

there is a new priest in the village of Crèveœur, a burly, red-faced man, who intones the service with a nasal twang; and there is a little church all

freshly whitewashed, and within it an altar covered by a white cloth with gilt fringe, and upon the cloth three large vases of paper flowers.

*Davida Coit.*

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF ROME DURING THE ITALIAN REVOLUTION.

### I.

THE foreign tourist now reaches Rome in the comfortable carriage of an express train from Florence or from Naples; he enters the city under an arch opened for the purpose in the walls near the Lateran Gate; he traverses the gardens and vineyards back of the ruined temple of Minerva Medica and the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, and, did he but know it, almost along the line of the far more ancient Servian wall; and he alights in a spacious and incongruously modern station opposite the ruins of the Baths of Diocletian, on the plateau of the Viminal and the Esquiline.

Our tourist then takes his seat in an open barouche, drives across the broad piazza, with its beautiful fountain, and turns into the modern avenue of the Via Nazionale: it may be to stop at the large, French-looking Hotel Quirinale, or it may be to drive further on, down into the very heart of the city, passing in front of the stately American church, whose noble Lombard tower rises on the corner of the Via Napoli, — a monument, as the present King of Italy once said that it would be, of American faith in the stability of the Italian kingdom, and especially in the continuance of freedom of worship in the city of Rome.

It is said that when such an innovation as steam traveling was proposed to Pope Gregory XVI., he peremptorily

refused to allow it in the Papal States; adding that were a railroad to come into Rome it would undermine the Papacy. The old Pope was quite right, and wise in his generation, as the event has proved.

Accordingly, when, six and twenty years ago, the writer first visited the Eternal City, he arrived in a little Mediterranean steamer at Civit  Vecchia; waited for hours for permission to disembark; was rowed on shore in a small boat; hired an Italian postilion to drive him, with a friend, up to Rome; and spent some five or six hours on the dreary and desolate road over the Campagna, passing on the way those who drove only a single horse, but obliged to submit to be passed by any one who boasted more horses, or even to lag behind such an one, however slowly he might be moving on.

Early in the month of November, 1859, we were able to go up from Civit  Vecchia to Rome by rail; but we were obliged to leave the train *outside* the city walls, where our passports were closely scrutinized by the police. We were then permitted to enter, in an omnibus, by the Porta Cavalleggieri, and thence to drive along the colonnade of St. Peter's, over the Ponte Sant' Angelo, through the dark and narrow streets, under the oppressive shadows of huge stone palaces with their iron-barred prison windows, to our hotel in the Via Condotti.

If a railroad had indeed been allowed



to come so near the sacred city, in all other things the Vatican stood firm. *Non possumus* was still enthroned upon the seven hills. Pius IX. was in the vigor of his pontificate; Antonelli was in the zenith of his influence and power. It is true that the battles of Magenta and Solferino had been fought in June of that same year; that Milan and Lombardy had been ceded to the Sardinian king. It is true that although the Treaty of Zurich had declared that the dispossessed princes of Central Italy should be reinstated in their former rights, yet there was no provision for carrying this declaration into effect, and Tuscany and the duchies only waited, under the dictatorship of Ricasoli and Farini, for permission to unite themselves with Piedmont and Lombardy. It is true that even the Romagna had, so far, maintained its independence of the Holy See, pending the decisions of a European congress which was soon to meet at Paris, and to which the Italian question had been referred; but, meanwhile, a French army of occupation kept all fear of revolution from the thresholds of St. Peter's. The French bugle daily resounded from the arches of Constantine's Basilica; General Count de Goyon, on the 15th of November, reviewed his troops, some nine thousand strong, and engaged them in battle with an imaginary foe on the Campo Farnesino, beyond the Tiber; and the tall and elegant figure of the Duc de Gramont, the French ambassador, was ever seen on all state occasions in the halls and corridors of the Vatican.

Nevertheless, of all the exciting problems in Italian politics, "the Roman question" was "*la question brulante*." About's trenchant little volume was the politico-literary event of the day. Despite post-office censors and papal police, not a few copies of it had been smuggled into Rome. Wherever people dared discuss public affairs at all they debated whether the French emperor

would be induced by Austria to restore the legations to the Pope; or whether he could be brought by Count Cavour to leave the Romans also free to settle their own future for themselves, or even, as About had proposed, if the temporal power were inevitable, to reduce the inevitable to a minimum, and the temporal papacy to the city and *comarca* of Rome.

Such was the state of Italian politics when the first steps were taken towards the establishment of American services and the organization of an American church.

Protestant worship had for several years been provided for American travelers, from time to time, under the auspices of the American and Foreign Christian Union; and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Alonzo Potter, then Bishop of Pennsylvania, had in the preceding May officiated in the American legation, and administered the rite of confirmation. But now a chaplain of the legation was appointed, with a view to a more settled provision for the religious needs of the Americans in Rome; and since there could be but one organization, an Episcopal church was established, under the protection of the Hon. John P. Stockton, then the minister resident, and with the hearty concurrence of all Protestant Americans in the city, without regard to denominational differences, — Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists uniting with Episcopalians, alike in the steps which were then taken and in the subsequent support of their church.

Such services could be held at that time only within the legation itself, the residence of the minister bringing the premises constructively under the jurisdiction of the American government, so that the papal authorities could take no cognizance of anything done there. The legation was that autumn in the Palazzo Bernini, on the east side of the Corso, between the Via Frattina and



the Via Borgognona, where, opposite a broad flight of marble steps turning to the left, was, and no doubt still is, a large sitting statue of Truth, by Bernini. Here the tourist of a younger generation, who feels a patriotic pride in the noble church on the Via Nazionale, who may also be interested in its earliest beginnings, and who wishes, therefore, to recall "the day of small things," will find a little anteroom, where, on Sunday morning, November 20, 1859, were gathered some forty persons for the opening services. A formal business meeting was held on the 26th, in the private apartment of Mr. Joseph Mozier, Trinità de' Monti, No. 18, at which the protection extended to the congregation by the American minister was gratefully acknowledged, and an organization effected under the name of Grace Church, of which the Hon. Mr. Stockton was appointed senior, and Dr. Fitz-William Sargent junior warden. It is noteworthy that the next morning Cardinal Antonelli told Mr. Stockton what had been done the evening before, as a good-humored intimation that the authorities were watching us.

Shortly after, the legation was removed — and Grace Church, of course, with it — to the Palazzo Simonetti, further up the Corso. In the court, on the ground floor of this palace, a brother of Cardinal Antonelli carried on a profitable banking business. Up the winding staircase, whose open stone balustrade and marble pillars were very fine, week after week, all that winter, the more devout of the Americans in Rome ascended to the chancellerie of the legation, which was transformed every Sunday into a church; while during other days the chancel and the ecclesiastical appointments generally were screened from sight, and the rest of the large room, whose windows looked into the Via Lata, given up to diplomacy. The whole number of Americans in Rome at any one time this winter never quite

reached four hundred: of whom the maximum attendance at our services — all the room would hold — was one hundred and forty.

