

long were the occasion there of contests more aggravated than those which ordinarily distinguish civil war.

These parties had arisen in Germany, and from a most trivial cause had sprung up feuds that occasioned endless blood-shed and confusion. Neighbouring lords, named respectively Guelpho and Ghibellino, who had all their lives previously lived on the best terms with each other, were one day returning from a hunt, when a dispute arose between them concerning the merits of a certain hound. The quarrel did not long remain within its original limits, but waxed warmer and warmer, until in a little time a large body of adherents was attached to either side. An appeal to the Emperor, Frederick I., and to Pope Honorius II. by the disputants spread the affair further, and an insult which a gentleman of Florence, named Buondelmonte, offered to the family of the Amidei, and which resulted in his murder, was the cause of the introduction of the feud into the town we speak of.

Hence this squabble of German barons over their dog, incredible as it may seem, led to the dire effect of a civil war, unexampled in cruelty and obstinacy, and occurring in a distant country; for the quarrel between the two families might have been reconciled, notwithstanding its seal of blood, but having been made the pretence by which the foreign feud was introduced amongst the townsmen, it became involved in the greater evils thus occasioned, and the whole State was divided for, possibly, it knew not what.

The moralist and philosopher might find much in this history upon which to dwell; the one in inculcating the necessity that exists for repressing the passions in their most trivial outburst, lest they become uncontrollable and productive of endless evils; the other in speculating upon the wonderful connection of all things human, so that it is impossible to discern in what the chain of relationship begins or terminates, if, indeed, it does not embrace mankind in the widest sense.

HOW THE POPE LIVES.

AUDIENCES are by no means confined to Catholics. People of any faith, or of none at all, present themselves to the Pope, and satisfy their curiosity about him, and nobody asks their religious belief. It is only expected that all who come will conform to the ceremonial of the occasion. Two English ladies, not long ago, who had scruples about kneeling before a mere man, obtained an audience, and remained standing when the Pope approached them. Pius IX. took no notice at the time of the breach of etiquette, and treated them with his customary suavity, but in his closing address, he said: "I will now give you my blessing, and if there are any here who do not value the blessing of an old man, I invoke for them the blessing of Almighty God." The two ladies immediately dropped upon their knees.

At the reception of the Spaniards, it was generally remarked that the Pope looked wonderfully well and strong. His general health is, beyond doubt, good, although, as he recently said of himself, "One cannot be an octogenarian with impunity." When I first saw him, at the audience I have described I found in his face and figure as he entered the room marks of infirmity for which I was not prepared. He looks much older than any of his pictures, if I except a single recent photograph, which I believe is not known in America. His lower lip droops a little, his eye has lost much of its lustre, his head hangs over, and his step is uncertain. His voice, too, at first, was tremulous and broken. But in a few minutes my impressions of his condition were greatly changed. In conversation, his whole face lighted up, his speech was firm, his manner was vivacious, he looked no longer a feeble old man of eighty-four, but a hale and well-preserved gentleman of seventy. When he raised his voice to address the whole assemblage, the tones were strong and musical, the articulation beautifully clear. He made gestures freely with both arms, and I noticed that his hand was as steady as if he had nerves of iron. Alarming reports of his impending dissolution often reach the Papal court—from America and elsewhere—but the Pope's friends laugh at them. "When I look over certain of the Italian journals without finding the news of my last illness and death," said Pius IX. lately, "it always seems to me as if they had forgotten something."

So far as anybody can see, his chances of living several years longer are very fair. He has a sturdy constitution and a serene temper, and he has always led a regular and simple life. He rises, summer and winter, at half-past five, shaves himself, dresses without help, and spends half an hour in prayer at a little private chapel, by way of preparation for Mass. He never omits saying Mass unless he is sick; in that case a chaplain says it for him, and he receives Communion. He hears a second Mass after saying his, and then attends to business. About nine he takes a bowl of *bouillon* or a cup of coffee. The rest of the morning is occupied with audiences and consultations with the cardinals, heads of different ecclesiastical bureaus, and other officials having affairs to transact with him. These despatched, he takes a little exercise in the garden. He dines alone at two o'clock on soup, a bit of *bouilli*, a single dish of meat with one vegetable, and fruit. He follows a universal Italian custom in mingling a little wine with the water that he drinks at dinner. It is a common white *vin ordinaire* which he buys from day to day, for he keeps no cellar. The delicacies which are frequently sent to him all find their way to the hospitals.

