

food and clothing of man grow readily, and as it were joyfully. If men there lack bread or shirts, Nature has no reproaches to make herself, and Providence washes its hands of it."

But every traveller on entering the country remarks the desolate aspect of the country. "A strange silence and dreariness," says a recent traveller, "brooded over the region. The land seemed keeping its Sabbaths. The fields rested—the villages were asleep—the road was untrodden. Had one been dropt from the clouds, he would have concluded that it was but a century or so since the flood, and that these were the rude, primitive, great-grand children of Noah, who had just found their way into these parts, and were slowly emerging from Barbarism. The fields around, afforded little indication of such an instrument as the plough; and one would have concluded from the garments of the people, that the loom was among the uninvented arts. The harnessing of the horses formed a curiously tangled web of thong and rope and thread, twisted, tied and knotted. It would have puzzled Oedipus himself, to discover how a horse could ever be got into such gear, or being in, how it could ever be got out. There seemed a most extraordinary number of beggars and vagabonds in Peter's patrimony. A little congregation of these worthies awaited our arrival at every village, and whined round us for alms, so long as we remained. Others, not quite so ragged stood aloof, regarding us fixedly, as if devising some pretext on which to claim a paul of us. There were worse characters in the neighbourhood, though happily we saw none of them. But at certain intervals we met the Austrian patrol, whose duty it was to clear the road of Brigands. Peter, it appears to us, kept strange company about him—idlers, beggars, vagabonds and brigands. It must vex the good man much to see his dear children disgracing him so in the eyes of strangers."

The Times correspondent writing from Forli, on the second of last October, thus describes the towns under papal rule.

"The first sight of Forli, or indeed of any town, late in the Papal dominions, is enough to wring the heart of the most indifferent looker on. A vast solitude, with the grass every where growing in the streets; the people rari nantes, one third beggars, huddling together at the door of their greasy cafes; hardly one well dressed, or even indifferently shaved and washed person to be met; squalor and filth at every step, the vilest smells,—the whole sewerage running above instead of beneath the ground—men lost to all sense of decency, women on the door steps staring boldly, and accustomed to stand, and almost to court, the hard stare of all the passers by—all betokens the sheerest contempt of all the modern arts of civilization, and exhibits a powerful contrast with what long habit has made familiar even in the shortcomings of Tuscan gentleness and politeness; it makes you feel that that mere step across the Appenines has forced you back a thousand miles into the savageness and nastiness of mediæval barbarism."

*To be concluded in our next.*