Under the protection of the legation and of the rectorship of this little congregation, partly of resident Americans, more largely of mere travelers, the opportunity was enjoyed of studying Italian politics, ecclesiastical and secular, — if Italian politics could then, in Rome, ever be regarded as wholly secular, — and of undergoing many experiences, not uninteresting then, but well worthy now, after so great changes, both political and ecclesiastical, of being recalled from the journals and private correspondence of those years.

One of the first incidents of the chapel in this palazzo was strikingly illustrative of the place and times. The Rev. Mr. Heintz, the chaplain of the Prussian embassy, early in December asked for our assistance in a marriage. The groom was a lieutenant in the French army of occupation; the bride, though also French by family and nationality and Roman by birth, was a member of his own spiritual flock and charge, and therefore a Lutheran. He could himself officiate, on such an occasion, only in his own chapel; but *this* marriage could not take place in the Prussian embassy because the parties were French. They could not be married by the French chaplain, a Roman Catholic priest, because the lady, at least, was a Protestant; nor could any one but a Roman Catholic priest officiate in the chapel of that embassy; nor, for the same reason, could she be married by any one anywhere under papal jurisdiction. Could they be married by the American chaplain under the protection of the American flag? Mr. Stockton replied that the ceremony might be performed in the American chapel, if in accordance with American laws, and provided the French ambassador would express in writing a wish to that effect.



The necessary correspondence having taken place, and the parties having been duly instructed concerning the service, on the appointed day the chancellerie was turned into the chapel, the minister resident, consul, and vice-consul, with a few others, attending as American witnesses. The French ambassador and General de Goyon were represented by their respective aides-de-camp. The groom was accompanied by a number of his fellow officers in full uniform, making quite a brilliant gathering; and the bride, by her parents and several friends, as well as by her Prussian pastor. The civil contract had already been signed in the French embassy; the religious services were partly in French, partly in English; and this quasi-international marriage under difficulties was thus happily solemnized to the satisfaction of all concerned.

But the American chaplain at Rome had, that winter, as ever since, much more to do with sorrow and sickness and death than with wedding rejoicings; and there was one day when, amid the wildest saturnalia of the Carnival, he made his way with difficulty through the noisy buffoonery of the crowded streets, from one scene of heart-rending anguish and the bedside of one dying American traveler to that of another. There were five deaths among the Americans in Rome during the season of 1859-60, and three during the following.

As this second season drew near, a renewal of the lease of the apartment in the Palazzo Simonetti was refused to the legation, if heretic worship were to be held there. Mr. Stockton thought, at first, that he might avoid this difficulty by getting some large room elsewhere, and constituting it a part of the legation by placing the American arms over it. But Cardinal Antonelli told him categorically that we could not be permitted to hold our services under any other roof in Rome save that under which the minister resident himself

slept. Thus forced to the alternative of closing the chapel, or making another move, Mr. Stockton — who never spared himself either trouble or expense where the interest of his country folk, or what he held to be his duty to them, was involved — transferred the legation to the Palazzo Lozzano, immediately opposite the Church of San Carlo al Corso. Here, however, it was not the business offices, but the ball-room of the apartment, and therefore of the legation, which alone he had to place at our disposal for a chapel.

The appointments and decorations of this saloon were, as may well be imagined, anything but ecclesiastical. The walls between the marble pilasters were either covered with polished artificial marble, or occupied by large gilt-framed mirrors. Below, along three sides of the room, ran an almost continuous divan, upholstered in yellow damask. On the fourth side the windows looked down into the Corso. The ceiling was divided by the most graceful gilt arabesques into paneled compartments, filled with brilliantly frescoed mythological figures and subjects, of which the central group represented some revelry of the gods. There was around the room a broad frescoed frieze of dancing nymphs and graces. At the further end, between the windows, two carved and gilded tables, of elaborate design and with crimson velvet tops, did duty, the one for the desk and pulpit, the other for an altar; a movable chancel-rail standing in front. However incongruous, however strange a contrast, for instance, to the interior and chancel of the church on the Via Nazionale, yet all this was not without some interesting and primitive associations; for it was probably in just such places that many congregations of early Roman Christians worshiped, in that transition period when they were no longer forced to take refuge in the catacombs, but could not yet build churches, and when they there-



fore gathered, for all religious purposes, in the large halls and festive saloons of the richer members of their brotherhood.

Here no Romans, clerical or lay, dare enter to worship with us, or even to look on in respectful curiosity. On the occasion of our services, two papal *gens-d'armes* were stationed at the street *portone* to mark who came. On one occasion, indeed, a young lay attaché of the papal court was seen among us. He was recognized by several of us, who knew him at least by sight or name. His presence there at once excited anxious speculation. Could he be indeed interested to learn something of our worship, and of the religious faith of Protestants, that he should run such a risk of getting himself into serious trouble? How could he have escaped the watch of the police? Or could he, indeed, have come by permission and with due connivance, *as a spy*, to ascertain what we were doing, and what were our heretical ends and aims; or to see if perchance any Roman had been tempted to venture in? It was a grave matter, this young chamberlain's appearance at our service. It transpired, not long afterwards, that he had secured his entrance by the simple expedient of giving a few pauls each to the two Cerberi; and that his mysterious purpose was to gaze upon a fair American who had bewitched him at some late social gathering.

A great war has come and gone for us Americans since those days: the wondrous Italian revolution has at last reached Rome. The successor of Pius IX. regards himself as morally a prisoner in the Vatican; the successor of Victor Emmanuel reigns, the king of a united Italy, from the Quirinal. The

few American residents of Rome who once attended those early services, and who yet remain, and the children of those travelers who visited Rome then, now turn their steps on the Lord's day to very different courts; and many Italians, with none to arrest their purpose, meet with them in a noble temple, — Grace Church is now St. Paul's-within-the-walls, — conspicuous on a broad avenue, which had no existence twenty years ago.

When in 1873 the foundations of St. Paul's Church were about to be laid by the Rev. Dr. Nevin, the present rector, it was necessary, in one place, to dig down through forty feet of accumulated rubbish before the workmen could lay the first stones on solid ground. The strong tower rests on the massive masonry of Servius Tullius. But out of those depths rose the substructure on which the spacious chancel was built up, and the solemn apse. Upon that Servian wall the tower now stands firm, and from its fair open arches the sweet bells chime out on the clear air of Rome their call to prayer. From its lofty apex the cross is revealed against the pure blue sky. Within those courts thousands have worshiped where many thousands more, God willing, will yet follow them.

But whether Americans or Romans, whether from near or from across the seas, little or nothing will they think or know of the walls or of the substructures which lie hidden so far beneath; quite as little of the moral depths to which they had to go, the difficulties with which they had to contend, or the stones which they laid bare, who first began the work, ere anything permanent could be done towards gathering such a congregation of Americans in Rome.

*William Chauncy Langdon.*



cut in the stones, as honorable a symbol of industry as crossed swords elsewhere. The shoemakers also come to honor in this democratic resting-place, — God rest their souls! — and the emblem of the boot speaks of a time when honest work was not ashamed to vaunt itself.

