

LA BRUJA:

THE WITCH;

OR,

A PICTURE

OF

THE COURT OF ROME;

FOUND

AMONG THE MANUSCRIPTS OF A RESPECTABLE THEOLOGIAN,
A GREAT FRIEND OF THAT COURT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH,

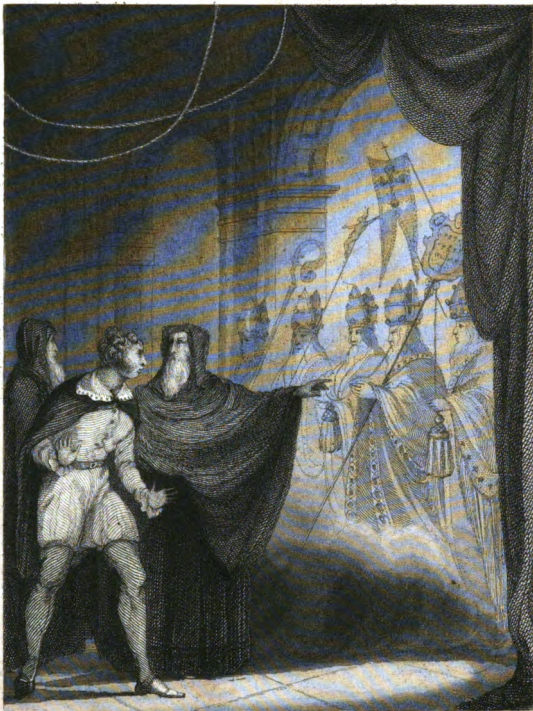
BY

MARKOPHRATES.

LONDON:

J. HATCHARD AND SON, 187, PICCADILLY.

M D C C C X L.



Drawn by John Salmon.

Engraved by B. Winkles.

NOT ONE OF THESE PERSONAGES DID I KNOW, BUT
THE SPECTRES MY ASSISTANTS, BEGAN TO GIVE ME
THEIR NAMES.

Vide p. 4.

THE WITNESS
OR
A PICTURE
OF
THE COURT OF ROME.

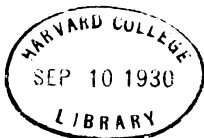


The first persons I there saw, were some fishermen
dragging from the river the dead body of a Pope.

P. 6. v. 69.

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1840.

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ONE WORD

FROM

THE TRANSLATOR.



To strip la Bruja* of her beautiful Spanish costume and send her abroad in a foreign dress is a task of no small responsibility, even admitting that the best English cloak bears no comparison to the Spanish mantilla. I have, however, in exchange for the

* Pronounced *Brook-ha*: the Witch.

(ii)

garb which she wore in La Mancha, endeavoured so to attire the old lady, as to afford wider scope for the exercise of her vocation, in such parts of the British dominions as may happen to stand most in need of her assistance.

The portions of the work which are included between inverted commas, it is scarcely necessary to remark, appear to be quotations from the writings of the parties supposed to be speaking.

The Scripture quotations are from

(iii)

the Spanish version, and therefore the English reader will not be surprised to find that they vary slightly, though not substantially from his own.

The Notes, I have chiefly gleaned, from a variety of sources. I trust they will be found acceptable to those readers who, from the want of a retentive memory, may have but an imperfect recollection of their early reading, and also to those who have no leisure for reference.

The Author's original plan of giving,

(iv)

in notes, a translation of the Latin, I have adopted, with only this difference, that instead of putting such notes at the foot of each page, I have placed them at the end of the Volume.

It may seem superfluous to recur to the frequently admitted fact, that the English language, with all its copiousness and its adaptability, is inadequate to convey the full meaning of many expressions in other languages. Perhaps this remark more particularly applies to passages found in the works of some of the best

Castillian authors, in which, much of the force, the grace, the point, the pathos, and the beauty of the original is lost in the best translation. For the truth of this observation need I refer to those English readers who are sufficiently acquainted with the Spanish language to be able to read **Don Quixote de la Mancha** in the original?

ERRATA.

- Page 5, line 7. For Bossuet, read Bossuets.
“ 31, — 11. For Maria, read *Mary*.
“ 39, — 15. Read marriage *of* Henry VIII.
“ 40, — 14. For Sextus, read Sixtus.
“ 72, — 7. For an in, read *in an*.
“ 82, — 19. Read disproportionate.
“ 119, — 12. For titular, read tutelar.

TWO SHORT WORDS

(From the Editor of the Original Work.)

THERE are things which appear to some people like enchantment, the more they see them with their eyes and touch them with their hands.

A worthy ecclesiastic, a very good friend of mine had the fortune to die a few years ago, for, as he used to say, one cannot pass beyond old age. I found that he had appointed me executor of his will. I did not delay many hours in taking charge of his money and of his little wardrobe, he having but a scanty stock of these two articles; not so, however, with his books and manuscripts. Among these I promised myself the

pleasure of finding many dissertations and polemical treatises on the various branches embraced under theology, and even some on the Spanish language, which he had studied all his life with remarkable success; and in effect I did not deceive myself, their number, it is true, surprised me notwithstanding I was well aware of his great labour and intense application. However, stumbling upon one, in his own handwriting which had the title of "*Novela*," I rubbed my eyes once or twice, thinking it was a dream; and using every means to convince myself that I was not mistaken, I found it was a joke with which the respectable old man had, in some leisure moments sweetened the troubles of emigration. Within the *brochure* [quaderno], I found, besides, a memorandum in his own handwriting, in these words; *I charge my executor that he make such use as to him shall seem fit, of this senile entertainment;*

but if he shall think its publication useful, I intreat of him that he may not re-touch it, but that he may give it to the world as I have written it, for I do not wish to have heaped upon me any achievements or any errors than my own.

I preserved my manuscript, and having transferred myself to this capital [Paris] towards the end of May in the present year, [1830] I thought I would immediately print it for the good which might result to christianity from a knowledge of the abuses of the court of Rome ; abuses so stale and of such extent, that, as Boccaccio beautifully puts it, in the second novel of the first *Giornata*, they tended more than any other thing to the conversion of the rich Jew Abraham, who confessed to his friend, Giannotto di Civigni, that he knew there was a divine origin in the christian religion, when he saw

that it subsisted in spite of the sins, infamy and atrocities of its principal chiefs, the Popes and their courtiers. But, for all this, a person to whom I communicated my design and shewed the work, observed to me, that whoever might be bold enough to publish it, in France, would find the unpleasant consequence of his temerity.

You, sir, added he, in the frank tone of friendship, who are in these days of grace, admitted among us for a short time, and who are narrowly watched by the Police, ought to reckon, to a certainty, on being expelled, as soon as "*The Witch*," is sent forth to be noised abroad throughout this kingdom. I reflected on this judicious observation, and waited for a ministry less fanatical which might clip the wings of Jesuitism that were then taking such a rapid flight, or, rather, until there might break in upon France the

dawn of a morning more favorable to liberty. The persecutions which some persons, a short time previously, had suffered for their alleged witchcraft in this illustrious nation, made it evident that the government was ardently desiring to renew the *auto-da-fé*, and to submerge the Bossuet, the Fleurises, the Fenelons, the Montesquieus and the Voltaires, of the country in the chaos of the barbarism and ignorance of the middle centuries. Fortunately, *the grand week of the people*, according to the happy expression of Layfayette, has placed in evidence before the most blind, how short a space of time is necessary to overthrow institutions and governments which do not keep pace with the progress of civilization. The present generation of France, re-uniting within itself the valour and boldness of heroic times, the generosity of the ages of chivalry and the learning and illustriousness of the present era, has let itself loose, unarmed, in the arena against its

prepared and armed oppressors, has conquered them, has pardoned them; and, bridling up its own ardour, in the moment of achieving victory, has delivered itself up peaceably, to consolidate its own felicity and that of its descendants by means of wise, prudent and free institutions. Such was the noisy event to which "*The Witch*" owes her publication, hidden until this day in a corner, fearful of suffering under the anathema which, against those of her class, was, at that time fulminated by the perfidious or deluded clergy.

Returning, however, to speak of her contents: I knew very well that her author did not behold, with a favorable eye, the lords of the papal chancery, nor the three-corner-hatted (¹) assistants of the company, and that if robbed of a book, or if his sorry mess of hotch-potch should happen to be badly cooked by the kitchen maid, he would attribute all to a

jesuitical conspiracy ; and he had arrived at the belief that there were true faries dressed in short cassocks, who were constantly attending to his well being and to his days ; but I never could have pictured to myself, that a man accustomed to grave studies and in the midst of a thousand privations, and at a very advanced age, could have remaining, humour to flourish the pen against the court of Rome, giving to us an ingenious production, something similar to the “ *Diablo Cojuelo* of Velez of Guevarre at the festival, and much more in the purity and nerve of the language.

I certainly could have wished that “ *The Witch* ” might have been less erudite and that she might not have spoken so much Latin ; however, not being able to avoid complying with the last wishes of the author, for I do not wish to have to do with the spirits of another world, I have translated, at foot, all the Latin in order

that the *lector lego*,⁽²⁾ with whose free will and consent the head has remained integral, may understand them ; and out of respect to the injunction of my friend.

If, afar in yon ethereal regions, where without doubt he is, enjoying that repose due to his virtues, it is given to the blessed to take part in what befalls mortals who were their companions ; his spirit, full of celestial jubilee will delight itself, at the short, wise and happy revolution of France, which announces ages of peace and of liberty to all Europe. This striking picture will not, withal, prevent him turning his attention, for a moment, to the remembrance of those who have prided themselves in being his friends, and then he will see, in the scrupulousness with which I execute his orders, in giving to the light "*The Witch*," the purest tribute of my respect to his commands.

P R E F A C E

(Of the Author.)

DISTURBED and dismayed scamper about the witches, when the inquisitors give thanks to God. (3) But then are there witches? Yes, would that there were not. In our time, there is the Nun whom the Inquisition of Valladolid brought to trial “*for flying and other excesses.*” Many times has been repeated the victory which followed with the zeal of the Holy Office against the precious jewels of Zugarramurdi, (4) in truth, the searchers in France are after them at this present moment. And yet it is thought strange that the Apostles of the Peninsula cry out for the stake and the

burning piles to be restored to their ancient condition ! What know they of religion, or of zeal for religion, these enemies of the altar and of the throne ? Obstinate in their incredulity, they let loose the tongue and continue gabbling that there are no witches, and yet, to that person who inadvertently says something upon ointments, or flights, or nocturnal dances in the air, they give a colouring of gold and blue : some say that person, is a Frenchman, others a deluded or fanatical creature, or one who bears, suspended on his breast, the badge of the inquisition.

Well, my good sirs, fortunately for me, I can say to those of you who read, or hear read, this book, that I, who am its author, am not a Frenchman : and how could I be, if born in Toboso near the palace of Dulcinea ? Of delusion I have not one jot ; and the proof of it is, that I read at every meal the Ethics of

Busembaum, illustrated by Liquorio, and the revelations of that servant of God, Margaret Alacoque. Eschewing fanaticism, I associate with the members of the company of Jesus, now wandering about in La Mancha, and I carry my perpetual scapulary as a Jesuit of the short cassock [sotana corta]. Perhaps I may still have remaining in me some small relic of the inquisitor, as, for two years I was peeping into the purses of the people of my native town, being formerly its tax-gatherer.

Not having, then, any one who is able to throw in my face any of those decorations which, in justice to these innovators, are necessary to them in order to the belief in witches, I am authorised to assert that there are such, and that the inquisitors have a right to broil them, and that the French have a right to hunt them. I do not write this out of spite nor out of ill-will ; for these witches have done

burning piles to be restored to their ancient condition! What know they of religion, or of zeal for religion, these enemies of the altar and of the throne? Obstinate in their incredulity, they let loose the tongue and continue gabbling that there are no witches, and yet, to that person who inadvertently says something upon ointments, or flights, or nocturnal dances in the air, they give a colouring of gold and blue: some say that person is a Frenchman, others a deluded or fanatical creature, or one who bears, suspended on his breast, the badge of the inquisition.

Well, my good sirs, fortunately for me, I can say to those of you who read, or hear of this book, that I, who am its author, am not a Frenchman: and how could I be? I was born at Toboso near the palace of my father; and the delusion I have not once in my life had is, that I read at

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me no wrong ; on the contrary, much good ; although by a means not very clean and which has cost me some money ; for which I grieve like a good manchego and a faithful christian. I speak not now with a view, of evincing my penitence for the temptation into which I fell, but to convince the obstinate and the incredulous, that the race of witches is not yet extinct nor exterminated ; which is the theme of my discourse.

I would give an eye, if all those presumptuous critics would form a circle round him who now proceeds in the reading of this prologue. One by one, more or less, would go out striking his breast and saying: I accuse myself, father, for I am the deluded one. If perchance there may be one of these gentlemen among my audience, I am going to ask him a single favor, and that is, that he may hear me without prejudice, as a faithful historian, for

I come from a stock that will not sell a cat for a hare. The veracious Cide Hamete Benengeli, was professor to my fifth grandfather in the university, when he went about tasting the wines in the cellars of Valdepeñas. And, if this be insufficient to recommend my ingenuousness, I appeal to the school of mental restrictions which there is in one of my colleges.

The only *but* which my account contains, and I confess it without being put to the torture, is, the being somewhat heavy. However, my dear friends, would it be just that I should leave in the inkstand the third or the fourth part of that, which my Witch made me see with those eyes that will one day be consumed by the earth? This unboweling of accounts I hate to the death. I shall not strip the bowels of mine for the world: it must be swallowed entire by those who desire it; and he who

that it subsisted in spite of the sins, infamy and atrocities of its principal chiefs, the Popes and their courtiers. But, for all this, a person to whom I communicated my design and shewed the work, observed to me, that whoever might be bold enough to publish it, in France, would find the unpleasant consequence of his temerity.

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does not, let him be assured that he looses a great treat. There are in it strange occurrences and no sounds nor even dreams by Patillas.

I will bet a hundred to one, that he who comes to digest a couple of leaves of this curious romance, does not let it loose from his hand, and that he repeats the saying of the blessed friar who drank off the cup of Malaga wine : *hasta verte buen Jesus,*(³) a picture of our Saviour being painted at the bottom.

THE WITCH.

The first part of the history is devoted to a description of the country, its situation, extent, and the nature of its soil and climate. The author then proceeds to a detailed account of the various tribes and nations that inhabit the region, describing their customs, manners, and political organization. He also discusses the trade and commerce of the country, and the progress of agriculture and industry. The history concludes with a summary of the principal events that have taken place in the country since the discovery of it.

THE WITCH.

SEATED on my bed one night in this very month of September reading, as I accustom myself, in order to conciliate sleep, the general history of the world ; I took a turn from this lecture to a volume which treated of modern Rome, when I found myself engulfed in that *mare magnum*⁽⁶⁾ of incredible and stupendous events. Without knocking at the door and without saying, I step in here for it rains, without any note of previous advice or other intimation usually resorted to by those who introduce

themselves among people of good breeding, a scarecrow placed itself right before me, which appeared like the old woman who, they say in my village, deceived St. Anthony. If I must say the truth, I was startled, and something more, for I found that my hair stood on end. I feel a little restrained in making this confession ; but, either it is history, or not history. The historian ought to be ingenuous : truth for thy forehead ; and above all, do no harm and fear no wrong.

Who art thou ? I asked her, terrified : and what winds have brought thee here between cockerowing and midnight ? I was advised in my council, answered she, that thou art reading of the frauds and fabulous stories which this great ugly book recounts of Rome, and I come to furnish thee with means, by which, in this very moment, without any trouble, thou mayest see with thine eyes, that which this court

has been in the latter ages, and that which it now is.

Art thou a woman, or a devil ? said I : how can I see any thing of the kind from my cottage, and when all the world is sleeping with extended limb ? Dont let us waste our spittal, replied the old woman : either thou dost or thou dost not desire my assistance. If thou dost not, there is an end of the business ; but if thou hast a longing in the matter, it is a done thing. A whirlwind of doubts, of terrors and of remorse poured down upon me. In my life, said I to her, I have never attempted any thing with a Juggler. With that gentleman, answered she, I have nothing to do nor do I even know him by sight ; all my science is reduced to this phial. No doubt she carried one in her hand, for in the moment she showed it to me, and it was certainly as black as though it were full of ink. There is in this phial a

balm, continued she, of such virtue, that by only allowing thee to anoint thy temples and the tips of thy fingers, thou wilt, in one instant, be able to run over centuries and thousands of leagues, and to walk upon the air, not like those in balloons at the mercy of the North or South winds, but in wind or in calm, with the quickness of thought, and, what is more, to place thyself amongst people wheresoever thou wilt without any one of them seeing so much as a hair of thy head.

After going to such a length, I asked her : when shall I return to my house ? This same night, she replied, thou wilt find thyself at home safe and sound as if no such thing had happened.

Then thou art a witch, said I ; so they have been pleased to call us, sir, answered she ; but I am only a modest woman of Huete, and

respected by all the town; in the day time I spin, and at night I occupy myself in holy works: I fly ~~to~~ whither I am sent by my council, which is never but to serve my neighbours. Always some little salary or small gratuities are falling in, and with these I manage to pay for the hire of my house. I put to her three questions following each other, on the place of her meetings, the number of her companions, and the ritual of her confraternity. But she answered ~~to~~ none of them, alledging that she should lose her very skin in the disclosure of these secrets.

Already then, seeing that it was a business of money, and that she did not ask anything which might bring about other consequences; overcome by an accursed curiosity, I fell into the snare, and drawing out an ounce of gold, in giving it to her I said: anoint me, and if

the enterprize turn out according to my wishes, reckon on another. The ointment was such, that in the twinkling of an eye, I found myself on one of the steep and barren mountains of the Moon.

The old woman I saw no more.

From behind one of the peaks a gallant youth thrust out his head, and saluting me with strange courtesy, said: this globe which thou seest in thy front, is the earth from whence thou hast just come: that piece of land in form of a sleeve,—which is between two seas, is Italy; and that which appears like a cheek with pimples, is Rome, founded upon mountains. Observe those persons who appear like fleas: those are the cardinals; and those others which crawl about like dirty lice and chigoes [*niguas*] are the domestic prelates and

monsignori and chamberlains and auditors, and courtiers, and ushers, that form the large, strange and motley group [*comparsa*] of the capital of the world.

This is not my bargain, good friend, said I to him : what do I gain by seeing this miniature at such a distance? The picture of Rome that I wish to see, is, as it is in itself, in such manner that one may be able to distinguish the persons by the color of their hair and by their features ; and not only those of the present, but also of past times ; this is what has been offered to me. I know nothing of any such bargain, said the youth : I have been entrusted with the charge of placing thee where thou mightest be able to observe Rome, as it now is, as well as that which it has been, in those epochs which thou chocest to name ; and even to provide thee with some *cicerone*, in case that thou shouldest ask for one. But, none of this

said I, can I obtain if thou dost not place me within shot. And what *cicerone* can explain to me at this altitude, who those little animals are, that in bulk are scarcely to be seen larger than a bug, even viewed through a good telescope? It is easy for me, said he, to suspend thee in the air, or to transfer thee to the top of one of the highest mountains of the earth, whichever may seem to thee the most desirable, be it the Chimborazo, or the peak of Tenerife, or some one of the Andes, or of the Alpujaras. The plan of being suspended in the air, my friend, said I, does not suit me. I remember one Icarus,⁽⁷⁾ who to his cost had wings; and another,⁽⁸⁾ who from a slack rope of an aerostatic globe, gave himself a somerset upon the poplars of Aranjuez, and broke his legs.

