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The Roman question.



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THE BOSTON CORRECT EDITION.

THE
ROMAN QUESTION. .

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF

François
Voltaire
EDMOND ABOUT.

BY

MRS. ANNIE T. WOOD.

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION,

BY REV. E. N. KIRK, D. D.

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INTRODUCTION

BY THE AMERICAN EDITOR.

THE real origin of this work seems scarcely to admit of a question. Mr. About indeed wrote it. But it must be remembered that his residence in Rome was not unknown in Paris; that his articles first appeared in the *Moniteur*; that his going to Brussels for a printer was really only to save appearances. We have here, indeed, an imperial book, expressing the views of one of the ablest statesmen, and now most renowned warriors of the age. Like many other books, pamphlets, and newspaper articles recently written by French authors; intrinsically valuable for the information they communicate, as well as the broad views of European politics they suggest, if not defend; and all meaning more than they say, this volume may be considered as virtually a royal manifesto. True, it is put on the *Index Expurgatorius*. The emperor could not allow so profane a book to defile the soil of France. The truest son of the church (now that Bomba is not) could not permit so terrible an attack on the church and its head to be made in his dominions. So Mr.

About must content himself with that Belgian imprint which disgraces all the contraband editions of authorized and patented French works. Yes, if Louis is the nephew of Napoleon, he has learned two facts that his uncle does not seem to have apprehended; that good sense, like what equestrians call "bottom," or "wind," holds out in a long race, where genius, like "speed," may fail; and also that there is a king whom no military genius can withstand—public opinion. This work, if the common belief concerning its origin is correct, is, in reality, Louis Napoleon at the bar of public opinion, defending his present campaign. His argument is,—Italy contains a great people, wrongfully denationalized and badly governed; the greatest plague of that lovely country is the possession of its central government by priests. And it must be conceded by every one who reads this book, that the case is very strongly stated here. The author has evidently prepared himself with great care. And the relations of the French government to the Pope enable its subjects to avail themselves of every means of information. And whatever the ultramontane party may say in reply, they cannot, in the face of such revelations, hold up the papal government to the gaze of the world in any light that will save it from the detestation of all honorable minds, be they Protestant or Catholic.

The residence of Frenchmen at Rome in such numbers, and such circumstances, for so many years, must be regarded by all who believe in God's minute control of human affairs as designed for more, and more important purposes than ever entered the mind of the Emperor of France.

There have been, for a long period, several classes of French-

men in Rome, students and teachers of art in the academy on the Pincian Hill; other students, professors and ecclesiastics, besides shopmen and visitors. Of those classes some are not permitted to see behind the curtain; and the others are interested too deeply, or duped too thoroughly, to use their own sober sense and keen French understanding, in comparing the real with the ideal—things as they should be on the spot of earth next the gate of heaven, and things as they are at Rome. But the “occupation” of Rome by the French army is probably as fatal a movement for the papal power as was the visit of Luther to Rome. True, the French military man is not apt to be a Luther, or a saint of any school. But it is impossible that the highly-educated officers of the French army can reside in Rome as masters, for several years, without seeing that the claim of the church in that city to be the most godly, Christ-like, pure, wise, unearthly, most filled with the Holy Ghost, most completely in the apostolical line, is a claim as preposterous, as hypocritical, as absurd as the world ever witnessed. And when it shall serve the purpose of Louis Napoleon to put down the moral prestige of certain gentlemen in France that are troubling him; or when, as now, he wants to show the world that the Augean stable needs some cleansing, and a good deal of ventilation, he can set about it with a reasonable prospect of success. He has the material; and the public may be sure that what he writes, directly or indirectly, cannot be pooh-poohed into obscurity. This book is a Paixban gun against an old and rotten ship. If semi-official, it is evidently designed to bring the sympathies of mankind on the side of the allies in the present conflict. And surely every honest man who accepts

the facts here presented must say "*Vive l'Empereur! vive l'Italie!*"

If the papal church is Christ's church, the sooner it ceases to identify itself with "the kingdoms of this world," the sooner will it convince mankind of its heavenly origin. If it is not, the sooner the civil arm is withdrawn from its support, the better for all Christian men, and for the welfare of the human family.

Mr. About may be thought sometimes to be serious where he is only ironical. He may be thought to confound true religion with hypocrisy. But fairly interpreted, he cannot be so understood. Some of his views a republican and Protestant editor may permit him to utter, without thereby expressing an approval of them.

E. N. KIRK.

PREFACE.

It was in the pontifical states that I studied the Roman Question. I have travelled over the whole country, conversed with men of every opinion, examined matters carefully, and gathered my information on the spot.

My first impressions, written from day to day, without prejudice, were published, with a few modifications, in the *Moniteur Universel*. It was honest labor, more or less fragmentary, and so decidedly impartial, that it would be easy to charge my notes with contradictions and inconsistencies. Violent protestations from the pontifical government compelled me to stop the publication of my remarks. I have done better: I threw them into the fire, and then I wrote this book. It is the fruit of one year of reflection.

I completed my studies by reading the last works published in Italy. The learned Memoirs of the Marquis of Pepoli, and the beautiful anonymous answer to Mr. de Rayneval, furnished me with my best arms.

A few illustrious Italians have been kind enough to enlighten me by their conversation and their correspondence. I would with pleasure mention their names, did I not fear to expose them to danger.

The momentous situation of Italy compelled me to publish a little earlier than I wished. The haste which spurred me on has given to the most thoroughly matured ideas an air of vivacity and of violence. I wanted to publish a memoir, and I fear to be charged with having made a pamphlet. Pardon me an impetuosity of style which I have not had time to temper, and candidly go to the marrow of the book: you will find something there.

I do not flatter myself to have been passionless in my judgment of the enemies of Italy, but yet I have calumniated none. If I have gone to seek a publisher at Brussels, when I had an excellent one in Paris, it is not that the rule of the press or the rigor of French tribunals inspired me with any uneasiness. But the Pope, who has long arms, could have reached me in France, and I have moved a little farther off to tell him some truths.

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THE ROMAN QUESTION.

CHAPTER I.

THE PAPAL MONARCHY.

THE Roman Catholic Church, which I sincerely respect, is composed of 139,000,000 of individuals, not including the little Mortara boy. It is governed by seventy Cardinals or Princes of the Church, in memory of the twelve Apostles. The Cardinal Bishop of Rome, who is also designated by the names of Vicar of Jesus Christ, and Holy Father or Pope, is invested with an unlimited authority over the minds of the 139,000,000 of Catholics.

The Cardinals are nominated by the Pope; the Pope is nominated by the Cardinals. From the day of his election, he becomes infallible, at least in the opinion

of Mr. de Maistre and the best Catholics of our times. Bossuet was not of this opinion, but the Popes have always been so. When the sovereign Pontiff declares to us that the Virgin Mary was born exempt from original sin, it is the duty of the 139,000,000 of Catholics to believe it on his word; and this has quite recently happened.

This discipline of intelligences reflects infinite honor upon the nineteenth century. Posterity, if she is just, will appreciate it. She will see that, instead of cutting each other's throats for theological questions, we have laid out railroads, constructed telegraphs, built steam machines, launched vessels, pierced isthmuses, created sciences, corrected laws, repressed factions, fed the poor, civilized the barbarians, fertilized heaths, and rendered marshes salubrious, without once disputing the infallibility of a man.

But the busiest age, which best knows the value of time, may be constrained to neglect its affairs for a moment. If, for example, it notices around Rome and its bishop a violent agitation, which neither the tricks of diplomacy nor the pressure of armies can stifle, — if it sees in a little corner of a peninsula a fire without flame,

which is neither burning nor extinct, but which may in twenty-four hours set all Europe in a blaze, — this age, whose duty it is to be prudent, though it has great works to perform, is moved at the situation of Rome, and wishes to know what is the matter.

The matter is, that the simple princes of the middle ages, Pepin the Short, Charlemagne, and the Countess Matilda, were very generous to the Pope. They gave him lands and men, according to the customs of those times, when men, being living chattels, were thrown into the bargain. If they were so generous, it was not because they thought, with Mr. Thiers, that the Pope could not be independent without being a king; for they had seen him in his poverty more independent and more arbitrary than almost all the kings of the earth. They enriched him through friendship, through interest, through gratitude; or even in order to disinherit their own families, as is still done in our times. Since the donation of the Countess Matilda, the Pope, having acquired a taste for holding property, has added to it. He has obtained cities by capitulation, like Bologna; he has won them by force of arms, like Rimini; he has stolen some

by furtive treason, like Ancona. So that, in 1859, the Bishop of Rome is the temporal sovereign of 10,000,000 acres, and reigns over 3,124,668 men, who groan in their bondage.

Of what do they complain? Listen to them; you shall soon know.

They say, "that the authority to which they are subjected, without having either asked for or accepted it, is more completely absolute than any which Aristotle ever defined; that the legislative, executive, and judiciary powers are united, confounded, and confused in the same hand, contrary to the usage of civilized states and the theory of Montesquieu; that they willingly recognize the infallibility of the Pope in all religious questions, but that in civil matters it seems to them more difficult to bear; that they do not refuse to obey, since man is not placed here to follow his fancies, but that they would be very glad to obey laws; that a man's good pleasure, however good it may be, is not like the Code Napoleon; that the reigning Pope is not a bad man, but that the arbitrary government of a priest, even an infallible one, can be only a bad government;—

“That by virtue of an ancient custom, which nothing can eradicate, the Pope associates with himself, in the temporal government of his states, the chiefs, sub-chiefs, and spiritual officers of his church; that the cardinals, bishops, canons, and priests forage indiscriminately through the fields; that one and the same caste administers sacraments and provinces, confirms little boys and the judgments of inferior courts, ordains sub-deacons and arrests, despatches the dying and captains’ commissions. That this confusion of spiritual and temporal affairs places in all high offices a multitude of men, doubtless excellent in the eyes of God, but insupportable in the sight of the people; often strangers to the country, sometimes to business, always to family life,—which is the basis of society; with no particular information, unless in heavenly things; without children, which renders them indifferent to the future of the nation; without wives, which renders them dangerous to its present welfare; finally, without any disposition to listen to reason, because they believe themselves to participate in the pontifical infallibility;—

“That these servants of a God very merciful and

sometimes very severe, simultaneously abuse both mercy and severity; that, full of indulgence for the indifferent, for their friends and for themselves, they treat with the most extreme rigor whoever has had the misfortune to offend the power; that they pardon more readily the wretch who murders a man than the imprudent person who censures an abuse;—

“That the Pope and the priests who assist him, having never learned to keep accounts, mismanage the finances; that the unskilful or dishonest administration of public property might have been tolerated two hundred years ago, when the expenses of worship and of the court were paid by 139,000,000 of Catholics, but must be looked at a little closer, now that 3,124,668 men are obliged to furnish the whole;—

“That they do not complain of paying taxes, since this is a custom established every where, but that they would like to see their money employed for the things of earth. That the basilicas, churches, and convents, built or maintained at their expense, gladden them as Catholics and sadden them as citizens; for, in fact, these edifices are but an imperfect substitute for railroads, common roads, improvements in the nav-

igation of rivers, and the building of dikes to protect against inundations; that faith, hope, and charity receive more encouragement than agriculture, commerce, and industry; that public simplicity (*naïveté*) is developed to the detriment of public education;—

“That justice and the police occupy themselves too much with the salvation of souls, and too little with the salvation of bodies; that they prevent honest people from damning themselves by blasphemy, by bad books, or association with liberals, but do not enough prevent rogues from assassinating honest people; that property is protected like persons,—that is to say, not at all; and that it is hard not to be able to rely upon any thing, but a seat in Paradise;—

“That they are compelled to pay more than ten millions* per year for the maintenance of an illiterate and undisciplined army of problematical honor and courage, and destined never to make war, except against citizens; that it is hard, when one must absolutely be beaten, to pay for the stick; that they are forced, besides, to lodge foreign armies, and par-

* Probably francs; about two million dollars.

ticularly Austrians, who, like all Germans, are heavy-handed;—

“In fine,” say they, “this was not what the Pope promised us in his *motu proprio* of the 12th of September; and it is very sad to see infallible persons fail to perform their most sacred engagements.”

I do not doubt but these grievances may be exaggerated; and it is impossible for me to suppose that a nation can be so fearfully in the right against its masters. We will examine these facts in detail, and pronounce upon them after having done so. We are not ready for that yet.

You have just heard, if not the language of 3,124,668 men, at least of the most intelligent, most active, and most interesting of the nation. Take away the conservative party,—that is to say, the men who have an interest in the government, and the unfortunates whom it has completely brutalized, there will remain only malcontents.

All the malcontents are not of the same complexion. Some politely and uselessly supplicate the Holy Father to reform the abuses; these are the moderate party. Others propose to reform the government

entirely; they are called radicals, revolutionists, or Mazzinists; which is a grave accusation. This last class are not very difficult as to the choice of the measures to be taken. They think, like the casuists among the Jesuits, that the end justifies the means. They say that if Europe leaves them to have a conference with the Pope, they will commence by cutting off his head.

The moderates express themselves clearly; the Mazzinists cry out loudly. Europe must be foolish not to comprehend the former, and very deaf not to hear the latter.

What then happens? Every state which cares for peace, for public order, for civilization, petitions the Pope to correct something. "Have pity," say they to him, "if not on your subjects, at least on your neighbors, and save us from the conflagration!"

Every time this intervention is renewed, the Pope summons his secretary of state. This is a Cardinal, who reigns over the Holy Father in temporal affairs as the Holy Father reigns over 139,000,000 Catholics in spiritual affairs. He confides to him his embarrassment, and asks him what is to be done.

The secretary of state, the minister of all the ministers of the Pope, replies to the old sovereign without hesitation: "In the first place, there is no abuse; in the second, if there is, we ought not to meddle with it. To reform any thing is to make a concession to the malcontents. To yield is to prove that we are afraid of them; to acknowledge that we are afraid is to double the strength of the enemy, to open the doors for a revolution, and to take the road to Gaeta, where they give very uncomfortable lodgings. Let us not stir from home. I know the house; it is not new, but it will last longer than your Holiness, even if it be not repaired. After us the deluge; we have no children."

"True," says the Pope; "but the sovereign who entreats me to do something is an elder son of the church. He has rendered us great services; he still protects us daily, and I do not know what we should do if he should forsake us."

"Be easy," replies the Cardinal; "I will arrange the business diplomatically." And he writes in a perplexing style an invariable note, which may be thus summed up: —

“We need your soldiers, and not your advice, seeing that we are infallible. If you presume to doubt this, and if you attempt to impose any thing upon us, even our preservation, we will veil the faces of our wings, display the palms of the martyr, and become an object of pity to all the Catholics in the universe. Now, we have among you 40,000 men* who have a right to say any thing they please, and whom you pay with your money to speak in our favor. They will preach to your subjects that you are tyrannizing over the Holy Father, and he will set your country on fire, without appearing to have touched it.”

* The French clergy.

CHAPTER II.

THE NECESSITY OF THE TEMPORAL POWER.

“**T**HERE is no independence for the pontificate but in sovereignty itself. This is an interest of the first order, which must silence the private interests of nations, as, in a state, public interest silences individual interests.”

It is not I who say this; but it was Mr. Thiers, in his report in the month of October, 1849, to the Legislative Assembly. I do not doubt but this Father of the temporal church expressed the sentiments of 139,000,000 Catholics. It was Catholicity itself which said to the 3,124,668 Italians, through the organ of the honorable reporter, “Devote yourself as one man. Our religious head will not be venerable, august, and independent, unless he reigns over you despotically. If, unfortunately, he no longer wears a crown of gold; if you contest with him the privilege of making laws and violating them; if you lose the habit of bringing him your money which he spends for our edification and glory, all the sovereigns

in the universe will look upon him as a little boy. Silence your own private interests then; they talk too much."

I flatter myself that I am as fervent a Catholic as Mr. Thiers, and if I had the boldness to refute him, I would do so in the name of our common faith.

"I grant you," I would say to him, "that the Pope should be independent; but can he not be so at less expense? Is it absolutely necessary that 3,124,668 men should sacrifice their liberty, their security, and all their most valuable property, to insure to him this independence, which make us all so proud and so happy? The apostles were independent at a cheap rate, for their independence did not require the enslavement of others. Is not he who has nothing to lose the most independent of men? He keeps straight on without managing rulers, for the very simple reason that the most evil-disposed conqueror can deprive him of nothing.

"The largest conquests of Catholicism were made in times when the Pope was not reigning. Since he became a king, the land conquered by the church may be measured by inches.

“The first Popes, who were not kings, had no state expenses. Then they had no deficit to make up every year. Then they were not compelled to borrow millions of Mr. Rothschild. Then they were more independent than crowned Popes.

“From the day when the spiritual and temporal were bound together like two Siamese powers; the most august of the two has necessarily lost its independence. Every day, or nearly so, the sovereign pontiff is compelled to choose between the general interests of the church and the private interests of his crown. Do you think him sufficiently disengaged from the things of this world to sacrifice, heroically, earth, which is near, for heaven, which is rather distant? He would not be a man if he did. Besides, there is History. I will not remind you of those wicked Popes who would have sold the doctrine of the Holy Trinity for four leagues of ground. This is an argument of unlawful tactics, and we are too delicate to use the bad Popes to the confusion of the decent ones. But if the Pope legalized the perjury of Francis I. after the treaty of Madrid, which was it—to cause the morality of the Holy See to

be respected, or to rekindle a war useful to his crown?

“If he organized the traffic in indulgences, and drove half Europe into heresy, was it to multiply the number of Catholics, or to endow a girl?

“If he made alliance with the Protestants of Sweden during the war of thirty years, was it to show the disinterestedness of the church, or to humble the pride of Austria?

“If he excommunicated Venice, in 1606, was it to attach more firmly the republic to the church, or to gratify the enmity of Spain against the former allies of Henry IV.?

“If he revoked the institution of the Jesuits, was it to reënforce the army of the church, or to please France, which was in the ascendant?

“If he dissolved his relations with the Spanish provinces of America, the day they declared their independence, was it in the interest of the church, or of Spain?

“If he suspended excommunication over the heads of the Romans who paid their money to foreign lotteries, was it to attach their hearts to the church, or to bring back their shillings to the treasury?”

Mr. Thiers knows all this better than myself; but has he not reflected that in placing the same cap upon the spiritual sovereign of the church and the temporal sovereign of a little country, we condemn the one to serve the ambition or necessities of the other? We desire that the religious head should be independent, and we compel him to be subject, like a slave, to the petty principality of Italy; thus subordinating the future of religion to local interests and questions of the steeple!

This confusion of two powers, which would be the gainers by a separation, compromises not only the independence of the Pope, but his dignity. The unfortunate obligation to govern men condemns him to meddle with things which he ought never to touch. Is it not deplorable that bailiffs should levy on property in the name of the Pope? that judges should condemn an assassin in the name of the head of the church? that the executioner should cut off heads in the name of the vicar of Jesus Christ? Is there not something scandalous in the association of these two words—*Pontifical Lottery*? And what do the 139,000,000 Catholics think when they hear their

spiritual sovereign, through the organ of the prelate-minister of the finances, congratulate himself that vice is prosperous, and that the lottery has succeeded well!

The subjects of the Pope are not scandalized at these contradictions; for they are accustomed to them. They strike a stranger, a Catholic, a simple individual taken at random among the 139,000,000; they inspire him with an irresistible desire to defend the independence and the dignity of the church. But the inhabitants of Bologna or of Viterba, of Terracina or Ancona, are more occupied with national than with religious interests, whether because they are wanting in the devotion recommended by Mr. Thiers, or because the government and the priests have inspired them with a horror of heaven. Mediocre Catholics and excellent citizens, they demand, on all sides, the enfranchisement of their country. The Bolognese assert that they are not necessary to the independence of the Pope, and that he could do very well without Bologna, as he does without Avignon. Every city says the same; and if he should listen to all, the Holy Father, freed from the cares of adminis-

tration, might consecrate himself entirely to the interests of the church and to the embellishment of Rome. The Romans themselves, provided they be not princes, priests, domestics, nor beggars, assert that they have devoted themselves to these interests long enough, and that Mr. Thiers ought now to give others the privilege.

Beware of taking their word for it. My mind is made up, and I shall not interest myself in their fate until I have seen for myself.

CHAPTER III.

THE PATRIMONY OF THE TEMPORAL POWER.

THE states of the Pope are not bounded by nature : they are outlined on the map as chance has made them, and as the good nature of Europe has suffered them. An imaginary line separates them from Tuscany and Modena ; the southern point enters into the kingdom of Naples ; the province of Benevento is enclosed in the states of King Ferdinand, as was formerly the county of Venaissin in the French territory. The Pope encloses in his turn the republic of San Marino, that Ghetto of the democracy.

I have never cast eyes on that poor map of Italy, capriciously torn into unequal fractions, without making a consoling reflection.

Nature, which has done every thing for the Italians, has taken care to surround their nation with magnificent barriers ; the Alps and the sea protect it on all sides,

isolate it, unite it in a distinct body, and seem to destine it to a personal existence. To complete its good fortune, no interior boundary condemns the Italians to form several nations; the Apennines themselves, an obstacle easily overcome, permit them to give each other the hand. All the existing divisions are arbitrary, traced by the brutality of the middle ages, or by the unsteady hand of diplomacy, which undoes each day what it had done the day before. A single race occupies the soil; the same language is spoken from north to south; all the inhabitants are united by the glory of their ancestors and the memories of the Roman conquests, fresher and more vivid than the grudges of the fourteenth century.

This spectacle leads me to think that the Italian nations will one day be independent of others, and united among themselves by the force of geography and history, two powers more invincible than Austria.

But I return to my sheep, which have the Pope for their shepherd.

The kingdom of a few priests extends over a surface of about 10,323,790 acres, according to the statistics published in 1857 by Mgr. Milesi, now a cardinal.

In round numbers, we may say that the heads of the church administer temporally 10,000,000 acres.

No country of Europe is more richly endowed, or better formed for agriculture, industry, and commerce.

Traversed by the Apennines, which divide it into two nearly equal parts, the domain of the Pope descends in a gentle slope, on one side towards the Adriatic, on the other towards the Mediterranean. On each of these seas it possesses an excellent port: at the east Ancona, at the west Civita Vecchia. If Panurge had had Ancona and Civita Vecchia in his Salmigundian kingdom, he would not have failed to create a navy. The Phenicians and the Carthaginians did not possess so much.

A river, well known under the name of the Tiber, waters the western slope in almost its whole extent. It formerly offered facilities for inland commerce; Roman historians describe it as navigable to Perouse. At present it is with difficulty ascended to Rome; if its channel was deepened, and no rubbish allowed to be thrown into it, it would render more service and overflow less frequently. The declivity of the Adriatic is traversed by small watercourses, which would be very useful if the government would aid them a little.

The plain is of prodigious fertility. More than a quarter of the country can be cultivated in grain. Wheat yields fifteen to one in good land, thirteen in medium, and nine in the poorest. The uncultivated fields transform themselves spontaneously into excellent pasturage. Hemp is admirable when it is cultivated with care. The vine and the mulberry thrive wherever they are planted. The mountains produce the finest olive trees and the best olives in Europe. A varied but generally very mild climate ripens the productions of many different latitudes. The palm and the orange succeed in half the country. The richest flocks in the world are scattered over the plains in winter and the mountains in summer. Such is the clemency of the sky, that horses, cows, and sheep live and multiply in the open air, without knowing the stable. The buffaloes of India swarm in the marshes. All commodities necessary for the food and clothing of man grow readily, and, as it were, joyfully, on this privileged soil. If men there lack bread or shirts, Nature has no reproaches to make herself, and Providence washes its hands of it.

The three kingdoms furnish to industry an incredible

abundance of the raw material. There is hemp for the rope-maker, spinner, and weaver; wine for the distiller; olives for the manufacturer of oil and soap; wool for the workman in cloth and carpets; leather and hides for the tanner, the shoemaker, and the glover; and silk at discretion for the uses of luxury. Iron ore is inferior in this country; but the Island of Elba, which furnishes excellent, is within two steps. The mines of copper and lead, which the ancients worked with so much profit, are not, perhaps, exhausted. Fuel abounds in twenty thousand acres of forests; and besides, the sea has nothing better to do than to transport coal from Newcastle. The volcanic soil of several provinces furnishes enormous quantities of sulphur; and the alum of Tolfa is the best in the world. The quartz of Civita Vecchia gives us the clay of which we make porcelain. The quarries furnish us with all the materials for building, including marble and pozzolana, which almost constitutes the Roman cement.

The survey of 1847 estimated more than 11,000,000 acres of the rural property subject to the Pope; and the province of Benevento was left out of the estimate.

And the minister of commerce and of public works informs us that this property was, perhaps, quoted only at a third of its value. We may therefore estimate the agricultural wealth of the country at 2,610,000,000.* If this capital should yield annually what it ought to yield, if commerce and industry should multiply the revenue, as might be done by activity and labor, Mr. Rothschild might borrow of the Pope at six per cent. interest.

Wait! I have not yet finished the enumeration of the riches. To the liberality of nature we must add the heritage from the past. The poor pagans of great Rome left all their possessions to the Pope, who damns them. They bequeathed to him gigantic aqueducts, prodigious sewers, and roads which are still used in more than one place, after the wear of twenty centuries. They bequeathed him the Coliseum, that his Capuchins might preach there. They bequeathed him the example of an administration unparalleled in history. But the inheritance has been accepted without the liabilities.

I will no longer conceal from you that this admi-

* Probably francs.

rable territory has from the first seemed to me to be neglected. From Civita Vecchia to Rome, over a tract of about fifteen leagues, cultivation appears as a very rare accident, to which the soil is not accustomed. Meadows, fallow grounds, some brushwood, and, at long intervals, a field tilled with oxen,—this is the spectacle I promise to all those who make the journey in April. They will not even encounter what is found in the most uncultivated desert of Turkey—a forest. It would seem as if man had passed that way only to destroy every thing, and that the flocks have taken possession of the soil after him.

The environs of Rome resemble the route to Civita Vecchia. A belt of uncultivated but not barren land surrounds the capital. I walked in every direction, and sometimes quite far; the belt seemed to me to be very broad. Meanwhile, in proportion as I receded from the city, I found the fields better cultivated. It seemed as if the peasants toiled with more energy at a certain distance from St. Peter's. The roads, which are detestable around Rome, by degrees improved. I encountered more people and more smiling countenances. The inns became more inhab-

itable, — to such a degree that I was astonished. Nevertheless, while I remained on the Mediterranean declivity, which has Rome for a centre, and which is more directly subject to its influence, the aspect of the land seemed constantly to leave something to be desired. I sometimes fancied that these honest farmers were afraid of making too much noise, and awaking the monks with the blows of their picks.

But when once I had crossed the Apennines, when I was no longer to the leeward of the capital, I breathed, as it were, an atmosphere of labor and goodwill which cheered my heart. The fields were not only cleared, but manured; and, what is better, planted. The odor of manure surprised me much; I had become unaccustomed to it; for on the opposite slope they do not enrich the land. The sight of trees and their use gave me great pleasure. In a field sown with hemp, grain, or clover, fine elms set out in rows were crowned with a rich vintage. Sometimes mulberry trees were substituted for elms. How many good things at once, and how amiable is Mother Earth! Here are bread, wine, linen and silk dresses for madame, and forage for the cattle; the elm also

affords forage. St. Peter's is a fine church; but a well-tilled field is an admirable thing!

I pursued my journey to Bologna slowly, still happy and smiling at the fruitfulness of the soil and the prowess of man. Then I resumed the road to St. Peter's, and insensibly reëntered the desolation.

I reflected for a long time on what I had seen, and a disturbing idea slid into my mind under a geometrical form. It seemed to me that the activity and the prosperity of the Pope's subjects were in direct ratio to the square of the distance which separated them from the capital; or, to speak more intelligibly, that the shadows of the monuments of Rome were unfavorable to the cultivation of the soil. Rabelais said that the shades of the monasteries were fruitful, but it was in another sense.

I submitted my doubts to a venerable ecclesiastic, who hastened to undeceive me. "The country is not uncultivated," said he to me; "and if it is so, it is the fault of the Pope's subjects. The people are naturally lazy, though 21,415 monks preach industry to them."

CHAPTER IV.

THE SUBJECTS OF THE TEMPORAL POWER.

ON the 14th of May, 1856, Mr. de Rayneval, French ambassador to Rome, a tender friend of the cardinals, and consequently a bitter enemy of their subjects, thus described the people of Italy:—

“A nation profoundly divided among themselves, animated with ardent ambitions, having none of those qualities which constitute the greatness and power of others, destitute of energy, completely wanting in a military spirit as well as in the spirit of association, knowing neither respect for the law, nor respect for social superiority.”

Mr. de Rayneval will be canonized a hundred years hence (if no change takes place) for having so gallantly defended the oppressed.

I do not think I am departing from my programme, in attempting to redraw this portrait, for the Pope's subjects are Italian like the rest, and there is but

one nation on the peninsula. The difference of climates, the neighborhood of foreigners, the traces of invasions, may modify the type, change the accent, slightly vary the language; it is nevertheless true that the Italians are the same every where; and that the middle class—that *élite* of nations—think and speak alike, from Turin to Naples.

Handsome, robust, and healthy, when the carelessness of the government has not exposed them to malaria, the Italians have the best endowed minds in Europe. Mr. de Rayneval, who is not the man to flatter them, grants them “intelligence, penetration, comprehension in every thing.” The culture of the arts is as natural to them as the study of the sciences; their first steps in all the careers open to the mind are of singular rapidity; and if most of them stop short of the object, it is because deplorable circumstances almost always impede their way. In private and public affairs, they have a discernment and sagacity bordering on distrust. No race is more skilful in making and discussing laws; they triumph in legislation and jurisprudence. The idea of law has germinated in Italy from the very foundation of Rome,

and it is the finest fruit of this miraculous soil. They also possess; in a high degree administrative talent. Administration is born among them for the conquest of the world; and the greatest administrators encountered in history — Cæsar and Napoleon — were of the Italian race.

Thus endowed by nature, they feel a consciousness of their abilities, amounting sometimes to pride. The legitimate desire to exercise the faculties with which they are endowed degenerates into ambition; but their pride would not seem ludicrous, nor their ambition extravagant, if their hands were free to act. During a long series of centuries, they have been penned in a narrow space by petty despotic governments. The impossibility of attaining greatness, and the necessity of action which has tormented them in spite of this, have urged them on to miserable quarrels and petty wars. Is it because they are incapable of combining in one national body? I do not think so. They have already united to implore the King of Piedmont and to applaud Mr. de Cavour. If this proof is not sufficient, try an experiment. Take away the barriers which separate them; I will wager they

will soon be united. But the guards of these barriers are the Kings of Naples and of Austria, the Pope, &c. Will they give up the keys?

I do not know what are the qualities which constitute "the greatness and the power of other nations;" for example, of the Austrian nation. But I see very few physical, intellectual, or moral qualities in which the Italians are deficient. Are they destitute of energy? Mr. de Rayneval has said so. I should have reproached them with the contrary excess. The absurd, but vigorous, defence of Rome against us indicates an energetic people. Shall we say that a French army has been held in check for two months by men without energy? We must be very modest! The stabs which fall thick as hail in the streets of Rome testify perhaps to the inefficiency of the police, but do not prove the want of spirit in the inhabitants. I read in the official statistics, that in 1853 the Roman tribunals punished 609 crimes against property, and 1344 against persons. These figures do not betoken a faultless people; nevertheless, they prove a moderate disposition to disgraceful theft, and a diabolical energy. The same year, the Courts of Assize judged

in France 3719 men accused of theft, and 1921 of crimes against persons. It is the proportion reversed; robbers are, with us, in the majority. And yet we are an energetic people.

If the Italians are so also, there will not be much difficulty in making soldiers of them. Mr. De Rayneval asserts that they are entirely wanting in military spirit; doubtless it was a cardinal who told him so. Ah! the Piedmontese of the Crimea deficient in military spirit!

Mr. de Rayneval and the cardinals are willing to acknowledge the courage of the Piedmontese, but they assert that Piedmont is not in Italy; its inhabitants are half Swiss, half French. "Their language is not Italian, any more than their manners; and the proof of this is, that they have the true military and monarchical spirit, unknown to the rest of Italy." In this way it would be much more easy to demonstrate that the Alsatians and the Britons are not French; the former, because they are the best soldiers of the empire, and say *Meinherr* where we should say *Monsieur*; the latter, because they have a monarchical spirit, and call *butin* what we call *tobacco*. But all

the soldiers of Italy are not in Piedmont. The King of Naples has a fine army. The Grand Duke of Tuscany has made himself one sufficient for his defence; the little duchies of Modena and of Parma have some pretty regiments. Lombardy, Venetia, the duchy of Modena, and half the states of the Pope have given heroes to France. Napoleon remembered this at St. Helena; it is recorded.

As for the spirit of association, I know not where it is to be found, if not in Italy. What is it which governs the Catholic world? An association. What squanders the finances of the poor Romans? An association. What monopolizes their grain, their hemp, their oil? An association. What devastates the forests of the state? An association. What frequents the public road, stopping diligences and pillaging travellers? Five or six associations. What is it which is agitating at Genoa, at Leghorn, and especially at Rome? The Mazzinist party secretly united into an association.