Dinner is followed by a *siesta* of fifteen minutes, after which he reads his breviary, says the Rosary, and walks again, either in the garden or the galleries of the Vatican. One of his commonest resorts at this hour is a beautiful alley, shaded by orange trees, where the pigeons come to be fed from his hand. He takes great delight in showing himself quicker of foot than the cardinals who sometimes bear him company, and it is a favorite joke of his to speak of Cardinal Patrizi, who is four years his junior, as "that old man."—J. R. G. Hassard in the 'New York Tribune.'

Poets' Hoquet.

THE BATTLE OF AYACHUCHO.

Earth's famous fields, how lost, how won,
From first time saw the unchanging sun
O'er hostile ranks preside,
The poet's voice hath given to fame—
But Ayachucho's glorious name
Still sleeps on Andes' side.

Where Condorkanki's battlement
With the steep tropic sky is blent,
The tide of war had roll'd.
The Spanish tents along its base
Look'd down upon a kindred race,
By many wrongs made bold.

La Serna from his tent, at morn
Counted the Chilian host with scorn—
Scorn't were not wise to show;
As condors close their wings, his flanks
Drew up their far-distended ranks
And swoop'd upon the foe.

Strange sight on Ayachucho's plain,
Spain smiting down the sons of Spain,
The nursing of her breast!
Untaught by Britain's past defeat
How freedom guards her last retreat
In the unfetter'd West!

The Andes, with their crowns of snow,
Crowns crested with the fiery glow
Of the volcanic flood;
The condor, sailing stiffly by,
The oak trees struggling to the sky
Beyond the palm-tree wood—

These, Chili, were thy witnesses!
Long may't be till scenes like this
Thy mountains see again
But if, beneath the glowing line,
Such warfare must again be thine,
God send thee more such men!

As bend and break before the shower
The loaded wheat and scarlet flower,
So broke the Spanish host!
As strikes the sail before the squall,
I see the Viceroy's standard fall—
The day is won and lost!

A day is won that dates anew
Thy story, Chili! thine, Peru!
And, vast Pacific, thine!
By native skill and foreign aid
Young Freedom hath securely made
A lodgment at the Line!

Of Sucre's skill, O'Connor's aid,
Cordova's flashing, ruddy blade,
The Chilian muse will boast;
And seldom can the muse essay
The story of a nobler day
Than that La Serna lost.

The Andean echoes yet shall take
The burden from De Saugre's lake
Of the heroic lay—
And Condorkanki's passes drear
Age after age the tale shall hear
Of Ayachucho's day.

—Thomas Darcy Magee.

THE DOWNFALL OF POPERY.

THE 'Saturday Review,' in an article on "The Pope and the Spanish Pilgrims," mentions how far the persecutions of the Church have led to her downfall, as desired by her persecutors:—

"The Pope is far more outspoken and sweeping in his censures on offending Governments and, above all, on the Italian, than ever he ventured to be in the days of his temporal sovereignty. Nor is there any way of restraining his action unless by direct violence, which, if not a crime, would certainly prove to be a blunder, and is not at all likely to be attempted. How far this result was foreseen by such statesmen as Cavour it is impossible to say; even the ablest statesmen, if they are statesmen and nothing more, are apt to overlook or greatly depreciate the weight of moral forces. But, whether foreseen or not, it could not have been provided against. The Italians were resolved to achieve national unity, and make Rome their capital; whether the spiritual influence of Rome would be strengthened or weakened in the process was a subordinate, if not irrelevant, consideration, which they hardly cared to entertain. Protestants at a distance, especially Protestants of the Exeter Hall type, who loved Italy less than they hated Rome, waxed eloquent over the approaching downfall of the great Babylon; but they have only themselves to thank if they are disappointed. And so, again, with the religious orders in Italy. In name, they are abolished; in fact, they are reviving everywhere, with much of their old wealth even restored to them, through the zeal of pious benefactors—who in the old days would never have dreamt of helping them—and far more than their old activity."