Those peaks and mountains which thou hast named to me, will have all the altitude that

thou desirest; but in that way I should see Rome from them as from the mountains of Ubeda. (9)

Then let us do another thing, said he, and that is, do thou put one foot in the sea of Sardinia and the other in the Adriatic, in such a manner that thou mayest dam up the Tiber between thy legs, and bid it escape. This is jugglery, said I: I have given my money in order that thou mayest carry me to Rome; for thou confessest having had this charge confided to thee. Distant places are good for war and for music: the Babylon of Rome cannot well be seen but from within the walls; and again, I have paid the posting of my journey; to Rome we must go, it is all very well for boobies to lick up only half the honey which is given them, but that will not satisfy me.

Thy mouth shall be measured, said the youth:

E

shut your eyes. I did so, and on opening them, I found myself on the cupola of the Church of St. Peter. This is, said he, the greatest wonder of the world. It may be so, I replied; but yet thou seest not in it, what I see.—What?—The blood of Spaniards with which it is dyed. Art thou ignorant that since the time of Charles V, Spain has been sending, annually, for the support of this fabric, more than three hundred thousand reals? ⁽¹⁰⁾ Sum up the account of millions which this contribution will amount to in the space of almost three centuries. And at the same time only consider, that there are in that kingdom innumerable parochial churches only half built, others dismantled, in a most wretched state of poverty and destitute of decent ornaments. Out of such resources I would undertake to fill the world with wonders; although I should not even wish to bring to mind, the dangerous recourse to indulgences, of which Leo X. for-

merly availed himself in order to this work. Do not say any such thing, rejoined the youth, for this is the mother of all churches. I have seen no mother, said I, who would suffer herself to be gaily attired whilst surrounded by her daughters covered with rags-

But what are we doing here ? let us see this wonder. Without the need of stairs, I found myself in front of the portico. I raised my eyes to the front of the temple, and in it I did not find the nobleness and the simplicity which is seen in that of the Escorial. ⁽¹¹⁾ I stepped back to observe the Cupola, and found it so distant from the peristyle that it seemed to belong to some other church. This defect, said I, Herrera avoided in his church of St. Lorenzo, formed after the plan of a Greek cross : in this of Rome they would have avoided it also if they had only followed the

plan of Michael Angelo Buonarrotti. At the entrance by the gates I saw at one glance that the fluted columns were after the very worst taste; for the construction of which, Urban VIII. took the bronzes from the Pantheon : I was alarmed at the winged giants by the fountains of holy water, and by the multitude of colossal statues which represented persons, who in their lives, were not so great ; though they had been able to make play with the grandeur of the edifice, but not with those who enter it to offer their devotions. It is not the colossal dimensions, that make a temple magnificent ; but the style, the consonance in the orders of the architecture, and the majesty which pertains to the house of God.

Groups of foreigners were passing to and fro, admiring the master-pieces of the fine arts which adorn this vast edifice: it seemed to me as if it were a museum, or a gallery of pictures,

or a cabinet of natural history. One was praising the mosaics, another the basso relievos, another the statues, another the pictures, another the paintings in fresco : they were disputing about the authors, the *ciceroni* were laughing within themselves, and deciding in a magisterial tone. To one booby, who was going about staring from one side to another I whispered, nothing of this which you are admiring is the temple : these are but as the furniture of a house ; take them away and it is converted into a dove cot. Strip this grand edifice of its multitude of precious works, which attract the artists and the curious : would it then merit, for its mere structure, that which it now merits for its ornaments ? Neither you nor others would ever remember to visit it. The contrary would follow if it were comparable with the ancient temples of this very capital, or with those of the Greeks, or the Egyptians, whose noble and simple architecture, dis-

dainig meretricious ornaments, enchants and elevates the soul.

One near me, was lamenting that the millions buried within those dungeons had not been employed in draining off the Pontine marshes ; I said to him: the expences would have been better employed in opening or in finishing the canals of Spain. A sculptor was conjecturing that the bronze statue of St. Peter was that of Jupiter, found in the ruins of the Capitol. A nice transformation it has been, said he, to convert a gentile deity into an apostle, by only putting a wreath of laurel on his head and the keys into his hand ! You are, said I, mistaken: it is not the same statue of Jupiter Capitolinus, but one which out of the bronze of Capitolinus, was made by St. Leo the Great, in acknowledgement of Rome's having been preserved from the ferocious attacks of Atila. He began to laugh and turned his back upon me. This

joke brought to my mind one Saint Blas, in a certain town, who, by the cutting off of his false whiskers, and adding a crown with its diadem, was converted, every month, into the virgin of the rosary.

A Scotchman, who was going about copying the epitaphs from the sepulchres, in the memoranda of his collection called this church a cemetery; he put a long note upon the mausoleum of the queen of Sweeden, Christina Alexandrina, and of Maria Clementina, queen of England; he took notes for writing a commentary upon the statue of the Emperor Henry IV, who was kissing the feet of Pope Hildebrand on the sepulchral stone of the princess Matilda. A *cicerone* observed, that this was a thought of Urban VIII, by whose order that sepulchre was formed by the Chevalier Bernini.

At a few paces we found the sepulchre of this Pope with his bronze statue. One of the bystanders said to me : it is on this account that the inscription says, *Quod non fecerunt barbari, fecerunt Barberini* ⁽¹²⁾; and, asking him to explain that enigma, he answered me, that it alluded to the ruin of the Pantheon, caused by him, and by his *nephews*, with his permission, in order to erect a palace; they took in one night, by the hands of some thousands of workmen, innumerable marbles, even some of those which remained in the proud Coliseum or Amphitheatre of Agrippa. Although there are, said I, those who hold this Pope a greater barbarian for having denied to Louis XIII and to Louis XIV, the title of *Kings of Navarre*, at the same time that he conceded to the cardinals that of *most eminent*.

I turned my eyes, and saw the front of the

sepulchre of Paul III. This Pope, said a *cicerone*, wished to make Erasmus a cardinal; but he declined to be one. This anecdote, said I, is no small honor to the memory of both. He created Duke of Parma, said another, his son Peter Louis. This, said I, was not so honorable, because it was at the expence of the holy see. It would appear that neither the dukedom of his son, nor the marriage of his daughter with Vosio Sforza turned to good account, for in his last illness he often repeated: *si mei non fuissent dominati, tunc immaculatus essem.* (13)

Passing further on, we came to the sepulchre of Innocent XII. Blessed Pope! exclaimed an Oxford professor; who made all the sacred college sign the bull in which is prohibited all species of *excessive complaisance*, of the Popes in favor of their *nephews*, obliging the cardinals, present and future, to conform them-

selves to it and to ratify it with an oath in every conclave, and that the Popes-elect should swear to its observance. This bull is waste paper, said a certain masked personage of our gossiping committee. How so? Then, said I, do not the Cardinals observe the Pope's bulls and their own oath? It is mere form, answered the incognito. Besides, how can you prove to a Pope that any thing is *excessive* in complaisance towards his kindred? This may be evaded by a cunningscholastic; and if not, it may be transferred to the *nephews* of Pius VI, and to the Dukedom of Nemi, which the infernal tongue of Pasquin called *Nemini*. (14)

Near this was the sepulchre of Sixtus IV, with bronze basso relievos, the classic production of Palayolo. I recollect, said I, that this Pope gave, in perpetual commendam, the bishopric of Zaragoza to a child of six years old, called Alfonso, the illegitimate son of

Ferdinand, King of Naples. An abbot of mean appearance, who must have been a Jansenist, began to censure this appointment; but I, in the haste of my survey, did not afford him the opportunity.

A *cicerone* pulled me by the coat, telling me that I must wait, if I wished to see, in that chapel, two of the columns of the temple of Solomon. I could not, on hearing this, refrain from laughing. What art thou laughing at? said he, in a fit of anger. Then I suppose thou dost not even believe that from the same temple was taken the other column, which is in the first chapel adjoining to the *Holy door*, and which, according to tradition supported our Lord Jesus Christ whilst he was preaching.

As to these traditions, said I, there are many like this in vogue now-a-days: and if you

dispute it, I refer to the plate used at the last supper and so religiously venerated in Geneva, although it has already been proved, that it was manufactured more than a thousand years after the time of Christ. In a reliquary of a certain Carthusian convent they showed me two pieces of stick, such as those used by our muleteers, and wished to persuade me that they belonged to the Judges of Israel. In another monastery, they preserve a small stone from the torrent of the brook Kedron⁽¹⁵⁾; and to a person who dared to ask the monks whether it was of the stones or of the water of that stream, they answered that he ought not to make a mockery of their reliques. In the same manner thou wouldest answer if I were to ask thee of which of the temples of Solomon are these columns; and this question would be in perfect order.

With this dialogue we arrived at the sepul-

chre of Benedict XIV. It is much to be lamented, said the Oxford professor, that this Pope, so commendable for his learning and for his virtues, should have permitted certain maxims and political schemes to be practised in his court and on the pontifical throne. The Jesuit Patouillet jeered him, reproducing in the dictionary of the books of the Jansenists the Jansenistic Library of Father Colonia, which he, the Pope, had himself condemned. In like manner mocked him also those who translated into Italian and into Spanish, the history of the people of God, by the Jesuit Berruyer, against which he had made a decree censuring it as a false book of pelagianism and of socinianism. Against these enemies of the truth and of religion he maintained, up to the last, the decorum of the holy see. I did not venture to reply to this, notwithstanding that, from the good fathers of my college, I had heard other language.

We passed on further to the sepulchre of Clement X, for, just at that moment another *cicerone* had pointed it out to us, and given us to understand that the real Pope of his time was his adopted *nephew*, the Cardinal Altieri. It is no wonder, said the Oxford professor, that this old man of eighty-six and full of infirmities should have entrusted to another, part of the burden of his office. May not other lazy prelates, said the incognito, who are neither Popes, nor old men, nor invalids, excuse themselves by this example?

The sepulchres of the Popes Leo I, II, III, and V which are in another chapel, gave rise to a lengthened altercation between the professor, the incognito, and two of the *ciceroni*; the sum and substance of which was to compare the Rome of that age with the Rome of the present: they were almost on the point of throwing their caps at each other. A great

crowd of the curious who were perambulating the temple soon began to form a circle; a verger and two sacristans were presently upon the spot; I, with my associate and a *cicerone*, slipped off, for I was always an enemy to disturbances.

On coming to the sepulchre of Clement VII. the *league*, called *holy*, of this Pope with various sovereigns against Charles V, was presented to my notice; and the imagination, which is a horse without a bridle, made me leap back three centuries. I retroceded to that period, and saw Clement a prisoner in the Castle of St. Angelo, a fugitive at Orvieto in the garb of a merchant, disposed to declare null the marriage Henry VIII with Catherine of Arragon, and then again resolved to declare it valid. The *cicerone* wished to recount to me this history but I would not give him a hearing, telling him, that I already knew it sufficiently, and that it was

very painful,—adding, that the intention of the Pope in the steps taken by him in that delicate business, had originated from a false policy, which never lost sight of its own interests.

On coming to the chapel which serves as the choir of the canons of St. Peter, we saw the sepulchre of Innocent VIII. A Bolognian Barrister was also observing it. What a pity it is, said he, on turning round to me, that this Pope, who was a perfect model of meekness and beneficence, fell into the weakness of excommunicating and dethroning Ferdinand, King of Naples, for denying to pay the feudal tribute of his kingdom from which Sixtus IV had exempted him. Though I take it to be more lamentable, said I, that he should have invented the expression *motu proprio*,⁽¹⁶⁾ unknown to ancient Popes, who never promulgated decrees concerning the universal church but with the assent and accord of its synod.

Very sweet, indeed, ought to be the command-absolute, said the lawyer, smiling, when even *the servants of the servants of God*, (17) roll it in the mouth as a savory morsel.

Are we to be all the year registering sepulchres? said I to the young man who accompanied me: no, must I not see that which I desire of the most signal epochs of Rome? Simultaneously with the uttering of these words, disappeared the people from the temple; and not only the people but the youth also, in whose place two phantoms had put themselves, one on each side of me, which brought upon me more dismay than even the sudden appearance of the Witch. A door, but not the one by which we had entered, suddenly opened itself, neither was it the *holy* one, which is only used in the time of jubilee; nor was it one of the other three, but one more like an opening in the wall from top to bottom; and by the

fissure, which was of the space of four yards at least, began to enter a procession of defunct persons, which did not fail to strike me speechless for the moment.

Not one of these personages did I know, but the spectres, my assistants, began to give me their names. The first, which was the Pope Hildebrand, was carrying a standard of burnished gold, and on it was this inscription: *Teman los Reyes el supremo poder de los Papas: Let Kings fear the supreme power of the Popes*: the tassels were supported, that on the right by Boniface VIII., and that on the left by Julius II. By the side of Boniface went an old man disputing with him: it was the Prophet Jeremiah, whom that Pope was wishing to persuade, that to him and the other pontiffs were addressed the words: *Yo te establecí sobre reyes y reinos, I have established thee over*

kings and kingdoms.⁽¹⁸⁾ Behind these came the Cardinal Beno saying: it is not Boniface, but Gregory who is the inventor of this *idolatry*. But a vast crowd who walked near him imposed upon him silence, saying: knowest thou not that of this holy Pontiff it was said: *He shall have dominion from sea to sea*?⁽¹⁹⁾ Among this vast multitude, the Cardinal de Porto rose conspicuous, shouting that the words of Jeremiah denoted the temporal jurisdiction which the Pope held over nations and princes. The Jesuit Salmeron was spurring him on, citing the Bull in which Paul III. dethroned Henry VIII.

There followed, as it were a band of musicians of various voices, but very accordant, which under the direction of the Jesuit Suarez went on chanting spiritual songs in honor of the temporal power of the Popes. To the sound of the harp of David, a treble was sing-

ing: "all the Kings of the earth shall adore him and shall serve him:"⁽²⁰⁾ a tenor followed: "he shall reign in the house of Jacob for ever."⁽²¹⁾

These having ceased, other four chanted "thou shalt also suck the milk of the nations and shalt be fed at the breast of kings."⁽²²⁾ To which all the chorus answered "*Divine* is the *majesty* of the Pope: *lion of the tribe of Judah*,⁽²³⁾ root of David, the Saviour and liberator of Israel." Whilst I was, with great pleasure hearing this melody, there came out from among the musicians one who they told me was called Eneas Silvio,⁽²⁴⁾ and he whispered in my ear, do not thou make cause with these profaners of Scripture: *sunt interpretationes paparum, suas fimbrias intenduntium.*⁽²⁵⁾

When all this farsical procession had passed and that sweet music had ceased, I saw enter

Alexander VI, with his daughter Lucretia and his four sons, priding himself in the saint which from his loins was to be given to the church and giving orders to his butler relative to the bottles which he had prepared for his last supper in the vineyard of the Cardinal Adrian Cornetto. ⁽²⁶⁾

In great haste, and without order came various Popes : Julius III was carrying in his hand the bull in which he excommunicated Henry II King of France ; and St. Pius V the Bull in which he dethroned Queen Elizabeth. By his side four musicians of his chapel went singing in a chanting tone, the following words, which he applied to Don John of Austria, the illegitimate son of Charles V, after the victory of Lepanto : *Fuit homo, missus a Deo, cui nomen erat Johannes.* ⁽²⁷⁾ Some of the aulics were asking Pius VI what he was thinking of doing

with Vincenti the nuncio of Spain, and he answered *VINCENTI dabo manna absconditum, et nomen novum.* (28) Leo X went singing the triumph which he had achieved against the pragmatic of Charles VII in the treaty with Francis I. Behind him went the Cardinal Orsi, giving an echo to that which had been said by Charles and by Thomasino against the authenticity of the pragmatic sanction of St. Lewis. Attached to the tail of this Cardinal came several persons crying out *Pravilegia, non privilegia.* (29) Who are these? said I to my conductors, and what are they saying? These, said one of them, are the theologians who have approved the work of Rocaberti on the Roman pontifice. *Pravilegia*, in their mouths, signifies the articles of the Galican clergy; and they are applauding the zeal with which that Archbishop treated as heretics those who deny the infallibility of the Pope; and as impious and

schismatics those who do not consider him invested with power to depose princes.

My conductor ceased speaking, and those theologians continued : *King of kings and Lord of lords.* Good God, I exclaimed, that I should hear them repeating that which is written of Jesus Christ in the Apocalypse. Of Jesus Christ? answered my companion: it is of the Pope they are saying it; and if you doubt it, listen for a moment. They continued crying: "In spiritual and temporal the Pope possesses a power, of which in vain the heretics wish to deprive him."

By the opening appeared a large picture, which, from its size could scarcely be brought in, representing the murder of the Hugonots of France on the day of St. Bartholomew. Over it, was this inscription: *Pontifex Colignii necem probat.* (30) It must have been a great

weight, for the Cardinal of Lorena, who was carrying it upon a most elevated pole, was drenched with perspiration. At his side went the Cardinal Alexander, nephew of the Pope, who had been his legate in France, and was exclaiming: "Blessed be God that the king has fulfilled to me his word."⁽³¹⁾ At the heels of this Cardinal followed, in two files, all the sacred College presided over by Gregory XIII. One of my phantoms said to me: these are now going to the churches of St. Mark and St. Lewis to give thanks to God for this grand triumph, which has accompanied the catholic religion. And what sword is that said I, which this Chamberlain carries behind? It is, said he, the present which the Pope has prepared for Charles IX.

The horror which this mixture of religion with the shedding of human blood caused me, had not yet passed away, when I saw enter Sixtus V, surrounded by Cardinals and pre-

lates, his face burning as though carried away in a frenzy of passion ; comparing the assassination of Henry III, King of France, by James Clement, to the incarnation of the Word and the resurrection of Jesus Christ. Turning from this robbery, a certain aulic remonstrated with him for having excommunicated the King of Narvarre and Prince of Condé, and for having absolved his subjects from their oath of allegiance. Sixtus turned to him and said that the Pope was superior to all the potentates of the earth, and was instituted in order to dethrone infidel princes, and to precipitate them, as the ministers of Lucifer, into the infernal abyss.

There was a short interval, and I then saw enter two Popes weeping bitterly. Who are these most holy fathers ? I asked my interpreters. That one on the right, they answered, is St. Peter Celestine, who is lamenting in the

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Castle of Fumona the ingratitude with which he was there shut up by Boniface VIII., after having been induced by him to renounce the tiara. The other is Adrian VI., who abandoned himself to a perpetual grief, when he saw how utterly impossible it was to remedy the abuses and abominations of his court.

I was struck with a fearful surprise by four flaming swords, which entered as though they were flying, one after the other through the aperture. I was obliged to step aside to prevent my head being severed [*revanar*] from my body at a stroke, and I said: what swords are these? The two first, answered a knowing fellow, [*trujiman*] are the bulls of Innocent X. and of Alexander VII., upon Janson, who divided the clergy of France, and caused there the most lamentable devastations. The other two are the bulls *Unigenitus* and *Auctorem, fidei*⁽³²⁾ which serve as a knife to the doc-

trine of the church. Following these swords, came Pius VI. and Pius VII. flagelating a code which had this title : *The four propositions of the Galican Church.* Pius VII. was persuading a French bishop who was with them, that he might, in his own country, preach those very errors which had already been condemned by Innocent XI. The bishop smiled and said : most blessed father, let us postpone this affair till the pontificate of your successor : then we shall see wonders.