It was the eve of Corpus Christi, and the quaint old court was beautifully decorated and garlanded with flowers. An egg was dancing on the fountain jet, and all the children of the town seemed to be there, watching the marvel with sparkling eyes, while a dozen artists were sketching the lively scene. The procession next day, which moved after a solemn service in the cathedral, showed remnants of the mingling of mediæval facetiousness with the religious pageantry. The principal figures were the King and Queen of Aragon, gigantic in size, and gaudy in mock-heroic apparel. The movers of these figures were men who were concealed under the royal skirts and carried the vast frame-work on their shoulders. The tetering motion of the queen, so incongruous with her size and royal state, called forth shouts of laughter. A very pretty sight was the troop of handsome boys on

horseback, who followed their majesties, beating drums. Two of them wore white wigs and gowns of scarlet velvet trimmed with gilt, and rode white horses with similar caparison. Four other boys were more elaborately appareled. They were clad in red caps with blue tops and white feathers, a blue satin blouse, a belt of yellow, yellow breeches, scarlet hose, shoes laced with blue, and on the breast a shield of gold with the cross. The admiration of the crowd seemed to nurse the spiritual pride of these boys, who bore themselves with a haughty air. We fancied that the Catalonians, who are politically turbulent and independent, rather delighted in the exhibition of mock royalty made by the King and Queen of Aragon.

We left the cheerful town in the enjoyment of this curious pageant. Almost immediately the railway train took us into a new region. The character of the landscape wholly changed. Grass appeared, the blessed green turf, and trees. The earth was clothed again. And with whatever sentimental regrets we left the land of romance, the verdure so delighted the eye that it was like entering Paradise to get out of Spain.

*Charles Dudley Warner.*

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF ROME DURING THE ITALIAN REVOLUTION.

### II.

A THOUGHTFUL Italian writer has traced the developments of ecclesiastical policy which culminated in the Council of the Vatican to the state of Italian politics in the winter of 1859-60. He might have been even more precise. He might have named the 22d of December, 1859, and have claimed that the Council was the ultimate consequent of the influences which were set in mo-

tion and of the combinations brought about by the French pamphlet, *Le Pape et le Congrès*, published on that day.

There was a calm in Italian politics during that fall and early winter. The Lombard war was over and Garibaldi had not yet sailed for Sicily. The interests of the revolution, of Italy and of the Papacy, were therefore, for the time being, wholly in the hands of the diplomates. The Treaty of Zurich had been signed in October; and the Euro-



pean congress therein provided for, and to which was referred the future of the Romagna and of the Roman question, was to meet early in January of the coming year.

Of this calm interval the political event was the sudden appearance of the above remarkable pamphlet. It was unsigned, but it was none the less everywhere attributed to M. de la Guernière, and regarded as the virtual utterance of the French emperor; and, with whatever reserve in phraseology, was always discussed as such. It is curious reading now, in the light cast upon it by the events of these intervening years, — a light very different from that in which it was written to be read; and it would furnish the text for a monograph which would be interesting to the student of philosophic history. A glance at its argument is quite worth a page or two of these reminiscences.

To a certain point this pamphlet was an echo of About's *La Question Romaine*, already cited in the former article. M. About had called the attention of Europe to the practical character of the Papal government, and had compelled a public recognition of the social, financial, moral, and political results which were inevitably involved in it. So doing, he proposed that these evils should be at least minimized, by releasing the trans-Appennine states from subjection to ecclesiastical rule, and indeed by restricting the temporal power to the smallest territory possible. And he added, by the way, a broad hint that it would also be better for France if her ecclesiastical affairs were ordered from Paris rather than from a foreign see.

Upon a basis somewhat like this the writer of *Le Pape et le Congrès* now sought to discuss the Papal question, or rather that of the legations, as it must come before the approaching congress; and to foreshadow such a solution, or, perhaps, to test the preparedness of public opinion to accept it.

The pamphlet tacitly assumed as conceded, or rather as not in question, the permanence of the *spiritual* Papacy.

It was then argued that the *temporal* power was, not only from a religious but from a political point of view as well, absolutely essential to that spiritual supremacy. "It is necessary that the chief of two hundred millions of Catholics should be subject to no one; that he should be subordinate to no other authority; and that the august hand that governs souls, being relieved of all dependence, should be able to rise above all human passions. If the Pope were not an independent sovereign, he would be French, Austrian, Spanish, or Italian, and the title of his nationality would take from him the character of his universal pontificate;" for it would thus, in the interest of that one nationality, make the ecclesiastical and religious power reposing in his hands a source of possible disquiet, or even danger, to the peace of all other governments.

The conclusion was that the maintenance of the temporal power was, therefore, for Europe, a *political necessity*. "It concerns England, Russia, and Prussia, as well as France and Austria, that the august representative of the unity of Catholicism should be neither constrained, humiliated, nor subordinated."

But, on the other hand, the writer urged that the social, civil, and political complications in which such a temporal sovereignty had ever and would ever involve the Pope must keep up a permanent conflict between the secular interests of his people and the true and consistent exercise of that spiritual sovereignty. "The Pontiff is bound," he argues, "by the principles of *divine* order, which he has no right to abandon; the Prince is solicited by the demands of *social* order, which he cannot put away. How, then, shall the Pontiff find in the independence of the Prince a guarantee of his authority, without at the same



time finding there an embarrassment for his conscience?"

In fine, it is inevitable that, in such a state, the rights of the people and the correlative duties of the Prince *must* yield to those of the Pope. Such a state would indeed wish — especially if it were an important factor in a possible nationality — “to live politically, to perfect its institutions, to participate in the general movement of ideas, to benefit by the changes in the times, by the advance of science, by the progress of the human spirit.” But of course this is out of the question. The laws of such a state “will be enchained to dogmas. Its activity will be paralyzed by tradition. Its patriotism will be condemned by its faith. It will be compelled to resign itself to immobility, or to go on to revolution. The world will move, and will leave it behind.” There will result one of two things: either all real life will die out among that people; or “the noble aspirations of nationality will break out,” and it will be necessary to repress it by foreign intervention, and the temporal power will again be dependent, as it has been heretofore, upon French or Austrian military occupation.

“So, then,” continues the brochure, “the temporal power of the Pope is necessary and legitimate; but it is incompatible with a state of any considerable extent.” In other words, while the temporal sovereignty *must* be maintained, it is also essential to reduce the territory over which it is exercised to the smallest possible proportions.

Now, whatever may have been the syllogistic force of such an argument (concerning which there certainly was room for question), its practical conclusions were that the true course for the approaching congress was to recognize the separation of the Romagna from the Papal government, if not also to relieve the Pope of Umbria and the Marches of Ancona, — of all, indeed,

save the city and immediate neighborhood of Rome; and that the true policy of the Pope was frankly to consent to this dismemberment of his inheritance, and to ask of Europe in return a guarantee of the territory which would then still remain to him.