I grant that the Romans have no great respect for the law; it is because there is no law in their country.

They respect the Code Napoleon, since they demand it, on their knees; they do not respect the official caprices of their masters. I am certainly not a disorderly man; but when I think that a fantasy of Cardinal Antonelli, recorded on a sheet of paper, has the force of the law in the present and in the future, I understand this contempt of the law in all its revolt and its insolence.

As for social superiority, it is my opinion that the Italians respect it even too much. When I have walked with you for half an hour through the streets of Rome, you will be constrained to inquire what social superiority a Roman prince has; and yet the Romans manifest sincere respect for their princes: habit is so powerful! If I should enable you to trace to their source some great fortunes within my knowledge, you would rebel with stones and sticks against the superiority of money. And yet the Romans, dazzled by the glitter of scudi (dollars), are full of respect for riches. If I . . . But the Italian nation seems to me to have been sufficiently justified. Let us only add that if it is easily drawn into evil, it is still more easily brought back to good; that it is passionate,

violent, but not wicked; and one good act suffices to make it forget its most legitimate grudges.

Let us add, besides, and in closing, that the Italians are not so enervated by the climate as to detest labor. The traveller who has seen a few porters asleep in the south returns to tell Europe that the people snore from morning till night; that they have few wants, and labor just enough to satisfy these from day to day. I would soon show you laborers in the country as industrious as our peasants, and under quite another sun; you will find them as economical, provident, and steady as our own, though more hospitable and charitable than ours. If the common people of the cities give themselves up to extravagance, idleness, or mendicity, it is because they know that the most heroic efforts and the strictest economy can give them neither capital, independence, nor position. Do not confound discouragement with want of courage, or tax with idleness a poor fellow crushed by carriages.

The subjects of the Pope—and this is not the first time I have said it—are to the number of 3,124,668. This population is unequally divided over the territory. There are almost twice as many inhabitants in the

provinces of the Adriatic as beneath the eyes of the Pope and around the capital, in the Mediterranean provinces.

Pious economists, who wish that every thing should be for the best under the most sacred of governments, will not fail to say to you, —

“Our state is one of the most populous in Europe; therefore it is one of the best governed. The average population of France is 69 inhabitants and a half to each square kilometer, (a kilometer is nearly equal to a quarter of a French league;) that of the Roman state is $75\frac{7}{10}$. Thence it follows that if the Emperor of France would adopt our mode of administration, he would add $8\frac{2}{10}$ to each square kilometer.

“The province of Ancona, which is occupied by the Austrians and governed by priests, possesses 155 inhabitants to the kilometer. The fourth department of France, the Bas-Rhine, numbers only 129. It is therefore evident that the Bas-Rhine remains in a relative inferiority, inasmuch as it is not governed by priests and occupied by Austrians.

“The population of our happy country has increased one third, between 1816 and 1853, in a space of 37

years. So fine a result can be attributed only to the excellent administration of the Holy Father, and the preaching of 38,320 priests and monks, who protect our youth against the deleterious influence of the passions.*

“You will notice that the English have a mania for moving. Even in the interior of their country, they change residences and counties with incredible readiness; this is doubtless because their country is unhealthy and badly governed. In the Eldorado which we govern, only 178,943 individuals can be numbered who have moved from one province to another; therefore each of our subjects is satisfied with his home.”

I do not dispute the eloquence of these figures, and am not of those who assert that statistics decide in favor of every body. But it seems to me very natural that a rich country, in the hands of an agricultural people, should support 75 inhabitants to a square kilometer, no matter under what government. What surprises me is, that it does not support more. I promise you it will support more when it shall be better governed.

The population of the state has increased one third

* Preface to the Official Statistics for 1853, p. lxiv.

in 37 years. But that of Greece has tripled between 1832 and 1853. Nevertheless the government of Greece is detestable; I pique myself on having demonstrated this fully. The increase of the population proves the vitality of the races, and not the care of the administrators of government. I will never believe that 770,000 children were born between 1816 and 1853 by the intervention of the priests. I prefer to suppose that the Italian nation is vigorous, moral, disposed to marriage, and that it has not yet despaired of the future.

Finally, if the Pope's subjects remain at home without moving often, it is perhaps because communication is difficult, perhaps because the government is chary of passports, perhaps also because they well know that they shall find every where the same priests, the same judges, and the same taxes.

Out of a population of 3,124,668 men, the Roman state numbers more than a million of farmers and shepherds. Artisans are to the number of 258,872, and servants a little more numerous. The statistics give about 30,000 more. Commerce, banking, and business occupy not quite 85,000 persons.

The landed proprietors are to the number of 206,558. They form about one fifth of the population. We have more of them in France. The official statistics of the Roman states tell us that if the national fortune was equally divided between all the proprietors, each of these 206,558 families would represent a capital of more than 17,000 francs. But they have neglected to inform us that one proprietor possesses 50,000 acres; and another, a heap of pebbles.

It is to be noticed that the equalization of property, like all other good things, increases in proportion to the distance from the capital. The province of Rome possesses 1956 proprietors to 176,002 inhabitants; this is about one to ninety. The province of Macerata, near the Adriatic, numbers 39,611 to a population of 243,104 persons. This is about one proprietor to six inhabitants; and that reminds me to say that in the province of Macerata there are almost as many estates as families.

“The Agro Romano, which it took Rome several centuries to conquer, is at present owned by 113 families and 64 corporations!”*

* Statistics of Rome, by the Count of Tournon.

CHAPTER V.

THE PLEBEIANS.

THE subjects of the Holy Father are divided, by birth and fortune, into three very distinct classes — nobles, citizens, and plebeians. The gospel has forgotten to consecrate the inequality of men; but the law of the states — that is to say, the will of the Popes — carefully maintains it: Benedict XIV. declared it honorable and salutary, in his bull of the 4th of January, 1746; and Pius IX. expressed himself in the same terms at the beginning of his *Chirografo* of the 2d of May, 1853.

If I do not reckon the clergy in the number of the classes of society, it is because they are separated from the nation by their interests, their privileges, and often by their origin. The cardinals and prelates are not, properly speaking, the subjects of the Pope, but rather his compeers and the associates of his power.

The division of the classes is especially perceptible

at Rome, around the pontifical throne. It is effaced by insensible degrees, like many other abuses, in proportion to its distance from the source. There are unfathomable abysses between the noble Roman and the Roman citizen, between the Roman citizen and the plebeian. The plebeian himself, burdened with the contempt of the two superior classes, lets it fall in a perfect cascade on the peasants whom he encounters in the market. At Rome, — thanks to the historical traditions, and the education given by the Popes, — the inferior thinks he can emerge from his insignificance and become something by begging the favor and support of a superior. A system of patronage and dependence makes the plebeian kneel to a man of the middle class, who kneels to a prince, who, in his turn, kneels lower than all the rest before the sovereign clergy. At twenty leagues from the city, there is hardly any kneeling; beyond the Apennines, none at all. If you go as far as Bologna, you will admire in manners an equality truly French: it is because Napoleon has passed that way.

The absolute value of the men of each class increases in the same order, according to the square of

the distances. You may be almost certain that a noble Roman is less learned, less capable, and less free, than a gentleman of the Marches,* or of Romagna. The middle class—apart from some exceptions of which I will by and by speak—is infinitely more numerous, richer, and more enlightened, east of the Apennines than in the capital and its environs. The common people themselves have more honesty and morality when they live at a respectful distance from the Vatican.

The plebeians of the Eternal City are overgrown children, badly brought up, whom education has variously perverted. The government which lives in their midst, and which fears them, treats them gently. It demands of them few taxes; it gives them shows, and sometimes bread: *panem et circenses*, the very recipe of the emperors in the decline of the empire. It does not teach them to read; it does not forbid them to beg. It sends capuchins to their dwellings: the capuchin gives lottery tickets to the wife, drinks with the husband, trains the children, and sometimes makes them. The common people of Rome are

* The Marches of Italy are Ancona, Macerata, Fermo, and Ascoli.

certain they shall not die of hunger; if they have no bread in the house, they can take it from the basket of a baker; the law permits it. All that is required of them is, to be good Christians, to prostrate themselves before the priests, humble themselves before the great, bend before the rich, and engage in no revolutions. They are severely punished when they refuse to commune at Easter, or speak disrespectfully of the saints. The ecclesiastical tribunal will hear no excuse on these matters; but the police is quite accommodating in every thing else. They pardon crime, encourage meanness; the only thing which is never passed by, is a claim for liberty, a revolt against abuse, the pride of being a man.

What astonishes me most is, that after such an education they are good for any thing. The worst part of the people are those who inhabit the quarter of the Monts.* If you should, some day in seeking for the convent of the Neophytes or the house of Lucrezia Borgia, find yourself by accident among these narrow streets choked with rubbish, you would elbow some thousands of vagabonds, thieves, sharpers, guitar-

* A district in Rome.

players, models, beggars, cicerones, and rakes, with their wives and daughters. Have you business with them? They will call you *Excellency*, kiss your hands and steal your handkerchief. I do not think you could encounter a worse set in any city of Europe, not even in London. Besides, they are all skilled in their trades, and not always believers in God.

The police is tolerant; it rarely troubles them. They are sometimes sent to prison; but a word of recommendation or the want of jail room soon sets them at liberty. Their neighbors, honest workmen, from time to time also go astray. They have earned freely in winter, and devoured it all at the Carnival, as usual. Summer comes, the foreigners go away; no more work and no more money. Moral education, which might restrain them, is wanting. The necessity of keeping up appearances, the Roman malady, torments them. The wife sells herself if she is pretty, or the man commits some crime.

Do not judge them too severely; reflect that they cannot read, that they have never been out of Rome, that the example of ostentation is given them by the cardinals, of misconduct by the prelates, of venality by

the officers, of squandering property by the minister of the finances; especially reflect that care has been taken to eradicate from their hearts, as a weed, that beautiful sentiment of human dignity which lies at the foundation of all virtues.

The Italian race must have very generous blood to have enabled a notable part of the common people to preserve its masculine virtues. I have encountered in the Trastevere men simple, coarse, violent, sometimes terrible, but truly men; sensitive in their honor to such a degree as to kill him who fails in respect for them. They are as ignorant as the people of the Monts; they have received the same lessons, and witnessed the same examples; they have the same improvidence, the same ardor for pleasure, the same brutality in their passions; but they are incapable of stooping even to pick up any thing.

A government worthy of governing would reap advantage from this ignorant force. It would first control, and afterwards direct it. He who is now wielding his knife in the drinking shop would make an admirable soldier on the battle field; but we are in the capital of the Pope. The Trasteverines attack

neither God nor the government; they meddle neither with religion nor politics — this is all which is required of them. And, as a reward for their prudence, a paternal administration permits them to kill each other.

Neither the Trasteverines nor the people of the Monts give signs of political life; and the cardinals rub their hands at this; they congratulate themselves on having kept so many men in profound ignorance of all their rights. I am not sure that the speculation will be a fortunate one. Suppose, for example, that the democratic committees of London and of Leghorn should send some recruiting officers to the capital of the Pope. An honest, amiable, enlightened plebeian would, perhaps, think twice before enlisting. He would weigh both sides, and keep the balance suspended some time between the vices of the government and the dangers of a revolution. But the rabble of the Monts take fire like a heap of straws as soon as they are shown in the distance the profits of a brawl; and the Trasteverine savages are all unchained at once if you make them see in despotism an attempt upon their honor. A reason-

ing people, composed of prudent enemies, would be better. The Pope would often have to reckon with them; but he would never have to tremble before them.

I wish the masters of the country might have no more battles to fight with the Roman plebeians. The latter readily suffered themselves to be carried away by the ringleaders of 1848, and yet the name of republic was sounded in their ears for the first time. Have they forgotten it? No! They will long remember this magic word, which lowered the great and raised the small. Besides, the concealed Mazzinists, who are agitating throughout the city, do not assemble the workmen of the quarter of La Regola to preach submission to them.

I have told you that the plebeians of Rome despise the plebeians of the country. Nevertheless, they are not despicable, even on the Mediterranean slope. In this unfortunate half of the pontifical state, the influence of the Vatican has not yet ruined every soul; the people are unhappy, ignorant, credulous, sometimes a little ferocious, but kind, hospitable, and generally honest. If you wish to study them more closely,

ride out to some village in the province of Frosinone, near the frontier of the kingdom of Naples; traverse those vast uninhabited plains where the malaria flourishes in the sunshine; take the rocky road, which with difficulty scales the mountain; you will soon encounter a town of from 5,000 to 10,000 souls, which serves as a dormitory to 5,000 or 10,000 peasants. As far as it can be seen, this rustic town has a certain aspect of grandeur; the dome of a church, the large buildings of a cloister, the tower of a feudal chateau, lead you to think it of some consequence. A legion of women are descending to the fountain with copper vessels on their heads; you instinctively smile; here are motion and life: enter! you are struck with something cold, damp, nocturnal. The streets are narrow stairways which creep from time to time, beneath vaults. The closed houses seem to have been deserted for a century. No one at the doors, no one at the windows, no one in the streets! You might think the curse of Heaven had fallen on the country if large inscriptions, placarded on every façade, did not prove that missionaries had just passed that way. "*Long live Jesus! Long live Mary! Long live the blood of*

Jesus ! Long live the heart of Mary ! Blasphemers, be silent, for the love of Mary !" * These religious sentences are as it were the tokens of the public simplicity. After a quarter of an hour's walk, you emerge upon a great square. Half a dozen civil officers, seated in chairs arranged in a circle, are yawning in unison before the door of a *café*. You sit down with them ; they ask you news of King Louis Philippe ; you ask them what epidemic has depopulated the country. But soon thirty men and women come and spread out on the pavement an assortment of fruits, vegetables, and salads. Where are the customers who are to buy all these good things ? We shall see. Night approaches ; the whole population returns at once from labor in the fields. They are handsome, they are strong, they would make fine regiments. All these half-clad men, returning with mattocks on their shoulders, rose this morning, two hours before the sun, to weed a little field, or to stir the ground around a few olive trees. More than one has his domain at three or four miles from the village ; he goes there every day with his child and

* The American reader may be incredulous on this point. The editor has himself seen these blasphemous inscriptions, in Italy.

his pig. The pig is not fat; the man and the child are very lean; nevertheless, they are gay; they have gathered flowers on the way; the son is crowned with roses, like Lucullus at table. The father buys two salads, with a cake of maize; these constitute the family supper. They will sleep upon this if the vermin will let them. Follow these poor people to their homes; they will give you a welcome, and the first word they will say to you will be an invitation to supper. Their furniture is very simple, their conversation very meagre, their brains are furnished like their houses.

The wife awaits her lord at home; it is she who opens the door to you. Of all useful animals, the woman is the one whom the Roman peasant employs with the most profit. She makes the bread and cake of Turkish corn; she spins, she weaves, she sews; she goes every day three miles for wood, and a mile and a half for water; she carries on her head the load of a mule; she toils from sunrise to sunset without resisting or even complaining. The children, which she brings forth in great numbers, and which she nurses herself, are a valuable resource: from the age of four years they can be employed in guarding other animals.

Do not ask these countrymen what they think of Rome and of the government: they have but a vague notion of this sort of things. The government, to them, is an officer who, for fifteen dollars per month, governs them, and sells them justice. Rome has never given them any thing but this gentleman. In exchange for such a benefit, they pay tolerably heavy taxes; so much for the house, so much for the field, so much for the family, so much for animals, so much for the right to kindle fires, so much on wine, so much on meat, whenever they afford themselves that luxury. They complain without bitterness, and look upon taxes as a periodical hail on their annual harvests. If they should learn that Rome had been swallowed up by an earthquake, they would not put on mourning; they would go to their fields as usual, sell their harvests at the ordinary price, and pay fewer taxes. This is what is thought of the capital, in all the towns of the peasantry. Each commune lives by itself and for itself; it is an isolated body, which has arms for labor, and a belly to be filled. Agriculture is every thing, as in the middle ages. There is neither commerce, nor trade, nor business, nor progress

in ideas, nor political life, nor any of those powerful bonds which attach our cities to the capital, as members to the heart.

If there is a capital to these poor people, it is Paradise. They believe in it firmly; they aspire to it with all their might. One who complains at paying two crowns for his home, will give two and a half to have written on his door, *Viva Maria!* Another one regrets the fifteen dollars of the governor, without reflecting that the commune supports thirty priests. They have a mild malady which consoles them for all their evils; it is faith. It does not prevent them from giving a stab with a knife when excited with wine or passion; but it never permits them to eat meat on Friday.

You should see them on the day of a grand festival, in order to admire the ardor of their simplicity. Men, women, and children all run to the church. A carpet of flowers is spread on the way; joy radiates from every countenance. Who, then, has just arrived? Who has arrived? St. Anthony! A mass is sung in honor of St. Anthony. A procession is organized in honor of St. Anthony; the little boys dress themselves

as angels; the men put on the garments of their fraternities: here are peasants of the heart of Jesus; there those of the name of Mary; there are the souls in purgatory. The procession is formed somewhat confusedly. People embrace, overthrow each other, fight, all in honor of St. Anthony. At last, the statue is brought from the church; it is a wooden doll, with very red cheeks. Victory! The crackers explode, the women weep for joy, the children shout at the top of their voices, *Hurrah for St. Anthony!* In the evening, great fireworks; a balloon, fashioned in the image and semblance of the saint, ascends from the church, and bursts magnificently. St. Anthony must be very hard to please, if such homage does not go straight to his heart. And the plebeians of the country would seem to me to be very exacting, if, after so intoxicating a festival, they should complain of wanting bread.

Let us cross the Apennines; there is quiet. Though the population be not sufficiently sheltered even by a chain of mountains, yet you will find in the towns and villages the materials of a magnificent nation. The ignorance is still great, the blood still warm, the hand always active; but here already we find men reasoning. If

the village workman is not happy, he understands why; he seeks a remedy, he foresees, he raves. If the farmer is not very rich, he studies with his proprietor the means of becoming more so. Culture is every where in progress, and will soon have no farther progress to make. By his struggle with nature man becomes greater and better; he knows what he is worth; he sees where he is going; while cultivating his fields he cultivates himself.

But I must confess, to tell the truth, that religion loses ground in these beautiful provinces. I have sought in vain in the cities of the Adriatic those inscriptions of "*Huzza Jesus! Huzza Mary!*" which had edified me on the other side of the mountains. At Bologna, I read sonnets at the corners of all the streets; a sonnet to the Dr. Massarenti, who cured Madam Tagliani; a sonnet to the young Guadagni, on occasion of his baccalaureate, &c., &c. At Faenza, the inscriptions painted on all the walls betrayed, indeed, a certain fanaticism, but the fanaticism of dramatic art. "*Huzza for La Riston! Huzza for the divine Rossi!*" At Rimini, at Forli, I read, "*Huzza Verdi! Huzza La Lotti! Huzza Ferri, Cornaro, Rota, Maniari!*" and

even, (I ask pardon of the *habitués* of the opera,) “*Huzza Medori!*”

When I went to visit, near Ancona, the holy house of Loretto, which was brought from Palestine, with its furniture, in the arms of angels, I saw enter the church a company of pilgrims, walking on their knees, shedding tears, and licking the steps. I supposed that these good peasants belonged to some commune in the neighborhood; but a workman of Ancona who was present informed me that I was mistaken. “Sir,” said he to me, “those poor people whom you see there live on the other side of the Apennines, since they still make pilgrimages. It is forty years since we have done this: we work.”

CHAPTER VI.

THE MIDDLE CLASS.

THE middle class is, in every clime and age, the solid groundwork of the state. It represents not only the wealth and independence, but the capacity and morality of a nation. Between the aristocracy, which prides itself on doing nothing, and the common people, who labor that they may not die of hunger, the middle class pursue their way freely towards a future of fortune and of consideration. Sometimes the higher class is hostile to progress, because it is afraid of it; too often the inferior class is indifferent to it, for want of understanding what is to be gained by it; the middle class has not ceased to tend thither with all its force, by an irresistible instinct, and even at the peril of its dearest interests. A great statesman, who must be judged by his doctrines, and not by the accident of events, Mr. Guizot, has shown us the Roman empire perishing in the fifth century of our era for

want of the middle class. And do we not ourselves see with what impetuosity the progress of France has gone on, from day to day, since the citizens' revolution of 1789?

Not only has the middle class the privilege of making revolutions useful,—it is this also which claims the honor of suppressing revolts, and opposing itself as a barrier to the outbreak of the lower passions.

It is, therefore, to be wished that this honorable class should be as numerous and as strong as possible in the country which we are studying; for it is, on the one hand, the legitimate heir of the temporal power of the Popes, and, on the other, the natural adversary of the Mazzinist insurrection.

But the ecclesiastical caste, which prefers this fatal principle of temporal power to the most august interests of society, sees nothing more prudent or more useful than to keep down and ruin the middle class. It makes it bear the heaviest burdens of the finance, without admitting it to share in their benefits. It wrests from the petty proprietor not only all his revenue, but a part of his capital, while the plebeians and the Roman nobility enjoy all kinds of immunities. It

offers the most insignificant offices at the price of the most humiliating concessions. It neglects nothing to deprive the liberal professions of all the prestige with which they are elsewhere surrounded; it keeps down science and arts to the point of suppression; and whenever any thing is degraded around it, persuades itself that that degradation is exaltation.

This system has succeeded tolerably well in Rome and in the Mediterranean provinces; very badly at Bologna, and in the provinces of the Apennines. In the former capital, the middle class is subdued, restrained, and submissive; in the latter, it is much more numerous, richer, and less yielding to the ruling power. But evil passions, much more fatal to society than the logical resistance of parties, have advanced in an inverse ratio. They have little control at Bologna, where the middle class is strong enough to repress them; they are triumphant at Rome, where the middle class has been crushed. Thence it follows that Bologna is a city of opposition, and Rome a socialist city; that the next revolution will be moderate at Bologna, and sanguinary at Rome. This is what the clerical party has gained.

Nothing can equal the contempt which prelates, princes, foreigners of condition, and even the lackeys of Rome manifest towards the middle class, or *mezzo-ceto*.

The prelate has his reasons. If he is a minister, he sees in his bureaux a hundred *employés*, all belonging to the middle class. He knows that these active and intelligent, but poorly compensated men, are reduced, for the most part, to practise some humble occupation in secret; one keeps the accounts of a farmer, another balances the books of a Jew; whose fault is it? He knows that neither duties fulfilled, nor long and faithful services, are credited to the account of the civil functionary, and that, after having deserved his advancement, he must solicit it on his knees, or demand it through his wife. But is this poor man to be despised? Is it not rather those lords in violet hose, those who impose on him drudgery of this kind?

If monseigneur is the magistrate of a superior tribunal, — for example, of the Sacred Rota,* — he need not study law; a man of the middle class has taken pains to study it for him. This secretary, this assistant of

* The prominent court of Rome.

the cabinet, is a jurisconsult of great talent, of which one needs much to find his way through the obscure labyrinths of Roman legislation. But monseigneur, who uses him for his own profit, thinks he has a right to despise him because he earns little, lives modestly, and has nothing to look forward to in the future. Whose fault is it?

The same prelate, who comes out from the seminary, and judges causes without appeal, professes a profound contempt for advocates. I confess that they are to be pitied, those unfortunate princes of the bar who write for the blind or speak to the deaf, and wear out their shoes in the interminable paths of rotal processes. But they are not to be despised. They are always learned, and sometimes eloquent. Mr. Marchetti, Mr. de Rossi, Mr. Lunati, could preach fine sermons if they did not prefer to do something else. Between ourselves, I believe that the prelates affect to despise them that they may not be compelled to fear them. Some have been condemned to exile, others to silence and to poverty. Cardinal Antonelli said to Mr. de Gramont, "The advocates were one of our wounds; we are beginning to cure ourselves of them. If we

could now get rid of our clerks, all would go well." Let us hope there will soon be invented an office-machine capable of being substituted for the labor of man.

The Roman princes despise the middle class. The advocate who pleads their causes, and who generally gains them, belongs to the middle class. The physician who attends and cures them belongs to the middle class. But as they receive fixed salaries, and as salaries are like wages, contempt for them is thrown into the bargain—a contempt magnanimous enough; a contempt of the patron for his client. When at Paris an advocate pleads the cause of a prince, it is the prince who is the client. At Rome, it is the advocate.

But those on whom the princes lavish the most violent contempt are the farmer or the country merchant.* For once, they are right.

The country merchant is a man of low birth, very honest, very intelligent, very active, and very rich. He takes to farm some thousands of acres lying

* The person here alluded to is not a farmer in our sense of owning a farm, but simply a lessee, or occupant.

fallow, which the prince would never cultivate himself, because he has never learned how, and has no money. On these noble lands the farmer places indiscriminately herds of oxen, cows, horses, and flocks of sheep. Sometimes even, if his lease permits, he tills a square league and sows it with grain. Summer being come, a thousand or twelve hundred men, descending from the mountains, invade the soil of the prince for the service of the farmer. The harvest is cut, threshed on the spot, piled up, carried away. The prince sees it pass, from the height of his balcony. He learns that from his land, a man of the middle class, a man who passes his life on horseback, has harvested so many sacks of grain, which made so many sacks of money. The landholder himself comes to confirm the intelligence by paying to the last farthing the rent agreed upon. Sometimes he even pays several years in advance, and without discount. Who could pardon such impertinence? It is so much the more serious since the farmer is polite, well educated, and much better informed than the prince; that he gives his daughters a larger dowry, and that he could purchase a whole principality for his son,

if by chance any one were forced to sell such. Cultivation in the hands of these people becomes an attempt at ownership; such is at least the opinion of the prince. Their mania of incessant industry is a disturbance of the beautiful Roman tranquillity. The fortune which they acquire for themselves, by dint of talent and activity, grievously offends the stagnant wealth which is the basis of the state and the admiration of the government. This is not all; the country merchant who never was count, who is not a priest, who has a wife and children, wishes to meddle with the affairs of the country, under the pretext that he manages his own admirably. He points out abuses; he demands reforms: what audacity! He would be thrown aside, like a simple advocate, if his industry was not the most necessary of all, and if they did not fear to starve the country by turning this man out of doors.

But sometimes how truly great are these practical farmers! One of them, in 1848, under the reign of Mazzini, when the public works were suspended for want of money, finished at his own expense the Bridge of Lariccia, one of the finest works of our epoch. He did not, certainly, know whether the Pope would ever

come to Rome to reimburse this expense. He behaved like a prince, and usurped without hesitation a part not intended for his caste.

I, who have not the honor of being a prince, have no reason to despise the country landholders. I have even enough valid ones for esteeming them highly. I have found them full of intelligence, goodness, and cordiality; true citizens, in the best acceptance of the word. My only regret is, that they are not numerous enough nor free enough.

If there were only two thousand of them, and the government would allow them to act as they pleased, the Campagna of Rome would soon assume another aspect, and the fever take another direction.*

The foreigners who have lived in Rome for a certain time, speak of the middle class as disdainfully as do the princes. I have myself been deceived on this point; I will therefore endeavor to explain it.

They have lodged in furnished apartments, and their proprietors have not been over nice in their morals. This happens often enough, I admit. But the

* The Campagna of Rome is now an unhealthy, half-cultivated marsh.

middle class is not responsible for the conduct of a few poor and uneducated women. These adventures of furnished houses are not unknown at Paris; and yet strangers do not from this draw conclusions unfavorable to the middle class of France.

They have had business transactions of Rome; they have found the commercial system exceedingly defective. It is because capital is rare, and the institutions of credit insufficient. One is shocked to see, in the carnival, shopkeepers in carriages and in the principal boxes of the theatre; but this imprudent ostentation, which does great injury to the Roman *bourgeoisie* is taught them by every body. The bad examples are given by their superiors.

They have sought a physician, and encountered an ignorant one. This is doubtless a misfortune, but one that might happen every where. The medical corps is not recruited exclusively from great geniuses. For one Baroni, who is an honor at once to Rome, Italy, and Europe, you must expect to find a few asses. If they are more numerous at Rome than at Paris or at Bologna, it is because medical education is somewhat constrained by the priests. I shall long

remember the laughter with which I was seized, when, on entering the amphitheatre of Santo Spirito,* I saw that the body exposed for the study of the young physicians was encumbered with a vine leaf.

In this land of chastity, where the modest vine is interwoven among all the branches of science, a doctor of surgery, employed in a hospital, thus confessed to me: "We have," said he, "two doctorates to pass — a theoretical and a practical one. Between the first and second, we practise in the hospitals, as you see. But the prelates who control our studies do not permit a doctor to be present at an *accouchement* before passing his second examination, and obtaining practice. They are afraid of corrupting us. In six months I shall have obtained all my degrees, practise surgery, and assist at *accouchements* as much as I please, without ever having seen one."

The arts would furnish to the middle class a fine amount of glory and of independence, if they were otherwise educated. The Italian race has not degenerated, whatever its enemies and its masters may say: it is as capable as ever of success in all the arts. The children between whose fingers a brush is placed

* A hospital.

learn in a short time the art of painting. An apprenticeship of three or four years enables them to earn their subsistence; the misfortune is, that they go no farther. They are not less richly endowed than the pupils of Raphael, I am almost sure; yet they reach nothing higher than being the pupils of Mr. Galimard. Is this their fault? No. I accuse only the circumstances amid which their birth has thrown them. Perhaps they would produce masterpieces if they were at Paris. Give them a part to perform, competition, exhibitions, the support of a government, the encouragements of a public, the counsels of an intelligent criticism. All these advantages, enjoyed by our artists, are absolutely wanting with them; they know them only by hearsay. Their only encouragement, and their only inducement, are the hunger which treads on their heels, and the passing foreigner. They copy a picture in a week, and when it is sold, commence another. If any ambitious one undertakes an original work, who asks whether it is good or bad? The reigning class do not know; and the princes are still more ignorant. The possessor of the finest gallery in Rome said last year, in the saloon of an

embassy, "As for me, all I admire is the *knack*." Prince Piombino ordered a ceiling to be frescoed by Mr. Gagliardi; he insisted on paying the artist by the day! The government has other cares than encouragement of the arts; the four little newspapers which are circulated sometimes amuse themselves with quoting the names of their friends, in order to heap on them silly flatteries. The foreigners who come and go are often men of taste, but they do not constitute a public. At Paris, at Munich, at Dusseldorf, at London, the public is a genuine personality, or man with a thousand heads. When a young artist of talent has attracted its attention, it follows him with its eyes, encourages, censures, urges, represses; it forms a friendship for this one, and is angry with that. It is sometimes mistaken; it has absurd infatuations and unjust caprices, but it lives and vivifies; one can work to please its keen eyes.

If I am astonished at any thing, it is at encountering in Rome a certain number of artists of talent, like Mr. Tenevani in statuary, Mr. Podesti in painting, Mr. Castellani in the goldsmith's art, Messrs. Calanetta and Mercuri in engraving. They are not the only

ones; I have cited only the most celebrated. But the sad majority of the Roman artists languish, for want of encouragement, in a monotonous toil and degrading commerce; occupied half the day in copying copies, and the rest of the time in manufacturing articles for foreigners.

In conclusion, I brought from Rome a poor idea of the middle class. A few distinguished artists, a few advocates of talent and courage, a few learned physicians, a few wealthy and intelligent farmers, do not suffice, in my opinion, to constitute a middle class: they form only an exception. Now, there is no nation without a middle class, and I tremble to recognize at last that there is no Italian nation.

In the Mediterranean provinces, the middle class appears to me to be no more flourishing than at Rome. The people of this class, half citizens, half rustics, are plunged in a dense ignorance. They have almost enough to live upon without burning themselves in the sun; they therefore remain at home, in poorly furnished houses, where the very walls are redolent of ennui. The rumors from Europe which might awaken them are stopped on the frontiers. New

ideas, which might fertilize their minds, are intercepted by the custom house. If they read any thing, it is the *Almanach*, or perhaps the Journal of Rome, which relates in pompous style the promenades of the Pope. The life of these men is limited to eating, drinking, sleeping, and multiplying, till death puts an end to them.

But beyond the Apennines, the bourgeois does not sink to the level of the peasant, but the peasant rises to the level of the bourgeois. A persevering toil constantly improves the soil and the man. The smuggling of ideas, daily more active, defies all the custom-house laws. The presence of the Austrians provokes patriotism. The burden of the taxes exasperates common sense. All the divisions, of the middle class — advocates, physicians, merchants, farmers, artists boldly exchange their dissatisfactions and their enmities, their ideas, and their hopes. This barrier of the Apennines, which separates them from the Pope, brings them nearer to Europe and liberty. I have never conversed with a bourgeois of the legations without saying as I rubbed my hands, “*There is an Italian nation.*”

Between Bologna and Florence, I travelled alone

in the mail coach with a young man, whose perfect correctness of costume made me take him at first to be an Englishman. But the conversation was so naturally carried on between us, and my companion expressed himself so well in my own language, that I soon took him to be a countryman. Meanwhile, he gave me so much information respecting Italy, details so precise on the culture, industry, commerce, justice, government and politics of his country, that I was soon compelled to recognize an Italian or Bolognese. What I admired most in him was neither the extent and variety of his knowledge, nor the clearness and exactness of his mind; it was the elevation of his character and the moderation of his language. There might be divined under each word a profound sentiment of the dignity of his country; a bitter regret at seeing it misunderstood and forsaken; a firm hope in the justice of Europe in general, and of one great prince in particular; something of pride, sadness, and amiableness which delighted me. He had no hatred against the Pope, nor any body; he thought the conduct of the priests perfectly logical in itself, though intolerable to the country. He did not dream of vengeance, but of deliverance.

