple dignity. The general effect is harmonious and beautiful.

News for free-traders! There has been a grand customs union, or zollverein, established in Italy, between the dominions of Lucca and Tuscany. The Grand Duke and the Little One have knocked down mutually their tax-gathering sentry-boxes, and a millennium of unrestricted commerce is at hand. What the previous trade was I can't tell; but this step is really an important

one, as preparatory to the abolition of the *lottery*, a point on which Tuscany could not act without the concurrence of Lucca for obvious reasons. Once the lottery is stigmatised in Central Italy, it must go down through the whole peninsula—a blessing devoutly to be prayed for. This paltry penny gambling has done more harm than plague, pestilence, or famine elsewhere.

June 28

We have been going too fast here, and much difficulty is found in putting on the drag-chain to the political wheel. A disagreeable collision was nearly experienced this week, and it required all the sagacity of Gizzi to keep clear of a crash—

Fervidis

Evitata rotis.

The mob, under the guidance of Ciceroacchio, have begun to show clear symptoms of unmanageable wilfulness, and hence the mingled command and entreaty of the Pontiff in his edict of the 22nd instant, deprecating assemblies of the people for the future. This mock 'Cicero' above mentioned, whom I knew for years as a cart-driver in the town, of formidable temper, is a fellow very capable of mischief, if once he is told the story of Wat Tyler or Massaniello, about which he knows happily no more than about his great namesake,

whom he probably suspects to have been some 'gran cardinale' of olden time.

A sullen growl is heard against the edict. Those who mingle much amongst the *genuine* Romans are fully aware of their imperious, haughty, bloodthirsty determination to gain any object to which they once think themselves entitled, and it is hard to say what millennium of popular triumph and predominance they may not have contemplated as due to them under the new order of things. Something of the sort has flitted across the mind of your humble servant. He has recollected the words of Victor Hugo, speaking of an old Roman custom, the *cæna libera*, to kings, *aux rois de l'Europe* :—

Mais au concert joyeux de la fête éphémère  
Se mêle le cri sourd du tigre populaire,  
Qui n'attend que demain !

To the popular tiger, its prey is decreed,  
And the maw of republican hunger will feed  
On your kingships to-morrow !

'Fraser,' vol. xxxv. p. 10.

Let us hope for better things ; that the incendiary spirit may be laid ; that each man will mind his own business ; and that nothing more inflammatory ensues than Falstaff's burnt sack, which 'Punch à la Romain' *he* prayed might 'be the issue' of all such misunderstandings.

Gizzi was obliged to give a flat refusal yesterday (June 27) to a distinguished committee who had projected a monster concert in the theatre of Torri di Nonna; he required a detailed programme of words, music, singers, etc., before he would allow any more such public celebration of the amnesty. They memorialised His Holiness, who wrote the following billet to the Governor of Rome last evening. It is a nut which your readers can crack for themselves.

‘A Monsig. Govern. Conosciuti i spartiti e lette le parole—che si soppongano moderate—come moderato nella gran massa e il lodevolissimo popolo romano—permetta.

‘PIO PAPA IX.’

The mitre of Cork has not been placed by propaganda on the brow of Theobald Mathew, not because of any hostility felt here to his views on the use of alcohol—views and exertions which Rome has long ago appreciated and been proud of; not for any doubt as to his eminent qualifications of mind and heart such as would confer on, not receive, honour from mere episcopal rank, but simply because he had not the vote of Cashel’s metropolitan, Dr. Slattery, who happened to hold the proxies of two absent bishops (Foran of

Waterford, and French of Kilfenora), whose presence at and cognisance of the Cork scrutiny might have altered the result. The Bishop of Kerry did not vote at all, and the oldest bishop and most judicious of the province, Dr. Ryan, of Limerick, voted for Father Mathew. Since the rescript of 1829 (a sort of Irish *concordat*) Rome has never reversed the verdict of an *episcopal* majority, however clear was the *parochial* preference in the first ballot urn. As it happens, it is, perhaps, well that the illustrious friar does not

Give up to Cork what was meant for mankind,

since that diocese has had the luck to obtain in a new dignitary, Dr. Delany, a profound theologian, a mild and kindly man full of common sense as well as brimful of zeal, and, in a quiet way of his own, as shrewdly humorous as *the* Dr. Delany of Swift.

I went yesterday (Sunday, June 27) to the Church of Andrea della Valle, to see the preparations for the funeral rites of Mr. O'Connell, which were described as of a most costly character, the Pope himself having contributed to the subscription. On entering I found about thirty workmen with large brushes engaged in rubbing out and covering with fresh paint the former memorial

of one who had originally erected this wooden structure, a *catafalque* of sixty feet high, with a statue of Religion on the top. Being naturally curious to know who was the important personage who had enjoyed the maiden prerogative of the architectural timber they produced, after having laid so many years in a lumber-yard, to be thus presented to the public of Rome, I found on examining the defaced inscriptions that the original occupant of the *catafalque* was a singularly uncongenial person, the grandmother of Dyce Sombre, the old Begum of Sombroo, which had been primarily erected a dozen years ago in the Church of St. Carlo. All the interest which attaches itself to a palimpsest MS. was aroused on this occasion, it generally appearing that some classic fragment is traceable on the parchment before it becomes the recipient of a holy father, but in this instance the revulsion of sentiment was uncontrollable. Everyone knows who the Begum was, though her legacies to the Church were most munificent; the grandson, or son, or step-son (for she was first a dancing-girl and lived to be eighty) is known as a complete jackass; but her own atrocities in India are current at Leadenhall—

Crudelis mater magis an fatuus puer ille?

Ille puer fatuus ! Crudelis tu quoque mater !

On the occasion of her obsequies at Rome a dozen years ago, Dr. Wiseman preached a sensible (printed) discourse, in which, aware of the old lady's peculiarities, he was guarded enough in praise. Indeed he has shown how conversant he is in Indian knowledge by his letter to Poynder, the only witty thing he ever wrote. The old timber mausoleum for which Dyce Sombre paid, and which was fished up from the lumber-yard where it had reposed for the nonce, made a goodly show to-day, and the wooden statue of Religion which originally crowned the *catafalque*, was aloft to-day amid an equal concourse of the priesthood and the faithful. Wiseman had been cautious in his panegyric of the lady, but Ventura worked like a forty horse-power of eulogy—

Ως "οίγ' ἀμφίεπον τάφον" Εκτορος ἱπποδάμοιο !

July 8.

I went out last Sunday to witness an extraordinary scene—four thousand of the Roman rabble had come out on the invitation of 'Cicero-*whackio*' to sit down in the open campagna at a monster picnic of pork sausages and cheese. The site chosen was the Torre di Quinto, which, you are no doubt aware, is ascertained to be the identical field of old farmer Cincinnatus, who was

then and there taken from the tail of the plough to be dictator in town. The object of this gathering (at which the government winked) was to afford the Man of the People an opportunity of haranguing his fellow plebeians in favour of the Jews in the Ghetto. Pius wants to let them out, but a very strong prejudice against the liberal act lingers among the mob. Hence the Pope resorts to the instrumentality of the popular oracle; and *his* speech *pro populo Judæo* to the tagrag and bobtail of Rome was an oratorical curiosity which Tom Steele himself could not outshine. The result was a general cheer for the children of Israel. But the crowning absurdity was the uprising among the crowd of the deputy American consul, a Mr. Clarke, who keeps a boarding-house in the Corso, and who volunteered a long harangue to show how trade would not suffer by letting the Jews loose on the city, forasmuch as in free and enlightened America the damage had arisen from the non-existence of a Ghetto in New York! and concluded with a toast to the 'stars and stripes,' or as he called them 'Le stelle e le righe di America,' about which rig the mob being in a state of blessed ignorance, kept a dignified silence and went home.

On Monday came forth at last (July) the long-expected edict organising the National Guard, and the whole town rang with shouts of jubilee on both banks of the Tiber. Fourteen battalions are to be forthwith embodied, clothed, and armed, making a force of 10,000 men for the city, nearly equal to the whole standing army of our State. Once arms in the hands of every Roman, adieu, a long adieu, to the hope of ever *undoing* what Pius has done. The volunteers of old Dungannon are now reproduced in this capital; and as Grattan then gloried, 'there is not a man that washes his firelock to-night that is not pledged to the redemption of his native land, and the sustainment of her freedom.' This last blow has come like a thunder clap on the Austrian ambassador, and he is fairly at his wits' end. His latest card was to try and persuade the correspondents (there are four or five) of the German gazettes to spread a report in Europe that the Pope is mad; but those gentry, who are known here, not daring to go so far, have ventured, I understand, to hint that Pius is about to RESIGN THE POPEDOM, and we must be prepared for some such nefarious rumour, originating in the back kitchen of Count Lutzow. The new civic militia is to be supplied by government with the

accoutrements of soldiership, each man paying three pauls (eighteenpence) a month to the military chest. In the list of officers all classes are represented: the banker Torlonia has the command of a battalion, so has Prince Corsini, whose men are the *trasteverini* brigade; Prince Piombino takes command of the *Colonna* division; the celebrated archæologist Campana is colonel of a district; Duke Salviati has the battalion of the *Campo Marzo*, in which last corps appears among the captains the name of Angelo Brunetti, a very significant appointment. This gentleman is the famous man of the people, *quondam* cart-driver, now known under the name of *Cicero-whackio*, who is destined, no doubt, to play a part yet in Roman affairs.

Il est parti pour l'Aquitaine,  
Comme timbalier (charretier?) est pourtant,  
On le prend pour un Capitaine,  
Rien qu'à voir sa mine hautaine  
Et son pourpoint d'or éclatant.

V. Hugo. 'La Finance du Timbalier.'

Clashing his cymbals (cartwhip?) forth he went  
With a proud and gallant bearing,  
Sure for a captain he was meant,  
To judge from his accoutrement,  
And the gold-lace garb he's wearing.

'Prout,' vol. ii. p. 182.