On the other hand, the people of Rome were to be asked, in the interests of Catholicity, to acquiesce in a future which was sketched for them in these attractive colors: “There will be in Europe a people who will have at their head less a king than a father, and whose rights will be guaranteed rather by the heart of their sovereign than by the authority of laws and institutions. This people will have no national representation, no army, no press, no magistracy. All their public life will be concentrated in their municipal organization. Beyond that restricted horizon there will be no other occupation for them than contemplation, the arts, the worship of great memories, and prayers. They will be forever debarred that noble participation in public life which is in all countries the stimulant of patriotism, and the legitimate exercise of the higher faculties and of the nobler traits of character. Under the government of the sovereign Pontiff none can aspire to the fame either of the soldier, or of the orator, or of the statesman. This will be a realm of repose and meditation; a kind of oasis where the passions and the interests of politics will not intrude, — one which will have only the sweet and calm perspectives of the spiritual world.”

To most logical and wholly unbiased readers, it would seem that this pamphlet must have had the effect of a *reductio ad absurdum*, suggesting more than a doubt of the assumed major premise from which such embarrassing conclusions had been drawn. It is difficult, indeed, not to take it for a piece of exquisite satire. It requires an effort to regard it as a sober political doc-



ument, put forth in all simplicity and good faith, in a period of patient but resolute expectancy following one of great excitement in the midst of a national revolution. If such an argument meant anything at all, it surely placed the spiritual supremacy itself in a position of irreconcilable antagonism to all that was truest, noblest, and most ardently sought and longed for in social and political life and progress. It certainly was accepted by both the Papal and the patriot party as the expression of a purpose far more radical than that which it professed.

This pamphlet, of which Cardinal Antonelli was no doubt even more promptly informed, was clandestinely brought into Rome during Christmas week. The effect of its appearance can, at the present day, scarcely be appreciated. Its importance was certainly due far less to the intrinsic value of its analysis or to the force of its reasoning—less even to its conclusions themselves—than to the circumstances under which those conclusions were put forth, the source to which the pamphlet was attributed, and above all to the ulterior purposes which were on either side, to say the least, suspected.

The English press regarded the propositions of this brochure, so far as they referred to the maintenance of the temporal power, in anything but a serious spirit. The *Times* especially characterized the prospect therein held out to the Romans in a vein of humorous irony that was much more appropriate than any sober counter-argument.

It was at once answered, however, by Mgr. Dupanloup of Orleans, under date of December 25th; the doughty bishop sharply denouncing alike its professed principles, its proposed means, and the ends in view, declaring these latter "worthy of the absurdity" of the first and "the iniquity" of the second.

The *Giornale di Roma*, of December 30th, protested in the most formal man-

ner against the pamphlet, and its very presence in Rome was interdicted. On Sunday, January 1st, when General Count de Goyon waited upon the Pope to pay his New Year respects, the Pope made it the text of his reply. He denounced it as "a monster monument of hypocrisy and a despicable jumble of contradictions;" and affecting to believe that its principles and purposes would of course be repudiated and condemned by Napoleon, in that conviction he bestowed his hypothetical blessing upon the emperor and upon France.

Matters were not made much better, therefore, by the arrival, immediately thereafter, of a letter from Napoleon to the Pope, dated December 31st, which, in language not materially variant from that of the pamphlet itself, reached virtually the same conclusions: that the solution of the difficulties and dangers with which the problem was beset, "most conformable to the true interests of the Holy See," would be "to surrender the revolted provinces."

Whatever language the Pope might think it best to hold on state occasions, neither he nor Cardinal Antonelli had, from the first, misunderstood this sufficiently significant brochure; and there seem to have been grounds for an entry in the writer's journal, on the evening of that very New Year's day, to the effect that "the Pope had determined to withdraw from the congress," and that, "in consequence, Austria, Spain, and Naples had also withdrawn, and the meeting, of course, been given up." At all events, the fact that the French emperor did not disavow the principles of the pamphlet; the great favor with which it was received in England, and even more throughout Italy; the coincident announcement that Sardinia would, with the consent of the powers, be represented at the congress by Count Cavour, together with the intimation from the Papal nuncio at Paris that the policy thus foreshadowed was one that might



compel the Pontiff to resort to the last defense of Rome and to appeal to spiritual arms,—all made a harmonious issue of such a congress hopeless. The diplomatés therefore abandoned the Italian question, and turned it over again to the “men of action” and to the self-resolution of coming events.

From this time forward, for the next two or three months, Rome was in a state of continual excitement and expectation. The vigilance of the Papal police was so excessive that it sometimes involved Cardinal Antonelli in awkward predicaments. Even a sealed packet of “dispatches” for the American minister—a harmless congressional report, in fact—was seized at Civita Vecchia, taken from the possession of an American gentleman coming to Rome with a courier’s passport, under the suspicion that it might contain copies of the obnoxious pamphlet. The packet was demanded in the middle of the night, and at once produced with “explanations.” The custom-house authorities, according to Cardinal Antonelli, had not observed the two large, red official seals with which the character of the packet was certified, and to which Mr. Stockton pointedly called the cardinal’s attention!

But even such vigilance was in vain. The pamphlet, or at all events a knowledge of its contents, was soon all over the city. Both French and Italian copies made their appearance. Strips from newspapers containing it were received in letters; and, finally, it was actually reprinted in Rome itself, secretly and by private hands, and circulated everywhere. An Italian reply, said to have been written by the learned Jesuit Father Curci,—of late widely known for the stand he has so nobly and so firmly taken *against* all effort to recover the temporal power,—was published in the hope of counteracting its influence.

Though Rome was still quiet enough, every one realized, nevertheless, that a

deep undercurrent of feeling was setting in and steadily gaining strength. It would from time to time break out in some seemingly futile, even trifling, but yet very characteristic “demonstration.” Illustrations of this state of popular feeling and of the *on dits* of the day are found in such incidents as these, gathered from a diary of the time.

It was said “in well-informed circles,” on January 14th, that Marshal Canrobert had been appointed to replace Count de Goyon in command of the French troops at Rome; that these latter would remain only till the 22d of February; that the Pope would leave Rome before that day, in which case the marshal would take possession of the city and put it under French martial law. These rumors were, however, on the 19th somewhat discountenanced by the appearance of Cardinals Antonelli and D’Andrea, in at least conventionally friendly intercourse with the Duc de Grammont and Count de Goyon, at a reception given by the American minister.

The next subject of comment was an address of the Roman nobility to the Pope, no doubt initiated by Antonelli, and intended to impress public opinion with the devotion of the Romans to the pontifical government and to the person of the Pope. This had, however, an ambiguous effect, for it was as notable for the names which were absent as for those which were appended.

As an offset to this, on the evening of January 22d, “about a thousand Italians of the middle classes gathered under the Palazzo Ruspoli, where General de Goyon lives; and when a body of Chasseurs de Vincennes came by, shouted, ‘Viva la Francia,’ ‘Viva l’Italia,’ ‘Viva Napoleone Terzo,’ ‘Viva Vittorio Emanuele,’ and so on, after which they quietly dispersed without waiting for the attentions of the police.” The following day, some twenty of these, who had been identified, were arrested, and sent



to the Castle of St. Angelo. None the less the Duc de Grammont received intelligence on the 26th that a body of some two thousand more were coming to make a similar demonstration in the *cortile* of the Palazzo Colonna, at that time the French embassy. General de Goyon sent for the leaders of these patriot irrepressibles, and told them firmly that the demonstration must not take place, and that if it were attempted he should himself put it down. This, therefore, was given up.