Three months later I learned that this interesting travelling companion was a man of the middle class, and that Bologna relied much upon him.

But I had already written on my tablets these simple words, dated from the Cour des Postes, Place du Grand Duke, Florence: "There is an Italian nation. There is an Italian nation. There is an Italian nation!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE NOBILITY.

AN Italian has said in two lines, with tolerably piquant irony, —

“Who knows whether a powerful microscope will not some day discover globules of nobility in the blood?”

I am too French not to applaud a witticism, and yet these globules of nobility do not positively offend my reason.

It is certain that children resemble their parents. The barons of the middle ages transmitted to their children a heritage of heroic qualities. Frederick the Great made a business of marrying men of six feet to women of five feet six inches, and these unions of giants produced grenadiers. The children of a man of talent are not fools, provided their mother has been faithful to her duties; and the cretins of the Alps, when they are allowed to marry among themselves, give

birth to cretins. We know all hunting dogs by their race, and buy a two years' old colt on the strength of its genealogy: will those who admit that there is a nobility among dogs and horses deny its existence among men?

Add that the pride of wearing an illustrious name is a motive sufficiently powerful to incline a man to good. Nobles have duties to fulfil towards their ancestors and their descendants; they must march straight forward, under pain of dishonoring a whole race. Tradition confines them to a path of honor and virtue, from which they cannot deviate a step without falling. Every time they sign their names, they are reminded of this.

I confess that every thing tends to degeneracy, and that the most noble blood may sometimes be spoiled, as the most generous wine may change into molasses or vinegar. But have you never encountered in the world a young man, greater, prouder, braver, and more generous than all those of his age—a woman so beautiful, so simple, and so chaste, that she seems fashioned from a different clay—both walking as if upheld by the memory of their ancestors? You may

be sure that they have in their blood a few globules of nobility. •

These precious globules, which the microscope may never discover, but which an intelligent observer may discern with the naked eye, are rare in Europe, and I do not know that they are to be encountered elsewhere. You may make a small collection of them in France, Spain, England, Russia, Germany, and Italy. Rome is one of the cities where you will find the least. Nevertheless, the Roman nobility is surrounded with a certain prestige.

Thirty-one princes or dukes; a great number of marquises, counts, barons, and knights; a multitude of noble families without titles, among whom Benedict XIV. inscribed sixty at the capital; a vast extent of seigniorial domains; a thousand palaces; a hundred galleries, small and large; a tolerable revenue; an incredible prodigality of horses, carriages, liveries, and armorial bearings; a few royal *fêtes* every winter; a remnant of feudal privileges, and the respect of the lower classes — such are the most salient features which distinguish the Roman nobility, and make it the admiration of all the idlers in the universe. Ignorance,

idleness, vanity, servility, and especially insignificance, are the defects which place it below all the aristocracies of Europe. If I encounter any exceptions on my way, I shall make it my duty to point them out.

The origin of the Roman nobility is very, very diverse. The Orsini and the Colonna (little enough remains of them) are descended from the heroes or brigands of the middle ages. The Caetani date from 730. The Massimo, the Santa Croce, the Muti, can find their ancestors in Titus Livius. Prince Massimo bears in his arms traces of the marches and counter-marches of Fabius Maximus, formerly called *Cunctator*. His device is, *Cunctando restituit*. Santa Croce flatters himself with being a scion of Valerius Publicola. The Muti, who are not worth a farthing, reckon Mutius Scævola among the number of their ancestors. This nobility, authentic or not, in any case very ancient, is of independent origin. It has not been incubated beneath the robes of the Popes.

The second class is of pontifical origin. Its titles and its revenues have their source in nepotism. During the course of the seventeenth century, Paul V., Urban VIII., Innocent X., Alexander VII., Clement

IX., and Innocent XI., created the Borghese, the Barberini, the Pamphili, the Chigi, the Rospigliosi, the Odescalchi. Each aspired to give his little family the highest position. The domains of the Borghese, which make a tolerably pretty spot on the map of Europe, prove to us that Paul V. was not an unnatural uncle. The Popes have retained the habit of ennobling their relatives; but the scandal of their liberalities stops at Pius VI., the founder of the Braschi family, (1775-1800.)

The last batch includes the bankers, like the Turlonia and Ruspoli; monopolizers like the Antonelli; millers like the Macchi; bakers like the Dukes Grazioli; tobacco merchants like the Marquis Ferraiuoli; and farmers like the Marquis Calabrini.

Add to these the foreigners, noble or not, who buy a domain and hang on a title into the bargain. It is not long since a French lordling, who had a little money, awoke one day to find himself a Roman prince, the equal of the Doria, of the Sorlonia, and of the baker Duke Grazioli.

For they are all equal from the day when the Holy Father has signed their parchments. Whatever

may be the origin of their nobility or the antiquity of their family, they walk off arm in arm, without disputing for precedence. They marry among themselves at the risk of scandalizing their ancestors. The names of Orsini, of Colonna, of Sforza, are found associated pell-mell in the family of an ancient menial. The son of a baker espouses the daughter of a Lante de La Rovere, a granddaughter of a Prince Colonna, and of a Princess of Savoy-Carignan. Believe me, the quarrels of princes and dukes, which so much excited our proud St. Simon, will never be renewed among the Roman aristocracy.

Why should they? Do they not all know, dukes and princes, that they are inferior to the most insignificant cardinal? On a day when a monk receives the red hat, he acquires the right to splash mud on them all.

In all monarchical states, the king is the natural head of the nobility. The strongest thing a gentleman can say in praise of his race is, that it is as noble as that of the king. *Noble as the Pope* would be very comical, since a swineherd, the son of a swineherd, can be elected Pope, and receive the oath of fidelity of all the Roman princes. They have, there-

fore, a right to think themselves all equal, those poor great noblemen, since they are equally humbled by a few priests.

They console themselves with thinking that they are superior to all the laity in the universe. This vanity, so amiable, deep-seated, not clamorous, still less insolent, but solidly fixed in the depths of their hearts, helps them to digest the daily affront of their inferiority.

I see clearly in what they are inferior to the upstarts of the church; but the superiority which they assume over other men seems to me to be less plainly demonstrated.

Are they more courageous? I do not know. It is a long time since their courage has been tried on the battle field. The church forbids their duelling. The government preaches to them the amiable virtues.

They are not deficient in a certain ostentatious and theatrical generosity. A Piombino sends his ambassador to the Vienna Conferences, and allows him a hundred thousand francs as the expenses of his representation. A Borghese, to celebrate the return of Pius IX., offers a banquet of 1,200,000 francs to the

canaille of Rome. Almost all the Roman princes open to the public their palaces, their villas, and their galleries. It is true that the old Sciarra sold permission to copy his pictures; but he was a contemptible miser, who did not found a school.

Almost all practise the charitable virtues without much discernment, through pride, patronage, habit, weakness; or, because they dare not refuse. They are not evil disposed—they are kind; I pause at this word, lest I should go too far.

They are not all deficient in talents and intelligence. Prince Massimo is cited for his good sense; and the two Paetani, for their witticisms. Santa Croce, though a little crazy, is not an ordinary man. But what a bad education has the government given them! Those who are not the children of the priests are at least their pupils, and they take especial pains to teach them nothing.

Take a student from the seminary of Saint Sulpizio, wash him clean, cause him to be dressed by Alfred or Poole, adorn him with a few jewels from Mortimer or Castellan, and teach him a little music and horsemanship,—you will have a Roman prince as good as any of them.

You suppose, perhaps, that the people educated at Rome, in the midst of *chefs-d'œuvre*, interest themselves in the arts, and know something about them: you are mistaken. One has never entered the Vatican but to make visits; another is acquainted with his own gallery, only through the reports of his steward; another never saw the catacombs before he was elected Pope. They profess that elegant ignorance and good taste which will always be fashionable in Catholic countries.

I have said enough respecting the courage, the talents, and the education of the Roman nobility. A word on the revenues which it has at its disposal.

I have before my eyes a list which I believe to be authentic, for I copied it myself from good authority. It includes the net disposable revenues of the principal Roman families. I extract from it the most imposing figures:—

Corsini,	500,000 francs.	Rospigliosi,	250,000 francs.
Borghese,	450,000 “	Colonna,	200,000 “
Ludovisi,	350,000 “	Odescalchi,	200,000 “
Grazioli,	350,000 “	Massimo,	200,000 “
Doria,	325,000 “	Patrizi,	150,000 “

Orsini, 100,000 francs.	Torlonia, revenue unlimited.
Strozzi, 100,000 “	Antonelli, idem.

This does not mean that M. Grazioli, for example, is himself almost as rich as Prince Borghese, with his two brothers, Aldobrandini and Salviati. But all ancient families are burdened with a thousand and one hereditary charges, which singularly diminish their incomes. They maintain chapels, churches, hospitals, colleges, and entire chapters of greasy canons, while the nobles of last year do not have to pay for the glory or for the sins of their ancestors.

However that may be, this list will prove to you that the Roman nobility are mediocre in wealth as well as in every thing else. Not only are they incapable of rivalling, sustaining competition with the industrious citizens of London, Basle, or Amsterdam, but they are infinitely less wealthy than the nobility of Russia or England.

Is it because a just law like ours constantly divides large fortunes? No; the right of primogeniture, like all other abuses of ancient times, still exists in the kingdom of the Pope. Parents provide for younger sons as they can, endow their daughters as they

please; it is not the justice of fathers which ruins families. It is even said that the elder is not expected to wear mourning for the death of the younger — a saving of black cloth.

This being so, why are not the Roman princes richer? I see two excellent reasons for it; the necessity of making a show, and the bad government.

Ostentation, a Roman defect, requires that every gentleman should have a palace in the city and a palace in the country; carriages, horses, lackeys, and liveries. One can do without bedding, linen, and chairs; but a picture gallery is indispensable. It is not necessary that he should have a fowl in the pot every Sunday, but he must have a garden walled with hewn stone for the amusement of foreigners. These factitious wants absorb his revenue, and often encroach upon his capital.

Meanwhile, I know five or six domains which would suffice for the prodigalities of a king, if they were administered in the English mode, or even in the French; if the proprietor acted with his own hands and saw with his own eyes, if he did not suffer to enter between his estate and himself a cloud of inter-

mediates, all of whom enrich themselves at his expense.

Not that the Roman princes knowingly suffer their affairs to be neglected. Beware of confounding them with those great noblemen of old France who smile at the wreck of their fortunes, and revenge themselves on their steward by a jest or a kick. The Roman prince has offices, deeds, clerks: he shuts himself up in his cabinet several hours each day; he examines his accounts, shakes the sand from them, and gives his signature. But as he is neither qualified nor educated for it, his zeal only serves to remove the responsibility from the rogues who surround him. I have been told of a gentleman who had inherited an enormous fortune, who condemned himself to the labor of a clerk at 1200 francs, who remained faithful to his office to extreme old age, and who died insolvent, thanks to I know not what defect in management.

Pity them, if you please, but do not cast stones at them. They are such as education has made them. Look at their children as they pass along the Corso between two Jesuits. These children, of from six to ten years, pretty as Cupids, notwithstanding their

black dress and white cravats, uniformly grow up under the shadow of the broad-brimmed hat of their master. Their minds are already a well-raked garden, from which is carefully uprooted every vestige of an idea. Their hearts are purged from every passion, good or bad. The poor fellows will not even have vices!

When they shall have passed through their final examinations and obtained a diploma of ignorance, they will be dressed in the London fashions, and let loose on the public promenades. They will weary the pavement of the Corso, and wear out the avenues of the Pincio, the Villa Borghese, and the Villa Pamphili. They will promenade long, they will promenade much; on foot, on horseback, in carriages, with a cane, a riding whip, or an opera glass in their hands, until they are married. Constant at mass, faithful at the theatre, you will see them smile, yawn, applaud, and make the sign of the cross, without passion. Almost all are inscribed on the lists of one or two religious fraternities — there are no clubs. They play timidly, never talk of the female dancers, drink without enthusiasm, and never ruin themselves in running about — exemplary conduct, which cannot be too highly

praised; but the dolls which say *papa* and *mamma* are no less immaculate.

One fine morning they reach the age of twenty-five. At this age an American has learned six trades, made four fortunes, one failure, and two campaigns, pleaded a lawsuit, preached a religion, killed six men with a revolver, freed a negress, and conquered an island. An Englishman has written two theses, accompanied an embassy, established a counting house, converted a Catholic, made the tour of the world, and read the complete works of Walter Scott. A Frenchman has composed a tragedy written for two newspapers, received three sword thrusts, attempted two suicides, provoked fourteen husbands, and changed his political opinions nineteen times. A German has disfigured fourteen of his intimate friends, swallowed sixteen barrels of beer, and of Hegel's philosophy, chanted eleven thousands couplets, compromised a servant, smoked a million of pipes, and dipped into two revolutions. The Roman prince has done nothing, seen nothing, learned nothing, loved nothing, suffered nothing. The grate of a cloister is opened, and a young girl

brought forth, as inexperienced as himself, and these two simpletons kneel before a priest, who permits them to give birth to other simpletons.

You will perhaps expect to see an unhappy family? No. Nevertheless, the young wife is pretty, The ennui of the cloister has not so palled upon her heart that it is incapable of loving; her uncultivated mind develops itself spontaneously by contact with the world. She will soon feel the insignificance of her husband. The more her education has been neglected, the more chances has she of remaining a woman, that is to say, intelligent, loving, and charming. Ah! the prince would be a man to be pitied if we were at Vienna or Paris.

But that tall and large extinguisher which Heaven keeps suspended over the city of Rome, stifles even the subtle flames of passion. If Vesuvius had been here, it would have been cold forty years ago. The Roman princesses were talked about up to the end of the eighteenth century. Their gallantries took a military turn under the French dominion; they came to the Café Neuf to admire their lovers who were playing at billiards. But hypocrisy and morality have

made immense progress since the restoration. The rare personages who figure in scandalous chronicles have passed their sixtieth year, and their adventures are engraven on the tablets of history, between Austerlitz and Waterloo.

The young princess whom we have just now married will commence by giving her husband several children, and little cradles will keep love at a distance.

In five or six years, when she may have leisure to think of evil, the world will bind her hand and foot. Do you wish a specimen of her days in winter? Rising, the toilet, breakfast, husband, children, occupy her morning. From one till three she returns the visits she has received, in the order in which she received them. The highest act of politeness is to call on people; the second, to carry your visiting card yourself, without entering their houses; the third, to send the square of pasteboard by a domestic *ad hoc*. At three o'clock, a drive to the Villa Borghese, where she salutes her friends with the ends of her fingers. At four o'clock she ascends to the Pincio; at five she drives on the Corso. All fashionable ladies, without exception, are condemned to this triple

promenade; if a single person is absent, her husband will be asked if she is not indisposed. Night comes; she reënters, dines, dresses to appear in public. Every house has its reception once a week—a pure and simple reception, without play, without music, without conversation, an exchange of salutations and cold civilities; a ball is given from time to time to break this ice and dispel this ennui. Poor woman! In a life so full and so empty, there is not even room for friendship. Two companions of childhood, educated at the same convent, married into the same circle, meet daily at all hours, and do not find, in a year, ten minutes for intimacy. The most *spirituelle*, the best, is known only by her name, title, and fortune; people criticise her beauty, her toilet, her diamonds; no one has opportunity or leisure to penetrate the recesses of her soul. A truly distinguished woman said to me, “On entering a drawing room I became stupefied; idiocy seizes me in the very ante-chamber.” Another, who had resided in France, regretted with tears those pleasant friendships, so gay and so cordial, which she had formed with the young ladies of Paris.

The Carnival comes ; it confounds every thing, and does not draw people nearer to each other. Is one ever more isolated than in the midst of noise and a crowd ? And then comes Lent ; and then the grand solemnity of Easter ; then families flee to the country, and go to practise economy in a vast unfurnished chateau. A few busy winters, a few stupid summers, and a multitude of children, — these constitute the romance of a princess. If there are a few chapters more, the confessor knows or makes them :

“That is not my business.”

We must go far from Rome to find true nobility. We may encounter here and there, in the province of the Mediterranean, a decayed family, who live with difficulty on the revenue of a small estate, and whom the wealthier neighbors treat with a certain respect. The people are grateful to them for having been something, and even for being nothing under a detested government. These petty aristocrats of the province, ignorant, simple, and proud, are, as it were, a relic of the middle ages, forgotten in the nineteenth century. I speak of them only by way of memorandum.

But if you will follow me beyond the Apennines, into those glorious cities of Romagna, I will show you more than one gentleman of noble name and ancient family, who cultivates his mind and his fields, who knows all we know, who believes all we believe, and nothing more; who is actively interested in the misfortunes of Italy, and who, turning towards happy and free Europe, hopes, from the sympathy of nations and the justice of princes, the deliverance of his country. These genuine nobles are justly suspected by the reigning class, for they will share with the bourgeois the heritage of the Pope. I met in certain palaces of Bologna a brilliant writer applauded in all the theatres of Italy; a learned economist quoted with respect in all the principal reviews of Europe; a controversialist dreaded by the priests; and all these men combined in the person of a marquis of thirty-four, who will, perhaps, play a principal part in the Italian revolution.

CHAPTER VIII.

FOREIGNERS.

ON commencing this chapter, permit me to recall a few memories of the golden age.

Not more than a century or two ago, when the old aristocracies, old royalties, and old religions thought themselves eternal; when the Popes innocently made the fortunes of their nephews and the happiness of their mistresses; when the *naïveté* of Catholic nations annually regilded the pontifical idol; when Europe was peopled with four or five hundred thousand persons of condition, formed to understand and be amused alike, without regard to the common people, — Rome was the Paradise of foreigners; foreigners were the providence of Rome.

A French gentleman took it into his head to visit Italy, to kiss the Pope's slipper, and a few other local curiosities. He reserved one or two years of leisure, slipped three letters of introduction into one

pocket, fifty thousand crowns into another, and entered a post chaise.

At that time it took at least a month or two to arrive at Rome; one did not, therefore, go there to pass a week. The crack of the postilion's whip announced to the great city the visit of a distinguished guest. Men desirous of employment hastened to welcome him. One of them seized the new comer, and placed himself at his service. He provided him in a few days with palaces, furniture, lackeys, horses, and carriages. The foreigner took off his boots at his ease, and delivered his letters of introduction. Good society opened its arms to him as soon as he had verified his titles. "You are one of us," it said to him. From that day he found himself at home every where. He was invited to all parties. He danced, supped, played, and paid his court to the ladies. You will imagine that he did not fail to entertain, in his turn, those who had received him so cordially. He opened his house to good society, and those brilliant winters of Rome acquired from him additional brilliancy.

No foreigner could resist the temptation of carrying

away a few souvenirs of a city so fruitful in marvels. One seized upon paintings, another upon antique marbles — this one upon medals, that one upon books. The trade of Rome prospered well.

Summer drove away foreigners as well as the inhabitants; but they did not go far. Naples, Florence, or Venice entertained them agreeably until the return of the gay season of winter. And they found excellent reasons for returning to Rome, for it is the only city in the world where one has never seen every thing. Some forgot their country so completely, that old age and death surprised them between the Piazza del Popolo and the Palace of Venice. Those who exiled themselves to their native country did so only in self-defence, when their pockets were empty. Rome bade them an affectionate adieu, and piously kept their memory and their money.

The revolution of 1793 disturbed this pleasant order of things; but it was as a storm between two summer days. Neither the Roman aristocracy nor the faithful group of its guests took seriously to heart this brutal interruption of all their delightful pleasures. The exile of the Pope, the French occupation, and many

other accidents were endured with a noble resignation, and forgotten with tasteful eagerness; 1815 passed a sponge over a few years of inconvenient history. All inscriptions which recalled the glory or the benefits of France were conscientiously erased. There was even talk of suppressing the lighting of the streets, not only because it brought out into bold relief certain works of darkness, but especially because it dated from Miollis and M. de Tournon.

Even now, in 1859, the *fleur de lis* designates to the public French estates. A marble tablet, placed in the Church of St. Louis of the French, promises an indulgence to those who pray for the King of France. The French convent of the Trinità de' Monti, that worthy convent which sold to us and reclaimed the picture of Daniel da Volterra, possesses the portraits of all the Kings of France, from Pharamond to Charles X. You will there see Louis XVII. between Louis XVI. and Louis XVIII.; but in this historical gallery there is no more vestige of Napoleon or Louis Phillipe than of Nana-Sahib or Marat.

A city so respectful to the past, so faithful to the worship of older memorials, is the natural refuge of

all dethroned kings. It is to Rome that they come to bathe their contusions, and dress the wounds of their pride. They live there pleasantly, surrounded by the servants who have remained faithful to them. A little court, assembled in their ante-chambers, secretly crowns them, calls them *your majesties* when they get up, and offers incense in their dressing-rooms. The Roman nobles and foreigners of distinction live with them in an unequalled intimacy, humbling themselves in order that they may be exalted, and sowing much veneration to reap a little familiarity. The Pope and the cardinals lavish on them, from principle, attentions which they would perhaps have withheld from them while on the throne. In short, the king the most abused, the most trampled upon, the most crushed by his ungrateful subjects has but to take refuge in Rome: with a little imagination and much money, he persuades himself that he still reigns over his absent people.

The overturns which closed the eighteenth century and inaugurated the nineteenth, sent hither whole colonies of crowned heads. The succeeding modifications in European society brought also some guests much

less illustrious, and who did not even belong to the nobility of their country. It is certain that within the last fifty years, fortune, education, and talent have conquered rights which had been reserved for both. Rome has seen arrive in a post chaise foreigners who were never born. These were great artists, eminent writers, merchants elevated to the rank of capitalists, or, more modestly still, men of the world who are every where in their place, because they know how to live. Good society has received them, not all at once, but after a profound examination. It has subjected them to certain tests; has prudently searched them to see that they did not carry about them dangerous doctrines. It has said to itself, "If we can no longer be a family, let us be a masonic brotherhood."

I have informed you that the Roman princes are, if not without pride, at least without arrogance. This observation applies even to the princes of the church. They receive with cordiality a foreigner of humble condition, provided he speaks and thinks like themselves on two or three important questions, profoundly venerates certain old curiosities, and curses

with all his heart certain novelties. Show them the white paw, or you cannot enter among them.

On this subject they are intractable. They resist rank, fortune, and even the most imposing political necessities. If France sends among them an ambassador who has not the white paw, the French ambassador remains outside the door of aristocratic drawing rooms. If Mr. Horace Vernet were nominated Director of the Academy, neither his name, nor his title would reopen to him certain doors where he was received as a friend previous to 1830. And why? Because Mr. Horace Vernet publicly clapped his hands at the revolution of July.

Nevertheless, do not imagine that it is necessary to exercise religion in order to associate with the cardinals, or to go to mass in order to be invited to a ball. But it is strictly and absolutely obligatory to think every thing good at Rome, to look upon papacy as an ark, the cardinals as saints, abuses as principles, and to approve the proceedings of the government, even when it does not proceed at all. It is fashionable to praise the virtues of the lower classes, their simple faith, and their indifference to political matters,

and to despise the middle class, who will make the approaching revolution.

I have often conversed with foreigners who reside in Rome, and who are in the fashionable world. One of the most distinguished and most amiable repeated to me often, and in every form, advice which I have remembered, though I have not profited by it.

“My dear friend,” said he to me, “I know but two modes of writing about Rome; you can choose between them. If you declaim against the government of the priests, against abuses, against vices, against injustice, against stabbing, against uncultivated lands, against bad air, against the want of neatness of the streets, against scandals, against hypocrisies, rapines, lotteries, the Ghetto, &c., you will have the very slender honor of adding the thousand and first pamphlet to those which have been published since the days of Luther. Every thing has been said against the Popes; a man who piques himself on originality ought not to join in the chorus of brawling reformers. Reflect, besides, that the government of this country, though very mild and very paternal, never forgives. If it desired to do so, it would not have the right; it is pledged to defend its

principles, which are sacred. Do not close the doors of Rome upon yourself. You will be so happy to return, and we to receive you here! If you wish to support a new and original thesis, and acquire a fame which will not be wholly unprofitable, dare to declare boldly that every thing is good, even what is acknowledged to be evil. Praise without restriction an order of things which has been solidly maintained for eighteen centuries. Prove that every thing here is to be relied upon, and that the network of the pontifical institutions is enchained by a powerful logic. Courageously resist those vain desires of reform which would, perhaps, lead you to such or such changes. Reflect that old constitutions cannot be touched with impunity, and that one stone displaced may make the whole edifice crumble. Alas! poor child! you do not know whether such an abuse which offends you is not essential to the very existence of Rome. The good and bad combined together make a more durable cement than the choice materials of which modern Utopias are fabricated. I, who speak to you, have been here many years, and am very well satisfied. Whither should I go if Rome should be turned up-

side down? Where should we put the dethroned kings? Where lodge the Catholic religion? They will tell you that certain persons complain of the administration. Who cares? They are not in our circle. You will never meet with them in good company. If the requirements of the middle class were listened to, there would be a general overturn. Are you curious to see factories around St. Peter's, and fields of turnips at the Fountain of Egeria? These natives persuade themselves that the country is theirs because they were born here; their pretensions are too ridiculous! Tell them that Rome is the common property of honest people, men of taste, and artists. It is a museum confided to the guardianship of the Holy Father, a museum of old monuments, old pictures, and old institutions. Let the rest of the world change, but build a Chinese wall around the Papal States, and let the railroads never approach them! Let us preserve for posterity at least one fine specimen of absolute power, of antique art, and of Catholic theocracy!" Thus do foreigners of the old school express themselves, the good natured foreigners, true, faithful—those who, by dint of witnessing the ceremonies of St. Peter's and the feast of

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onions at St. John of Lateran, have acquired a Roman language, a manner of looking at things in a semi-cardinal light, and a sort of fashionable faith. I do not share in all their opinions, and their advice has not been useful to me; but I am interested in them, like them, and sincerely pity them. Who knows at what events they may be present before they die? Who can foresee the spectacles which the future has in reserve for them, and the derangements which the Italian revolution may make in their habits. Already the locomotives which go to Frascati grate on their ears. Very soon the shrill voice of steam, which seems to hiss with impertinence at the respectable comedy of the Pâst, will resound night and day between Rome and Civita Vecchia. The steamboats, other engines of disorder, bring twice a week an invasion of the worst kind. These travellers by the dozen, who encumber the streets and squares, as much resemble our good natured foreigners as the barbarians of Attila resembled the worthy Spaniard who came to Rome expressly to see Titus Livius.

They are an assemblage of people of every condition, for since travelling now costs nothing, any body

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is rich enough to pay for a sight of Rome. Advocates without causes physicians without patients, clerks at a thousand crowns a year, pedants from the seminary, people from offices, factories, and shops, shower themselves upon it like hail, for the vanity of saying that they have communed there. Holy week annually brings a frightful wave. These little people, who travel with their carpet-bags under their arms, lodge at the hotel. Hotels have been built expressly to accommodate them. There were no hotels in the city, when the most insignificant foreigner hired a house. The type of modern caravanseries is the *Minerva*. There you may lodge for three francs a night; you eat in a refectory, between the elbows of two neighbors. You should take a place at this table once to judge of the travelling plebeians who inundate the city at the approach of Easter.

“I,” says one, “have this morning done two museums, three galleries, four monuments.”

“I,” says another, “have confined myself to the churches. I despatched seventeen of them before breakfast.”

“Possible! You went to work in good earnest.”

“It is because I reserve a day for the environs.”

“The environs? I don’t care for them. If I have a day left, I shall spend it in buying necklaces.”

“You did not forget the Villa Borghese?”

“No; it belongs to the city, though it is without the walls.”

“How much did they charge you?”

“I gave ten cents to the keeper of the museum.”

“And I twenty; he cheated me.”

“O, they are all robbers.”

“No matter; Rome is worth the money.”

Shades of the travellers of the good old times — delicate, subtle, charming shades — what do you think of such discourse? You think that your lackeys knew more about Rome, and spoke of it more pertinently.

A little farther on, an Englishman is relating that he has visited the two greatest curiosities of the city — the Coliseum and Cardinal Antonelli. He declares that the Coliseum is a fine monument, and the cardinal a man of much talent.

Then there is a provincial dowager given to practices of the highest devotion. She has witnessed all

the ceremonies of Easter; she has approached very near the Pope; she thinks he bestows the benediction sublimely. The good lady has profited by her journey to procure relics. She has obtained a little bone of St. Perpetua, and a splinter of the true cross. But this is not all; she must have the Pope's branch, the identical branch which the Holy Father held in his hand. This is with her a fixed idea, a question of salvation; she doubts not that this bit of wood will open to her the gates of Paradise. She has made her request to the curate, who will transmit it to a monsignore, who will forward it to a cardinal. By dint of persistence and *naïveté*, she will at last reach some one, will have her branch, and hopes that all the devotees of her parish will burst with vexation.

Among these batches of ridiculous travellers are always to be found some ecclesiastics. Here is one from our own country; you have met with him in France; does he not seem to you to be somewhat changed? In the shadow of his steeple, in the midst of his flock, on his own ground, at home, he was the mildest, most modest, and most timid of men. He bowed very low to the mayor and the most microscopic

authorities. At Rome his hat seems to be nailed on his head; it would even seem — God forgive me! — that it rather inclines over one ear. How jantily is his cassock held up! How he minces as he passes along the streets! Has he not his hand on his hip? I think so. See what it is to be in a kingdom governed by priests. He breathes an air impregnated with clerical glory and theocratic omnipotence. Paf! it is a bottle of champagne which salutes him with its stopple. When he has emptied it to the dregs, he will begin to mutter that the French clergy have not had their deserts, and that we should not hasten to restore the estates which the revolution took away.

I heard this thesis maintained on the boat on which I returned to France. The principal passengers were Prince Souworf, governor of the province of Riga, and one of the most distinguished men in Europe; Mr. de la Rochefoucauld, attached to the French embassy; Mr. de Angelis, an agriculturist, very well educated and truly distinguished; Oudry, engineer of the Civita Vecchia railroad; and a French ecclesiastic of respectable age and corpulence. This reverend father, who did not hate disputation, and who was coming from a country

where the priests are always in the right, attacked me after dinner on the merits of the pontifical government. I replied as well as I could, like a man unaccustomed to argument. Driven to close quarters, and challenged to name one fact which was not to the Pope's credit, I chose at random a recent anecdote, which every body in Rome knew, and Europe could not help knowing soon. My honorable interlocutor received it with the most direct, formal, and complete denial. He accused me of impudently calumniating an innocent administration, and of propagating falsehoods forged at will by the enemies of religion. His words fell so heavily that I was knocked down, crushed, confounded, and for a moment asked myself whether I had not indeed lied.

The story which I had related was that of the young Mortara.

But to return to Rome and to our modern visitors. Those whom we have just now met have already departed; but we shall find others. They roll in like waves from the sea, and are as like each other as one wave to another. See them laying in their stock of souvenirs among the merchants of the Corso and the

Via Condotta. They pounce on cheap necklaces, coarse mosaics, mock jewelry, and generally on the wares which can be had in plenty for five francs. They do not care to purchase any thing beautiful, but they want those commodities which are found only at Rome, to prove to posterity that they have been there. And they cheapen as at the *halle*; and yet, when they return to the *Minerva* with their booty, they are surprised that so much money expended should not make a larger parcel.

If they carried home only necklaces, it would be no great harm; but they also carry home opinions. Do not talk to them of the abuses which abound in the kingdom of the Pope; they will reply, drawing themselves up, that they have been at Rome, and have not seen them. As the surface of things is correct, at least in the finest quarters of the city, these honest travellers easily persuade themselves that all is well. They have seen the Pope and the cardinals in all their glory and their innocence, at the Sixtine Chapel; now it is not on Easter, and before the eyes of the public, that Cardinal Antonelli attends to his pleasures or his business. When Mgr. B * * * dishonored a

young girl, who died in consequence, and sent her lover to the galleys, he did not choose the Sixtine as the theatre of his exploits.

Do not pity the Italian nation in presence of pilgrims of the Holy Week. They have seen the country uncultivated from Civita Vecchia to Rome, and they understand that the people are lazy. They have encountered many mendicants in the street, and they have divined that the people are beggarly. The cicerone who shows them about has whispered a few words in their ears, and they are persuaded that all Italians would offer their wives and daughters to all foreigners. You would astonish them much if you should tell them that the Pope has three millions of subjects totally unlike the Roman rabble.

Thence it follows that the passer-by, the superficial traveller, the communicant of Holy Week, the boarder at the *Minerva*, is an enemy already to the nation, a natural defender of the government.

As for the foreigner who remains, if he is an idler attracted by the climate or by pleasure, indifferent to the fate of nations, a stranger to the chicanery of politics, he will be entirely converted, between a coun-

try dance and a cup of chocolate, to the ideas of the Roman aristocracy.

