

accuses of harshly repelling Ruth because the murder interfered with his own worldly plans and hopes :—

Ah, weary Priest !—with pale hands pressed  
On thy throbbing brow of pain,  
Baffled in thy life-long quest,  
Overworn with toiling vain,  
How ill thy troubled musings fit,  
The holy quiet of a breast  
With the Dove of Peace at rest.  
Sweetly brooding over it.  
Thoughts are thine which have no part  
With the meek and pure of heart,  
Undisturbed by outward things,  
Resting in the heavenly shade  
By the over-spreading wings  
Of the blessed Spirit made  
Thoughts of strife and hate and wrong  
Sweep thy heated brain along,  
Fading hopes, for whose success  
It were vain to breathe a prayer ;  
Schemes which Heaven may never bless,  
Fears which darken to despair.  
Hoary Priest ! thy dream is done  
Of a hundred red tribes won  
To the pale of Holy Church ;  
And the heretic overthrown,  
And his name no longer known,  
And thy weary brethren turning,  
Joyful from their years of mourning  
Twist the altar and the porch."

Under the heading of " Lines Suggested by Reading a State Paper, Wherein the Higher Law is Invoked to Sustain the Lower One," we find the following effusion .

" Rome, listening at her altars to the cry  
Of midnight murder, while her hounds of hell  
Scour France, from baptized canon and holy bell  
And thousand-throated priesthood, loud and high,  
Pealing Te Deums to the shuddering sky,  
"Thanks to the Lord, who giveth victory !"

In 1848, Pius IX finding himself exposed to the insults of the infuriated mob that thronged the streets of Rome retired for a time to the well fortified town of Gaeta in the kingdom of Naples. 'Twas on this occasion that Whittier dared to thus address the Father of Christendom :

Now, while the fratricides of France  
Are treading on the neck of Rome,  
Hider at Gaeta,—seize thy chance,  
Coward and cruel, come !

Creep now from Naples' bloody skirt,  
Thy mummer's part was acted well,  
While Rome, with steel and fire begirt,  
Before thy crusade fell !

Go, bind on Rome her cast-off weight,  
The double curse of crook and crown,

Though woman's scorn and manhood's hate  
From wall and roof flash down !

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No wreath of sad Compaga's flowers  
Shall childhood in thy pathway fling  
No garlands from their ravaged bowers  
Shall Terne's maidens bring.

But hateful as that tyrant old,  
The mocking witness of his crime,  
In thee shall loathing eyes behold  
The Nero of our time !

Stand where Rome's blood was freest shed,  
Mock Heaven with impious thanks, and call  
Its curses on the patriot dead,  
Its blessings on the Gaul !

Or sit upon thy throne of lies,  
A poor, mean idol, blood-besmeared,  
Whom even its worshippers despise,—  
Unhonored, unrevared !

Yet, scandal of the World ! from thee  
One needful truth mankind shall learn,—  
That kings and priests to Liberty  
And God are false in turn.

His poem entitled the " Dream of Pio Nono shows well the bigoted atmosphere of New England in which our author was brought up, The language used is altogether inexcusable and coming from the pen of John Greenleaf Whittier is coarse and slanderous in the highest degree. He begins by telling us that during the time the French troops were in Rome, Pius IX in his sleep dreamt that he stood on the shores of Lake Tiberias and saw our Lord on earth healing the sick, the lame, and the blind. St. Peter suddenly appears and takes the Holy Father back to the Eternal City.

Then spake the Galilean : " Thou hast seen  
The blessed Master and his works of love :  
Look now on thine ! Hear'st thou the angels sing  
Above this open hell ? *Thou* God's high-priest !  
*Thou* the Vicegerent of the Prince of Peace !  
*Thou* the successor of his chosen ones !  
I, Peter, fisherman of Galilee,  
In the dear Master's name, and for the love  
Of His true Church, proclaim thee Antichrist,  
Alien and separate from His holy faith,  
Wide as the difference between life and death  
The hate of man and the great love of God,  
Hence, and repent !"

Thereat the pontiff woke,  
Trembling and muttering o'er his fearful dream,  
" What means he ?" cried the Bourbon, " Nothing  
more

Than that your majesty hath all too well  
Catered to your poor guests, and that in sooth,  
The Holy Father's supper troubleth him,"  
Said Cardinal Antonelli, with a smile.