Gizzi has again talked of resigning, but that is now of little consequence, as several eminent statesmen, hitherto dormant, have emerged from the recent stirring of the political pool of Bethesda. Reaction is henceforward made impossible. Lambruschini has fled. The mistaken Jesuits have given up the game of politics in despair; a new edition of Ganganelli's works, doctrinal and pastoral, is placarded on their walls and announced in the 'Cotemporaneo.' Of course I don't mean the foolish forgery long current in Europe called Ganganelli's letters, from the pen of Abbé Caracciolo.

A vigorous document has emanated from the Pope concerning the various orders of the mendicant friars and other votaries of the monastic system:—

'Dolemus nonnullos reperiri qui, eorum professionis ac dignitatis obliti, a suscepto instituto ita declinaverint ut, non sine maximo ipsorum Ordinum et fidelium damno, speciem tantum habitumque pietatis præferant.'

There is an article in the 'Cotemporaneo' attacking the absurd practice of our law courts, in which the Latin language is still used in the defence

of criminals as well as in the indictment. The new code will bring a remedy to this remnant of the dark ages ; yet some think it has its advantages, as it is difficult for a crafty man to humbug or bamboozle in the precise idiom of a dead tongue, every term of which has a fixed meaning. Fancy a Serjeant Buzfuz or Bilkins 'trying it on' before a learned tribunal in choice Latinity !

July 18.

I try to keep myself cool, but cannot avoid being somewhat bewildered by the doings of the last few days. The narrative shall be as calm as the subject will admit of.

Father Ventura's funeral oration on the defunct agitator was at the bottom of the affair. For two successive (dog) days, did the eloquent enthusiast spirit up an auditory of 15,000 Romans to the comprehension of their power and knowledge of their position in the eyes of Europe. The old rostrum of republican times never gave utterance to such stirring appeals, and the thermometer of popular self-reliance rose to its height. A printed report of the bipartite harangue was of course prepared for publication, when Count Lutzow, whose energy seems to grow with antagonistic strength, strained every nerve, and obtained from

Gizzi and Grazzelini the suppression of the speech and a temporary triumph.

A lull ensued for a week. All seemed quiet and even insipid. The 'Eternal City' appeared to have resigned itself to a long summer *siesta*, and everything was in keeping with the lovely serenity of the weather. The unemployed part of the population had gone forth to the harvest work, and the townspeople flocked to the suburban gardens. The lively tambourine, in anticipation of the October vintage, began to make itself heard under the trellis of the neighbouring vineyards, and many a merry group of those in whom it were 'folly to be wise' might be seen, the young men with jacket on shoulder and rose in hat under the luxuriant shade of the *pergola*, singing the sun to rest, or tripping it with the maidens in their kirtles short, and their silver bodkins keeping time to the crispy music of the mandoline.

But Linden saw another sight,  
When the drum beat at dead of night.

One of the most fiendish plots ever concocted against an unsuspecting population came to light four days ago.

Emboldened by his success in obtaining from our Governor Grazzelini the suppression of

Ventura's oratory, the Austrian ambassador was traced to the head-quarters of the Jesuit order; and on last Sunday sermons were preached from the pulpit of *Gesù* sneering at the funeral oration, and disparaging the orator and his topic. ' (I) gesuiti ardirano Domenica scorsa avventare come vespe il pugnolo contra questo leone : predicavano contro l'elogio, ma copertamente secondo l'ipocrito stilo.' The other pulpits took up the matter at vespers; Mazzani at the Sapienza, the rectors of St. Mark and the Magdalen, Abbé Fabiani, Father Boerio, Abbé Romanini, blew the trumpet of denunciation against the counter-blast of the Jesuits.

Such was the posture of affairs last Sunday evening, and a week pregnant with the fate of Rome was ushered in on Monday. The 'Italiano' came out a perfect blank sheet, telling its own tale of what the censorship had done for it. Something was brewing which could not bear publicity. A citizen had been robbed, and on going to Governor Grazzelini for address the Sicilian said 'Eh gioia mia (my jewel) why come to me? have you not Cicero Whackio and his people?' This flew like wildfire about the town, and Grazzelini became an object of popular suspicion. I could hardly believe him a traitor to freedom,

knowing that in early life he had learned in the school of Lord William Bentinck when he gave a constitution to Sicily in 1811. It is now known that he was deep in the plot, and a more heinous one has not been concocted since Guy Fawkes or the Sicilian Vespers.

It appears that the approaching anniversary of the great act of amnesty on the 17th (yesterday) had been selected for a decisive blow against the Pope and his policy by the combined malcontents and malignants; 300 ruffians had been cautiously hired and embodied; they consisted of discharged police spies, whose occupation under Gregory had been lucrative and thriving, but was now gone, corrupt underlings of various public offices who feared their turn would come next, and *attachés* of the Austrian legation in various departments of foul work. To these were added certain fanatics who were called *Papalini*, who acted from religious frenzy, considering the Pope an enemy to Catholicity. There were also several commissioned officers and subalterns in the corps of Carabineers, who looked with distrust upon the new National Guard, and were determined to show cause for not being themselves disbanded. These men were not Roman, but mostly from the marshes of Ancona and Umbria. The plan was to create

confusion on the evening of the festa during the torchlight and fireworks ; to occupy by the disaffected portion of the regiments the three great streets that disembogue into the Piazza del Popolo ; and at a given signal, under pretence of aggressive movements among the people, to make a general onslaught, a sort of Peterloo. The fugitives were to be met in the back streets by bloodhounds armed with stilettos, upwards of 1,000 of which cowardly weapons were subsequently seized in the possession of the ringleaders ; and finally, the general result was to be ascribed to the saturnalia of a people not ripe for freedom, on whom the Pope had foolishly lavished the gift of liberty. A reaction in the whole framework of government was looked for as the necessary consequence, and the conspirators considered such an object cheaply purchased at the price of popular bloodshed.

One element of confusion rife here just now they much calculated upon. There is an internecine war declared between the hackney coachmen of the town and those of the country. These belligerents have commenced tilting each other with their carriage poles. Jousting of this kind is quite common of late, and is as destructive in its way as were the chariots, armed with scythes, of King Sennacherib.

It can scarcely be believed that such a revolting scheme could be entertained by the Minister of Austria, had not the Janrow massacres in Galicia given us a warrant for the measure of Metternich's policy, and no one here doubts of the connivance and privacy of Count Lutzow in the whole affair. That crafty and unscrupulous tool of Austria, Lambruschini, who has all the daring without the wit and reckless joviality of Cardinal de Retz (him who wielded the *fronde*) had every knowledge of the plot, and if captured, bids fair to decorate with his head the spikes on the Castle of St. Angelo.

It was clear that where a gang of traitors associate somebody would play the Iscariot or Tresham. Somehow or other the plan became known at the club of the *Circolo Romano*. Late on Thursday night Prince Salirati (he is the youngest brother of Borghese), at the head of a deputation from the club claimed admittance to the Pope's chamber on the Quirinal, and presented Pius with a hastily drawn-up statement of the contemplated *coup*; the evidence which they adduced, and the details they were in possession of, left no doubt on the pontiff's mind of the urgency of the crisis. He slept not that night, orders were given for the immediate arrest of the

ringleaders, summonses were issued to various men of rank and influence to rally round the person of the sovereign; proclamations were prepared and issued at daybreak, calling on the citizens to arm at once, each man at the district guard-house to which his battalion belonged; and muskets were quickly brought out of the arsenal of St. Angelo for distribution among the people. Eager and burning with indignant loyalty, the workmen and citizens grouped themselves around the residence of the captain in each of the fourteen regions into which the city is divided. The whole day was one of watch and ward. There was no time to think of uniforms, each man in his working dress or every-day costume, had to be provided with two belts, to one of which is attached a cartouche box containing twenty-four ball cartridges, to the other a sabre; on his shoulder he carries a firelock with bayonet, and this new improvised soldiery looks as if it really *could* and *would* fight for Pius against any and every aggressor. Numbers implicated in the conspiracy have been arrested, and are guarded by the people from the fury of the mob.

Lambruschini, meantime, is understood to be lurking at Civita Vecchia, ready to fly on failure of the plot. The following placard is visible in every conspicuous locality :—

NOTICE TO THE ITALIAN PUBLIC.

Public entertainment contrived by his Eminence Lambruschini and Col. Nardoni, left to be executed in the form of a popular tragedy by the following performers :—

INFAMOUS DRAM. PERS.

Colonel FREDDI.	FIERVANTI, called PATACCHA.
Captain ANTONY MOZZARELLI.	VICENZO MORONI, called TUTTO.
Lieutenant GIANNUZZI.	BOZZI.
Lieutenant SAN GEORGI.	ANTONY BARTOLI.
Lieutenant BENVENUTI.	<i>Three Sons of Galanti the Spy.</i>
MINARDI <i>the Spy.</i>	<i>PONTINI the Horse Fockey.</i>

Of these worthies San Georgi is taken captive, as also Captain Mozzarelli. Colonel Freddi has escaped, which is the more to be regretted as he was the right-hand man of the Governor Grazzolini, and might be supposed to throw light on the whole affair. The governor himself has cut and run to Naples, not before it was prudent, for he ran risk of being torn to pieces by the indignant mob. Freddi was Colonel of the Carabineers, a body three thousand strong, and in whom was vested the trust reposed in the gens d'armes of France. They are a mounted police. On them the popular suspicion fixes the whole responsibility,

and they have in consequence just issued the following placard :—

‘ AL POPOLO ROMANO.