If he is a student or a man of action, sent for a certain object, commissioned to fathom certain mysteries or support certain principles, they will undertake his conversion. I have seen officers very courageous, very frank, very gay, and not at all suspicious of Jesuitism, allow themselves to be allured gently by an invisible influence into the little paths of reaction, and to swear like pagans against the enemies of the Pope. Our generals, though less easily taken, still sometimes allow themselves to be caught. The government cajoles them, without caring a rush for them.

No pains is spared to persuade them that every thing is going on well. The Roman princes, who think themselves superior to all other men, treat them on a footing of perfect equality; the cardinals caress them. These men dressed in robes have wonderful fascination and irresistible powers of coaxing. The Holy Father converses now with one, now with another; he says to them, "My dear general!" A soldier must be very ungrateful, very ill bred, very devoid of respect for age and feebleness, very destitute of the old French

chivalry, not to allow himself to be killed at the doors of the Vatican, where he has been so pleasantly cajoled.

Our ambassadors, whom we must put in our class of good natured foreigners, are butts for the personal flatteries of Roman society. Poor Count de Rayneval! He was so nursed, so flattered, so deceived, that he ended by writing his note of the 14th of May, 1856! *

His successor, the Duke de Gramont, is not only an accomplished gentleman, but of a very refined and highly cultivated mind, with a touch of scepticism. The emperor took him from Turin to send him to Rome: it was therefore to be expected that the pontifical government would seem to him to be detestable; at first absolutely so, and the more so by comparison. I had the honor of conversing some time with this young and brilliant diplomatist, soon after his arrival, and when the Roman people expected much from him. I found him opposed to the ideas of M. de Rayneval, and little inclined to subscribe to his note of the 14th of May. Nevertheless, he was beginning to judge the administration of the cardinals and the

* See page 36 for this note.

grievances of the nation with more than diplomatic impartiality. If I dared to translate his opinion in plain language, I should say that he put the governed and governors in the same bag: so powerful is the persuasiveness of ecclesiastical cajoleries over the best endowed minds!

What have Romans to hope from our diplomacy, when they see one of the principal servants of the pontifical coterie controlling in the office of the French embassy? This gallant man is called Lasagni; he is, by trade, a consistorial advocate; we pay him for deceiving us. He is known for a *noir*; that is a fanatic of the reaction. The secretaries of the embassy despise him, thee-and-thou him, tell him that he is lying, and listen to him. He smiles, bends his spine, pockets the money, and laughs at us. You are in the right, my brave Lasagni! But I regret the eighteenth century: then there were cudgels for such fellows.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE IS
ABSOLUTE.

THE Counsellor de Brosses, who meant no harm to the Pope, wrote, in 1740, —

“The Papal government, though it is in fact the worst in Europe, is at the same time the mildest.”

The Count de Tournon, a worthy man, a skilful economist, conservative of all the existing powers, and thought to be somewhat prejudiced in favor of the Pope, said, in 1832, —

“From this concentration of the powers of pontiff, bishop, and sovereign, naturally springs the most absolute authority over temporal things; but the exercise of this authority, tempered by custom and government forms, is still more so by the virtues of the pontiffs who have for many years been seated on the throne of St. Peter; so that the most absolute government is exercised with great mildness. The

Pope is an elective sovereign ; his states are the patrimony of Catholicity, because they are the pledge of the independence of the head of the faithful ; and the reigning Pope is the supreme administrator, the curator of this domain."

Finally, Mr. de Rayneval, the last and least happy apologist for the Papacy, makes in 1856 the following avowals : —

“ Formerly, the ancient traditions of the court of Rome were faithfully preserved. Every modification of established usages, every amelioration, even material, was looked upon with an evil eye, and seemed full of dangers. The affairs of government were exclusively reserved for the prelates. The superior offices of the state were of right interdicted to the laity. Practically, the different powers were often confounded. The principle of the pontifical infallibility was applied to administrative questions. We have seen the personal decision of the sovereign revoke the sentences of tribunals, even in civil matters. The cardinal secretary of state, prime minister in every sense of the term, concentrated in his own hands all powers. Under his supreme direction the different branches of

the administration were confided to clerks rather than to ministers. The latter formed no council — did not deliberate together on the affairs of state. The management of the public finances was exercised in the most profound secrecy. No information was given to the nation on the employment of its funds. Not only did the budget remain a mystery, but it was afterwards ascertained that the accounts had not always been made out and closed up. Finally, municipal liberties, which, more than all others, are appreciated by the Italian people, and respond to their true tendencies, were subjected to the most restrictive measures. *Dating from the day when Pius IX. ascended the throne,*” &c.

Thus the *formerly* of Mr. de Rayneval is a precise date. It signifies, in plain speech, “before the election of Pius IX.,” or, “up to the 16th of June, 1846.”

Thus, had Mr. de Brosses returned to Rome in 1846, he would have found there, according to the confession of Mr. de Rayneval, the worst government in Europe.

Thus the most absolute government, as Mr. de Tournon calls it, was still exercised in 1846.

Up to the 16th of June, 1846, Catholicity had been the proprietor of the ten million acres which compose the Roman territory; the Pope had been the governor, curator, or farmer; and the citizens of the state, what? Probably the ploughboys.

Up to this era of deliverance, a despotism of routine had deprived the subjects of the Pope not only of all participation in affairs, but of the most humble and most legitimate liberty, of the most innocent advancements, and even—I write it tremblingly—of recourse to the laws! The fantasy of one man had arbitrarily reversed the sentences of justice. In fine, an incompetent and disorderly caste squandered the public money without being accountable to any body; sometimes without giving an account to itself. Mr. de Rayneval has said so; we must believe it.

Before going farther, I assert that such a state of things, now acknowledged by the apologists of Papacy, justifies all the discontent of the Pope's subjects, all their complaints, all their recriminations, all their rebellions previous to 1846.

But is it true that since 1846 the Papal government has ceased to be the worst in Europe? If you

can show me a worse one, I will tell of it at Rome, and the Romans will be much astonished.*

Is the absolute authority of the Papacy limited by any thing but the private virtues of the Holy Father? No. The constitution of 1848, which has been destroyed,—the *motu proprio* of 1849, all of whose articles have been eluded,—have they limits? Not at all. Has the Pope renounced his title of administrator or irresponsible curator of the patrimony of Catholicity? Never. Are the affairs of government exclusively reserved for the priests? Always. Are the superior offices by right interdicted to the laity? By right, no; in fact, yes. Are the different powers still practically confounded? More than ever do the governors of cities continue to judge, the bishops to administer government. Has the Pope in any thing abrogated his infallibility in business? In nothing. Has he interdicted to himself the right of reversing the decrees of the courts of appeal? Not at all. Is the cardinal secretary of state no longer the reigning minister? He reigns, and the other ministers are his lackeys rather than his clerks; you will encounter them in the morning in his ante-chamber. Is there

a council of ministers? Yes, when the ministers come to take orders from the cardinal. Is the management of the public finances public? No. Does the nation vote for its taxes, or allow them to be levied upon it? As in the past. Are the municipal liberties extended? Less so than in 1816.

To-day, as in the most flourishing times of pontifical despotism, the Pope is every thing; he has every thing; he can do every thing; he exercises perpetual, uncontrolled, and unbridled dictatorship.

I have no systematic aversion for the provisional magistracy of dictators. The ancient Romans prized it highly, sometimes resorted to it, and found it useful. When the enemy was at the gates, and the republic in danger, the senate and the people, usually so shy, abdicated all their rights into the hands of one man, and said to him, "Save us!" There are fine dictatorships in the history of every age and nation. If we number the halting places of humanity, we shall find a dictator at almost every one. A dictator created the unity of France; another, its military greatness; another, its prosperity in peace. Benefits of such importance, and which the people do not know how

to procure for themselves, are well worth the temporary sacrifice of liberty. A man of talent, also a man of worth, and invested with boundless authority, is almost a God upon earth.

But the duties of a dictator are infinite as his powers. A parliamentary sovereign, who marches with slow steps in a path traced by two Chambers, and who hears discussed in the morning what he must do in the evening, is almost innocent of the faults of his reign. A dictator, on the contrary, is as much more responsible in the eyes of posterity, as he is less so to the terms of the constitution. History will reproach him for what he has left undone of good, at a time when he could do every thing, and even his omissions will be imputed to him as crimes.

I add that in no case ought a dictatorship to continue long. Not only would it be absurd to wish it to be hereditary, but a man who would insist upon exercising it always would be a fool. The sick man allows himself to be bound by the surgeon who is about to save his life; but the operation over, he wishes to be untied. Nations do not act otherwise. From the day when the benefits of the master no

longer compensate them for the absence of liberty, the nation reclaims the usage of its rights, and intelligent dictators restore it to them.

I have often conversed in the States of the Pope with enlightened, honorable men, who rank among the leaders of the middle class. They have said to me, almost unanimously, —

“If there should fall from heaven to us a man strong enough to prune abuses to the quick, to reform the administration, to send the priests back to the church and the Austrians to Vienna, to promulgate a civil code, make the country salubrious, restore the plains to culture, encourage manufactures, facilitate commerce, finish the railroads, secularize education, propagate modern ideas, and place us in a situation to bear a comparison with France, we should fall at his feet and obey him as a God. They will tell you that we are ungovernable: only give us a prince capable of governing, and you shall see whether we begrudge him the power! Whoever he may be, from whatever quarter he may come, he will have absolute control of every thing, as long as any thing remains to be done. All we ask is, that, his task finished, he

allow us to share the power with him. You may be sure that we will then give him good measure. The Italians are accommodating, and not ungrateful. But do not ask us to endure longer this everlasting, lazy, tormenting, ruinous dictatorship, which superannuated old men transmit from hand to hand. If they would even exercise it themselves! But every one of them, too weak to govern, impatiently relieves himself of the burden which crushes him, and delivers us over, bound hand and foot, to the worst among his cardinals."

It is too true that the popes do not themselves exercise this absolute power. If the *white Pope*, or the Holy Father, governed personally, we might hope, with a little imagination, that a miracle of grace would make him march straight on. He is rarely very capable or very well informed; but as the statue of the Commander said, "We need no torches when we are lighted by heaven."

Unfortunately, the *white Pope* transmits his political functions to a *red Pope*, that is to say, to an omnipotent and irresponsible cardinal, under the name of a secretary of state. One single man represents the

sovereign without and within, speaks for him, acts for him, responds to foreigners, commands subjects, expresses all the wishes of the Pope, and sometimes forms his wishes.

This second-hand dictator has the best reasons in the world for abusing his power. If he could hope to succeed his master, and wear the crown in his turn, he would give, perhaps, an example, or counterfeit, of all the virtues. But it is impossible that a secretary of state should be elected Pope. Not only is custom opposed to it, but human nature will not suffer it. The cardinals assembled in conclave never unite to crown a man who has ruled over them during one reign. Old Lambruschini had taken all his measures to be elected. There were very few cardinals who had not promised their votes to him; yet it was Pius IX. who ascended the throne. The illustrious Consalvi, one of the greatest statesmen of our century, tried the same experiment with as little success. After such examples, Cardinal Antonelli has neither any chance to obtain the tiara, nor any interest in administering well.

If he could at least believe that the successor of

Pius IX. could retain him in office, he would, perhaps, be somewhat more circumspect. But it is unheard of that a secretary of state should reign under the name of two popes. That will never be seen, because it never has been seen: we are in a country where the future is the very humble servant of the past. Tradition absolutely requires that a new Pope should disgrace the favorite of his predecessor, and by this means render himself popular.

Thus every secretary of state is duly warned that his reign cannot be perpetuated, and that he will return to the obscurity of the sacred college whenever his master takes the road to heaven. He must, therefore, profit by his opportunities.

He knows, besides, that, after his disgrace, no one will call him to an account for his acts; for the least cardinal is as inviolable as the twelve apostles. He would, therefore, be very foolish to deny himself any thing, while he has the power in his hands.

The moment is now come to sketch in a few pages the portraits of the two men, of which the one possesses and the other exercises the dictatorship over three millions of unfortunates.

CHAPTER X.

PIUS IX.

OLD age, majesty, virtue, misfortune, have a right to the respect of all good people: do not fear that I shall forget it.

But Truth has her rights also; she is old, she is a queen, she is sacred, and men sometimes mistreat her cruelly.

I will not forget that the Pope is sixty-seven years old; that he wears a crown officially venerated by 139,000,000 of Catholics; that his private life has always been exemplary; that he practises the most noble disinterestedness on a throne where selfishness has long been seated; that he spontaneously opened his reign by benefits; that his first acts gave the brightest hopes to Italy and Europe; that he has endured the slow tortures of exile; that he exercises a precarious and dependent sovereignty under the protection of two armies; and that he lives in the power

of a cardinal. But those who were killed by cannon — shot at his request, and, to replace him on his throne; those whom the Austrians have shot down to confirm his power; and even those who labor in the infected plains to support the expenses of his government, are even more unfortunate than himself.

John-Maria, of the Counts Mastai Ferretti, born on the 13th of May, 1792, and elected Pope on the 16th of June, 1846, under the name of Pius IX., is a man older than his years, — small, fat, somewhat wan, and of precarious health. His paternal and somnolent physiognomy breathes of mildness and lassitude; there is nothing imposing in it. Gregory XVI. was ugly and pimpled, but he had a noble air, which inspired confidence.

Pius IX. plays his part tolerably well in the grand representations of the Catholic church. The faithful who have come from a distance to contemplate him at mass are surprised to see him take a pinch of snuff in the midst of the azure vapors of the incense. In his leisure hours, he plays at billiards, by order of his physicians.

He believes in God. He is not only a true Chris-

tian, but a devotee. In his enthusiasm for the Virgin Mary, he has invented a useless dogma; and raised a monument in bad taste, which disgraces the Piazza di Spagna. His character is pure, and has always been so, even when he was a young priest—a merit common enough with us, but rare and miraculous beyond the mountains.

He has nephews who, wonderful to relate! are neither rich, powerful, nor even princes. Nevertheless, no law forbids him to despoil his subjects for the benefit of his family. Gregory XIII. gave his nephew Ludovisi four millions of good notes, which were worth so much money. The Borghesis bought at one time ninety-five farms with the money of Paul V. A commission assembled in 1640, under the presidency of R. P. Vitelleschi, general of the Jesuits, decided, in order to put a stop to abuses, that every Pope should limit himself to founding an entail of \$80,000 annually for his favorite nephew, on certain conditions, and that he should not give to each niece more than \$180,000 of dowry.

It will be said that nepotism has fallen into disuse since the beginning of the eighteenth century; but

nothing prevents Pius IX. from making it fashionable again, as did formerly Pius VI. He has not wished to do so. His relatives are of inferior nobility and moderate fortune; he has changed their position in nothing. The Count Mastai Ferretti, his nephew, was married lately, and the wedding present of the Holy Father was confined to a small lot of diamonds estimated at \$40,000. And do not think this modest liberality cost the nation a single centime: the diamonds came from the Emperor of the Turks. A dozen years since, the Sultan of Constantinople, the Commander of the Faithful, presented to the Commander of Infidels a saddle embroidered with precious stones. The travelling clerks of the restoration, who swarmed at Gaëta and at Portici, carried away many of them in their trunks; the rest are in the casket of the young Countess Ferretti.

The character of this honest old man is made up of devotion, of good nature, of vanity, of weakness, and of obstinacy; with a spice of malice, which peeps out from time to time. He blesses with unction, and pardons with difficulty; a good priest, and an incompetent king.

His mind, which has given us such bright hopes and cruel disappointments, is of very ordinary capacity. I do not think him infallible in temporal things. His education is like that of all Italian cardinals. He converses tolerably well in French.

The people of his states have judged him with exaggeration since the day of his accession. In 1847, when he manifested in good faith a desire to do right, the Romans baptized him a great man. Alas, no! he was simply an excellent man, desirous to act differently from his predecessors, and better than they, and to deserve some applause from Europe. In 1859 he passes for a violent reactionist, because events have discouraged his good intentions, and especially because Cardinal Antonelli, who has the mastery over him through fear, violently pulls him back. I do not think him detestable in the present, nor admirable in the past. I pity him for having loosened the bridle of his people without having a hand firm enough to rein them in seasonably. I pity him especially for his present infirmity, which allows more evil to be done in his name than he has done good.

The ill success of all his enterprises, and three or

four accidents which have happened, have implanted in the minds of the lower classes of Rome a singular prejudice. They imagine that the vicar of Jesus Christ is a *jettatore*, or that he has an evil eye. When he traverses the Corso in his carriage, the good women fall on their knees, but they laugh at him under their mantillas.

The members of the secret societies impute to him, but for other reasons, all the misfortunes and all the servitudes of Italy. It is certain that the Italian question would be much simplified if there were no Pope at Rome; but the hatred of the Mazzinists against Pius IX. is censurable in so far as it is personal. They would inevitably kill him, if our soldiers were not there to defend him. This murder would be as unjust as that of Louis XVI., and not less useless. The guillotine would take away the life of an old man, who is good; it would not kill the principle of the sacerdotal monarchy, which is evil.

I have not asked an audience of Pius IX.; I have neither kissed his hand nor his toe; the only mark of attention which he has ever granted me is a few abusive lines at the head of the *Journal of Rome*.

Nevertheless it is impossible for me not to defend him when he is accused in my presence.

Put yourself in the place of this too illustrious and too unfortunate old man. After having been for nearly two years the favorite of public opinion and the lion of Europe, he has seen himself reduced to remove hastily from his Palace of the Quirinal. He has known at Gaëta and at Portici those impatient hours which sour the minds of exiles. A great principle, very ancient, and the legitimacy of which he does not question, was violated in his person. His counsellors said to him unanimously, "It is your fault; you have endangered the monarchy by your ideas of progress. The immobility of governments is the *sine qua non* condition of the stability of thrones; you will doubt this no longer if you peruse the history of your predecessors." He had had time to convert himself to this system, when Catholic armies reopened to him the road to Rome. Happy at seeing the principle saved, he swore to himself that he would no longer compromise any thing, and would reign immutable according to the traditions of the Popes. But, lo! the foreigners, his deliverers, imposed upon

him the condition of marching onward! What was to be done? He dared neither refuse nor promise every thing. He hesitated a long time; then pledged himself against his will; then broke, for the interests of the future, the engagements which he had made for the interests of the present. Now he pouts at his people, the French, and himself. He knows that the nation suffers, but he allows himself to think that the misfortunes of the nation are indispensable to the safety of the church. The murmurs of his conscience are stifled by the souvenirs of 1848, of which he is reminded, and by the fear of revolution, which is dinned in his ears. He therefore stops his eyes and ears, and prepares to die quietly between his enraged subjects and his dissatisfied protectors. All men without energy would conduct as he does, if they were in his place. It is not he whom we should condemn; it is weakness and old age.

But I will not undertake to procure the acquittal of Cardinal Antonelli.

CHAPTER XI.

ANTONELLI.

HE was born in a den of thieves. Sonnino, his birthplace, has been more celebrated in the history of crime than all Arcadia in the annals of virtue. This nest of vultures lay concealed among the mountains of the south, near the frontier of the kingdom of Naples. Roads impracticable to the police wound through swamps and thickets. Forests interlaced with vines, deep ravines, obscure grottoes, formed a convenient locality for the concealment of crime. The houses of Sonnino, old, poorly built, thrown together pell-mell, and almost uninhabitable by man, were only depots of pillage and warehouses of rapine. The population, alert and vigorous, had, for many centuries, cultivated theft with arms in hand, and gained their subsistence by murder. The new-born children breathed contempt of the laws with the air of the mountains, and sucked in the desire of

others' property with their mothers' milk. At an early age they put on moccasins of rough leather — those *ciocchie*, with which one may run lightly over the steepest rocks. When they had been taught the art of pursuing and escaping, of catching and not being caught, the value of coins, the arithmetic of divisions, and the principles of national rights as they are practised among the Apaches and Camanches, their education was complete. They learned of themselves to enjoy stolen property, and to satisfy their passions in victory. In the year of grace 1806, this thievish and brutal, impious and superstitious, ignorant and crafty race gratified Italy with a little mountaineer called James Antonelli.

Hawks do not hatch doves; this is an axiom in natural history which needs no demonstration. If the young Antonelli had been born with the simple virtues of an Arcadian shepherd, his village would have disowned him. But the influence of certain events modified, if not his nature, at least his conduct. His childhood and youth were subjected to two contradictory influences. If robbery gave him his first lessons, the police gave him others. He was not more

than four years old when certain sounds of lofty morality violently shocked his ears; it was the French army shooting brigands in the suburbs of Sonnino. After the return of Pius VII., he saw the heads of several neighbors of his family cut off, who had dandled him on their knees. It was much worse under Leo XII. The gallows and the whip were fixtures on the village square. The authorities daily razed the house of a bandit, after having sent his family to the galleys and paid a bounty to the informer. The gate of St. Peter, adjoining the house of the Antonelli, was embellished with a garland of decapitated heads, and these eloquent relics grimaced dogmatically enough in their iron cages. Admit that if the drama is the school of life, especially is such a drama as this. The young Giacomo had an opportunity of reflecting on the inconveniences of robbery even before having tasted its pleasures. Around him a few men of progressive ideas were already seeking professions less perilous than theft. His father, who had in him, it is said, the stuff of a Gasparone or a Passatore, did not expose himself on the public roads. After having tended cattle, he became a surveyor, then a muni-

cipal receiver, and earned more money with less danger.

The young man hesitated for some time on the choice of a profession. His vocation was that of all the inhabitants of Sonnino—to live in plenty, to indulge in every kind of pleasure, to be at home every where, to depend on no one, to domineer over others, to inspire fear in them if necessary, and especially to violate the laws with impunity. To attain an object so elevated, without exposing his life, which was always dear to him, he entered the theological seminary at Rome.

In our country of scepticism, one enters the seminary with the hope of being ordained priest; Antonelli never expected to be so. It is because in the capital of the Catholic church Levites of some intelligence become magistrates, prefects, counsellors of state, ministers. Curates are manufactured of dried fruits.

Antonelli distinguished himself so well that he escaped, by divine^e aid, the sacrament of orders. He has never said mass; he has confessed no one; I will not affirm that he has confessed himself. He obtained the friendship of Gregory XVI., more useful

certainly than all the Christian virtues. He has been a prelate, magistrate, prefect, secretary general of the interior, and minister of the finances. Will it be said that he has not chosen a good path? A minister of finances, if ever so little acquainted with his business, saves more money in six months than all the brigands in Sonnino in twenty years.

Under Gregory XVI., he had been a reactionist in order to please the sovereign. On the accession of Pius IX., he professed, for the same reason, liberal ideas. A red hat and a portfolio were the recompense of his new convictions, and proved to the inhabitants of Sonnino that liberalism itself was more lucrative than theft. What a lesson for these mountaineers! One of their number riding in a carriage before the very barracks, and the soldiers presenting arms instead of firing at him!

He seized on the new Pope as he had on the old, and it might be seen that the best method of taking people was not to stop them on the public roads. Pius IX., who had no secrets for him, confided to him his desire of correcting abuses without dissimulating his fear of being too successful. He was of service

to the Holy Father, even in his irresolutions. As president of the council of state he proposed reforms, and as minister he postponed them. No one was more active in preparing the constitution of 1848, nor more ready to violate it. He sent Durando to fight against the Austrians, and disclaimed him as soon as he was beaten.

He withdrew from the ministry when he saw there were dangers to be incurred, but he aided the Pope in his secret opposition to his ministers. The murder of Rossi inspired him with serious reflections. When one has taken the trouble to be born at Sonnino, it is not to allow one's self to be assassinated; — far from it. He secured the safety of the Pope and of himself, and went to play at Gaëta the rôle of secretary of state *in partibus*.

From this exile dates his absolute control over the mind of the Pope, his reinstatement in the esteem of the Austrians, and the complete consistency of his conduct. No more contradictions in his political life. Those who accused him of hesitating between the welfare of the nation and his own personal interest were silenced. He wished to restore the absolute power of

the Pope, that he might dispose of it at his ease. He prevented all intercourse of Pius IX. with his subjects; he summoned the canons of Catholicity to the conquest of Rome. He maltreated the French, who allowed themselves to be killed in his behalf; he closed his ears to the liberal opinions of Napoleon III.; he designedly prolonged the exile of his master; he drew up the promises of the *motu proprio*, thinking all the while of the means of evading them. He returned at last, and, during ten years, has reigned over a timid old man and a fettered people, opposing a passive resistance to all the counsels of diplomacy and all the wishes of Europe; attached to power, careless of the future, abusing the present hour, and increasing his fortune daily in the Sonnino fashion.

In 1859 he is fifty-three. He has retained his youth; his body is supple and robust, and his health that of a mountaineer. The breadth of his forehead, the brightness of his eyes, his nose like an eagle's beak, and all the upper part of his face inspires a certain astonishment. There is, as it were, a gleam of intelligence on that brown and somewhat Moorish physiognomy. But his heavy jaw, his long teeth, his

thick lips express the grossest appetites. He seems a minister engrafted on a savage. When he assists the Pope in the ceremonies of the Holy Week, he is magnificent with disdain and impertinence. He turns, from time to time, towards the diplomatic gallery, and looks without laughing at those poor ambassadors, whom he is ridiculing from morning till night. You admire the comedian who is defying his public. But when he stops in a saloon beside a pretty woman, when he whispers in her ear, touches her on the shoulder, and casts his eyes into her bosom, you recognize the man of the woods, and think tremblingly of post-chaises overturned at the roadside.

He lodges at the Vatican, over the Pope's head. The Romans ask, jestingly, which is the highest, the Pope or Antonelli?

All classes of society hate him equally. Concini himself was not more detested. He is the only man about whom all the people are agreed.

A Roman prince was giving me an approximate view of the revenue of the nobility. On handing me the list, he said, "You will remark two families, whose wealth is indicated by points; it is infinite. One is

the Torlonia, the other the Antonelli family. Both have made a fortune in a few years—the first by speculation, the second by power.”

The Cardinals Altieri and Antonelli were discussing a question in the presence of the Holy Father. They contradicted each other several times. The Pope inclined towards his minister. The noble Altieri exclaimed: “Since your Holiness gives more credit to a *ciociari*, (a man who has worn *cioccie*, or leather moccasins) than to a Roman prince, I have but to withdraw.”

The apostles themselves entertain a certain degree of dissatisfaction with the secretary of state. The last time the Pope made a solemn entrance into his capital, (it was, I think, after his journey to Bologna,) the gates of the Popolo and the Corso were hung with tapestry, as usual, and the old statues of St. Peter and St. Paul had disappeared under the draperies. The people found the following dialogue written at the corner of a wall:—

PETER TO PAUL. “Say, comrade; it is my opinion that within here they do not have much to do with us.”

PAUL. "What can you expect? We are nobody now; there is no one but James [Antonelli] in the world."

I know that hatred proves nothing, even the hatred of the apostles. The French nation, which piques itself on justice, insulted the funeral procession of Louis XIV. It had its moments of detesting Henry IV. for his economy, and Napoleon for his victories. A statesman should not be judged on the depositions of his enemies. The only proofs we should admit against him are his public acts; the only witnesses to be heard are the greatness and prosperity of the country he governs.

But it is to be feared that such an inquest would be overwhelming to Antonelli. The nation reproaches him with all the evils which it has suffered for ten years. The public poverty and ignorance, the decline of all the arts, the violation of all rights, the oppression of all liberties, and the permanent scourge of foreign occupation fall on his head, since he alone is responsible for all.

Has he, at least, served usefully the reactionist party? I doubt it. What factions has he suppressed in the interior? It is under his reign that secret so-

cieties have multiplied in Rome. What complaints has he silenced without? Europe complains unani- mously, and daily lifts her voice higher. He has not reconciled to the Holy Father one party or one power. In ten years of dictatorship, he has gained neither the esteem of the foreigner, nor the confidence of the Roman; he has gained time—and nothing more. His pretended capacity is only knavery. He has the art of the peasant, the cunning of the Indian; he has not those lofty views which lay a solid founda- tion for the oppression of a nation. No one better than himself knows how to prolong an affair of busi- ness, beat about the bush, weary diplomatists; but it is not by games of this sort that one confirms a tot- tering tyranny. He has all the tricks of a bad policy—I am not sure he has the talents for it.

He does not need them to attain his object. For what is this? With what hope did he descend from the mountains of Sonnino? Do you really think he intended to become the benefactor of the nation? or the saviour of Papacy? or the Don Quixote of the church? He was not such a fool. He was interested first for his own person, secondly for his family.

His family are doing well. His four brothers—Philip, Louis, Gregory, and Angel (excuse the word) wore *chóches* when they were young; now they all equally wear the coronets of counts. One is governor of the bank—an excellent position. Since the condemnation of poor Campana, he has been given the bank of loans. Another is guardian of Rome, under a senator chosen for his insignificance—that is to say, colleague in a commune where the mayor is nobody. Another exercises publicly the trade of a speculator, with great facilities for interdicting or authorizing exportation, according as his warehouses are full or empty. The youngest is the travelling clerk, the diplomatist, the family messenger, *angelus domini*. The Count Dandini, merely a cousin, reigns at the police office. This little world manages, changes about, augments an invisible and incalculable fortune. They are not complained of at Sonnino.

As for the secretary of state, the men and women who know him intimately, unanimously affirm that he leads a pleasant life. Were it not for the ennui of coping with the diplomatists and giving audience every morning, he would be the happiest of moun-

taineers. His tastes are simple: a robe of red silk; unlimited power; an enormous fortune; a European reputation, and all the pleasures within the reach of man, — this little suffices him. Add an admirable collection of minerals perfectly classed, which he preserves, cherishes, and enriches daily, with the passion of an amateur and the tenderness of a father.

I have told you that he has always escaped the sacrament of orders. He is a cardinal deacon. The good souls who are absolutely determined that every thing shall be right at Rome, sound loudly the advantage which he has in not being a priest. If he is accused of being too rich, — “Granted,” reply these indulgent Christians, “but remember that he is not a priest!” If it is found that he has read Machiavel with profit, he is not a priest! If the public quote his good fortunes a little too often, he is not a priest! I did not know that deacons had the privilege of doing every thing with impunity. At this rate, what may we not allow ourselves, we who have not even our heads shaven.

This fortunate mortal has one weakness, but it is a very natural one: he fears death. A great and beau-

tiful lady, whom he has honored with his most eminent tendernesses, said to me in precise terms, "When I arrived at the rendezvous, he seized me like a madman, and passionately searched my pockets. When he was assured that I carried no concealed weapons, he remembered that we were friends."

One man only has dared to threaten a life so valuable to himself; this was a miserable idiot. Urged by secret societies, he posted himself on the stairway of the Vatican, and waited for the cardinal to pass. The moment being come, he drew from his pocket, with great difficulty, a fork. The cardinal perceived the weapon, and made a leap backward which the chamois of the Alps might have admired. The poor assassin was already seized, bound, and delivered to the judges. The Roman tribunals, which too often pardon the guilty, were pitiless for this innocent: they cut off his head. The cardinal, full of clemency, threw himself officially at the feet of the Pope, to implore a pardon which he was sure of not obtaining. He pays a pension to the widow. Is not this the act of a man of talent?

Meanwhile, since the day he found himself in the

presence of a fork, he never goes out without the greatest precautions. His horses are trained to gallop furiously through the streets; it is to warn the people to take care.

His fear of death, his passion for money, his attachment to his family, his contempt for men, his indifference to the welfare of the people, and various traits of accidental resemblance, have caused Antonelli to be compared with Mazarin. They were born in the same mountains, or nearly so. The one introduced himself stealthily into the heart of a woman, and the other into the mind of an old man. Both have governed unscrupulously, and deserved the hatred of their contemporaries. They have both spoken French equally comically, but without being ignorant of any of the finesses of the language.

Nevertheless, it would be unjust to place them on the same level. The selfish Mazarin dictated to Europe the treaties of Westphalia and the peace of the Pyrenees; he founded, by his diplomacy, the greatness of Louis XIV., and managed the affairs of the French monarchy without neglecting his own. Antonelli has made a fortune to the detriment of the nation, the

Pope and the church. Mazarin might be compared to an excellent but thievish tailor, who dresses his customers well after having cribbed a few yards of cloth for himself. Antonelli resembles those Jews of the middle ages who demolished the Coliseum to get the iron it contained.

CHAPTER XII.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PRIESTS.

IF the Pope were simply the head of the church, — if, confining his labors to the interiors of the temples, he would relinquish the government of temporal things, which he does not understand, — his countrymen of Rome, Ancona, and Bologna would govern themselves as we do at London or at Paris. The administration would then be all laic; the nation would provide for its own wants with its own revenues, according to the customs of all civilized countries.

As for the general expenses of the Catholic worship, which interest the Romans no more particularly than the Chinese, a voluntary contribution furnished by 139,000,000 men would provide amply for that. If each of the faithful should give one cent yearly, the head of the church would have something like \$1,400,000 to spend for his candles, incense, choristers, sextons, and repairs of St. Peter's. No Cath-

olic would think of refusing his quota, since the Holy Father, absolutely a stranger to worldly interests, could give dissatisfaction to no one. This petty tax would therefore restore independence to the Romans without diminishing the independence of the Pope.