Suddenly there entered a multitude of Popes, their eyes being raised towards a placard which the master of the sacred palace was carrying aloft with this inscription : *A copy of the donation of Constantine.* In the distance were seen Lorenzo Vala⁽³³⁾ and Lewis Antonio Muratori⁽³⁴⁾ winking the eye at each other. The former was saying : let this be aggregated with the decrees of Isidorus ; and the latter : thou hast well spoken, for it is a copy, and not the

original ; it is a portion of the same tart which was kneaded in the time of Stephen III. and of Adrian I. This they said in a low tone of voice ; having been tutored by experience from the burning of some catholics at Strasbourg who had refused to believe in this fable, and warned by that which had happened to a Friar, who, having doubted the donation of Ludovico Pio, was within an ace of being made a tenant of the Inquisition. But sirs, said that Friar, how could Ludovico Pio give to the Popes, Sicily and Calabria, if he did not possess them? He added : the most ancient writer who insists on this donation, is Leo of Ostia, who died at the beginning of the twelfth century. If I am a heretic so was Pagi before me, for he held for apocryphal this galantry as well as the other.

I was much amused by a high personage who entered hand-in-hand with St. Peter, and

was asking him to acknowledge as his own, a letter which that apostle was supposed to have written to Pepin. The enquirer seemed fully persuaded that it was authentic, and out of it he brought forth I know not how many arguments in favor of the temporal authorities of his successors. The apostle, however, left him very coolly, merely answering that he had never despatched any courier,⁽³⁵⁾ and that in order to know if the letter was his, the best plan would be to compare it with the two in the Bible.

What new procession is that, said I? A new group of Popes, headed by Paul III carrying beneath his cloak the bull *In cœnâ Domini*.⁽³⁶⁾ This procession terminated in a complete scuffle, for Clement XIV came out unexpectedly, from a small chapel in which he had been concealed, and was extinguishing the candles and throwing water upon the ashes in the censers carried by some French

bishops. It was surprising to see how nimbly an abbot could glide away from them with a box on his shoulders, lined with damask, and upon which was this inscription *Secret protests of the Popes against the ceding of their pontifical rights, made, but which, at present cannot be enforced; to be used by them in prosperous times.*

Let us get out of this place at once, said I in an angry tone; the night is passing on, and I shall not see Rome, or at least I shall only have half a measure of my honey; and then will come the Witch for the other ounce of gold.

I was much grieved at this haste, and particularly so, because the first thing that my two sacristans now presented to my eyes was the burning of the unhappy Antonius Palcarius de Verli,⁽³⁷⁾ who had committed the great crime

of saying that the Inquisition was a stab to the literati. My hair stood on end like bristles, when I heard them confess as a dogmatical truth, that, in certain cases, the Pope had the power of inflicting death upon heretics by his own hand! Near to me was the famous dominican friar and theologian Silvestre Prierias, who, on perceiving the compassion which I could not help evincing for that most learned man, said to me: dost thou not know that *St. Paul, although he has not commanded us to burn heretics, has told us to kill them?* ⁽³⁸⁾ and this not as he wishes but *by order of God?* St. Paul? answered I: and where? It is a command of his, continued he, *ut hæreticos devitemus* ⁽³⁹⁾, very good said I; but is this to kill them? Thou art sadly behind in thy Latin, replied the theologian: *devitemus* is *de vita privemus*. ⁽⁴⁰⁾ Without doubt, father, said I, you have lost your reason; none but a madman

could so far bewilder himself. Mad or not mad said friar Silvester, I understand this text *secundum interpretationem sanctissimi domini nostri papæ.* ⁽⁴¹⁾ I cannot, said I, acquit this Pope without calling you an impostor. Is it possible that the Pope should be ignorant of the rudiments of the Latin language? or that he can believe the blessed apostle wrote his letters in it? Besides; by what rule does he apply to heretics that which St. Paul said to the Corinthians in allusion to an incestuous person?—and that too, not in order that they should kill the individual, but that they might endeavour to promote his repentance; which having been accomplished, they were commanded to treat that person with indulgence and to console him. Now if you have forged this *devitēmus* from the words of the Apostle to Timothy: *et hos devita;* ⁽⁴²⁾ you ought to know, that these words do not allude to heretics, but to

lovers of themselves, to the covetous, the proud the ungrateful, the disobedient to their masters, and to other vicious persons, from which the court of Rome is not exempt. Consequently if devitare might be rendered de vita privare, it would be necessary that your inquisition, in order to comply with this precept of the apostle, should commence burning and strangling right and left from the capitol even to the Transtibertine suburbs.

An abbot who overheard our conversation said to me : thou canst not have read our bulls ; dost thou not know that one of the propositions of Luther condemned by Leo. X. in the bull *Exurge domine*, says, that the burning of heretics is contrary to the will of the Spirit ? This spirit of burning, said I, will be that of the court of Rome, but not of the Holy Spirit ; for if it were so, it would follow to be the will

of the Holy Spirit to burn heretics ; and of this thou canst not present to me one single proof.

I know not how, but the head of Cardinal Belarmino (⁴³) made its appearance, just at this very moment ; and, acquainted with our dispute, he wished to persuade me that the heretics themselves ought to give thanks to the inquisitors, or, to the secular arm to whom they were consigned. Just look brother, said he to me with much blandness, “ at the obstinate
“ heretics ; to kill them is to their own interest,
“ for the longer they live, the more errors they
“ invent, and pervert a greater number of per-
“ sons, making themselves deserving of more
“ severe condemnation.”

And how do you reconcile this, said I, with that which Jesus Christ said : “ I have no pleasure in the death of a sinner, but rather that
“ he should be converted and live.” “ Oh !” re-

plied the theologian Priérias: “ the saints of the
 “ primitive church would perhaps have exceeded
 “ but qualified with *homicide*, that which we now
 “ do in killing and in burning heretics ; which
 “ undoubtedly, in our time, if done with a right
 “ intention, so far from being sinful, is a work of
 “ great merit. And therefore the inquisitor, in
 “ sitting upon his tribunal ought not to let go
 “ his hold, until the heretic goes headlong
 “ to the flames ; (*Donec confusibiliter sit*
 “ *combustus*)⁽⁴⁴⁾ and this in order that he may
 “ glorify himself in the Lord for having defended
 “ the church.” I did believe, father, said I,
 that the church defended herself by sound doc-
 trine, by patience, by meekness, and by a good
 example. Undoubtedly, answered he, thou
 oughtest to be among the new heretics. This is
 condemning the court of Rome, which says,
 “ all those who will not follow the holy church
 “ of God and the apostolical chair, she
 “ burns, or throws into the Tiber, or awards

“ to them some other kind of death.” But at least, she will hear them? said I. “ Hear them?” returned he, “ she makes herself deaf to him who asks to be judged or heard in a tribunal: (*non attento quod voluerint stare iudicio aut rationem reddere.*)⁽⁴⁵⁾” I am sorry to say, father, that this is making herself the court of homicide, or the court of a bloody tyrant. No it is not, replied he, for it ought not to attempt, now, to convince heretics. And why? said I. Because they are loquacious and cunning. And were there not also, said I, in the time of St. Stephen, pharisees and scribes, whom he tried to convince with the power of the divine word? True, said he; but you do not know the difference of the times: the Holy Spirit is not able to resist the loquacity and astuteness of the heretics of the present time, as formerly: *Non potest ita resistere spiritus sanctus hodie, sicut fecit tempore sancti Stephani.*⁽⁴⁶⁾ And therefore it is very proper that they should be

condemned without being heard: *Ut occidantur antequam audiantur.*(⁴⁷)

I could not contain myself at hearing such an accumulation of nonsense. And I told him, that with the cloak of religion he was a true enemy of the spirit. Already I know you, already I know you, he exclaimed with great zeal: I will bet any thing you please that you are one of those infatuated beings who “interpret the holy scriptures by the head, and not according to the decision of the court of Rome.”

With this he took himself off, whirling amongst the crowd, and in order to escape from the risk with which I saw myself menaced, I had recourse to my power of becoming invisible.

I next found myself close to the Tiber; and

the first persons I there saw, were some fishermen dragging, from the river, the dead body of a Pope.

What dead person is this? said I to one of them. The Pope Formoso, he answered, who was thrown into the river by Stephen VI. Then had you two Popes at one time? said I. No, said he, only Stephen VI, who succeeded Formoso, if we except the reign of Boniface VII, who was a Pope only fifteen days, ordered this Pope Formoso to be disinterred, and having placed him in the patriarchal chair, dressed in his pontifical robes, and allowed him a lawyer that he might defend himself, as though he were alive and upon his trial; he then condemned and degraded him, and ordered his head and three of his fingers to be cut off, and that his body should then be thrown into the Tiber. But this tragi-comedy did not end here: he deposed as many as Formoso had

ordained, and ordained in their stead those who lent themselves to his proceedings. This surely, was frenzy, said I. Others believe it was his weakness, answered the fisherman, and these first shut him up in an obscure cell, afterwards loaded him with irons, and then hanged him.

Whilst those fishermen were carrying the remains of the venerable pontiff to be re-interred, I saw near me, guided by a *Lazarillo*,⁽⁴⁸⁾ the presbyter Benedict, whose eyes had been torn out from their sockets by his spiritual son, Pope John XII. I heard at the same time a great tolling of bells, which was for the interment of the Cardinal sub-deacon John, whom the same Pope had killed by a means which it is not decent to mention.

I arrived at the gates of the city, and saw, within them, a crowd of people scampering along towards the interior. Where are those

people going? said I to a guard. To see a new spectacle, answered he: John XVII, whom the partisans of Otho III hold to be Anti-pope; they have cut off his nostrils and a piece of his tongue; and to complete the fête, our most holy father, Gregory V, orders him to pass about the streets, dressed in rags, mounted on a jackass, with his head towards the tail.

I had not recovered from the shock which this cruelty had given me, when I saw the celebrated historian Platina (⁴⁹) carried away as a prisoner, for being suspected of a conspiracy against Paul II. I made myself once more invisible, and followed him. Well, so thou also, said the Pope to him, conspirest against me, following the example of Callimachus? Platina answered him boldly, vindicating himself from that calumny, in order that his innocence might not even be put in

doubt. The Pope, ungirded and palid, urged him and menaced him with torture and with death, if he did not speak the truth. Platina seeing himself surrounded with soldiers, perturbed at the clamour of the by-standers, and dreading that the Pope, through fear or through rage, might adopt some violent means against him, explained to His Holiness the grounds upon which he, Platina, persuaded himself, that so far from having machinated with Callimachus against his person, such a thought had never so much as entered his head.

Paul then, looking ascant at Platina, turned to Vianesio his chamberlain, and said to him, this man ought to be put to the torture, in order that he may confess the truth, for he is expert in conspiracies. For this pious work, they conducted him to the castle of St. Angelo. Already some of the suspected had died by

these tortures under the hand of the executioner.

This sepulchre of Adrian ⁽⁵⁰⁾ appeared like the bull of Phalaris ;⁽⁵¹⁾ such were the groans and the cries of miserable young people that resounded through its dungeons. The executioners were already tired : but when the turn came to Platina they girded themselves afresh and prepared the instruments of his torture. He was in a short time, stripped, scourged and treated like a highwayman. During all this, the chamberlain of the Pope was sitting in his chair, not remembering what was prohibited by the canons to individuals of the clergy. When Platina was suspended in the air, and in the greatest of his agony, this chamberlain turned to a friend who was near him and extending his hand to some jewellery on that friend's person, asked him, what favourite lady of his had been presenting him with that

bauble. And having spoken of amours not of the purest order, he turned to Platina and tightened him up in still greater agony that he might declare what steps he had taken in the alleged conspiracy. Wearied at last ; get out, said he, from the torture, to return to it in the evening. In this second scene, at which the archbishop Spalatense, assisted, instead of the same torture he was threatened with an other more rough on the following day if he did not confess.

At that moment the pope's physician made his appearance, announcing on the part of His Holiness that he would give to Platina his liberty.— When ?—asked the wretched man. Not very soon, answered the doctor, for our most holy father must not be accused of haste or of vindictiveness, which he might be, if the public were to find that those arrested with so much noise and put to the torture, are

to be immediately turned into the streets as innocents.

That which most filled me with surprise was, that the pope who a little before had charged the criminals with conspiracy and high treason, suddenly changed his opinion ; for, this fable being divulged he then accused them of heresy. In order that it might not appear that this public arrest had taken place without good foundation, this same pope, at the expiration of ten months from the time at which Platina was made prisoner, went to the castle, and ordered him and others to be brought before him, and they were then charged with putting in doubt the immortality of the soul, and with being, more than all besides, lovers of the heathen gods. The pope then took himself off, and Platina said to the governor: this accusation comes with an ill grace from Paul II., because, here and every

where, he orders the ancient statues to be disinterred and carried to the palace which he is constructing beneath the capitol. The governor smiled and said: take care of that for his funeral sermon.

It was not a bad thing that, which was said of Paul IV., by a Spanish diplomatist, near the house of the embassy. Finding himself with three others of his own cloth, one of them an Englishman and the other two Germans. I being invisible sat myself down, quite at my ease, on the crown of his hat, and thus I was able to hear their curious conversation. They could scarcely credit the wrongs and the judicial excesses against the ministers and servants of Philip II., which he was attributing to that pope. They were counting on that security which, by the divine right and that of the people, is due to such ministers; but they were not calculating that the pope held his throne

independent of all laws. After referring to the assassination which he had prepared in Bologna by Jacomelo, Bishop of Belcastro, for Vragas, the ambassador of that prince ; the reigning pope continued he, actually has, at the present time as prisoner, the Chevalier Garcilaso de la Vega, envoy of the king to the holy see for very important affairs. And why has he made him prisoner? asked the Englishman. Because, continued the Spaniard, of certain letters which Garcilaso wrote to the duke of Alba, notifying to him a few things which he might justly and lawfully communicate as a minister of the king.

The chief messenger, Juan Antonio de Tarsis, he not only put in a dungeon, but even ordered him to have a plentiful use of whipcord. In Bologna, he imprisoned the abbot Briceño, who was carrying to Don Juan Manrique, at Naples, some dispatches from the

Duke of Alba ; and at this time he continues to hold that abbot a prisoner and to ill-treat him. The ambassador, the Marquis of Sarriá, he treated badly and roughly, both by word and deed, taking from him, by all means, both his reputation and authority, and heaping upon him many insults and wrongs. Other faithful servants of the king he has also imprisoned and maltreated, holding up to disgrace those who had been charged with a desire to poison the Cardinal Carraffa ; the want of all foundation for this calumny being at the same time public and notorious. But in that, said one of the Germans, the pope will proceed with the sanction of the sacred college. Far from that, answered the Spaniard, some cardinals have entreated him that he would not thus contemptuously maltreat the ministers and dependents of our monarch ; to whom his blessedness answered, that it was not treasures that would immortalize his memory, but the states

which the grandeur of his pontificate might give to his family ; in virtue of which, he held kings and emperors under his feet. I cannot discover said the Englishman, why you should think it strange that the ministers of your king should be treated with contempt by a pope who an in excess of forgetfulness and of fury has pronounced our Queen illegitimate.

On arriving at this pitch I, involuntarily began to sneeze violently. All of them were dismayed, not seeing the mouth that discharged the sternutation ; and thus, without giving a truce to reflection, they took to their heels and scampered off, each in his own direction.

My guides translated me from hence to a council of canons and theologians, convoked to discuss, what the holy father should do, he being menaced by a certain prince with losing the *sopa boba de las reservas*.⁽⁵²⁾ They said

things, which if published, would excite laughter. In this convocation the Cardinal de Luca, Farinacio and Baronio were shuffling about and making themselves busy. The president prelate had an ardent desire to call *The decrees of Isidorus false*: and a benedictine monk, who, until then had been silent, said: if you hold them to be false, how is it that you suffer them to form the basis of your canonical jurisprudence? How is it, that, upon this false foundation, is cast the collection of Graciano, authorised by the popes, and taught in Bologna, and in other schools of the catholic church, as the principal code of its laws? How is it, that these apocryphal monuments were re-produced in the collections of Gregory IX., of Boniface VIII., of Clement V., and of John XXII? Oh! replied monsignore: this would all go down very well if the decrees of Isidorus had not in their favor a

prescription of a thousand years. But, sir, rejoined the benedictine: does prescription tend to favor falsehood and imposture? And can it be alleged that prescription gives value to documents, against which, princes, entire nations, bishops, and other sage and pious men, have exclaimed for ages?—Why, at these very decrees are levelled, the clamours against the abuses and usurpations which this court pretends are supported by them. A pretty prescription is that, which pretends to authorise, in the midst of protests from the offended party, and against the cry of outraged rights and despised and disobeyed canons. The monk made a short pause, doubtless to see if any one would answer him. But there reigned throughout the council, a profound silence. It is clear, he continued, that the actual ecclesiastical jurisprudence, by which this court governs the metropolises and diocesses of

Christendom, is impregnated with the grossest fictions and that the system of her policy is to carry forward the oppression of the church, and not to permit to be re-established in her the just liberty of which she is worthy and which was left to her by Jesus Christ as her inheritance.

On the good friar saying this, a small suppressed murmur was heard ; it was exchanged at once, for loud cries ; they called him, Janseniste, Vikeriste, Pistoyaniste.—Does your reverence wish, said the prelate that we may believe the Datary? or that the holy father may lose one of the pearls of his tiara, which are the apostolical reserves?

Luckily the poor monk was able to disentangle himself from the claws of these eagles. I went out behind him but could not see him : doubtless he hid himself where the shots

of curialism, avarice, and ambition, could not reach him.

This, in the cloisters! said I to my colleagues. It makes me sick: let us go and see the ostentation of this Babylon. I had scarcely uttered this, when I found myself in the *Corso*. And a sad spectacle it was, for me, to witness that all the vices and all the deceits which human wickedness can invent, were bound up together in that city, called *holy*, because it ought to be so. My soul, within me, fell to my feet, when I observed that this vast court, which of right, ought to count itself to be to all christendom the model of sincerity, of probity—of meekness—of tolerance—and of disinterestedness; was on the contrary, the sink of fraud—of pride—of duplicity—of subtilty—of deceits—of swindling—and of cheatery. That selling of offices and benefices, of confirmation of prelacies, of dispensations, and of spiritual

graces, and that too with such an unblushing face, would justify any one in calling her the derision of the christian faith ; so numerous are the tricks invented by these ministers of the church to filch out money from the pockets of the people.

It so happened that I arrived just at the time when the Pope had pawned certain apostles, images, which were made of gold, and having done so, he immediately increased the tax upon his bulls, *pro redemptione apostolorum*.⁽⁵³⁾ Although this was an act so unseemly, and so prejudicial to the decorum of the pontifical dignity, it was done without the least appearance of shame. I said : is it possible that there is a soul of God, who, seeing this accumulation of disorders, has not the heart to reprehend and cry out against them in order that they may be reformed ?