But the spirit which was thus repressed in the piazzas broke out in the theatres, if nowhere else. Cost what it might, the actors in the popular pantomimes and the favorite ballet dancers must needs indulge in treasonable witticisms, or in little demonstrations of their own. For instance, at the Argentina, on the evening of that very 26th, Punchinello, in a stage dilemma which of two pigs to kill, one white and the other black, blindfolded himself, and seizing at hazard upon the black pig, plunged his knife into him, and snatching away his handkerchief roused the enthusiasm of the audience to frenzy by crying out, "Providence wills the death of the blacks!" — the *neri*, that is, the priests and Papal party. A well-known dancer, about the same time, having been rebuked for appearing in tricolor costume, and warned not to wear more than a single color, appeared in red; but receiving from among the spectators a large green wreath, in twining it around herself, skillfully caught up her skirt and displayed her white under-dress, so combining the three national colors of Italy. Of course both of these reckless exponents of popular feeling were arrested: the one was imprisoned, and the other sent out of Rome.

Still another and a far more unmanageable "demonstration" was inaugurated on the 4th of March. "The popular party resolved to abstain from cigars and from the purchase of lottery

tickets," on the very principle of the Boston tea-drinkers of old. Tobacco being in every form a government monopoly, and the lottery being the source of no inconsiderable portion of the local revenue, such abstentions had great meaning; while they also implied no ordinary understanding among themselves, and no small amount of feeling and resolution on the part of a populace so deeply addicted to both smoking and this form of gambling. For a given period this continued almost universally; since even a Papal police could not force a man to smoke when he said politely that it did not agree with him; nor even a Roman priest constrain one to buy a lottery ticket when he ingeniously replied that he really could not afford it at just that time.

So passed the weeks and early months of 1860 to the Romans and foreign sojourners in the Papal capital. From time to time there was ever a new report that the French troops were about to be withdrawn; that Rome was to be given up to her own citizens or to a *guardia civile*; and that Pius IX., launching an interdict alike against the French, the Italians, and his own rebellious provinces, and against Rome itself, would withdraw to Benevento. One day it would be a sensational telegram from Paris; another, a paragraph in the usually well-informed Belgian paper, *Le Nord*; now it would be a whispered report of a conference at the Vatican; and again, the opinion of an officer of the French army of occupation.

There was naturally some anxiety about the local consequences of such a revolution in Rome as ever seemed impending. American priests asked of Mr. Stockton the promise of protection in case of popular tumult, and that he would hoist the American flag over the so-called American College, as Mr. Cass had done in 1849; and, indeed, very many priests of all nationalities made their arrangements for safety in case of



an emergency. American residents and travelers generally had an understanding with their minister as to what they should do if a revolution should suddenly burst upon them.

Meanwhile, during all this commotion and expectation in Rome, the question of the future of Central Italy was, on the 10th and 11th of March, submitted to the decision of those immediately concerned, the people of Tuscany, the duchies, and the legations. In consequence of an overwhelming popular vote to that effect, the union of these provinces to the throne of Piedmont was formally proclaimed, constituting the Kingdom of Italy, and Victor Emmanuel II. its king.

Most of the Americans then in Rome speculated with eager interest upon the probability that they would now have the opportunity of witnessing a great mediæval ceremony of the major excom-

munication "in awful form," with bell, book, and candle; and it was with a certain sense of personal disappointment that they saw the terrible blow fall in the form of an ordinary modern printed poster, dated March 26th, and affixed on the 28th to the gates of the Vatican basilica, and realized that their disappointment of the expected dramatic pageantry was probably the chief practical effect produced by it.

Italian politics passed now once more into the hands of soldiers. Umbria and the Marches had but a few months more to wait; the Romans, indeed, more than ten years yet; while the ecclesiastical politicians of the Holy See devoted themselves to the preparation and evolution of a policy which, if it did not arrest the progress of Italian nationality, would restore to the Papacy, in another form, the power which thus seemed slipping from its grasp.

*William Chauncey Langdon.*

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### AN ONLY SON.

It was growing more and more uncomfortable in the room where Deacon Price had spent the greater part of a hot July morning. The sun did not shine in, for it was now directly overhead, but the glare of its reflection from the dusty village street and the white house opposite was blinding to the eyes. At least one of the three selectmen of Dalton, who were assembled in solemn conclave, looked up several times at the tops of the windows, and thought they had better see about getting some curtains.

There was more business than usual, but most of it belonged to the familiar detail of the office; there were bills to pay for the support of the town's-poor and the district schools, and afterward some discussion arose about a new piece of

road which had been projected by a few citizens, who were as violently opposed by others. The selectmen were agreed upon this question, but they proposed to speak in private with the county commissioners, who were expected to view the region of the new highway the next week. This, however, had been well canvassed at their last meeting, and they had reached no new conclusions since; so presently the conversation flagged a little, and Deacon Price drummed upon the ink-spattered table with his long, brown fingers, and John Kendall the miller rose impatiently and went to the small window, where he stood with blinking eyes looking down into the street. His well-rounded figure made a pleasant shadow in that part of the room, but it seemed to grow hotter



Saw they forms of their own lost?  
 Heard they voices that have fled?  
 We know not,— or know at most  
 Their joy was no more dead.

Light of resurrection gleamed,  
 But in what shape we cannot hear;  
 Glory shone of the redeemed  
 Beyond this world of fear.

Old books say Demeter came  
 And smiled upon them, and her smile  
 Burned all their sorrow in its flame,  
 Yet left them here awhile.

O shadowed sphere whereon we pause  
 To live our dream and suffer, thou  
 Shroudst the initiate days; the cause  
 Gleams on thy morning brow!

*A. F.*

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF ROME DURING THE ITALIAN REVOLUTION.

### III.

IN the immediate neighborhood of the Fountain of Trevi, within sound indeed of its falling jets and cascades, was an ordinary building at the corner of the Via del Nazereno and the Angelo Custode. An alto-relievo figure of such an angel, on the walls of a house near by, gave the latter street its name. An oil-lamp burning before a shrine supplied the neighborhood, on moonless evenings, with pretty much all its light, whether for those who, coming down from the direction of the Pincian, turned to the left towards the Stamperia and the Fountain, or for those who took the right fork, the Nazereno, towards S. Andrea delle Fratte.

In the latter narrow street is the stone-arched doorway to this corner house, closed by two strong wooden doors, on one of which hangs a large

iron knocker. Two distinct blows with this are followed by a sharp click within; a large iron latch is invisibly lifted by a cord from above; and, pushing the heavy door slowly open, the visitor finds himself in a small, dark, lava-paved vestibule. Entering, the deep gurgling of unseen waters, ever flowing somewhere just beneath, is his welcome. A dark stone stairway opens on the right; and unless the stranger has learned to provide himself with a small match-box and a waxen taper, which the resident in Rome generally carries for such an exigency, he must grope his way up-stairs, with no light but his imagination or his memory. On the second landing a small red and white cord and tassel hang out from a little hole in a well barred and bolted door, with which, if needful, a second summons can be given.