Unfortunately, the Pope is a king. In this capacity he must have a court, or at least a pompous attendance, which he chooses from among the men of his own faith, opinions, and profession; nothing can be more logical. This court of the Pope, in its turn, aims to combine the spiritual with the temporal, and dispose of the offices of the state. Can the sovereign object that these pretensions are ridiculous? No. Add to this, too, that he hopes to be served more faithfully by priests. Reflect also that the revenue of the highest and best remunerated offices is indispensable to the brilliancy of his court.

Thence it follows that to preach to the Pope the secularization of his government, is to preach in the desert. Here is a man who has chosen not to be a layman; who pities laymen for being such; who considers them a caste inferior to his own; who has received an anti-laic education; who thinks, on all im-

portant points, differently from laymen; and you expect that in an empire in which he is absolute master, he will share his power with the laity! You require him to surround himself with these people, summon them to his councils, confide to them the execution of his will! What will he do? If he is afraid of you, if he wishes to make you believe in his good intentions, he will seek among the servants of his ministers' offices a few laymen without name, character, or talent; he will parade their incompetency before the people, and, the experiment made, will say to you sadly, "I have done what I could." But, if he were bold, frank, and of a playful manner, he would say immediately, "Put a layman in my place, if you wish to secularize any thing."

The Pope would not dare to speak so proudly in 1859. Intimidated by the protection of France, stunned by the unanimous complaints of his subjects, obliged to parley with public opinion, he protests that he has secularized every thing. "Look," says he; "count my functionaries. I have 14,576 laymen in my employ; a few more *employés* than soldiers. It has been told you that the ecclesiastics monopolize all offices:

where are they? Mr. de Rayneval searched for them; he found only 98. A good half of these was not priests! We have long ago done with the clerical *régime*. I have myself decreed the admissibility of laymen to every office, save one. To manifest my good will, I for some time employed lay ministers. I gave the finances to a simple accountant; the administration of justice, to a simple advocate; of war, to a man in the office who had served as an intendant to several cardinals. Just now, I confess, we have no more laymen in the ministry, but the law does not prohibit me from nominating them; and this is a great consolation to my subjects. In the provinces, I have named as many as three lay prefects to eighteen, and if I have substituted prelates for them, it was because the people of their jurisdiction loudly entreated me to do so. Is it my fault if the people respect only the ecclesiastical robe?"

This system of defence may deceive a few charitable souls, but it seems to me that if I were Pope, or secretary of state, or a simple partisan of the pontifical administration, I should prefer to tell the truth, which is logical, conformable with the principles of the gov-

ernment, and constitutional. And the truth is things are exactly as they should be, if not for the welfare of the nation, at least for the grandeur, the security, and the satisfaction of the pontifical government.

Yes, all the ministers, all the prefects, all the ambassadors, all the dignitaries of the court, and all the magistrates of the tribunals are ecclesiastics. Yes, the "most" holy auditor, the secretary of the *Brevi* and *Memoriali*, the presidents and vice presidents of the council of state and of the finances, the director general of the police, the director of public health and of prisons, the director of the archives, the attorney-general of the treasury, the president and secretary of the land surveys, and the president of the board of agriculture, are all ecclesiastics. Public education is in the hands of the ecclesiastics, under the superintendence of thirteen cardinals. All the benevolent institutions, all funds for the poor, are the patrimony of ecclesiastical directors. The assembly of cardinals judge lawsuits in their leisure moments; and the bishops of the kingdom are so many living tribunals.

Why conceal from Europe an order of things so natural? It should understand what it did when it reëstablished a priest on the throne.

All offices which give power or profit belong first to the Pope, then to the secretary of state, then to the cardinals, finally to the prelates. Each chooses for himself in hierarchical order, and when the choice is made, they throw to the nation the crumbs of power, the places which no ecclesiastic wants, 14,576 offices of all sorts, particularly those of the rural police. Do not be surprised at such a distribution. Reflect that, in the government of Rome, the Pope is every thing, the secretary of state almost every thing, the cardinals something, the prelates on the road to become something; but the laity of the nation, those who are married and have children, are nothing, and never will be any thing.

The word *prelate* has fallen from my pen; I need to explain it a little. It is a title tolerably well respected with us; it is not as much so at Rome. We know no prelates but our bishops and archbishops. When one of these venerable men issues from his palace in an antique carriage, with two horses going at a slow pace, we know, without being told, that he has spent three fourths of his life in the most meritorious duties. He has said mass in a village before

being curate of a parish. He has preached, confessed, buried the dead, carried the viaticum to the sick, distributed alms to the unfortunate. The Roman prelate is often a great boy who emerges from the seminary with a tonsure for his only sacrament. He is a doctor of something, he is entitled to a small income, and he enters the church as an *amateur*, to see if he can make his way there. The Pope permits him to call himself *monsignor* instead of *signor*, and to wear violet hose. Thus clad, he sets out, and trots towards the cardinal's hat. He passes through the tribunals, the administration, or domestic service at the Vatican; all roads are good to him, provided he has zeal and professes a pious contempt for liberal ideas. The ecclesiastical vocation is not strict; but one can obtain nothing without a good fund of retrograde ideas. The prelate who should take seriously the emperor's letter to Mr. Edgar Ney would be a lost man; he would have nothing left to do but to marry. For when one despairs of power, he takes a wife. A disappointed ambitious man would kill himself at Paris; at Rome he marries.

The prelate is sometimes the younger son of a great

family. His house is one of those which has a right to the hat. He knows it. On the day when he puts on the violet hose, he may in advance command the red hose. Meanwhile, he endures his probation, takes his time, and sows his wild oats. The cardinals shut their eyes on his conduct, provided he professes sound ideas. Do whatever you please, son of a prince, but let your heart be clerical!

In fine, it is not rare to find among the prelates some officers of fortune, adventurers of the church, whom ambition of ecclesiastical greatness has allured from their country. The whole Catholic world furnishes its contingent to this corps of volunteers. These gentlemen give singular examples to the Roman people. And I know more than one to whom the mothers of families would not confide the education of their sons. It has happened to me to paint in a novel * a prelate of this class; the good people of Rome named to me three or four persons whose portrait they thought they recognized. But it is a thing unheard of that a prelate, however vicious he may be, should profess liberal ideas. A single word escaping from his lips in favor of the nation would ruin him.

* Tolla.

Mr. de Rayneval has displayed much talent in demonstrating that the prelates, not having received the sacrament of orders, really belong to the laic element. If this be the case, a province may esteem itself fortunate, and think it has escaped the government of prelates; when it is given for a prefect only one who has had his head shaved. As for me, I do not see in what shorn prelates are any more laic than the priests. They have neither the vocation, I confess, nor the virtues, of the sacerdotal order; but they have the ideas, the interests, the passions of the ecclesiastical caste. They aim at the cardinal's hat, when their ambition does not reach as far as the tiara; singular laymen indeed, and calculated to inspire confidence in the laity! It would be better if they were cardinals; they would not have their fortunes to make, and nothing would longer compel them to signalize their zeal against the nation.

For, unfortunately, this ecclesiastical caste, so well united by the bonds of a learned hierarchy, reigns over a conquered country. It regards the middle class — that is to say, the intelligent and laborious part of the nation — as an irreconcilable enemy. The prefects are

not charged to govern the provinces, but to restrain them. The police is not formed to protect citizens, but to watch them. The tribunals have other interests to defend than those of justice. The diplomatic corps represents not a country, but a coterie. The board of education is not commissioned to instruct, but to prevent instruction. The taxes are not a national assessment, but an official robbery for the profit of a few ecclesiastics. Pass in review all the departments of public administration,—you will see every where the clerical element engaged in a conflict with the nation, and conquering it completely.

In this state of things, it is useless to say to the Pope, “Nominate the laity to important offices.” You might as well say to the Emperor of Austria, “Guard your fortresses with Piedmontese.” The Roman administration is what it must be; it will remain so as long as there is a Pope on the throne.

Besides, though the laity complain of being systematically excluded from power, things have come to such a pass that an honest man of the middle class would think himself disgraced by the acceptance of a high office. It would be said that he had deserted the nation to serve the enemy.

CHAPTER XIII.

POLITICAL SEVERITIES.

IT is acknowledged that the Popes have always been mild and indulgent even to weakness. I shall not attempt to contradict the testimonies of de Brosses and de Tournon, who assert that this government is the mildest in Europe, at the same time that it is the worst and most absolute.

Nevertheless, Sixtus V., a great Pope, was a still greater executioner. This man of God, when he became Pope, had Pepoli of Bologna hung, because he had given him a kick instead of a morsel of bread, when he was a monk and a mendicant.

Nevertheless, Gregory XVI., the late Pope, bestowed on a minor the rights of maturity, that he might legally give his head to the executioner.

Nevertheless, the terrible punishment of the wooden horse was vigorously revived four years since by the mild Cardinal Antonelli.

Nevertheless, the pontifical state is the only one in Europe which has retained the barbarous custom of setting a price on the heads of men.

No matter. As, after all, the pontifical state is that where the most impudent crimes, the most public assassinations, have the best chance of remaining unpunished, I agree with de Brosses and de Tournon that it is under the mildest government in Europe.

What I wish to study with you, is the application of this mildness to political matters.

It is nine years since Pius IX. returned to his capital, like a father to his house, after having caused the door to be broken open. Neither the Holy Father nor his companions in exile were animated with a very lively gratitude to the leaders of the revolution which had driven them away. Before being priests, they had for several years been men; and something of manhood still remained.

This is the reason why, in proclaiming the amnesty which had been advised by France and promised by the Pope, 283* individuals were excluded from the general measure. It is to be regretted for these 283

* "Victories of the Church," by the priest Margotti, 1857.

persons that the gospel is old, and the pardon of injuries out of fashion. You will tell me that St. Peter cut off the ear of Malchus.

The clemency of the Pope has pardoned 59 of these exiles in the space of nine years. But was it really pardoning them to recall them provisionally, some for a year, others for six months? Is a man placed under the surveillance of the police wholly pardoned? Must not an unfortunate man who is forbidden the practice of his former profession, leaving him the liberty of dying of hunger in his own country, often regret exile?

I was introduced to one of the 59 objects of the pontifical clemency. He is an advocate, or at least was so up to the day on which he obtained his pardon. He related to me the sufficiently inoffensive part which he had taken in 1848, the hopes which he had founded on the amnesty, the despair which had seized him when he found himself excluded, his life in exile, the resources which he had created for himself by giving lessons in Italian, like the illustrious Manin and so many others. "I could have lived happy," said he to me; "but one day my heart became oppressed with

homesickness; I felt that I must see Italy again or die. My family interceded for me; we knew the *protégé* of a cardinal. The police dictated its conditions; I accepted all, closing my eyes. Had they said to me, 'Cut off your right arm and you shall return,' I should have cut off my right arm. The Pope signed my pardon, and published my name in the journals, so that no one should be ignorant of his clemency. But the bar is interdicted to me, and I cannot earn my living in teaching Italian, in a country where every body knows it."

As he finished these words, the bells in the neighborhood rang for the *Ave Maria*. He turned pale, took his hat, and rushed from the room, saying, "Wretch that I am! I had forgotten the hour. If the police arrive before me, I am lost!"

His friends gave me the secret of his sudden terror. The poor man is subjected to the *preetto*, that is to say, a certain routine imposed by the police.

He must return home every evening at sunset, and remain in the house until day; the police can force his dwelling at any hour of the night to verify his presence. Under no pretext can he leave the city,

even at midday; the slightest infraction of the regulation exposes him to prison or a new exile.

The pontifical state is peopled with persons subject to the *precetto*; some are malefactors, who are watched in their dwellings for want of room in the prisons; others are suspected people. The sum total of these unfortunates is not published in the statistics; but I know from an official source that there are 200 at Viterbo; this is a city of 14,000 souls.

The insufficiency of the prisons explains many things, and especially the freedom of speech which reigns throughout the country. If the government should take it into its head to arrest those who detest it aloud, it would not have enough gendarmes, or jailers, or of peaceful mansions where "protection and salubrity prolong the lives of the inhabitants." *

The citizens are therefore permitted to speak at their ease, provided always that they do not gesticulate. But not a word is lost, in a state under the surveillance of the priesthood. The government has the exact list of those who wish it evil. It revenges itself when

* Proemio della statistica pubblicata, nel 1857, dall' Eminentissimo Cardinale Milesi.

it can, but it does not run after vengeance. It watches its opportunities; patient, because it thinks itself eternal.

If the rash man who has spoken occupies some humble office, a committee of purification stops his salary, and delicately deposits him on the pavement.

If he has an independent fortune, they wait until he needs something; for example, a passport. One of my good Roman friends has been for nine years soliciting permission to travel. He is rich, he is active; his business is one of the most profitable to the state. A foreign tour would complete his information, and increase his business. For nine years he has demanded an audience of the head of the department of passports, and no one has yet responded to him.

They have responded to several others who asked permission to travel in Piedmont, "Go there, but do not return." They have not been exiled, — why display useless rigors? — but, in exchange for the passports which have been given them, they have been obliged to sign a declaration of voluntary exile. The Greeks said, "Not every one goes to Corinth who wishes to."

The Romans have modified the proverb, "Not every one goes to Turin who wishes to."

Another friend of mine, Count X * * *, carried on a lawsuit for several years before the infallible tribunal of the Holy Rota. His suit was not a bad one, for he had alternately lost and gained it seven or eight times before the same judges. But it became hopeless the day when the count became my friend.

When the malcontents no longer confine themselves to words, and their manner of seeing things betrays itself in actions, pity them.

A political offender, arraigned before the Sacred Council, (for every thing is holy and sacred, even justice and injustice,) must be defended by an advocate whom he has not chosen, against witnesses whose names he does not know.

It is rare that in the capital, under the eyes of the French army, the rigor of condemnations is pushed to extremes. The government is satisfied with suppressing people quietly, shutting them up for life in a fortress. The state prisons are of two qualities — healthy and unhealthy. In establishments of the second class, perpetual seclusion does not last long.

The fortress of Pagliano is one of the most healthy. When I visited it, it contained 250 inmates — all political offenders. The people in the neighborhood told me that in 1856 these unfortunates attempted to escape. Five or six of them were shot on the roofs, like sparrows. The others would have been liable, if judged by the common law, only to eight years of the galleys. But an old ordinance of Cardinal Lanti has been exhumed, which will permit, if it please God, some of them to be guillotined.

But it is especially beyond the Apennines that the mildness of the government shows itself implacable. The French are not there; it is the Austrian army which forms the reactionary police in behalf of the Pope. There, under the *régime* of martial law, an accused person is judged by the officers, and executed by the soldiers. The ill humor of a few gentlemen in uniform strikes or kills. A young man fires a Bengal light: twenty years in the galleys. A woman prevents a smoker from lighting his cigar: twenty blows of the whip. In seven years, Ancona has seen 60 capital executions, and Bologna 180. Blood flows; the Pope washes his hands of it; he did not sign the

condemnation. The Austrians from time to time bring him a man shot down, as a gamekeeper brings his proprietor a fox killed in his woods.

Shall we say that the government of the priests is not responsible for the crimes committed in its service? We also have known the scourge of foreign occupation. Soldiers who did not speak our language have encamped for several years in our departments. The king who imposed them upon us was neither a great man, nor an energetic man, nor even an excellent man; and he had left something of his dignity in the wagons of the enemy. But it is certain that, in 1817, Louis XVIII. would sooner have abdicated his throne than have allowed the Russians and Prussians the right of legally shooting his subjects.

Mr. de Rayneval asserts that "the Holy Father has never failed to soften the rigor of sentences." I ask how he has softened these Austrian fusillades. Has he recommended that the balls should be enveloped in cotton?

CHAPTER XIV.

IMPUNITY OF REAL CRIMES.

THE Roman state is the most completely Catholic in Europe, since it is governed by the vicar of Jesus Christ. It is also the most fertile in crimes of every species, and especially in crimes of violence. A contrast so striking cannot pass unperceived. It is pointed out daily; conclusions are even drawn from it unfavorable to Catholicism. This is wrong. We must not impute to religion the necessary consequences of a certain kind of government.

Papacy has its roots in heaven, and not in the nation. The Italian people do not demand a Pope; God chooses him, the cardinals nominate him, the diplomacy maintains, and the French army supports him. The sovereign pontiff and his staff constitute a foreign body, introduced into Italy like a thorn into the foot of a woodcutter.

What is the mandate of the pontifical government?

With what object did Europe seek Pius IX. at Gaëta, to reëstablish him at the Vatican? Was it to give to three millions of men an active and vigorous guardian? The lowest brigadier of the armed police would have been better fitted for the business. No; it was that the head of the church might watch from the height of his throne over the interests of religion; that the vicar of Jesus Christ might be surrounded with regal state. The 3,000,000 of men who inhabit his states are destined by Europe to defray the expenses of his court. We have given them to the Pope, not the Pope to them.

This granted, the principal duty of the Pope is to say mass at St. Peter's for 139,000,000 Catholics. The second is to make a figure; to represent worthily; to wear a crown, and not let it fall. But whether his 3,000,000 subjects quarrel, kill each other, or steal each other's money, is in his eyes an indifferent, or at least secondary thing, as long as they do not attack the church or the government.

It is from this point of view that we must examine the distribution of penalties of the states of the Pope; we shall then see that his justice strikes logically at every blow.

The only unpardonable crimes in the eyes of the clergy are those committed against God. Rome punishes sins. The tribunal of the vicariate sends a blasphemer to the galleys, or throws into prison the wretch who refuses to communicate at Easter. Shall we say that the head of the church has not done his duty?

The head of the state defends his crown. I have told you how, and I no longer fear that you will accuse him of weakness. If Europe should dare to say that he suffered the throne on which she has placed him to be shaken, let her count up the political exiles, the prisoners of state, and a tolerably fine collection of tombs.

But the crimes and offences which the natives commit against each other touch the Pope and his cardinals only indirectly. What imports it to the successors of the apostles that the workmen and peasants murder each other on Sunday, after vespers? There will always be enough of them left to pay the taxes.

The people of Rome long ago contracted bad habits. They frequent the drinking shops, quarrel after drinking, and stabs with the knife are as common as blows with the fist in France. The lower classes in the

country imitate the people of the city; they settle with stabs of the knife questions of boundaries or succession, and family affairs. They would act more prudently to go before a magistrate; but justice is slow, lawsuits are expensive, bribery is necessary, favor turns the scale; the judge is an imbecile, an intriguer, or a rogue. One gets advantage at a game of cards; the knife cuts all—the knife strikes the balance. Jack falls,—he is wrong; Nicholas runs away,—he is in the right. This little drama is played more than four times a day in the states of the Pope; the statistics of 1853 prove it. This is a great evil for the country, and even a serious danger for Europe. The school of the knife, founded at Rome, establishes branch houses in other lands. We have seen the most sacred interests of civilization placed under the knife; and all the honest people in the universe, not excepting the Pope, have trembled at it.

It would be easy for him to wrest the knife from the hands of his subjects. He has not been asked to recommence the education of the people, which would take time; nor even to redress the wrongs of civil justice, and increase the number of pleaders by dimin-

ishing the number of assassins. We simply entreat him quickly and well to take off a few bad heads. But this method is repugnant to him. The assassins of the tavern are not the enemies of the government.

In obedience to the usage of all civilized countries, he runs after them, but takes care to give them a little the advantage. If they arrive at the banks of a river, they are no longer pursued, lest they should fall into the water and die without confession. If they grasp the gown of a capuchin, they are saved. If they enter a church, a convent, or a hospital, they are saved. If they set foot on an ecclesiastical domain, on clerical property, (there are \$100,000,000 worth of it in the country,) justice stops, and sees them run. The Pope has but a word to say to suppress this abuse of asylums, which is a permanent insult to civilization; he carefully preserves it, in order to show that the privileges of the church are superior to the interests of humanity. It is in his part in the play, and for his interest.

If, by chance, and without intending it, the police arrests a murderer, it brings him before the tribunals. The witnesses of the crime are sought for, and

never found. A citizen would think it dishonorable to deliver up a comrade to the natural enemies of the nation. Even the dead man, if he could revive, would affirm that he had seen nothing. The government is not strong enough to compel witnesses to tell what they know, nor to protect them from the consequences of their depositions. Therefore the most obvious crime cannot be proved.

Suppose the assassin has allowed himself to be taken, that the witnesses have opened their mouths, that the crime has been proved ; the tribunal hesitates to pronounce the death penalty.

“What matter if, by chance, vile blood be shed?”

The effusion of blood grieves the people : the government has nothing against the murderer ; it sends him to the galleys. He does not care ; public consideration accompanies him thither, and sooner or later he will receive his pardon ; for the Pope, indifferent to his crime, finds it more profitable to let him go than to support him.

Let the worst happen. Imagine a crime so glaring, so monstrous, so revolting, that the most disinterested

judges must condemn the guilty to death. You think, perhaps, that the blow is struck immediately for example's sake? No; the criminal is thrown into a dungeon; he is forgotten; it is hoped that he will die of himself. In the month of July, 1858, there were, in the little city of Viterbo, 22 persons condemned to death, who were singing psalms in prison while awaiting the executioner.

The executioner comes; he takes one; he kills him. The people are moved with compassion; the crowd weep; a single cry escapes from every mouth; poor boy! *poveretto!* It is because his crime dates ten years back; no one remembers it; he himself has expiated it by penitence. His execution would have been a good example if it had taken place ten years sooner.

These are the rigors of penal justice. I do not speak of its mercies,—you would laugh too much. The Duke Sforza Cesarini assassinates one of his domestics, who speaks to him disrespectfully. The Pope condemns him to a month's retreat in a convent, for the sake of example.

Ah! if the holy ark is touched, if a priest is

killed, if a cardinal is threatened, there are neither asylums, nor galleys, nor clemency, nor delay. Thirty years ago, justice cut in pieces, on the Piazza del Popolo, the murderer of a priest. It is not quite so long since the idiot was decapitated who showed a fork to Cardinal Antonelli.

It is with robbery as with assassination. Every thing leads me to believe that the pontifical court would not make too fierce a war against highway robbers, if they would promise to respect its money and its despatches. The arrest of a few travellers, the plunder of a little luggage, and even the pillage of a private house, are not religious or political crimes. One is sure that the brigands will never scale heaven, or even the Vatican.

This is the reason why crimes are frequent, especially beyond the Apennines, in those provinces which Austria has disarmed, and which she does not protect. The tribunal of Bologna has faithfully described the state of the country, in a sentence of June 16, 1856:—

“In past years, crimes innumerable, of every species, have afflicted this province. Thefts, pillages, burglaries, constantly take place, every where and at all times.

The number of malefactors continues to increase, as well as their boldness, encouraged by impunity."

Nothing has changed since the day when the tribunal of Bologna spoke so plainly. The most improbable and the truest stories are spread every morning throughout the country. The illustrious Passatore, who arrests the whole city of Forlimpopoli in the theatre, has his successors. The audacious brigands who plundered a diligence in the streets of Bologna, at a few paces from the Austrian barracks, have not yet been ferreted out. In a walk of a few weeks, on the banks of the Adriatic, I heard more than one unpleasant rumor. Here, there was talk of a proprietor besieged in his house by a small army: this was near Rimini. There, a story was related of a prison emptied of its prisoners, who escaped arm in arm with their jailers. Farther on, the diligence had met with misfortunes at the gates of the city. If a neighborhood lives undisturbed, it is because the inhabitants pay tribute to the brigands. I met five times a week the pontifical courier, under the escort of an omnibus filled with the armed police; and this sight led me to fear that the country was not safe.

But if the government is too weak or too indifferent to undertake an expedition against brigands, and purge the country thoroughly of them, it sometimes revenges itself for its authority defied and its money stolen. The magistrates do not come for nothing when by chance they come at all. Not only do they press the accused to confess their crimes, but they sometimes press them in a vice. The tribunal of Bologna confessed this, with a sentiment of regret, the 16th of June, 1856. It spoke of violent and ferocious means — *violenti e feroci*.

But simple theft, innocent theft, the theft of snuff-boxes and handkerchiefs, the theft which seeks a modest alms in the nearest pocket, is tolerated as paternally as mendicity. The official statistics publish, with a slight reduction, the number of mendicants in Rome. I regret that they have not told the number of thieves; they swarm. The government knows them all by name; it lets them alone. Foreigners are rich enough to pay a tax to national industry. Besides, these thieves never steal the handkerchief of the Pope.

A Frenchman arrested a fashionable gentleman who

had stolen his watch. He took him to the neighboring police office, and delivered him to the sergeant. "I believe you," replied the officer. "This man is a Lombard; you must have very recently arrived in this country, since you do not know him; but if all such were arrested, our prisons would not be large enough to contain them. Go, friend, and be more cautious the next time!"

Another is plundered in the middle of the Corso, at midnight, as he is returning from the theatre. He enters his complaint, and the magistrate says to him severely, "Sir, you were out at an hour when all honest people are in bed."

Another is stopped by robbers on the road from Rome to Civita Vecchia. He gives up his money, arrives at Palo, and tells his story to the officer. This gallant man, who examines the passports of foreigners until they give him twenty sous, replies to the complainant, "What can you expect? The people are so poor!"

But the day before great festivals, as it is necessary that a religious ceremony should not be disturbed by malefactors, the whole fraternity of thieves are ex-

pected to go to prison. They go of themselves, for they are on good terms with a paternal government. If any professional robber fails at the rendezvous, he is taken at his dwelling about the middle of the night. Notwithstanding these prudent measures, more than one watch is taken during Holy Week. But do not complain to the police; it would reply inflexibly, "We have taken our precautions by arresting all known pickpockets: if there are others, so much the worse!"

Here is an incident which happened during my residence at Rome. It will show you the pleasant fraternity which unites the magistrates with the robbers.

Mr. Berti, a former secretary of Mgr. Vardi, had a gold snuff-box, which he valued highly as a present from his master. One day, as he was crossing the Forum, he took a pinch of snuff before the temple of Antoninus and Faustina, and put his snuff-box back into his pocket — but too late; it had been seen. An instant afterwards he is overthrown by some quoit-players; he rises, feels in his pocket; his snuff-box is gone.

He tells the story to a friend of his who is a judge.

“That is nothing,” replies the magistrate, “return to-morrow to the Forum; ask for Antonio; any body will point him out to you; introduce yourself in my name, and ask for information respecting the article you have lost.”

Mr. Berti goes to the Forum, asks for Antonio; that personage comes. Antonio smiles at the name of the judge, and protests that he can refuse him nothing. Forthwith he exclaims at the top of his voice, “Eh! Giacomo!” Another bandit issues from the ruins, and runs at the call of his chief.

“Who was on service yesterday?”

“Pepe.”

“Is he here?”

“No, he did a good day’s work; he is drinking.”

“Sir,” resumes Antonio, “I can do nothing for you to-day. But return to-morrow at the same hour. I have reason to hope you will be satisfied.”

The next day, at the hour appointed, Antonio sees Mr. Berti again, asks of him an exact description of his snuff-box, for fear of being duped by an impostor, and finally says to him, “Here is your property. Give me two crowns. I should ask you four, if you

had not been recommended to me by a magistrate whom I esteem.'

All magistrates are not equally estimable. Witness the history of the Marquis of Sesmaisons. Six silver plates had been stolen from him; he had the imprudence to enter a complaint. The justice asked an exact description of the articles stolen. He did better; he confided to the magistrate the remainder of the dozen. He lost twelve silver plates, if the chronicle tells the truth.

The malpractices of public functionaries are tolerated as long as they do not directly injure the government. The officials of every rank stretch out their hands and ask for gratuities; the government is rejoiced rather than afflicted at this; it reduces their wages just so much.

It pardons even the squandering of public property, if the offender is an ecclesiastic, or one of its partisans. The faults of friends are judged of leniently. Does a prelate err, he is reprov'd, displaced, removed from his office, and often given a better one. Monsignor N. ruined the finances of the Holy House of Loretto; he was sent to Rome, and the superintendence of the

Hospital of Santo Spirito confided to him, doubtless because this establishment is wealthier and more difficult to ruin. Monsignor A. was auditor of the Rota, and judged unjustly; he was nominated prefect at Bologna. At Bologna he governed badly; the ministry were not satisfied with him. To remedy this inconvenience he was appointed a minister. He is so still.

If criminals of a certain rank are sometimes punished, and the rigor of the laws is sometimes enforced against them, be sure the public good is not the object; seek elsewhere the causes of their condemnation. Witness the Campana suit, which made so much noise in 1858.

This poor marquis was, after his father and grandfather, director of the Mont-de-Piété. This office placed him immediately under the direction of the minister of finances. It was the business of the minister to watch over his actions, and prevent him from doing wrong.

He became insane. The rage of making collections of curious and beautiful objects, which has ruined so many honest people, urged him to ruin. He bought

pictures, statuary, bronzes, Etruscan vases. He heaped gallery on gallery, bought every thing that was offered him, at random. Rome had never seen so terrible a purchaser; he bought as one drinks, as one snuffs, as one takes opium. By dint of collecting these objects, he exhausted his collection of crowns, and wished to negotiate a loan. The chest of the Mont-de-Piété was there; he borrowed from that, and pledged his collections. What said the minister? Mr. Galli, the minister of the finances, said yes. Campana was in favor at court, esteemed by the Pope; beloved by the cardinals; his principles were known; he had proved his devotion to the authorities; the government refuses nothing to its friends. They permitted the marquis to borrow \$20,000 of himself; he furnished a security which was worth much more.

But the ministerial decree which permitted him to draw from the coffer was so carelessly drawn up that Campana could take, without more authority, a trifle of \$529,544—the whole between the 12th of April, 1854, and the 1st of December, 1856—in nineteen months and a half.

No person was ignorant of it; the borrowing was

not regular, but it was not clandestine. Campana paid to himself the interest of the money which he had lent.

He was paternally reproved in 1856. He was rapped on the fingers; but no one thought of tying his hands. He was in favor at court.

The unfortunate man borrowed still more; no one thought of preventing it. He took \$517,440, from the 1st of December, 1856, to the 7th of November, 1857. But he gave splendid parties; the cardinals adored him; testimonials of satisfaction were showered upon him. In fact, the church does not need the Mont-de-Piété; it is of service only to the nation. Campana might have borrowed the very walls of the establishment without opposition from the pontifical court.

Unfortunately, Cardinal Antonelli thought best to send him to the galleys. This great statesman saw in this a triple profit. First, to close the mouth of diplomacy, and the foreign press, which accused the Pope of tolerating an abuse. Secondly, to humble one of those laymen who permit themselves to become something, without wearing violet hose. Finally, to

give the Mont-de-Piété to the worthy and interesting Filippo Antonelli.

He prepared his blow beforehand, and set up his batteries in silence and in darkness. He is not the man to do any thing superficially. Campana lived joyously, — went, came, gave dinners, and bought statues as usual, — while the cardinal was negotiating a loan of Mr. Rothschild, preparing to cover the deficit, and dictating to the fiscal attorney an accusation of peculation.

Justice, or at least disgrace, fell like a thunderbolt on the head of the poor marquis. There was but a step from his palace to his prison. He rubbed his eyes, and asked if this downfall was not a dream. He would have laughed had any one told him he would be accused of the crime of peculation. Peculation is the crime of an officer who clandestinely diverts the public funds to his own private profit. Now, he had done nothing clandestinely — yet was entirely ruined. Then he wrote sonnets in prison; and when an artist came to see him, ordered some work of him.

A young advocate defended him eloquently, and the

tribunal condemned him to twenty years of hard labor. At this rate, they should have cut off the heads of the ministers who had allowed him to do it. But the lambs of the clergy do not eat one another.

The advocate of the marquis was condemned for having defended him too well. He was suspended from the bar for three months.

You may suppose that Campana was overwhelmed by so severe a judgment; you are mistaken. The people, who had often experienced his liberality, regarded him as a martyr. The middle class despise him much less than some unpunished functionaries. His friends of the nobility and the sacred college would press his hands if they had a chance. I have seen the time when Cardinal Tosti, his jailer and friend, lent him the use of his own kitchen. Condemnations dishonor only in a country where the judges are honored, and every one knows that the pontifical magistrates are not the instruments of justice, but the tools of power.

CHAPTER XV.

TOLERATION.

IF crimes against God are those which the church pardons least, every man who is not a Catholic, even in name, must be, in the eyes of the Pope, a villain and a half.

These criminals are numerous; the geographer Balbi numbers about 600,000,000 of them over the whole surface of the globe. The Pope continues to damn them all, conformably to the tradition of the church; but he no longer levies armies to make war upon them here below.

What is better, we daily see the head of the church treating the enemies of his religion amicably. He accepts the liberalities of a Mussulman prince; he treats with paternal kindness a schismatic empress; he converses familiarly with a queen who has renounced Catholicism to espouse a Protestant; he treats with distinction the great noblemen of the New Jerusalem;

he sends his major-domo to meet a young heretic prince travelling incognito. I know not whether Gregory VII. would approve this toleration; still less do I know how it is judged of in heaven by the instigators of the crusades or by the counsellors of St. Bartholomew's day. As for me, I praise and admire it without restriction, if it is founded on the progress of intelligence and the amelioration of manners. I should not esteem it as much, if it were to be attributed to the calculations of policy and the speculations of interest.