‘ Un grido generale havvi da colpevolo di orribili macchinazioni contro te, Popolo generoso, alcuni individui, fra quali udimmo dolorosamente, ma non meravigliati, designarsi alcuni che appartengono per nostri ranghi ; poco instanti dopo ne leggevamo i nomi su degli affissi, che alcuni dei nostri vollero divellere dai muri, spintivi forse da imprudenti superiori in quegli affissi nominati, che abusando della militare subordinazione, con tale atto quanto inutile e tardo altrettanto inconsiderato, misero a repentaglio anche la vita dei loro, infelici subalterni, dalle leggi militari costretti ad obedirli. Udimmo che tu, mossa a sdegno per tali cose, con la tua voce fulminavi universale anatema contro noi tutti e l’infamia di pochi sopra uno intera famiglia di tremila cittadini del o Stato facevi pesare. Udimmo tutto cio e ne fummo profondamente dolenti, e tanto più in quantochè per la nostra qualità di militari subalterni a noi non è premesso tampoco d’innalzare la voce al trono per essere liberati da quella tabe che infetta il nostro corpo. Vorrai tu ascriverei e colpa se per le passate comuni calamità fummo

costretti contro la nostra universale volontà di mirare nei nostri ranghi tal genere di pubblica esecrazione. E qual colpa possiamo aver noi se furono rivestiti di grandi subalterni e superiori costoro? Qual colpa a noi se un odioso passato l'indora di decorazione che non immarginabile ferita obbligo poi parecchi di noi a portare sul petto? Cosa avevamo da fare? Pugna darli? Era un delitto. Ricorrere alle petizioni collettive. La legge militare le vieta e le punisce coi ferri. Noi fummo ridotti a supplicare anonimi, esponendo fatti e ragioni, ma fummo sempre, sempre inascoltati. Cosa restavaci? Chiedere un congedo? Presto si dice! il povero militare che dalla prima sua età fece il soldato non ha di chè vivere fuori dei ranghi: e le famiglie? Vedi or tu quanto fummo infelici e quanto pur troppo lo siamo tuttavia e lo saremo finchè costoro non veranno abrasi dai nostri ruoli—da quei ruoli su i quali sono pure scritti quei tuoi buoni carabinieri, che nel 1837 tu osservasti prima disinteressata consolazione ed alte delle tue famiglie afflitte dall'orribile flagello che decimò quest' alma capitale; ruoli su i quali leggonsi i nomi di mille vittime sacrificate alle sicurezze delle tue sostanze e della tua vita; ruoli su i quali leggonsi i nomi a centinaia di amici della patria, che portarono, fino

a poco tempo fà, il marchio dell' odio e della persecuzione degli empj, che per tesaurizzare e despotizzare venderebbero lo Stato a *Satanasso*; ruoli finalmente nei quali tu, l'augusto nostro sovrano, lo Stato intero, l'umanità tutta, troverete amici nove decimi e mezzo di nomi. Via adunque, popolo generoso, ritorna il tuo affetto ad un corpo, che se fu generalmente infelice ben, lungi fu dall' essere universalmente perverso; se fu misero, lo fu abbastanza, portando, senza potere di scuoterlo, il carico della pubblica maledizione meritata da pochi empj che forzatamente gli vennero associate. Unisci le tue alle nostre preghiere perchè i nostri ranghi vengano dal provvidentissimo governo dell' immortale Pio IX. purgati dalla indegna genia che tu stesso designasti colpevole d'immenso attentato, e noi in ogni tuo pericolo, o trionfo, apriremo o chiuderemo la tua marcia vittoriosa a traverso le picche nemiche o i patri trofei.

‘(Si distribuisce gratis.)

‘I CARABINIERI.’

‘TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

‘A general outcry stigmatises us as guilty of horrible machinations against you. O generous people. Some individuals appear, whom we hear

with sorrow, not with surprise, named men, who to our misfortune belong to our ranks—we have seen them designated in placards which some of our comrades tried to tear off the walls, instigated to do so by our chiefs, who are there pointed out ; and who, abusing their military authority by that act, useless in itself and tardy, as well as inconsiderate, did not scruple to expose the lives of their subordinates, compelled by subordination to risk the fury of the people. We have heard that you, naturally indignant, have thundered a general anathema against us all, and have made the entire Roman family of 3,000 citizens responsible for the acts of the few. Hearing all this we are deeply afflicted, the more so that in our capacity of subordinate soldiers we have not the privilege of making our voices heard by the sovereign that he may purify our corps of the leprosy by which it is infected. Must you blame us if we have been forced in the common calamity of by-gone years to tolerate in our ranks villains of the deepest dye ? How are we to blame if wretches of this sort obtained under the late government command over us ? Are we to blame if decorations were placed upon their breasts which we wore because they had been won by us in the battle-field though dishonoured by their wearing

them? What could we do? Poignard them? That would be wrong. Petition the Pope in a round-robin? Military law forbids it, and punishes it with arrest. We were reduced to the expedient of anonymous letters, but we never got anyone in authority to notice us. What could we do? Ask for our *cong e*? That is soon said! The poor soldier who has embraced that condition from his youth has no means of livelihood save in the ranks—and then his family! You can now see how unfortunate we are, and are likely to continue until we can get those men erased from the army list in which we are enrolled; we are the good carabineers, whom you have known in the year of cholera devoting themselves to the assistance of your families, afflicted by the terrible visitation of the year 1837 disinterestedly and nobly—an army list on which are the names of hundreds, who were sacrificed in your service, protecting your lives and your property—an army list on which is inscribed hundreds who brought upon themselves the hatred of petty despots because they stood by the people against the villains who would sell the patrimony of St. Peter to the devil himself for a consideration—an army list in which you and our glorious sovereign will ever find the truest and most devoted champions.

Come then, no more nonsense, generous people, restore your confidence to a body which is unfortunate, was doubly so in not having the means of shaking off the incubus that pressed it to the earth, we mean the curse of such associates as have disgraced our noble uniform. Unite our demand with us that the glorious Pius may purge our ranks of that scabby set of rotten sheep, which you have very properly denounced as guilty of the most nefarious machinations; and we, on our part, will in every peril of yours, in every triumph of yours, be ever found in the van of your glorious onward march, through the hostile pikes of the foemen, or mingled in the victorious jubilee.

‘THE CARABINEERS.’

In the midst of the tumult the carriage of Cardinal Gabriel Ferretti, the new Secretary of State, entered the Porta del Popolo, and while the colossal statue of his illustrious cousin was being erected in the square, the horses were taken from his vehicle, and he was drawn in triumph to the residence of the vacant functionary. Gizzi has the gout, and it is high time that he should give way to an efficient and honest man. I must tell you that the great amnesty projected for the 17th (Saturday) has been adjourned to Sunday (to-day)

by an order of Pius dated last week ; and the Pontiff's motive for this change was to enable the artizans to work at their usual callings on the week-day, and celebrate the amnesty in a Christian jubilee on the Lord's Day, not agreeing with your English Pharisees that Sunday was desecrated by such a solemnity, for he noways recognises the Jewish Sabbath ordinance as applicable to the Christian festival.

Things, however, turned out as I have recorded. The Sunday has come, but with no other celebration than the hearty thanksgiving of the people for the peril they have escaped. I honestly hope the Order of Jesuits will not be found engaged in so nefarious a business. Yet a caricature has been traced to the authorship of Pada Marchi, representing a National Guard of the new institution of Rome, holding on his bayonet a set of priests, enfilading after the fashion of a set of larks on a spit ; and certainly this was a most indecorous and injudicious exercise of the Padre's wit.

CHAPTER IX.

PARIS NOTES UNDER THE  
SECOND EMPIRE



## CHAPTER IX.

PARIS NOTES UNDER THE SECOND EMPIRE.

*The Death of Rachel, January 5, 1858.*

IN connection with the sad and unexpected death of Mdlle. Rachel, which reached us by telegraph last evening, I may mention that the Countess Del Grillo (Ristori) has purchased a residence in Paris, and comes out in 'Maria Stuarda' on the 15th.

Mdlle. Rachel leaves two millions of francs to her eldest boy. She died a staunch adherent of the Mosaic dispensation, though oft and oft rumoured to have joined the prevalent form of Christianity in France. A rabbi from Toulon presided at her last hour. She is to be buried in the Hebrew cemetery at Paris. The 'Figaro' has devoted twelve columns to a kind of *omnium gatherum* of anecdotes, letters, and occurrences

during her short but brilliant career ; and some of these letters are odd enough. There is one in exceeding bad French from F. M. the Duc de Wellington, who can't go to her 'bénéfice,' as he has to attend Parliament, 'of which he is a member.' The account of her singing 'La Marseillaise' is full of piquancy. Her visit to Madame Lafarge in prison, her various appearances in London, her failure in America, her triumphant progress through other European capitals, are all fully dwelt on. She is computed to have received twelve million francs from the time she first appeared at the Théâtre Français, twenty-five years ago. More than a dozen sculptors have executed her bust. She was born at a small inn in Switzerland, in 1820, her father being a sort of gipsy and travelling showman. She sang for years in the cafés about the Palais Royal, and the plate was handed round for stray sous. In every sense she was one of the most remarkable women of this century.

Concerning Rachel, a story is told in the Belgian papers about her recent visit to Egypt. It appears a padre fell in with her at Malta, and promised, if she became a convert, that he would vouch for the Pope himself giving her baptism in

St. Peter's. 'Bah!' she replied, 'that would indeed be a rich comedy; I won't have it—much obliged!'

Angels are stated to have quarrelled about the body of Moses. Journals here are fighting about the remains of Rachel, the 'Univers' insisting that she was converted by a dignitary at Montpellier, and was a reader of Bossuet (this last is probable enough), Rabbi Avigdor writing to Alphonse Karr quite the reverse, and the 'Siècle' acting as injudicious bottleholder. A more serious matter will be the settlement of her property, which, from her peculiar position, gives legal quibble a large margin. Mademoiselle Déjazet is similarly circumstanced, and is putting by her earnings for *her* children, but that lady, who is spoken of in a morning paper as 'du champagne en jupons,' has no idea of either dying or quitting the stage; she is now delighting the Quartier Latin, at the Théâtre du Luxembourg, as Richelieu.<sup>1</sup>

The papers are still harping on the tetrachordon

<sup>1</sup> She took her leave of the stage in the autumn of last year, when all the artistes of the French stage appeared on the scene; and a sum was realised sufficient to keep her in comfort for the rest of her life.

of Israel. M. Fould has ordered the actress's bust for the Théâtre Français. 'Figaro' condescends to revive a remark, made at the burial of Kean, on the impossibility of getting into Richmond church—'full houses to the last!' which is twisted into the service at Père la Chaise, when the gates had to be barred against the crowd eager to honour Rachel.

After Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Molière, Béranger, and other glories of France, it is now Rachel's turn to be overwhelmed with an outburst of feculent Billingsgate from that odoriferous holy watering-pot, the 'Univers.' Its aspersions this morning on her talent, private character, and all that is sacred, now that she is in her recent grave, are really of too disgusting a nature to be tolerated in a civilised community. The whole Jewish race comes in for part of the foul ribaldry, because the Paris Israelites were justly proud of this distinguished daughter of Judah.

If Rachel had not to be embalmed, she might have been buried alive. Eleven hours after the telegram reached Paris of her death she was still breathing. The operator who came to embalm first felt the carotid artery, and was startled to find pulsa-

tion; the truth was known at once, and she only died in the evening. A curious story is in the 'Monde Illustré.' She had the usual horror of dining thirteen at table; a dinner given on the success of the 'Angelo' of Victor Hugo was liable to this objection. 'What has become of the thirteen? Hugo and his wife, at Jersey; Girardin and his wife—she is dead; Pradier is gone; Alfred de Musset gone; Gerard de Nerval, suicide; Count d'Orsay dead; my sister Rebecca, dead. I alone survive.'

Referring to Rachel's funeral, Mahony called her 'the most illustrious of modern daughters of Israel.'

Everyone familiar with Byron's life at Venice must remember the Armenian monks on an island where his lordship used to study, a visitor of these holy men. One of that branch of Christianity, named Moorat, very rich, as most of his persuasion are in the East, founded a splendidly-endowed college and church at Paris for his co-religionists. It is in the Faubourg St. Germain, and few English ever saw it; but Barnabo, of the Propaganda, heard of it, and forthwith set his wits to work to get it out of Paris and into Rome. The Armenian

fathers have but a faint allegiance to the Latin church, all their sympathies being with the eastern part of Christendom; indeed the great mass of that ritual is in direct hostility to the claims of western supremacy. However, the Emperor of the French, having seen the will of Moorat, specifying Paris for his bequest, pointblank told Barnabo that in Paris it should remain. On this Barnabo wreaked his revenge on the Armenians of Paris, and insisted on sending others to replace them, a thing sooner ordered than done; but the leading monk, Father Aivasouski, has just gone off in disgust at the whole affair, and is now a Greek archbishop over all Bessarabia, which is all Barnabo took by his motion.

The funeral of the Queen of Oude took place at two o'clock to-day (January 27, 1858). The Russian embassy had been enquiring yesterday about the hour of the ceremony, no doubt meaning to attend, but better counsels came during the night, and it was seen that such a step would be most offensive. She sleeps in her foreign grave, after life's fitful fever.

Part of the cemetery of venerable Father La Chaise is allotted to the disciples of the Prophet, and I am not aware that a wall of the requisite

substantial cubic feet to satisfy Dr. Phillpotts separates Mahommedan ashes from orthodox dust.

The 'Constitutionnel,' in a leader about the abolition of the East India Company, takes occasion of the Queen (mother) of Oude's death to write an elegy on the moribund old lady of Leadenhall, who does not lie so calmly as the late respected Begum.

A professor in Louvain University, Abbé Forêt, has written some ponderous theological work which he sent as a present to the Pope—coals to Newcastle. A letter is published in reply, signed Domenico Fioramonte, thanking the polite donor in the usual stereotyped formula, viz., that the Pope can't read books, but gives the writer his blessing, a formula of which the M.P. for Dungarvan is prodigiously proud, as I see a repetition of this farce in the Irish papers about his blindfolded book on Rome.

The Bishop of Meaux is blind, and about to resign. The Archbishop of Rouen is so old and infirm that he seeks to abdicate; all these new appointments are sure to be made in the spirit that selected the Bishop of Rochelle—a decided check to Ultramontaniam in France. As the

aspirants for mitres are a very numerous class, a new tone is already perceptible in clerical utterances, and the road to promotion is instinctively seen. The late six months' imprisonment of the fanatic Auguste Martin, for his book on 'False and True Catholics,' with a fine of 6,000*f.*, has taught folks that what may suit the atmosphere of Southern Italy won't do here. He is already repudiated by the 'Univ<sup>ers</sup>,' though he only said in a book what that organ has been grinding day by day; that journal *now* says that he is an unbeliever, and only wrote to bring Ultramontanism into disrepute; nothing can be more false, as Martin is far more sincere and honest than the newspaper scribe and pharisee.

A case is now before the law courts which is worthy the attention of Samuel Oxon. A lady gets married to a man, who said and proved by false documents that he was the legitimate son of a respectable father. Now he turns out to have been a bastard. In canon law *error personæ* is an invalidating, or as the Roman Catholic Church calls it, a diriment impediment to such matrimony. The French tribunal seems to take that view of the case; but no decision has yet been given.

It would be very much to the credit of the

great Hope family if they could keep their family squabbles out of newspapers. Here we have Madame Hope (Miss Rapp) again this morning figuring in a trade affair with an upholsterer. Any one who passes by Piccadilly may admire the truly artistic iron railing of a particular mansion. On inspection he will find a globe with a zodiac. This latter emblem simply means a *hoop*, which is the canting crest of that Dutch family. The *hoop ring* does not appear to advantage before the public.

There are positively no roads, nor, of course, bridges, in modern Greece. A flourish of trumpets is about to inaugurate one at Calchis over the Euripus. The King and, of course, Queen, have made an effort to get there, but could not reach it either by land or sea. They are, however, bent on going to Nauplia (Napoli di Romania), and you will ask what for? To commemorate a great event which took place twenty-five years ago, viz., the landing of Otho himself in person, per 'Madagascar,' Lyons captain. Anyone lounging into the Greek Parliament, last week, would have seen the reader of the house, Leontides, member for Patras, on his legs, proposing a grant of funds, not to pay the bondholders, not to pave Athens, not to make

a furlong of road, but 100,000 francs to spend in fireworks on the anniversary of Otho's landing! The brigands are in full force within gunshot of the Hymettus, and pillaged Megara lately, but a Russian paper gives a droll version of that little inconvenience in so orthodox a territory; it is the Turks that cross over the border, not with blue bonnets, but the Greek red fez, and personate native thieves. Swift has accounted for the indifferent class of bishops sent to Ireland in Queen Anne's time by the fact of Hounslow Heath having to be travelled over by the new nominee of each vacant see; and a highwayman, lying in wait, bagged the bishop's documents, and went over the Channel to be inducted and get his mitre. Though not a spade has been at work yet on the Piræus Railway, a tariff of charges is already placarded, and for sixty-five *λέπτας* (sixpence) you fly (not yet) first class: goods three drachmæ a ton.

That important potentate the Prince of Monaco has finally sold two villages to Sardinia; in fact, the two bourgades had gone bodily over to Piedmont in 1848, and refused allegiance to Goyon, the first king of that ilk. He loses Roccabruno and Mentone, but pockets from Villamarina, the Sardinian envoy here, as much as will pay for his lodgings in Paris.

*Madame de Haussonville's 'Robert Emmett.'*

I spoke of the romance about Robert Emmett—it is gaining popularity. The writer is Madame de Haussonville.

There are a multitude of causes to account for the Paris *salons* taking an interest in this romance ; but the fact is one of political feeling, totally irrespective of Ireland, as there are topics introduced which are of vibrating effect on the upper ten thousand in both faubourgs, and particularly as to the echo which the French Revolution of 1788 found in the outskirts of Europe. The best proof of its hitting home is the rage into which it throws the 'Univers' to-day, a brutal writer going the length of casting his foul slime on the character of Miss Curran. 'He left a mistress endeared to him by a love that was chaste, DIT ON!'

*Petrarch's Fur Coat.*

Two high functionaries of the French commissariat are about to be put on their trial before a tribunal in the south of France, for embezzling 300,000 francs out of the stores for the Crimea ; and *à propos* of such gentry, I have to record the turning up, after half a century, of a well-known relic of no less a man than Petrarch, to wit, his

fur coat, which he left to John Casa (leaving his lute to Boccaccio). This remarkable garb was to be seen yesterday for auction in the public mart here, being the spoil of a commissariat agent in the second Italian campaign of Bonaparte. The fur is all gone, and the leather alone survives, with a few filigree devices in silk, and some quaint words in the unmistakable caligraphy of Laura's lover. Most scholars are aware that the form of letters traced by Petrarch's hand was peculiar and distinct in his day from other hands, as on it the type called *italics* was modelled first in the Venetian printing-office of Aldus. The pillager of this trophy has carefully kept the parchments and seals of Casa, Bocatello, a Pope and several cardinals, through whose custody it passed in succession. What would the British Museum offer for a genuine *robe de chambre* of Geoffrey Chaucer, who was only a contemporary of the Italian poet, and has left us a record of meeting him at Avignon?

*Mr. Spurgeon in Paris, 1858.*

Dr. Spencer, Bishop of Madras, under whose custody the Marbœuf church is, denies that he ever sanctioned the occupation of his pulpit by Orator Spurgeon. The only benefit that preacher

takes by the puff preliminary in the Paris 'Patrie,' is to get abused by the 'Univers' for smoking cigars and quaffing porter, as if the clergy of Spain and Austria did not smoke to a man, while in Mexico monks follow funerals with a cigar in their mouth. The 'Charivari' thinks that Cavour is a very Diocletian of persecution. Is not excommunication the proper weapon of the clergy, as an elephant fights with his trunk, a cuttle fish with his black liquid, and a polecat with his odour?

*The False Hair Markets.*

Great consternation exists at Augsbourg. The 'Gazette' of that town informs Europe of some vampire in human form, who, with the aid of chloroform, stupifies ladies at dusk in the streets, and cuts off their hair, without doing any further mischief. Latterly this scalp-hunter has been at his pursuit in the open daylight, and ladies go out attended by armed lacqueys to obviate a rape of their locks. Dark mystery shrouds the affair, and the burgomeister is dumbfounded.