At least, all this was so twenty-four years ago. And then a voice would



promptly meet the ascending visitor with its quick "*Chi è?*" (Who is it?) And if the reply were satisfactory, or if a searching glance from within, through a little grated wicket, rendered the inquiry superfluous, the door was quickly opened, and a bright little woman, unnaturally short in stature, appeared upon the threshold with an antique brass Roman lamp, to give a cheery greeting, and to show the comer into a small apartment of three rooms, which did duty for the first rectory of the American church in Rome. What the ante-room of the Palazzo Bernini and the Chancellerie of the American Legation were to St. Paul's-within-the-Walls, that this little apartment was to the rectory which is now slowly going up on the Via Napoli, near that church.

No one of these three rooms boasted either fireplace or chimney, — indeed, few Roman houses had anything of the kind save in the kitchen; but a sheet of tin replaced a pane of glass in one parlor window, and a hole in this gave egress to the outer air for a pipe from a little stove standing near; and in this stove, on a cold or rainy day, our dwarf maid, Checca, would light up a fagot or two of brush for us. Another and a less obstructed window looked out across the Angelo Custode upon the quarters of certain officials of the French Army of Occupation. Here the French colors were brought back after every great parade, escorted by a special guard of honor, and were formally saluted, before being taken into the house, by military music from a fine brass band of fifty-seven pieces. This frequent performance was a great attraction to the neighborhood.

Checca, good soul, was a devotee, and never missed her daily mass, or her devout prayer in the Fratte on every festa. Her padrone and our landlord, on the contrary, was a liberal and a republican. He had his stories of the early days of Pius IX., of the lay ministry of Count

Mamiani, of the assassination of Count Rossi, of the flight of the Pope to Gaeta, and of the siege of Rome. He had been a member of the civic guard under Garibaldi, in the defense of the city against the French, ten years before. Checca faithfully brought us all the church news. She knew when the Pope might be seen driving in the Villa Borghese or on the Pincio, when a triduo would be sung at the Gesù, who would preach the Quarantina at the Fratte, or what were likely to be blessed numbers at the pontifical lottery. From the padrone, on the other hand, we were pretty sure to hear of all the revolutionary ebullitions or half-open secrets, to get a copy of any political pamphlet which might be in clandestine circulation, or to learn the latest rumors from the world without, bearing on the prospects of the national movement. That Checca believed in the holy church and asked no questions was clear. That the padrone was concerned in every demonstration against the Pope-king, of which he so forewarned us, or afterwards gave us details, was very probable.

When the Pope and Antonelli had given up all hope from the congress and the diplomates, they turned appropriately to more ecclesiastical defenders and methods of defense. St. Joseph was the husband and protector of the Virgin: consequently, he was the natural protector of the church. To San Giuseppe, therefore, on the 19th of March, 1860, all the faithful were now exhorted to address themselves, invoking his interference to arrest the revolution. Checca of course went over to the church betimes; but so did the padrone! At St. Peter's and everywhere the churches were thronged far beyond ecclesiastical expectation; but by no means only with devotees. For the Romans, wishing to do honor to any one, instead of observing his birthday, as with us, celebrate his name-day; that is, the festa of the saint whose name he bears. The lib-



erals now opportunely recollected that Giuseppe was the Christian name of Garibaldi, and the festa was accordingly observed in a spirit most uncalled for; and San Giuseppe (Garibaldi) was invoked in the very churches, as well as in the piazza, to come to the relief of Rome.

This, as may be imagined, was most aggravating to the authorities. A charge of cavalry could readily be launched against any liberal demonstration in the streets, — as was done, indeed, on this very St. Joseph's day, — and bad politics there corrected with sabre blows and horses' hoofs. But when the Romans conformed only too generally to the *Invito Sagro* of the cardinal vicar, and filled the very churches themselves, what could be done about it?

We were not supposed to get any political information which the authorities did not think best for the faithful to receive; but, early in April, in spite — or in consequence? — of this observance of St. Joseph's Day, disquieting rumors began to come again, this time from the south. What the Naples papers and the *Giornale di Roma* called "some unimportant disturbances" had taken place in Palermo and Messina, possibly in other parts of Sicily. These were, it seems, "readily suppressed;" but the steamers of the Marseilles line were pressed into government service, and twenty thousand troops dispatched from Naples, — a fact which raised a doubt about the "unimportance" of the uprising. Private letters, moreover, and even the Paris press soon represented the whole island as in arms, the most inland villages being in insurrection, until it was difficult to say whether the Neapolitan troops in the cities held the inhabitants of the island in a state of siege, as the *Giornale di Roma* assured us to be the case; or the insurgents had shut up the troops in the cities, which was more probable.

Under these circumstances, although the Roman journal reiterated the assur-

ance that these Sicilian troubles were "wholly without significance," yet the Pope decided to organize a small army of "Pontifical Volunteers," upon which he could rely were French protection suddenly to fail him. The cardinal vicar, also, ordered a litany procession on the 15th of April, for the defense of the Pope and "the recovery of the Romagna."

The procession came off, as ordered, but was spoken of as consisting only of "three fraternities, the last of whom were Cappuccini, bearing crucifixes and sauntering along negligently, carrying candles and chanting in a monotonous, soulless way." But the Papal army was soon made up of volunteers of almost every nationality, — notably, however, Belgian and Irish; the French General Lamoricière being authorized by the emperor to enter into the Papal service and take the command. Yet even these seemed soon to be infected with the spirit of the place. Some Irish squads were quite too ready to extemporize a fight on any occasion, even though they chanced to get on the wrong side; and "it was said" that a whole regiment, the second Cacciatori, apparently Italians, having been severely upbraided by their French commander, marched off from Viterbo, over the frontier, and tendered their services to the King of Italy.

The popular feeling about these pontifical zouaves found little opportunity of expression in Rome itself. But the Florence *Lampione* of May 17th had a cartoon representing Lamoricière marching forth to the defense of Rome, armed with a sword in one hand and a pastoral staff in the other, the cross-keys on his breast, and on his head a cardinal's hat, from which waved a military plume. A long winding train of priests and priestlings followed him, in full churchly rig, fiercely prancing onward, four abreast, chanting in full chorus, and armed with bell, book, and holy-water sprinklers.



Meanwhile that Rome was thus at once assuaging alarm and preparing for the worst, news was brought by travelers and by newspapers in their pockets that, whatever San Giuseppe might be doing, Giuseppe Garibaldi had escaped the vigilance of the Sardinian authorities at Genoa, suddenly embarked for Sicily with a thousand or more enthusiasts from North Italy (three thousand, as the story then came to Rome), well supplied with arms and ammunition, and landed at Marsala, under the virtual protection of some English vessels, which were so constantly in the way that the Neapolitan cruisers could not attack the Garibaldians.

