

all upon the Vatican, closed his eyes as he launched the bolt; and, without aiming at any one in particular, favored a whole nation or two in general with a curse.

What! no one named? Not a man. A curse, without a head designated for it to rest upon? Even so. A few millions of infected wags, each carrying eternal death to the wearer, cast about a nation, for every one who thinks one will fit to put it on? Exactly. Not one marked for the sacrilegious head of Victor Emmanuel? No. Nor for the fiend of all malice, Cavour? Not even for him. Ugly words about the "Government" of Sarlinia; but a Government is not a soul, and no soul is marked out by name as heir-special of Rome's last curse. The bomb is fired, the piece has recoiled, the shell has burst in high air, and curious people are examining the fragments. *Ecco!*

PAPAL GOVERNMENT IN ROME.

One day in the streets of Rome one hundred mothers of families, lately in comfortable circumstances, knelt down upon the stones with veiled faces, and hands silently held out for charity. The people rushed in numbers to give them money; and French officers, pale with rage, might be seen giving them their purses entire, and walking away to curse their fate as abettors of abominations. In one house nine children were awaiting the return of the mother, with the fruits of her day's begging; but it proved that she was in prison for what was naturally looked upon as a public demonstration against the Government. All the documents of these Councils of Censure had been carefully destroyed throughout the Romagna, so that none of their proceedings were found in the archives; and all that the present collection of documents contains is, the judgment sent from Rome in confirmation of the of the provincial recommendations. From these we shall at give a few specimens. Men are sentenced:—"FOR LEVITY;"—"For not feeling rightly in matters of politics;"—"For showing himself rather excited;"—"For having the appearance of one rather inclined to notities;"—"For being imprudently talkative;"—"Because, when he was sent to Bologna to the office of the High Commissioner, he gave a very bad outline of Montnor Bedini;"—"Because he read the papers with a high voice, making digressions or changing his tone, when he read anything weakening the Pontifical Government and priests: and he ridiculed Catholic Sovereigns, and especially King Bomba—that is, King of Naples;"—"and the last we shall cite is:—"Because he will never be good fit to cut an *employe*, out of."

As one example of the kind of punishment sometimes administered, we may quote the words of Cardinal Bernetti: "For M. and I will send you the orders of removal to idle and unhealthy places, giving at the

same time the names of those who shall replace them at Rimini; and I shall not forget the name of the well-deserving P. G. on the same occasion."

When we know what some of the unhealthy places in the Roman States are, a measure of this kind is nothing more than a quiet way of condemning men to die in their beds.

HATRED OF THE PAPAL GOVERNMENT.

In the dining-room of the hotel at Piacenza was a large company, apparently of men of business, with one lady. Her husband was from Bologna, and was giving the rest stories as to the Papal Government. He talked in a dialect hard to understand, and with much rapidity, so that I could catch only the necks and wings of his facts, and I do not attempt to repeat them. When he had run himself out of breath with one story, his wife reminded him of another and on and on he went. The statements were horrible, and, to us, beyond belief; yet not one word of doubt escaped any person present. I could imagine that I was back again in the Mysore, hearing a knot of Brahmins telling stories of the days of Hyder Ali and Tippoo Sahib. They were tales of fines and imprisonment without any reason given; of hundreds kept in dungeons untried and uncondemned; of mulcts laid upon whole classes of persons in a day; of plunder concerted between officials and robbers, and prey divided share and share alike; murderers petted, and thinkers put to death; and priests and bishops, archbishops and cardinals and legates, all fingering and dividing the spoil. It was something very fearful to hear those tales, and to see the hatred of priests and Church, and Pope and Rome—Rome, odious Rome—which seethed in that company. There was something in the expression of that hatred, such as I doubt whether a company of Englishmen could, under any circumstances, put on. If any one has seen a man in Rome, when something that might compromise him is said or done, look round as though all the walls had eyes and ears, he has recognised a species of fear as new to him as if he had never seen a man look afraid before; a kind of fear that it would be impossible for any man born and brought up under the British flag to throw into his countenance. And so with this hatred. It was not vociferous, but it was dark and hot, and lay down in the secret places of the men, boiling, and smelling of blood. Priests, priests—blacks, scoundrels, robbers, tyrants, devils, priests—how that word *priest* was repeated with every tone which detestation could teach!

THE APPEARANCE OF THE POPE.

In came a rush of priests with the Pope, closing him round, bearing his train, and following him up the steps till he took his seat upon the throne. It was the first time I had seen Pio Nono. He is a fine, a very fine old man. Tall, portly, indeed fat, with a quick