

No adequate machinery in law ?
No power of life and death i' the learned
tongue ?

Methinks I am already at my speech,
Startle the world with "Thou, Pom-
pilia, thus ?

"How is the fine gold of the Temple
dim !"

And so forth. But the courier bids me
close,

And elip away one joke that runs
through Rome,

Side by side with the sermon which I
send—

How like the heartlessness of the old
hunks

Arcangeli ! His Count is hardly cold,
His client whom his blunders sacrificed,
When somebody must needs describe
the scene—

How the procession ended at the church
That boasts the famous relie : quoth
our brute,

"Why, that's just Martial's phrase for
'make an end'—

"*Ad umbilicum sic perventum est !*"

The callous dog,—let who will eut off
head,

He cuts a joke, and cares no more than
so !

I think my speech shall modify his
mirth :

"How is the fine gold dim !"—but
send the piece !

Alack, Bottini, what is my next word
But death to all that hope ? The In-
strument

Is plain before me, print that ends my
Book

With the definitive verdict of the Court.
Dated September, six months after-
ward,

(Such trouble and so long, the old Pope
gave !)

"In restitution of the perfect fame

"Of dead Poinpilia, *quondam* Guido's
wife,

"And warrant to her representative

"Domenico Tighetti, barred hereby,

"While doing duty in his guardianship,

"From all molesting, all disquietude,

"Each perturbation and vexation
brought

"Or threatened to be brought against
the heir

"By the Most Venerable Convent called

"Saint Mary Magdalen o' the Convert-
ites

"I' the Corso."

Justice done a second time !

Well judged, Marc Antony, *Locum-
tenens*

O' the Governor, a Venturini too !

For which I save thy name,—last of the
list !

Next year but one, completing his nine
years

Of rule in Rome, died Innocent my
Pope

—By some accounts, on his accession-
day.

If he thought doubt would do the next
age good,

'T is pity he died unapprised what
birth by—

His reign may boast of, be remembered
Terrible Pope, too, of a kind,—Voltaire.

And so an end of all i' the story. Strain
Never so much my eyes, I miss the
mark

There lived or died that Gaetano, child
Of Guido and Pompilia : only find,

Immediately upon his father's death,
A record in the annals of the town

That Porzia, sister of our Guido, moved
The Priors of Arezzo and their head

Its Gonfalonier to give loyally
A public attestation to the right

O' the Franceschini to men's reverence—
Apparently because of the incident

O' the murder,—there's no mention
made of crime,

But what else caused such urgency to
cure

The mob, just then, of chronic greed-
iness

For scandal, love of lying vanity,
And appetite to swallow crude reports

That bring annoyance to their betters ?
—Bane

Which, here, was promptly met by
antidote.

I like and shall translate the eloquence
Of nearly the worst Latin ever writ :

"Since antique time whereof the mem-
ory

"Holds the beginning, to this present
hour,

"Our Franceschini ever shone, and
shine,

"Still i' the primary rank, supreme
amid