A tenacious memory might throw out a hint as to the real perpetrator of these misdeeds. Does no one remember a periwig maker of Marseilles, who, fifteen years ago, waylaid the Toulon

diligence, and, armed to the teeth, took no money, but walked off with the hair of two ladies, the only passengers? This man, on being arrested, turned out to be mad; his insanity, like that of Solomon Caus, being brought on by public neglect of his invention of a 'toothless comb,' an article about as useful as a prongless fork. He was placed in an asylum, from which he is known to have escaped in 1848. He has not turned up since.

The hair-cutting mania at Augsbourg, which I noticed some weeks past, has not been suppressed, but rather assumed alarming proportions. All classes of females are now the victims, and none of them can identify the practitioners. 300 police are on the watch in vain. Chloroform is now undoubtedly in extensive use in that old German town for this nefarious object, which appears utterly inexplicable.

*The Orsini Attempt on the Life of Napoleon III.*

*January 14, 1858.*

Three Italians, late from Brussels, are the persons guilty, and our minister at that court had warned this Government of their departure for the purpose. The rapidity with which the in-

telligence spread last evening all over town was something electrical. The boulevards and streets adjoining the theatre were crammed in a second with anxious thousands; in one half-hour the garrison was all under arms, and 70,000 men ready to act. Had the soldiers been let loose, they would have massacred every Parisian they found on their way to the scene of the explosion. Three distinct reverberations shook all the windows in the vicinity, and inside the theatre all was known by instinct. It was during the third act of 'Guillaume Tell,' and Ristori had not yet come on the scene to play *her* tragedy. The *sangfroid* of the principal personage in the drama outside was marvellous, and the repeated acclamations by the *élite* of the assemblage within made a grand spectacle. He stayed out the performance, and when once more at the Tuileries revoked the order given by subordinates to stop the telegraph. The various stations were already besieged by anxious transmitters of news, many of whom had to give up the job in despair, but those who had patience up to one o'clock were able to spread the information far and wide. The morning papers were nearly dumb on the matter, but the 'Moniteur,' by the Emperor's direction, gave a true and simple statement of the facts. Most of those

killed and wounded were of the secret police, who always attend on the court movements. The Empress was brave, and did not, as her sex is wont, go into any hysterics whatever. There is but one feeling of indignant horror all over the town at this abominable misdeed ; and if Napoleon III. had gained a battle of Austerlitz in defence of France, he could not have had so lucky a claim on the enthusiasm of the population. The lower classes of workmen look on him as exposing his life in their cause, and his popularity can, from this event, go on *crescendo*. Not a soul is allowed to pass through the Rue Pelletier, where the scene occurred, and where the blood is now congealed by the frost of this morning. The horse of the team that was killed received a shot upwards in the belly, and the ladies, in getting out to go into the vestibule, had to dip their satin slippers in the blood of the wounded and killed. All the glass in the neighbourhood is smashed, and the pilasters of the opera house riddled with grape shot. Lord Cowley was at the Tuileries last night to bring the condolence of England, and her joy at his Majesty's and consort's escape from treachery—a feeling which will be prevalent throughout Europe. These assassins have done the most signal service to the Imperial dynasty,

and consolidated for ever its hold on the affections of France. You must have noticed how often I mentioned the Emperor's unguarded exposure of himself to danger in public thoroughfares of late, but it would not do to kill him *alone*, as the regency of Eugénie would be most popular in the country. It was requisite to kill both, and as she is lovely in her life, in death they were not to be divided. The good star of Josephine was the safeguard of the uncle, that of Eugénie is not the less talismanic in the nephew's case.

The evening papers continue to gossip about the Italians. It was at No. 10 Rue Mont-Thabor that the plot was arranged. Gomez and De Silva came to take Orsini to the theatre : the two first were noticed by the porter of the house to carry something each in a silk handkerchief, which he presumed to be opera-glasses. The four conspirators were found each in possession of a peculiar pattern of neck wrapper, which indicated mutual intelligence. An Irish doctor, O'Rourke, has published a scientific paper in the journals, in which some curious effects of the explosion and traumatic details are described from minute analysis.

As a corollary of the attempt on Napoleon's

life comes news from Genoa of an insurrection at Ancona, which, if I had believed, I would have telegraphed last evening ; but as the news of the Orsini plot had reached Turin, it is quite possible that a wild-duck took flight over the Alps for the nonce. Orsini had immense popularity in the Legations. It is now stated that no Italian refugee will be tolerated in Paris, unless he find two responsible securities among householders. Until the trial, which comes on during the first fortnight in February, nothing more will be known in authentic shape ; and to that intensely exciting drama I must refer the curious for further details.

It is singular but true, that at the moment of the explosion the Paris Lodge of Freemasons were holding a brotherly banquet within twenty yards of the theatre, and Rose Croix was on his legs, under presidency of Murat, giving the toast of 'The Emperor,' and dwelling on the dismal prospects that would ensue for France if anything should happen to him, when the assembly was startled by the sudden uproar in the neighbourhood. Yesterday Napoleon III., according to this morning's 'Moniteur,' received at the Tuileries an address from the Grand Orient, to which he warmly responded.

The biography of Pierri is going the rounds, and a truly strange career it is. He was, as I told you, originally a Florentine bootmaker, and Pianori belonged to the same gentle craft. For that matter, cobblers have a tendency to rise beyond the level of the last; for Holcroft, Giffard, the great Linnæus, and a score of others I could mention, were originally shoemakers.

The police have already arrested Count Orsini, Rue Mont-Thabor, Roman lawyer, having 8,000*l.* in a belt (Orsini gave lectures in London), Gomez, his valet, De Silva, Venetian (real name Rudio), and his mistress. Orsini, who had bought a horse to favour his flight, is seriously wounded in the head; splendid hair and mustachios. Pierri is a bootmaker.

The journals are filled with lists of killed, wounded, and hair-breadth escapes, as if after a pitched battle. One gentleman owed his safety to politeness, having allowed a lady to stand in front to see better, of course to her great disfigurement; another lady got protected by the yielding properties of crinoline. Such was the force of the projectiles that the large blocks of paving were dislodged under the Imperial carriage, in which no less than twenty-seven fractures were made, instantly that Eugénie had been got out,

she being willing to keep her seat. The explosive compound is known to be fulminating powder of mercury, and that each gargousse was crammed with all manner of destructive elements, is proved by a fist full of old nails, needles, and glass splinters, which the surgeon at an hospital extracted from a poor girl belonging to Galignani's printing-office; she is in a precarious way. About twenty persons have been seized; but it would seem that a knot of Italians concocted the whole—a native of Modena, a Florentine, a Roman, and a Corsican being now mentioned. In Rue Mont-Thabor one refugee was taken with money in bank-notes, as much as 8,000*l.* and part sovereigns. Who is 'Conte Orsini,' whose servant betrayed him at an apothecary's shop, where he got his wounds dressed, no one can tell. If Italy cannot act on Europe in its national character, in its individual elements it has shown forcible French influence: a ruthless Medici brought about the massacre of St. Bartholomew; a Mazarini ruled with iron hand; a Galigài (des Ursins) intrigued; a Riquetti (Mirabeau) upset the throne; a Buonaparte set it up again; a Pozzo di Borgo helped to change the dynasty; a Fieschi was nearly as successful; and here we have Pierri within an ace of convulsing France. Italy has

taken charge of mankind's consciences to a large extent, and at the Trent Assembly, the Italian votes being 300 to 80, they dictated the creed of half Europe. Mere organ-grinding and barometer-making are far from being their only resources, and Byron quotes with endorsement Alfieri's boast that, for good or ill, the 'plant man grows luxuriantly in Italy.'

And this reminds me of Petrarch's fur coat, which comes to the hammer next Tuesday, in Rue Rossini. That it is the genuine paletot of the illustrious man is generally thought here, and as to the verses written in his well-known hand, it so happens that the 'Encyclopédie,' published near a hundred years ago, alludes to his habit of writing on the nearest available surface, specifying the cuff of his leather tunic, the existence of which is glanced at incidentally:

News from Genoa comes of a statue to Christopher Columbus about being erected in the centre of that old exchange where the commerce of all Europe used to be regulated when the great sailor gave a new world to Castille and Leon, a land which another Italian Cardinal Alberoni governed in after days.

I noticed the indignation felt at another scribe

in that paper attributing to Victor Hugo the guilt of this knot of infuriated Italians. The 'Débats' this morning crushes this villany with all the weight of its wrath, and taunts these co-religionists of Ravailac and La Ligue with the anti-national drift of all their abominable teaching, denouncing their efforts to reduce France to an Ultramontane depth of degradation only seen in southern Italy, and pointing out how every atrocity in French history crept from over the Alps. Boileau is quoted :—

Mais enfin je ne puis, sans horreur et sans peine,  
Voir le Tibre à grands flots se mêler à la Seine,  
Et traîner dans Paris ses moines, ses farceurs,  
Sa langue, ses poisons, ses crimes, et ses mœurs.

In point of fact, all the other contemporaries of Bossuet, not to mention Port Royal, had a strong antipathy to being dragged at the tail of Italy. Racine, Pascal, De Sévigné, and the leading minds of that period, were unanimous on that point, which was called Jansenism, then and since.

I come from a rather stormy meeting of the English residents at Paris, held in the great saloon of Meurice, which is nearly as large as Freemasons' Tavern, and was filled to inconvenience by the assembled Britons, anxious to congratulate

the Emperor and his consort on their providential deliverance. Lord Grey de Grey, chairman, opened the proceedings in a rather inefficient style, and an address was read of a most humdrum character; whereupon Sir Robert Dallas, who is known in our foreign diplomacy, rose and proposed a far more dignified as well as better worded document, in which the arrogant and small-minded utterance of Count Morny on behalf of the French senate, denouncing England for harbouring conspirators, was properly rebuked. This amended address seemed highly acceptable to the feelings of the crowded assembly, but the chairman insisted on his own progeny; and matters were about becoming serious, when some sensible person observed that the Emperor, in *his* speech, took no such tone, and the contempt which he showed for his underling's suggestion was the fitting model for an English address. An episode now arose, an indignant Scot repudiating the denomination of English, and clamouring for the word British, as a more comprehensive and true description of the meeting, in which Canadians concurred, and the mellifluous brogue of O'Gorman Mahon re-echoed the rectification. The grammar of the original address was then scrutinised, and the scruples of Lindley Murray having

been appeased, the gathering dispersed with cheers for Napoleon III.