Alas, sir, said an old abbot: so many and so respectable are those who do this, that of their lamentations one might write volumes. For instance: there is St. Barnard, St. Peter Damino,⁽⁵⁴⁾ the Bishop Alvaro Pelagio, the Cardinals Zabarel,⁽⁵⁵⁾ and de Cusa,⁽⁵⁶⁾ the chancellor Gerson,⁽⁵⁷⁾ Theodorico de Niem, Nicholas Clemangis,⁽⁵⁸⁾ and numerous other men, who fill the world with these complaints. Did I say men? entire kingdoms have raised their voice against this court, bewailing its oppression and the artifices by which their blood has been drained off, and their bowels torn out, so that they have almost been left to ask an alms. But if we did not give the ear of the merchant to such cries, we all of us, with the pope at our head, should ere this have become inmates of the workhouse or of the hospitals. How is this? said I. Because all the people of Europe answered he,

give themselves up to us to be squeezed and plundered, and yet all of them are asking for those fish-hooks of lead, ⁽⁵⁹⁾ with which we bring to Rome a great part of the gold and silver of all the world. And why do you not remedy that? said I. Because, said he, Luther mixed himself up with them; and this friar not only spake badly of the sale of our indulgences and of other stratagems to make the nations our tributaries, but also blasphemed God by the heresies he taught in Bohemia. You say what is true, said I: but if you had reformed yourselves, as you ought to have done, and not have irritated him with your excommunications; and if to the submissive letters which he wrote you at the beginning, you had answered with paternal charity, in order to draw him back to the good way, or to preserve him in it; peradventure, he would not have precipitated himself into errors, nor would Germany have experienced those spiritual and

temporal disasters in which that country was afterwards involved. The old abbot shrugged up his shoulders and turned his back upon me.

I continued for a while observing the ostentation of that court, the haughtiness of the cardinals, the multitude of domestic prelates, of prothonotaries, chamberlains, auditors, some of the chamber, and others of the court; secretaries, abbreviators, advocates, attornies, and other kinds of officers. On beholding so much luxury, so many travelling equipages, so much ostentation, and which might even excite surprise in the Ottoman Porte, I exclaimed: and is this the head of Christianity? Is this the apostolical court? Who shall trace out from what here presents itself to the view of open day, that humility and non-conformity to terrestrial things, which shone out so resplendently, in Christ and in his apostles?

I did not say this in so low a tone, but that I was heard by two strangers who were near me, and it happened that they were the jesuits Palavicini, ⁽⁶⁰⁾ and Lainez. ⁽⁶¹⁾ I felt myself a little chilled when my colleagues announced them to me ; however I threw my fears to the wind, for, what I had said, I had said. I know not how they came to get scent that I belonged to their order, but they treated me with fraternal meekness, and not with courtly ire.

I have heard thy lamentations, brother, said Palacivini, and I attribute them to ignorance. “ Rome is not the court of Romans who are “ inhabitants in her by descent : she is the court “ of ecclesiastics, congregated spontaneously “ from the whole christian world, and who, but a “ blockhead or a malignant fellow, will deny “ that as a stimulus to virtue there ought to

“ be a *universal court* of all christians, in which
 “ every one may be able, by the ladder of
 “ merit, to aspire to the highest summits of
 “ dignity, of riches, and of dominion?” I know
 well enough that some rigourists censure “ ex-
 “ cess in the ecclesiastical revenues, which are
 “ here accumulated, sometimes in one and the
 “ same person in opposition to the rules of dis-
 “ tributive justice.” But they do not take into
 consideration that “ these same excesses are con-
 “ verted into benefits to innumerable other per-
 “ sons; for, the stimulus of conscience and that of
 “ reputation move the *rich prelates* to works of
 “ the most striking piety which they cede in the
 “ greatest honour to God, the alleviation of the
 “ poor, the maintenance of *Operarios*,⁽⁶²⁾ and
 “ the ornament of the ecclesiastical court * * * ;
 “ and this is verified, *even supposing that the*
 “ *provision of the benefices are disproportionate*
 “ *and that they do not make residence obli-*
 “ *gatory.*”

This was said by Palacivini, in so loud a tone, that it excited the attention of those who were passing through the *Corso*, some of whom were apparently listening to him. He said that he should have the greatest pleasure if the whole catholic world were listening to him in order to its being undeceived.

Father Lainez then taking the word, said : you know very well, friends, that I came to Rome, called by Paul IV. whose intimate aulic and consulter was my chum at college, I mean Father Salmeron; and that his deference to my counsels was inherited by Pius IV. the successor of that pope. You cannot be ignorant either, of the part which I took in the council of Trent, as a theologian of the holy see ; nor of that which I said in it, in order to vindicate this court from the aspersions of certain malevolent people, who, from its opulence and ostentation, infer that Rome

has degenerated from that which it was, and that if the head of St. Peter could now make its appearance he would not be able to recognize it. These censurers ought to know that “the holy see may be recognized in two ways ; “according to the spirit, *and according to the* “*flesh* : that is : as a wall of charity and religion, and as the *fountain of temporal* “*utilities*. Both one and the other of these “two qualities she ought to maintain in order “to conserve herself in esteem, even among “the imperfect, inasmuch as the *second, helps* “*and disposes to the exercise of the first.*”

On saying this, the famous ultra-montano, Andres Victorelo, ungirded himself amidst the grand concourse, and applauding the zeal of the good fathers, he said “by the divine “counsel, shined, and still shines, in magnificence and splendour, the church of Rome. “This was announced by the oracle of a

“ prophet : *kings shall be those that feed thee ;*
“ *and queens shall be thy nurses * * * **

“ *Thou shalt suck the milk of the nations, and*
“ *shall be suckled at the breasts of kings.*”

And, being turned to the spectators, he said in latin, doubtless that foreigners might understand him: *Desinant hæretici OPES romanis pontificibus vitio vertere.* (63).

Pardon me, sir, I then said : that which tradition understands of the augmentation of the spiritual glory of the church, it is a great error to apply, as you apply it, to the temporal splendour and to the haughtiness and riches of the court of Rome. We are completely dished ! [buenos estamos] said Palavicini ; well, but who will *provide sustenance for all those* who surround the pontifical throne ? “ Every
“ parish provides for its curate ; every diocease
“ for its bishop, every town for its lord, every

“state for its prince * * * * Nor is it any crime
“that the money of one country may go to
“another, so that in exchange for this money
“may be brought the most necessary and most
“precious merchandize, which is the law and
“conservation of justice. How can it be said
“to be extortion if the court of the ecclesiasti-
“cal principality be nourished with the con-
“tributions of Christendom?” Don’t you see,
brothers, said an ecclesiastic, turning to the
multitude, that which I was saying two cen-
turies ago, that Rome with her *private reserves*
and with her *incessant* and enormous exactions,
has reduced the church to a deplorable situa-
tion *pro sustinendo statum curiæ et capituli* ?
(64). I asked my interpreters who this clergy-
man was, and they told me : Gerson.

But, he who most tickled my fancy was the
Bishop of Cordova don Domingo Pimentel,

who, coming into the centre of the crowd said,
“ An extraordinary thing it is, to pretend that
“ the head of the church may sustain himself
“ by the granting dispensations, with or with-
“ out cause for money in the public market.”
Do you ask who shall *provide aliments* for
the pope and for his court? I answer that,
“ the temporal state, which the pope possesses,
“ is greater than that of five potentates * * * *
“ and that those are guilty of an offence against
“ the power of his holiness, who say that his
“ sustenance depends upon the Datarry, he
“ having in addition to the temporal rents of
“ five potentates, so many others of an eccle-
“ siastical kind, to provide for himself and
“ for all those who pertain to the court.”

Doubtless you have not seen, said a french-
man, that which has just been written by a
professor of one of our seminaries, it is this :

that the clergy ought to have riches and honors *in no small measure*. I have not seen it, said I, but I am certain that if Jesus Christ were to enter into some of the churches and vestries of christendom, he would overthrow the tables which avarice has set up within them. On hearing this, he turned about and mixed himself among the crowd.

Tell me, reverend fathers, said an old Piedmontese: how can such a court be worthy the head of the church? a court which, according to your own confession commits such lamentable abuses; which sanctifies maxims subversive of evangelical morality; —which authorizes an unjust policy, that, as Polybius⁽⁶⁵⁾ says, is the root of wickednesses and crimes; which holds it to be in conformity with the spirit of religion to aspire

to the *summits of dignity of empire and of riches?*

Lainez wished to explain to him, the influence of the *temporal utilities* in the progress of *religion*, and the mode how, in Rome, *the flesh* helps and disposes the spirit. The old man was full of anger, and cut short with him, saying: father, father, don't you know what the Saviour said: *the flesh availeth nothing, the spirit is that which giveth life?* and St. Paul: *Our arms are not of the flesh!* This doctrine of yours, that “the universal court of
“the church may regard herself according to
“the flesh, and that she ought to maintain
“to herself, this token of identity because the
“flesh helpeth and disposeth to the exercise of
“the spirit” has another support and not that of Jesus Christ and his apostles. A carnal court, —a court where the exercise of religion is supposed to be helped by the temporal utilities, can-

not correspond to the church which the apostles call the *body of Christ*, but to that which other members of your company have forged out, that is, to a *body purely political*, governed by human power which, it pretends, God has communicated to the pope as his *vicar*.

But do you deny, interrupted Palavicini, that this universal court remunerates a great number of learned and worthy men? If you allude, answered the old man, to all the provision of bishoprics, and prelacies, and dignities of the church which the pope arrogates to himself, I, who am an old man, remember to have heard Nicholas Clemangis say, speaking of his time, “of those who ascend in our day
“ to the summit of the pontificate, there are
“ some who have not even glanced over, much
“ less heard, or learned, the sacred scriptures;
“ and who have only touched the surface,

“ although they swear to comprehend them, at
“ the time of their consecration.”

You say, that here, learned and worthy men are remunerated : now Clemangis says, that “ unlearned and illiterate men are promoted “ to the episcopal dignity.” Here then, is the sense in which this court is *carnal*. Because “ *these promoted ones,*” says Clemangis, “ *aspire to the gain, not of the souls, but of the purses.* This is the profit that in every thing “ they seek for, and which they are anxious to “ procure: this is with them, piety ; and nothing “ occupies their thoughts but that which may “ conduce to the increase of their treasure.” And you, father Lainez, who assisted in the council of Trent, did you not hear the ambassador of Philip II., Don Martin of Gaztelu, bewailing the ignorance and the immorality, of the bishops which the pope had sent there? I was not, as you are, his countryman, much less

his confidant, and notwithstanding, he shewed me a letter in which he said to his sovereign: “ the worst appointments of all, made by His
“ Holiness are those of the bishops ; because
“ they are young men of little experience,—
“ unlettered, unexemplary and without habits
“ of retirement from the world, which qualities
“ ought to be held indispensable, and there-
“ fore, in the absence of these, evil conse-
“ quences are only to be expected.”

Disgusted, and even surprised at the coolness with which these truths were heard I turned the corner, and wheeling round by another street, I ran against a large edifice. What house is that ? said I to an old abbot. It is, said he, the brothel established by Pope Sixtus IV. And what may your name be, sir ? I rejoined. Cornelius Agrippa,⁽⁶⁶⁾ he replied, and continued : “ every week each
“ prostitute pays to the Pope a julio ;⁽⁶⁷⁾

“ a tax which in some years exceeds twenty thousand ducats.” (68) And does the pontifical government really take this money ? said I. “ Not only does it take it,” said he, “ but the heads of the church sum up the product of these brothels in their accounts and add them up together with the ecclesiastical revenue.” And pray sir, said I, how do you know this ? I know it *of myself*, answered he, “ I once heard them cast up these accounts : that one has two benefices ; that is to say : the one is a curacy of twenty crowns of gold, and the other is a priory of forty crowns and three prostitutes in the brothel.”

This scandal appeared to me incredible, until being called aside by one of the nine prelates who had exposed to Paul III, the disorders of his court, this prelate said to me : what hast thou come to Rome for ? Surely, if thou hadst no errand in coming here, thou wilt

have one in returning by the same road. “ In
“ this city the prostitutes are walking about
“ the streets like matrons, or ride on mules,
“ and are followed, in open day, by the
“ noble attendants of cardinals and by the
“ clergy. In no city thou wilt see, nor have
“ we, ourselves, seen, corruption arrive at such
“ a pitch, for these creatures even inhabit
“ magnificent palaces.”

That prelate left me, and on going forward, the jesuit Masdeu who was a great friend of my family, cut short upon me and said: with my advice thou shouldst not have travelled so far. Dost thou expect to find here, the Jerusalem of the saints? Through God’s mercy, there are not wanting in Rome, just men who do not bend the knee to the idols of the flesh, of avarice and of ambition which are worshipped in her; but this “ capital of christendom has made
“ herself, by her customs, the kingdom of con-

“ cupiscence,——the seat of unclean pleasures,
 “ ——the country of prostitutes, * * * * The
 “ ministers of the sanctuary frisk about in the
 “ layers of dishonor : the rods of her justice
 “ are warped to the empire of fornication :—
 “ the keys of her treasures and of her graces
 “ are in the hands of adulterers :——the infa-
 “ mous pimps [*alcahuetes*] ⁽⁶⁹⁾ are the con-
 “ fidantes of her prelates and of her principal
 “ ecclesiastics, * * * * ”

He was adding to this a picture of colours so dark, that, already, I was sinking for want of breath. I was, therefore, obliged to ask my guides to take me out of that Babylon.

Curiosity detained me to know what stench it was, that came out by the doors and windows of a great house which was on my left hand. This is the Datary,⁽⁷⁰⁾ answered one of

my companions : the smell comes from the money which is paid to it for bulls and for dispensations and apostolical graces.

And shall not we see the Pope, said I, giving with great pomp the benediction to the people? All in a sudden I found myself before the palace and saw Paul II. with his rich tiara which cost five thousand marks of silver.⁽⁷¹⁾ Whilst he was bestowing the benediction, a mason near to me said : this is all very good, but we want tickets in order that they may give us some rolls at the bakehouses. This act being concluded, I was taken to witness the publication of plenary indulgences granted by Alexander VI., in order to manifest the joy which he felt on receiving the news that the zealous dominican Savonarola,⁽⁷²⁾ had been burnt in Florence.

I was struck with surprise, at the public cere-

mony of the cardinals kissing the hand of the Pope, and the bishops his knee. One of the courtiers perceiving the surprise which this inequality of favours produced upon me, told me, that Benedict XIII, instigated by the bishops, was pleased to concede to them the privilege of kissing the hand; but that the cardinals would not consent to be equalled in this, by the successors of the apostles.

In the Sistina chapel I noticed that at the sides of the throne, there were two lions supporting the arms of the Pope in their claws. I observed to the *cicerone* who was going about with us shewing the palace: lions here? these arms would better be sustained by sheep. He smiled, but did not condescend to answer me. In the lavation of holy Thursday, I noticed that the Pope used to kiss the feet of the apostles, but he did not set himself down at table with them. Neither in one nor the

other, said I, does His Holiness follow the example of Jesus Christ.

I was not at all edified by the multitude of eunuchs who with an effeminate and sensual music, in the office of the holy week, and in presence of the Pope chaunted the penitential psalm, (*Miserere mei, Deus.* (73)

They took me from thence to the *soirée* of a *monsignore*, where, after the refreshments had been served up and concluded, a contention arose on the subject of Clement VIII., who in correcting the edition of the Vulgate made by Sixtus V, with nearly two thousand variations, had incurred, thereby, the greatest excommunication fulminated by this Pope against those who might publish any other bible without taking his for the model. They then treated of the reforms made in the Roman Breviary, no one spoke of the necessity of

purging it from the fables inserted in it at the expence of the impostor Isidorus. It was therein held as an incontrovertible doctrine, that it is the exclusive right of the Pope, to ordain to the ecclesiastical office. They treated me as a Janse-
nist, because I intimated to them, touching this point, the indisputable authority of the bishops.

I asked an abbot, what sort of birds the *ciceroni* were, and he answered me, that this was one of the most lucrative branches of that court : that some of them are like greyhounds, who go in chase of strangers in order to suck them of their *quattrini*:⁽⁷⁴⁾ that they are accustomed to share their profits with the stewards or keepers of the palaces, whose galleries of pictures or cabinets, or museums they allow to be shown to the amateurs ; and that the stewards are accustomed to have an understanding with their masters. He related to me, in proof of this, that a certain cardinal

exacted from his *valet de chambre* the half of the gratuities of those who went to see his immense collection of pictures; which domestic was so little of a dissembler that, to every one who did not give a good round present, he used to say: little of this will find its way to me if you do not open your purse wider.

Whilst the Abbot was diverting me with this joke; a learned barrister was endeavouring to undeceive another foreigner, who had shewn a desire to see, on the following day, the *Holy face* or *Veronica*.⁽⁷⁵⁾ He told him that as to the supposed meeting of Veronica with the Saviour in the street of Amargura, there was now scarcely a prudent man that did not take it for a fable. He declaimed, with the same motive, against the multitude of those pieces of linen which are venerated in the Christian Churches of various towns, saying, they were the inventions of false piety which disordered

religion. In a certain church, said he, is shewn a *rib of St. Saviour*. Was there, perchance, another Saviour besides Jesus Christ?—Or did Jesus Christ on his ascending into heaven leave a rib behind him?—Here we have the prepuce of the Saviour and there is another in Spain.—Is not this making a mockery of the sacred and dignified person of Jesus Christ?—John the Baptist had but one head, and yet they venerate two; one here and another at Amiens; and perhaps there will be another among the ashes of the holy forerunner which are preserved in the metropolitan church of Geneva.—Of St. Ann also are venerated, two heads; one in Lyons and the other in Dura, a city in Germany.—As to Apostles, if we wish to count them, we should find more than twenty-four, although there were but twelve; and of these twelve, one cannot be found, another is in the Indies, and another no one has ever seen nor is it wished that he may be seen.—Of the

three nails which Eusebius says, were driven into our Saviour on the cross, one, St. Hellen threw into the Adriatic sea, to calm a tempest; another, she caused to be put in the helmet of her son Constantine; and of the third, she ordered to be made a bit for the bridle of his horse. And now—there is one here; others at Milan, at Cologne, at Paris, at Lyons, and perhaps in other places.—Of the fragments of the holy cross, if all which are venerated in christendom as cut off from that which we have in Rome were to be brought together, several waggons might be loaded with them.—Teeth, which the Saviour shed when he was a boy, of even those shown in France the number exceeds five hundred.—Of the milk of our Lord's mother!—who knows how much of it is exhibited in the world; a thing, not only improbable, but one to which it would be alien to decency to give the name which it deserves.—In Aguisgran, there are I know not

what sort of *old breeches* which it is said have been worn by St. Joseph, and the people go to see them as if they were things from heaven.—Of the hair of the Magdalen, might be made many wigs :—with the teeth of St. Apologne might be filled many sacks.—The grinders of St. Christopher are without number : there are some among them with such prongs as would correspond to a head two yards in diameter. To say nothing of the very earth on which the angel stood when he appeared to the shepherds,—of the feathers of the wing of the archangel Gabriel,—of the breath of the ox and of the mule in the holy crib,—of the tail of the ass on which Christ rode on Palm Sunday,—of the waistcoat of the Trinity, and of other things which if they are not forgeries by the impious, are the effects of stupid ignorance and blind superstition.

With open mouth was I listening to this

good jurist, when I heard a great tumult in the street. Out I ran, and saw the court crowded by the French clergy in the act of making propositions, and Anthony Arnauld ⁽⁷⁶⁾ flying from the red cap which was offered to him on condition that he should oppose these propositions. But to catch this red cap went Tirso Gonzalez, the general of the jesuits, Rocaberti ⁽⁷⁷⁾ and the Benedictines Sfondrati and Aguirre : ⁽⁷⁸⁾ the latter was carrying the jewel.

This fête was crowned by six carts loaded with the books of those ultra-montanes, which books a maker of fire-works had just bought as waste paper for the purpose of making rockets.

This farce had not well passed, when a group of highwaymen and banditti presented itself to me on one side, and the pontifical governor

on the other ; he was making a solemn treaty which put them under the judicial protection against all their crimes. I could not conceal my surprise at this policy, unknown as I supposed to civilized nations ; one of the thieves said to me : wait a moment and thou wilt see us provided with public situations. The pity only is, that two cousins of mine who are brothers and go about, with others of their class, plundering in the forests are not here ; but indeed, although far away in the mountains, they are quite secure for nobody will prosecute them.