During this month of May, the news from Sicily came bit by bit, and in such shape that no one could tell what to make of it. The Papal authorities evidently dreaded political infection. Almost daily did the *Giornale di Roma*, on the faith of official information from Naples, announce one after another a succession of actions or skirmishes, in which the royal cause was invariably victorious, — losses, defeats, routs, pursuits, for the patriots, until it was a marvel what there could be left from one of these disasters to form material for the next. Daily did the cause of the heroic adventurer, desperate at first, seem to grow worse and worse; until the climax was finally reached in the announcement that, in despair of escape, Garibaldi had committed suicide. But in the teeth of such veracious chronicling, private rumor would persist in telling a very different story. A three days' prayer to the Virgin for the King of Naples was unnecessarily, as would seem, ordered to be observed at S. Andrea delle Fratte, under the auspices of some of the cardinals. The very scenes of all these defeats and routs, as given in the *Giornale* itself, succeeded each other in an extraordinary direction, — the victors ever falling back, the defeated ever advancing, until we learned at last,

as a Munich paper put it, that Garibaldi "was so much exhausted by his repeated discomfitures that he was obliged to retreat to Palermo, and rest himself in the royal palace." Even after the Sicilian capital had actually been surrendered, the *Giornale di Roma* would not admit the fact, until the Count de Goyon threatened, if it were not at once acknowledged, to placard the intelligence in the streets over his own signature.

Remarkable as this expedition will ever be held as an episode in history, it seemed even more extraordinary at the time. Few then knew how far Garibaldi really received coöperation where the effort was apparently made to thwart and arrest him. Count Cavour was obliged to reprove the negligence of the officials who allowed arms to be left where Garibaldi could get possession of them, and to charge the naval commander at Genoa to prevent his departure from that port. But both the Italian and the English naval officers understood perfectly, in the one case, that they were not expected to be over-vigilant; and, in the other, that they would not be severely censured should Garibaldi turn to account their presence in Sicilian waters. But neither Garibaldi nor the public understood this at the time. A popular caricature of a little later day, July 8th, represented Cavour as a balancer on the tight rope of Italian unity, at one end of which Garibaldi is tugging, with great danger to the equilibrium of the other. Cavour, carrying the long pole of diplomacy, weighted with England and France at either end, calls to Garibaldi not to pull so hard upon the rope. The latter rejoins that he must do his duty; that it is Cavour who does not know how to perform his part properly. The world now knows with what great skill Cavour was, at that very time, guarding his gallant but most undiplomatic co-laborer from foreign interference, and securing for him the possibilities of success.



Few of those, moreover, who had not come within the sphere of Garibaldi's personal influence then fully realized the moral power of the man,—of his great unselfishness, of his sublime single-heartedness. He was indeed a brave and daring soldier; but he was no general. It was this moral power, not exceptional military capacity, that was the secret of his Sicilian campaign. It was this power that, at Calatafimi, gave to a thousand of his volunteers victory over six times as many regular Neapolitan troops, who cared little for either their cause or their king. This confidence in the paladin of the Italian revolution was so unquestioning that the news of the taking of Palermo actually anticipated the fact. For a week previous to the event, the record appears, in the diary on which this article largely depends, of whispered congratulations on the *piazze*, and the assurance of our padrone that “after a skirmish, in which the royal troops were repulsed, Garibaldi entrenched himself on the heights of Monreale, above Palermo; and it is now stated definitely that on the [day following] he marched into the city itself.” Palermo was actually occupied on the 6th of June, one month from the date of Garibaldi's departure from Genoa.

Here Garibaldi, without the slightest authority for so doing, save his own honest heart and loyal purpose, proclaimed himself dictator in the name of Victor Emmanuel. During the month of June, while the cession of Savoy and of his native Nice to France was quietly effected, and while he was himself engaged in organizing a provisional government for Sicily,—a work for which he was but poorly fitted, and in which contending factions of either extreme sought to make their own account,—Rome was comparatively free from rumors and disturbances.

Towards the close of June, Francis of Naples made a late and desperate attempt to save his throne. The Florence

caricaturist represented him as a gallant in the street, guitar in hand, serenading Signorina Cavour at a window above. The serenade consisted of the offer of a general amnesty, a constitution, the tri-colored flag, an almost independent viceroyalty for Sicily, and an alliance with Piedmont. But the Sicilians and Neapolitans received the tardy offer in much the same amused and sarcastic temper as the fair lady at the window, and both Francis and Rome awaited the progress of the revolution, helpless either to persuade or to resist it.

Just at this time, moreover, a comet appeared over Rome, which was of course interpreted as the precursor of war and further troubles, causing no small excitement amongst the people, and thus added to the perturbation which the news from Sicily and Naples gave to Antonelli and the Pope. “Almost daily,” to quote a private letter of this date, “the troops are practiced in the fields near the city. The Pope himself went to witness the drill a few days since, praised and encouraged them, and presented each soldier with a little medal of the Virgin, for whose aid there are daily and constant prayers and special ceremonies in the churches in behalf of the Pope, and for his victory over his enemies.”

But to turn from this little flurry in the secular armory to these more appropriate “special ceremonies,” on St. Peter's day, June 29th, the function at the Vatican basilica was, or was intended to be, exceptionally solemn. It was, however, far too seriously wanting in reverence and even in common decency, on the part of the subordinate performers, to impress the northern spectator with its religious character.

The Pope was always reverent in manner, and even devout, on such occasions. Antonelli never forgot himself. But near the high altar was a sort of buffet; and during the services a continual preparing, cleansing, and arrang-



ing of the sacred vessels, — not only for the altar service, but also for washing the Pope's hands, — napkins, serving-aprons, etc., gave the whole, at times, quite as much the appearance of a domestic gathering as of a religious ceremony. There was nothing serious in the demeanor even of the officiating priests. The officials at the *side table* talked and lounged as servants would in an anteroom.

The most impressive part of the services was when, during the Pope's celebration of the mass, he elevated the host. The whole multitude in the vast church knelt, save here and there a Protestant spectator. The sabres of the noble guard rung for a moment on the pavement; then, after a solemn stillness, a breathless silence, the sound of the silver trumpets came from the dome above, the clear notes seeming to float downwards from heaven itself.

To this provision of spiritual bread succeeded, in the evening, the *circenses*, which were, the day after, thus described in a private letter from a lady:

"The celebrations of the day were finished off by the *girandola*, or display of fireworks from Monte Pincio. W—— obtained a comfortable place for me, and at half past eight we set off in a little carriage. After being stopped at the corners of several streets by mounted guards, we finally reached the Ripetta, and driving for a little distance on the bank of the river (which was lighted up with bonfires, producing beautiful effects on the water) we had from this point a view of St. Peter's, which was again illuminated, looking like some temple of fairy-land. We were only permitted to go within a very short distance of the Piazza [del Popolo], so we alighted, and, mingling with the crowd, soon got to the place where our chairs were waiting for us.