But how shall we penetrate the secret thoughts of the sovereign pontiff? By what roads shall we reach far enough into his heart to discover the true motive of his toleration. Interested mildness and natural mildness are alike in effects, and differ only in causes. When the Popes and cardinals lavish on Mr. de Rothschild the assurances of their most distinguished consideration, are we to conclude from thence that in their eyes as well as ours a Jew is as good as a Catholic? Or shall we believe that they disguise their sentiments because Mr. de Rothschild is worth some millions?

This delicate problem is not a difficult one to solve.

Let us seek at Rome a Jew who has no millions, and ask him how the Popes treat him and consider him. If the government makes no difference between this citizen and a Catholic, I will say that the Popes have become tolerant. If the poor Jew is still placed by the administration between the dog and the man, the civilities which are paid Mr. de Rothschild can be only a calculation of interest and a sacrifice of dignity.

Now, listen and judge. There were Jews in Italy before there were Christians in the world. The Roman polytheism, which tolerated every thing except the kicks of Polyeucte at the statue of Jupiter, allowed a place for the God of Israel. The Christians came afterwards, and were tolerated up to the day when they conspired against the laws. They are often confounded with the Jews, because they came from the same quarter of the East. Christianity increased by sacred conspiracies, enrolled the slaves, braved the masters, and became master in its turn. I do not reproach it for having murdered the pagans; it was only by way of retaliation. But really it has killed too many Jews.

Not at Rome: the Popes have preserved a speci-

men of the accursed race to bring it before God at the last judgment. The Scriptures promised the Jews that they should live miserably up to the consummation of all things: the church undertakes to keep them alive and miserable. It makes enclosures for them as we do for curious animals in the Garden of Plants. They were first penned up in the Vale of Egeria; then in the Trastevere, and finally¹ in the Ghetto. They are allowed to circulate throughout the city, to show Christians how dirty and degraded a man is when he is not a Christian; but night being come, they are put under lock and key. Their enclosure is shut at the hour when the faithful go to damn themselves at the theatre.

In certain solemnities, the municipal council of Rome used to offer to the people the spectacle of a race by Jews; when modern philosophy had ameliorated Catholic customs, horses were substituted for them. Every year, the senator of the city gave them an official kick in the seat of honor; for which they paid 800 dollars. At each accession of a Pope, they ranged themselves under the Arch of Titus to present a Bible to the Pope, who replied to them by a coarse

witticism. They paid 450 dollars of perpetual rent to the heirs of a renegade who had injured them. They paid also the salary of a preacher commissioned to convert them every Saturday; and when they did not go to listen to him, paid a fine. But they did not pay taxes, properly so called, since they were not citizens of the country. The law considered them as travellers at an inn. Their permission of residence was provisional, and for several centuries it was necessary to renew it annually. Not only were they deprived of all political rights, but the most elementary of civil rights were interdicted to them. They could neither own, nor manufacture, nor cultivate: they lived by mending old clothes and by brokerage. What surprises me a little is, that they lived at all. Poverty, want of neatness, the infection of their dens, had impoverished their blood, paled their countenances, and degraded their physiognomy. Some among them no longer presented a human face. They might have been taken for brutes, had they not been known to be intelligent, able in business, resigned, easily maintained, of excellent dispositions, devoted to their families, and irreproachable in their conduct.

I need not add that the Roman rabble, educated by Catholic monks, despise them, ridicule them, and despoil them. The law prohibited Christians from holding conversation with them; but it was counted praiseworthy to steal from them.

It is not allowable to murder them; but the tribunals make a distinction between the assassin who kills a man and him who kills a Jew. Read this plea: —

“Gentlemen, why does the law severely punish murderers, and even sometimes condemn them to death? It is because in assassinating a Christian, they kill at once a body and a soul. They send into the presence of the Sovereign Judge a being unprepared, who has not confessed his sins, who has not received absolution, and who goes straight to hell, or at least to purgatory. This is the reason why murder — I mean the murder of a Christian — cannot be too severely punished. But we — whom have we killed? Nothing, gentlemen, but a miserable Jew, damned in advance. Had he been allowed a hundred years for conversion, — you know the obstinacy of his race — he would have died like a brute, unconfessed.

We have, I acknowledge, anticipated by some years the decision of celestial justice; we have hastened for him an eternity of pain which must sooner or later have been his lot. But be indulgent to a venial error, and reserve your severity for those who attempt the life and salvation of a Christian."

This speech would be absurd at Paris; it was logical at Rome. The criminal was let off with only a few months of imprisonment.

You will ask me why the Jews do not flee a hundred leagues from this valley of dirt. Alas! it is because they were born here. The lightness of the taxes and the cheapness of rents also detain them. Add the contemptuous charity of the Popes, which throws them a few bones to gnaw in times of famine or inundation. Besides, travelling costs much, and there are not passports for every body.

But if, by some miracle of industry, one of these unfortunates amasses a little money, his first care is to take his family and himself from the outrages of the Ghetto. He realizes his little fortune, and goes to seek, in a less Catholic country, liberty and consideration. This shows why the Ghetto is as poor since the

accession of Pius IX. as in the worst times of the middle ages.

History has hastened to record in letters of gold all the benefits of the reigning Pope, and especially the enfranchisement of the Jews.

Pius IX. has demolished the gates of the Ghetto. He has permitted the Jews to go about the city by night and by day, and to live any where. He has dispensed with the municipal kick and the 800 dollars it cost. He has closed the little church where these poor people were catechised against their will, and at their own expense, every Saturday. It seems, therefore, that his accession should have been, for the Jews, an era of deliverance.

Europe, which sees things from a distance, might suppose that under a reign so tolerant all the Israelites would come to reside in the States of the Church, to enjoy the favors of Pius IX. But see how paradoxical a science statistics is. It informs us that, in 1842, under Gregory XVI., in a genuine Babylonish captivity, there were 12,700 Jews in the little pontifical kingdom; and in 1853, after so many benefits and so many reforms, notwithstanding so much justice and

so much toleration, the Israelitish population is reduced to 9237 souls: 3463 Jews, forming more than one quarter of the population, have stolen away from the paternal care of the Holy Father! This race must be very ungrateful, or we do not know all.

I tried to learn all while I was at Rome. I secretly questioned two of the principal persons of the Ghetto. When they learned with what intentions I had meddled with their affairs, the poor people uttered loud cries. "In the name of Heaven," said they, "do not pity us. Beware of printing that we are unfortunate; that the Pope regrets his benefits of 1847; that the Ghetto is closed by invisible but impassable gates; and that our condition is worse than ever. All you should say in our favor would fall back upon our heads, and the good which you wish us would do us only harm."

This was all the information I could obtain respecting this persecuted people. It is little; nevertheless it is something. I have seen that their Ghetto, where some secret power keeps them shut up as formerly, is the most horrible and most neglected quarter of the city, and I concluded that the municipality did nothing

for them. I learned that neither the Pope, the cardinals, the bishops, nor the meanest prelates could set foot on this accursed soil without contracting a moral stain; the customs of Rome forbid it. And I have thought of those pariahs of India whom a Brahmin cannot touch without losing caste. I have learned that the humblest offices in the humblest administration are inaccessible to the Jews, as much so as to animals. A child of Israel, soliciting the office of a copyist, would be more ridiculed than the giraffe of the Garden of Plants who should apply for a sub-prefecture. I am assured that no one of them is a landholder, or can be such, and I have recognized by this mark that Pius IX. does not yet regard them entirely as men. If any one of them cultivates the field of another, it is by stealth and under a fictitious name; as if the sweat of a Jew could disgrace the soil! Manufactures are interdicted to them as formerly; since they who are not of the nation might injure the national industry. In fine, I have seen them on the thresholds of their wretched shops, and I declare to you that they do not look like a reinstated people. The seal of pontifical reprobation is not effaced from

their foreheads. If they had been freed twelve years ago, as history pretends, their faces would show something of it.

I admit that Pius IX. experienced a generous impulse at the commencement of his reign; but we are in a country where to do good costs enormous efforts, while evil is done spontaneously. Imagine a chariot ascending a steep declivity: it takes four oxen to draw it forward, but it can fall back of itself.

If I should relate to you all that Rothschild has done for his co-religionists at Rome, you would marvel at it. Not only does he support them with his money, but he never concludes an affair with the Pope without introducing two or three secret articles in their favor. And still the chariot is always falling backward.

The French military occupation of Rome should be a benefit to the Jews. It is not that the good will of the officers is wanting; but the ill will of the priests is stronger than all. Permit me to relate an anecdote, quite fresh, which will show you the two opposing influences.

An Israelite at Rome had become a cultivator in

spite of the laws : to save appearances, a Christian protected him with his name ; but all the neighbors knew that the harvest was the property of a Jew : it was who should steal it first. Imagine an intoxication of pillage, a delirium of marauding. The poor farmer, who saw himself ruined before August, very humbly asked to be permitted to swear a guard for the defence of his property. The authority replied to him that under no pretext could a Christian be sworn for the service of a Jew. Thus denied, he related his troubles to some French officers, imploring the assistance of the commander-in-chief. Mr. de Goyon, courageous as he was, undertook the affair, and himself presented it to the cardinal. "Monsieur Count," was the reply, "you ask an impossible thing ; but as the government of the Holy Father can refuse you nothing, we will do it. Not only shall your Jew have a sworn guard, but we will choose him ourselves, for the love of you."

The general, enchanted at having done a kind action, thanked him warmly, and went his way. Three months passed, and the guard did not appear. The Jew, still pillaged, timidly renewed his complaint.

Mr. de Goyon, still generous, renewed his petition. He urges, he insists, he wishes to carry the permission himself; in short, he succeeds by assault. Who was happy? The Jew. He shed tears of gratitude, and returned home to show his family the thrice-blessed name of the guard who had been granted. It was the name of a man who had disappeared from the country six years before, and was nowhere to be heard of!

And when our officers encountered the poor Jew, they would say to him, "Well! are you satisfied?" And the unfortunate man dared not say, no; the police had forbidden him to complain.

The most unfortunate Jews in Italy are the Jews of Rome. The neighborhood of the Vatican is as fatal to them as to Christians. Beyond the Apennines, far from the government, you will see them less poor, less oppressed, and less bowed down. The Israelitish population of Ancona is really beautiful.

We do not mean to say that the agents of the Pope are converted to toleration by crossing the Apennines. Two years since the prefect of Ancona revived the old law—which prohibits Christians from conversing publicly with Jews.

It is not a year since the Archbishop of Bologna confiscated the little Mortara boy to the benefit of the convent of the Neophytes.

It is not ten years since Mr. Padova was deprived of his wife and children by an event as extraordinary, though it made less noise.

Mr. Padova, a merchant in comfortable circumstances, lived at Cento, in the province of Ferrara. He had a pretty wife, two fine children, and a Catholic clerk — who seduced Mrs. Padova. The husband suspected something, and dismissed the faithless clerk. The clerk set out for Bologna, where his mistress soon rejoined him with her children.

The Jew, giving his wife to the clerk, and the clerk to all the devils, appealed to the courts that his children might at least be restored to him. The courts replied that his children, as well as his wife, had embraced Christianity, and were no longer members of his family. Meanwhile, he was condemned to pay them a pension, on which they all lived, not excepting the clerk.

A few months afterwards, Cardinal Oppizzoni, Archbishop of Bologna, himself celebrated the marriage of Mrs. Padova and her lover.

Was Padova then dead? Not at all. He is still in excellent health. But a woman married to a Jew and to a Christian cannot be accused of bigamy in a country where the Jews are not men.

CHAPTER XVI.

EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.

EVERY one knows that education is less advanced in the states of the Pope than in any other country in Europe. It is to be regretted that the nation the most intelligent by the grace of God, should be the most illiterate by the will of the priests. It has been compared to a horse of noble race reduced to turn a mill and to grind corn with a bandage over his eyes.

But those who talk thus see only one side of the question. They do not tell us how conformable to the principles of the church, and how favorable to the well being of the state, is the development of public ignorance.

In fact, it is not science, but faith or credulity, which founds religions. All nations have designated under the name of acts of faith the works of a man who shuts his eyes in order that he may see the

better. It is by walking with faith, that is to say, with closed eyes, that we arrive at the gates of Paradise. The census of that locality, if we could take it from this distance, would show us more unlettered than learned. The child who knows his Catechism by heart is more acceptable in the sight of God than the five classes of the Institute. The church never hesitates between an astronomer and a monk. Knowledge is full of dangers. Not only does it puff up the heart of man, but it often destroys, by its reasoning, the best constructed fables. It is that which has done the church so much injury within two or three hundred years. Who can say how many souls have been cast into hell by the invention of printing?

Applied to the industrial pursuits of this lower world, knowledge begets wealth, luxury, pleasure, health, and a thousand other plagues which interfere with our salvation. She heals even the wicked maladies in which piety sees only the finger of God. She no longer permits the sinner to have his purgatory here below. She will end by transforming earth into a place of delights, and some fine morning you will see men becoming disgusted with heaven. The church, com-

missioned to lead us to eternal felicity, which is the sole object of human life, should keep knowledge from us. She should, at most, allow it to be accessible only to a few safe men, that the enemies of the faith might find their match.

This is the reason why I undertake to show you a dozen illustrious men in Rome, and a hundred thousand ignoramuses, who do not know A from B.

The church is only the more flourishing, and the state also is in a more healthy condition. The true pastors of the people, those who pasture sheep in order to sell their wool and skins, do not wish them to know too much. As soon as a man can read fluently, he is tempted by that alone to meddle with every thing. The custom house may, indeed, preserve him from bad books, but it will not prevent his reading the laws of the kingdom. He will see whether they are good or bad, whether they agree or contradict each other, whether they are observed or violated. As soon as he can count without the aid of his fingers, you may be sure he will prove the additions of the budget. If, to crown all, he knows how to write, the smallest square of paper will give

him certain political longings. He will feel, as it were, a necessity of writing his own name on ballots, and of voting for or against some one. And what would become of us, divine goodness! if the refractory sheep should rise to the generalities of history and the speculations of philosophy—if it should gain some general ideas, meddle with truths, refute sophisms, discover abuses, demand rights? All is not roses in the profession of a shepherd, on the day when he recognizes the necessity of muzzling his flock.

The sovereigns who are not Popes have nothing to fear from the progress of intelligence, for their interest is not to manufacture saints, but to fashion men. In France, in England, in Piedmont, the government urges the people to get instruction, and even compels them to do so. It is because a power founded on logic does not fear to be discussed. It is because the acts of an administration truly national have nothing to fear from the examination of the people. It is because it is not only more easy, but more honorable, to govern thinking beings than brutes, provided one is in the right. It is because education softens the manners,

nroots evil instincts, reduces the proportion of crimes, and simplifies the duties of the police. It is because science applied to industry centuples in a few years the prosperity of a nation, the wealth of a state, and the resources of the government. It is because the discoveries of pure science, the fine works and all the great works of mind, even when no material profit is derived from them, are an honor to a country, the glory of an age and of a sovereign. All the princes of Europe, the Pope excepted, limit their views to the things of earth, and wisely. Without casting doubts on the existence of another world, they govern their subjects as if they had nothing to hope for after this. They attempt to procure for them all the comforts which can be tasted here below; they labor to render man as complete as he can be in the gross envelope of the body. We should think them sorry jesters, if, while pointing with the finger to eternal beatitudes, they should make us play the part of Job on his dunghill.

But remember that our emperors and kings are laic sovereigns, married heads of families, personally interested in the education of children and the future of

their people. A good Pope, on the contrary, has no other interest but to win heaven, and, drag 139,000,000 men thither along with him. His subjects are, therefore, very ungracious to demand so obstinately the temporal advantages which our princes offer us of their own accord. I confess that schools for the use of the people are rare, throughout the Papal states; that the state does little to multiply or to maintain them; that every thing is left to the communes, and that the minister often retrenches this chapter of the municipal budget in order to put the funds in his own pocket. I confess that secular instruction exists only in name outside the seminaries, and that the head of a family must send his sons to Piedmont if he wishes them to learn any thing besides the Catechism. But it must be said to the praise of the Pope, that the seminaries are numerous, well endowed, and provided with every thing necessary to form second-rate priests. The convents devote themselves to the education of little monks; from the most tender age they are taught to wear the gown, to hold a candle, to cast down their eyes, and to chant in Latin. You should see the procession of the Fête-Dieu to admire the foresight of

the church. All the convents defile one by one, and each of them displays a living nursery of well-shorn little boys. Their eyes sparkling with intelligence, their pretty, open countenances, form a curious contrast with the immovable and grimacing masks of their superiors. You may embrace at a single glance the flowers and the fruits of monastic life, the present and the future. It may be said that unless a miracle is wrought, these little cherubs will soon be transformed into mummies; but we console ourselves for the metamorphosis by thinking that their salvation is insured.

All the Pope's subjects would be very certain of going to heaven if they could enter convents; but the world would then come to an end too soon. The Pope does what he can to approximate them closely to monastic and ecclesiastical perfection. Scholars wear the garb of priests; the dead are clad in the dress of monks. The brothers of the Christian doctrine were considered dangerous because they gave their little pupils the military cap, the tunic, and the belt; the Pope has forbidden them to keep school for the Romans. The inhabitants of Bologna (beyond the Apennines) have

founded at their own expense infant schools under the direction of lay instructresses. The clergy have made admirable efforts to reform such an abuse.

There is not a law, not a regulation, not an act, not a word from above, which tends to the edification of the people, and which does not urge them towards heaven.

Enter a church; there is preaching there. A monk, placed at twenty paces from the pulpit on an improvised stage, is gesticulating with all his might. Do not fear that he is treating a subject of temporal morality, like our worldly preachers. He is discoursing dogmatically and furiously on the immaculate conception, or fasting in Lent and Friday, on the Trinity, on the particular nature of hell fire: "Reflect, my brethren, that if this terrestrial fire, this fire created by God for your wants, for your use, causes you such cruel sufferings at the slightest burn, the flames of hell, invented expressly to punish sinners, must be more poignant, fiercer, and more furious. This flame, which devours without consuming you," &c. I will not trouble you with the rest. Our sacred orators confine themselves, or nearly so, to preaching fidelity

to women, integrity to men, docility to children. They bring themselves within reach of their lay audience, and sow, according to their talents, a little virtue on the earth. Roman eloquence cares little for virtue; and troubles itself little about earth. It takes the people by the shoulders, and throws them violently into the paths of devotion, which lead straight to heaven. It does its duty.

Open a book of devotion; it is printed in this country. It is the Life of St. Jacintha. We find it on the table with the work of a young girl. A knitting-needle, left between two pages, shows us at what place the reader stopped this morning:—

“Chapter V. *She divests herself of all natural affection for her relatives.*

“Knowing from the Redeemer himself that we should not love our relatives more than God, and feeling herself naturally disposed to cherish them, she thought that such a love, though natural, if it were allowed to take root and grow in her heart, might with time surpass or prevent the love which she owed to God, and render her unworthy of him. She took the very generous resolution to divest herself of all affection for her own kindred.

“Determined to persevere in this courageous resolution, and to triumph over nature, which resisted, — animated powerfully by another word of Christ, which says that in order to go to him we must even detest our relatives when our love for them bars the way, — she went solemnly to make a grand act of renunciation before the altar of the most holy sacrament. There, falling on her knees, and burning with a flame of love for God, she offered up to him all the natural affections of her heart, and particularly those which she felt to be strongest in her, for her nearest and dearest relatives. She invoked, in this heroic act, the assistance of the Holy Virgin, as may be seen in a letter from her own hand to a regular priest, promising, with the aid of the Holy Virgin, no longer to attach herself to her relatives, nor to any earthly thing. This renunciation was so courageous and sincere, that from that moment her brothers, sisters, nephews, and all her kindred became the objects of indifference to her, and she thenceforth considered herself an orphan and alone in the world, so that she would see the said persons, and speak to them, when they came to visit the convent, as if they had been strangers and unknown to her.

“ She had formed for herself in Paradise a spiritual family, chosen among the saints who had sinned most. Her father was St. Augustine; her mother, St. Mary the Egyptian; her brother, St. William the Hermit, ex-duke of Aquitaine; her sister, St. Margaret of Cortona; her uncle, the prince of the apostles, St. Peter; her nephews, the three children of the furnace of Babylon.”

You will think, perhaps, that this book dates from the middle ages; that it expresses the isolated opinion of a mind perverted by the cloister. You are mistaken. Here are the title, the date, and the opinions of the persons who govern Rome:—

“*Life of the Virgin St. Jacintha Mariscotti*, professed nun of the third order of the seraphic father St. Francis; written by the P. Flaminus, Marie Anibal de Latera, brother observant of the order of Minors. Rome, 1805, at Antonio Fulgari's, by permission of the superiors.

“Approbation. The book is to the glory and honor of the Catholic religion, and of the illustrious order of St. Francis, and to the spiritual profit of those persons who desire to enter into the paths of perfection.

“F. Thomas Mancini, of the order of preachers, master, ex-provincial, and consultor of the *Santi Roti*.

“Permission to print given by F. Thomas Vincent Pauli, of the order of preachers, master of the Apostolic Sacred Palace.”

Here are a woman, an author, a censor, and the master of a palace strangling the human race in order to send them the sooner to Paradise. They are doing their duty.

Go out into the street. Four men of all ages are soiling their knees before a Madonna, and nasally saying their prayers. Fifteen or twenty others run against you, chanting a canticle to the glory of Mary. You suppose them to be yielding to a natural inspiration, and working freely for their own salvation. I thought so myself, up to the moment when I was told that they were paid thirty cents for thus edifying the world. The government pays the expenses of this comedy in the open air. It does its duty.

The streets and roads are peopled with beggars. In a lay country, the administration succors the poor at their dwellings, or receives them into hospitals; they are not allowed to encumber the public

roads, and to tyrannize over the passengers. But we are in an ecclesiastical country. On the one hand, poverty is dear to God; on the other, alms-giving is a pious work. If the Pope could induce half his subjects to stretch out their hands, and the other half to put a cent in them, he would secure the salvation of all his people. Mendicity, which lay sovereigns cure as a wound, is watered like a flower by a clerical government. Give something to that pretended lame man who is passing; give to that one who has lost an arm by smuggling; give, especially, to that blind youth guided by his father. A friend of mine, who is a physician, yesterday offered to restore his sight by the operation of the cataract; the father uttered loud cries, and energetically defended his means of livelihood. Give to the son in the wooden basin of the father; the Pope will open to you Paradise, of which he has the keys.

The Romans are not the dupes of their poor; they have too much sense to allow themselves to be taken by the semblance of misfortune. Nevertheless, they put their hands in their pockets; this one through weakness and a desire for human respect; that one,

from ostentation; some, to earn Paradise. If you doubt it, repeat for your instruction an experiment in which I was successful. One evening, between nine and ten o'clock, I begged the whole length of the Corso. I was not disguised as a poor man; I was dressed as on the Boulevards of Paris. Meanwhile, between the Piazza del Popolo and the Palazzo di Venezia, I made 63 cents. If I should try the same joke at Paris, the police would do their duty by taking me to the watch house. The pontifical government encourages mendicity, by the protection of its agents, and counsels it by the example of its monks. It does its duty.

Prostitution flourishes at Rome, and in all the great cities of the state. The police is too paternal to refuse the consolations of the flesh to three millions of persons, of whom five or six thousand have taken the vows of celibacy. But the more indulgent it is to vice, the more severe is it to the appearance of it. It permits women to conduct themselves lightly only if sheltered under the responsibility of a husband. It spreads the mantle of Japhet over the vices of the Romans, that the pleasures of one nation need

not be a scandal to others. Rather than acknowledge the existence of the evil, it prefers to leave it without surveillance; the lay states appear to sanction prostitution by subjecting it to the laws. The clerical state is not ignorant that its noble and voluntary blindness exposes the health of a whole nation to certain dangers. But it rubs its hands when it thinks that the fornicators will be punished when they have sinned. It does its duty.

It is not for the fiscal interest alone that the Popes retain among them the institution of the lottery. The laymen who govern us have long ago abolished it, because, in a well-organized state, where labor is productive, it is better to teach citizens to rely only upon their labor. But in the kingdom of the church, where activity leads to no result, the lottery is not only a consolation for the poor; it forms an integral part of the public education. It accustoms people to believe in miracles, by showing them beggars enriched by enchantment. The multiplication of the loaves in the wilderness was not more supernatural than the metamorphosis of twenty cents into 1200 dollars. A successful ticket in the lottery is a present from God;

it is money fallen from heaven. The people know that in drawing, no human effort can compel the right number to turn up; they rely only upon divine goodness. They apply to the capuchins in order to get good numbers; they perform special devotions; they humbly ask inspiration from heaven before going to bed; they see the Madonna in a dream, all dressed in figures. They pay for masses at the church; they give money to the priest, that he may put three numbers under the chalice at the time of consecration. It was thus that the courtiers of Louis XIV. arranged themselves beside the king's path to obtain a glance and a favor. The drawing of the lottery is public, as with us are the lessons of the College of France. And indeed, it is a great and a salutary lesson. The winners learn to praise God in his munificence; the losers are punished for having coveted temporal riches. All this is very profitable to every body, especially to the government. This game brings it in 400,000 dollars per annum, not to mention the satisfaction of fulfilling its duty.

Yes, the sacred preceptors of the nation fulfil all their duties towards God and towards themselves.

But that is not saying that they always carry on the affairs of God and of the government well. "We often encounter our destiny in the paths we take to avoid it."

It was La Fontaine who said this; the Pope proves it. Notwithstanding the cares bestowed on religious education, the sermons, the good books, the edifying spectacles, the lottery, and so many fine things, faith is on the wane. The general aspect of the country does not show it, because the fear of scandal has passed into its habits; but in all this the devil loses nothing. Perhaps even the citizens are the more opposed to religion that it reigns over them. Our master is our enemy; God is too much the master of these people not to be treated by them as an enemy. The spirit of opposition will be called atheism when the Tuileries is called the Vatican. A ragamuffin of Rimini, who drove me in a carriage to San Marino, made a terrible speech, which often returns to my mind. "God?" said he to me; "I think if there is one, he must be a priest, like the rest."

Friendly reader, meditate on this. When I contemplated it closely, I recoiled with terror, as before one

of those crevasses of Vesuvius, which give you a glimpse of the burning gulf.

Has the temporal power served its own interests better than those of God? I doubt it. The Roman deputation in 1848 was red. It was Rome who nominated Mazzini. She regrets him still in the marshes of the quarter of La Regola, on the muddy banks of the Tiber, where secret societies now swarm like gnats on the shores of the Nile.

If the deplorable fruits of a model education should be pointed out to the philosopher Gavarni, he would probably exclaim, "Elevate the people, then, if you wish them to despise you."

CHAPTER XVII.

FOREIGN OCCUPATION.

THE Pope is beloved and venerated in every Catholic state except his own.

It is therefore just and natural that 139,000,000 of devoted and respectful men should lend him their assistance against 3,000,000 of malcontents. It is a little thing to have given him the temporal kingdom; a little thing to have restored it to him when he had had the chagrin of losing it; permanent aid should be granted him, if the expenses of a restoration are not to be renewed annually. Such is the principle of foreign occupation. We are 139,000,000 of Catholics who have violently delegated to 3,000,000 of Italians the honor of feeding and lodging our spiritual head. If we do not leave in Italy a respectable army to superintend the execution of our will, we shall do but half our duty. Logically, the security of the Pope should be guaranteed by all Catholic powers, at the

common expense. It would be natural that each nation interested in the oppression of the Romans should furnish its contingent of soldiers. But such a system would have the defect of making the fort of St. Angelo resemble the tower of Babel. Besides, the affairs of this world are not always governed logically.

The only three Powers which have contributed to the reëstablishment of Pius IX. are France, Austria, and Spain. The French have besieged Rome; the Austrians have invaded the towns on the Adriatic; the Spanish have done little. It is not that they are deficient in good will or in courage; but the allies have left them nothing to do.

If a simple individual may be permitted to inquire into the motives for the actions of princes, I would dare to say that the Queen of Spain had in view only the interests of the church. Her soldiers came to reëstablish the Pope; they returned home when they saw him reëstablished. Chivalric policy!

Napoleon III. also thought the restoration of the Pope to a throne was necessary to the welfare of the church. Perhaps he thinks so still; I would not affirm it. But his reasons for action were numerous

and complicated. A simple president of the French republic, the heir of a name which summoned him to the throne, resolved to exchange his temporary magistracy for an imperial crown, he had the greatest interest in showing Europe how to put down republics. He already thought of playing the grand part of champion of orders, which caused him to be accepted by all sovereigns, first as a brother, afterwards as an arbiter. In fine, he knew that the restoration of the Pope would insure to his imperial candidateship a million or two of Catholic votes. But to these motives of personal interest were united others of a more elevated nature, if possible. The heir of Napoleon and of the liberal revolution of '89, the man who read his name on the first page of the civil code, the author of so many works which palpitate with modern life and the passion for progress, the silent dreamer who carried in his brain the germ of all the prosperity we have enjoyed for the past ten years, was incapable of devoting 3,000,000 of Italians to reaction, lawlessness, and misery. If he had firmly resolved to put an end to the Roman republic, he was not the less decided to suppress the abuses, the injustices, and all

the oppressive traditions which urged the Italians to revolt. In the mind of the chief of France, it was to conquer anarchy a second time, to deprive it of all pretext or reason for existence.

He knew Rome; he had lived there; he knew for himself in what the government of the Pope differed from good governments. His natural equity counselled him to give to the subjects of the Holy Father, in exchange for the political autonomy of which he despoiled them, all the civil liberties and all the inoffensive rights which are enjoyed in civilized states. He wrote to Mr. Edgar Ney, the 18th of August, 1849, a letter which was really a memorandum addressed to the Pope. *Amnesty, secularization, the Code Napoleon, a liberal government*, — these were what he promised the Romans in exchange for the republic; these were what he demanded of the Pope in exchange for a crown. This programme gave in a few words a great lesson to the sovereign, great consolation to the people.

But it is easier to introduce a Breguet spring into a watch of the time of Henry IV., than to introduce a reform into the old pontifical machine. The letter of the 18th of August was received by the

friends of the Pope as an insult to his rights, to good sense, to justice, to majesty.* Pius IX. was offended at it; the cardinals laughed. This purpose, this wisdom, and this justice of a man who held them all in his hands, seemed to them ridiculous in the last degree. They laugh at it still. Do not pronounce before them the name of Mr. Edgar Ney; you will make them die of laughter.

The Emperor of Austria had not the indiscretion to write a letter of the 18th of August. It is because Austrian policy in Italy differs sensibly from ours.

France is a very solid, very compact, very firm, very united body, which does not fear being encroached upon, which does not need to encroach upon others. Her political frontiers are nearly her natural limits; she has nothing to conquer in her neighborhood, or at least little. She can therefore interfere in the events of Europe only for interests purely moral, without being suspected of designs of conquest. Some of her leaders have allowed themselves to be carried too far by the spirit of adventure; the nation has never

* Louis Veuillot, article of the 10th of September, 1849.

had what might be called geographical ambition. She does not disdain to conquer the world to her ideas, but she wishes nothing more. What constitutes the beauty of our history for him who looks at it from a high point of view, is the double work pursued simultaneously by the sovereign and the nation, to concentrate France and scatter French ideas.

The old Austrian diplomacy has, for more than six hundred years, constantly been engaged in sewing pieces of stuff together, without ever having finished a coat. She looks neither at the color nor texture of the cloth; she plies her needle, and sews on. The thread she uses is often white thread; often also it breaks, and the piece comes off: she must then look for another. One province is detached, she finds two; the piece is torn in the middle, she picks up a fragment, and sews, fast, fast, whatever comes under her hand. The effect of this monomania for sewing has been to change incessantly the map of Europe, to draw together, at the will of chance, races and religions of every sort, and to disturb the existence of twenty nations without creating the unity of one. A few Machiavellic old men, seated around a green table at

Vienna, direct the labor, measure the stuff, rub their hands when it stretches; tear their wigs when a piece is rent; and look on all sides to see what they can seize. In the middle ages, they sent the sons of the house to foreign princesses; they paid their court in German, and always brought back some shred of the country. But now that princesses receive their dowries in crowns, they have recourse to violent means to procure stuff; they cause it to be taken by soldiers; and there are great spots of blood on this clown's cloak.

Almost all the Italian states, the kingdoms of Naples, Sardinia, Sicily, Modena, Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, have been sewed by turns to the same piece with Bohemia, Transylvania, and Croatia. Rome would have had the same fate, if the excommunications of the Popes had not broken the thread. In 1859, Venice and Milan are taking their turns, in expectation that Tuscany, Modena, and Massa will soon be sewed on, in virtue of certain rights of reversion.

How great was the joy of the Austrian diplomatists on the day when they could, without occasioning an outcry, throw their soldiers into the kingdom of the Pope! Assuredly the interests of the church were

the least of their cares. And as for interesting themselves in the unfortunate subjects of Pius IX., as for claiming for them any rights or liberties, Austria did not dream of it for a moment. The old Danaïde saw only the occasion of pouring one nation more into its badly hooped cask, which can hold nothing.

While the French army were prudently cannonading the capital of the arts, sparing the public monuments and taking Rome with gloves, the Austrian soldiers invaded in the Croat fashion the admirable cities of the Adriatic. Conquerors, we had humane reasons for treating our conquered with delicacy; Austria had reasons of conquests for brutalizing hers. The fine countries of the legations and the Marches appeared to her like a new Lombardy, good to keep.