I walked to the end of the street, and in traversing a square, I saw given to a coffee-house keeper, twenty-five lashes on the shoulders with a *vergajo*, for having served an Englishman with fresh eggs and milk in order to break his fast one day in Lent. I drew near to the sufferer and asked one of the spectators

what was his crime ; he told me, adding that this justice was administered by virtue of an edict of the vicar general, the cardinal Anibal de la Genga. I was contending that it was impossible, when he drew out from his pocket the printed edict, and made me read it ; it was dated 3rd March, 1821. Then is not this cardinal, said I, the reigning Pope ? The same, Leo XII, he answered. And is this, continued I, the government which leaves the wicked unpunished ?

I turned about without waiting for the answer and fixed my eyes upon a superb edifice dyed with blood, and covered with warlike instruments, and over the door was this inscription : THE FABRIC OF CRUSADES. At the door I found Nicolas Gurtler,⁽⁷⁹⁾ the historian of the Templars, who calling me aside, said to me : the first foundations of this building were laid by Urban II. in order to weaken the

power of kings, who were shewing front against his temporal dominion.—I entered the interior, and examining its departments, I read the following: *Crusade of Hungary and Bohemia against the Tartars.*—*Crusade in favor of the Teutonic Knights against the Pagans of Livonia, of Prussia and of Courland.* I asked the porter of this department what offence those idolaters had given to the Teutonic Knights? None at all, answered he; only these Knights desired to subjugate them, and place themselves in authority over their country.—Another inscription, said: *Crusade of England against the Barons whom Henry III. was not able to bring into subjection.* Another: *Crusade in France and in Italy in order to rid the house of Swabia of the kingdom of Naples and Sicily.* Further on was the *Crusade which Urban VI. published in England against France.* Then that of *Martin IV. against Peter III. of Arragon,*

declaring him dethroned, and giving his kingdom to Charles of Valois.—At the foot, in a note, were borne in memory those who went in this crusade provided with stones, and who on throwing them said: *there goes a stone against Don Pedro of Arragon, in order to gain indulgences.*

I thought, said I to the porter of that building, that crusades established and preached by the Court of Rome were only directed to recover the holy land of Palestine. This was *in illo tempore*⁽⁸⁰⁾ he answered: and thereupon the apostolical munificence greatly extended itself. There are Crusades against Crusades: the cross of Christ gives a colouring to the political plans of this court or of her devotees: indulgences are distributed with full hands, not less to those who fight against Christians than those who fight against idolators; provided that this war may

conform itself to the interests of the church. To those of the court you mean to say, answered I, because the church has no interests in war of any kind, nor in any thing in which her cause is to be promoted by the spilling of blood.

An abbot was strolling about in this place, and on hearing my last words, turning to me with great freedom: what?—knowest thou not, said he, that there are wars of religion? —The only thing that I know, said I, is, that it ought not to have them, and that this offensive title of the church, has been the means of introducing to it the angry passions. Thou must be as *black* as the people of Angola, replied the abbot. Tell me the truth, brother; I then said to him with great composure: are not these titles of *blacks* and *whites* presents which you have made to us? is pontifical *crusade* that of our *army of the faith*?

—has the *apostolical assembly* founded itself here?—Ministers of Justice!—Ministers of Justice! he cried out most lustily: take this Jacobin off to the Inquisition. A swarm of these beings sallied forth from those caverns and came up to take me; but they remained like petrified statues when they found that I had only left them my shadow.

I next found myself in the garb of a pilgrim, with my staff and my calabash, at the foot of the column which is placed in the front of St. Mary the Great, and which was taken from the the ruins of the Temple of Peace in the *Campo Vaccino*. There was near it a knot of half-witted diplomatists disputing on legitimacy. So far did they bewilder themselves on the subject of the support which the despotic kings derived from the court of Rome, that I was twice tempted, as vulgar people say, to let loose my monkey upon them. In order to

dissimulate my espionage, I had fixed my eyes on the image of the Virgin which is above the column. This wandering pilgrim, said one of them between his teeth, seems to be a booby : for all the world I dare say he is a Spaniard. And a manchego, rejoined I, and I have even belonging to my family some of those who knew the grandchildren of Sancho Panza. My pleasantry seemed to tickle their fancy, and placing myself in their circle, what thinkest *thou* of legitimacy? said one of them to me.

The contrary of what this court thinks, replied I. They all stared at me like apparitions. And dost *thou* know, said another, what this court thinks? Have you not, said I, prohibited the letters of Pope Hildebrand? And how could we prohibit, answered he, the works of a canonized Pope, to whom Rome owes her temporal power all over the world? And do you govern by these works then? said I.

What rule of policy is more certain? said he. Then, rejoined I, according to the policy of this Pope, *legitimacy* of kings does not come from God nor yet from the people, but from the *devil*; because he says of them, that “the devil, instigating them with blind covetousness and with intolerable temerity, they dare to lord themselves over their equals.” All of them were silent and I proceeded: you say that you follow the rule of policy of Hildebrand.—Hildebrand says, that by instigation of the devil kings domineer over their subjects: well then, it follows that the legitimacy which this court acknowledges in princes must come from the infernal regions.

You are, cried all of them with one voice, an enemy of the apostolical chair. The council of Trent taught me, said I with much carelessness, who those are that you are wont to call enemies. Let us take him off at once,

said they, to the most holy father. This threat gave me not the least concern, because I knew that the Pope, as well as I, was a jesuit of the short cassock ; and that in shewing him my scapulary, which is the countersign of our congregation, we should immediately be friends. But yet, said I within myself, who knows what effect anger may be able to produce in this new world ? And so, when they were on the point of seizing me with their hands, I once more became invisible. I laughed to see them trembling as if they had been dipped in quicksilver. From fright, two of them fell neck over heels up to their shoulders into a mud-sink ; and were totally immersed in the filth ; another went off in a fit. One said : it is the devil. Another, no it is an angel : and there ought to be a myriad of these in Rome to publish the truth, in order that we may not be lost through those flattering decretalists and probabilitists, [*probabilitistas.*]

About this time I saw a multitude of bishops and theologians coming out from the temple and running towards *Monte Cavallo*. Don Francisco de Vargas the ambassador of the council of Trent was in their rear. He approached the circle, and saluted, by name, the person who was speaking, calling him friend. For what purpose do these come to Rome? said the abbot to Vargas. They voted, answered Vargas, that the residence of the bishops was of divine right, and it has brought on some of them such *fear*, and on others such *ambition of red caps* that they come to retract their votes. Don't you see, said the abbot, turning to the rest, how true it is what I have told you? And to Vargas: this moment, there has just disappeared from us a spectre in the garb of a pilgrim, who has thrown in our face, with good reason, our attachment to the maxims of Hildebrand. I tell you that he is sent from God in order that we may open our

eyes and be converted. The barley stems, said Vargas, are now hard to make shrill-pipes of. In yonder council we have heard a whole batch of these “ingenious Silvesters, deceivers and “perpetual flatterers of the Pope; who appear “to have no soul nor any end in view but “their own interests. But so goes the world, “and the worship of God falls to the ground.”

That is not the worst, said the abbot, for here the hopes and fears of the fathers and theologians of the council are fomented: and none of them would either hope or fear, if they had not in prospect either promises or menaces.

I was tempted again to present myself in the midst of the assembly to tell them what I had read on the subject in the memoirs of the Bishops Ayala and Gonzalez de Mendoza. But said I, Anthony, take care of thy skin,

lest in the midst of them thou art abandoned by the witch and givest thy bones to the dungeons of the inquisition. Vargas however, I perceived, was saying enough of that which I was in a fidget to add ; therefore I did not interrupt him and he continued : look, my friends, and just tell me “ if the church shapes herself out in this era, for reformation, the want of which is the cause of so many evils and heresies, and the loss of so many kingdoms and provinces. A sad thing it is that she does not attend to the true remedy *ob solam dominandi libidinem*,⁽⁸¹⁾ for it appears that some people only wish that all should finish with themselves.”

Preach, preach, said I within myself, that Pius VII. may come forth bewailing himself for having fallen on *calamitous times, and times of great humiliation for the spouse of Jesus Christ*, in which it is not possible for the Pope

to practise and in which he has not means of renovating the holy maxims of the dethroning of kings. But what shall come to pass, when *calamitous times* cease, and those of prosperity return? When that may be possible which to day is *impossible*? when shall those *means* be at hand which for the present have disappeared?

I left them entangled in this useless conversation, because I was alarmed at the sound of a trumpet. The echo took me to a sort of market or fair, in which there went about a number of abbots distributing a great multitude of briefs, at the same time that a common crier was announcing to all Christians *urbis et orbis*,⁽⁸²⁾ that they might avail themselves of matrimonial dispensations *with cause or without cause*. He said that those who might allege cause, would be despatched for less money; and those who might not must make up for this

want by an augmentation in the price. For dispensations of the second class, were asked of one, fifteen hundred ducats ; and of another six thousand ; in some cases the price rose up to even fourteen thousand ; *all of standard silver delivered in Rome.*

I approached a friar, who was listening to the announcement and was observing this commerce ; I said to him : father, has not the council of Trent ordered, that dispensations should always be *with cause*, and *gratis* ? He looked at me with an evil eye and answered : and does not the bachelor know that the Pope is superior to the council ?

Near to a table full of labelled packages were two persons disputing and driving a bargain with an abbot who was provided with a writing desk. Are they pears ? I asked one of them. It is the fruit of another

tree, he answered me : they are two dispensations, one by which an illegitimate son may be ordained, and the other by which a canon may preserve three fat livings. This drew me up close to the party and I heard the abbot say to them : thou art dispatched : but the petitions will not be sent up to the registry, until you shall have redeemed them by payment of the tax. The same thing he said to a labourer, who had come to know if a jubilee had been granted, which he had asked for the day of the titular saint of his parish.

There was in a corner, quite crest-fallen, a clergyman who had been provided with a benefice but had not the money which was demanded of him for the expedition of his bulls. In order to get him out of this difficulty, there was much against his will, charged upon that benefice a pension making him a tributary of one who had advanced the required amount.

Another told me, that he had resigned his benefice, or rather sold it because he was poor, and could not find any one to advance by way of anticipation, money for the bulls.

At another table, where equal traffic was going on in bulls and bishoprics and co-adjutories, and pensions and other such money-sucking commodities, there came up a sort of buffoon, and said to the bystanders: so *you* also, are of the simple ones who give gold for lead? ⁽⁸³⁾

I had not hitherto observed a certain tribunal which this market had at its head, and a glimpse of which now caught my eye. A certain personage was presiding in it, and I asked who he was, but no one was in a hurry to give me his real name: a lad merely insinuated to me as through his teeth, that this was one who, in ancient times, had there had, I do

not know what kind of conversation with the apostle St. Peter. I desisted from this inquiry, having observed a portion of the market-people running, pushing, and scampering amongst the multitude, as if there were some great good in escaping from that Babylon.

Why fly? said I to one of them. We are Arragonese, said he, and an order has just arrived from Don Alfonzo V, commanding us to come out from hence, for it has reached his ear that there is a great plague in this city. I presently discovered that such plague was *Simony*, and that he who was seated on the throne of that tribunal was Simon Magus. From whence and from what are the Arragonese who are so brave a people flying? said I to myself; it is high time that I, who am but a manchego, should take to my heels also.

In escaping from this place there came upon

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me a small, cool, pleasant and vital breeze which made me feel that animation was again restored to my sinking and exhausted frame; and taught me how mortal was that atmosphere which the buyers and sellers in that market were constantly respiring.

Suddenly the bells began ringing a merry peal, and I followed in the file of the people towards the Quirinal palace, where there was an immense concourse of citizens. I saw Pope Alexander II come out on the balcony to announce the plausible news that *Don Sancho of Arragon and Navarre, ceding to the impulses of grace, and to the fire of divine love, had been converted to the true faith.* This announcement greatly surprised me, and I said to a Roman gentleman near me: was this king a Jew, or a gentile, or a heretic? He was nothing but a christian catholic, he answered me. Then replied I, how could the

Pope say that he has been converted to the true faith? And how could he add that this conversion was owing to the impulses of grace and to the fire of divine love? One may well perceive, replied he, that thou art a stranger in this court. The cardinal Hugo Candido has prevailed on this king, who was recently married to an infanta of France called Felicia, to recognize the supreme temporal dominion of the holy see. And is this, said I, to convert to the true faith? If so, there pertains to the depository of your faith that which does not pertain to the catholic faith. And as this depository of revealed truths forms the essence of your religion, whoever pleases may throw in your teeth that you are of another church. And is it, peradventure, a triumph of religion, that a prince, incautious or seduced by the agents of your court, should abase himself even so as to acknowledge himself the feudary or the vassal of the Pope? As

to the suggestions of your earthly policy, do you call these the fire of the love of God and the impulses of grace ?

I had scarcely returned to myself from the fright which these blasphemies had caused me, when another legate from Arragon named Reyner presented himself at a corner of the street, to give an account to Urban II., that Don Berengarius Count of Barcelona, had recognised His Holiness as his temporal lord, and bound himself to pay to him a tribute of twenty five pounds of silver. But on this triumph a muleteer from Catalonia who came behind him, threw a pitcher of cold water, saying in a loud voice that Berengarius was a usurper of the title of Count, and a traitor to his brother Don Ramon Berenguer III, and that in order to give a color to his attempt, he had had recourse to the stratagem of acknow-

ledging himself the vassal of the apostolical chair and the muleteer repeated many times: the acceptance of the nuncio in the name of the Pope is unjust and illegal.

With much coldness that court was viewing this spectacle. But it considered itself compensated for the affront by seeing the same Don Ramon made a tributary of Pascual II., and his son a feudatory of Adrian IV. After this came, disputing, the Counts Don Alonzo VII. of Castile and Don Alonzo of Portugal, the latter having just taken the title of king. The Count of Castile was complaining that he might have denied the feud in becoming a subject to the dominion of the Popes Innocent and Lucius II., through the intervention of Cardinal Guido.

Up went the curtain, and Innocent III appeared in the scene, priding himself in having

for tributaries, John king of England, Alonzo of Portugal, and Peter II. of Arragon. But it amused me to see this last prince crowned by the Pope with a wreath of un-leavened bread prepared with subtilty, in order that the Pontiff might not put it on with his feet as he had done on other occasions. Very large indeed appeared the series of comedies and interludes of this kind which were to be performed in that theatre. But I was so annoyed in seeing the temporal power of princes put in ridicule, and the rights of nations trodden under foot in the name of religion, that I said: enough of this, I shall now be off with my music to other dancers.

And where did I stop?—at a saloon in the Vatican, where a grand table was prepared for a splendid banquet. There were walking about, kings and princes amongst cardinals and prelates and aulics. I do not believe it is

possible to see elsewhere in the political world such a majestic spectacle. What banquet is this? I asked, of one who was getting together the pieces of little bouquets. Art thou ignorant, said he, that yesterday was the coronation-day of our sovereign the Pope, and that this is the banquet of the ceremonial? A little bell sounded in the room adjoining: the table was covered with a great quantity and variety of eatables: the Pope came forth from his cabinet; and after washing his hands, at which act all the legates threw themselves upon their knees, he took the first seat, All the rest were accommodated in the order prescribed from his bench by a *Monsignore*, who appeared to be master of the ceremonies. This functionary held in his hand a richly bound book, and said: the Cardinal Bishop N. at the right of His Holiness: in the second place the king of N: after the following cardinal, another king; and thus he placed

the rest alternately. And he added, the prince N., being the first son and heir of the throne, takes his seat next after the first Presbyter Cardinal. The other sons and brothers of kings who are not in the service of His Holiness, will sit among the cardinal-deacons, or behind them.

I was astonished at seeing the royal dignity degraded, in my opinion, on so solemn an occasion, and unthinkingly gave a sign of my discontent, when one of those *Monsignori*, who must have noticed it, whispered in my ear: dost thou not know that Pius II. declared the Cardinals similar to kings: *regum similes?*⁽⁸⁴⁾ and that the order of this banquet is prescribed in the Roman ceremonial? My brother, continued he, in this court, every thing is done according to rule. Is this, said I, one of those rules which St. Peter left recommended to his successors?—At hearing this he cried

aloud here — here — a heretic has intruded himself. — The respectable concourse was disturbed: the guests rose up on their feet. — Guards! guards! said an abbot: — this is the man, continued the *Monsignore*. — Save me, my witch, I then cried; and when they went to lay hands on me, they found themselves with my shadow.

Escaped from that danger, I found myself in an apartment hung with white satin, where was the Pope seated on his throne giving his apostolical benediction, calling Don Ramon Freire the supreme director of Chili, *beloved son*, and congratulating him as the head of that republic, that His Holiness' predecessor had sent to it an apostolical vicar, whose faculties His Holiness had already confirmed.

At that time the constitutional law was in force in Spain — shortly afterwards arrived the

news that the king had once more usurped the command absolute. The bishops of both Americas, presented themselves, and between them those of Chili. On seeing them the Pope began to bewail, like a Jeremiah, the deplorable state to which the discord of rebellion had reduced those republics, and to exhort them that they should recommend the *sublime and solid virtue* of Ferdinand VII, promising to recognize them in order to insure a happy and speedy result. I observed that the flatterers who before had applauded the Pope's acknowledgment of the Chilian republic, equally applauded this exhortation; and I said to one of them: on what principles of sound ethics and rights of nations does the holy father now exhort these bishops, to overthrow in their own country the government which has just been recognized as legitimate? If, answered he, thou hadst read the works of Belarmine,

thou wouldst not be in the dark as to our policy. One of the rules which that grand theologian left us in prescription, is, that the spiritual republic, whose supreme governor is the Pope, can oblige the temporal republic to vary its administration, and even to depose its sovereigns and establish others when the spiritual welfare requires it. And why, I replied, did not the Pope make this exhortation to the bishops of America, when Ferdinand VII. was the constitutional king? I should like to know how it is that this zeal to stimulate them to provoke rebellion against their republics, was kept dormant by His Holiness, till the moment in which the king was seated on his despotic throne?—

Tell me the truth, brother: has this cabinet influenced itself in effecting the ruin of the Spanish constitution? I ask this question because I find that in Spain your auxiliary troops

preach with unblushing face, that this war against the fundamental law of the state, is *holy* and *religious* in as much as it cedes to the spiritual benefit of the church ; and that the pope is the sole and supreme governor of this republic.

This flatterer changed from pale to red, and red to pale, but as to the answer?—He had none to give. Another question I am going to ask you, continued I, and forgive my frankness. Was it convenient to the spiritual republic, I should say to your court, that Portugal should change its administration, and that the acts of a usurper should prevail against the rights of a legitimate queen? because, I see that there are also in that kingdom apostles, and that these enemies of the constitution given by the emperor, are repeating the carnivals of Spain, presenting themselves in the mask and disguise of religion. And

now for another question : has there not also some pecuniary succour gone forth from the pontifical treasury ? because the remittance of Roman crowns made to the new apostolate of Spain, I take to be as likely as that of francs from the French clergy, or that of guineas from England and Ireland.

My want of caution attracted the attention of six personages each of whom was dressed in clothes of a different colour. These were lounging about the august throne, had heard my expostulation, and were at once attracted by the tone and manner of my address. Who art thou ? asked one of them. And the question was not the worst part of the business, for he seized me at the same time by the fleshy part of my arms, and thrust his nails into me. Said I to myself, this must be a police officer dressed up as a courtier : the

invention and stratagems of modern Rome! who can fathom them?—None but a trickster or a Gipsy. And now for my wits. A Jesuit of the short cassock, I answered him. Thou liest, said he, getting angry. Stop a little, reverend father in Christ, I replied: these are great words; here is my scapulary. To my good luck, this gentleman was of the same company and so were the five others of his companions, as well as this very Pope.