"The commencement was announced by the firing of cannon. Then followed the ascent of some beautiful rockets,

which burst and descended in showers of fire; then a magnificent volcanic irruption preceded the transformation of the great architectural piece — which [on this occasion] was St. Peter's, followed by the Fountain of Trevi — into a temple of light. The various changes of form and color were magical, and at each, a signal was given by the cannon. There was not enough wind to carry off the smoke, but as it was lighted up it gave a beauty of its own, though it marred the brilliancy of the whole.

"After a while, a flame of light shot from the Pincian to the base of the obelisk, played around it, and then darted to posts standing about in the piazza, where it lighted the lamps and revealed the crowd in all directions, thus serving the double purpose of a fine finishing off and of lighting up their homeward departure. All was quiet and orderly. The immense mass, estimated at twenty thousand, had enjoyed the fireworks, and, being satisfied, passed away in groups by the three streets which terminate in the Piazza del Popolo. We gained our carriage without trouble or being in any way inconvenienced by the motley crowd about us."

Of one of the special ceremonies of the church at this period, the same correspondent writes:

"While I was at the window [in the Via Sistina, July 8th] I was attracted by a large crowd about the church of Santa Maria Maggiore. I have since learned that it was a procession to take the picture of the Virgin — a miraculous picture, highly esteemed, having stopped the cholera at one time when it was raging in Rome, — from that church to the Gesù, in order there to have prayers to the Virgin for *peace*. It was attended by the cardinal vicar of Rome and thousands of priests and frati, bearing lighted candles. The picture was brilliantly illuminated, and the people from time to time cried out, 'Ave Maria! Ora pro nobis!'"



On the second Sunday following, July 22d, there was another of these solemn processions, to which the Pope resorted for protection in his danger; in honor, however, of an entirely different madonna.

I quote now from a diary of the time: "First, after a line of guards, came two drummers, rattling away at a singular rate. Then came a long double row of candle-bearing frati; then a brass band, followed by an immense picture of the Madonna and child, swung from a large gilt rod and two upright staffs, borne by priests. The reverse of this picture represented a saint adoring and imploring the Virgin. After this were a few more priests, and then a huge cross, seemingly of logs. It was about sixteen feet high; the foot, pointed as if to go into the ground, rested in a belt socket of the bearer. It was of pasteboard, but the imitation was perfect, both of the bark and of the section, which was about twelve inches in diameter, and also of a few little ivy vines and leaves twining around it. This was followed by another double row of frati, Dominicans.

"Then came another brass band, some more priests, a mired bishop bearing a small silver crucifix, and then, the great object of the procession, the shrine of the Madonna. It was much like a throne raised upon an altar, borne by sixteen men, and rising in heavily gilt arabesque forms, supported by cherubs, to a large crown which formed its canopy. In this shrine sat an image of the Virgin, arrayed in a dress of white satin, embroidered heavily with gold, low in the neck and with flowing sleeves. She wore also a jeweled crown. The infant Saviour in her arms was somewhat similarly dressed.

"The people had showed some reverence at the other parts of the procession; but when this shrine came by, the crowds that filled the streets knelt on all sides, more than I think I had

seen before, offering the profoundest worship to the image."

"There is to be still another procession, next Sunday" (July 29th), — quoting again the private correspondence already cited, — "to carry back the picture of the Madonna from the church of Il Gesù to that of Santa Maria Maggiore, the Pope having in the mean while presented the miraculous picture with a silver chalice."

On the 30th, the same writer resumes: "In the evening, about six, W—— went to the church to see the procession. The picture was loaded with votive offerings of gold and silver and precious stones. I don't know what effect has been produced upon Italian affairs, but at the appearance of the picture the crowd prostrated themselves in humble adoration. I could see from my window the illumination of the church, which presented the appearance of a pyramid of lights and was very beautiful."

This procession, it seems, was "some forty minutes in passing." The streets along the route through which it passed were gayly decked with red and yellow tapestries; and at least one private house opposite the church, as well as the campanile of the church itself, was thus illuminated.

During the period of these great July processions, to which far more than to his secular defenders the Pope had confident recourse for protection against the approaching revolution, Garibaldi was pressing his attack upon Messina, the last hold of Francis upon the island of Sicily. On the 30th, the day following this formal and solemn restoration of the miraculous picture to Santa Maria Maggiore, the news reached Rome that Messina was taken, this extraordinary three months' campaign at an end, and Trinacria redeemed for constitutional liberty and Italy. Our good Checca shook her head, and devoutly said that "we must accept the decrees of Providence;" the padrone sententiously as-



sured us that Garibaldi "would take Naples also in the coming fall, and that he would be in Rome itself ere winter should set in."

There were few left in Rome then to give an unbiased judgment upon such a prophecy. The American minister

was gone. The American church was closed for the summer. The August heats now forced away to the mountains, or to cooler latitudes, the last Americans who yet lingered in Rome. Even the Italian revolution paused again in its advance.

*William Chauncy Langdon.*

## O-BE-JOYFUL CREEK AND POVERTY GULCH.

"WHAT'S in a name?" is no idle question in a mining country. Everything is in the names; records of hope, disappointment, success, failure, exiles' homesickness, lovers' passion, desperadoes' profanity, — all are left, written often in strange syllables on the rocks, hills, and streams of the half-conquered wilderness.

When the wilderness has proved a mockery, refusing to give up its treasures, and the miners have pushed on, leaving behind them no trace except deserted cabins and mounds of tin cans, the names they gave still linger, becoming part of the country's history, and outranking in importance ordinary geographical designations. No doubt, in centuries to come, antiquaries will puzzle and delve over the nomenclatures in all those portions of America now known as "mining regions." It would not be strange, either, if the tin-can mounds ultimately became centres of archaeological research. Nothing can be more certain than that, if the human race continues to advance, an age will come which will abhor and repudiate the tin can, with all its sickening contents. After a century or two of disuse and oblivion, the hideous utensil and its still more hideous foods will be relegated to their proper place as relics of a phase of barbarism; and then the exhuming of some of the huge mounds of them, now being piled up in mining

camp, will be interesting to all persons curious in such matters. The miner's frying-pan also may come in for a share of analytic attention; will perhaps take a place in museums, in the long procession headed by the Indian's stone mortar and pestle. It may even come about that there will be an age catalogued in the archæologist's lists as the tin age. Contrasted with it, what noble dignity will "the stone age" assume!

Such forerunning fancies as these, sometimes fantastic, sometimes, again, melancholy to the last degree, haunt one in journeying among mining camps, old and new. It is hard to keep separate the fantastic and the sad, in one's impressions; hard to decide which has more pathos, the camp deserted or the camp newly begun, the picture of disappointment over and past or that of enthusiastic hopes, nine out of ten of which are doomed to die. I have sometimes thought that the newest, *livest*, most sanguine camps were saddest sights of all.

The expression of a fresh mining camp, at the height of its "boom," is something which must be seen to be comprehended.

The camp is in the heart of a fir forest, perhaps, or on the stony sides of a gulch. Trees fall here, there, everywhere, day and night. Nobody draws breath till he has got a cabin, or a bough hut, or a tent over his head. As if by