We occupied Rome and the port of Civita Vecchia; the Austrians took to themselves the whole Adriatic slope. We encamped in barracks which the municipality had lent us; the Austrians built genuine for-
tresses for their use, with the money of the oppressed. Our occupation cost the Romans little; the Austrians lived on the people. During six or seven years, the whole expenses of their army were defrayed by the

nation. They sent regiments almost naked, and when poor Italy had clothed them, sent others.

Their army was looked upon with an evil eye, as was ours also; the radical party wished it no good, any more than to us. A few isolated soldiers were killed: the French army defended itself with courtesy; the Austrian army revenged itself. We shot two assassins in three years, between the 1st of January, 1850, and the 1st of January, 1853; Austria has used a much heavier hand: she has not only killed the guilty, but the heedless, and even the innocent. I have cited to you fearful figures; excuse me from repeating them.

From the day when the Pope deigned to return home, the French army retired to the background; it hastened to restore all its powers to the pontifical government. Austria restored only what she could not keep. It is she who undertakes to suppress political offences: she feels herself personally aggrieved if a cracker is fired, a gun concealed: in fact she thinks herself in Lombardy.

At Rome, the French place themselves at the Pope's disposal for all services of order and public security. Our soldiers have hearts too honest to suffer the

assassin or robber who passes within their reach, to escape. The Austrians pretend that they are not the police, to arrest malefactors; each soldier looks upon himself as an agent of the old diplomatists, charged with merely a political function: the affairs of the police do not concern him. What is the consequence? The Austrian army, which has carefully disarmed all citizens, delivers them up without defence to malefactors. There was pointed out to me, at Bologna, M. Vincent Bedini, a merchant, whose warehouse was plundered at six o'clock in the afternoon; an Austrian sentinel was on guard at his door. Austria is in the right to protect disorder in the provinces which she occupies: the more frequent the crimes and ungovernable the population, the more necessary will be the presence of an Austrian army. Every murder, every theft, every burglary, every unlucky blow, roots the old diplomatists more deeply in the kingdom of the Pope.

France would be happy to be able to recall her soldiers. She feels that their presence at Rome is not a normal fact; she is more shocked at this irregularity than any one else. She has reduced as much

as possible the effective force of the occupation; she would embark her two remaining regiments if she did not know that it would be to deliver the Pope to the executioner. See to what point she pushes her disinterestedness in Italian affairs! To place the Holy Father in a condition to defend himself, she seeks to create for him a national army. The Pope at present possesses four regiments of French manufacture; if they are not excellent, or rather if it is impossible to rely upon them, it is not the fault of the French; the government of the priests may take the credit of it to itself. Our generals have done every thing in the world, not only to drill the Pope's soldiers, but to inspire in them the military spirit which the cardinals carefully stifle. Would the Austrian army thus seek to render its presence unnecessary?

And yet—I confess it with a certain confusion—the conduct of the Austrians is more logical than ours. They came to the Pope's dominions intending to remain; they have spared nothing to insure their conquest. They decimate the population that they may be feared. They perpetuate disorder that their presence may be always necessary. Disorder and fear are the best weapons of Austria.

As for us, this is what we have done : for the interests of France, nothing ; for the interests of the Pope, very little ; for the interests of the Italian nation, less still.

In his *motu proprio* of Portici, the Pope promised us the reform of some abuses. This was not exactly what we asked ; nevertheless, his promises gave us pleasure. He returned to his capital to evade them at his ease. Our soldiers awaited him with arms in hand. They fell on their knees as he passed along.

During nine consecutive years, the pontifical government has gradually retrograded, while France has been politely entreating it to advance a little. Why should it follow our advice ? What compels it to yield to our reasoning ? Our soldiers continue to mount guard, to present arms, to bend their knees, and to patrol regularly around all the abuses.

The persistence of our good advice has at last become disagreeable to him ; his retrograde court has taken a dislike to us ; it prefers the Austrians, who trample on people, but who never talk of liberty. The cardinals repeat in a low tone, and sometimes even aloud, that they do not need our army, that we are a restraint upon

them, and that they are very well able to protect themselves with the aid of a few Austrian regiments.

The nation — that is to say, the middle class — says that our good will, which it does not doubt, is not of much use to it; that it would undertake of itself to obtain all its rights, to secularize the government, to proclaim an amnesty, to promulgate the Code Napoleon, and to establish liberal institutions, if we would only withdraw our soldiers. This is what it says at Rome; at Bologna, at Ferrara, at Ancona, it thinks that, notwithstanding all, the Romans are fortunate at having us; for if we let them do evil, at least we do not do it ourselves. They grant us this superiority over the Austrians.

Our soldiers say nothing: one does not reason under arms. Allow me to speak for them: —

“We are not here to support the injustice and dishonesty of a petty government, which we would not endure twenty-four hours at home. If it were so, we should take the eagle from our flags, and put the crow in its place. The emperor cannot wish to see the misery of a nation and the disgrace of his soldiers: he has his own idea. But meanwhile, if these poor

Roman devils rise up to demand secularization, amnesty, the Code, and the liberal government which we have led them to hope for, we shall be compelled to fire upon them."

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHY THE POPE WILL NEVER HAVE SOLDIERS.

ONCE paid a visit to a Roman prelate, well known for his devotion to the interests of the church, to the temporal power of the Popes, and to the august person of the Holy Father.

When I was introduced into his oratory, I found him engaged in reperusing the proof sheets of a large volume, called "Administration of the Army." He threw his pen away, like a discouraged man, and showed me the two following epigraphs, which he had written on the title page of the book.

"Each independent state is bound to provide for itself, and to assure its internal security by its own forces." — *Count de Rayneval, note of 14 May, 1856.*

"The troops of the Pope will always be the troops of the Pope. What are warriors who never have gone to war?" — *De Brosses.*

He left me to meditate upon those discouraging

sentences, then remarked, "It is not long since you came to Rome, and your impressions must be just, since they are fresh. What think you of our Romans? Do you consider the descendants of Marius a heartless race, incapable of confronting danger? If it were true that the nation had retained nothing of its patrimony, not even physical courage, all our efforts to create in Rome a national force would be condemned in advance. The Popes would remain eternally disarmed* in the presence of their enemies. Nothing would be left to them but to retrench themselves behind the mercenary courage of a Swiss garrison, or the respectful protection of a great Catholic power. Where would then be the independence? Where would be the sovereignty?"

"My lord," I answered, "I already know the Romans too well to judge them by the calumnies of their enemies. I see every day with what an intemperance of courage this violent and sanguine people gives and receives death. I know what esteem Napoleon I. professed to have for the regiments which he levied here. And then we may say, confidentially, that there were several pontifical subjects in the revolutionary army which dared to defend Rome against

the French. Therefore I am certain that the Holy Father has no need to go abroad to enlist men, and that a training of a few years would suffice to transform these men into soldiers. What appears to me to be far less certain is the absolute necessity for a Roman army. Has the Pope any intention of aggrandizement through war? No. Does he fear that an enemy will invade his states? Not at all. He is better protected by the veneration of Europe than he could ever be by a belt of fortresses. If some difficulty, which now seems impossible, should arise between the holy see and an Italian monarchy, the Pope has the means of resisting victoriously, and without striking a blow; for he counts more soldiers in Piedmont, Tuscany, and in the Two Sicilies, than the Neapolitans, the Tuscans, and the Piedmontese could ever send against him. This will do for the exterior; and the position is so well defined that your Ministry of War, modestly and Christianly entitles itself Ministry of Arms. For the interior a good armed police is enough."

"But, my dear child," exclaimed the prelate, "we do not ask any thing else. A people not destined to make war should not have an army, but it must put

on foot the necessary forces to maintain public order. It is an army of police and internal security which we have been endeavoring to create ever since 1849. Have we succeeded? Are we sufficient for ourselves? Are we in a condition to secure our tranquillity through our own forces? No! no! no!"

"Pardon me, my lord, if I consider you a little severe. During the three months which I have already spent in wandering through the streets of Rome, observing all the time, as I have had opportunity, the pontifical army, your soldiers make a fine appearance; their figure is not bad; they look martial; and, as well as I can judge, they manœuvre correctly. It would be hard to recognize in them the old soldiers of the Pope — this fabulous personage destined to escort processions, and to fire guns on the evening of the fireworks; this gentleman in uniform who mounted guard with an umbrella, when the weather threatened a little. The army of the Holy Father would look well in any country; and there are some of your soldiers whom, at a little distance, I could mistake for our own."

"Yes, their appearance is good, and I should be

satisfied with it, if one could check factions with mere appearances. But I am aware of many an uncomfortable fact, though I do not know all. I know that the recruiting of soldiers, and even officers, is difficult; that young men of families disdain to take the command of the army; and that the ploughboys disdain to serve in it. I know that many a mother would prefer to have her son exported, than in the regiment. I know that our soldiers, taken for the most part from the dregs of the people, have neither confidence in their comrades, respect for their officers, nor veneration for the flag. It would be in vain to look to them for devotion to the country, fidelity to the sovereign, and all those noble martial virtues which make a man die at his post. The laws of duty and honor are a dead letter for the greater part of them; I know that private property is not always respected by the police; I know that the factions depend as much as we do on the support of the army. What do we gain in having 14,000 or 15,000 men on foot, and spending \$2,000,000 each year, if, after so many efforts and sacrifices, protection by strangers is more necessary to us than it was at first?"

“My lord,” I answered, “you look on the dark side; and you judge somewhat of the situation of affairs as the prophet Jeremiah. The Holy Father has some excellent officers in special companies and in the troops of the line; you have also some good soldiers amongst them. Our officers, who are competent men, render justice to the intelligence and the good will of yours. If any thing surprises me, it is that the pontifical army should have made as much progress as it has, when it was placed in such a deplorable condition. We are free to speak about it, since every thing is overhauled, and the chief of the state is thoroughly reorganizing it. You complain that the sons of good families do not rush to the school of cadets, in the hope of winning the epaulet? But you do not honor the epaulet here; the officer does not occupy a marked place in the state. It is said that a deacon has the precedence over an under-deacon; but the law and custom in Rome does not admit that a simple shave-pated neophyte is beneath a colonel. What position do you give to your generals? What is their rank in the hierarchy?”

“But we have no generals in the army; we have

them only at the head of the religious orders. What would the general of the Jesuits say, should he see a soldier decked so singularly with so honorable a title?"

"I must think of that."

"To give officers to our soldiers, without, at the same time, making personages of distinction, we have taken three colonels, foreigners all of them, and allowed them to fulfil the functions of general. They even have the uniform of the general, but they never will have the audacity to take the name."

"That's capital! Well, with us, a boy of eighteen would never enter the army, if he were told, 'You will become colonel, but general never!'—or even, 'You will become a general, but never a marshal of France!' Why should any one throw himself into a career which holds out no hope of advancement?"

"You regret that all the officers are not men of learning, and wonder that they have even contrived to know something. They enter school without examination, sometimes without orthography or arithmetic. The very first inspection made by our generals reveals future lieutenants who do not know how

to do a sum in division; a course of French language without a master and without pupils; a course of history, in which, after seven months' teaching, the professor is still busy discussing theologially upon the creation of the world! Emulation must be strong indeed to enable those young men to engage in conversation with French officers. You wonder that they suffer discipline to become somewhat relaxed; but discipline is the very thing of which they have learned the least. Under Pope Gregory XVI. an officer on duty stopped the carriage of a cardinal. The coachman went on, and the officer was sent to the Castle St. Angelo for having done his duty. There is no need of two such examples to demoralize an army: one is enough. But the King of Naples himself could teach the Pope on that subject. He made honorable mention of a simple sentinel who had wounded the coachman of a bishop!

“You are scandalized that a certain number of military administrators take the piece of bread from the soldier; but they never were told that, if they did wrong, they should be dismissed.

“The plan for reforms is actively elaborating ; and you will see a new state of affairs in 1859.”

“So much the better, my lord ; and I promise myself that a remodelling, wise, measured, and slowly progressive, as every thing is done in Rome, will produce, in a few years, admirable results. It is not the work of a day to change the face of things ; but is the cultivator weary of planting trees, because they bear only after five years ? The ‘moral’ condition of the soldiers is bad, as you were saying a moment ago. I hear it said every day and every where, that an honest peasant would consider himself dishonored by putting on the uniform. You will no more be obliged to seek your recruits in the dregs of society when you will open to them a future. The soldier will have the consciousness of his own dignity when people will no more advertise their contempt for him. These unfortunate men are badly treated by every body, even by the domestics of low families. They breathe an atmosphere of contempt, which may be called the *malaria* of honor. Lift them up, my lord ; they ask no other favor.”

“Have you, then, the means to form for us an

army as proud and as loyal as the French army is? That is a secret the cardinal would buy at a high price."

"I offer it to you for nothing, my lord. France has ever been the most military of countries in all Europe; but, in the last century, the French soldier was not worth more than your own. The officers have changed but little. Once the king selected them from the nobility; and now they ennoble themselves by labor and courage. But the soldier, properly so called, — he was with us a hundred years ago what he still is with you, — the scum of the people. Enlisted in drinking shops, between a pile of dollars and a glass of brandy, he made himself to be more dreaded by the peasants than by the enemy. The contempt he encountered every where, the meanness of his condition, and the impossibility of advancing, weighed heavily upon his shoulders; and he revenged himself for every thing upon the cellar and the poultry yard. He held his rank amongst the scourges which desolated monarchical France.

You see that your soldiers of 1858 are angels, when compared to our veterans of the monarchy. If, how-

ever, you find that they are not yet perfect, try the French recipe. Submit every citizen to the conscription, that the regiments may no more be composed of the refuse of the nation; create ——”

“Hush!” interrupted the prelate.

“My lord ——”

“My child, I stop you short, because you are near wandering from the true and the possible. *Primo*, we have not citizens here, but subjects. *Secundo*, the conscription is a revolutionary measure, which we shall under no consideration ever adopt. It consecrates a principle of equality as contrary to the ideas of the government as it is to the custom of the country. It might make for us an excellent army, but that army would belong to the nation, and not to the sovereign. Let us put away, if you please, so dangerous a Utopia.”

“There would be, perhaps, some popularity to gain.”

“Far from it! Conscription is deeply antipathetic to all the subjects of the Holy Father. The discontent of La Vendée and Brittany is nothing in comparison to that which it would occasion here.”

“One gets used to any thing, my lord. I have seen contingents of Bretons and Vendéans join their corps singing.”

“So much the better for them. But you know that the only grudge of this country against French dominion is the conscription, which the emperor had established amongst us.”

“Then you refuse to have the conscription?”

“Most assuredly.”

“It will be best for me not to think of it?”

“You must mourn over it.”

“Well, my lord, I will do without it. We will hold to the system of voluntary enlistments, but upon one condition: it is, that you will adopt a mode of recruiting which will secure a future to the soldier. What bounty do you give to the man who engages himself under the flag?”

“Twelve dollars; but henceforward it will reach twenty.”

“Twenty dollars are a pretty sum; yet I fear that, even at that rate per head, you cannot get choice men. Own it, my lord, — a peasant must sadly be in want of every thing to be willing to take a despised

uniform for twenty dollars! Do you wish to draw around each barrack more recruits than there ever were of pretenders at the door of Penelope? Endow the army. Offer to the citizens — I mean to the subjects — of the pontifical state a bounty decidedly attractive; give them a little amount in cash to aid their families; keep what remains for the day when they will leave the corps. At the expiration of their enlistment, retain them by promises honorably and faithfully observed; make it so that each new year of service increases the savings of the trooper placed in the hands of the state. When the Romans learn that a soldier, without support, without instruction, without any turn of fortune, and by the fidelity of his services only, can secure to himself one hundred dollars income in twenty-five years' service, they will claim the privilege of entering the ranks. And I can assure you that their private interest will bind them strongly to the government, as the depository of their savings. The most indifferent and spiritless of individuals, were he to see the office of his attorney on fire, would run all over the roofs, like a cat, to put it down. According to the same principle, a government has

so much more to expect from his servants that they have more to hope from him."

"Doubtless; and I understand your reasoning: man does not live without an object. One hundred and twenty dollars' income is a soft resting bed at the end of the military career. At this rate, volunteers would never be wanting. The middle class itself would solicit the profession of soldier as readily as any civil function, and we could choose our men. It is the expense which frightens me."

"Alas! my lord, you are aware that good merchandise never sells below cost. The pontifical government has 15,000 soldiers for 2,000,000 dollars. France would pay them 1,000,000 more, and would get the worth of its money. The men who have served three terms of military service are those who cost most; and yet there is economy in keeping them under the flags, for each one of them is worth three conscripts. Would you create a national force or not? Are you fully decided? Is your mind made up? Pay them, and make all necessary sacrifices. If, on the contrary, the government prefers economy to security, begin by economizing the 2,000,000 dollars of the army budget,

and sell abroad these 15,000 muskets, more dangerous than useful, since you do not know whether they are for or against you. The question may be summed up in two words; security, which costs, or economy, which kills."

"It is an army of pretorians you ask for."

"The name does not affect the thing; I simply promise you that, if you pay your soldiers well, they will serve you effectively."

"Pretorians often turned against the emperors."

"Because the emperors made the mistake of paying them cash down."

"But is there not in this world a nobler motive than interest? And is money the only strong bond to attach soldiers to their colors?"

"I should not be a Frenchman, my lord, if I entertained such an idea. If I have advised you, before all, to give more money to your soldiers, it is because money has been, till now, the only recruiter of your army. It is also because money is that which will cost you the least, and that also which you will most readily grant me. Now that I have obtained the few millions which I needed to attach your soldiers to the

pontifical throne, furnish me with the means of elevating them in their own eyes and in those of the people. Honor them, that they may become honorable men. Prove to them, by the consideration with which you surround them, that they are not footmen, and must not have a menial soul. Make room for them in the state; throw over their uniform a little of that prestige which is the exclusive privilege of the robe."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Nothing but that which is necessary. Bear in mind, my lord, that this army, intended to act in the interior of the pontifical states, will serve you less often by the force of its arms, than by the moral authority of its presence. And what authority can it possess in the eyes of the subjects, if the government affects to despise it?"

"But suppose that one accords to the army all the money, and all the honors which you claim for it; it will remain still liable to the objection of de Brosses: 'What are warriors who never have gone to war?'"

"I acknowledge it. The feeling of esteem which every Frenchman yields to the soldier, takes its source

in the idea of the many dangers he has run, or of those he may yet meet. We see in him a man who has made beforehand the sacrifice of his own life by pledging himself to shed his blood at the very first command of his chiefs. If the little children of our country do salute with respect this flag, that steeple of the regiment, it is because they think of all the brave spirits which have fallen around it."

"Must we then send our soldiers to war before they have served in the civil police?"

"It is certain, my lord, that when you meet amongst the Pope's infantry a Crimean veteran, strayed by accident into one of your regiments of foreigners, the medal he wears upon his breast claims for him more notice than that given to his comrades. Which corps of your army has the people treated with respect? The pontifical carabineers, because they were originally chosen amongst the veterans of Napoleon."

"My friend, you do not answer my question. Would you have us declare war on Europe in order to teach our police how to keep peace at home?"

"My lord, the government of the Holy Father is too wise to seek adventures. We are no longer in

the days of Julius II., who wore the cuirass, and rushed to the breach. But why should not the head of the church do as Pius V., who sent his sailors with the Spaniards and the Venetians to the battle of Lepanto? Why should he not send one or two Roman regiments to Algeria? France would, perhaps, give them a place in her army; and with us they would serve the holy cause of civilization. When, after five or six campaigns, these soldiers should return to enter modestly upon some civil service, you may be sure that every body would obey them politely. The rude valets would no more say to them what I heard last evening, at the door of the theatre, ‘Stick to your soldiering, and let me be the servant.’ Those who humble them to-day would be proud to show them any respect, for nations are inclined to admire themselves in the person of their army.”

“How long?”

“Always. Glory achieved is a capital which is never exhausted. The regiments would always retain the feeling of honor and of discipline which they had brought back from the war. You do not know, my

lord, what it is to have an idea embodied in a regiment. There is a whole world of souvenirs, traditions, and virtues, which, invisible and present, circulate through that body of men. It is the spiritual patrimony of the corps; veterans do not take it away when they leave; conscripts inherit it on their arrival. The colonel, the officers, and all the soldiers, one after the other, are changed; but still the regiment remains the same, because the same spirit floats ever between the folds of the same flag. Form four good regiments of choice men, paid, honored, and accustomed to the fire,—they will stand as long as Rome itself; and Mazzini will not prevail against their courage.”

“May it be so! and may Heaven hear you!”

“The thing is half done, my lord, if you have but heard me. We are not far from the Vatican, where sits the real minister of war.”

“He will oppose me with a new objection.”

“What?”

“He will tell me that, if we send our regiments to serve their apprenticeships in Africa, they will bring back French ideas.”

“ This is an incident you cannot prevent : but it is easy enough to console one’s self for it. Whether French ideas are brought to you by your own soldiers or by ours, the result will be the same. Besides, this importation so skilfully eludes the custom house, that the railways will soon scatter it plentifully among you. And, after all, where would be the harm ? All the men who have studied us without prejudice, well know that French ideas are ideas of order and liberty, of conservatism and progress, of labor and probity, of culture and industry. The country where French ideas most abound is France : and, my lord, France is well enough.”

CHAPTER XIX.

MATERIAL INTERESTS.

“**A**S for me,” said a fat Neapolitan, “I care no more for politics than I do for an orange peel. I am ready to believe that we have a bad government, since every body says so; and above all, because the king does not dare to show himself. But my grandfather earned twenty thousand ducats in a factory; my father doubled his capital in a shop, and I have bought an estate which brings me six per cent. from my tenant. I eat four times a day; I am very well; I weigh two hundred pounds; and in the evening, at supper, when I have taken my third glass of caprian wine, I must, whether I will or no, cry, ‘Long live the king!’”

A porker, which crossed the street, bowed his head in sign of approbation. The swinish school has not numerous followers in Italy, whatever superficial travellers may have told you on this point. The most

gifted nation of Europe will with difficulty persuade itself that the end of existence is to eat four meals a day.

But if we admit, for one moment, that the subjects of the Pope are ready to renounce voluntarily all their religious, political, municipal, and even civil liberties, to enjoy without serious reflection an animal happiness,—that they content themselves with a material welfare upon a level with the brute, such as health and food,—do they find amongst themselves that which satisfies them? Can they for this, in the least, praise their government? Are they as well treated as caged animals? Are the people in a good physical condition? No.

In every country of the world, the sources of public riches are three in number—agriculture, industry, and commerce. Every government which does its duty, and comprehends its interest, favors to the best of its ability, by general measures, the farm, the workhouse, and the workshop. Wherever the nation and its rulers are dependently united, we see commerce and industry gather around the government, and augment, even to excess, the population of the capitals. Agriculture

herself performs her most beautiful miracles in the zone the most directly under the influence of the ruling power. Yet Rome is the city the least industrious and commercial of the whole country; and its suburbs resemble a desert. One must go far to find any attempt at labor, and any beginning of commerce.

Whose fault is it? Industry, above all, has need of liberty. Now, every industrial pursuit, however unimportant, constitutes privileges which the Roman government gives to its friends. Not only tobacco and salt, but sugar, glass, stearic candles, are manufactured by monopoly—monopoly here, and monopoly there. An insurance company is formed; it is a monopoly with privileges. The baskets used by cherry pedlers are manufactured exclusively by a privileged basket maker; the inspector of the Place Navona would seize a refractory basket which had not paid its tribute to privilege. The grocers of Tivoli, the butchers of Frascati, all the retailers of the suburbs of Rome, are privileged; you see that privilege shines for every body, and that commerce takes its share.

Commerce does not exist without capital, without

institutions of credit, without good roads, and above all, without security. I have already mentioned whether the roads are good, but I have not yet told you how bad and insufficient they are here. Look at the facts. In the month of June, 1858, I journeyed through the provinces of the Mediterranean, taking notes at every step. I ascertained that in one commune a pound of bread cost two and a half cents, when, four leagues farther on, the same was sold for two cents. The freight for merchandise upon a road of four leagues is worth, therefore, one half cent per pound. Bad wine was sold for fourteen cents a quart at Sonnino; ten leagues from there, in the commune of Pagliano, tolerable wine brought five cents. Therefore nine cents were paid for the transport of a kilogramme ten leagues. Wherever government makes routes, an equilibrium in the price of produce is at once established.

It will be objected that I have pushed my explorations into out-of-the-way places. Let us, then, draw near to the capital. We shall see the state of affairs much worse. The villages the nearest Rome have not even a wagon road between them. What would

be thought of the French government if we could not go from Versailles to St. Germain without passing through Paris? and yet this is what has been seen for centuries around the capital of the Pope. Do you wish a more striking example? The second city of the pontifical states, Bologna, has frequent and rapid communications with all the world, except Rome. She despatches seven mails a week to foreign parts; she sends only five to Rome. The letters from Paris reach Bologna some hours before those from Rome; the letters from Vienna arrive a day and a night before those from Rome. The kingdom of the Pope is not very extensive, but I found that it was too large, when I saw the distance tripled by the carelessness of the government, and the insufficiency of public works. Shall we speak of railroads? There are 15 miles opened upon a line of 375 miles. Soon, perhaps, thanks to the talent of our engineers, and to the activity of a great Parisian financier, (Mr. Mirés,) the locomotives will whirl between Rome and Civita Vecchia, through a magnificent desert. But the Adriatic provinces, which are the most densely populated, the most active, and the most interesting in the king-

dom, will not hear, for a long time to come, the snorting steam whistle. The nation loudly demands railways. The proprietors, who are laymen, instead of fantastically raising the price of their estates, rush forward to offer their lands; the convents alone put up the barricades, as if Satan himself was coming to stop with them. The construction of a station in Rome was the occasion of comical difficulties. Our unfortunate engineers did not know where to conduct their surveys; for the monks were every where! They ran through the grounds of the Lazarists; the Holy Father intervened in person, and said, "My dear engineer, pity my good Lazarists! They are men of prayer and meditation, and your locomotives make such a noise!" They turned to the neighbors—a new difficulty. They leaned to the left—they ran against a convent of nuns founded by the Princess Bauffremont. But I have not the leisure to recount all these episodes. Remember only that railroads will yet come; and that, meanwhile, commerce has no roads. The budget of public works employs itself in the reparation of churches and in the construction of cathedrals. They have already buried \$2,000,000

on the route to Ostia for building a holy edifice, very gray and very ugly.* They will spend as much more to complete it, and, in the mean time, the national commerce is in no better condition.

Two millions! The Roman bank has only \$2,000,000 for its capital. And when the merchants present their notes for discount, the bank has no money to give them. You must go to the men of usury and monopoly; and the president of the bank is one of them.

Rome is in possession of an Exchange; I discovered it by chance in turning over the Roman Almanac. This establishment is opened once a week; you may judge by this of the activity of the transactions.

If commerce and manufactures are a limited resource to the subjects of the Pope, they fortunately find compensation in agriculture. The fertility of the soil, and the dogged labor of the farmer, succeed in hindering the nation from starving. When the nation pays an annual tribute of \$5,000,000 to foreign industry, there remains in her favor, from her own productions, an excess of \$4,000,000. Hemp and grain,

* St. Paul's without the walls.

oil and wool, wine, silk, and cattle are the principal staples.

What does the government do? Its duties are very simple, and may be summed up in three words, viz: to protect, economize, and encourage.

The chapter of encouragement does not burden the budget. Some proprietors and farmers who reside at Rome asked permission to organize an agricultural society; the government opposed it. To accomplish their end, they furtively joined a horticultural society, which was authorized. They organized, contributed money, exhibited to the eyes of the Romans a fine collection of cattle, and distributed several gold and silver medals, offered by the Prince Cesarini. Was it not strange that a cattle-show, to be tolerated, must hide itself behind ranunculuses and camellias! Not only do lay sovereigns openly favor agriculture, but they encourage it at great expense, and do not consider it throwing money out of the window. They know that to give 4000 dollars to the inventor of a good plough, is to place a little capital at compound interest. Their kingdom, on that account, will only be the more prosperous, and their children more wealthy. But the Pope

has no children. He prefers sowing in the churches, that he may do his harvesting in Paradise.

Might he not, at least, take better care of those unhappy peasants who support him?

A statistician* of undoubted talent and loyalty has proved that in the communes of Bologna the rural property paid 160 francs tax for 100 francs of taxable income. The state treasury does not content itself with absorbing all the revenue; it eats up each year a portion of the capital. What do you think of such moderation?

In 1855 the vine was every where diseased. Worldly governments lightened, as far as possible, the burdens of the unhappy proprietors. The Cardinal Antonelli profited by the occasion to impose upon vineyards a tax of \$372,500; and as the grapes were not there to pay it, the impost was thrown upon the townships. Which was the worst, the scourge of oïdium (the vine disease) or that of Cardinal Antonelli? Assuredly it was not the oïdium, for that has disappeared, but the cardinal still remains.

* *La Dette publique des États Romains*, par le Marquis J. N. Pepoli. Turin, 1858.

All grains harvested in the *Agro Romano* pay a fixed tax of \$2.20 per *rubbio*, the average worth of which is \$8 or \$10. It is therefore at least 22 per cent. that the government levies upon the harvest. Is not that a moderate tax? It is more than double tithing. That is their way of protecting the cultivators of grain.

All agricultural products pay an export duty. I know some governments which give a premium to exporters; this is to encourage the national industry. I know of others, and they are the majority, who permit the free exportation of the surplus product of the harvest. This is not encouraging, but caring for the producers. The Pope levies, on the average, \$22 for each \$1000, upon the total value of merchandise exported, and \$160 for each \$1000 *ad valorem* of the imports. The Piedmontese government is satisfied with \$13 out of his \$1000 exported, and \$58 on each \$1000 imported: I would prefer to cultivate the land of Piedmont.

Cattle is subjected to vexatious taxes, amounting to 20 and 30 per cent. of its value. The herds are taxed in the pastures; \$5.50 a head is then exacted for

each ox that goes to the market; and then an export duty is levied after all that. Nevertheless, raising cattle is one of the most valuable resources of the country; and that which should be well protected.

Horses bred in the Roman Campagna pay five per cent. of their value each time they are sold. If they exchange masters twenty times in their lives, the government pockets as much money as the breeders. When I say the government, I mistake. The horse tax is not counted in the budget. It is an ecclesiastical stipend. The cardinal chancellor of the exchequer stows it away, pell-mell, with the revenue of the bishops.

“The good shepherd should shear his sheep, not skin them.” It was a Roman emperor who said this; it was not a Pope.

After this, I do not dare to ask of the Holy Father certain protective measures which would have the sure effect of doubling the revenue of his crown and the number of his subjects.

I said that the statistics of 1857 are not supposed to exaggerate the territorial wealth of the Romans, in estimating it at \$522,000,000. The gross product of

this capital does not amount to more than \$53,569,000, or ten per cent. This is very small, when we reflect that in Poland and some other countries, where cultivation is conducted on a large scale, the land yields even twelve per cent. of net revenue, which represents twenty per cent. of the gross product. Roman soil would produce as much if the government would allow it.

The country is divided into cultivated and waste lands. The cultivated lands — that is to say, those planted with trees, fertilized by manure, submitted to the regular tillage, and sown each year — are situated, for the most part, in the Adriatic provinces, far away from the eyes of the Pope. In that half of the Roman states the most interesting, and yet the least known, twenty years of French occupation have left excellent traditions. The horrible right of primogeniture is there abolished, if not by law, at least by custom: the equality of the children of the same father necessitates a division of property, so favorable to the progress of agriculture. In these provinces there are some large proprietors, as elsewhere; but instead of leaving their estate to the rapacity of a superintendent, they divide their property, and intrust it, in

small portions, to the labor of well-selected tenants. The proprietor furnishes the land, the buildings, the cattle, and the tax money. The tenant furnishes the manual labor of his family, pays the contingent expenses, and shares the crops with the owner of the soil. This is an excellent system; and the Adriatic provinces would have no occasion to be pitied if they were rid of brigands, protected from the inundations of the Po and the Reno; and relieved from the enormous taxes which burden them.

The taxes are lighter on the other side of the Apennines. There are, even around Rome, proprietors who pay scarcely any. The council of state, in 1854, valued the privileged lands at \$18,000,000. But we are discussing another question: let us examine the waste lands.

Upon the borders of the Mediterranean, on the north, south, east, and west, and wherever the benediction of the Pope can reach, the flat land, which is of an immense extent, is at once sterile, uncultivated, and unhealthy.

We have seen many fine theories on the miserable condition of this lovely country.

One says, "It is uncultivated because it is a desert: how can men inhabit it when they lose their lives there? Render it healthy first, — it will people itself, and inhabitants will hasten to cultivate it; for there is no soil in the world so fertile."

Another replies, "You do not understand the matter. You take the cause for the effect, and the effect for the cause. The country is unhealthy because it is uncultivated. The decayed vegetable matter, accumulated for centuries, in the summer time ferments beneath the solar rays. The wind passes over it, and puts in motion a collection of subtile miasmas, which, though inodorous, are nevertheless most fatal. If all these plains were worked over two or three times, if air and light were made to penetrate the depths of the soil, the fever which broods beneath the rank vegetation would soon evaporate, and never return. Bring on your ploughs, and the first fruit you gather will be health."