On seeing the countersign of our freemasonry he gave me a hearty embrace and a pair of kisses on each cheek; and turning all his anger into meekness, I am sorry, said he, that, being by thy profession a defender of this holy see, thou speakest of her with the disrespect of her competitors. Hast thou visited Father Fortis? I am going some of these days said he, to be occupied in

the expediting of some bulls and I have not yet had leisure to present myself to his reverence. To-morrow, he continued, is a holiday, it being the fast of St. Ignatius and the Pope goes to sing the mass. Come thou to my palace at nine in the morning, and I will take thee in my carriage. To-day thou shalt dine with me and I will give thee a taste of the wine of Alicante, which the good Ostolaza has sent as a present to our brethern of Montrouge.

Blessed scapulary! I exclaimed. If this journey, which is contraband, were even like those which are made regularly during the holy year, already I had run my course, and if I were to detain myself here one day more, who knows how my blessed Witch might take it?————

Very badly, answered she.—And turning

my eyes, there I saw her at my side.—By what road hast thou come here, thou great demon, I asked her. By the same as thou, she replied, dost thou think that I have ever left thee all the night?—it is already four in the morning. I must return to my council, to give an account of this expedition. If thou likest that the same fête should be repeated, there thou wilt find me from morn till night. The other ounce of gold leave thou upon the garden wall, that there may not be wanting some one to go and take it. On saying this, the whole farce vanished like a breath, and I found myself once more sitting on my bed as if no such thing had happened.

Now let us see, ye incredulous gossips, if ye dare venture to say that there are no WITCHES.

NOTES.

NOTES.

NOTE 1, PAGE 6.

The three-corner-hatted assistants of the Company.—The dress of a cardinal is a red soutane, a rochet, a short purple mantle, and a red three-cornered hat. They began to wear the red hat at the Council of Lyons, in 1243.

NOTE 2, PAGE 8.

Lector lego.—Lectores, among the ancient Romans, were servants in the houses of the Patricians who read while their masters were at supper. They were called by the Greeks Anagnostæ. The expression Lector lego, however, as used in the present instance somewhat sarcastically, not only signifies a lay-reader but has an especial reference to those lay-brothers of religious houses, whose duties are chiefly of a domestic kind; a knowledge of the dead languages is therefore not absolutely necessary to fit them for their station, and although they go the whole length of belief in the creed of their superiors, we do not

find that they make any scrupulous enquiries touching the why and the wherefore; hence the editor of the original work observes, that "*with their free will and consent the head has remained integral.*"

NOTE 3, PAGE 9.

When the Inquisitors give thanks to God.—In the dark ages of cruelty and superstition, when vast numbers of reputed witches were tried, convicted, condemned, and burned with great ceremony by order of the Inquisition, it appears to have been the custom of the authorities both ecclesiastical and secular to assemble in their churches on the occasion of such sacrifices of human life, in order to give thanks to God for what they considered a merciful display of his goodness in enabling them to discover and destroy those who had, as was supposed, entered into compact with the devil. This religious *festival* does not appear to have differed materially, if at all, from that usually celebrated on the occasion of burning heretics and others whose crimes came under the jurisdiction of that tribunal; for, whether the shrivelled body of some poor old woman reputed to be a witch, or the more vigorous and buoyant limbs of a youthful heretic were to be consumed at the stake, the ceremony was designated an *Auto-da-fé*.

In Seville 800 persons were apprehended, chiefly for heresy, and imprisoned, and laid up for a festival of this kind, in the year 1557. Many of them were burned in successive executions of fifteen or twenty at a time. The

most cruel tortures were applied for the purpose of forcing them to confess their associates, their connexions, their friends, their favorers, the nature of their books, their instructors, and the whole ramifications of that heretical conspiracy which the tribunal was determined to destroy, root and branch. By extreme agony on the rack, Mary Bohorquia, a young lady of noble birth, who was burned for being a Lutheran, was driven to confess that she had conversed on religious subjects with her sister Dona Juana Ponce de Leon, wife of Lord de la Higuera. This lady was immediately apprehended, confined in a loathsome dungeon, though far gone in her pregnancy, and a few days after her delivery, tortured with such diabolical rigor, that the ropes cut into the very bones of her arms, legs, and thighs. She died after this inhuman treatment, when the fiends who inflicted it, in order to make her atonement, or rather to deprive the reformation of the glory of such a martyr, pronounced her innocent of heresy. In May 1559, an *auto-da-fé* was celebrated at Valladolid which was attended by the Regent of Spain, in the absence of Philip, Prince Charles, and all the dignitaries and authorities of the state, when thirty persons were brought forth, fourteen of whom were committed to the flames. At the entrance of Philip into his capital, and into the active government of his kingdom in the October of the same year, he was regaled by another sacrifice more splendid and imposing than the last, from the number of the victims, which amounted to forty, twenty of whom were burned, from the greater attendance of guards, courtiers, grandees, and authorities, and from the more extensive and gorgeous display of inquisitorial pageantry. A protestant nobleman, Don Carlos de Sessé, when passing to the stake

cried out to the king for mercy. "No," answered the bigot, with a stern countenance, "I would bring wood to burn my own son were he such a wretch as you!" and continued to view the horrific ceremony with the greatest coolness. As part of the forms of this terrible day, the inquisitor-general demanded of the monarch the continuance of his protection to the tribunal, repeating blasphemously the words, "*Domine, adjuva nos,*" and the king standing and grasping his sword, half unsheathed it, in token of his zealous compliance.

The culprit, after undergoing the torture and a long imprisonment, was at last handed over to the secular power as impenitent, contumacious, or relapsed; and the spectacle exhibited to the people, was now still more cruel and terrible than that which the holy fathers endured in their pitiless dungeons. The condemned were led forth to execution by burning, which is the most terrible death says a Spanish author, for the most horrible of crimes; and of this display of supplicatory vengeance the most tremendous and awful solemnity was made. Notice was given at the churches, that on a particular day, generally a festival or Sunday, *an act of the faith*, which originally meant a sermon concerning the faith preached on such occasions, would be given at such a particular place, and an indulgence of forty days offered to all who should go to witness the transactions there to be performed: the torments and punishments of heretics. Great crowds of the faithful attended—the monasteries sent forth their tribes—the clergy, from a considerable distance, poured towards the execution—the civil authorities of all classes were on duty—the greatest preparations were made—the bell of the cathedral tolled—

the standard of the inquisition was unfurled—and the train of heretics, dressed in sackcloth painted with flames, devils, and monsters, and walking barefooted accompanied by cannibals which I have neither space nor desire to describe, proceeded, first, in procession from the prison to the holy office to hear a sermon, and then to the place of execution. The prisoners were frequently reserved till there was a sufficient accumulation of them for one grand tragedy. To this entertainment, kings, princes, grandees, and courtiers, were invited, as to a magnificent bull-fight, a splendid display of fire-works, or a gorgeous theatrical exhibition. The effect of the pageant was not to be weakened by the emotions of pity. Philip II enjoyed the sight with a countenance and a heart unmoved. Charles II had the most pompous one ever exhibited, prescribed to him as a medicine. It will be seen in accounts of these spectacles, with what unmoistened eyes and unruffled features even the ladies of the court beheld the writhings and convulsions of these suffering wretches, heard their horrible cries, and resisted their moving appeals. To have shed tears would have been a crime. They would as soon have wept over Satan on the burning lake. Philip III is said to have expiated with his blood, some natural tears shed by him on this occasion; that is, with a drop of his blood drawn by the inquisitor-general, and burned by the hands of the common executioner as an emblem of the punishment such heretical sympathy deserved. The preacher who delivered the sermon of the faith, at the great *auto-da-fé* before Charles II in 1680, where 120 prisoners were present, nineteen of whom were in an hour to be cast into the flames, in the plenitude of his joy burst into an appropriation of the words of the Canticles :

“ Ah! thou holy tribunal!” said he, “ for boundless ages may'st thou keep us firm in the faith, and promote the punishment of the enemies of God. Of thee I may say what the Holy Spirit said of the church, ‘ Thou art fair, my love, thou art fair as the tents of Kedar, as the sightly skins of Solomon.’” Of the infuriated conduct of the people on such occasions, the following account from Dr. Geddes will be a sufficient specimen. “ At the place of execution in Lisbon, there are as many stakes set up as there are prisoners to be burned, with a good quantity of dry furze about them. The stakes of the professed are about four yards high, and have a small board within half a yard of the top. The negative and relapsed being first strangled and burned, the professed go up the ladder betwixt the two Jesuits who have attended them all; and when they come up to the board they turn round to the people, and the Jesuits spend nearly a quarter of an hour in exhorting them to be reconciled to the Church of Rome, which if they refuse to do, the Jesuits come down and the executioner ascends, and having turned the professed off the ladder upon the seat, and chained their bodies close to the stake, the Jesuits renew their exhortation, and, at parting, tell them that they leave them to the devil, who is standing at their elbow to carry their souls to hell as soon as they are out of their bodies.”

Scenes, at the description of which the flesh creeps and the heart is horror-struck, were often presented at these spectacles. The prisoners frequently resisted with the greatest fury, struggling to free themselves from the stake, while the incarnate fiends allowed the fire to fall away, or added fuel as suited their purpose to heighten or to prolong

their torments. Sometimes the exultation of martyrdom was expressed in the defiance of despair. Francisco Botello, a Jew, when brought forth for execution was shewn to his wife, who, without his knowledge, made one of the same *Auto*, "but such was his shameful conduct," says the report, "that he beheld her with as much joy as if it had been the happiest day of his life, animating a friend who was burning beside him to die in his own lame faith." "Francisco Lopez," says another report, who burnt in an *Auto* celebrated at Mexico in 1659, stood on the platform of the stage in a most contumacious manner, and, resembling a demon, cast forth sparks from his eyes and gave, beforehand, signs of his eternal condemnation."

Sometimes the sufferers, in their lingering torments, made the most pathetic appeals to the sympathy of the spectators, not for a release from their doom but a more speedy dispatch of their agony. "of the five persons condemned" says Mr. Wilcox, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, in a letter to Dr. Burnet, speaking of an *Auto* celebrated at Lisbon, on the 10th December, 1705, "there were but four burned. Two were first strangled, two, a man and a woman, were burned alive. The execution was very cruel—the woman was alive in the flames half an hour, and the man above an hour. The present king and his brother were seated in a window so near as to be addressed in very moving terms by the man while he was burning. The favor he asked was only a few more faggots, yet he was unable to obtain it. Those who are burned here are seated on a bench twelve feet high, fastened to a pole, and above six feet higher than the faggots. The wind being a little fresh, the man's hinder parts were per-

fectly wasted, and as he turned himself his ribs opened before he left speaking; the fire being recruited as it wasted, to keep it just in the same degree of heat. All his entreaties could not procure him a larger allowance of wood to shorten his misery.

The last instance of barbarity carried to the length of burning for heresy at Seville, was in 1781, on the person of a woman who had been guilty of licentious irregularities, and justified her conduct by special revelations from an angel. The power of the inquisition was still considerable after its holocausts had ceased; but it was exerted rather in encouraging, petty vexations, enjoining ridiculous penances, and prohibiting useful books, than in serious acts of outrage. The last *Auto* of any consequence celebrated by the inquisition, was in 1781, and excited the ridicule of all Madrid. Ignatio Rodriguez, a common beggar, was condemned to wholesome penance for deserting his mendicant profession, turning sorcerer, and making love-powders!

NOTE 4, PAGE 9.

The precious jewels of Zugarramurdi.—Zugarramurdi is a small village situated in one of the most romantic parts of the kingdom of Navarre in Spain. It consists of only a few houses which, with their various apartments are partly formed by nature, and partly hewn out of solid rocks, something like the dwellings in Petra, the capital of Idumea. It also contains a small church. In the days of superstition, when the belief in the existence of witches

was current all over the Peninsula, this peaceful little hamlet was considered as their strong hold; and here the *Holy Office* of the Inquisition spread terror and dismay by its barbarous cruelties in hunting out, arresting, imprisoning, condemning, and burning at the stake for the alleged crime of witchcraft and sorcery, a great number of the deluded inhabitants of this village and its neighbourhood.

Julius II. had declared the crime of witchcraft to be within the jurisdiction of the Inquisition, but the Inquisition of Arragon had, it seems, taken cognizance of magic and sorcery ever since the Pontificate of John XXII. The inquisition of Calahorra burned more than thirty women as sorceresses and magicians in the year 1507.

The history of the sorceresses of the valley of the Bastan in Navarre has been particularly celebrated. These women were taken before the Inquisition of Logrono and confessed the greatest extravagancies. This took place in 1610, and on the occasion an *auto-da-fé*, was celebrated after the condemnation of fifty-two of these unhappy creatures. Llorente, who translated his own Spanish MS., or at least personally superintended its translation into the French language, thus records that memorable event. "Le 7 et le 8 Novembre 1610, les inquisiteurs de Logrono célébrèrent un auto-da-fé des plus solennels, après avoir condamné cinquante-deux personnes; onze à la *relaxation*, vingt à la réconciliation et vingt une à diverses pénitences. Parmi celles qui avaient été *relaxées*, six furent brûlées en réalité, et cinq en effigie, avec leurs ossemens qu'on avait exhumés; on

comptait parmi les autres, six blasphémateurs; huit auteurs de propositions suspectes; six judaïsans; un *mahométisant*; un luthérien; deux voleurs, ministres supposés du saint-office, et dix-huit sorciers.

J'ai déjà dit que chaque tribunal de l'Inquisition célébrait tous les ans, au moins, un *auto-da-fé*, composé d'un nombre plus ou moins considérable de victimes; je pourrais donc, ce semble, me dispenser de faire mention de celui-ci; mais, Je me crois obligé d'en parler, parce qu'il offre des circonstances qui le rendent digne d'une mention particulière. Les onze individus qui furent condamnés à être *relaxés*, et dix-huit des reconciliés, faisaient partie d'une secte de sorciers, Leurs déclarations furent franches et fort étendues, ce qu'on n'avait pu obtenir des six individus condamnés à la *relaxation*. Ils expliquèrent la nature de cette association, son système et ses œuvres; les détails qu'ils donnèrent sont si nombreux et si variés, que malgré tout ce que j'ai pu dire ailleurs sur cette matière, j'en parlerai encore ici afin d'éclaircir, s'il est possible, un sujet qui a fait débiter dans tous les temps, un si grand nombre de fables.

Si l'on peut compter sur les confessions des dix-huit reconciliés et de Marie de Zuzaya qui fut *relaxée* comme dogmatisante, les vingt-neuf condamnés étaient du bourg de Vera du lieu de Zugarramurdi dans la vallée de Bastan, au royaume de Navarre, sur la frontière de France. Ils nommaient leur assemblée *Aquelarre*, mot gascon, qui signifie *pré du Bouc*, parce qu'elle se tenait dans un pré où le diable avait coutume de se présenter à eux sous la figure de cet animal.

Le lundi, le mercredi et le vendredi de chaque semaine étaient marqués pour les assemblées, outre les grandes fêtes de l'Eglise, comme Pâques, la Pentecôte, Noël ; et, de même que ces jours sont consacrés d'une manière plus spéciale et plus solennelle, au culte que les chrétiens rendent à Dieu, de même aussi, il plaisait au démon que ses adorateurs choisissent les mêmes jours pour l'honorer plus particulièrement.

* * * * *

L'assemblée des sorciers de Zugarramurdi fut découverte par une petite fille de France qu'on avait mise chez une femme de l'endroit, laquelle était sorcière elle-même, et menait souvent à l'assemblée cette enfant trop jeune encore pour être traitée comme novice. Lorsqu'on l'eût ramenée dans sa famille, une de ses compatriotes la pressa de se faire sorcière, et lorsqu'elle se fut décidée elle renonça à tous les articles de la foi, excepté au culte qu'elle voulait tour jours rendre à la Sainte-Vierge : un an et demi après, elle fut attaquée d'une maladie grave, se repentit et obtint l'absolution de l'évêque de Bayonne ; étant retournée ensuite à Zugarramurdi, elle y vit Marie Jurreteguia, et lui dit qu'elle savait qu'elle était sorcière. Son mari en fut informé et lui en fit des reproches ; celle-ci nia le fait ; cependant l'autre donna des preuves si évidentes qu'elles étaient allées plusieurs fois ensemble au *pré du Bouc*, que Marie se voyant convaincue, avoua tout, se repentit sincèrement et découvrit, devant l'Inquisition de Logrono, tout ce qui se passait parmi les sorciers. On se contenta de lui faire porter le *San Benito* pendant l'*auto-da-fé*, qui suivit son jugement, et elle eut la permission d'habiter sa

maison sans autre pénitence que ce qu'elle avait déjà soufferte pendant sa réclusion où elle fut cependant traitée avec douceur, à cause de la sincérité de son repentir.

Michel de Goiburu, *roi* des sorciers de Zugarramurdi, avoua ce qui se passait en général dans les assemblées de la secte ;

* * * * *

Jean de Gioburu, frère de Michel, mari de Oracienne de Barrenecha, la *reine* des sorciers, confessa les mêmes choses.

* * * * *

Gracienne de Barrenechea, la *reine* des sorciers, confessa qu'ayant été jalouse de Marie-Jean de Oria, à cause de l'amour que le diable avait pour cette femme, elle ne négligea rien pour la rendre infidèle ; qu'en étant venue à bout, elle lui demanda la permission de causer la mort de sa rivale, et qu'ayant obtenu son consentement elle commit cet homicide pendant que sa victime dormait tranquillement dans sa chambre,

* * * * *

Telle est l'histoire abrégée des procès des sorciers de Logrono, procès dont le tribunal connaissait parfaitement la conduite, puisque déjà il avait puni en 1507 plus de trente sorciers, et en 1527, cent cinquante autres.

Among other persons charged with these crimes in the dark ages, was the famous Magician Doctor Eugene Torralba, a physician of Cuenca in 1501 who was kept a prisoner in the Inquisition for four years. The reader of the imperishable work of Cervantes will at once remember the mention of this personage by Don Quixote in the noted adventure of the Countess Trafaldi. The Knight being mounted on Clavileno with Sancho Panza behind him, their eyes being blindfolded, Sancho wishes to uncover himself in order to ascertain if they have yet arrived at the region of fire, but the Knight thus addresses him: "Do thou
" nothing of the sort, and remember the true account of
" the *Licentiate Torralba*, a Knight who was carried
" through the air by flying devils upon a cane; he but
" closed his eyes and in twelve hours arrived at Rome,
" alighting on the Tower of Nona, which is a street of
" that city, and saw all the fray, assault and death of
" Bourbon, and by the morning he had returned to Madrid,
" where he gave an account of all that he had seen,
" and said, that when he was brushing through the air the
" devil commanded him to open his eyes, which he did,
" and saw himself, to all appearance, so near the body of
" the moon that he could have touched her with his hand,
" and that he dared not so much as to look down at the
" earth lest he should go off into a swoon."