All the interest of the assassins' plot is now centred in Count Orsini, who appears as the Guy Faux of the conspiracy. His opinions on political matters have never been a secret, and when delegated by the Roman triumvirs to Ancona to suppress assassination, he went so vigorously to work that the stiletto disappeared in the Legations. His capture by the Austrians, and his escape from the citadel of Mantua have been read in pamphlets, lectures, and the 'Daily News.' It was of late his stock in trade. He looked on Mazzini as too backward and hesitating a tactician to suit his views; and it may be relied on that Orsini never had any intercourse with the Genoese ringleader. In personal appearance he was far more formidable than that

— sallow, sublime sort of Werter-faced man,

his aspect betraying energy and violence. As to De Silva, the Venetian, whose real name is Rudio, he lived here in fashionable style in the Rue des Pyramides, and sported a curricule. One of the gang lived in Rue Pelletier, three others in Rue Montmartre, and they visited each other daily. Since January 8, when they arrived from London,

the police had an eye on them all, and it is most preposterous to attribute to England any hand in the act which was concocted in the heart of Paris, where Orsini has been these three weeks, living opposite the Treasury, next the greatest thoroughfare in town. Yet here we have Henry Cauvin calling out in the 'Constitutionnel,' for a change in the hospitable and free laws of England. He might as well bark at the moon. And the 'Univers,' whose doctrines are identical with the fanaticism of Ravailac, insists on the refugees being sent to America forthwith, indulging in a scurrilous and ignoble tirade against Victor Hugo, whom it calls the 'Tyrtæus of galley-slaves,' with other pious ejaculations.

Such is the impression made in Piedmont by the bold defence of Orsini by Jules Favre, that a gold medal is about to be struck in his honour. The political testament of the condemned man is hawked about Lombardy and the Legations, where it is making an immense sensation. The appeal, which is going on while I write, is, of course, a hopeless effort, and will only give old Dupin an opportunity for imperial rhetoric. I shall have probably to telegraph to-morrow that all is over.

English lawyers cannot be expected to guess on what conceivable grounds Orsini's counsel could appeal, but an uncertified bankrupt in France is much more seriously compromised in his civil and social rights than he is by British jurisprudence; and it so happened that a fashionable tailor, basking in the sun of imperial patronage, was on the jury, and his presence was supposed to invalidate the strict legality of the trial. Old Dupin overruled the objection. The execution was expected this morning.

A letter from Florence is indignant at the shoemaker Pierrri being described as a native of that fair city, whose inhabitants are proverbial for amenity and gentleness. The man is from Lucca, which town furnishes vagrants to all Europe, and is blessed with a basso-relievo in timber, to which King John 'Lackland' had great devotion, swearing thereon, 'By God's face of Lucca!' on all occasions.

### *The Great Napoleon Despatches.*

I have again glanced over the first volume of the great Napoleon Despatches, just out, and I pick therefrom what is a fair specimen of the youthful hero's style:—

‘ To Citizen Carnot, Minister of War, Paris ; from Placentia, 20th Floréal, an iv. de la République. (May 9, 1796.)

‘ Citizen ! We have passed the Po in face of Beaulieu, whom we routed. Parma and Modena have submitted. We have parked 600 head of cattle. Our men were scarecrows ; we have rigged them out in brand-new clothes and shoes. They are getting some fat on their ribs. I send you twenty good pictures, some by Michael Angelo and Correggio : the latter, St. Jerome, must pass the Alps to his astonishment. Thanks for your attention to my wife (Josephine) ; she is a staunch patriot. I love her like mad (*à la folie*). Send me 4,000 fellows that can ride. I’ll find them horses. I forward to you ten millions in gold to help the army on the Rhine.

‘ Le Général en Chef, BUONAPARTE.

‘ Armée d’Italie. (No. 307.)’

As this is dated from a town called in the original Plaisance, it reads very like a *plaisanterie*, but it gives a more accurate idea of the first Italian campaign than heavy volumes by Sheriff Alison ; it also gives a clue to making war pay its own cost, and to the Italian squib, ‘ tutti i francesi sono ladroni ?—tutti no, ma buona parte.’ At the sack of Rome by Constable Bourbon’s army, the oldest

record of a Buonaparte is the account of that exploit by one of the family who assisted therein ; it is on the shelves of the British Museum. *Sacco di Roma di Giacomo Buonaparte*, in 8vo., 1512. I have had it in hand.

*The Death of the Queen of Oude.*

This afternoon (January 27, 1858) at half-past one, the Queen (mother) of Oude, who came here from London last Thursday with a large retinue, died at the Hotel Lafitte, not of any disease, but blighted hopes, figuratively called a broken heart.

I was wrong in attributing good sense to the attachés of the Russian embassy in Paris, when I stated that the poor old Queen of Oude was allowed to go to her grave without any political capital being made out of her in that quarter. It now turns out that when the mourners sat down on the funeral carpets around the coffin at Père la Chaise, the circle was composed of her relatives, and as a matter of course the members of the Ottoman embassy to honour a sister Mahomedan ; but it must puzzle people to know on what pretext, save an insidious one, did two secretaries of the Muscovite legation in this city present themselves and take their seats, squatting among those orientals.

Is this to be told in Oude ? and to what purpose ? The French Government here very properly consulted Lord Cowley as to the funeral of this British subject. His lordship telegraphed to his Government, and the removal of the body to India was objected to as quite unsuitable in the present crisis. Hence the choice of its present resting-place. As France is now a small Mahommedan power, by right of its Algerine territory, it has had the foresight and liberality to erect at public cost a miniature mosque of graceful architecture on a hillock overlooking the Paris cemetery, destined to any French subject of that creed, and this only three years ago. The lady of whom I am speaking is the first tenant of a tomb in this vicinity. The name of Allah was invoked publicly for the first time in Paris, and the imaum or mufti gave utterance from the small minaret. The Italian general, Orgoni, was of course, from his Indian connection, a mourner on the occasion ; but I again ask what business had Russia in this affair ?

I am sorry for the credit of English scholarship that the 'Royal Society of Literature,' in Trafalgar Square, should be hauled up by French critics ; but a paper was recently read there about discoveries in Asia Minor, and about Queen

Artemisia, the inconsolable widow of Mausolus, in which that lady is stated to have fought gallantly in her galley at the battle of Salamis. Now she was not born till 135 years after that naval engagement, though it is perfectly true that Herodotus talks of a namesake as manœuvring her ship among the Persian armada. The 'Athenæum,' which gave the paper, should have noticed the mistake, and not left that to M. de Saulcy, of the Institut here.

The 'Univers' comes out with a strong article in favour of an invasion of Mexico by Spain. The giant grasp of Jonathan is about to clutch that fertile but foolish country, and the prospects of Ultramontanism look very dismal in that eventuality. Hence the desire to extend the civilising and enlightened influence of Madrid over its old colony; but people know not which to laugh at or abhor most in the doctrines of the 'Univers,' 'a clique, on whose altar stands enthroned, not the Lamb of God, but the Tiger of the Inquisition,' says Alphonse Karr.

A stupid rumour is going the round of the Belgian papers that Count Morny is about to purchase the evening broadsheet 'Courrier de Paris.' What

is true is that the banker Prost, who is generally known here as the 'Rothschild des Batignolles,' wants to sell the organ, but so far from investing cash in journals, Count Morny makes no secret of the advice he gave the Emperor to suppress every paper in France except the official 'Moniteur,' and, backed by Billault, he tendered that unwise counsel to his Majesty on the evening of January 14. Napoleon III. listened and bowed him out.

Shakespeare makes Brutus talk to Cassius about an itch in the palm. I don't hesitate to mention what may be of extreme interest to the managers of workhouses and military hospitals. A report is published in the 'Indépendance Belge,' showing how *scabies* has been eradicated in two hours at Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges, and Liége. The French surgeons have admitted the importance of this therapeutic discovery, and the sooner our faculty gets hold of the formula the better for humanity. Inspector-General Vleminckx will be glad to supply particulars to those whom it concerns.

Ellenborough's headlong rashness in dashing off letters seems to infect Espinasse, the military home minister of France. He has put forth an

epistle to *mon cher Kolb*, a functionary in the department *du Haut Rhin*, puffing the Government candidate, Keller, who stands against the popular favourite, Migeon; he states that his man is the Emperor's own chosen one, and that all good takes its origin from him, the initiative of all that's bad belonging to all else—a kind of imperial manicheism perfectly ludicrous in an appeal to freedom of election. Keller, in this view of the case is *predestined*, and free-will extinct. He will probably find enough of *liberum arbitrium* left to place Migeon again at the head of the poll. The letter is so flagrant, that word is passed not to reproduce it in the Paris papers.

Another document, signed 'Espinasse,' bears the stamp of similar wisdom. It is a manifesto against the use of *slang* in dramatic works, and every theatrical manager has been served with a copy. By this new edict Paul Bedford would be sent to the 'stone jug' for his song of 'Nix my dolly, pals, fake away!' A definition of *what* constitutes *slang* is a desideratum. Parliament has a slang of its own; so has the stock exchange, the turf, the conventicle, the printing-office, and the newspaper. Veillot, in his 'Univers,' talks devout slang, and calls his foes *des navets* so constantly that the *canards* in that

organ are known as *canards aux navets*. Fancy a Jack Tar on any stage reduced to compress his notions in words sanctioned by the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie*.