A third responds to the first two, "You are both right. The country is unhealthy because it is uncultivated, and uncultivated because it is unhealthy. It is a vicious circle, out of which we shall never get. Therefore take things easy, and when the fever comes, let

us go to the mountains and enjoy the fresh air beneath the beautiful trees of Frascati.”

If the last orator is not a prelate, I shall be very much astonished. But look out, monsignor! Frascati, which was once so renowned for its pure air, no longer merits that reputation. I can say the same of Tivoli. The most healthy quarters of Rome (like the Pincian, for example) have become unhealthy within the last few years. The fever advances. It is to be observed that, at the same time, cultivation diminishes; and it is also to be remarked that the property in *mortmain* — that is to say, placed in the hands of the priests and monks — increased in value from \$300,000 to \$400,000 per annum. Is not *mort-main* the hand which causes death? *

I submitted this delicate question to a very intelligent, honorable, and rich man, who cultivates some thousands of acres belonging to the church — a *mar-chand de Campagne*. This is his answer: “Six tenths of the *Agro Romano* are in mortmain; three tenths belong to the nobility, and the remainder is the property of divers private individuals.

* Our language cannot express the play of words contained in this sentence: “*Est-ce que la mainmorte serait la main qui fait mourir?*”

“My landlord is a religious society which gives me a three years’ lease on the uncultivated land. The stock and all the agricultural implements belong to me; it is an enormous capital, and subject to all kinds of accidents; but in order to make money in our dear country, it is necessary to risk a great deal.

“If the land were mine I would sow nearly the whole of it in grain, for the plantation consists mostly of productive soil; but a clause of the lease expressly forbids me to cultivate the fertile lands, for fear that wheat-growing would exhaust it. It is certain that it would in time become exhausted, for we do not make use of manures; but the mediocre land which my proprietor (the religious community) devotes to the plough becomes very much sooner unproductive and useless. The monks have made up their minds beforehand. That which concerns them is, that the good land destined to produce pasture and nourish the herds shall lose none of its fertility.

“Therefore I raise but little grain; for the good devotees forbid me to cultivate much. I plough sometimes one piece, sometimes another. Upon my farm, as in the whole extent of the *Agro Romano*, tillage is

merely a passing accident; and as long as this continues, the country will not become healthy.

“I raise cattle; it is often an excellent speculation, often disastrous; and I will tell you why. On my whole plantation there is no shelter for the cattle. I asked the monks if they would not consent to build stables, provided I should pay a proportional increase of rent. The business-man of the convent, shrugging his shoulders, thus replied to me: ‘What are you thinking about? we are only usufructuaries. For making the improvement which you ask, we should encroach upon our revenues, and for whose profit? for those who come after us. We are not such fools. We intend to enjoy the present; the future is nothing to us, since we have no children.’ Nothing could be more sound. The good fellow added, that he would permit me to build, at my own expense, whatever I pleased, provided that at the termination of the lease the buildings be left to the convent. I replied that I was ready to build if they would sign me a lease of reasonable length. But, luckily for me, I remembered that the canonical law recognizes no lease of more than three years’ duration, and that they might

raise a dispute with me the day my buildings were finished. The affair, therefore, remained *in statu quo*. One hundred cows under shelter will give as much milk as five hundred cows in the open field; and it costs less than half to feed them. In order to feed my herds, we bring them each day half a hay-stack, which we spread upon the ground. The cattle waste much of it; and if it rains, all is spoiled. Calculate the diminution of the milk, the cost of transporting the hay, and the loss of feed; add to this the damage produced every day by trampling over lands which are thoroughly wet, and you may understand how much a tenant is to be pitied, when he has landlords indifferent to the future, and living only from day to day.

“There was another improvement which I wished to make at my own expense; but the convent would not consent to it. I asked permission to dam up a little stream of water, and to open a few small canals, in order that by this artificial irrigation I might increase the quantity and the quality of the food for the cattle. You would never guess what the monks answered. They said that the fertility caused by irrigation was a kind of violence done to nature, and that in the lapse

of time, sooner or later, the soil would be impoverished thereby. What could I answer to such reasoning? Those good people understand nothing but taking care of their revenue. I do not reproach their ignorance, or their bad will; I only regret that the land is in their hands. The productive industry of the pasture, by the condition in which they have forced us to exercise it, is subject to terrible reverses. A year of drought suffices to ruin the owners of herds. In the Campania, from 1854 to 1855, we lost from 20 to 40 per cent. upon the sum total of the cattle, and in 1856, '57, the loss reached from 17 to 25 per cent.; and you must not forget that before dying in the pasture each beast had begun to pay taxes."

A defender of the political system offered to prove to me, figures in hand, that it was all for the best, even on the church property. "We have our reasons," said he, "for preferring grazing to farming. Take, for instance, a lot of land of 500 acres. If the proprietor takes it into his head to cultivate his own farm, and to sow it down with grain, the spading,*

* The earth, in the papal states, is oftener prepared for grain by the spade than by the plough.

harvesting, threshing, and storage would demand 13,550 work days of one laborer. The price of the seeds, the wages of the workmen, the food of the horses and oxen, the interest on the capital represented by the cattle, the expense of superintending affairs, the care of the utensils, form a total of \$8000. The earth renders seven fold. Sow 100 measures of grain, and the land will yield 700 measures. The average price of a measure of wheat is \$10. Therefore the harvest in the barn is worth \$7000, after it has cost \$8000. That is throwing away \$1000 in farming 500 acres. Is it not worth more to let them to a herdsman who will pay \$1.50 per acre? On one side is \$1000 net loss; on the other, \$800 net revenue."

This mode of reasoning, founded upon the calculations of a skilful prelate,* proves nothing, for it proves too much. If the cultivation of grain is so ruinous, it is impossible to explain the obstinacy of the farmers. I do not believe that they persist in cultivating the earth for the pleasure of spiting the government.

It is very true that the cultivation of an acre may amount to \$32, but it is not true that the land yields only seven fold. It yields thirteen fold, according to the

* Monsignor Nicolai.

statement of farmers, who are not in the habit of exaggerating their gains. Found your calculation on this, and you will see the net revenue of 500 acres is \$5000, when cultivated with grain. The same extent of land given up to grazing gave from \$800 to \$900 of net revenue. Consider, moreover, that it is not the net, but the gross revenue, which makes the wealth of a country. The cultivation of 500 acres, before putting \$5000 into the purse of the farmer, has thrown \$8000 into circulation — put \$8000 into the pockets of a thousand or fifteen hundred poor fellows who have abundant need of them. Grazing, on the contrary, benefits only three persons — the landlord, the cattle-owner, and the herdsman. Reflect, finally, that in replacing grazing by tillage, they would replace fever with health; and that is a profit which surpasses all others.

But the ecclesiastics, who possess or administer the estates in mortmain, will never subscribe to a revolution so salutary. It would not be directly profitable to them. As long as they are masters, they will prefer their own ease and the regularity of their incomes to the future good of the people.

A Pope, Pius VI., who is worthy of statues, con-

ceived the heroic project of forcing an innovation on these prelatical landholders. He decided that 50,000 acres should be annually cultivated in the *Agro Romano*, and that all the land, in turn, should be subjected to labor. Pius VII. did better still. He wished that Rome, the cause of all this evil, should furnish the remedy. He traced around the capital a belt of one mile in width, and enjoined it upon the proprietors to cultivate it without a murmur. A second zone, and then a third, were to succeed the first; and thus, gaining little by little, they would, in a few years, have driven away the malaria, and have peopled the solitude. The borders of the fields were to have been planted with trees, in order that the respiration of the foliage might contribute, with the cultivation of the ground, to the amelioration of the atmosphere. Excellent measures, although slightly stamped with despotism. Intelligent despotism was attempting to remedy the faults of unskilled despotism. But what can the will of two men do against the passive resistance of a caste? The laws of Pius VI. and Pius VII. were never put in practice. The cultivation which extended to 40,000 acres under the reign

of Pius VI. was reduced to an annual average of 12,000 and 15,000 under the paternal inspection of Pius IX. Not only have they forgotten to plant trees, but they have permitted the cattle to browse upon the saplings. They even tolerate the speculators who burn a forest in order to make potash.

The estates of the princes seem in a little better state of cultivation than those of the church; but they are drawn into the same movement, or rather enchained by the same stagnation. The law which eternally preserves an immense domain in the hands of the same family, the custom which condemns the Roman nobles to consume their revenues for show, all oppose the division and the improvement of the lands.

And while the most beautiful plains of Italy lie rotting from neglect, a strong, indefatigable, heroic population cultivate with the spade the arid flanks of the mountains, and endeavor to fertilize gravel-stones.

I have already described these little mountaineer proprietors, who fill the cities of 10,000 inhabitants, which lie on the slope of the Mediterranean. You

know with what earnest devotion they combat the sterility of their humble domain, without hope of ever attaining a competency. These poor people, who pass their lives in obtaining a livelihood, would believe themselves transported to Paradise if some one would give them a long lease of a few acres in the Roman Campagna. Their labor would then have some meaning; their existence a name; their family a future.

Does any one fear that they will refuse to cultivate an unhealthy country? But they are the very men who do cultivate it when the landlords will permit them. It is they who, each spring, descend from their mountains to break with their mattocks the hard lumps of earth, and finish their work with the plough. It is still they who come to harvest the grain under the deadly heat of June; reaping from sunrise until daylight is gone, without any other nourishment than bread and cheese; sleeping in the open fields, lying down amid the damp exhalations of the night; and more than one of them never arises from that sleep. The survivors, after a harvest of eleven days,—more dangerous to them than a battle,—carry back to their village the sum of four dollars!

If they could contract a long lease, or simply rent the land year by year, as the colonists of Bologna, or as the peasants of our country, do, they would earn much more, and their risks would not be greater. At the commencement they should be established between Rome and Montepoli, between Rome and Civita Castellana, in the valley of Ceprano, and upon the hills which extend around the *Castelli* of Rome. They would then breathe an atmosphere as innocuous as that of their own mountains — where the fever does not always spare them. In a short time, the colonial system, progressing gradually and advancing little by little, would realize the dream of Pius VII., and would chase away wretchedness and epidemics.

I do not dare to hope that such a miracle will ever be the work of a Pope. The opposition is too strong; and the powers that be, too weak. But if Providence, which has given to the Romans ten centuries of clerical government, shall award to them ten good years of lay administration, we shall perhaps see the possessions of the church committed to hands more active and more skilful. We shall see the right of primogeniture suppressed, trusteeship (as in the case of property

left to convents) abolished, the large estates divided, the proprietors reduced by force of circumstances to cultivate their lands. A good export law, faithfully observed, would encourage enterprising men to cultivate grain. A network of good roads and railways would transport the products of agriculture from one end of the country to the other. A national marine would convey these products to the ends of the world. Public works, banking institutions, a good police — But why should I wander away into details? It suffices to say that the subjects of the Pope will be as rich and as happy as any people in Europe from the time that they are no longer governed by a Pope.

CHAPTER XX.

FINANCES.

“THE subjects of the Pope are forced to be poor, but they pay scarcely any taxes; that is a compensation.” This you and I have often heard. It is stated again and again, on the authority of I know not what statistics of the golden age; that they are taxed at the rate of \$2.20 the head.

This is fabulous; and it would cost little pains to demonstrate it. But were it authentic, the Romans would be none the less to be pitied. The smallness of taxes is a sad consolation to a people who have nothing. I prefer a great deal to be rich, and pay as much as the English nation. What would one think of the government of the queen, if after having ruined commerce, industry, agriculture, and destroyed all the sources of public prosperity, it should say to the citizen, “Rejoice; henceforth you will pay only \$2.20 tax?” The English would answer with good reason that

it is far better to give \$1000 a head, and to gain \$10,000.

The lightness of taxation does not consist in such or such a figure. It results from the relation between the revenues of the nation, and the annual tribute exacted by the state. It is just to levy much upon him who has much; it is monstrous to take a sum, however small it may be, from him who has nothing. If you place yourself at this point of view, which is reasonable, you will agree with me that an impost of \$2.00 a head would be rather heavy for the poor Romans.

But it is not \$2.00 which they must pay; neither is it \$4.00. It is a budget of \$14,000,000 distributed amongst 3,000,000 tax payers; distributed, not according to the rules of logic, justice, and humanity, but in such a manner that the heaviest burdens fall upon that class which is the most useful, laborious, and interesting of the nation; viz., the small proprietors.

And I only speak here of the tax paid directly to the state, and acknowledged in the budget. You must add to this the provincial and municipal charges which, under the form of additional imposts, are equal

to more than double the direct tax. The province of Bologna pays annually \$404,500 of direct taxes, and \$476,864 of additional imposts. This sum of \$881,300 divided between 370,107 persons would make a direct tax of \$2.40 per head. But it does not come from the entire population. It falls upon 23,022 proprietors.

It does not weigh equally upon the proprietors of the city and those of the country. In the province of Bologna, a city property, estimated at \$20, pays 54 cents in taxes and additional taxes. A rural property of the same value pays \$1.26. Do not forget, if you please, that it is \$1.26 per \$100 upon the capital, not upon the revenue.

In the cities the heaviest burdens do not fall upon the palace, but upon the houses of the middle class. Without going away from Bologna, look, for instance, at the palace of a wealthy *signor*. His building is put down in the tax book at the insignificant sum of \$5500, because the apartments occupied by the proprietor are not comprised in the revenue. Such as it is, this piece of real estate renders the proprietor \$1400, and pays a tax of \$90. The little house next

door is put down in the registry at the value of \$1000; the income from it is \$50; the taxes, \$17. The palace is taxed \$6 for each \$100 of revenue; the old half-ruined building pays \$33 for each \$100.

We pity the Lombards, and not without reason. But property owners pay \$14,000 more in the province of Bologna than in the province of Milan.

Add to these crushing burdens the imposts on ordinary consumption. They bear upon the products the most necessary to sustain life, such as flour, vegetables, rice, and bread. They are heavier than in the largest cities of Europe. Meat pays the same rights of entry at Bologna as at Paris; straw, hay, and firewood pay more.

The inhabitants of Lille spend \$2.40 per head to the profit of the *octroi*;* the inhabitants of Florence, \$2.40; the inhabitants of Lyons, \$3; the inhabitants, of Bologna, \$3.40. You see that we are far enough from the \$2.20 of the golden age!

To be just, I should state that the nation has not

* In many of the continental cities, instead of a direct taxation for municipal purposes, a small sum is paid on each pound of meat, butter, &c., each dozen of eggs, each ton of hay, &c. This tax is called the *octroi*.

always been treated so badly. The public burdens have only become insupportable under the reign of Pius IX. The budget of Bologna has more than doubled between 1846 and 1858. Would that, at least, the money paid by the nation were spent to the profit of the nation!

But one third of the taxes remain in the hands of the collectors. It is incredible, and nevertheless exact. The expenses of collecting in England amount to 8 per cent., in France to 14 per cent., in Piedmont to 16, and in the states of the Pope to 31 per cent.!

If you are astonished at the prodigal waste which condemns the people to pay \$100 in order that the treasury may receive \$69, the following fact will make you understand it. Last year the office of tax gatherer in the city of Bologna was offered to the highest bidder. An honorable and solvent candidate offered to gather the tax for $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The government gave the preference to the Count Cæsar Mattei, fiscal officer of the Pope, who demanded 2 per cent. for collecting. This favor awarded to a faithful servant of the holy power increased by \$4000 per annum the burdens of the nation.

That which remains of the taxes after the one-third is absorbed comes into the hands of the Pope; and behold what he does with it.

\$5,000,000 serve to pay the interest on a growing debt contracted by the priests, and for the priests, increased each year by the bad administration of the priests, and is left by the priests as a dead weight upon the nation.

\$2,000,000 are devoured by a useless army, whose sole employment up to the present time is to present arms to the cardinals, and to escort the holy sacrament in procession.

\$600,000 are consecrated to the support, reparation, and superintendence of those institutions the most indispensable to an unpopular power; I mean the prisons:

\$400,000 are consumed in the administration of justice. The tribunals of the capital absorb the half of this sum, because they have the honor to be composed chiefly of prelates.

\$500,000 — a very modest sum — is all that is allotted to public works. It is mostly expended in embellishing Rome, and in repairing churches.

\$300,000 are used for the encouragement of lazy-

ness in the city of Rome. A commission for benevolent operations, presided over by a cardinal, distributes this sum amongst some thousands of lazy fellows, without rendering account to any one. Mendicity is so much the more flourishing, as may easily be seen. From 1827 to 1858 the subjects of the Holy Father have paid \$8,000,000 in this fatal alms-giving, of which the principal effect has been to take away from manufactures and agriculture the hands which were sadly needed. The cardinal, president of the commission, receives \$12,000 for his own private charities. \$80,000 miserably defrays the expense of public instruction, which, besides, is in the hands of the clergy. Add this modest sum to the \$400,000 for justice, and to a portion of the budget of public works, and you have the total sum of the expenses which are useful to the nation. The remainder benefits only the government, that is, some priests.

The Pope and the associates of his power must be terribly poor financiers, that, having so little to pay out for the nation, they close every budget with *deficit*. The estimate for 1858 closed with a *deficit* of nearly \$2,400,000, which did not hinder the government from promising an excess in 1859.

They filled up the *deficit* in the budget either by openly borrowing of Mr. de Rothschild, or by a secret emission of scrip.

The pontifical government, in 1857, contracted its eleventh loan of Mr. de Rothschild; it was only a trifle of \$3,421,313. For all that, it did not the less issue \$6,600,000 of consolidated bonds between 1851 and 1858, without saying a word to any body.

The principal which it owes, and which its subjects are bound to pay, amounts to-day to \$71,500,000. If you divide this total by the number of the inhabitants, you will see that each child born in the states of the Pope is debtor to the sum of \$22, (of which he will pay the interest all his life,) although it has profited neither the child nor his ancestors.

These \$71,500,000 have not been lost to the world. The nephews of the Pope have pocketed a portion. The general interests of the Catholic faith have devoured a good third. It is proved that the wars of religion have not cost less than \$20,000,000 to the Pope. And the peasants of Ancona and Forli still pay, from the revenue of their fields, the firewood with which the Huguenots were burned. The churches of

which Rome is so proud have not been entirely freed from debt by the contributions of the Catholic world; there are still certain relics of accounts charged to the inhabitants of Rome. The Popes have more than once granted a donation to those poor religious establishments, which did not possess more than \$100,000,000 under the sun. These donations, under the head "allowances for worship," add something like \$4,400,000 to the national debt. Foreign occupation, and above all the invasion of the Austrians in the northern provinces, taxed the inhabitants \$5,000,000. Add the money squandered, given, stolen, lost, and \$7,000,000 paid to bankers for commission on loans, and you will have an account of the total debt, excepting, perhaps, \$8,000,000, the unexplained and inexplicable employment of which does the greatest honor to the discretion of the ministers.

Since the restoration of Pius IX. respect for public opinion forces the pontifical government to render some account of its income. It does not render it to the nation, but to Europe; and Europe, which is not very curious, is easily satisfied. Some copies of the budget are published — not, however, for those who wish them.

The table of receipts and expenses is prodigiously laconic. I have under my eyes the budget of 1858. In four pages, in the largest of which, containing just fourteen lines, the minister of finance sums up the ordinary and extraordinary receipts and expenditures. Here you have the articles of the receipts: "From direct contributions and property of the state, \$3,201,426," in one mass.

The table of expenditures: "For commerce, fine arts, agriculture, manufactures, and public works, \$601,764," still in a solid mass.

This potent simplification enables the minister to smuggle in divers other things. If, for instance, the revenue of the custom houses showed a diminution of \$500,000 upon the total admitted by the department of the indirect contributions, it was because the government had need of \$500,000 for some mysterious use. Europe will be none the wiser for that.

"Language is silver, but silence is gold." Every successive minister of finance in Rome has adopted this device. Even when they have been forced to speak, they have had the skill to be silent on that which the nation wished to know.

In every civilized country, the nation enjoys two rights, which seem natural enough. The first is the right to vote the taxes, either directly or by deputies. The second is the right to audit the expenditures of the money.

In the pontifical states, the Pope or his minister says to the people, "See what you have to pay." He takes the money, expends it, and never speaks of it again, except in very vague terms.

However, in order to give some sort of satisfaction to the conscience of Europe, Pius IX. promised to submit the finances to a kind of Chamber of Deputies. The following is the text of that promise, which figures along with many others in the *motu proprio* of September 12, 1849.

"A council of state is established for the finances. Its functions extend to the budget of estimates; it shall examine the table of moneys collected, and shall sign the accounts audited. It shall give its advice upon the establishment of new taxes, and on the abolition of those already decreed; upon the best distribution of the imposts, upon the best means of advancing commerce, and in general upon all that which concerns the interests of the treasury.

“The councillors will be chosen by us from the lists presented by the provincial councils. Their number will be fixed in proportion to the provinces of the state. The number may be increased, in a definite measure by some of our subjects, whom we reserve the right to nominate.”

Permit me to enlarge a little upon the meaning of this promise and the effects which followed it. Who knows if diplomacy will not soon begin to exact promises from the Pope? if the Pope will not recommence to promise mountains and marvels? and if those promises will not be as delusory as those already made? This little paragraph is worthy of a long commentary, because we may derive from it great instruction.

“It is established,” said the Pope. The decree established it September 12, 1849; it did not go into effect until December, 1853, four years later. That is what I call a note at long sight. It is evident that the nation has need of some guarantees—that it should have the right to give some advice and exercise some surveillance; consequently, we beseech the nation to review it (the government) every four years.

The members of the Chamber of Finance have the

assumed air of deputies. I avow to you that the appearance is decidedly false, although Mr. de Rayneval, for the aid of his cause, calls them the representatives of the nation. They represent the nation as Cardinal Antonelli represents the apostles.

They are chosen by the Pope from a list presented by the provincial councils. The provincial councillors are chosen by the Pope from a list presented by the communal councils. The councillors of the communes are nominated by their predecessors in each communal council, which have been chosen directly by the Pope, from a list of eligible citizens, who all must furnish a certificate of sound religious and political conduct. In all this I see but one elector; and he is the Pope.

Let us examine this series of elections, beginning from the foundation, that is, the nation. The Italians are very fond of municipal liberties; the Pope knows it; he is a good prince, and he will confer these liberties. The commune desires to choose its own councillors; there are ten of them to be chosen, and the Pope names sixty electors. Six electors to each councillor to be elected!

And the electors themselves are not the first comers; they have all a certificate from the parish and the

police. However, as they are not infallible, and as, in the exercise of a new right, they might make mistakes, the sovereign pontiff decides to make the election himself. His communal councillors — for they are assuredly his — then present him a list of the candidates for the provincial council. The list is long, in order that the Holy Father may have ample choice. In the province of Bologna, for instance, he chose eleven names from a list of 156. He must have had a very unskilful hand not to have fallen upon eleven men devoted to him. In their turn, these eleven councillors of the province presented four candidates, from whom the Pope chose one. This is the way in which the nation is represented in the Chamber of Finance. Nevertheless, with a certain refinement of distrust, the Holy Father adds to the list of representatives a few men of his choice, of his caste, of his intimacy. One third of the councillors elected by the nation go out of office every two years. The councillors appointed directly by the Pope are permanent.

Without a doubt, if ever a body corporate offered guarantees to the reigning power, it is such a council of finance as this. And yet the Pope does not trust it. He has given the presidency to a cardinal,

the vice presidency to a prelate. After all he is only half reassured. A special regulation puts all the councillors under the powerful hand of the cardinal president. It is he who appoints the committees, organizes the bureaux, and who makes the reports to the Pope. No papers, no documents, are communicated to the councillors without his permission. So true is it that the reigning caste sees in the laity only an enemy. And they are right. These poor lay councillors, chosen amongst that portion of the people who are the most timid, the most submissive, and the most devoted to the Pope, could not forget that they were men, citizens, and Italians. The very day after their installation, they manifested a wish to do their duty by verifying the accounts of the preceding years. They were told that the accounts were mislaid. They insisted upon having them; they were sought for; a few documents were found, but so incomplete were they that the poor council was not able, in six years, to sign a certificate of approbation.

Its advice was not asked upon the new imposts decreed between 1849 and 1853. Ever since 1853,—that is, since it entered upon its functions,—foreign

loans have been contracted, consolidated bonds have been registered, the real estate of the nation has been alienated, postal conventions have been signed, the system of taxes has been changed at Benevento, the diseased grape vine has been taxed, without its opinion being asked. It was consulted upon some other financial measures, and it answered no. But the government did not stop for such a trifle. It is said in the *motu proprio* that the council shall be heard; but it is not said that it will be listened to.*

Every year, towards the end of the session, the council addresses to the Pope a humble request against the gross abuses of the financial system. The Pope sends back the petition to some cardinal. The cardinals send the thing to the "Greek Calends." †

Mr. de Rayneval greatly admired this mechanism. Soulouquo has done better still; he has imitated it. But, "there is a degree of bad government which the people, great or small, enlightened or ignorant, will no longer endure." — *Guizot*.

* All the figures, and all the facts, contained in this chapter, are borrowed from the excellent works of the Marquis Pepoli.

† There were no "Greek Calends:" the phrase in French signifies, "they tabled it."

CHAPTER XXI.

CONCLUSION.

AFTER having demonstrated that every thing is for the best in the kingdom of the Pope, the Count de Rayneval closes his famous note with a despairing conclusion. According to his views, the Roman Question is one which cannot be definitively resolved, and all the combined efforts of diplomacy can but postpone a catastrophe.

I am not so much of a pessimist. It seems to me, that all the political questions can be resolved, and all the catastrophes avoided. I even believe that war is not absolutely indispensable to the salvation of Italy, or to the security of Europe, and that it is possible to extinguish a conflagration without firing a cannon.

You have seen with your own eyes the intolerable misery and the legitimate discontent of the Pope's subjects. You know them well enough to understand that Europe must, and without delay, come to their aid, not only for the sake of absolute justice, but also

in the interest of public peace. I have not concealed from you that all the evils which burden those three millions of men, are to be attributed neither to the weakness of the sovereign, nor even to the perversity of the minister, but that they are the necessary logical deduction of a principle. It is of no use for Europe to protest against the consequences; the principle must either be admitted or rejected. If you approve the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, you must praise every thing, even the conduct of Cardinal Antonelli. If the outrages of the pontifical government shock you, it is against the ecclesiastical monarchy that you must rise.

Diplomacy, from time to time, protests against the deductions, without discussing the premises. It writes most respectful *memoranda*, requesting the Pope to be inconsistent, and to administer his states according to principle of temporal governments. If the Pope pretends not to hear, diplomatists have nothing to demand, since they recognize his quality of independent sovereign. If he promises all that is asked of him, but forgets to keep his promises, diplomacy must recognize its own share of this bad state of things. Has it not been admitted that the sovereign pontiff has the right

to release men from their most sacred vows? If, at last, he yields to the solicitations of Europe, and publishes liberal laws, in order to let them go into desuetude to-morrow, the diplomatists are again disarmed; to violate its own laws is the privilege of absolute monarchy.

I profess to have the highest admiration for our diplomatists of 1859. But their colleagues of 1831 were wanting neither in good will nor in ability. They addressed a *memorandum* to Gregory XVI. — which is a *chef-d'œuvre*. They obtained from the Pope a true constitution, which left nothing to wish, while it guaranteed all the moral and material interests of the Roman nation. A few years later, nothing remained of it; and abuses flowed from the ecclesiastical principle, as does a river from its source. We renewed the experiment in 1849. The Pope granted us the *motu proprio* of Portici; and the Romans have gained nothing by it.

Must our diplomatists of 1859 resume the profession of dupes? A French engineer has demonstrated that dikes raised along rivers cost much, profit little, and are always to be rebuilt; while a single dam at the source prevents the most terrible inundations. To the source then, ye diplomatists! Go back,

if you please, as far as to the temporal power of the Popes.

Yet I neither dare hope nor ask that Europe will immediately apply the great remedy; conservatism is still too powerful, even in the youngest governments. Besides, we are in peace; and radical reforms are possible only through war. The sword alone has the privilege to strike at one blow great difficulties. Diplomats, who are the timid army of peace, proceed only by half measures.

There is one which was proposed, in 1814, by the Count Aldini, in 1831 by Rossi, and in 1855 by the Count de Cavour. These three statesmen, fully understanding that it is impossible to limit the authority of the Pope within the kingdom where it is exercised, and upon those who are placed under it, have advised Europe to check the evil, by reducing the extent of the States of the Church, and the number of its subjects.

Nothing is more just, natural, and easy, than to liberate the Adriatic provinces, and to shut up the despotism of the Pope between the Mediterranean and the Apennines. I have showed you that the cities

of Ferrara, Ravenna, Bologna, Rimini, and Ancona, are the most impatient of the pontifical yoke, and the most deserving of freedom. Deliver them. To accomplish this miracle, there needs but one stroke of a pen; and the eagle's feather which signed the treaty of Paris is still ready.

There would remain to the Pope 1,000,000 of subjects, and 5,000,000 of acres; the whole of it rather uncultivated, I admit. But perhaps the diminution of his income would incline him to take better care of his possessions, and use his resources more wisely.

One of two things: he would either enter into the wake of good governments, and the condition of his subjects would become bearable; or, he would plant himself more in the error of his predecessors, and the Mediterranean provinces would, in their turn, claim their independence also.

At the worst, and in conclusion, the Pope would always retain the city of Rome, his palaces, his temples, his cardinals, his prelates, his priests, his monks, his princes, and his lackeys. Europe would provide for this little colony.

Rome, surrounded with the respect of the universe as with a Chinese wall, would then be like a foreign body in the midst of free and living Italy. The country would no more suffer from it than does a veteran from a ball in his arm forgotten by the surgeon.

But will the Pope and the cardinals easily submit themselves to become ministers of religion only? Are they ready to renounce with good will their political influence? Will they lose in one day the habit of interfering in our affairs, of arming princes against each other, and of exciting citizens against their kings? I doubt it.

But, then, princes will use their right of legitimate defence. They will read history anew. They will see that the strong governments are those which have held religion in their own hand; that the senate of Rome did not allow the Carthaginian priests the privilege of preaching in Italy; that the Queen of England and the Emperor of Russia are the chiefs of the Anglican and Russian religion, and that the sovereign metropolis of the churches of France should legitimately be in Paris.

M. About, having been personally attacked by the Bishop of Orleans on account of his celebrated book *La Question Romaine*, replies to the Prelate as follows in the columns of the *Opinion Nationale* :—

“ Schlittenbach, Oct. 8.

“ Monseigneur,—I am living with my mother in a retired cottage in the department of the Bas Rhin. No scandalous journals penetrate into our retreat. Consequently I do not see the *Figaro* or the *Univers*, or the political *mandements* of the bishops. But an inhabitant of Saverne, who takes an interest in me and does not like to see me insulted, yesterday sent me a copy of your pamphlet. You, Monseigneur, are a Liberal. You formerly defended freedom of instruction, or, at any rate, what the French clergy call by that name. You tolerate the classic authors, and you have a little seminary of your own, in which you have Greek tragedies played. You opposed M. Veuillot with a courage not commonly found among men of your cloth, and you only bowed to that great genius when the Pope took his part against you. You now, Monseigneur, defend the liberty of the press—nay, more, you boldly and openly practise it, with that manly pride which is fostered in heroes by the long robe by the certainty of impunity. In former days a mandate was a little episcopal gazette, treating of eggs, butter, and cheese, and other comestibles lawful to be eaten in Lent. You have transformed the mandate into a political journal, and you evade the stamp duty and the caution money to which ordinary journals are subjected. Secured by your sacred character against the rigours of the correctional police, you declare war upon your former Sovereign and our faithful ally the King of Sardinia. You make no account of the Government, which found you a Savoyard and made you a Frenchman, from a priest turned you to a bishop, and now pays you a salary for your services. You post your distiches upon walls belonging to the State, you cause them to be read from the pulpit by public functionaries receiving State pay; and the Prince, who has just granted an amnesty to his political enemies, deigns to allow your small insurrection to enjoy an apparent triumph. There were two good reasons why you should have kept silence, since you were born under the sceptre of the King of Sardinia, and you are now living in the French empire. Is it conceivable that your ecclesiastical garb can have enfranchised you from the allegiance due to both your legitimate Sovereigns, and made you the subject of a petty foreign Prince? Do not suppose, Monseigneur, that any personal rancour prompts these observations. You have illtreated me, it is true, but in such good company that I am only too much honoured by your attacks. I shall be most happy to remain to the end of my days in the category in which you have classed me, by the side of the King of Sardinia and the glorious chiefs of the Italian revolution. I even confess, between ourselves, that I did not think my advocacy of the cause of an oppressed people was worthy of such a glorious recompense. Perhaps you would have done better to speak in more courteous terms of a literary man and a gentleman; for only to suppose such a misfortune as that 15 or 20 years hence you should find me on the next bench to you in the French Academy, you would be forced either to leave your seat or to admit that you had gone a little too far. But religious polemics have their peculiarities.