The belief in witchcraft was general throughout Europe until the former part of the seventeenth century. Sorcery was made felony *without benefit of clergy*, by 33 Hen. VIII, c. 8, and James I, c. 12. These were repealed by an Act of Parliament in the ninth year of the reign of Geo. II. c. 5. The reign of Elizabeth was fruitful in su-

perstition. The reformed religion had as yet done little towards abolishing those barbarous customs and prejudices, the remnants of a rude and ignorant age. Witchcraft was not thought inconsistent with the new orthodoxy : it was not confined to the mere vulgar herd but pervaded every class of society, from the cottage to the throne. The clergy were not backward in sounding the alarm ; denouncing from their pulpits all those who were suspected of being its ministers. And on whom did the suspicion light ? On such women “ which be commonly old, lame, “ bleireeid, pale, fowle, and full of wrinkles ; poore, sullen, “ and papists.” These were accused of holding dominion not only over the destinies of men and cattle, but over the elements themselves ! If the wind blew, or a storm arose, the cry was “ Ring the bells and burn the witches.” If a farmer’s crop was blighted, or a murrian spread amongst his cattle, it was the avowed handy work of these malignant old ladies. Nay, if Her Majesty suffered “ un- “ der excessive anguish by pains of her teeth,” it was charitably attributed to their diabolical agency. The accession of King James to the throne fairly put the seal to this absurd and cruel superstition. The re-publication of his *Dæmonologie* in 1603, added to the popular phrensy ; and the popish flames that had barely ceased to smoke from the burning of heretics, were rekindled with true fanatic fury for the purpose of exterminating this unhappy race.

A trial of Witches took place at Bury St. Edmunds, 10 March, 1664, before Sir Matthew Hale, which lasted the whole day and ended in the conviction of the unfortunate creatures indicted. It is awful to contemplate

the sacrifice of human life which resulted from such convictions, particularly on reading what was called the evidence against the prisoners. It would be foreign to the object of a note like the present to make further allusion to the tissue of nonsense,—to the improbabilities, and to the indecencies of that day's proceedings, but an extract from the summing up of that great and good man may be both amusing and interesting:—"That there were such creatures as witches he made no doubt at all, for in the first place, the scriptures had affirmed so much. Secondly, the wisdom of all nations had provided laws against such persons, which was an argument of their confidence of such a crime. And such hath been the judgment of this kingdom as appears by that Act of Parliament which hath provided punishments proportionable to the quality of the offence. He told them to observe strictly the evidence, and desired the great God of Heaven to direct their hearts in this weighty thing they had in hand; *for, to condemn the innocent and to let the guilty go free, were both an abomination to the Lord.*" The sentence on the culprits was, that they should be hanged, which was accordingly executed in due form of law, on Monday, 17th March, 1664.

NOTE 5, PAGE 14.

Hasta verte buen Jesus.—Until I see thee, good Jesus.

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NOTE 6, PAGE 17.

Mare magnum.—Great sea.

NOTE 7, PAGE 24.

Icarus.—A son of Dædalus, who, with his father, fled with wings from Crete to escape from the resentment of Minos. He unfortunately directed his flight too high, the sun melted the wax which cemented his wings, and he fell into that part of the Ægean sea which was called after his name.

NOTE 8, PAGE 24.

And another who from a slack rope, &c.—This was Lunardi the celebrated Aeronaut who, on the occasion referred to, had made an ascent from Madrid.

NOTE 9, PAGE 25.

The Mountains of Ubeda.—Ubeda is a large inland town of Spain, in the Kingdom of Jaen in the province of Andalusia. The mountains alluded to are in the vicinity of Ubeda.

NOTE 10, PAGE 26.

Three hundred thousand reals.—About three thousand one hundred and twenty five pounds sterling.

NOTE 11, PAGE 27.

Escorial.—A village and royal residence, fifteen miles N. W. of Madrid, Spain. It is the largest and most superb structure in the kingdom, and one of the finest in Europe. The word, Escorial, is Arabic, meaning “a place of rocks.” The motive for erecting the palace was to commemorate a victory which Philip II obtained over the French, at St. Quintin, on St. Lawrence’s day, in the year 1557. The Spanish description of the structure, forms a considerable 4to volume. The whole building was, according to Marianna, completed in something less than thirty years. The Spaniards call it *la octava maravilla*, the eighth wonder. Philip, before the commencement of the battle of St. Quintin, vowed, that if successful, he would build the most magnificent convent in the world in honor of the saint whose name should be found for that day in the calendar. The battle being won, it was ascertained that *San Lorenzo*, (Saint Lawrence,)—was the lucky patron; and means were taken for the fulfilment of the vow. It was discovered also, that according to the legend, this saint had suffered death by being roasted on a gridiron; and the architect, Juan Baptista de Toledo, at once determined to build the convent in the form of that culinary

instrument. "With this view," say the author of *A Year in Spain*, "he represented the several bars by files of building, the handle by a portion of the church, and even the feet of his singular model, by four insignificant towers which rise at the corners. Indeed, the only poetic license which he was guilty of, was in supposing his gridiron to be upside down."

Mr. Inglis says that "it is confessedly the most wonderful edifice in Europe, whether in dimensions or riches." Perhaps the reader may form some idea of its greatness, when told that it has 1,860 rooms, 12,000 windows and doors, 80 staircases, 73 fountains, 48 wine cellars, 8 organs, and 51 bells. It contains also 1,560 oil paintings; and the frescos, if all brought together, would form a square of 1,100 feet. Its circumference is 4,800 feet—nearly a mile.

The church is a wonderful structure: Mr. Inglis says that it certainly exceeded any thing which he had previously imagined: "The riches of Spain," he says, "and her ancient colonies, are exhausted in the materials, marbles, porphyries, jaspers of infinite variety, and of the most extraordinary beauty, gold, silver, and precious stones; and the splendid effect of the whole is not lessened by a nearer inspection: there is no deception, no glitter—all is real. The whole of the altar-piece in the Capilla Mayor, upwards of 90 feet high and 50 broad, is one mass of jasper, porphyry, marble and bronze gilded; the 18 pillars that adorn it, each 18 feet high, are of deep red and green jasper, and the intervals are of porphyry and marble of the most exquisite polish, and the greatest variety of color. It is, in fact, impossible to turn the eye in

“ any direction in which it does not rest upon the rarest
 “ treasures of nature, or the most excellent works of
 “ art.”

NOTE 12, PAGE 32.

Quod non fecerunt barbari, fecerunt BARBERINI.—What the barbarians left undone, the Barbarini [or *little* barbarians] accomplished. The family name of Urban VIII was *Barberini*.

NOTE 13, PAGE 33.

Si mei non fuissent dominati, tunc immaculatus essem.—If my children had not been made Lords, I should then have been guiltless.

NOTE 14, PAGE 34.

Nemini.—To nobody.

NOTE 15, PAGE 36.

The brook Kedron, or Cedron, or Kidron.—In ancient geography, a brook or rivulet of Judea, between Jerusalem and Mount Olivet, on the East. St. John calls it a brook, but Josephus, a deep valley. Maundrel speaks of it as being a brook only in winter or in the wet seasons. The

valley was called Jehoshaphat, or the valley of the son of Hinnom. It winds its course along the west side of the Mount of Olives, and discharges itself into the dead sea. We read that David forded this brook in flying from Absalom. Jesus Christ also crossed it in his way to the garden of Gethsemane. *2 Sam.* xv. 23. *John* xviii. I. The valley through which the Kedron runs, is about the length of thirteen miles, and it was near its western extremity, that Asa, Hezekiah, and Josiah, burnt the idols of their predecessors. *1 Kings* xv. 3. *2 Chron.* xxix. 16. *2 Kings* xxxiii. 3. An English writer has thus beautifully alluded to this rivulet, in the following parody:

“ Thou soft flowing Kedron, by whose silver stream
 “ The Saviour at midnight, when Cynthia’s pale beam
 “ Shone bright on the mountains, would frequently stray,
 “ And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.”

NOTE 16, PAGE 40.

Motu proprio.—Of his own motion.

NOTE 17, PAGE 41.

The servants of the servants of God.—The Pope, in his bulls boasts that he is the servant of the servants of God —“ *SERVUS SERVORUM DEI.*”

NOTE 18, PAGE 43.

I have established thee over kings and kingdoms—Jer. i. 10.

NOTE 19, PAGE 43.

He shall have dominion from sea to sea.—Psalm lxxii. 8.

NOTE 20, PAGE 44.

All the kings of the earth shall adore him and shall serve him.—Psalm lxxii. 11.

NOTE 21, PAGE 44.

He shall reign in the house of Jacob for ever.—Luke i. 33.

NOTE 22, PAGE 44.

Thou shalt also suck the milk of the nations, and shalt be fed at the breast of kings.—Isa. lx. 16.

NOTE 23, PAGE 44.

Lion of the tribe of Judah.—Rev. v. 5.

NOTE 24, PAGE 44.

Eneas Silvio.—Eneas Sylvius Piccolomini was born at Corsignane, in Sienna, 1405. He ascended the papal throne in 1458. under the name of Pius II, previous to which he was secretary to the Council of Basle, and defended the rights of the councils against the Popes; but on being raised to the papal chair, he retracted all his former writings against the extent of the papal power. He died in 1464.

NOTE 25, PAGE 44.

Sunt interpretationes paparum, suas fimbrias intendentium.—They are the interpretations of the Popes, looking to the hems of their own robes.

NOTE 26, PAGE 45.

His last supper in the vineyard of the Cardinal Adrian Cornetto.—Pope Alexander VI, and his son Valentine had formed the design of poisoning Adrian Cornetto, better known as Adrian Castello. In order the better to carry this diabolical scheme into effect, Alexander gave to his butler particular directions about the bottle to which the fatal drug was to be introduced, and under pretence of partaking of his friend's hospitality the deed was to be accomplished in the vineyard of the intended victim. By some mistake however, or what is more probable, by an over-ruling providence,

the prepared potion was served up to Alexander and his son Valentine which they drank off and Alexander died from its effects, but Valentine by the prompt use of potent medicines ultimately recovered. Adrian thus miraculously escaped with his life. This Tragedy is thus narrated by *Guiccardini* in his *Istoria d' Italia*.

Ecco che nel colmo più alto delle maggiori speranze, come sono vani, e fallaci i pensieri degli uomini; il Pontefice da una vigna appresso a Vaticano, dove era andato a cenare per ricrearsi dai caldi, è repentinamente portato per morto nel palazzo Pontificale, e incontante dietro è portato per morto il figliuolo; e il giorno seguente, che fu il decimo ottavo di d'Agosto, è portato morto secondo l'uso dei Pontefici nella Chiesa di San Piero, nero, enfiato, e bruttissimo, segni manifestissimi di veleno; ma il Valentino col vigore dell' età, e per avere usato subito medicine potenti, e appropriate al veleno, salvò la vita, rimanendo oppresso da lunga, e grave infermità.

Credettesi costantemente, che questo accidente fosse proceduto da veleno, e si racconta, seconda la fama più comune, l'ordine della cosa in questo modo. Che avendo il Valentino, destinato alla medesima cena, deliberato di avvelenare Adriano Cardinale di Corneto, nella vigna del quale dovevano cenare, perchè è cosa manifesta, essere stata consuetudine frequente del padre, e sua, non solo di usare il veleno per vendicarsi contro agl'inimici, o per assicurarsi dei sospetti, ma eziandio per scellerata cupidità di spogliare delle proprie facoltà le persone ricche, i Cardinali e altri Cortigiani, non avendo rispetto, che da essi non avessero mai ricevuta offesa alcuna, come fu il Cardinale

molto ricco di Santo Angelo, ma nè anche, che gli fossero amicissimi, e congiuntissimi, e alcuni di loro, come furono i Cardinali di Capua, e di Modana stati utilissimi, e fidatissimi ministri.

Narrasi adunque, che avendo il Valentino mandati inanzi certi fiaschi di vino infetti di veleno, e avendogli fatti consegnare a un ministro non consapevole dela cosa, con commissione che non gli desse ad alcuno, sopravvenne per sorte il Pontefice inanzi all'ora della cena, e vinto dalla sete, e dai caldi smisurati che erano, dimandò gli fosse dato da bere, ma perchè non erano arrivate ancora di palazzo le provisioni per la cena, gli fu da quel ministro, che credeva riservarsi come vino più prezioso, dato da bere del vino, che aveva mandato inanzi Valentino, il quale mentre il padre beeva, sopraggiugnendo si messe similmente a bere del medesimo vino.

Concorse al corpo morto d'Alessandro in San Piero con incredibile allegrezza tutta Roma, non potendo saziarsi gli occhi di alcuno di vedere spento un serpente, che con la sua immoderata ambizione e pestifera perfidia, e con tutti gli esempj di orribile crudeltà, di mostruosa libidine, e d'inaudita avarizia, vendendo senza distinzione le cose sacre, e le profane, aveva attossicato tutto il mondo; e nondimeno era stato esaltato con rarissima, e quasi perpetua prosperità dalla prima gioventù insino all'ultimo della vita sua, desiderando sempre cose grandissime, e ottenendo più di quello desiderava: esempio potente a confondere l'arroganza di coloro, i quali presumendosi di scorgere con la debolezza degli occhi umani la profondità dei giudicj divini, affermano ciò

che di prospero, o d'avverso avviene agli uomini, procedere, o dai meriti, o dai demeriti loro, come se tutto di non apparisse molti buoni essere vessati ingiustamente, e molti di pravo animo essere esaltati indebitamente; come se, o altrimenti interpretando, si derogasse alla giustizia, e alla potenza di Dio, l'amplitudine della quale non ristretta a termini brevi, e presenti, in altro tempo e in altro luogo con larga mano con premj, e con supplicj sempiterni riconosce i giusti dagl' ingiusti.

Notwithstanding the above account of Guicciardini, it is said by other Italian writers and assented to by Paul Jovius in the second book of his life of Gonsalvo, that the Butler inadvertently happened to misplace the flasks of wine at table, and not before supper as above related and therefore it would appear that the butler was aware of the crime he was committing, Jovius also adds that the poison used by Alexander to destroy the lives of others, and by which his own was also destroyed, was a powder exceedingly white, and of ~~a~~ taste not altogether disagreeable, but which immediately entered the veins and by degrees, *pian piano*, diffused its mortal effects over the whole system. Pope Alexander VI died 18 August 1503, in the 71st year of his age and in the 12th of his Pontificate. He was buried in the vatican in a common brick tomb.

Adrian was a native of Cornetto in Tuscany. Innocent VIII sent him as nuncio into Scotland and France; he was Clerk and Treasurer of the apostolic chamber, and also Secretary to Pope Alexander VI, by whom he was honored with the Cardinal's hat. His life was a continued scene of odd incidents. After his escape from the treachery of

Alexander, he incurred the hatred of Julius II, so that he was obliged to hide himself in the mountains of Trent. Having been recalled by Leo X he was so ungrateful, that he engaged in a conspiracy against him; which Leo detecting, Adrian was amerced in a fine of 12,500 ducats, and forbidden to quit the papal territory. This order, however, he disobeyed, and all his ecclesiastical honours and preferments were, in consequence, taken from him by public sentence. Whither he fled has never been with certainty ascertained. He was one of the first that effectually reformed the Latin style. He studied Cicero with great success, and made many excellent observations on the Roman tongue, in his treatise *De Sermone Latino*. He had began a Latin translation of the Old Testament: and wrote a treatise *de vera philosophia*, which was printed at Cologne, in 1548.

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NOTE 27, PAGE 45.

Fuit homo, missus a Dio, cui nomen erat Johannes.—There was a man sent from God whose name was John.

NOTE 28, PAGE 45.

VINCENTI dabo manna absconditum, et nomen novum.—I will give hidden manna and a new name to the conqueror.

NOTE 29, PAGE 46.

Præilegia, non privilegia,—by bad law : not by private law, or *privilege*.

NOTE 30, PAGE 47.

Pontifex Colignii necem probat. The Pope approves the death of Coligny.

NOTE 31, PAGE 48.

Blessed be God that the King has fulfilled to me his word.
—Probably this had reference to 2 Chron. vi. 4.

NOTE 32, PAGE 50.

Unigenitus and Auctorem fidei.

These are the two well-known bulls beginning with those words. A particular history of the bull *unigenitus dei Filius*, &c. will be found in the history of the Jansenists.

NOTE 33, PAGE 51.

Lorenzo Valla. Laurentius Valla, a man of considerable eminence in his time, was born at Rome, 1407. He re-trenched the latin language of its gothic barbarisms. He wrote many valuable and learned works. One of his earliest and best was *De Elegantii Linguae Latinæ*. He was apprehended and condemned to be burnt for heresy, but was saved by Alphonsus, king of Naples, after which Pope Nicholas V. called him to Rome, and gave him a pension. He died, according to some biographers, in 1457, but others say 1435.

NOTE 34, PAGE 51.

Leois Antonio Muratori, a learned Italian antiquary, and one of the most voluminous writers of his age and country, was born at Vignoles, in the Duchy of Modena, in 1672. He early discovered a fondness for the languages and sciences. Having completed his studies, he became an ecclesiastic; but devoted his time to literature, philosophy, theology, civil law, antiquities, &c. In 1694, he was made librarian of the Ambrosian library at Milan: and in 1700, the Duke of Modena made him his librarian, keeper of the archives, and Provost of Santa Maria del Pomposa. He acquired the esteem of the learned throughout Europe, and became an associate of the academies of the Arcades of Rome, Della Crusca, and Colomberia, of Florence, of Etrusca at Cortona, of the Imperial Academy of Olmutz, and F. R. S. of London. He died in 1750.

NOTE 35, PAGE 53.

The apostle, however, left him very coolly, merely answering that he had never dispatched any courier.

Pepin was the first king of the second race of French monarchs; the Pope styled him a new Moses, a second David; and it was, perhaps to recompense the clergy for their submission that he granted them great influence in the national assemblies. He died in 768, aged fifty-four.

This passage of the author affords an instance of that conciseness with which Spanish writers so felicitously convey their ideas. There are many of such passages in this work. The rebuke intended to be conveyed by St. Peter to the inquirer as to the letter's authenticity is this:—Pepin was not born until about seven hundred years after my decease, and as I am quite sure that I never sent any correspondence from heaven, judge ye, whether or not the letter in question can be mine; and if this test be not sufficient, just compare it with those two in the Bible.

NOTE 36, PAGE 53.

In cæna domini.—In the Lord's supper. The bull commencing with these words.

NOTE 37, PAGE 54.

Antonius Palearius de Verli.—A man of great probity,

and one of the best writers of the sixteenth century, was born at Veroli, in the Campagna di Roma. He was professor of polite literature at Sienna, and afterwards settled at Lucca. Finally, he removed to Milan, where he was seized, carried to Rome, and burnt in 1566, for having written in favor of the Lutherans, and against the inquisition. He wrote several pieces in verse and in prose, of which a poem on the Immortality of the soul is most esteemed.

NOTE 38, PAGE 55.

St. Paul, although he has not commanded us to burn heretics has told us to kill them.—It is scarcely necessary to say that there is not a tittle of authority for this. *Vide Note 42.*

NOTE 39, PAGE 55.

Ut hæreticos devitemus.—That we should avoid, or shun, heretics.

NOTE 40, PAGE 55.

De vita privemus.—Let us deprive them of life.

NOTE 41, PAGE 56.

Secundum interpretationem sanctissimi domini nostri

Pape.—According to the interpretation of our most holy lord the Pope.

NOTE 42, PAGE 56.