The French Academy has to elect a successor to Alfred de Musset next week. There are two factions in that assembly of forty wits. There is the literary and genuine witty set who want to elect Jules Sandeau, romance writer and general scholar, half of whose name is justly worn by a lady ; but ladies are not eligible, so they pay her the compliment by deputy. The other set are bent on making the Academy a sort of aristocratic club. This is called the ducal faction since the choice of the Duc de Noailles, who is not exactly the calibre of intellect warranting a seat among the forty, but he is nephew to Madame de Maintenon, and his name is on the title-page of a book about Scarron's widow. Now this set want to elect as successor to a distinguished poet a certain Legitimist, Count de Marcellus, who has printed a few things, but, happening to be ambassador in the Levant, he had the luck to get hold of the Venus de Milo, on its discovery in the Greek Archipelago, and his name is thus known in classic circles. The betting is on Jules

Sandeau, if the wits don't split their votes on another writer.

A paper has come under my notice affording details of the system by which the war navy of France is supplied with men. It is not exactly our old pressgang method, but somewhat milder, yet equally cogent. Every boy, or cook, or hanger-on of a boat, ship, barge, or other floating tenement on rivers, canals, or fishing grounds, is on the register of a local government inspector, under the category of 'seamen,' and at eighteen, if decided on 'seafaring,' is sent on board some craft to be taught elementary matters. There are no less than 150,000 on the books, besides 20,000 dock-yard labourers of all sorts, exclusive of galley-slaves. Five thousand men are called out each year for government service afloat, as regularly as the land army conscription; and each man at fifty years of age, if he can prove that he has served twenty-five either in the imperial navy or in merchant ships—not 'coasters'—is entitled to go ashore on a pension, but still liable to be called out on an emergency. It is obvious that 'organisation' such as this is peculiarly French, and utterly at variance with the freedom and self-reliance by which our maritime enterprise all over the world has attained its giant predominance.

*Opening of the Bordeaux and Cette Railway.*

The banquet in the antique hall of the capital of Toulouse is just over, and the mayor, M. Polycarpe, has led off to the adjoining theatre 400 guests of M. Emile Péreire. I have now to recapitulate the doings of the day, from the slight thunderstorm that burst at daybreak over Bordeaux to the last peal of deafening plaudits that overwhelmed Cardinal Donnet on his toast to the 'Press of France.' The proceedings will long be remembered in the south, and particularly in this dull capital of drowsy Languedoc, destined, it is hoped, to participate henceforth in the general progress of the country. It was the overture of an intercommunication between the two seas; it was the espousals of the turbulent Atlantic with the blue-eyed Mediterranean. Theoretic Frenchmen have busied themselves with the Isthmus of Suez, but a far more practical achievement has been carried out at home by true men of business.

An unpropitious morning deterred many notabilities at Bordeaux from gracing the ceremony, but at seven A.M. the gaily-decked platform was already crowded with functionaries in every variety of embroidered costume, with sash and cockade of tricolour. The station has been, under the

previous management, badly chosen in a distant suburb, but the new directors mean to place it on the margin of the Garonne, accessible to the ocean and river shipping.

Punctually to time the cardinal stepped forth, and was ushered into a spacious compartment of the train. Trumpets struck up, and the convoy moved on to the not inappropriate air of 'Partant pour la Syrie,' as from the terminus on the opposite coast to which we were bound the first French crusaders sailed for the Holy Land. The environs of Bordeaux to the east are not remarkable for fertility, but shortly the train quitting Gascony shot across the stream, and for the rest of the day kept to the northern bank uninterruptedly. We now entered on a highly-cultivated territory, and passed the thriving towns of Langon, Lareole, and Marmande, saluted along the line by acclamations, the discharge of pigmy cannon, with various musical and vocal accompaniments at every halt. Farther on, at Tonnins, the fat soil was seen prepared for the coming crop of that rank (and file) weed destined to supply the corporeal wants of French warriors, *le tabac caporal*. Entering the department of the Lot-et-Garonne, the whole atmosphere was embalmed with the myriads of prune-trees, in full blossom,

nor is this beautiful efflorescence 'unprofitably gay,' as no less than seven million francs are the annual produce of the dried fruit, which now will be still more plentifully diffused throughout Europe and the Levant. No doubt the planters do not grudge M. Emile Péreire his 'plum,' or several plums.

Clear sunshine had early favoured our progress, and near noon a blue southern sky canopied the joyful caravan. Lunch was in the programme fixed for our arrival within the walls of Agen, and not too soon did that picturesque town appear seated on its amphitheatre of sloping hills. A great alacrity was shown in the performance of this interlude, the abundance and excellence of the viands being beyond all praise. Of course the inevitable periwig-maker and poet, Jasmin, was forthcoming, and great apprehension had been felt lest an outpouring of his muse might delay the uncorking of the Ai. Happily, the barber bard spared the hungry auditory, who deemed *pâté de foie* and *langue à la glace* more *ad hoc* than Languedocian rhymes. The worthy cardinal did justice to the collation, and your correspondent, being the only son of perfidious Albion present, had a good place allotted him, and could witness his dealing with a lobster mayonnaise (or

cardinal de mer, as J. Janin dubs those crustacea), in such a way as to do justice to Lenten fare.

From Agen, where, as well as at Montauban, we were reinforced by all the mayors and prefects of the adjacent districts, we now kept gliding along the edge of the lateral canal, a work of Louis Philippe, who sank millions in an undertaking now entirely superseded by the railway. In point of fact, it is worse than useless, as a source of miasmata in hot seasons, and the sooner this water channel gives way to the fire-king the better—Vulcan, not as in the Homeric contest, here getting the victory over his antagonist, the Simois. The aspect of the population grew more strikingly wild and meridional as we proceed, a sort of Arab physiognomy occasionally discernible, and much in the building as well as accoutrements of this race of people, particularly about Castel Sarrazin. bringing back a host of Moorish memories. At length Toulouse hove in sight, its great landmark being ‘a tall bully’ in the form of an obelisk on a hill, meant to glorify Soult’s victory (?) over Wellington, in the same fashion that another column commemorates at Boulogne an invasion of England, which only did not take place, a hit being apparently as good as a miss in both cases. A dense population welcomed with

cheers the approach of one section of the pilgrims, while in the distance could be heard the shouts that betokened the simultaneous arrival of the Mediterranean convoy, under the guidance of M. Emile's brother, Isaac Péreire.

It was now three o'clock by the chime. Slowly and gracefully the two leading locomotives advanced to greet each other, and the two distinguished Israelites descending from each train there ensued a general scene of congratulation which, for all practical purposes, was worth the meeting of our bluff Harry and Francis I. at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. An altar stood there erected under gorgeous festoons, and the red-robed hierophant formally blessed the nuptials of the Bay of Biscay with the Gulf of Lyons. The address of his Eminence on the festive occasion was very properly founded on a text of the Hebrew psalm—'If the Lord build not the house, in vain do the builders toil.' He did not labour under the necessity felt lately by another cardinal at Frascati to apologise for the tardy recognition of iron roads by churchmen in France, but cordially accepted the new element of human progress in all its wondrous consequences. A splendid head of white hair, a vigorous frame, an energetic chin unfolding itself a double étage, with

a benevolent eye, gave effect to his utterance. These minglings of church dignitaries with industrial undertakings are peculiar to the Latinised nations, where the pontifex in pagan times was professionally mixed up with the *ponts et chaussées*; hence Milton, when Satan builds a bridge across Chaos, calls it 'a work pontifical,' as a Round-head's hatred of prelacy could not forego the sarcasm; but with us in England prelates confine themselves to their own sphere of action, and Bangor had no benison to bestow on lofty Menai, nor was the voice of Blomfield heard in the depths of the London Tunnel.

Meantime your correspondent rambled through the old capital of Languedoc, exploring its dull old-fashioned streets, which were striving to look lively for the occasion. In many respects it resembles Saragossa or Valladolid, and the costumes of the ladies, as well as their features, have a Spanish appearance. Every casement had its fair or brunette occupants, and 'haste thee up, Xariffa, to gaze with all the town' seemed to be the prevalent summons in every household. The procession moved on towards the famous locale of the Jeux Floraux, the haunt of Clemence Isaure and every olden troubadour, the far-famed Capitol.

Lost among the crowd of official and decorated notabilities, your correspondent stood at the foot of the great marble staircase, on the architrave of which he looked up and saw inscribed in letters of gold—

Escalier des Illustres ;

whereupon, 'smiting his pensive bosom,' he felt his unworthiness to mount so magniloquent a sanctuary. Up, however, he went, in obedience to duty, and found the immense hall profusely decorated, and the banquet spread for 400 illustrious and hungry guests, M. Emile Péreire in the chair. Dinner performed, the first toast was 'To the Emperor of the French!' and, to the great dismay of the head-quarters of Legitimacy, it called forth thunders of applause. M. West, prefect of the Haute Garonne, replied. Next was given 'Prosperity to the new line,' and the poet Jasmin was allowed to recite his patois cantate, 'Lo Camin de Ferro;' but the toast of the evening was confided to the cardinal, and when, addressing an immense concourse of representatives from the Paris journals and those of the departments, he gave out in manly tones the talismanic word, 'La Presse de France,' the roof rang with the applause of a sympathising auditory. Under the impression of that last sentiment, I

write these hurried lines descriptive of the opening of the 'Via Emilia.'

A Doctor Bonaccioli having died at Rome in possession of a round million of dollars, was worked upon in his agony to make his own soul sole and residuary legatee thereof, the object of which it is needless to specify ; for three years his brother has been baffled by various tribunals, and can't recover a halfpenny of the family property, though proof abundant of the testator's incapacity to make a rational will was and is forthcoming. *Floreat Mortmain !*

For the last forty years, in the quiet old tumble-down city of Versailles, inhabited by decayed Legitimist families, a lady dressed in the garb of a semi-monastic style was known to pursue the even tenour of her way, received into the local circles of aristocracy, and in receipt from a noble family of 6,000 francs annuity, as ex-abbess of a suppressed monastery. At her death this week she turns out to be a man. The real abbess must have died in emigration, and a swindler of the rougher sex, getting her papers, has personated her for near half a century. The name of the deceased androgyne was Comtesse de

Solege de Lange. The matter makes no noise ; people only shrug their shoulders.