Et hos devita.—And *shun* these. 1 *Tim.* vi. 11.—The words in the original are *ταῦτα φεύγε*, *flee these things*, which by no tortuosity of meaning can possibly be twisted into any reference to the destruction of life, but the Latin word *devita*, which is a translation of *φεύγε*, may, by being separated into two words *de vita*, have a reference to putting to death. If we keep to the original Greek there is no doubt at all about the sense, but if that wretched translation called the Vulgate is to be referred to, I would end this note by an extract from Jeremy Taylor's "*Liberty of Prophesying*"—title, "Difficulty of Expounding Scripture," p. 112.—"And now what help is there for us in the midst of these uncertainties? If we follow any one translation, or any one man's commentary, what rule shall we have to choose the right by? Or is there any one man, that hath translated perfectly, or expounded infallibly? No translation challenges such a prerogative as to be authentic, but the vulgar Latin; and yet see with what good success: for when it was declared authentic by the Council of Trent, Sixtus put forth a copy much mended of what it was, and tied all men to follow that; but that did not satisfy; for Pope Clement reviews and corrects it in many places, and still the decree remains in a changed subject. And secondly, that translation will be very unapt to satisfy, in which one of their own men, Isidore Clarius, a monk of Brescia, found and

“ mended eight thousand faults, besides innumerable others
“ which he says he pretermitted.”

NOTE 43, PAGE 58.

Cardinal Balermio.—Robert Bellarmin, an Italian Jesuit, one of the most celebrated controversial writers of his time, was born in Tuscany, 1542. He died in 1621.

In 1576 he read lectures at Rome with such applause, that Sixtus V, sending a legate into France in 1590, appointed him as an attendant divine, in case any dispute should arise in matters of religion.

He returned to Rome, and was raised successively to different offices, till at last, in 1599, he was honored with a Cardinal's Hat; his acceptance of which, it is said, they were obliged to force, by threatening him with an anathema, in case of refusal. It is certain that no Jesuit ever did greater honor to his order, and that no author ever so well defended the Romish Church. Protestants have owned this; for, during the space of fifty years, there was scarcely any considerable divine among them, who did not fix upon this author for the subject of his books and controversy.

Notwithstanding the zeal with which he maintained the power of the Pope over the temporality of kings, he displeased Sixtus V. in his work, *De Romano pontifice*, by insisting that the power which Jesus Christ gave to his vicegerent was only indirect, and had the mortification to

see it put into the index of the Inquisition, though it was afterwards removed.

He died in 1621, leaving one half of his soul to the Virgin Mary, and the other to Jesus Christ.

NOTE 44, PAGE 59.

Donec confusibiliter sit combustus.—Until he shall be burnt into a state of confusedness.

NOTE 45, PAGE 60.

Non attento quod voluerint stare iudicio aut rationem reddere.—She heeds not that they should come to judgment or plead.

NOTE 46, PAGE 60.

Non potest ita resistere spiritus sanctus hodie, sicut fecit tempore sancti Stephani.—The Holy Spirit cannot resist, at present, in the same way as it did in the time of St. Stephen.

NOTE 47, PAGE 61.

Ut occidantur antequam audiantur.—That they should be killed before they are heard.

NOTE 48, PAGE 63.

Lazarillo—A boy who leads a blind beggar is called, in Spain, a *Lazarillo*.

NOTE 49, PAGE 64.

Platina.—Bartholemew Sacchi, or Philip Platina, a learned Italian historian, born in 1421 at Piedena, a village between Cremona and Mantua. He first embraced a military life, but afterwards devoted himself to literature. He went to Rome under Calixtus III, about 1456; was introduced to Cardinal Bessarion, obtained some benefices from Pius II. and was appointed apostolical abbreviator. Paul II abolished the offices of all the abbreviators. Platina complained to the Pope, and requested to be judged by the auditors of the Rota. Paul gave him a haughty repulse, and finally put him in prison, where he suffered great hardships for four months, when he was liberated, but forbidden to leave Rome. He was afterwards, with many others, imprisoned on suspicion of a plot and put to the rack. The plot being found imaginary he was next accused of heresy. Sixtus IV succeeding Paul in 1467, appointed Platina keeper of the Vatican library, in which station he lived very happily till 1481, when he died of the plague. He was author of several works, of which the most famous is his History of the Popes.

NOTE 50, PAGE 66.

This sepulchre of Adrian.—This is a circular and wonderful mass of building now divested of every ornament; it was built by the Emperor Adrian in imitation of the mausoleum of Augustus, on the opposite side of the Tiber, for the purpose of containing his ashes and those of the Cæsars his successors. This sepulchre in the time of Belisarius and Narsetes was made a fortress, and its fine-works were broken to pieces. The ashes of Adrian were placed in the most eminent part of the mausoleum, as also were those of all the Antonines his successors. In the pontificate of Gregory the Great it changed its name, owing to the following events:—In the year 593 the plague visited Rome. To appease the wrath of God by the repentance of his people, it is said that the Pope, while carrying in procession the image of the Virgin on Easter Sunday, and on coming near this mole, heard an audible voice proceed from some invisible agent saying *Regina cæli lætare, alleluja*, to which His Holiness astonished, but full of faith, answered, *Ora pro nobis Deum, alleluja*. At this moment the mortal pestilence began to cease its ravages among the people, and in memory of the event, the Pope erected, here, a church in honor of the celestial prince St. Michael the Archangel. Boniface III afterwards erected one on the adjoining mole in consequence of a similar vision with which he had been favored on mount Gargano, in the time of Pope Gelasius; this, from its commanding situation, was called *inter nubes*. Subsequently, in honor of the same St. Michael, his statue was placed on the summit, in the act of sheathing the sword, in allusion to the

above circumstance. This fortress was next called the tower of Crescentius. Urban VIII furnished it with cannon and mortars from the metal which was taken from the Pantheon, placed a garrison in it, with a Vicecastellan, and then named it by its present appellation, the castle of St. Angelo. The marble statue of the Archangel was taken down, and otherwise appropriated by Benedict XIV. who placed the present one of cast metal in its stead. In this castle the papal crown is kept, and here state prisoners are confined. Here also the Popes retire for personal security in times of danger.

NOTE 51, PAGE 66.

The Bull of Phalaris.—Phalaris the tyrant of Agrigentum, for whom Perillus, a brass-founder at Athens, made a brazen Bull, in which after he had presented it to Phalaris, that Tyrant ordered the inventor to submit, in his own person, to the first experiment to be made by it. This Bull was of a size larger than life. It contained, on one side a door to admit the victims, who, being shut up in it and a fire kindled underneath, were roasted to death; the animal's throat was so contrived as to assimilate the groans of the dying to the roaring of one of these living animals. It is said that the Tyrant himself, after first having his tongue cut out, was burnt in this Bull. The justice of the experiment on Perillus himself is beautifully alluded to by Ovid:

“Nec lex est justior illâ,
Quam necis artifices arte perire suâ.”

This sacrifice proposed by Perillus and tried experimentally upon himself puts one in mind of Milton's Moloch.

“ Horrid king besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice and parents' tears,
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
Their children's cries unheard that pass'd through fire
To his grim idol.”—

PAR. LOST, 392.

NOTE 52, PAGE 72.

Sopa boba de las reservas.—There is some difficulty in translating these words from the Castilian. Literally, they signify the sweets or the sugar-plums of the reservations. These reservations are numerous and various. They may refer to those private pecuniary supplies which the pope receives from those potentates who carry his yoke, and which supplies, it is pretended, are solemnly set apart to meet the exigencies of the Roman See in calamitous times. Or, they may refer to certain encroachments made by the Popes on the patronage of Kings over that portion of the Roman church more immediately under their protection; as, for example, the usurped right of appointing certain canons and bishops, a usurpation which has, for centuries, been the bone of contention between the Roman Court and that particular sect of divines called Jansenists.

NOTE 53, PAGE 77.

Pro redemptione apostolorum.—For the redemption of the apostles.

NOTE 54, PAGE 78.

Peter Damino or Damaino.—An eminent Cardinal, was born at Ravenna, in the beginning of the 16th century; died, 1673.

NOTE 55, PAGE 78.

Cardinal Zabarel.—Francis Zabarella, a learned Cardinal, born at Padua in 1339. He became professor of canon law in different universities, and was made a Cardinal by Pope John XXI, who sent him ambassador to the Emperor Sigismund. He assisted at the Council of Constance, where he advised to depose the pope, whom he accused of forty notorious crimes. He died there in 1417, leaving numerous works on Philosophy and on Theology.

NOTE 56, PAGE 78.

Cardinal de Cusa.—Nicolas de Cusa, famous for his vast knowledge in law and divinity, was born at Cusa, 1401. He was made a Cardinal in 1448; and being appointed

governor of Rome by Pope Pius II, during his absence at Mantua, he was the chief conductor of the war against the Turks. He founded a church, and a good library of Greek and Latin authors, at Cusa, and left many excellent works behind him, which were collected and published in three volumes at Basil, in 1565. In these he detected and has made no scruple to expose the traditions and sophistries of the Roman church. He died at Todi, a city of Umbria, 1464.

NOTE 57, PAGE 78.

Gerson.—John Gerson, an illustrious French Divine, sometimes called Charlier, was born at Gerson in France, 1363; died in a Convent at Lyons, 1429.

NOTE 58, PAGE 78.

Nicholas Clemangis.—Sometimes called *De Clamangis*; was a distinguished divine of the university of Paris of which he was Rector in 1393. He was the author of two curious works entitled “*De Lapsce et Reparatione Justiciæ*” and “*Disputatio*” in the thirteenth century. He also published several other works, which so uncompromisingly reprove the corruptions of the Church of Rome, that they were republished by Lydius, a protestant minister in Holland, in 1613. One of them is entitled, “Of the corrupt state of the Church.” His style was superior to the general taste of the age in which he lived.

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NOTE 59, PAGE 79.

Those fishhooks of lead.—In order to the validity of all dispensations and other official papal documents, the arms of the Pope are necessary adjunct, like the frogs of Mæccenas, and are always stamped on pieces of lead.

NOTE 60, PAGE 81.

The Jesuit Palacivini.—Sforza Pallavicini, a learned cardinal, born at Rome in 1607. He became a Jesuit in 1638. He was much employed by Popes Innocent X and Alexander VII. He wrote several works, the chief of which was a History of the Council of Trent, wherein he opposes that of Father Paul.

NOTE 61, PAGE 81.

Father Lainez.—James Lainez, a Spaniard, companion of Ignatius Loyola the founder of the religious order of the Romish church called Jesuits. Lainez was second general of that order: he induced the Pope, Paul IV, to ratify the following privileges:—1. The right of making all sorts of contracts (without the privity of the community) vested in the generals and their delegates. 2. That of giving authenticity to all comments and explanations of their constitutions. 3. The power of making new, and altering the

old constitutions; this opened the door to their bloody political tenets, which are not to be attributed to Loyola.
 4. That of having prisons independent of the secular authority, in which they put to death refractory brethren. Lainez died in 1565, aged 53.

NOTE 62, PAGE 82.

Operarios.—The friars who assist sick or dying persons.

NOTE 63, PAGE 85.

Desinant hæretici OPES romanis pontificibus vitio vertere.
 —Let heretics cease to turn to a reproach the wealth of the Roman Pontiffs.

NOTE 64, PAGE 86.

Pro sustinendo statum curiæ et capitis.—For the purpose of maintaining the state of the court and head.

NOTE 65, PAGE 88.

Polybius.—A celebrated Greek historian, whose accuracy and fidelity rendered his history a work of great importance. He was born at Megalopolis a city of Arcadia, about 203 years before Christ. He was the son of Lyeortas, chief of the republic of the Achæans, and trained to arms under

the famous Philopœmen, whose urn he carried in the funeral procession of that general. He died at the age of 82.

NOTE 66, PAGE 92.

Cornelius Agrippa.—Henry Cornelius Agrippa, a man of considerable learning, and reputed an eminent magician; for the monks of his time suspected every thing to be heresy or sorcery which they did not understand. He was born at Cologne, 1486; and died at Grenoble, in 1535. His works have been uncommonly popular.

NOTE 67, PAGE 92.

A Julio.—A Roman silver coin of the value of about six shillings and two pence English.

NOTE 68, PAGE 93.

Twenty thousand ducats.—The old ducat of Venice, with the words "Ducatus Venetus" upon it, was worth about two pounds and sixpence. The ducat of Florence and Leghorn however, was worth ten julios and a half or something more than three pounds four shillings and sixpence. Taking this to be the value of the ducats referred to in the text, the tax in question would amount to about 64,500*l*.

NOTE 69, PAGE 95.

Alcahuetes.—This word is to be understood in both the masculine and feminine genders.

NOTE 70, PAGE 95.

Datary or *Datario Apostolico*, is a public building situated on a hill anciently called *Clivus Salutaris*, erected by Urban VIII which contains offices for the registration of investitures of benefices and ecclesiastical dignities, together with accommodations for some of its ministers and officers. Here also are prepared, filed, and registered the bulls, dispensations, orders, and such like commodities of the *holy See*.

NOTE 71, PAGE 96.

Five thousand marks of silver.—About 3,300*l.* sterling.

NOTE 72, PAGE 96.

Savonarola.—Jerome Savonarola, a famous Italian Monk celebrated for his eloquence and his melancholy fate. He was born at Ferrara in 1452, and was designed for the medical profession. At the age of fourteen he left the parental abode, and entered the order of Dominicans.

Some years afterwards he commenced his pastoral labours at Florence but with so little effect that he resolved on leaving the pulpit, and retiring to Bologna, where he devoted himself to physical and metaphysical studies.

His great reputation and talents induced Lorenzo de Medici to invite him to return to Florence.

Savonarola here re-commenced preaching, and so attractive were his discourses, that the church was unable to contain the crowds of people who came to hear him.

His sanctity and eloquence gave him great ascendancy over the minds of the Florentines, and he was led to the assumption of a prophetic manner of address and to urge with great vehemence the absolute necessity of a reform in the church.

After the death of his Patron Lorenzo, and the expulsion of his son Pietro, Savonarola took the most active part in the political affairs of Florence. He put himself at the head of those who demanded a more democratical form of government, asserted that God had commissioned him to declare that the legislative power must be extended to the citizens, that he himself had been the Ambassador of the Florentines to heaven, and that Christ had consented to be their King. The newly elected magistrates accordingly laid down their offices, and the legislative functions were entrusted to a council of the citizens, which chose a committee from their own number for the discharge of the duty. Dissensions, however, distracted the new republic; the aristocratical and democratical parties persecuted each

other with great fury, the former consisting of the friends of the old order of things, and the latter of the devout admirers of the monk. But the zeal of Savonarola was not content with revolutionizing Florence, he meditated the reform of the Roman Court, and of the irregularities of the clergy. The pontificate of Alexander VI, could not fail to supply causes of complaint on both heads. He accordingly wrote, as his eulogists inform us, to the christian princes, declaring that the church was going to ruin, and that it was their duty to convoke a general council, before which he was ready to prove that the church was without a head, and that the reigning Pope was not a true bishop, had never been worthy of the title, nor even the name of a Christian. Alexander excommunicated him, and the bull of excommunication was read in the cathedral at Florence, but Savonarola despised the thunders of the Vatican, and continued to preach. His influence was further increased by the failure of an attempt of Pietro de Medici to restore his family authority. But another party had, meanwhile, arisen in opposition to him. His innovations in St. Mark's and other monasteries had excited the enmity of the monks, especially of the Franciscans of the strict observance, who denounced him from the pulpit as an excommunicated heretic. Fra Domenico da Rescia, a monk of his convent, offered, in the heat of his fanatical zeal, to prove the truth of his master's doctrines by passing through fire, if one of his opponents would undergo the same ordeal in defence of their opinions. The challenge was accepted by a Franciscan monk, and Savonarola, with his champion, appeared at the head of a large procession, chanting Psalm lxxviii.—“ Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered.” The Franciscan also pre-

sented himself, the fire was kindled, and Domenico was ready to enter the flames bearing the host in his hands. But the crowd exclaimed against this sacrilege, as they termed it; and, as Domenico persisted in his determination, he thus happily escaped the ordeal for which he had offered himself. But this event was fatal to Savonarola. The people loaded him with insults, and he was finally thrown into prison. A spiritual court, under the direction of two papal commissioners, was held for his trial. His firmness and eloquence at first threw his judges into confusion, but being examined on the rack, he confessed that he had falsely arrogated supernatural powers. He was condemned, with some of his adherents to be first strangled, and then burnt, and the sentence was executed on the 23rd of May, 1498, in presence of a large multitude.

NOTE 73, PAGE 98.

Miserere mei Deus.—Have Mercy upon me, O God, &c.
Psalm li.

NOTE 74, PAGE 99.

Quattrini.—Money.

NOTE 75, PAGE 100.

Veronica.—According to the tradition of the Romish Church, a lady called Veronica met our Saviour in the

street of Amargura in Jerusalem, bearing his cross on the way to Mount Calvary; and perceiving the perspiration running down his face, she offered the use of her handkerchief, which our Lord is said to have used, or to have permitted Veronica to use, in wiping the sweat from his temples. In performing this operation the handkerchief happened to be folded into double, treble, or quadruple, and it was found that an exact impress of the Saviour's visage was indelibly stamped on every fold! These portraits, they say, have been preserved and are certainly venerated as sacred relics in different places. One is exhibited in Rome, another in Padua, and a third in Jaen, in Andalusia. A public exhibition of this *holy face* is permitted annually on a certain day appointed for the purpose, when a plenary indulgence is granted to all who go to look upon it, to confess, and to receive the holy communion.

It is only the most ignorant and superstitious who are found to believe in this fable: indeed it has now become proverbial with a Spaniard when told of any thing that seems impossible, to say, *Eso y la carra de Dios esta en Jaen.*—This, and the face of God, is in Jaen.

The tradition further says, that for this acceptable service rendered by Veronica, who accompanied our Lord to Calvary, and was one of the women found weeping at the foot of the cross, the Saviour was pleased to convert her and afterwards to receive her into glory.

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I have taken some pains in searching for an authentic account of this lady, but regret that the result induces me to conclude this note with the following well known Spanish stanza.

“ El mentir de las estrellas,
 “ Se llama bello mentir,
 “ Porque nadie ha de ir
 “ A preguntarselo à ellas.”

NOTE 76, PAGE 104.

Anthong Arnauld.—Advocate General to Catherine de Medicis, was born at Paris, about 1550; died 1619.

NOTE 77, PAGE 104.

Rocaberti.—A zealous defender of Papal Authority, was born at Peselada, on the Frontiers of Roussillon and Catalonia, about 1624; he died in 1699. Among his other works is the *Bibliotheca Pontificia*, a large collection of treatises in favor of the Pope's authority and infallibility, published in Rome in 21 vols. folio, in 1700.

NOTE 78, PAGE 104.

Aguirre.—Joseph Saenz de Aguirre, a very learned man of the seventeenth century; was born at Logrono, in Spain, 1630. In 1683 he published a voluminous work

against the Declaration of the Assembly of the French Clergy, made in 1682, under the title of "A Defence of the See of St. Peter." But the work by which he is more particularly known, is his Collection of the Councils of Spain, and of the New Hemisphere, with an Introductory History. This was published in 1693—4, in 4 vols. fol. An octavo Prodrômus of it had been printed at Salam, in 1686.

NOTE 79, PAGE 106.

Nicholas Gurtler, the Historian of the Templars.—A learned Protestant Divine, was born at Bazil 1654, and died 1711.

NOTE 80, PAGE 108.

In illo tempore.—At that time.

NOTE 81, PAGE 116.

Ob solam dominandi libidinem.—Only for the lust of domination.

NOTE 82, PAGE 117.

Urbis et orbis.—Of the city, i.e. Rome, and of the world. Who does not recognize in this, something of modern *socialism*?

NOTE 83, PAGE 120.

The simple ones who give gold for lead.—See Note 59.

NOTE 84, PAGE 128.

Regum similes.—Equal to kings.

FINIS.

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