Among other absurdities of this day we have a leading article in the Ultramontane organ, denouncing the King of Bavaria. It appears that, in the full exercise of his royal prerogative, that monarch has named to the bishopric of Ratisbon a highly-respected clergyman of the name of Senestray, already spoken of for the see of Augsbouurg. Now the Paris 'rag' claims a power of veto on foreign bishops, which it dare not attempt in France, and assails the new appointment on the ground of the bishop having an uncle a Protestant, with whom he dines occasionally. Now, Ratisbon is half Protestant, and one would fancy such conciliatory conduct rather a recommendation for that city.

The stone bridge over the Rhine, between Strasbourg and Kehl, is to cost one million six hundred thousand florins, and be paid for by France and Baden in equal shares. Baden is French by family alliance, and this is the portico of Germany. Will the German river feel like the Asiatic stream, bridged over by Augustus,

Pontem indignatus Araxes ?

I was awoke this morning by a huge barrel-organ grinding a tune quite new in Paris, from the 'Beggar's Opera,' 'When the heart of a man is oppressed with care,' &c., &c. Free trade in song is unobjectionable.

I went to hear the trial of old Dupin for embezzlement and 'captation' of his dead wife's property, but it was postponed. The case is not as I originally was informed, but it amounts to this, that being entitled only to her life interest (*usufruct*) in the lady's woods and forests, he cut down timber and otherwise dilapidated the property illegally and fraudulently. But he is not at all to be classed with Chancellor Bacon, I apprehend—

The wisest, deepest, meanest of mankind.

Immense hilarity was caused in the Turin Parliament by the enquiry into an election, at which the clerical candidate was a Signor Marrone. One curate had told his very simple parishioners to remember the name well, and by way of artificial memory he bid them vote for the 'big chestnut,' which is the equivalent of the name. On opening the ballot-box a number of votes were found, in

accordance to the clergy's order, for Signor 'Grossa Castagna;' a gross error, as it proved.

Lola Montes, on her arrival in this scene of her juvenile eccentricities, has done a wise thing for once. She has eschewed notoriety, and gone over to the quiet Faubourg St. Germain, where, as if in merry mood still, she has selected La rue des Saints-Pères as the locality to fix her tent. She may find a final welcome from the holy fathers.

An ingenious and painstaking map-maker, rival of Wyld at Charing Cross, a Signor Rosa, has just executed a marvellous trigonometrical survey of the whole basin of the Tiber, from its mouth at Ostia to its cradle near the Temple of Clitumnus. It is about to be engraved; and what makes it interesting is that the getter-up of this chart is a lineal descendant of Salvator Rosa.

A recent statistical return from the departments, ordered by the Home-Office, gives 20,317 as the aggregate number of the houses in the country which can be called châteaux. Of these mansions or manors, 311 have been erected in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; 894 in the fourteenth and fifteenth; 3,114 in the six-

teenth ; and the remainder in more modern times. There are no less than 2,500 of these feudal edifices which still boast of drawbridge, moat, crenellated turrets, and wet or dry ditch.

In the Emperor's speech from the throne he takes credit for what he has done in reclaiming the waste lands of Gascony, between Bordeaux and Bayonne. It is only six months ago that he turned his energies to that work, on the occasion of going so often to Biarritz ; and now, what with roads, drainage, and every appliance of Scotch husbandry, the whole surface of the soil is becoming available, and the value of property so much enhanced, that the gentry and peasantry hail in him the wielder of a magic cornucopia, the Triptolemus of Les Landes, which folks could only get over on stilts heretofore.

The painter of sea-pieces, Gudin, has recovered to-day, on process against a certain colourman, called Ottoz, a sum of 1,260 francs, for injury done the artist, in selling him canvasses prepared with white of zinc, the result of which was that several *chefs-d'œuvre* of marine scenery were falling to decay, and the tints all absorbed or faded. The details are only of interest to the profession.

Anyone who admires pluck might see Napoleon III. of France, in a motley crowd of skaters these two days on the lake in the Bois de Boulogne. A young lad, known to me, quite overawed at the sight of his Majesty, was near losing his centre of gravity and would have tumbled outright, but for the Emperor's clutching him by the arm and setting him up on his legs.

When a man pays up with alacrity he deserves creditable mention. The banker Emile Péreire, to whom France, especially in the south, is much beholden, having taken on hand sundry plots of waste ground from the Paris municipality, received a hint that a small trifle of two millions of francs would be very acceptable. He drew a cheque for the sum at once, adding 600,000, which will not be due for a long time.

The Emperor has not been exempt from the current distemper, *grippe* (influenza). He could not attend a review yesterday; but has gone off this morning to hunt at Fontainebleau, with energetic resolve to shake it off in the forest. The Percy of Northumberland was not more bent on taking his pleasure in the Scottish woods. His half-brother Morny, is not so overwhelmed



## POETICAL EPISTLE FROM FATHER PROUT TO BOZ.

Genoa : December 14, 1837.

## I.

A RHYME ! a rhyme !  
 From a distant clime—  
 From the Gulf of the Genoese :  
 O'er the rugged scalps  
 Of the Julian Alps,  
 Dear Boz, I send you these,  
 To light the ' *Wick* '  
 Your candlestick  
 Holds up, or, should you list,  
 To usher in  
 The yarn you spin  
 Concerning Oliver Twist.

## II.

Immense applause  
 You've gained, O Boz !  
 Through Continental Europe ;  
 You've made Pickwick  
 Ecumenick ;  
 Of fame you have a sure hope :  
 For here your books  
 Are thought, gadzooks !  
 A greater *luxé* than any  
 That have issued yet,  
 Hot press'd or wet,  
 From the types of Galignani.

## III.

But neither when  
You sport your pen,  
O potent mirth-compeller !  
Winning our hearts  
'In monthly parts,'  
Can Pickwick or Sam Weller  
Cause us to weep  
With pathos deep,  
Or shake with laugh spasmodical,  
As when you drain  
Your copious vein  
For Bentley's periodical.

## IV.

Folks all enjoy  
Your 'Parish Boy,'—  
So truly you depict him ;  
But I, alack !  
While thus you track  
Your English poor-laws victim,  
Think of the poor  
On t'other shore ;  
Poor who, unheeded, perish,  
By squires despoiled,  
By 'patriots' gulled,  
I mean the starving Irish.

## V.

Yet there's no dearth  
Of Irish mirth,  
Which, to a mind of feeling,  
Seemeth to be  
The Helot's glee  
Before the Spartan reeling :

Such gloomy thought  
 O'ercometh not  
 The glow of England's humour,  
 Thrice happy isle !  
 Long may the smile  
 Of genuine joy illumine her !

## VI.

Write on, young sage !  
 Still o'er the page  
 Pour forth the flood of fancy ;  
 Divinely droll !  
 Wave o'er the soul  
 Wit's wand of necromancy.  
 Behold ! e'en now  
 Around your brow  
 Th' undying laurel thickens !  
 For SWIFT or STERNE  
 Might live—and learn  
 A thing or two from DICKENS.

1837.

## FATHER PROUT'S INAUGURATION ODE.

*To the Author of 'Vanity Fair.'*

(On the first appearance of the 'Cornhill Magazine,' January 1860.)

## I.

Ours is a faster, quicker age :  
 Yet erst in Goldsmith's homely Wakefield Vicarage,  
 While Lady Blarney, from the West End, glozes  
 'Mid the Primroses,

Fudge ! cries Squire Thornhill,  
 Much to the wonder of young greenhorn Moses.  
 Such word of scorn ill  
 Matches the 'Wisdom Fair' thy whim proposes  
 To hold on Cornhill.

## II.

With Fudge, or Blarney, or the 'Thames on Fire !'  
 Treat not thy buyer ;  
 But proffer good material—  
 A genuine Cereal,  
 Value for twelvecence, and not dear at twenty.  
 Such wit replenishes thy Horn of Plenty !

## III.

Nor wit alone dispense,  
 But sense :  
 And with thy sparkling Xerez  
 Let us have Ceres.  
 Of loaf thou hast no lack,  
 Nor set, like Shakspeare's zany, forth,  
 With lots of sack,  
 Of bread one pennyworth.

## IV.

Sprightly, and yet sagacious,  
 Funny, yet farinaceous,  
 Dashing, and yet methodical—  
 So may thy periodical,  
 On this auspicious morn,  
 Exalt its horn,  
 Thron'd on the Hill of Corn !

## v.

Of aught that smacks of sect, surplice, or synod,  
Be thy grain winnow'd !  
Nor deign to win one laugh  
With empty chaff.  
Shun aught o'er which dullard or bigot gloats ;  
Nor seek our siller  
With meal from Titus Oates  
Or flour of Joseph Miller.

## vi.

There's corn in Egypt still  
(Pilgrim from Cairo to Cornhill !),  
Give each his fill.  
But, all comers among  
Treat best the young ;  
Fill the big brothers' knapsacks from thy bins,  
But slip the Cup of Love in Benjamin's.

## vii. ♣

Next as to those  
Who bring their lumbering verse or ponderous prose  
To where good Smith and Elder  
Have so long held their  
Well garnish'd Cornhill storehouse—  
Bid them not bore us.  
Tell them instead  
To take their load next street, the Hall of Lead !

## viii.

Only one word besides.  
As he who tanneth hides  
Stocketh with proper implements his tannery :  
So thou, Friend ! do not fail  
To store a stout corn-flail,  
Ready for use, within thy Cornhill granary.

Of old thou walked abroad,  
Prompt to right wrongs, Caliph Haroun al Rashid :  
Deal thus with Fraud,  
Or Job or Humbug—thrash it !

## IX.

Courage, old Friend ! long found  
Firm at thy task, nor in fixt purpose fickle :  
Up ! choose thy ground,  
Put forth thy shining sickle ;—  
Shun the dense underwood  
Of Dunce or Dunderhood :  
But reap North, South, East, Far West,  
The world-wide Harvest !







